THE EUROPEAN

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POLITICS BOOKS TRAVEL

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ANALYSIS

The French experience in retrospect and prospect.

IN Paris during the last days of May we witnessed the most civilised revolution in history. It was a notable experience, and in many ways instructive. The decisive fact was, as usual, simple; the country wanted de Gaulle. The reasons for this were deep-rooted and complex, but the fact itself was simple and obvious. The allegation of the English Left, of some B.B.C. commentaries, and of some English newspapers that it was purely a military "coup de force," or a Parliamentary surrender under duress of such a threat, was transparent nonsense to anyone in contact with the immediate situation or aware of real history during the last forty odd years.

The army would have been quite powerless if the country had not wanted de Gaulle. Even passive resistance of the population, accompanied by widespread strikes, would have completely baffled it. This has been true of every clash between military force and the popular will in every advanced country during our lifetime. The only exception was the full force of Soviet terror, released in a primitive country behind an iron curtain and under cover of the Suez diversion, but it has little relevance to any western conditions. Every factor which influenced the other cases in recent European history would have been *a fortiori* in France.

The decisive force of public opinion.

In the actual event it was the immense, unorganized, silent but omnipresent and irresistible pressure of public opinion which decided the matter. The French people were sick to death of the paralysis produced by the system in face of one of the greatest oppor-

tunities in French history. They were so tired of the situation that despite unparalleled prosperity, not only those favourable to de Gaulle but the great mass of those vehemently opposed to him were at length prepared to accept this solution rather than continue in frustration and futility.

It is true that the main body of the people was completely apathetic, and there was little sign of enthusiasm anywhere. But everywhere the preference was quietly expressed for accepting this solution rather than continuing with things as they were. The fact that this public opinion was so unorganized and lacked all public expression, made it in a curious fashion one of the most impressive manifestations of the popular will yet seen in history; and it certainly assumed the most civilized form ever present to such an occasion, a form peculiarly appropriate to the French.

The position of General de Gaulle.

General de Gaulle some time back retired, severed all connection with politics and virtually disbanded his party. His purpose became apparent from his words as the recent crisis developed. He intended at the time his country needed him to appear as a man without a party, who belonged to none and yet belonged to all. So he could act as arbitrator between parties, and more effectively unite the nation. Such was his idea.

But in the event, exactly the same people supported him and opposed him to the last, who would have so acted if his party had been organized throughout. The opposition to him in the usual quarters was in no way reduced by his new attitude, and was only overcome by the popular support for him which the situation finally provided.

On the other hand the absence of an organized party behind him accounted for the absence of effective demonstrations on his behalf throughout France, which could have had a very considerable effect in the early days of the crisis. Instead, as the situation developed quietly, the General appealed for calm and no demonstrations, and in the end for reasons already stated the massive movement of the popular will in his favour was felt effectively.

The advantages of an organized party.

But the absence of any great demonstrations for de Gualle, and the occurrence of one large rally which was accepted abroad as a demonstration against him although it was largely organized by

parties whose parliamentary representatives subsequently voted for him, enabled the enemies of de Gaulle in other countries, and also some of the enemies of France, to suggest that this great nation had fallen victim to a military coup, and that the French people, who in reality had brought the whole thing about, were lying prostrate under a jackboot.

So, in this respect, the lesson seems to be that an organized party would have accelerated the decision without any corresponding disadvantage, and would also have given the world decisive proof of the truth of the matter, which was simply that the French people at this time want de Gaulle. If a reliable party would have been valuable in creating and clarifying the decision, how much more essential would it be to sustain the subsequent situation? The coming period will throw some light upon this question.

The advantages of a published idea.

The corollary of General de Gaulle's non-party position was no published idea. At the time of his accession to power, which is the time of writing, no-one has any idea what his programme will be beyond certain negative pledges he has given to Parliament. This attitude carries a certain advantage, but also a disadvantage. The advantage is that it is easier in a sense to arrive without a declared policy, because it is always the positive which excites opposition. The disadvantage is that it is harder after arrival to stay, without an idea which has long been taught, is widely understood, and therefore, has a strong body of serious opinion determined to sustain it in bad or good weather.

The trilogy of destiny.

Modern history has shown that the world shaping factors are a great idea, sustained by a dedicated elite in the shape of an organised party and both associated with a great personality of proved and tested character. This trilogy of destiny is quite compatible with the full principles of democracy to which General de Gaulle has wisely adhered. Rightly regarded, the idea and the party, in addition to the personality, are simply the means by which a great people is persuaded to do great things, and is maintained in the faith of that doing during the inevitable adversities which any strong resolve encounters. France at present has only an outstanding personality. For the sake of a nation which all Europe should regard with sympathy and affection, we can only hope that the idea will follow

the present situation and will evoke a spirit which will dedicate many of the best among the French to its consistent service.

