THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

APRIL 1958 Vol. XI, No. 2

Contents include

THE MAKING OF EUROPE by ***SIR OSWALD MOSLEY***

HOMOSEXUALITY AND OUR LEGISLATORS

FROM SPAIN TO MOROCCO by ***JOHN PATRICK BURY***

ANALYSIS by ***EUROPEAN***

Orthodox economics and the coming crisis; Mr. Harrod's plan examined:

Lord Russell reserves politics for physicists; his confusion of cause and effect.

POLITICS BOOKS TRAVEL

THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

April - 1958
Number sixty-two

Printed by Sanctuary Press, Ltd., S.W.1.

CONTENTS

APRIL 1958

ANALYSIS by ***EUROPEAN*** - - - - 67
Orthodox economics and the coming crisis; Mr. Harrod's plan examined:

Lord Russell reserves politics for physicists; his confusion of cause and effect.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE by ***SIR OSWALD MOSLEY*** 71

THE END OF NATIONAL SERVICE: AN IDLE PROMISE by ***MARTIN PRESTON*** 89

TRADITION AND LAW IN THE IRISH REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT by ***EAMON BOURKE*** 98

HOMOSEXUALITY AND OUR LEGISLATORS 102

A DIARY 108

THEATRE: Graham Greene's *THE POTTING SHED* by ***MICHAEL HARALD*** 111

CINEMA: *THE ENEMY BELOW, PATHS OF GLORY, COUNT FIVE AND DIE, DAS KALTE HERZ* by ***VINCENT MURRAY*** 113

NEW BOOKS: *Principles and Persuasions.* The literary essays of Anthony West
The Hidden Persuaders by ***Vance Packard*** 116

FROM SPAIN TO MOROCCO by ***JOHN PATRICK BURY*** 119

LETTER: *Art Schools* 125

ANALYSIS

"IT is the very witching hour of night"; we owe this poetic description of the present recession to our leading British economist, Mr. Roy Harrod, writing in the romantic medium of the *Financial Times*, 13.3.58. He appears to think that we have reached *it*. For our part we would not yet be too sure that this is the real thing, but our view of the degree, intensity and consequences of the real thing differs considerably from that of Mr. Harrod. For many years we have believed that the end of all this will be a fundamental crisis which will entail a complete change in the British economy; the reasons for this view have often been stated in these columns. But whether or not we have yet reached this point, there is no doubt that the economic situation is sufficiently grave to disturb considerably all the best minds among the orthodox economists.

Orthodox economics; when hard up, pay your debts.

Mr. Harrod's immediate remedy is characteristic of orthodox thought and of the system: "a joint policy should be planned for maintaining employment throughout the Commonwealth with the aid of British capital goods and British finance. In the colonies a portion of the 'sterling balances' should be utilised." His last sentence is indeed an euphemism which is worth examining in a little detail. The "sterling balances" are, of course, the crushing burden of debt which is owing in chief degree to Empire countries; a debt incurred in part by buying Empire goods at high price for a common war effort, and in part after the war by appropriating colonial goods like the cocoa of Ghana, and selling them for dollars on the world market, which we used directly or indirectly to maintain the Welfare State while Britain was running a trading deficit. The colonies after obtaining independence are becoming very restive under that process, and are demanding payment of the blocked sterling balances which are their paper recompense for the dollars we spent. Mr. Harrod's great plan

for providing employment in Britain is the simple process of repaying a few of the debts which we have so far managed to bilk.

Which comes first, British housing or Ghana's amenities?

But is this an economic solution which will do the British people much good? In fact, it means doing without goods which we greatly need for the capital equipment of our own industries and for the provision of certain long overdue reforms in Great Britain, in order to send these goods to the black colonies. The British slums may not be rebuilt because the necessary resources are to be used instead for the provision of amenities in Ghana, which may even include luxuries so desirable as public conveniences and concentration camps. It is time that someone wrote with brutal frankness about orthodox economics. What is proposed may be a good or a bad thing to do, but let us at least understand what it means when cleared of all the jumbo jargon.

Not the spoilt brat of the universe.

Mr. Harrod goes on to suggest that this process will prove so successful that Europe will be anxious to join in. "That done, the free trade area will come in on the flood later." Why—in heaven's name —why, for instance, should the French want to join in repaying old debts to the British colonies on account of a long past theft of the cocoa crop, instead of using the exiguous resources they have for developing the oil of the Sahara and the great wealth of raw materials in the hinterland of Algeria, which can in due course make them one of the richest countries on earth? Why should they drop all this, in order to back us in further follies? Surely they had enough of all that at Suez? It is time we ceased to regard ourselves as the spoilt brat of the universe; the rest of the world will not play any longer. That is why France is unwilling to wreck the common market in order to pander to all our whims and fancies which seek a privileged position in the free trade area.

Instead, use resources of all Europe for useful purposes.

In complete contradistinction to all this, we suggest that Britain should go right into Europe, to make a new economy by methods which go far further and faster than anything yet suggested in the common market plan. Let us use the pooled resources of a united Europe to develop the latent economic wealth which can be useful to the people of Europe. We can soon make ourselves independent of

Middle Eastern oil by developing African supplies. We have every raw material and resource we can possibly require in Europe-Africa. Let us give full employment to all the people of Europe in developing that great economy. All Europe can produce a surplus of production over consumption for that purpose, which can do the job well and quickly. No individual country is strong enough to do it. Let us go the direct route into the new economy of Europe-Africa, and that route bears the sign-post European Government.

Old debts, or new life?

If Mr. Harrod believes he will ever get there by going twice round the mulberry bush of an old British debt system, he is living not only in the past but in a world of complete illusion—in a Victorian nursery. We have the greatest respect for his intellect and character, but it is high time that both were more realistically employed. In the coming period he and his system will be very lucky indeed if they can sell enough exports on world markets to pay for the imports of food and raw materials which are essential to the life of Britain. It would be a help if he directed his fine mind to this problem insteading of looking for an export surplus over imports to endow Ghana, which can only be achieved by an impossibly swollen export trade and an insupportable self-denial by the British people. And, as for the sterling balances, America is going into a recession where it has not the faintest idea what to do with its surplus production. Why not let America take them over and solve her problem (very temporarily) in another great charitable task? Good for the Yanks and good for the Blacks; and good for Mr. Harrod.

Lord Russell in odd company.

While in iconoclastic mood, it is appropriate to have a crack at another mind and character for which we have the greatest respect in a very different sphere. Lord Russell in the H-bomb discussion has unfortunately placed himself at the head of all the professional ninnies. It was all too natural in such a debate to expect a high degree of infantilism in the usual quarters, and to find Mr. Bevan dodging between the adult world where his ambitions lie and the childish world where his intellect reposes. But it was, indeed, a shock to hear Lord Russell give vent to a new low for a philosopher.

Lord Russell and Mr. Shinwell.

Lord Russell wrote in answer to Mr. Shinwell in the *Times*: "In

common with the rest of the politicians of east and west, Mr. Shinwell has not grasped the fact that the problems raised by nuclear energy are not such as a politician's training enables him to understand. I should advise Mr. Shinwell to retire from politics and study theoretical physics. When he has understood the subject, his opinions will perhaps become worth listening to." What on earth does this mean? —that all discussion concerning the political, economic and military consequences of the H-bomb may only be conducted by professional physicists, that no commodity may be used except by those who make it? Surely it is nonsense to suggest that no one else understands what happens when you drop an H-bomb except a physicist, and it is the result of using the H-bomb, not the method of its manufacture, which is under discussion. Is any child left who does not understand that, after the earlier photographs of Hiroshima and the later photographs of the H experiment? Lord Russell confuses cause and effect.

Government by Lord Russell and Professor Oppenheimer?

If we followed Lord Russell's reasoning to its logical conclusion, the franchise would be exercised exclusively by top grade physicists; the Prime Minister of Britain would be Lord Russell and the President of America Professor Oppenheimer. For ten years past we have urged that statesmen should live and work with scientists as the Medici lived and worked with artists. Until we can make a man who has both capacities we shall need a combination of statesmanship and science, not the dictatorship of scientists who are often still quite childish outside their own specialised sphere.

When passion clouds the mind.

To follow Lord Russell's reasoning, or abandonment of reasoning, a little further, if a philosopher as eminent as Lord Russell happened to share my total ignorance of what goes on under the bonnet of a motor car, we should both be reduced to walking for the rest of our lives. That is the logical end of believing that no man may judge, or use, the work of a technical process unless he is a technician. In fact, we should both be reduced to doing nothing but grow vegetables, which is probably the limit of our knowledge of technical processes. In short, for once Lord Russell talked the purest essence of nonsense. As Aristotle remarked to King Alexander when his royal pupil caught him in a most embarrassing position: "Your Majesty will observe how passion can debase even the most exalted intellect."

EUROPEAN.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE

SUGGESTIONS FOR STRUCTURE AND METHOD OF GOVERNMENT

(Fifth Chapter of Sir Oswald Mosley's forthcoming book *Europe: Faith and Plan.)*

THE question of power is not easy, but it has to be settled. It is not easy because it encounters a conflict between two necessities; the need for life to continue, and the need for liberty if life is to be happy or even tolerable. It has to be settled, because in modern conditions life cannot continue without some exercise of power; the reason is that existence has become too complex. We are beyond the period when things could be left to chance, to the free play of natural forces. Such forces of nature are now released that their free play can only mean destruction. Either we must control them or they will destroy us. That is why power must be used somewhere, by some men under some conditions. It is no longer something that we can simply do without. And like many other things, we are now compelled to use power long before men are really fit for it. The study of making men fit for power has not advanced since Plato addressed to it his extraordinary intellect two thousand three hundred years ago, but the problem has now become very acute, most urgent.

Can we then devise a system whereby the need for the use of power can be combined with the other need for preserving in full measure the basic individual freedom? The modern world has been rent by the quarrel of those who attach more importance to one or the other of these two necessities. Cannot we now find a synthesis of these opposing opinions at the higher level of a new civilisation?

It is no good any longer just saying: we have had the fight between authority and liberty, and it is over because liberty has won. Even if that view of the matter were valid, the further question now arises—

what the victorious principle has done with the world, and what chance mankind has of long survival under present methods. We have all been made very familiar in recent times with the argument against authority, it is based on much experience and many errors committed by those in authority. We are at present being made equally familiar with the argument against what is now miscalled liberty; it is also becoming well-founded on errors which are already very visible and on an experience which may soon be very painful.

Those who stood for action to enable life not only to continue but to advance, and also to give their peoples a better life by reason of that action, made errors which resulted in the destruction of their system and of themselves. But those who stood against any such principle of action, in the name of liberty and the paramount interest of the individual, have subsequently also made errors which are clearly threatening the destruction of their system, even if so far they have brought no harm upon themselves. In short, we have experienced the fatality of dynamism; we are now beginning to experience the fatality of lethargy. Neither the exaggeration of the need for action in the interest of the whole and of a coherent life purpose, nor the exaggeration of the need for liberty to the point of setting the individual interest above the whole, and of paralysing all effective organisation of life, has worked out very well in practice. The one ended in sudden death; the other looks like ending in slow death, if it does not drift aimlessly to the point of a finally fatal explosion which is now possible.

Liberty is important; of course, it is immensely important. No one need be surprised at the constant emphasis on the necessity of a free system in these pages. This is no attitude born of some trivial expediency; it is derived from a deep experience and exceptional opportunity of observing the ways of men in practical life. Nothing but liberty will work in the end. Liberty is no joke; it is a basic need. But neither is chaos a joke; it is no joke because in present conditions chaos can mean the death of all. Without organisation on a great scale chaos will come, and organisation means action, vigour, decision, coherent purpose in life; all those things which some have come to believe are the enemies of liberty.

★ ★ ★

So we come back to our root problem, how to combine action with liberty, how to make the great synthesis. Simplify and synthesise;

the capacity to do these two things is the real test of intellect in the modern age. Let us at least attempt in this supremely difficult problem to do both. We can, in any case, begin with an initial simplicity. We need both action and liberty; experience shows that we cannot do without either. Until a very short time ago we could have done without action, at least on any great scale. Until the last century action was seldom really a need; it was far more often the urge of some brute or busybody to impose his will on other people. What was needed was much more of the principle: live and let live. And this is always a very desirable principle; if it be not now exaggerated to a point of letting individuals live for a little and the civilisation die for good.

Action is now necessary because life has become so complicated that existence cannot continue without it. Too late now to take the decision to leave things alone. If that was the desirable way to live, men should have taken the decision long ago to live like Ghandi with his spinning wheel and simple needs, and to forbid the development of modern science. But for better or worse we have got beyond that situation. To use a metaphor I have employed before, we are now in the position of passengers in an aeroplane at a very great height from the ground. There was a strong argument against ever going up in an aeroplane at all. But there is no argument now for strapping up the pilot and letting the aeroplane land itself. No matter if the machine is in difficulties, no matter if we believe the pilot to be very incapable, no matter if we can cite numerous cases of pilots crashing aeroplanes and killing all the passengers, there is now no argument for leaving the landing of that aeroplane to chance; for better or worse we have to give some pilot authority to do the best he can. But all these reflections do not inhibit us from discovering how to make better aeroplanes and to train better pilots; on the contrary, once you have begun the business, the only course is to continue and make a good job of it. There is much to be said against making this complex modern civilisation, but now we are in it we have to recognise that power exercised by some people, somewhere, is necessary. Our task is not to destroy power, but to make men fit to use it and, in the meantime, to make a system which they can work by methods that ensure the minimum danger and inconvenience to their fellows.

When we reduce these broad principles to the practical, they mean that we require two things: a strong executive, and the means to change the executive easily and rapidly if it fails or abuses power.

These two necessities are not easy to combine, but the synthesis is quite possible. We need not lose much time in discussing the danger of dictatorship, because anything of the kind is clearly out of the question in an organism so large and so complex as Europe a Nation, or any form of complete union of the European peoples. Before the war I suggested a more authoritative system of government than I am here recommending in the light of subsequent experience and reflection, though it certainly could not be described as dictatorship because it retained the right of the people to dismiss the Government by free vote at regular intervals. It is also profitless now to discuss whether any great nation of the West could, in fact, be compelled to do what it did not wish to do by any person who could properly be described as a dictator. These questions are now matters for history, and can be dealt with as history at the right time.