It is naturally the hope of this journal that the idea eventually to develop in France will be European. It is a well founded hope because so much good work has already been done in France which has at least prepared the ground for a greater design, and it is difficult to see how the French problem can finally be solved without European union.

The three immediate questions facing French Government.

The three immediate questions facing the Government of General de Gaulle are Algeria, the economic development of the Sahara regions and the balancing of the budget to prevent the perpetual inflation. These three problems are, of course, largely inter-dependent, and the solution of all three will in the end require European Union.

Algeria as a military problem could undoubtedly be solved by the strength and resolution which France possesses and has recently again evinced. But it would be far more easily solved with the co-operation of all Europe, not only because larger resources would be available for the purpose but, also, because the whole Arab question can only be faced by Europe as a whole and the solution of European-Arabian relations is essential to the long term stability of any settlement in Algeria.

Europe and Algeria.

We should never have antagonized the main body of Arab opinion in the Eastern Mediterranean by the Suez adventure which, in terms of modern reality, was as irrelevant to the European future as the French bridgehead in Algeria, which leads to all the undeveloped wealth of Africa, is vital to the European future. These errors can only be corrected, and the co-operation of the whole Arab world can only be won for a settlement which secures in French hands the general European interest in Algeria, by a United European policy. Any lesser settlement is always liable to recurrent danger. Therefore in this matter as in all others, it is in the interest of France to pursue a European policy.

The economic development of the Sahara.

The economic development of the Sahara region which might finally relieve all Europe of dependence on the precarious oil sup-

plies of the Middle East, is even more clearly a matter that requires the faithful co-operation of the whole European continent. To develop these large resources with the unaided strength of France would at least require a long time; probably too long. The choice therefore is between European co-operation and international finance, which in practice means Wall Street. This journal has always resisted an anti-Americanism which is as ungrateful for the past as it is regardless of the future, but it is plainly as much in the interests of France as of the rest of Europe that these resources should be developed by a European partnership rather than by a remote American financial control.

The financial problem: expansion or restriction.

The budgetry problem in the present organization of Europe is purely a French concern. It can, of course, be solved quite simply by the usual austerity measures; a good authority has recently calculated that not more than a three per cent. reduction in present French consumption would meet the case in this fashion. But the miserable solution of restriction is not at all to the French taste; there is an expansionist atmosphere in France today which is illustrated by a recent rate of increase in production that is among the highest in the world. France will not take kindly to that tightening of the belt which is sometimes the first instinct of English Puritanism, though not of the expansive English spirit which inspired the Elizabethan age and also erected the Empire in the Eighteenth Century. For all European countries, there are two ways out of the present situation; the way of the athlete or the way of the monk, expansion or restriction.

The basis of expansion.

But expansion requires somewhere to expand, and the means to do it. You cannot expand in a strictly restricted economy, living on a razor edge balance of payments; hence the continuance of a repressive policy which does not allow full production in contemporary England. Such expansion requires not only large resources but a large and assured market for which it can produce on a great scale. In other words, if the present French standard of life is to be maintained and increased, as it could be if all potential resources were developed, French industry will have to be geared to a European economy with such a large and assured market which can evoke and absorb the full production of which modern industry is capable.

Full production requires the market of Europe-Africa.

France is in a naturally far stronger economic position in present conditions than either Britain or Germany, because she is far nearer to being entirely self contained. But even France cannot organize production to give the standard of life which her people require and to which their skill and industry entitle them, unless she is part of a far larger and entirely viable economy which possesses an organised market. The full production that alone can maintain and progressively increase the French standard of life can only rest on an assured market which is free from the recurrent fluctuation and unfair competition of the world cost system. That market in turn can only be effectively organised in an area as large as Europe-Africa. In the end the future of France like the future of us all depends on the creation of Europe.

When the British people also desire a change.

Still less will the British problem be solved without Europe. Britain will be in a more serious economic position than France when real difficulties develop in world trade, for reasons often noted in this journal. But the British Constitution provides more rapid means of decision and action. In any parallel situation in Great Britain the obvious solution, which the constitution provides, would be a dissolution of Parliament and a fresh election. The vote of the people would then settle the matter one way or the other, and this is by far the best method; it gives at once a clear-cut decision.

It is also true that the present voting system assists such a decisive result, though it is in many ways a travesty of democracy deliberately maintained by the two dominant parties whose purposes it serves at the moment. But in a major crisis it may well work the other way.