★ ★ ★

It is at least clear that in the future which we are now discussing, no single man could be selected from one of the nations of Europe and set up as any kind of dictator over a whole which comprised all the peoples of Europe; No one would put up with it for a moment, and any such idea is out of the question. Any form of European government must be a team, or an équipe, drawn from all the European peoples; a team of equals. And it is also clear to anyone who reflects at all on the problems involved, that any European government must be entirely subject to the will of the people, chosen by their free votes at free elections which any party may enter, and subject to dismissal by a vote which is equally free to choose another government. Liberty is necessary in the new Europe not only because it is in itself desirable, but because nothing else will work. The relevant question is how to reconcile that liberty with the necessity for action, without which the will of the people cannot be carried out, and without which, too, in the complexity of modern conditions life itself cannot continue. For this purpose let us first consider the necessary character of a strong executive, and then study the checks and controls which can prevent the abuse of power and preserve liberty in all its forms, both public and private.

The executive we desire must be free to act without loss of time, because in modern conditions it is dangerous for a government to lose time. Delay may now mean not merely inconvenience, dislocation, wastage, suffering as in the past, but destruction and death. And

that disaster can come, not only through war, which will ultimately be rendered less likely by the march of science for reasons which we discussed in Chapter 4, but through the rapid development, the almost lightning changes of the economic situation which the march of science on the contrary is now likely continually to accelerate. Even if economic events did not in their own natural course constantly require the rapid action of government, the continual and malevolent pressure of a rival and hostile system would compel it. In short, if we are to match events and to outstrip the competitive system, we must have a government which is capable of rapid action while preserving every principle of liberty.

It seems quite clear from results that neither the present American method nor any of the various methods presently employed by the main European nations is entirely adequate to the rapid action which is necessary for the making and the maintenance of the new Europe. It can, of course, be replied that the faults which are so obvious in present failures are not due to anything inherent in the method of government but to the fact that none of the individual European nations has space or means enough to work out any real economic policy for reasons already given, and that America has not yet found it necessary to get round to thinking about a real, coherent economic policy at all. And there is a great deal in these arguments, though they are no final answer. They could only be accepted as a complete reply, if it was clear that the methods in question could be used for action with sufficient decision and speed when a real economic policy was adopted. Could, for instance, the exact method of government prevailing either in America or in the various European countries of today, implement with sufficient speed any economic policy necessary to the rapid construction of the new Europe in a period of crisis?

It is surely clear that in such circumstances they are both far too slow-moving to be effective. Cannot we, therefore, devise a method of far more rapid action while preserving the essential principles of the Western democratic system? The delays of the present British parliamentary system are admitted to be irksome even in the running of a small island and the maintenance of effective contact with its self-governing Dominions and Colonies, while few Frenchmen would claim that the present method of the French Parliament would be entirely adequate to the rapid construction of a new continent. The American method can lead also to a conflict between executive and legislature and may result in complete paralysis during a critical period. It can also be very slow-moving. So we must seek a method

which provides for rapid action, and yet preserves the liberties which these systems enshrine. I believe the answer can be found in a return to the first principles of all effective organisation: clear division and definition of function.

There are, of course, many different ways in which duties may be divided and defined. I will here suggest methods which appeal to me, but there are many others. All I ask in principle is recognition of the essential method of clearly dividing and defining function, as the basis of all successful organisation. Let all know what they have to do, and let them be held responsible for how they do it. It is a principle which every practical man can recognise as effective in the simple terms: give a man a job to do, judge him by the results, and sack him if he makes a mess of it. I suggest that in principle the method of government can be reduced to a similar, effective simplicity. The making of Europe gives a good opportunity for a fresh start on lines which are possibly new in some respects to Western Governments, but are already well-proven in the practice of daily life.

★ ★ ★

It is now necessary to consider how function should be divided and defined between executive, legislature and judiciary. I suggest that government should be entirely responsible for foreign affairs, defence, order, science, and economic leadership by methods already described in the determining of wages and prices. It should also have power to initiate legislation in Parliament. The revolutionary principle in this suggestion is, of course, that government should be solely responsible for finance, subject to return checks on abuses which we will shortly consider. Foreign affairs, defence and order for all practical purposes are in the hands of government already, and I shall shortly suggest certain safeguards against abuse of the powers relating to order which at any rate do not exist in Great Britain today. The new principle of government determining wages and prices has already been discussed at length.

Let us now consider the admittedly new concept in Western countries that government should have the sole power and responsibility in the sphere of finance. Is Parliament's alleged supervision of finance anything but an almost complete waste of time, since budgets became so large and complex that it is really quite impossible for a legislative assembly of several hundred people to consider them in detail? Yet the solemn pretence that this capacity still exists occupies

each year months of parliamentary and ministerial time, in fact, exhausts time and energy which ministers should be giving to their administrative duties. Once a machine has grown so big that it is difficult even for able men with their whole time available to keep on top of their jobs, does any effective means still exist to judge their work and enable the electorate to dismiss them if they do it badly, except the general consequences of that work which every man may judge for himself in the state of the nation and in the condition of his daily life. Cannot the plain truth at last be admitted that government must be responsible for all economic and consequently for all financial matters in the complexities of the modern nation, and that if it be responsible, it must have the power to act, subject always to the right of the electorate to dismiss it if the action is a failure? If we recognise the necessity for economic leadership by government we must also surely recognise the necessity for fiscal decision; economics and finance have clearly too close a relation to permit their separation.

This is certainly a subject on which all must soon make up their minds. Is the great network of power which comprises economics, finance, and, also, certainly science, to be entrusted to government or not? If it is not to be entrusted to someone, somewhere, who has the power of rapid decision, how can it possibly be conducted at all in modern conditions? And who can that someone possibly be, except a government elected by the people? If we are then led to this conclusion — and surely all will be driven to it in due course by the logic of events — the question is on what terms and under what conditions such power should be entrusted to government.

If we recognise the necessity for rapid action and for clean-cut, fearless decision by government in the coming period, it is necessary to make government dependent on the direct vote of the people and not on the vote of the legislature. This is, of course, already the principle in America; the difference between these proposals and the American principle is that we divide function more clearly between executive and legislature, and, in some respects, particularly in the sphere of finance, give the executive more power. But there is nothing novel to Western life in the concept of making the life of a government directly dependent on the vote of the people and not on the legislature. I would acordingly suggest that the government be elected every four years by secret ballot on universal suffrage, in an election which any party might enter; an election which would in every way be free. The electorate would then be able to judge the work of the government directly, by result and by observation, and could dispense with the

additional assistance of parliamentary debates on such subjects as finance, in the hopes that the time saved would enable ministers to do their jobs better. Such in brief, is the power, responsibility and method I would suggest for the executive.

Parliament would be responsible for all social questions; in fact for everything outside the defined sphere of government. This power would rest entirely with parliament, subject to two powers of government: the first to initiate legislation, which parliament could amend or reject, the second to refuse to finance legislation passed by parliament; this would, of course, in many cases bring it to a standstill. The last reservation of decision to government may be regarded as reducing parliament to impotence in any legislation requiring finance. But, in fact, parliament would have a very effective redress in debating and publicising the matter. If the case of the government were weak, and it failed effectively to defend itself, the attack of parliament would be a big factor in securing its defeat at the next election; a consideration so powerful that no government could ignore it. Parliament would by no means be impotent, even in financial matters.

Parliament would in all other matters be very powerful, not only in the passing of legislation, but in the review of grievance and the maintenance of liberty. I would certainly suggest that ministers be subject to parliamentary questions for a good number of hours each week. It would do no minister anything but good to have to attend parliament for his personal interrogation during at least one full hour each week. Only a capable man could stand up to it, and no others are needed. Not only would the process be good for ministers, but it would discover new talents for the service of the nation among the questioners.

There would be every advantage if, in addition to debating legislation, parliament should on a reasonable number of occasions debate both the redress of abuses and major creative principles. Again, one of the main purposes of parliament would be served on such occasions, because they would enable new talent to be discovered. The rising young man would have opportunity to deploy his ability on great occasions when parliamentary time was no longer encumbered by the trivial, instead of scrambling through a few minutes of small committee points at rare intervals, while all major occasions were reserved for the established great. We must always preserve not only existing means of finding new men, but continually seek to devise fresh means. The difficulty of lifting new talent from beneath the machine of the system is the nightmare of any able and enlightened man working

a totalitarian method, and the same difficulty is being created by the rigid machine of modern parliament which is caught fast in a detail that excludes big opportunities for new men. Parliament should not only be the sounding-board of a nation, but the laboratory of new ability.

★ ★ ★

The question arises how parliament should be elected; and the answer does not really affect the main principle suggested in this book. So long as functions are clearly divided and defined, and the executive has adequate power of action during its term of office, it would certainly not adversely affect the working of the system proposed if parliament were elected on a geographical basis as at present, either by the single constituency method of Britain, or by the proportional method more prevalent in other European countries. I would personally prefer an occupational to a geographical franchise, but it is not essential to the system of government proposed. The advantage of the occupational method of voting is that it should add seriousness to parliamentary discussion, and in a very serious age it is an advantage to have a serious parliament. If men and women were elected by their fellows in their various industries and professions, they would come to parliament as farmers, or farm-workers, as engineers, as chemists, as textile workers, etc.: not as the representatives of some particular residential area, whose inhabitants have little more in common than the accident of residence, which in this unfortunately rootless epoch is often quite fortuitous. They would be elected by people with whom they had a real community of interest, and would, therefore, be likely to be among the most competent people in their various callings and have come to parliament for the serious purpose of discussing matters they very thoroughly understood. The extremes of partisanship in such conditions would surely yield to the more judicial atmosphere of people earnestly seeking truth in an assembly which would pool the abilities of the nation.

Also if we accept the premise that the decisive sphere is now economics, it seems a reasonable conclusion that the legislature should emerge from this region of reality as a result of election on an industrial and occupational franchise, rather than on a geographical franchise which was originally intended to represent a particular agricultural area but now represents nothing in particular, since agriculture long ago ceased to be the only industry, except in certain

purely rural areas which would in any case have their own agricultural representatives.

If it be held that a chamber elected on an occupational franchise would be altogether too specialised, it could easily be coupled with a second chamber composed of men and women who had occupied prominent positions in the service of the state, representatives of education, religion, literature, the arts, etc. Science must naturally be prominently represented in both assemblies; in its more technical aspects in the occupationally elected chamber and in its broader aspects of pure research in the second chamber which would be occupied with more general subjects. But these are issues which are not germane to the main subjects here discussed.

All such matters will have to be settled in detail by the first assembly which is elected on universal franchise by the European people, when the peoples of the present individual nations exercise their existing national franchise in favour of a government which stands for full entry into Europe. Such an assembly would naturally be charged with the task not only of settling relatively minor matters concerning methods of franchise and voting, but of deciding the larger constitutional questions which have been discussed above. And the controversy preceding the election of that assembly would doubtless deal in acute fashion with many and conflicting proposals. A book of this kind can only in general outline suggest one set of principles. They will no doubt be challenged by many other and opposing principles. These issues can in the end only be settled by an assembly of Europe elected to make a constitution. It could, of course, be composed of delegates from each of the national parliaments which have decided to enter Europe, or of delegates from the governments concerned. But it would surely be best to bring in the people at once, to divide Europe for this particular purpose into large geographical constituencies and to allow each constituency to elect any European it liked. Sacred simplicity, what is better?

★ ★ ★

This actual making of the European constitution presents much difficulties to some minds. In practice, I believe, in a period of crisis many of these imagined impediments will quickly disappear. If one great people votes decisively for a government which stands for full and complete entry into Europe, this will bring matters to a head. In a period of crisis, when it gradually becomes clear that no other

way out of mounting and menacing difficulties is possible, other great peoples will soon give similar votes. Very soon a sufficient weight of decision will be accumulated to make Europe. If one, two or three of the great countries had so voted, other governments which stood on the brink would be pulled in. When necessity urges because there is only one exit from a burning house into a safer and a wider life, things can happen very quickly. If the idea already exists, it can be swept to the point of reality by a great wave of mass enthusiasm in all the European countries when we reach the hour of decision. When sufficient governments are elected in a number of countries to make Europe, the people of Europe must be given a chance of the widest, free-est and most direct franchise to elect their assembly to make the constitution. In the end it will happen, suddenly and simply, as all great things happen when their time comes; and time comes when it must, not before. What matters then is to be ready with clear ideas, and consequently with the firm decisions which can only rest on clarity and precision of mind. So at this point, we will not return to the reasons for believing that such an impelling crisis will come—those reasons were discussed in earlier chapters—but will rather advance to a closer consideration of the ideas we shall desire to suggest for the decision of the European people when that time comes.

In the structure of government the essential principle I desire to advocate is the clear division and definition of function between executive, legislature and judiciary. Some outline of the respective spheres of executive and legislature have alrady been suggested. It remains to consider the function of the judiciary, which in these proposals would be much extended. The normal duties of the judiciary would naturally be preserved; in this case, they would be to interpret the laws passed by executive and parliament in their respective spheres. In addition, I would propose that a constitutional duty be vested in the judiciary to release forthwith any person imprisoned without trial, and to quash any retrospective legislation. Surely the very basis of freedom, the first human right, is no imprisonment without trial, and, also, no imprisonment on account of an act which was legal at the time it was done. Yet this basic liberty is often denied at present by those who speak most of freedom. It should be secured beyond all doubt in the new Europe.

There should be no power of executive or parliament to suspend the provision for preventing imprisonment without trial; as the Habeas Corpus Act is often suspended in Britain on the occasions when it is really needed, namely, in times of popular fear and fury,

which can be exploited by unscrupulous governments for purposes both of repression and revenge. Retrospective legislation, too, is one of the vilest instruments in the hands of a corrupt executive. If such power is ever admitted, it can be used to punish or penalise a man years later for doing what was perfectly legal at the time it was done. No one is safe under such law; it is only necessary for the executive to find out what an opponent did some time back, and subsequently to declare it to be retrospectively illegal, or at least an act which in time of panic enables him to be imprisoned without trial. Such practices must surely end in the new Europe, if liberty is to be embodied in anything nobler than a shady farce.