If for any reason, economic or other, the people become as sick of the old parties as the French people are sick of their old parties, Conservative and Labour candidates might be practically wiped out by a new movement which supplied the need of the hour. For instance, if a new movement polled 35 per cent. of the votes recorded in each constituency, Labour polled 33 per cent. and the Conservatives 32 per cent., not a single member of the old parties would be in that Parliament, which would be entirely filled by members of the new movement.

With the varying opinions of British constituencies, the results in practice would, of course, not be so clear-cut as that, but these

simple figures give some illustration of what might happen.* The game of entirely excluding all challengers of the Establishment might then not appear so amusing to our elder statesmen, whose ages range from twenty-five to eighty-five.

The Labour Party, in particular, might remember the fate of the Liberal Party which rejected all changes in the voting system during the days of its prosperity, only to beg for it in vain during the recent period of adversity. After a crisis for which it held the responsibility of office, the only hope of the Labour Party's survival might be the alternative vote which it now combats so strenuously. History has its jokes, and sometimes repeats them.

The basis of a peaceful revolution.

But in all such decisive events, it does not really much matter what is the technical structure of the system which fails. Systems are not overthrown; they collapse. This is particularly true in this French case. Two things then matter. The first is whether a great character and high prestige are present to arrange the necessary transition without bloodshed, and with the minimum of disturbance; the French are particularly blessed in the possession of a president whose great gifts of character, commonsense, and personal charm have won in an extraordinary degree the confidence and affection of his fellow countrymen. (The tough 76 year old Norman is reputed scarcely to have slept for 10 nights in his finally successful efforts to solve the crisis). The second is whether in the moment of collapse an idea and a movement are available which can meet the situation with clarity and decision, and can win the enduring enthusiasm of a great people for the creation of a new system.

In France at the time of General de Gaulle's accession to power the idea has not been published, and the movement has not yet been organized in any permanent form. We must, therefore, await the events of the next few months before giving any estimate of the final situation. At the time of writing it appears that General de Gaulle is pledged to return to Parliament at the end of six months to announce his task is done, or to ask for an extension of his mandate. That will be his crucial period. His achievement, his programme and his prospects will then be clear.

* An acute Frenchman observed in discussion of this theme: "If 35% of the voters gave you victory in 51% of the constituencies, some 18% of the total voters could make in Britain a legal and constitutional revolution."

The word "fascist" was, of course, very freely used, though it was clearly an error either in terms of history or of actuality to describe de Gaulle as a fascist. This should easily be agreed by anyone with any knowledge of the subject, whether he was for or against the fascist idea during the epoch of fascism. The word "fascist" has now become a term of abuse which is applied indiscriminately to anyone the Left does not like, just as the word "tory" was used as a term of abuse in the early days of the Conservative Party; the deterrent effect will very soon be equally negligible.

The Left's irresponsibility.

The English Left during the French crisis were spitting spite in all too typical fashion. Some of the things written in associated journals may again make it rather difficult for the next foreign secretary to sign himself "yours fraternally" in writing to M. Guy Mollet. Finally Mr Gaitskell brought most of the chatter to an end with a statesmanlike stand which showed him again to be head and shoulders above any other Labour leader (this is precisely the reason, of course, why the Tory Party and Press are so occupied with promoting his downfall).

In his second issue on the subject, even Mr. Kingsley Martin was induced to "wait and see," apparently in the hope that de Gaulle would make an independent approach to Russia. His first reactions were deplorable for a man of some taste and discernment, and quite remarkably silly under any test of fact and experience. He took up the assault of the Left on the line that de Gaulle was "ageing" at 67 and added to it a vitriolic caricature of the General's personal appearance, throwing in for good measure a quite gratuitous and entirely irrelevant insult to M. Jean Cocteau.

The Left's Peter Pannery.

The whole French nation were then denounced on the charge that they always desire maturity in their statesmen; an inclination which they share with the Germans in a normal mood, and with other peoples who reject that classic symptom of decadence which in modern terms can conveniently be summarized as Peter Pannery. The experience of Clemenceau at 76, forming a government which saved France in the first world war, may support the French in this tendency, and the Germans are doubtless encouraged in their fatherland concept by the performance of the 82 year old Adenauer, who has just been accorded by a large popular vote another five year term of office in

recognition of the most successful record in terms of material success presented by any post war statesman.

In fact, General de Gaulle was universally reported to have far excelled all his previous performances in his world press conference and in his appearances in the Chamber; the news reel of that Press conference should enable anyone to judge for himself a condition which could only possibly be described as a high degree of mental alertness. The truth about this age matter is that within certain very wide limits it depends on the constitution and the way of life. Some men are old at thirty and others are young at eighty; this is true in both worlds, action and literature.

The Left's total lack of objectivity and realism.

What is very wrong is the present habit of English politics to denigrate the abilities and character of a man merely because the writer or speaker happens to disagree with him; it is more, it is a symptom of some deep complex of intellectual and moral inferiority. It is a habit from which the opponents of the Establishment can happily claim to be at least relatively free. We do not say that Lord Russell is *gateux* at eighty-six because we happen to think the campaign he is now leading is one of the most pernicious and dangerous in all English history; unfortunately he shows all too many signs of his old mental acuteness and lucidity of exposition, unfortunately, that is, in political terms, though not in the human terms which should always desire to preserve and cherish the best of its kind.

But for the Left, Lord Russell has to be a *jeune premier* at eighty-six because they approve of him, while General de Gaulle must be past everything at sixty-seven because they disapprove of him. In fact opinion on the Left lacks all traces of that objectivity and realism which alone can sustain a man or a movement in the hard task of action. It was not always so; for instance Asquith could listen to a brilliant speech attacking him not only with an appraisal equal to his judgment of a similar speech supporting him, but even with equal pleasure. He possessed a massive objectivity, which was not always entirely shared by the ladies of his family. But this quality is not really a matter of left or right, or even of sex; it is a question of the category of mind and spirit. When present, it is a source of great strength in the calm and accurate judgment of men and events which is the essential prelude to decisive and effective action, as well as an imprint of greatness.

The quick change artists.

The ghost of another giant of that period, who even combined objectivity with passion, must be laughing quietly in some elysian field at recent events. For the collapse of the vociferous opposition to General de Gaulle, and the right about turn of so many noisy pundits, provided at least a slight reflection of certain earlier events. J. L. Garvin, for long renowned editor of the *Observer*, used to delight in reciting the successive headlines in the French Press during the few days which elapsed between Napoleon's escape from Elba and his arrival in Paris. Garvin always maintained that they should be written up in letters of gold in every newspaper office. From memory they ran on the following lines: "The Corsican werewolf has broken loose from his cage—The bandit has had the impudence again to set foot on French soil, his early arrest is certain.—Bonaparte has entered Grenoble, the population was too horrified at his unexpected appearance to offer any resistance.—General Bonaparte is advancing rapidly on Paris.—His Majesty the Emperor sleeps the night at Fontainebleau, and tomorrow will enter his capital."

History sometimes, in some degree, repeats even its little jokes.

Integration: European or National?

The question of integration leads, also, in the end to Europe. An article in this journal in April 1954 suggested that in reality only two answers to the African problem existed. The first was a genuine apartheid: the division of white and black into two separate nations. The second was complete integration; the granting of equal rights in every respect to the blacks within a United Europe-Africa. The latter solution was not possible in South Africa, because in such conditions the blacks would have a majority of three to one, which the whites would never tolerate. But it was possible in a united Europe-Africa, where a white majority would be secure.

The possible integration of Algeria into France has roused a pasionate enthusiasm among both French settlers and Moslems which promises a fair prospect of solving a difficult problem. But a complete equality of rights under the present system would *prima facie* place some 130 Arabs in the French Chamber as a possibly solid block which might dominate French politics. A demand would probably also follow from the Negro colonies for similar treatment, and it is an euphemism to say that metropolitan France might have some misgiving about a possible majority in its parliament consisting of Arab and Negro representatives. So a fine idea, which

arouses genuine enthusiasm and presents a real prospect of success, runs into certain difficulties when encountering these further considerations. But a united Europe with a white population of more than 300,000,000 could offer integration with complete equality of rights to the whole population of Africa, whites, Arabs and Negroes, or to as many of them as so desired, because Africa's total population is only computed at 157,000,000.* The future population of Africa is also in large degree an open question, because its density of population per kilometre is only 5.2 against the 27.7 of Asia and 52.3 of Europe. All roads lead in the end to European union, if they lead anywhere.

Mr. Sandys on disarmament: a recruit for Lord Russell?

The inert pessimism of the Right is in general an even greater hindrance than the malevolence of Communism, and of its host of fellow-travellers, to getting anything creative done in present Europe. But on occasion some flicker of religious sentiment, or other unaccountable impulse, sets the old mare alight; and then Heaven knows where she will take the cart. For example Mr. Sandys, the British Defence Minister, who has been well advertised as a staid and practical fellow, came out the other day in a parliamentary debate for a world disarmament enforced by a world police force, which "would have to possess unquestioned military superiority over the disarmed nations." Just who was to control the world police force, or how the question of control could possibly be settled in a world rent by acutely conflicting systems and ideologies, was beneath the sweep of this inspired vision.