So far the duties suggested for the judiciary reside in the region of the conventional, if not entirely in the sphere of practice within present Europe. But I wish now to propose a new duty for what must necessarily be a new branch of the judiciary, in performing more effectively and impartially a role previously assigned to parliament; namely the supervision of finance. For reasons already considered, it is in reality impossible for any outside body to exercise effective control over the immense and complex machinery of the modern budget. But it should be possible to give a branch of the judiciary effective power of probing sufficiently to expose corruption or to uncover flagrant examples of waste and inefficiency.

In such event it would recreate confusion of function if the judiciary were itself then given the power to act and to remedy the abuse. In all such cases, its duty must, therefore, be confined to exposing the facts; a very powerful weapon indeed in the modern state and one which, in this case, the executive would much fear. The right, of course, must rest with the executive to reply to the published facts. If the answer failed to convince the people, the fortunes of the government would be most adversely affected at the next election. In fact, a government would be much more damaged by such a judicial report than by a parliamentary attack of political opponents; it would be a very strong check indeed on corruption, abuse and waste.

On the other hand the procedure of publishing such facts would not be used lightly or in a partisan spirit by judges, whatever their political views. For apart from a traditional probity, it would be dangerous to attack without good reason members of an executive who would naturally be skilled in the arts of popular controversy; the result might well be to make the judiciary look silly, and most judges understand very well that it is part of their business to avoid looking foolish. New powers for the judiciary in such matters will

be a well-balanced restraint of abuse and check on inefficiency of the executive, which would add equilibrium, confidence and dignity to the state.

Yet another task, I would suggest, should be added to the function of the judiciary, which is entirely novel, and would certainly require not only a new branch of the judiciary but, to some extent, a new habit of mind. The development of new ideas in every sphere of national life is not only essential to progress, but in these days can even be important to survival. The apprehension of the able and dynamic executive is always that new ideas and new men are being suppressed. He cannot, naturally, himself examine all new ideas and meet all new men: it is necessary always to wade through dross to find the gem, and to meet many a dunce for every genius. There must be some machinery of the state whereby new methods are sifted and new men of talent are discovered and promoted. This grave matter cannot be left to a bureaucracy, which always tends to resist something involving extra trouble, as the implementing of new ideas always does; it is only among the exceptional men in the higher ranges of a great Civil Service that the qualities of imagination and drive are to be found, and these few are so invariably overworked that they cannot be used for these purposes.

★ ★ ★

We really need a new machinery to discover new ideas, and to rescue remarkable young men from beneath the cold repression of mediocrity before they become discouraged. To this end I would suggest a new branch of the judiciary, which is charged with examining new ideas in a judicial atmosphere. The procedure would be much closer to that of a law court than of a popular assembly. In a previous book I suggested for such a purpose, a proposer, an opposer and an assessor. The duty of the proposer would be to advocate the new idea as a barrister does in a Court of Law, the duty of the opposer would be to submit it to a most meticulous and destructive cross-examination; the two advocates would state the pros and cons to the best of their ability, and the assessor would sum up in the manner of a judge and present a well-balanced report to the executive. For again, we must not confuse function; it would not be the business of the judiciary to decide whether the idea should be adopted, but only to make a recommendation to the executive.

In this sphere again, the judiciary should have the power to publish

all the facts, if the executive refused to accept an affirmative recommendation and to act accordingly, and also if the executive implemented a proposal despite adverse advice from the assessor. The executive would naturally retain the right of reply. A powerful machinery of the state would thus be at the disposal of new men who have practical new ideas. And an executive would find itself in difficulty if by reasons of fatigue in office or natural inertia, an impression was created by continuous adverse reports to the public by the judiciary that it was opposed to new ideas and lacked the dynamism which the age requires.

It is true that in the judiciary itself a new sense of service to a continuing and persisting dynamism of the State would be needed to replace in this new branch of judicial procedure the very natural tendency towards a sense of the necessity to preserve a well-established *status quo* which exists at present. But the exigencies of the new age, and a new concept not only of the State but of the purpose of human life, will bring eventually an almost religious sense of the necessity for an enduring dynamism towards ever higher forms.

But these considerations belong rather to a later chapter; we are here considering simply whether one of the major defects of the present machinery of State could not be repaired by the device of introducing a new branch of the judiciary to the discovery and promotion of new men and new ideas. It is to be hoped that from such a beginning a new attitude and procedure would spread to all the multiple organs of the new society. In all the trade and commercial associations for serious people concerned with serious subjects, which it is desirable by methods already briefly described to weave into the administration of the Continent of Europe it should be possible for the suggested method of judicial procedure in the examination of new proposals gradually to replace the more haphazard and frivolous methods of present controversy. In a serious age we must gradually relegate entertainment and the entertainers to the places of public amusement, and in serious matters substitute the judicial and scientific method which earnestly seeks truth as a basis for vital action.

★ ★ ★

The work of the Press would naturally not be confined to entertainment, as it is so largely self-confined at present; in fact, it is to be hoped that in the new atmosphere it would emerge again to perform a part more in accord with its earlier traditions. On the other hand,

if it desired simply to entertain with pictures of beautiful ladies and strip cartoons, no very strong reason indicates any interference with the liberty some enjoy. What is far more serious, and is a threat to personal liberty, is intrusion into private life and particularly into private grief. Attacks on individuals who have no way to reply and no redress except the expensive and uncertain libel law, can also become oppressive of individual rights.

All these wrongs of the present system could be corrected by one very simple measure. Any person attacked in the Press, or mentioned in the Press, should have the right to equal space in reply to the attack, or in comment on the matter in which he or she had been the subject of report. If he were attacked, he could give his reply at equal length and the paper would be obliged to print it. If he were the subject of a report to which he objected, e.g., some intrusion into his private life, he would have the right to equal space in the same paper for his version of the incident, and also for his comment on the behaviour of the journalists and Press proprietors who had been responsible. His reply or comment could be as pungent as he liked, subject to the normal check of libel, and he would naturally be entitled to any expert assistance which he could secure; some very skilled pens would doubtless be at his disposal, and by no means all of them would charge any fees. Nothing would so quickly correct abuse of individual rights by the Press. And it would not mean duller, but brighter newspapers; some lively comments spring to the mind which the public might make on the press lords in their own columns. The press lords, as good and disinterested journalists, would doubtless be delighted to think what fun it would provide for all.

This system of natural redress would be complete if Government, or any other corporate institution, were given the same rights as individuals. One or two of the brightest young ministers, with the appropriate expert assistance, would doubtless find themselves well-occupied in replying at equal length to attacks on the government in the same newspaper. The whole method would be neatly rounded off by a rapid procedure of injunction in the courts, if a paper refused immediately to accord the right of reply at equal length. And to compensate the Press for any embarrassment occasioned, it might be relieved of some of the more onerous provisions of the libel laws, which in England, at any rate, oppress the freedom of newspapers. Great is liberty, and the proprietors of the Press should have it in ample measure; both ways.

All ideas which are novel seem fantastic, but once they have been

in use for a short time they often become humdrum. In far more vital spheres than that just discussed we shall need rapidly to accustom ourselves to ideas which at first seem fantastic. After all, no suggestion to meet events is so far nearly as fantastic as the events themselves. Within the space of half a century life has become fantastic. Yet we are governed broadly by methods which were developed to deal with human affairs centuries ago, when life had few elements of fantasy beyond the normal operations of nature to which all had become accustomed. This is a development which requires a corresponding development in the method and even in the character of men. We must become less impervious to new ideas. For if we cannot match the march of science with some corresponding progress in human society, we may well be lost. The first need in the necessary training of the mind is to realise that all things are now possible. Nothing should any longer be dismissed just because it is new.

Nor should anything be discarded, just because it is traditional. On the contrary, to maintain harmony and balance in a distracting and distracted period, we need everything in our tradition that still works. For example, the British Crown should still play a most important part in the coming period; in some ways a more important part than ever. If, for instance, one of the Dominions did not at first desire, before the advantages were clearly recognised, to enter the new European economy, the Crown could still maintain the link between the Dominion and the mother country. In all other particulars the position and duty of the Crown would be unaffected; except in the one respect of the present function of the Crown on a change of government. It seems obvious that the British Crown, on the occasion of a government being defeated at an election, could not in the present sense send for new ministers, because the whole of Europe and not only Great Britain would be affected. In such a case, something like the American procedure would seem appropriate to determine the new government after a popular vote. The only difference would be that a Presidential election determines what individual shall be elected President, while in these proposals the electorate would settle which government, or team, presented by a particular party had secured the winning vote from the franchise of the European people. If a government had a four-year life as suggested, and the new government were elected by a vote of the whole European people on universal franchise at an election in which every party might enter, some such process would be necessary to give effect to the peoples' votes.

But in all other respects the duties of the British Crown would remain precisely what they are today. Our constitutional monarch acts on the advice of ministers; today they are British ministers, and if the British people decided to become a part of Europe they would naturally then become European ministers. The position of the other monarchs and presidents of Europe would likewise be unaffected; they could continue to perform their existing duties within the boundaries of the present countries if so desired.

★ ★ ★

All these proposals, of course, could be changed or modified in a score of different ways without affecting any basic principles. The reader will remember that these principles in brief were: a recognition of the necessity for clear definition of function, and for reconciliation between action by government and the maintenance of individual liberty. If these principles be accepted, the detail would still require the assistance of many expert minds for their full execution. But these pages, I hope, have at least suggested a method by which a strong executive could act as rapidly as the ever-developing modern situation required, and yet be subject to a series of checks and safeguards which would effectively preserve individual liberty. More than that, it should be possible to devise a machinery for the promotion of new ideas and new men which supplied a certain impetus and dynamism, if the requisite qualities were lacking in the executive. And beyond that, as we have seen in earlier chapters, it should be possible in a conscious conception of an organic state to use all the great resources of energy and ability in the various scientific, technical, professional, business, trade union, commercial and trading associations which today are not always fully employed in a coherent fashion in the service of the whole.

We are faced in the modern state with much complexity and much diversity. The principle of good administration must, therefore, always be to simplify and to synthesise. The first essential of simplicity is the clear definition of function, which I hope and believe the present proposals can secure. The method of a complete synthesis I suggested in a previous book under the rather clumsy name of "hierarchical synthesis". The problem to which that study was addressed, seems still to persist, perhaps in an even aggravated form. Many activities of the modern State, and even many researches in the sphere of science and technics, are often conducted in no relation

at all to other activities and researches with which they should be closely co-ordinated. It is no one's fault in particular; it is due simply to the fact that the machine has become too big and the problem of the various co-relations has not been worked out. But it is essential to do it, and to do it quickly if a waste and inefficiency is not to continue, which we can now ill afford. To that end I suggest a method of organisation in pyramid form: at the base would be all the narrowly specialised occupations, each in its separate compartment and with little relation to each other; at the next tier would be the less specialist mind which is yet capable of co-ordinating the work of a few of the specialised occupations at the base; on the next tier would be the still less specialist mind with a still wider view which had yet sufficient knowledge of the detail at the base to effect a wider co-ordination; and so on, tier upon tier, to the apex of the administrative pyramid which in ideal form should be a general intelligence that was half statesman and half scientist; until we reach that point we must put up with a team of statesmen and scientists who understand each other well enough to get on together.

The same method with many variations and modifications might be employed in many of the different administrative machines of an organic State which sought to use by means of the incentives of freedom all the diverse abilities the people can produce, and for their effective use to co-ordinate and to synthesise them into a coherent and purposeful whole.

In short, these are principles for the entry of government into the age of science. I ask here only for acceptance of the view that we cannot travel through the epoch of the nuclear rocket in a stage-coach. Our system of government must be brought up to date. Important in that process is the power of government to act, because we cannot live without action in a period of such great and fast-moving events. But human freedom and the good life can certainly be reconciled with action by government; in fact, not only happiness but life itself can now depend on timely and wise action by government.

THE END OF NATIONAL SERVICE: AN IDLE PROMISE

by MARTIN PRESTON

THE Government is committed to ending National Service in 1962, when Britain will have all-Regular forces. The announcement, in the 1957 Defence White Paper, was welcomed unanimously, by military commentators as much as by the general public. National Service is not only a heavy burden on the young men who suffer it, injurious economically and probably, on balance, injurious socially, and contrary to the British tradition of voluntary armed service—it is also recognised by the generals as militarily wasteful and damaging to efficiency and morale. Some generals welcomed National Service as an immediate answer to the manpower problem in the late '40s—early '50s, with a critical situation in Europe and the Korean and colonial wars, but it has never been more than a makeshift substitute for a clear and courageous defence policy pursued by a determined government. As the latter, apparently, is impossible in British political conditions, we have had to abide the former. Therefore, although no one was sorry when the Government promised to end conscription, many asked how it was to be replaced.

Now, a year after the Sandys Plan was revealed, we can see little but a decline in recruiting, a fall in morale as a result of the axing of officers and men and the uncertainty associated with it, and the Government's only idea of how to increase recruitment—a pay rise. If this is all the Government has to offer, then the position of our armed forces when conscription is abolished will be very serious. It is too easy to dismiss blithely the present recruiting position—present recruitment vitally affects the armed forces of four years hence; to wait even a year or two more will leave a serious gap of trained men in 1962. Recruitment must be at an increased rate over the whole five years, not with a rush at the end—even if that were possible. So the fall in recruitment in the first year of the Sandys Plan is serious

enough to merit an investigation of the forces' manning position, and the hindrance to recruitment.

The decision to end National Service was described by the *Daily Telegraph* as "absolutely firm" (5.4.57) and the White Paper statement is as definite: "There will be no further call-up after 1960, which means that the last National Serviceman will come out of the forces at the end of 1962." This tone of certainty was conveyed by all organs of the press, and the ordinary man in the street hardly noticed the White Paper's proviso that if voluntary recruiting should fall short "some limited form of compulsory service to bridge the gap" would have to be considered. In other words, the Government has reaped the political benefit of giving an impression that the end of National Service is certain, while providing itself with an escape clause when its own inaction brings the birds to roost in 1962.

Although I have already criticised the whole Sandys Plan in *The European*, the Government's recruitment policy can only fairly be criticised within the limits they have set themselves. Their plan is to cut the armed forces from their 1957 strength of 690,000 to 375,000 in 1962. This strength will be divided into a Navy of 75,000, an Air Force of less than 150,000 and an Army of more than 150,000. This is to be accomplished by halting the development of further manned aircraft and cutting our air power at N.A.T.O.'s disposal, reducing our Army garrisons abroad, and scrapping many warships. "Ministers appreciate the immensity of the task that faces them in building up the Regular element to 100 per cent. It will be tackled by making Service life more attractive. There will be more and better food, modernised barracks, more married quarters, better recreational facilities, and improved prospects of a good job on returning to civilian life" (*Daily Telegraph*, 5.4.57).