How scant is any real hope of securing Russian agreement for any such proposal was well illustrated by a passage in Mr. Sandys' own speech on the same occasion: "through the protracted negotiations, the Soviet Government had made it abundantly clear that they disliked the whole idea of international inspection, whether on the ground or from the air." If they so dislike the idea of international inspection, what on earth would be their attitude to international control. And if an international police force could be constituted which neither the capitalist world would suspect was an instrument of communism, nor every renascent element in Europe would suspect was an instrument of Wall Street, or of the Kremlin, or of both, what an iniquitous game of intrigue for its mastery would be open

* Figures taken from Chambers Encyclopaedia. Other and varying estimates we have received would increase this up to 46%

to all the vilest impulses of human nature, and how irretrievably disastrous would be the results if any of them succeeded.

A Tory exalté recommends the Tower of Babel.

When we have such trouble in getting Europeans together for the simple purpose of self preservation, and such further difficulty in the simple precaution of obtaining some real assurance that the other man will lay down his gun when we put down our gun, what hope in the world has anyone of getting agreement on this madcap scheme, which was fathered by Lord Russell before he headed the agitation for unilateral disarmament. The lively octogenarian is at any rate to be congratulated on obtaining as his first recruit for his major scheme the British Defence Minister.

For the moment we believe it not only to be more practical but to be far safer to divide the world into three power blocks in which disarmament is guaranteed by mutual inspection. We can get that system directly we can persuade the Europeans to unite and can also devise a practical system of mutual inspection to make disarmament secure behind which can be mobilized the decisive force of world public opinion. Serious people are trying to build this plain, red-brick bungalow. Now they are asked by a Tory exalté to jettison this task and to start work on the Tower of Babel.

Mr. Khrushchev's offer and the question of disengagement.

So recently as April last, Mr. Khrushchev repeated in the following terms the offer he first advanced in November 1956 and repeated on four occasions during the year 1957. He said on April 7th last: "... the question was asked why the Soviet Union did not withdraw its troops from East Germany, Poland, Rumania and Hungary. We say to this that we are ready, not only to withdraw troops but also to demobilise them and let them return to their peaceful work if Western countries do the same."

In addition, a public opinion poll was published in the *New York Herald Tribune* on June 14th last in which the people of Sweden, Denmark, France, Netherlands, Britain, Germany and Italy gave an affirmative answer by a large majority to the following question: "If the Russians were to offer to take their forces out of Eastern European countries such as Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany on condition that the United States, Britain and France withdrew their troops from Western Germany, would you be in favour of accepting the Russian offer, or would you be opposed to it?"

This journal has always stood for acceptance of Mr. Khrushchev's offer provided it did not involve the separation of Germany from Europe, and the seclusion of that country in some central prison such as the British Labour Party has suggested in the proposal which it calls "disengagement." There was in fact nothing in the Russian offer which postulated any such necessity. Whether any troops other than German troops are physically on German soil in times of peace is an almost irrelevant question in terms of modern weapons and strategy. The point of importance is that Germany should not be separated from Europe.

On the main principles involved it is clearly indicated that a chance of agreement with Russia exists which would be supported by an overwhelming majority of European opinion. Why are the governments of the West still silent? If they take up the offer, they will either get a world settlement or call a Russian bluff; in either event something is gained. We believe a settlement is the more probable, because it could serve Russian needs as well as European interests.

The possibility of competitive currency devaluations?

Mr. Hawtrey in *The Times* of June 11 returned to his argument that the pound had been undervalued ever since Sir Stafford Cripps' heavy devaluation in 1949. He used some additional, and impressive, figures to support his contention. But if Mr. Hawtrey brings a bull point for the pound on its present basis, he brings a bear point for the British economy on its present basis. If he is right in thinking that even yet the British internal price level has not been adjusted to that devaluation, a most powerful and entirely artificial stimulus has been applied to our export trade during all these years. A classic method of covertly subsidising exports is to devalue a currency and then by various devices to prevent an entirely corresponding rise in the internal price level. As long as this postion can be held, exports are subsidised, and, in effect, Mr. Hawtrey argues that this is precisely what has occurred.

Yet despite this unnatural assistance, British exports in recent times have fared very badly in comparison with the exports of some countries who enjoyed no such aid. And, as world recession develops, other countries may wake up to the advantage of this method in the struggle for markets, and play the same game. Already the Germans have rejected the ingenuous suggestion that their currency was undervalued from a British Treasury whose leading

economic authority during many years has just revealed how cleverly it was itself exploiting the export benefits of an undervalued currency.

Certain countries which suffer from over-valued currencies may read *The Times* and become aware of the advantages of the contrary position. Then we may see a fine competition in currency devaluation.

And finally, the weaker economies may find their currencies devalued a good deal more than they have reckoned; for in the end, of course, the strength of a currency can only rest on the strength of the economy. We are passing through a phase of competitive nationalisms in which some may survive, but some must go under. If Mr. Hawtrey is right, British survival has in recent years been assisted by a most adroit financial manipulation, which is, unfortunately, open to others.

The phase of vain search for national solutions.

But how long will the whole game last? All these divided European nations are competing against each other on world markets, and some are bound to fail in conditions of increasing severity. All are trying to carry also the remnants of imperial burdens and other individual obligations, and all are staggering under the load. All are trying to go it alone, and, in a world dominated by the two giants of America and Russia, none can finally succeed in this. Yet many of the best elements in each European country are engaged in this vain search for national solutions; vain because no national solution can work any longer within a relatively small European nation, and these splendid people are, therefore, sacrificing themselves without final purpose. The heart of Europe, the real heart, is proved in many different ways still to be sound. But the head requires nothing less than an operation. Our present task is to make clear these plain truths before it is too late.

EUROPEAN

NATIONAL SOCIALISM AND RACE

by A. JAMES GREGOR

ENOUGH time has elapsed since the cessation of hostilities against Germany to permit the inspection of one of the theoretical components of the National Socialist Movement; the element which, of all the heterogeneous elements, made National Socialism what it was: the theory of race.

An inquiry of this nature can either, like almost all previous criticisms, muster external objections from anthropological, sociological and historical sources against what are conceived (often incorrectly) to be critical facets of the National Socialist theory on race;[1] or it can venture upon an *immanent* criticism; that is, it can pursue the inquiries of National Socialist theoreticians themselves, trying to understand the theory of race as it was, as it came to be, rather than as one conceives it to have been.

The latter course, the course chosen for this exposition, has much to recommend it. One does not dissipate one's energies harassing a straw man. The National Socialist theory of race was dynamic, ever-changing. This, indeed, must be the case with any theory which even pretends to be scientific. Furthermore, it is necessary to distinguish between the *bona fide* subject of inquiry and existing misconceptions. One need not resort to external sources to refute aspects of the theory which were rejected in the course of its development by National Socialist theoreticians themselves.

No theory, whether scientific, ethical or metaphysical, develops in a vacuum. It would be incredibly naive to believe that any of

these disciplines develops independently of the social milieu in which it arose. In order, therefore, to understand the nature and evolution of National Socialist speculations on race one would have to be conversant with the prevailing psychological, economic, scientific and social (cultural and political) forces prevalent throughout the period. Even were I fully informed as to these conditions, which I am not, space would not permit the introduction of such data into an essay of this length. What I shall attempt to do, however, is to indicate, in passing, the most compelling forces, tactical and theoretical, which, it seems, in general directed the rapid growth and transformation of the National Socialist theory of race.

I.

The development of the National Socialist theory of race can be divided into three periods, and each period had a characteristic cast and temper.

The earliest period of National Socialist racism was characterized by the writings and speeches of Hitler himself. In many of his utterances Hitler's contentions with respect to race were no more and no less shocking, interesting or spectacular than similar statements made by any number of Anglo-Saxon eugenicists of the period. More significantly, in his specific references to race Hitler was content to employ the exceedingly vague term "Aryan" to denote his select race, founders of the State, society and culture in Europe. Under the rubric "Aryan" Hitler included all the European peoples, apparently,[2] reserving the status "inferior" for non-European peoples of the world. Nowhere in *Mein Kampf* does he specifically stipulate the physical type of his superior race. He refers, however, with unqualified approval to the writings of Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Even if he had not, any comparison of the general ideas on race and society found in *Mein Kampf* with those of Chamberlain's *Grundlagen* would have made his intellectual debt quite apparent. Now Chamberlain nowhere gives a specific morphological identity to his "German," although he does wax enthusiastic over the tall, blond dolichocephal (long-head). On the other hand he suggests, perhaps taking his cue from Gobineau who was convinced of the heterogeneity of the Aryan type[3], that some of the purest "Germans" are brunets, even raven-haired. Nor does Chamberlain deny

creativity nor value to other races.

So there is evidence that the National Socialist theory of race at this time (1925-30) was more than somewhat vague and indeterminate, at least with respect to the problem of how one identified one's select race. Nowhere in the early literature of the Movement does the dsignation "Nordic" figure with any prominence, least of all in Hitler's public statements.