The latest available figures show 383,000 Regulars in the three services—approximately the number required in 1962. But of these 116,000 are no more than pseudo-Regulars, serving in the Army or R.A.F. on three-year engagements only to escape two years' National Service on less pay, with less pay and no opportunity of married quarters. As these are really three-year National Servicemen, they will be referred to as three-year men in the rest of this article, and only men serving engagements of more than three years will be called Regulars. When conscription is abolished, nearly all these three-year men will melt away, leaving a gap of 110,000 to be filled by Regulars. This is the number which has to be recruited by 1962. But every year since 1933, with its 1,800,000 unemployed, recruitment has fallen

(except in 1951, due to the introduction of the three-year "National Service" engagement), and full employment has accentuated the severity of the trend.

The Royal Navy is the only service which has no recruiting problem. There are only 10,000 National Servicemen in the Navy, and their withdrawal will leave its strength at over 100,000—sufficient to absorb any drop in recruitment due to relaxation of National Service pressure (inducing young men to sign on in a service they like under good conditions, rather than spend two years where they're directed), and still leave the Navy at above the aimed 1962 strength of 75,000.

The R.A.F. has a strength of 221,000, of which National Servicemen comprise 70,000. But a further 31,000 are three-year men. This means that the number of Regulars in the R.A.F. at 120,000 is below the 1962 figure of 150,000 minus.

The position is really serious in the Army, however. There are only 80,000 Regulars (excluding three-year men), which means the number of Regulars in the Army has to be doubled by 1962. These figures alone, however, do not tell the whole story. The standard of education and general military ability of the average National Serviceman is considerably higher than that of the average Regular. While National Servicemen are relatively unimportant to the Navy, they are important to the R.A.F., particularly in administrative and skilled technical jobs which require intelligent airmen and junior N.C.Os. Although an intensification of present recruiting methods may fill the gap in number between the present R.A.F. Regular force and the 1962 objective, the gap will be filled with men of a lower grading in intelligence and ability at a time when, conversely, the R.A.F. is becoming a more highly-skilled force. The Army will be severely hit in quality as well as quantity by the abolition of National Service. On 5.11.55 *The Economist* stated: "Of the 200,000 National Servicemen in the Army, 6,000 are officers, 27,000 are N.C.Os., and 88,000 are tradesmen—all men giving indispensible service in the second 12 months of their period of service. Half the skilled men in many units are conscripts." As a year ago the number of Army National Servicemen was still 172,000, the overall position can have changed little. When three-year men (more than 100,000) are also taken into account, it will be seen that the abolition of conscription will reduce the Army's essential skilled services to a mere skeleton, yet with the continuous development of modern equipment, skilled tradesmen are becoming increasingly important. It is plain that while abolishing National Service is easy, conscripts play such an important

part in our armed strength, particularly in the Army, that such abolition can be disastrous unless urgent steps are taken to replace conscript manpower—and the Army's position is so urgent that action to improve recruitment must be taken now, and cannot await the last-minute panic measures of a Government forced to hedge on its promises.

In the 1958 Defence White Paper the Government whistles to keep up its strength by stating "If the present rates of recruiting are maintained, the Navy should be about 84,000 by the end of 1962 (but the Navy has no recruitment problem) and the Regular strength of the R.A.F. about 120,000 (which is below the 1962 objective, and takes no account of quality of manpower). In the Army, the infantry should, by the end of 1962, be up to its planned strength, though the present recruitment rates for most of the administrative corps remain below requirements." But the White Paper revealed that the totals recruited on Regular and short-service engagements in 1957 dropped to 29,000—between 6,000 and 10,000 less than any of the previous three years. The officer situation was also bad and "It is vital that we should obtain more candidates of a suitable quality for the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and an increase in direct entry from universities."

Mr George Wigg, the Labour M.P. for Dudley, has calculated that if the 1957 recruiting trends continued the Army's strength on January 1st, 1967, would be a disastrous 110,000, made up approximately of 5,000 on three-year engagements, 13,000 on nine-year engagements, 31,000 boys and 18,000 officers. The recent pay rises are certain to improve recruitment figures temporarily—and will, of course, be hailed by the Government as a brilliantly successful move, relieving them of the necessity of further tiresome thought or action on the matter—but in the long term are unlikely to cause much improvement in recruitment. As *The Economist* observed (7.1.56): "Though higher pay does have a marginal effect, there is a limit to the number of men who will take on the discipline and disabilities of professional soldiering, whatever the pay."

The Government's lethargy therefore poses two dangers for the armed forces, and most acutely for the Army: Firstly, that the figure of 375,000 Regulars will not be attained by 1962; secondly, that the present largely indiscriminate recruitment of men at low levels of ability, in a frantic search for numbers, may result in professional forces of poor quality in 1962, instead of the high quality upon which constructive opponents of National Service have always insisted. The

first danger is already being canvassed by opponents of the Sandys Plan in both the Labour and Conservative parties, but the danger, which is certainly the more serious and the more subtle, is hardly mentioned, partly because information about the abilities of recruits is not widely available to the general public.

What will happen if 1957 recruitment trends predominate in the period to 1962, and our armed forces are inferior in number and quality to Mr. Sandys' targets? The political correspondent of *The Observer*, a shrewd commentator, predicts: "On present form, both parties are much more likely to pretend that whatever force they are able to raise is exactly the right size, even if it amounts to no more than 250,000 men (than introduce the selective draft)" (28.7.57). In other words, present signs indicate the Government will abolish National Service and restrict defence spending no matter what the effects on British defence; that they have decided political popularity and the marginal relaxation in pressure on the economy brought about by defence cuts are over-riding priorities.

This is a policy of despair, a policy of abdicative lethargy, a policy of disaster. Defence should be regarded as the No. 1 claim on our economic resources, not the No. 1 item for cheese-paring. We can live without free teeth, but we cannot live without defence. The Government should pursue their recruitment campaign with this—quite different—attitude of mind. Penny-pinching produces bureaucratised armed forces from which the active soldier recoils. This obsession with budgetary matters makes one ask, are the Government just waiting the collapse of the economic system they are powerless to control, driving millions into unemployment, solving their recruiting difficulties in a slough of misery and despair?

It is certainly possible to obtain and maintain fine all-Regular forces under conditions of full employment. Canada does it. The Regular forces in that country comprise .71% of its population; 375,000 Regulars would represent .75% of the British population. By looking at the Canadian forces then, we can get an indication of how we can solve our recruitment problem. Canadian pay is high, but the Canadians have assured themselves of high-quality Regulars by heavily weighting pay according to proficiency in the rank held. A Canadian private in Group I (basic proficiency) earns about £6 15s. a week—but when he reaches Group IV (top proficiency) he draws £18 15s. a week: nearly three times as much. This discriminates against the thick fellow who comprises the average Regular recruit in Britain, and in favour of the intelligent fellow: it thus spurs recruitment of

the right sort of soldier and is a built-in incentive for troops to show an interest in their duties and learn them well. On the financial side the Canadian serviceman draws ration, subsistence and marriage allowances like his British counterpart—but doesn't pay income tax on them. Brigadier Donald Cameron, Commander of the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group in Germany states: "We look upon our fighting man as a very special person who deserves only the best in equipment and welfare," and the military correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* comments (12.2.58): "These sentiments are remarkable because they proved not to be pious platitudes from a senior officer but principles which have been translated into fact." The Canadians believe in high pay, steeply graded in favour of the proficient, with excellent living conditions and the finest equipment for their men, combined with hard, constant training.

The seriousness of the recruitment problem can be seen by looking at a few figures. To attain an all-Regular force of 375,000 means signing on 37,500 a year willing to serve ten years with the Colours. About 310,000 men reach the age of 18 each year. At present medical standards about 220,000 of these are passed as fit for National Service. 70,000 of these are deferred, and men in this category are unlikely to become Regular soldiers at the completion of their training under non-conscription conditions. This leaves an annual recruiting pool of 150,000: the forces must be made a sufficiently attractive career to draw one out of every four eligible youngsters reaching the age of 18. How is this to be done?

Firstly, let us treat the recruitment problem in a back to front way —how can we reduce the need for personnel, particularly personnel who are difficult to recruit; what opportunities are there for cutting dead wood from the military structure, as opposed to the principle Government line of attack, which is over-all cuts in military strength? I believe the present structure is archaic, and in the retention of this archaic structure the Government is making its own recruitment problem more difficult. An excellent case can be made out for unification of the three services into a single defence force. The changing role of the R.A.F. is rapidly rendering it obsolescent. Strategic air forces are being replaced by missiles, whose production, servicing and operation could just as well be performed by a civilian authority on the lines of the Atomic Energy Commission as by a military force, with the vast "tail" which this requires to provide everything from bootlaces to bath plugs. Transport Command would, in any case, be better operated by the Army, and the tactical air support needed by

the Army in colonial and limited wars could be as easily, if not better, managed, under direct Army command. Already much air support work is in the hands of the Admiralty instead of the R.A.F. Although complete integration of Army and Navy is probably inadvisable in view of their very different roles, integration of administrative and technical services would be a very useful economy, eliminating much duplication.

The second principle of reorganisation is civilianisation. In a White Paper on Employment of National Servicemen, published in 1956, a three-man committee composed of Sir John Wolfenden, Sir Frederick Hooper and Mr W. D. Goss reported that work done by five National Servicemen could be done by three civilians. They declared: "The economy of further civilianisation is to our mind established beyond doubt." They recommended that civilians take over signals services in static establishments and bases and lines of communications in Britain; medical work in base hospitals and in military hospitals at home; overhaul work done by REME (by returning equipment to makers); command and other responsible posts at RAOC depots; nearly all base duties of RASC and Pay Corps; jobs like "coal delivery, gardening, cooking, mess-waiting and record-keeping" (*News Chronicle*, 18.12.56). The aim should be to civilianise all non-combatant services, retaining only small groups of servicemen skilled in these trades for emergency circumstances. Civilianisation will alleviate recruitment difficulties in what the Government calls "the less romantic jobs such as storekeepers, lorry drivers, pay clerks and hospital orderlies." (Defence White Paper, 1958.)

Now to look at recruitment proper. The steps outlined above would in themselves assist by giving the services the modern, efficient look of a career with a future, and eliminate uncertainty—a big obstacle to recruitment. It would also make the soldier principally a combat troop, and not a cook, a pen-pusher and a general factotum as well. Once the average soldier is a combat troop, and supporting services are mainly provided by civilians, then the status of the soldier versus the civilian will improve. When enlistment is a step up in the social ladder, a considerable impetus will be given to recruitment. The treatment of the soldier must be commensurate with this idea. As a correspondent in *Time* wrote (10.6.57): "The real answer is not money but a recognition of the enlisted man as a human being. He doesn't want to be dressed up like a monkey, worked like a slave, fed like a pig, and told when and how to button his underwear." No soldier objects to discipline when it has a purpose, but petty bullying,

irksome restrictions and unnecessary ceremonial is bad for recruitment and wasteful of manpower. The best way to combat such practices, of course, is an improvement in the quality of N.C.Os. and officers, which can best be achieved within the framework of an integrated plan to improve recruitment generally. The better the over-all recruitment position, the higher the authorities will be able to raise enlistment standards.

The item which the politicians always overlook when they think of recruitment in terms of pay and conditions, is the actual life of the men themselves. The soldier will take a lot if his training is hard and interesting. Corps like the Marines and the Paratroops have no recruiting troubles because they offer a lad tough training and adventure. In the meaningless society of Welfare State young men look for an outlet for their natural exuberance—often in petty crime. If forces life really were tough and adventurous, instead of the contemporary dull round of routine and 'bull,' then it would inevitably draw the best of the country's youth. Whereas present service life is meaningless and unattractive to a boy, a continuous programme of battlefield exercises, forced marches, fieldcraft, mountaineering, canoeing, parachute training and organised sport would be tough and attractive.

The following are general suggestions for improvement of recruitment:—

Accommodation. Living conditions vary from the very good to the abominable. There are still far too many Nissen huts, wooden shacks and condemned buildings in the latter category. There is a lack of married quarters, and these are frequently inferior.

Promotion. This is still too much by length of service and not by proficiency. This stultifies enthusiasm and causes keen young men to leave the services rather than re-enlist in what often seems a dead-end career.

Uniforms. These are almost universally condemned. The importance of a smart uniform on the morale of the ordinary soldier is underestimated, and an "expensive" uniform can be more economical than "cheap" serge, as it lasts much longer. The British soldier, even with his present uniform, is reputed the world's smartest: he deserves something better than sloppy convict garb.

Resettlement. Where possible, military qualifications should be parallel to civilian qualifications, as an aid to resettlement at the end of a man's service. Education of servicemen cannot be overstressed for improvement of service efficiency and as an aid to resettlement.

Food. "The way to a man's heart lies through his stomach," and "An army marches on its stomach." Service catering is largely in the hands of low-grade conscripts who resent their service and have no interest in their job. Catering in Britain at least could be more easily handled by private contractors, who would certainly make a better job of it. The R.A.F. catering staff is claimed to be "comparable with those in good-class civilian catering establishments." Except on a few model stations, this is frankly nonsense.

National Service. This, in itself, is a serious hindrance to recruitment. Regulars are in contact with men whose minds are dominated by how long they have 'to do,' the Regular listens to barrack-room talk of good civilian jobs and in turn gets infected with the longing to 'get out.' N.C.Os. become bored by training and dealing with men with no interest or enthusiasm for military life.

Schooling. This is a severe problem for married men with children. The movements of service life frequently interrupt a child's education at an important period. This could be partially overcome by, firstly, improved educational facilities abroad for servicemen's children and, secondly, by "phasing" postings of married men to coincide with natural breaks in their children's education.

Misemployment. Many men are employed in one job when they have been trained in another. This is a considerable cause of resentment and is an obviously inefficient practice.

Officer-Men Relationship. The rigid segregation of officers and men, with separate facilities of even the most rudimentary sort, and the exaggerated territorial separation of officers' and men's married quarters, is resented by the men ("Have we got the plague, or something") and is considered outdated by the average junior officer.