Even at the close of this first period, in 1930, when Rosenberg's *Mythos* appeared, his use of the word "Nordic" was strictly qualified by this pronouncement: "...nothing would be more superficial than to measure a man's worth by his physical appearance (with a centimeter rule and cephalic indices). A far more accurate measure of worth is conduct."[4]

But with the advent of the thirties we enter a new and highly critical phase of theoretical development. By this time, quite independently of the National Socialist Movement, the works of Hans F. K. Guenther[5] had achieved wide circulation and popularity in Germany.

The works of Guenther evinced a certain attractiveness for National Socialist theoreticians. First of all one could elicit rough parallelisms between some of the ideas of Hitler, as expressed in *Mein Kampf*, and Guenther's principal works. Secondly it offered, seemingly, a scientific peg upon which National Socialist utterances on race might be conveniently hung.

As National Socialism expanded in membership and influence an increasing demand that its theoretical house be put in order made itself heared. At this point Guenther's works seemed to suit, precisely, that purpose.

II.

Guenther's ideas can be briefly summarized in the following notions:

(1) a race is a group of human beings which, breeding true, distinguishes itself from its neighbours by hereditary physical and mental traits;[6]

(2) the psychic traits, possessed by the various races, differ qualitatively;

(3) in almost all mental traits the Nordic Race (tall, slender, fair-skinned, blond, blue-eyed, leptoprosopic (narrow-faced), leptorrhine (narrow-nosed), dolichocephalic[7]) is superior. Nordics are sage in judgment, truthful and energetic, independent, realistic, bold, courageous, clean, inventive, tenacious, prudent, steadfast in duty, competitive (only in the best sense), just, respectful of the property of others, knightly, possesed of a gift of narrative, individualistic (yet unselfish), possessed of a remarkable depth of character, a thorough-going trustworthiness, an inquiring mind devoted to natural science, a lively sense of honour, a tendency to roguish humour, a capacity for statemanlike achievements, a gift for leadership, a talent for music, a wide range of development in the mental life as well as other endowments too numerous to mention;[8]

(4) the extension and contraction of European culture follows the waxing and waning of this most singular race.[9]

These theses, formulated in a rich, scientific vocabulary seemed, at the time, to satisfy the demands made upon National Socialist theoreticians. Therefore, although Guenther's major works were completed before the succession of National Socialism to power, many of the National Socialists made them their own.

This having been the case it is necessay to note two important facts:

(1) Guenther categorically rejected the designation "Aryan" which Hitler favoured[10] and substituted a carefully defined "Nordic" in its stead. The change, as we shall see, was of critical importance. (2) Guenther, while he wrote with passion and bias, was sufficiently detached to make several things quite clear. He did not pretend, for example, that the Nordic Race was the *sole* creative human race (although that is the over-all impression one receives from his works). He does cite the vast cultures of the Mediterranean bronze and early iron age as being the products of Mediterranean creativity.[11] Furthermore, he limited his racial analysis only to peoples of indo-germanic speech.

The general character of the second period in the development of National Socialist race theory was lent by the works of Hans Guenther — a period which covered, approximately, the years between 1930 and 1934. This is the period of uncritical acceptance of "the Nordic Hypothesis."

So great was the enthusiasm that minor theorists went even further than Guenther's exaggerated Nordicism. Why this should have been so can be explained largely by recalling once more to mind the psychological climate of revolutionary Germany. A people disillusioned in war, betrayed in peace, sought, in a hostile world, status and place. Overcompensation, generated by the tensions of the time, demanded not only equality but superiority.

There had always been, in the German mind, a vague identification between the "Aryan creators of culture" and German nationality. It was not difficult for the average layman to subsbtitute Nordicist nomenclature for the "less scientific" Aryan designations and still equate, somehow, the German people with the "*Herrenvolk.*" (A similar phenomenon, under essentially similar circumstances, characterized the Fascist Movement of Italy with its frank "Romanita," its Lictors' Rods and Roman Salute, and its harking back to the glorious superiority of ancient Rome.)

III.

The most grotesque product of this second period was a strange tome by one Karl Weinlaender[12] which was published with the assistance of the leadership of the National Socialist Teachers Bund in Nuremberg.[13]