Postings. The practice of posting Regulars near their homes, except towards the end of their service, is a bad one. A Regular with one foot in civilian life is a bad Regular. Service life should be a complete and adequate life for a soldier; else there is something lacking in it, or the particular soldier is unsuited to service life.

Recruitment, then, is a much more complicated business than simply raising pay, and unless the Government quickly introduces some or all of these reforms, then their promise to abolish National Service by 1962 will prove to be an idle one, unless it is prepared to accept armed forces at a figure below an already ruthlessly low minimum. What is the Government waiting for—unemployment?

TRADITION AND LAW IN THE IRISH REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT

PEARSE, KETTLE and CARSON: A TRIPLE HERITAGE

by EAMON BOURKE

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!
The long-watched day is breaking,
The serried ranks of Innisfail
Shall set the tyrant quaking;

THESE words from the final verse of the Soldiers' Song occurred to me after reading Ulick O'Connor's manifesto to the Irish Senate. His was not an appeal to smite the Saxon but to heal the divide between Gaelic and Norman-Celtic Ireland which perhaps more than any other single factor has delayed the country's integration.

Ireland is partitioned politically and economically between North and South: any schoolboy can point the fallacy of an arrangement which erects a fence between a man's toolshed and his garden or causes him to seek permission before passing from the living-room to the pantry. I have heard the most inflexible of Orangemen confess the banality of Partition while denying with the same breath the practicability of a solution. I do not propose to spend time demolishing an argument which is untenable and which I have never heard advanced except by certain self-styled interpreters of the economic doctrines of Prince Kropotkin. The reason for the division of Ireland (leaving aside the influence of aliens who are no friends of the Irish people) is neither political nor economic; it is spiritual.

The country is divided vertically between the tradition of Tom Kettle and that of Padraig Pearse, and every Irishman carries in

varying degrees two separate allegiances in his heart. There is a further horizontal divide personified by the figure of Sir Edward Carson. These concepts are mythic and not racist: Pearse, hero of Gaelic Ireland ("Not free merely but Gaelic as well") was of Norman-Celtic origin and three parts English; Carson was born in Dublin of Italian extraction; Captain Kettle, commandant of the Irish Brigade, who laid down his life on the Somme fighting for the British Empire, was the nearest racially to true Gael of them all.

Only with a people of such mature nationhood as the Irish, to whom Nationalism is a philosophy and not an affair of customs houses and passports, could these categorical definitions of blood and place of birth be disregarded to the point of no reference. It is the folk concepts conjured in the imagination by these names which drive a great people to the passionate defence of their liberties even to the point of self-destruction.

300,000 sons of Erin enlisted in the Irish Brigade during the First World War under the impetus of intensive militarist propaganda, the most specific assurances rendered to Mr. William Redmond by the Liberal Government and the cry from every pulpit to "Save Catholic Belgium." In the Second World War, when the prestige of Britain was nearing its lowest point and every inducement was open to the Irish to make them stay or return home, 200,000 Southern Irishmen volunteered for the British armed services. Between 1939 and 1945, eight Victoria Crosses were awarded to Southern Irishmen and one to a Northern Irishman—a Catholic from the Falls Road area in Belfast.

So great was the recruitment and distinguished service that even Sir Winston Churchill was compelled to swallow his spleen and put aside his cherished plan for the annexation of the treaty ports. These factors are consistently ignored by the British press, which prefers to feed its public with insinuations that Mr. de Valera provided the Germans with submarine bases, a slander so incredible that the question may well be asked: in whose interest did the Irish fight in these two world wars, because it was certainly not their own?

If Pearse and Kettle are equally worthy of high comradeship, what of the Carson tradition? This brooding, handsome, mysterious, candid, brutal and heroic figure is as much aloof and estranged from the Irish scene as the Dutch William who prefigured him, yet he imposes his will as much now as in his lifetime upon English and Irish alike.

A man who could clear the reputation of George Archer-Shee in what was one of the greatest forensic triumphs of the English bar;

treat with Kaiser and Prime Minister, not as the delegate of a faction, but on equal footing; handle the Commons like a pack of hounds; raise armed rebellion on 120,000 bayonets under the noses, and with the arrogant disdain, of a government terrified to touch him; wrest an area of territory and mould within its limits a state of his unique conception, was indeed promethean and thrusts his consideration upon us in any scheme for the nation's betterment. In Sir Edward Carson stands incarnate the spirit of Protestant republicanism: independent above all independence, the iron fist in the steel glove, the nearest thing ever reared on Hibernian soil to a Bismarck; the riddle of which must be solved and an alliance with which must be made if Ireland is to be united.

I believe that the formation of the Ulster Volunteers was the planters' resistance to forcible assimilation in a national community which they had not the opportunity to understand but which time and patience, education and federation, would have eliminated in the course of a generation. Their cause is not Britain but the Protestant religion,and Protestantism has no ultimate affinity either with national schism or separatism.

The United Irish Movement was founded in Belfast by a Dublin Protestant, Theobald Wolf Tone; the first known martyr for the Republic was an Antrim Orangeman, William Orr; between 1792 and 1916, the main provision of Irish leadership at the highest level was non-Catholic. There is nothing in the Green and Orange which could not be reduced, as in Scotland, to the rivalry of football teams. I will go further, and state that in the militant section on either side there are fundamental points of contact.

The Fenians were specifically non-sectarian; the Orange Order split in the eighties on the Home Rule question, and the Independent Orange Order to this day champions the cause of a 32-county Republic of Ireland. In very recent times, the Irish Republican Army has recruited from the most Protestant districts in Ulster. There should be nothing extraordinary in this.

The Presbyterian faith was the rock upon which the Scottish and Welsh nationalist movements were founded. Protestantism in its more fanatical form has sometimes supplanted nationality: this happened in Scotland during the 19th century, a period of great subjection and humiliation for the Scottish people who resorted to religion both as an excuse for their frailties and an escape; but where this religion is absorbed into the soul of man, it is productive of intense national feeling.

The heritage of Pearse is of a different order. The 1916 rising, of which he was the author, was one of the greatest creative actions of modern history, and throws back to the Crusades for comparison. In other terms, it was a highly intelligent act of self-immolation. Had conscription been forced upon Ireland, the consequences would have been appalling. As it was, 700 Men of the Pale not only established the Republic of Ireland, but in rising when they did, saved countless Irish lives.

Always to be compared with Pearse is Tom Kettle, the man who taught the Irish that the highest reward an English statesman can bestow is ingratitude. The wake of the Irish Brigade left 50,000 dead in Flanders on the heartbreaking illusion of a promise of freedom, as the Celtic nations have come to recognise, since no Imperial power has ever given freedom as a gift or a reward.

The cause of the Irish Brigade was hopeless, for two reasons: its monumental sacrifice was despised and ignored by supercilious British generals like Robertson who, nevertheless, shaped the "official" version of the Imperial war effort in which the Irish contribution was denigrated and minimised; furthermore, it left Ireland bereft of force in the crucial period in the War of Independence (which many Irishmen still call the First Civil War) and the nation turned inward upon its Gaeltacht for survival. Those who remained of the Men of the Pale whom Redmond had failed to entice perished mostly in the '16, and leadership thenceforward moved west of the Shannon and north of the Boyne. Both wars were won, Ireland's and Throgmorton Street's, but at the cost of six counties and the severance of Ireland from Europe and the Commonwealth.

The saintliness of Pearse, the flamboyance of Carson, the poetry and pathos of Tom Kettle: together they form a triple heritage. To take away any one of these heroes is to leave Ireland the poorer, and yet divided, no matter what government rules or what area it rules over.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND OUR LEGISLATORS

Homosexuality: Its Nature, Causation and Treatment by Clifford Allen, M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.M. (Staples Press).

THERE was a notorious case a few years ago when three men were sent to prison for having, long before, had homosexual relations with other men—who were not only consenting partners but actually male prostitutes with pocketfuls of addresses of people to whom they had sold their favours but who, persuaded by the police to turn king's evidence, themselves went free. There was a good deal of criticism of police methods in this case, and, partly as a result, the Government appointed a Departmental Committee under the chairmanship of Sir John Wolfenden to enquire into the laws concerning homosexuality and prostitution.

In August, 1957, after sitting for three years, the Committee's report was published. With regard to homosexuality, while advocating very heavy penalties for offences against juveniles, it included the following statement:

> We strongly recommend that homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence.

One of the medical men who gave evidence before the Wolfenden Committee was a psychiatrist who has made the study of sexual abnormality his life work: Dr. Clifford Allen. He has now published a book on homosexuality, its nature, causation and treatment. Briefly, he considers that it is a psychological disorder, often curable in the early stages by psychoanalytic treatment. ". . . The basic cause for

homosexuality is a psychological deviation. There is the possibility of subsidiary and ancillary factors such as endocrine dysphasias accentuating the psychological deviation, but these do not appear ever to be the prime cause. The psychological basis is confirmed clinically by the response to psycho-therapy, and the failure to respond to other measures such as glandular therapy." He adds that psychiatric disorders such as schizophrenia, and in fact "most of the psychoses which, with or without drugs, release abnormal behaviour are basically homosexual." He even cites the case of a homosexual mass murderer who, some forty years ago, killed a large number of boys, as though to demonstrate the lengths to which homosexuals may go —as if there were not plenty of heterosexual murderers such as Jack the Ripper.

The trouble with psychiatrists is that they spend so much time with their neurotic patients that they gradually come to imagine that most people are similarly ill-adjusted to life. Dr. Allan, with complete intellectual honesty, admits that experiments show that male rats become homosexual if segregated from female rats, and that apes at a certain stage in their development are often homosexual. We do not need Dr. Allen to tell us that dogs have homosexual urges, for a walk in Hyde Park will prove to us that they do. Leaving the lower animals and coming to mankind, he relates that many primitive tribes practice homosexuality as a matter of course (though some, like the ancient Hebrews, fiercely repress it), while Greek civilisation was to a large extent based upon it. Yet in spite of so much evidence of "naturalness" he persists in his theory of psychological disorder. Nobody can deny, of course, that it is an abnormality, since only a fraction of men and women incline towards it.

Dr. Allen's admirable reason for wishing to cure homosexuals (i.e., to direct their desires towards the opposite sex) is that he finds they are unhappy people. In England, where blackmail, prison and ruin threaten, they doubtless suffer from anxiety. Not everyone cares for "living dangerously." Most civilised countries have laws based on the Code Napoleon, which are infinitely less savage in this respect than our own which descend through the old ecclesiastical law from Hebrew law, instead of from Greek and Roman law. In these countries, where, provided they are grown up, men and women can do as they please in private, homosexuals appear to be just as happy as anyone else. Of course they may suffer from jealousy, remorse, unrequited love and so forth, but no more, probably, than do heterosexuals. They are harmless members of the community, and the

notion that they might suddenly change their habits and try to seduce young boys (a practise which the Code Napoleon punishes with severity) is almost as unlikely as that a normal heterosexual man should do so.

The neurotic anxieties and unhappiness of his homosexual patients disturb Dr. Allen, who devotes his life to attempting to cure them of their homosexuality, sometimes with success. He might possibly find them less nervous, and thus less prone to alcoholism, "violent psychotic fear-state," suicide, and the rest of the tragic disorders from which he says they suffer, if the law were changed in the way the Wolfenden Committee recommends. He is concerned with their cure, and in his opinion prison is the very last place where such a cure can be effected. The threat of prison and the fear of blackmail, while seemingly not capable of deterring the compulsive urge to assault juveniles which a certain type of homosexual appears to be unable to control, and which is undoubtedly a dangerously anti-social form of mania, can render miserable the life of the harmless "consenting adult" and make him, at the very least, drown his wretchedness in drink.

★ ★ ★

Most people, after reading Dr. Clifford Allen's book, would be convinced that a chango in the law such as that recommended by the Wolfenden Committee should be made without delay. A few months after the report was published Lord Pakenham raised the matter in the House of Lords. Of course, according to the Christian religion homosexuals are living in sin. In theory all sexual intercourse is sinful unless it has the object of begetting a child; thus while heterosexuality is generally sinful, homosexuality is always so. The exception was only made because the emphasis on chastity in the Early Church was such that at one time there was a danger that the sect might die out for want of children to carry it on, while the lustful pagans multiplied themselves. Dr. Allen is not concerned with sin; in the House of Lords debate, however, the concept of sin was given due weight. Lord Pakenham, a Catholic convert, said he spoke as a Christian. In addition, no less than four Anglican bishops took part in the debate, though true to their Protestant tradition, they did not all agree. Although Lord Pakenham and the Archbishop of Canterbury, while deploring the sin, bravely agreed with the Wolfenden Committee that homosexual behaviour between consenting

adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence, they set the tone of sin-consciousness which gives this debate so unrealistic an air. And, of course, in this context "sin" is completely irrelevant. A decision to equate sin with crime would turn most people — who regularly commit several of the deadly sins; greed, sloth, anger, for example—into criminals. The House of Lords itself would dwindle away, nearly all the Peers would be locked up, until only the Bishops remained; and they would have little time for Parliament as they would probably be pressed into service as extra turnkeys by that other sinless group, the prison warders.

This was an occasion when the House of Lords might have been expected to show its alleged worth as an independent body not subject to the pressure of constituents, with, as we are so often told, experts in every field giving their services to the community. The only experts in evidence on December 4th last year were the sin experts. Where were the doctors and psychiatrists, the scientists, humanists, philosophers and historians? If they were present, they did not speak.

Three Peers made reasonable, commonsensical speeches — Lords Brabazon, Huntingdon and Lothian. For some of the other speeches —though the debate may have been "as good as a play," as was said at the time—it is difficult to find any excuse: ignorant, prejudiced, spiteful, stupid. An element of farce was introduced by the Bishop of Rochester with his account of Oxford and Cambridge sodomy clubs. Did he, or did he not, say that members of these clubs shamelessly wore a club tie? According to the newspapers the following day he did say so, but the tie does not figure in Hansard. A friend of mine who was listening to the debate in the public gallery surrounded by consenting adults, who were there in force to hear their doom pronounced, says that they looked self-consciously at their own and one another's ties during the Bishop's speech. (Another friend said: Oh, I know that tie; it's black with a narrow pale blue stripe.) But tie or no tie, the Bishop became quite eloquent at the thought of these "plague spots," where "men were sucked in and held on to, as it were, by an octopus of corruption."

Lord Huntingdon made the point, later in the debate, that "extravagant denunciations in the most virulent terms of homosexuality . . . (are) . . . invariably the result of suppressed homosexual tendencies. Many of these people, much to their credit, have suppressed these tendencies; but they boil over in abuse of homosexuality." This remark of his nettled the next Bishop to speak, and in full flood of

rhetoric—"agony of soul and degradation of spirit," etc.—he said crossly: "If the noble Earl Lord Huntingdon thinks that that is an expression of suppressed homosexuality he may go on thinking."

So much for the Lords and their debate. It seems strange that those Peers who are themselves consenting adults did not trouble to go down to Parliament and divide the House. They would have had plenty of support. Perhaps they feared the police. Whatever the reason, they stayed at home; the cowardly Government, who had set up the Wolfenden Committee, was panicked by the "popular" press and decided to let things slide; the motion was withdrawn.

★ ★ ★

The controversy died down, but the problem remains. Can the doctors help? Undoubtedly they can, but reading Dr. Allen's book it is impossible not to be struck by the complexity of the subject. For example, in dealing with the causes of homosexuality he gives four main attitudes which, in his opinion, may produce it. They are: 1—Hostility to the mother. 2—Excessive affection for the mother. 3—Hostility to the father. 4—Affection for the father, when the father does not show sufficient heterosexual traits. (Possibly that father was one of the "cures"?) There is not much help there for parents who are anxious that their sons and daughters should grow up heterosexual.

There are so many exceptions to rules in this difficult matter. Most people know homosexuals who belong to the classic category of the rather nervous only child brought up by a doting widowed mother, but the writer can think straight away of four different cases of happy, large, united families in which one brother has grown up homosexual while the other brothers and sisters have not. Why should this be so? As Lord Brabazon said: "One day, when we know more about sex, we may bring happiness to many. But do not think that that is going to be easy . . ."

Meanwhile it should be possible, in a civilised community, to live and let live. Four main points occur to the reader of Dr. Clifford Allen's book:

1—Homosexuality is not "catching," like an infectious or contagious disease.

2—In the many countries where homosexual adults may behave as they wish in private there is no more homosexuality than in the few countries where such behaviour is a criminal offence.

3—Children and young people of both sexes must be protected by the law, and under the Wolfenden proposals the penalties for offences connected with juveniles are even more severe than at present.

4—Dr. Allen considers that a traumatic experience in early childhood is usually the cause of homosexuality. If this is so, bearing in mind the behaviour of the segregated rats, it might be well to consider whether the English public school system is not designed to confirm and accentuate any such tendency at the adolescent stage.

As this article goes to press, a letter signed by (among others) Lord Attlee and Bertrand Russell has appeared in *The Times* (7 March 1958). They ask that the Government should introduce legislation at an early date to give effect to the reform recommended by the Wolfenden Committee, that homosexual acts between consenting adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence.

Perhaps the Government will now summon up its courage and do as they demand. Courage is required, and not only on account of the unpredictable reactions of constituents. A further letter to *The Times*, signed by Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., consists of the verses from the Bible describing what happened to the Cities of the Plain.

If the law is changed, and (as Sir Charles Taylor seems to imply) English cities are consequently fired and brimstoned, it will seem to many people extremely unjust that they should be singled out for this treatment while the rest of the world, which never had the law, goes merrily turning round in the usual way. Sir Charles Taylor, as a Member of Parliament, has, of course, a duty to point to the risks involved, and in so doing he has earned the gratitude of those who had overlooked this dangerous aspect of the case. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that the Government will, ultimately, consider it a risk worth taking.

A DIARY

IN the past, I have complained bitterly in this Diary of British Railways and their degraded and unpunctual trains, it is therefore only just to record that a recent journey to Newcastle and back was extremely comfortable.

The train was hot, in spite of snow outside, and the meals at least half as good as the meals on French trains, which, since they also cost half as much, seems about fair.

When the Channel tunnel is built the train journey between London and Paris will be roughly the same length as between London and Newcastle, and no doubt all comfort-lovers will choose to travel that way. Quite apart from the chancy weather in northern Europe, which has given rise to the adage:

Time to spare?
Go by air!

it is not everyone who cares, even in perfect weather, for the tedious drive to London Airport and the numberless small irritations inflicted upon the traveller when he finally gets there. Up and down moving stairs which, as often as not, are stationary; herded into "channels," then being made, after a long walk through the channels, to clamber into a crowded charabanc in order to be driven a couple of hundred yards to the aeroplane—none of this is much fun. Once inside the aeroplane, a deafening roar heralds the distorted voice of the captain welcoming you aboard the aircraft and hoping you will enjoy the flight, in two languages. (Does anyone *enjoy* the flight? One does not fly for enjoyment, but to get from A to B, it might be thought.)

As to the Air Terminal at Kensington, where four or five uniformed officials stand about gazing into space while passengers struggle with their own luggage (except the first two off the bus, who grab the only available pair of porters), it is best to draw a veil over this curious institution.

I doubt there will be many takers for all these minor annoyances once it is possible to step into a train at Victoria and out of it four

hours later at the Gare du Nord.

★ ★ ★

English parents continue to be greatly harassed by the 11-plus exam, which, they feel, divides the children unfairly and prematurely into sheep and goats. It is, no doubt, admirable that they should set such store by education. But the fact is, once a child has learnt to read he can learn two-thirds of the subjects taught in grammar schools by himself. Who wants to be "taught" history, for example, by some prejudiced school-master, when he can read all the great historians, and any number of memorialists and biographers as well, in a school library or public library? Latin and Greek, mathematics and science —they must be taught if they are to be learnt; but not English literature, history, geography and so on.

I have been reading the autobiography of an Eton master, M. D. Hill, published thirty years ago. His subject was biology.

"With a few exceptions," he writes, "only the duller boys are allowed to specialize in science . . . the truth is that many masters in the year A.D. 1927 believe that there is something a little 'odd' or ungentlemanly in the pursuit of science, though it is better than nothing for a dull boy . . There is no shadow of doubt that valuable recruits have been lost thereby. I have known several cases of boys who would gladly have taken up science *con amore* if their tutors had allowed them. More than once boys have said to me: 'My tutor hates science, he always laughs at it in Pupil Room.'"

That was Eton in the twenties. It was just the same in the forties. Of the fifties I cannot speak.

★ ★ ★

Mr Hill was before his time in many ways. He thought the birch and cane would soon be as out of date as the rack and thumb screw. I believe at Gordonstoun the boys are punished by having to run for a mile; something that many people do for pleasure. The latter objection, however, also applies to being beaten; so perhaps one punishment is as good as another—who knows?

★ ★ ★

Eton may not shine when it comes to the teaching of hard subjects

such as physics, but in what a scientist friend of mine calls the B.B.C. subjects it excels, and the masters also excel in writing wonderful end of term reports which keep the parents quite amused and happy. Not for them the humdrum "fails to concentrate sufficiently on his work," or "has made a real effort this term" type of report, which, they no doubt realize, is unreadably dull. A boy I knew got this from an Eton master: "He is an incorrigible oddity, and is fast becoming a museum piece here."

Mr. Hill relates some of the sallies of another master: "His courage in tackling questions of which he does not know the meaning, much less the answer, is worthy of the highest praise." And: "His self-esteem is commendable, for while he believes that he has learnt something up to me this Half, I am quite sure he has not."

★ ★ ★

The fine Grinling Gibbons statue of James II should certainly not be moved to some obscure site where few will have the pleasure of seeing it. Heaven knows London is not rich in statues worth a glance.

I was looking at the Grinling Gibbons carvings in the chapel at Chelsea Hospital a few days ago, and thought what quality there is in all his work, and what an admirable artist he is.

Meanwhile Mr. A. E. Matthews, the actor, braves the bitter east wind and sits firmly on the spot in front of his cottage which the planners have chosen as the site for one of their frightful municipal lamps. Perhaps in doing so he is lighting a lamp which will not be put out, etc., etc. On the other hand, knowing the power of the planners, perhaps not.

★ ★ ★

The case against the gamblers has failed. It turns out that what the policeman saw (when he climbed a fire escape and peeped into a London drawing-room) was not forbidden by law. Grown-up men and women. who amuse themselves by transferring their own money from one to another in a private house, are not committing an offence. How farcical the English gambling laws must be if it could ever have been imagined that they were!

D.M.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Graham Greene's THE POTTING SHED

(GLOBE THEATRE)

by MICHAEL HARALD

UNTIL about halfway, the atmosphere of *The Potting Shed* is akin to that of the best of Mr. Greene's 'entertainments,' *The Ministry of Fear*. The heroes of both are tense and shabby men in their forties who are aware that something dreadful lurks in the shadows of their past and who weak-mindedly persist in trying to discover what it is. But in his new play, Mr. Greene quite staggers us with the solution: or would have done so had it not been revealed to us by newspaper and saloon-bar critics shortly after the first performance. His hero discovers that as a child, torn between the ferocious rationalism of his father and the faith of his uncle, a Catholic priest, he had hanged himself one day in the potting shed and had been miraculously restored to life by his uncle's prayers. The priest, in exchange for the boy's life, had offered his most precious possession, his own faith; and God had agreed to this. The rest of the story is somewhat predictable: Father Callifer, his faith gone, takes to the bottle (whisky again: it would have been witty of Mr. Greene to confound us all by making it egg-flip or vodka) and neutralised citizenship of Greeneland . . .

Now, unlike the old-fashioned humanist critic of *The Observer*, who appears to regard *The Potting Shed* as a foul and reactionary blow to the contemporary drama, I do not myself object to miracles, either in the theatre or in life; though I prefer them to be beneficent, like Mr. Greene's, and have little time for the malignant activities of poltergeists and suchlike phenomena. In this matter I stand stoutly on the side of the angels, the Madonna of the Hens, the Flying Monk, Mr. Greene and the late Marie Corelli (Mrs. Corelli, it will be remembered. was able to convince herself and her disciples that any ordinary person who took the trouble to cultivate enough inner force could very quickly learn to walk on the waves: though she never, I think, persuaded a handsome actor to attempt the feat in any one of her stage spectacles). I would indeed submit the view that nothing short of a whole *string* of miracles could save the British theatre at this moment.

of its history: a Lenten thought for Sloane Square believers in general and Brechtians in particular. The one wholly convincing scene in *The Potting Shed* is in fact the one in which Father Callifer describes to his nephew James the thirty-year-old miracle, the agony in the garden. I would find it hard to love a person who rejected this evidence. The scene blazes with truth, as fine art must; "it could not have been otherwise." Neither scepticism nor its silly sister, "suspension of disbelief," are at all relevant *vis-à-vis* this marvel. Mr Redmond Phillips, the priest, suited his part and transmitted the soul of it (the appalling *dignity* of the drunk—a commonplace of the Northern Line on a Saturday night—is a factor hitherto ignored by actors); while Sir John Gielgud hereabouts crackled with the most electric display of listening imaginable. Mr. Greene, in short, at his best; and none the worse for first tempting and then shaming the parodist. The rest of the play presents no such temptation: a good miracle has been sadly wasted.

From the miraculous, then, to the mundane; and on this level, where Mr. Greene might have been expected to score any number of bulls-eyes, his markmanship has never been worse. The technical skill, the narrative fluency, the high-gloss finish of the best-seller writer are nowhere apparent. The play seems to have been hastily and perfunctorily written: it is, as it stands, on the short side, and should, I think, be even shorter: the first act is stuffed with background data—most of which is duplicated in Act 2—and the brief, thinly written Act 3 is quite superfluous. The action bristles with improbabilities. Few men would care to be stripped in middle life of their fixed beliefs; and it is clear that his son's death and resurrection must have been something of a facer for a rationalist philosopher and propagandist like the late Mr. Callifer. But surely his joy at the miracle would have transcended the social inconvenience and professional ridicule resulting from it?—no doubt Wells and Bertrand Russell, old friends both, would have quickly overlooked this one lapse from orthodoxy. I do not believe that Callifer would have banished from sight his son, his brother the priest, and the gardener who had first discovered the body and had attempted unsuccessfully to revive it; that his wife, a brisk and sensible woman, would have acquiesced in this, even going so far as to refuse her son admittance to the room in which her husband lay dying—and this all of thirty years later. I do not believe in the Nottingham psychiatrist in professional attendance on James; nor in James's Nottingham lodgings—squalor of this kind was swept away years ago by tenth-rate touring actors in trashy revues, who

rightly refused to put up with it. I do not believe in the schoolgirl *deus ex machina* who popped up with a piece of useful mischief every time the action began to drag. I do not believe the gardener's name was Potter.

The production (Mr. Michael Macowan) was slow and unimpressive. No performance, with the exception of Mr. Phillips', was of the highest quality. Miss Frangcon-Davies battled grimly with the tedious, repetitive, inconsistent and generally unbelievable rôle of Mrs. Callifer, and was most successful when she seemed on the point of straying into her justly-celebrated Aunt Agatha from *Family Reunion.* Miss Irene Worth contrived to be both strident and distrait as James' wife, which was inventive of her for Mr. Greene had omitted to give her any sort of character at all: a lesser actress would have slept through the play: a more temperamental one would have packed her things and gone home. And now I come — I *must* come — to Sir John Gielgud, who can still, in Shakespearean and period comedy, appear a prince of players. No one would wish to discourage Sir John from interesting himself in modern ideas and modern writers; but all one can do here, in *The Potting Shed,* is to salute a good try. The actor's manner and mannerisms—above all his beautiful voice which automatically (and often visibly) converts pass-the-salt-please conversation into Elizabethan blank verse—are out of place in a play of this kind. Sir John, anyway, is and always has been a costume-player; he loves to dress up; modern dress, with its concomitants of cigarettes and cuff-links, merely gets in his way.

CINEMA

The Enemy Below, Paths of Glory, Count Five and Die, Das Kalte Herz

by VINCENT MURRAY

WELL, I may have had reservations about the quality of recent Fox films, but this month I must unhesitatingly acclaim their most recent, **The Enemy Below.** It is, agreed, an independent production released through this company, but their acceptance of it

is praiseworthy. You see it may be war-story, but its attitude to war is not one of violent patriotism laced with sentiment—only a short while ago the standard recipe for a movie's success. The captain of the American destroyer and his opponent in the German U-boat are both experienced, disillusioned warriors regarding their job of killing the enemy as a repulsive duty. The American, though, is at first hampered by that fixation of the Hollywood war-movie script-writer—the initial unpopularity complex. Once the men have learned to accept him (half an hour's running time) the film expands and the action proper begins.

Destroyer and sub circle, cross, roar noisily and hang in silence in their respective media, each captain waiting for the other to make the one mistake which will deliver him up to the other. Each makes it and each pays the penalty. The careful calculation of each move in the game successfully counters the German captain's dislike of modern war because of its complete lack of the human element. Both captains may rely to a certain extent on mechanical aids and yet be roused by the feeling that here is a personal battle of wits akin to the gentlemanly, professional combats of earlier generations of warriors. The revelation of this theme in action is far superior to its discussion in wooden dialogues on deck—once again the inadequacy of the Cinemascope screen for intimate discussion is patently obvious. Direction is adequate, concentrating on the well-composed script without permitting itself further comment.

I wonder why the German crew spoke in broken-American until the death of their second-in-command when the funeral service was conducted in German? Such a compromise is repugnant to me. Surely many would prefer German dialogue with sub-titles, especially as there was not an excess of conversation in the sub. Curt Jurgens and Robert Mitchum look sufficiently professional for their parts.

War is in the air this month—metaphorically speaking, for two further films on the subject deserve comment. Stanley Kulbrick both scripted and directed **Paths of Glory**, an ironically titled story of the First World War. Three men are court-martialled for failing to obey orders to attack an impregnable German strong-point. Their colonel reveals that General Mireau, in command of the troops, had given orders to fire on his own men once their disobedience became evident, but not until the three Frenchmen have been executed is an inquiry held into Mireau's behaviour. The film is less general in its attitude to war than, say, *All Quiet* or *A Walk in the Sun*. The script analyses a particular situation, and through it throws some light on the widely differing attitudes and tactics of men in war. Action-sequences are there, it is true (technically first-class), but the main emphasis is on argument, and soundly reasoned at that. For too long cinema has got by on atmosphere, the telling shot, the brilliantly-composed sequence. These ought now to be taken for granted in films with any pretension to stature, and all energy devoted to a thorough study of the theme.

In many ways this thesis is well brought out in Kulbrick's film (obviously a single writer-director is the ideal), but one feels now and again that dramatic conflict has been a little too intellectualised, with the result that certain sequences appear lacking in human warmth. Possibly a certain coldness is inherent in the ironic, detached approach adopted by Kulbrick, but this attitude is inimical to drama when over-stressed. The force of the film's argument, however, is very compelling and the total impression is of an adult theme uncompromisingly brought to the screen.

Count Five and Die is as different from it as chalk from cheese. An excitingly told espionage story set in occupied Holland in 1944, the film fastens itself securely on surface detail and realist trappings á la Henry Hathaway, and builds up to quite a gripping climax. Jeffrey Hunter plays Captain Ranson who, with Major Howard (Nigel Patrick), is in charge of underground operations in Holland. There is a beautiful female spy (Anne-Marie Duringer), working as their radio operator, to provide love and intrigue. Victor Vicas directs with an easy assurance.

I must finish this month on a particular favourite of mine: **Das Kalte Herz**, a film from East Germany directed by Paul Verhöven. Unlike many films from the same source, this one is far removed from contemporary political life. In fact, it harks back directly to the 'Golden Age' of German cinema (the silent period 1912-1924) in both theme and treatment—hence my attachment to it, for, as regular readers will be aware, that period of cinema with its romantic myths and expressionist style is particularly attractive to me. The film relates a legend of the Black Forest in which Munk, a charcoal-burner, finds he has two wishes that a spirit can grant for him. He asks for love and money, loses the latter and spurns the love of Lisbeth. Faust-like, Munk gives his heart to an evil spirit in return for one of stone, and a career of utter evil ensues. The story ends happily, however, as the good spirit takes pity on him and restores his former self. Once more 19th century literary themes have been revived, and taken on dramatic life in décor which, in its superb use of light and shade, derives from *Warning Shadows*. One wonders at the need for Agfacolor, but at least it enhances the atmosphere of magic and enchantment. Lutz Molk, an actor unknown to me, makes a lively figure of Munk, and the Gretchen-like Lisbeth is appealingly played by Hanna Rucker.

NEW BOOKS

Principles and Persuasions. *The literary essays of Anthony West.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode: 21s.).

MR. WEST must have winced when he read the blurb's testimony to the prodigiousness of his learning, for, in the essays which follow, his irony pierces pretensions far less absurd than this. He is not, he says, an academic critic, and this is reassuring, for Mr. West writes from America. He is a literary journalist, a species nearly extinct in this country, where current books are reviewed mainly by unlucky poets, housewives, and elderly luminaries of the House of Lords; he addresses the "general reader" in the columns of the *New Yorker*. His criticism is, on his own admission (anticipating ours), both negative and destructive; his mission (whether self or editorially-imposed, one cannot be sure) is to rip off the honeysuckle from established literary reputation (just like the rest of us, in fact, until *we* achieve established literary reputations); his method is that of biographical inquiry — a method which allows him to reject *Middlemarch* on the grounds that the author was a really dreadful woman (which she was), and *Hard Times* because Dickens followed, instead of leading, others in exposing the manifold evils of industrialism.

Many readers of, and contributors to, this journal will enjoy *Principles and Persuasions* immoderately. It will interest also those who, like myself, are never in the know and have an unfortunate taste for literary "shop" and scandal. Mr. West is as brisk as Orwell used to be, as feline as Cyril Connolly, as sardonic as Alan Neame. His writing, except for occasional lapses into what I take to be modern American ("... he is taken for what the traffic will bear by a hard-headed little gold-digger called Marcella") rests effortlessly on the level of brilliant conversation: there are switches, so rapid as to be nearly indiscernible, from witty good sense to inspired nonsense. Mr. West's review of Miss Compton-Burnett's *Mother and Son* provides a typical instance of this.

> "What one is face to face with is not the devastating insight into human relationships that should spring from events of the order of the death scene and the discovery of paternity which are the core of this book, but the mildest conventions of an almost repulsively parochial society dressed up to look like courageous explorations. That is perhaps the secret of the current vogue for Miss Compton-Burnett's work; it has an air of being utterly ruthless, but it leaves everything disturbing and challenging severely alone."

This could hardly be bettered if, like me, you happen to dislike Miss Compton-Burnett's novels; but a moment later Mr. West is miles

off the target, busily seeking to prove that, whereas readers of Henry James "prefer to transport themselves up the social ladder in their daydreams," Miss Compton-Burnett is for fantasists who "will admit to being middle-class."

In one or two of these essays I was charmed to detect — or to imagine that I detected—an undertone of melancholy, a suspicion even of intrigue, of exile bravely borne (Mr. West is an Englishman). I may be foolishly wrong; but the essay on H. G. Wells (Mr. West's father) provides at any rate some excuse for speculation.

> "I wanted to drive out of his (Wells') mind an impression—I do not care, even now, to think how he had been given it—that I had been "got hold of" by a pro-Nazi conspiracy somehow entrenched in the British Broadcasting Corporation which was then employing me in its News Division. These conspirators were, he had been told, blackmailing me in some way and forcing me into some mysteriously discreditable line of conduct for an arcane ulterior purpose, the nature of which I have never been able to discover."

Mr. West's addiction to "biographical" criticism is contagious; for I found myself probing the other twenty-seven essays for clues to the identity of the person who had tortured a sick old man with this absurd invention. A woman, perhaps? — Mr. West reserves his maximum displeasure for women. (In his essay on George Orwell, he convinces himself—but not me—that Big Brother was really the wife of Orwell's first headmaster; in his essay on Graves, he reminds us that Persephone means "the bringer of destruction.") And one remembers how Shaw loved to tease Wells about the latter's susceptibility to feminine charm and influence. But—alas—the ladies who invite Mr. West's critical spleen are either long dead or personally above reproach. The baffled Sherlock must console himself with the misogynic splendour of Mr. West's attack on George Eliot, writer and moralist, whose real name was Marian Evans, and who eloped with the famous author G. H. Lewes, living with him as his mistress until he died:—

> "The translation of this action, which would in the case of an ordinary person be a mere matter of deciding that adultery was worth the social consequences, into an altruistic act of moral courage was a feat of intellectual legerdemain for which George Eliot was well equipped . . ."

This quotation is followed by a passage (too long to quote in full) which any living critic would be proud to have written. It reveals the sad truth behind the will to write, not only of poor George Eliot, but of at least one other prominent lady-novelist, of the present day:—

> "What one sees in—or, rather, through—these letters (*The George Eliot Letters)* is the slow perfection of a technique of self-deception that in the end equipped its possessor to become a

perfect supplier of soft solder to *l'homme moyen sensuel*, the swamped and ignoble Tartuffe of industrial society . . . In their involved lack of candour (not one is an uncalculated declaration from the heart) one recognises what the true artist instinctively discards even in his weakest moments—the desire to force the truth to conform to a preconceived ideal by an effort of will."

M.H.

The Hidden Persuaders by Vance Packard (Longmans, 18s.).

THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS has a gleaming white jacket and is written in breathless American by a worried social scientist. It describes itself as "an introduction to the techniques of mass-persuasion through the unconscious." But let no one assume from this that the book is dull in a severely clinical way. It is an explosive work about a subject which affects us far more than we think: advertising. Mr. Packard has, to use his own style of writing, taken the lid off the Depth Boys. And what a sizzling collection of fly-boys they are.

The Depth Boys, a phenomenon of very recent years, confine their activities mainly to advertising consumer goods. They are children of over-production. Americans are so comfortably off that they have reached saturation point in the satisfaction of their needs: therefore it is necessary to persuade them to buy goods such as cars more and more frequently, however little they may really need them, i.e., to create a psychology of obsolescence. Furthermore, the different brands of goods such as whisky and cigarettes are in fact hardly different at all, so people have to be persuaded to build up a lasting brand loyalty on completely irrational grounds. The job of the Depth Boys is to discover by means of Motivational Research how our preferences are unconsciously determined by factors such as sex, latent Puritanism, class consciousness, the desire for security; then to exploit them without mercy. They appear to do very well on it, too; Dr. Ernst Dichter, one of the two big chiefs among the Depth Boys, who is rather unsurprisingly described as "jaunty, wears a bow tie, horn rimmed glasses; is exuberant, balding," charges 500 dollars a day for his advice.

Almost the entire book is devoted to case histories of the work of these clever people. The author has little love for them, and who can blame him? For they are more than just a mad Americanism among the eccentricities of the world. They are trained psychologists, who are studying and probing human weaknesses and irrationality with a view to exploiting them. Their methods really do work, so unless we watch out they may one day possess tremendous power.

It would seem that the only way to combat their wiles is for everyone to read *The Hidden Persuaders*. And everyone could do worse, for it is a fascinating and unusual book.

R.B.

FROM SPAIN TO MOROCCO

by JOHN PATRICK BURY

I WAS spending the week before Christmas in Seville. But further fields tempted me: not far to the south, just across the Straits of Gibraltar, lay exotic, Musulman Morocco. There was the interest of seeing an ancient land which had but recently emerged, we are told, into the new dawn of independence. Moreover, Morocco was in the news, for that was the time when the small war between Spain's garrison at Sidi Ifni and the self-styled Moroccan Liberation Army was flaring up.

So on the 18th of December I left Seville, the great, raucous city of broad boulevards and all-night flamenco shows, and journeyed south across Andalusia: through a land where, despite inadequate rainfall, an industrious population has created a garden of orange groves, vineyards and vegetable farms. We went through Jerez de la Frontera, Medina, Sidonia, Alcala—pleasant towns of white-washed houses, with orange-trees in their public squares. The land rose as we passed through the wild Sierra Morena, hills clothed with pines and cork oaks: hamlets with thatched roofs and pots of flowers at the windows. As we neared the sea, the land fell again into broad, unfenced prairie. I saw herds of cattle, and gaucho-like figures with broad-brimmed sombreros on horse-back. Although it was December, the sun poured down with a rare power. Six hours out of Seville we reached Algeciras, where I was to take the ferry for Africa.

There were two hours to wait for the ferry, so I strolled around the pleasant little port in the sunlight. Then I sat at a quayside café and drank a bottle of *vino tinto* and listened to a group of men who were playing guitars. I fell into conversation with a corporal who was returning to Ceuta, one of the two treaty-ports across the Straits retained by Spain. I asked him what it was like to go from Spain to Morocco. "It is like going from day to night," he said.

Shortly afterwards I was on the ferry for Tangier. From the ship the shores of Europe and Africa looked much the same. Our Rock of Gibraltar and the Monkey Mountain, by Ceuta, the Pillars of Hercules of the ancients, receded eastwards. We were drawing into Tangier, a city of white buildings, with minarets rising here and there and palm trees along the front: behind were low hills, green and peaceful, with towers on their summits; in front, a sea of deepest blue where dolphins leapt. The sun of Africa was pouring down. Seldom have I seen such a splendid view. Indeed, did not the early Greek navigators take from here the legend of the Western Hesperides, the blessed land where dwelt the giant Atlas, for whom the mountains behind Tangier are now named?

It was not until I landed on the waterfront in Tangier that I began to appreciate the point of the Spanish corporal's reference about passing from day to night. I imagined myself in the midst of the old Barbary pirates as I was at once surrounded by a bevy of men in red fezzes and cumbrous robes trying to relieve me of my bag or in oleaginous voices offering to lead me to hotels or money-changers or casinos or brothels. The mob followed me out on to the waterfront, where women in white robes peered suspiciously from behind veils and beggars extended withered limbs and bootblacks squatting in the dust offered their services. Small boys demanded cigarettes, and on being refused, resorted to shouting *Hulufu!* which I learned later is an Arabic expression meaning European with deprecatory overtones similar to those implied in, for example, our term " wog." This kind of experience followed me as a sort of keynote of my trip to Morocco.

The contrast of day and night revealed itself more next day, as I pressed south-east into the former Spanish Protectorate. I took a bus from Tangier to Tetuan. Along the route were none of the neat vineyards and olive plantations of Andalusia, only herdsmen in ragged robes, with flocks of sheep and goats. There were none of the flower-decked villages of across the Straits: just clusters of filthy corrugated-iron shacks and folds with walls of reed and mud. The hills, I noted, had very few trees.

Around Tetuan, the former Spanish capital, farms appeared, with olives, vines, fields of cabbages. They had white-washed walls and gates bearing Spanish names.

In Tetuan there were two varieties of people; one wore cumbrous robes with hoods, the same for both sexes, the robes were usually ragged, and if torn were unpatched. Some squatted in the dust with fruits or sweetmeats or bootblacking equipment before them, and

their eyes lighted up as Europeans came by. Others sat in restaurants where you could see rickety black ovens with pots of meat or beans simmering on them, and myriads of flies hovering above. Yet other Moors sat, hundreds and hundreds of them, in barn-like coffee houses, arguing in raucous glottal tongue, or begging from each other or just sitting, staring into space. The other variety of human beings in Tetuan were sub-divided into men and women, wore clothes, not rags, and spoke Spanish.

The high point of my Moroccan trip was a couple of days in Xauen, that famous Moorish city in the hills. A typical Moorish centre: that is, a huddle of houses on a hillside, with streets an arms-length across, with cobbled alleys slippery from the overflow of open drains, with robed figures lurking in dark archways or squatting in shops with ceilings not four feet high, and a stench from decomposing garbage on all sides. I did some sight-seeing: Xauen was notable a few years ago as the headquarters of Abd el Krim, the Moorish leader who led resistance to the Spanish conquest. I visited the Alcazaba, a "must-for-tourists" according to my guide book, and there noted the chains with which Abd el Krim had the habit of tethering captured enemies to the walls by their necks. A nice quaint ye-olde place for the tourists, Xauen: though I think the tourist who goes there without feeling mixed repulsion and pity needs his head examined.

I went up on to the hills behind Xauen and looked into the valley below the town. The valley was green, with a few clumps of cork oak, and a river. I might have been back in Andalusia.

I found myself asking why Morocco was so unwashed, so lethargic, so run down. I know comparisons are odious, but let us not shelter behind clichés and thereby avoid deriving instructive conclusions from our observations: and I found myself asking why Southern Andalusia and Northern Morocco, two areas separated by but ten miles of water, could be so different. The difference is not geography, nor climate, nor density of population, nor race (for the Andalusians have much Moorish blood). I could only conclude it must be some difference between the Spanish and the Musulman attitude to life.

Why are there not the neat farms, the rows of orange trees and vines, the terraced slopes, the irrigation channels, the flower-decked cottages of Andalusia? Because Moroccans seem to prefer squatting in the dust waiting for Europeans to happen along to agricultural effort. Why do they go in for so much goat-keeping? Because the hair of the goat is used in the weaving of the robes with which the Moors encumber themselves. Why do the Moors wear these shapeless

sacks, instead of the light, free-and-easy costume of the Spaniards hereabouts? Because of some misinterpretation of a text in the Koran which says that the faithful should cover themselves modestly (but is our dress immodest?). Why are there so few trees? Because those same goats eat up the shoots which spring from such seeds as fall. And where did the trees go that covered the land in Roman times? Stripped from the soil in the good old days when the Moors used them in the building of those pirate galleys which made this Barbary coast a byword for villainy up to the eighteen-thirties, when the French and Spanish put the corsairs down. To say that Morocco's recent colonial status is the cause of her backwardness is complete rubbish—there are no signs it was any better before the protectorate, a brief interlude of fifty years in any case. From the hill above Xauen I could see a hydro-electric line, however, and I could bet it was put there by the Spanish. To say that the soil is poor, moreover, is erroneous, for this land was the Garden of the Blessed to the ancients. If Morocco is a millenium behind Andalusia, it is through lethargy, misreading of Mohammed, ignorance, fatalism, on the part of the Moroccans themselves.

Descending to Xauen, I met a young Moroccan named Rifi, who helped to restore my faith in homo sapiens marroquensis—his potentiality, if not his actuality. Rifi spoke Arabic, Spanish, French, English and German, and was studying for the new royal Moroccan civil service. He wanted to help do away with the absurder customs of the country, and cultivated the friendship of the Spanish family in my *pension*. He was working for the Spanish-owned telegraph service, and appreciated that the Spanish Protectorate had done much for Morocco.

Rifi belonged to the Istiqlal (Independence) Party, and he declared that though the Franco-Spanish Protectorate had been of benefit in the past, now it was terminated and with it ought to be terminated Spanish conrol over Ifni, Ceuta and Melilla. He said Moroccans would be hostile to Spain until they were yielded up.

I showed Rifi a copy of ABC of Madrid which I had bought in Tangier, which pointed out that before the Spaniards arrived there in the 16th century, Ifni was an uninhabited desert, but that Spanish colonists had turned it into a town girdled by farms. But Rifi did not see it: the enclaves were on the soil of Morocco, which for him was a mystic entity, a greater Mauretania, a new Sherifian Empire. I suggested that this kind of talk was old-fashioned, that nowadays the tendency was for the coalescence of nation-states into bigger units,

and seeing he had admitted the Spanish and French had done much for Morocco, would it not be better, instead of haggling and creating animosity over Spain's enclaves, to move into greater harmony with Spain and other neighbouring powers?

I wondered at the nature of this recent Afro-Asian nationalism. Its adherents talk about the integrity of their 'nation,' which probably only existed before European occupation as a barbaric horde or a feudal chaos. They talk about expulsion of infidels and return to their 'traditions'—though what were their traditions but dirt, disease and dysentery, neolithic agriculture, ignorance and repressive customs based on misinterpretation of Mohammed or some other? It is possible that as those countries like Morocco, Indonesia, Algeria and the rest gain their independence they will come under the leadership of intelligent people like my friend Rifi, but on the other hand, who cannot say that the vast, massive, impassive majority, led by urban politicos intoxicated with visions of redeeming the sacred soil of their banana-republic from the infidels, will not prevail, and drag them back into unwashedness and chaos?

Then I headed for Ceuta and the coast. At the outskirts of Ceuta it was necessary to go through customs; we were back in the sovereignty of Spain. It was at Ceuta that I most clearly saw the contrast between dark and light. Though in Africa, it is a Spanish town. The streets were broad and lined with orange trees, and from the windows came not the banshee wail of Morocco but gay Spanish music; the people went by not in ragged robes, with the women hidden behind veils, but in our light and practical garb, men and women freely together. At Ceuta I was back in European civilisation.

The Europeanness of Ceuta seems to me the best reason why Morocco should not have it. Why? Because European civilisation is humaner, freer, happier, better than Moroccan. I can see some people bridle at that last adjective, raise Joadian objections about it all depending what you mean by better. But claiming that European civilisation is something better than the Great Unwashed of Africa seems to me to be a claim worthy of the daring.

It is the fashion in some quarters to say that all cultures have their points, that all virtues are relative, that none have the right to claim pre-eminence; and thus, no right to colonise and open up the backward, that Europeans should retire to their expresso bars and wait for Godot. I do not agree. Unless we are to end in the *reductio ad absurdum* that the culture of Paris is not in some way better than that of, say, the Veddahs and the Aruntas, we must establish standards

somewhere, and classify some cultures as better than others. Unless, too, we are to end up doggedly declaring that the Romans were warmongering Fascist imperialists because they colonised ancient Britain, or that Cortez' Spaniards were "turning the clock back to gunboat diplomacy" by destroying the fine old national traditions of the Aztecs (human sacrifices and all) we have to state that the world advances only by the yielding of the bad to the less bad. And for that reason, I feel that not only for the sake of European "interests," but also for the cause of spreading civilisation and light, Ceuta and such places should remain in European hands.

The following day I caught the S.S. Virgen de Africa back to Algeciras, reaching Seville in time for Christmas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 Year £1 6 months 12s. Single copies 2s. 5d.
(including post)

U.S.A.
1 Year $3 6 months $1.80

Cheques should be made payable to *The European* and sent to *The European*, 302 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

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

LETTER

ART SCHOOLS

To the Editor of *The European.*

Sir,

Drawing, painting and sculpture form only a part of the art syllabus in present day art schools. Students are taught a variety of 'useful' subjects such as glove-making, metalwork, window dressing, cabinet making, typography, basketry, dressmaking, etc. Drawing and sculpture of a sort are included in the time-table, but these are usually of a particularly sterile type. *Painting* is becoming a *rare phenomenon.*

The general rule is that fine art is *out* and industry is *in* the new syllabus. In recent years a long-standing tradition has been completely *obliterated* and schools which resemble women's-institutes-for-hobby-making have taken its place.

The students are divided into full-timers and part-timers. As the success of a principal's job usually depends on the numbers in the enrolment register, and as part-timers supply the greater number, it is usually these hobby-minded-occasionals who are courted and catered for. In other words, most schools are equipped and run for the amateur. As most amateurs have neither the time nor the inclination to take things seriously, one can imagine the standards aimed at by this catch-penny basis. A 'special' sort of teacher is sought who will cater for their needs, and new 'artistic' subjects are advertised in the local press. One school advertises 39 artistic trades, another 'looks forward to a greater number of housewives and retired people joining classes in tile and plate decorating, acting, speech and make up,' etc.

What happens to the full-time students while all this is going on? In this atmosphere of amateurism they are busy working for examinations. Their system of work is usually regulated by last year's report issued by the examiners. Their thesis *avoids* scholarship and concentrates on the mechanical acquiring of certain 'recognised' formulae which will get them through the examination—and thus add to the success and the chances of longer life to the school.

Many schools are unhappy about their future because the Ministry

continues to withdraw recognition of full-time courses from them. Students are no longer able to sit examinations at these schools, which are left to become vocational hobby centres, or to close down altogether. For instance, the number of schools taking the Intermediate exam has been reduced from 164 to 139, and those taking N.D.D. from 135 to 107. Even Chelsea School of Art is coming under the hammer.

The reasons that the Ministry gives for this policy are—to maintain a higher standard in the remaining schools—to reduce the number of unwanted and unemployed art students—and to 'rationalise' the situation by turning unwanted art into industrial 'parallels.'

The fact is that few of the remaining schools are maintaining a high standard. Their utilitarian needs are not based on scholarship but on popular demand, their standard is amateur rather than professional. A level, which is, incidentally, of little use to industrial needs, since the best way of ensuring a high standard of industrial design is to have a vigorous and healthy standard of fine art. The Ministry may well be right if it believes that art does not pay today and that the community does not want to be saddled with hordes of unemployed artists; but it should realise that scholarship is not governed by materialist utilitarianism; that art is important to a nation's mind, and that those who elect to pursue this scholarship should be encouraged to do so if we are to maintain any kind of cultural level in our 'civilisation.'

The Ministry is inclined to be a child of fashion.

Serious students are in sad need of establishments which will provide them with high-quality teaching; which will offer them contact with artists who are actively concerned with and intensely alive to the meaning and importance of art. As it is, there is a remarkably low level of art teaching. The recipients of A.T.D. are not, on the whole, suitably and sufficiently qualified to teach art at art school level. Indeed, a report published as far back as 1946 was concerned about their quality ('the products they help produce are often deplorable, giving rise to the term "art school products"'). Their level cannot be said to have advanced in the last ten years, yet it is an amazing fact that they are often chosen both as teachers and headmasters from among applicants who include the more professional qualifications such as Slade and Royal College of Art diploma holders.

The full-time student is usually turned out of these schools as a mass-produced specimen, who either as a new ill-qualified teacher engages in the vicious circle of manufacturing human stereotypes, or

else becomes apprentice to some form of industrial-design work. The part-time student returns home with a collection of decorative confectionery, leather handbags, silver brooches, or with 'expert' advice on how to use make-up or spray-polish the car.

There is no need to spend vast amounts of money on art education. Inadequate buildings and equipment are no excuse for bad art education. Good teachers are all that is required and there is no question that the best teachers are practising artists who teach part-time. Good full-time staff may be necessary to 'hold the school together,' but it is essential that their qualifications be realistic.

Practising artists who teach should not be looked upon as a nuisance. Teachers should be encouraged to pursue their own work and so keep their minds alert. The staffing of art schools should be subject to competent judgment, and not be at the disposal of local committees with their often poorly equipped art advisers. It should be appreciated that not all realistic qualifications are of the diploma kind. Practising artists can be qualified by repute and experience, even if they do not possess academic diplomas. In neither case should reputable, well-qualified applicants be required by committees or headmasters to produce folios of work to prove suitability or to satisfy curiosity. Once a dependable authority has granted recognition of scholarship, it should not be open to further question. A B.A. does not have to hawk his thesis around, and there is no reason why a qualified artist should do so.

Every art school should have a good registrar who would reduce to the minimum the headmaster's administrative work.

Quality not quantity should be the aim. The reputable success of schools should be known by the *quality* of their students, not by the number of them.

Art schools should *not* be easy places to get into, but they *should* be available for those who see fit, and are considered fit, to pursue an artistic career. It is extremely dissatisfying that small schools should only be recognised by the Ministry on the numerical basis of how many students sit their examinations. Examinations should be available at all schools to persons who wish to sit them.

The art school should have as much prestige as a university. It should probably be an autonomous body such as a university. If it cannot reach this level of its own accord, then it should become a faculty of a university. (The Ministry's policy of setting up regional colleges is not a good solution, for these colleges are only *bigger* art schools—they are not *better* art schools.)

There should be no element of amateurism in professional art schools, though the dilettante and amateur who are prepared to take things *seriously* should not be excluded.

The precise lessons of history would maintain a healthy line of thought. Technique should be 'the precise rendering of impulse,' an efficient economy of means 'charged with meaning.'

Clarity and vigour of thought and interpretive power should be encouraged. Decorative and superlative rhetoric and vanity of manner should be dissuaded.

Symbols should be drawn from life. There should be no shirking of difficulties by the encouragement of copying fashionable or unfashionable art-forms and art-formulae.

Free-expressionism of the freudian self-expression group, child art, playing-the-genius, etc., may be very well for infant schools where education is handed out in the form of games, but advanced and adult education should be meted out in a more serious manner. The student should be made to realise that art is neither play nor mere craft.

It is important that the traditions of continuity of art be carried on in this country, and that the 'functions' of fine art should not be slurred, vulgarised or watered down to suit mere utilitarian or popular demands. To this end, there should be some schools which concern themselves with the education of fine art.

No other school should have the right to call itself an art school.

It is time these facts were committed to public attention. Artists and those concerned with and about art should not ignore the situation. Those interested in effecting a change should get in touch with me.

Yours, etc.,

BRIAN BRADSHAW.

Haulgh Hall,
Bolton, Lancs.