In this curious work we are told, among other things: (1) the Nordic Race "was and is the only race capable of creating a culteure"[14]—all other races are capable of creating a culture only in the same measure as they contain Nordic blood.[15] The Nordics, for example, created Chinese culture. (2) Weinlaender will have nothing of the nonsense concerning racial evolution. He, like Hauser,[16] contends that the Nordic Race is a special act of creation.[17] "Human races," he informs us, "have evolved out of the lower animals, but each was the result of a creative act separated in space and time. . . The series included: Humanoids, Prehistoric Men, Giants, Pigmies, Australians, Negroes, Malayans, Indians, Mongolians and at last 'the image of God,' the Nordic Race."[18] All the so-called races (Alpine, Dinaric, Mediterranean, East-Balts, etc.) are simply the bastards of the unnatural coupling of Nordic Man with the enumerated inferior races.[19] (3) This natural inferiority of non-Nordic races is attested to by the fact that the iris of the eye and the hair, and in worse cases even the skin is pigmented. Inferiority is a con-

sequence of the fact that the "material" used *(Stoffverbrauch)* in pigmentation is sapped from the cerebral and nervous system.[20] Furthermore unpigmented hair acts as a conductor for "unseen thought waves."[21] (4) All beauty,[22] physical and spiritual harmony, tall stature and dolichocephaly[23] are the sole property of the Nordic Race. (5) Nordic blood, when transfused into the sick will promote rapid improvement[24] while a transfusion of blood from the lower races (particularly Jewish blood) with dispatch the patient.[25]

Weinlaender's book was not an isolated miscarriage. Similar, if not equally outrageous, statements are found in books of this period which were published with either the direct or indirect approval of the National Socialist Movement. Staemmler[26] and Baltzer[27] contend that the Nordics are the *only* race capable of creating a culture. Rudolf,[28] publishing under the direct auspices of the National Socialist Library, quotes, with approval, Dieter Gerhart[29]: "The Nordic Race, the race of our Germanic ancestors, is the sole bearer of all creative culture in old and new Europe and its environs."

Having once established to their own satisfaction the truth of these notions the theoretists could commence to interpret the cultural history of the world.

All culture originates with the Nordics. Since this is presupposed, it is only necessary to find blond Libyans depicted in Egyptian reliefs (along with red eyed, green haired compatriots) to prove the Nordic origin of Egyptian civilization[30]—or to find one blond woman depicted in a late fresco in the palace of Knossos to prove that Minoan Civilization was equally Nordic[31]—while the presence of a "fair" god among the host of Aztec gods (albinism is relatively common among a variety of races) is enough to ascribe a Nordic origin for Incan as well as Aztec culture.[32] The fact that Confucious is represented as having a "full beard" while Mongolians have but scant beard is more than enough to indicate the presence of a Nordic ruling class to which the founding of Chinese civilization can be ascribed.[33]

Having succeeded to such insight we can begin to interpret personalities in its light. Since all creativity stems from the Nordic Race all creative personalities must be Nordics or bastards whose creativity derives from some (sometimes more than obscure) Nordic source.

When we find those like Caesar[34] and Goethe[35] who are brunet we can ascribe their superiority to their "Nordic" stature. Where we find men of note, as in the case of Napoleon and Nelson,[36] who

measure less than 160cm. we can assign their superiority to the fact that they were (at least in their youth) fair. When we find someone like Martin Luther who was brachycephalic (round headed), brown eyed, almost raven haired and of only medium stature we may be forced to admit an Alpine "infusion,"[37] or we might designate him a Cro-Magnon survival,[38] or we might suggest that he is a Dalo-Nordic, a Nordic "sub-type"[39] — because he did most assuredly have a Nordic Soul.[40]

The brachycephals of note which might have caused the Nordicists some consternation (since Nordics *must* have long heads)—Hindenburg and Bismarck for example—are assigned, without mention of their suspicious cephalic index to the Dalo-Nordic Race,[41] or gracefully accepted because the phrenological "organs" for mathematics and musicality are located over the ears, and if these organs are well developed, they will deform the skull.[42] (It is interesting that Hindenburg, whom the Nordicists cite as classically Dalo-Nordic, is assigned by Carlton Coon to the East-Baltic Race.[43])

Similar adjustments would have to be made for all those who are either too diminuitive (Kant, Machiavelli, Dante, Coleridge, Keats,[44] Raphael), too brachycephalic (Leibniz, Schopenhauer, Kant, Schiller, Schubert, Haydn, Beethoven, Raphael, Laplace, Napoleon, Pascal[45]) or too brunet (Ovid,[46] Vergil, Horace,[47] Michelangelo,[48] Ariosto, St. Francis of Assisi, Shakespeare, Herder, Napier, Beethoven,[49] Balzac,[50] Zola,[51] Raphael,[52] Elizabeth Barret-Browning,[53] Browning,[54] Ibsen,[55] Tolstoy,[56] Faraday,[57] Tennyson,[58] Cromwell,[59] Dampier[60]).

Having come to understand the procedure we can explain the creativity of Mussolini, who was a relatively short, barrel chested, brown eyed, brachycephalic brunet, by citing him as an example of a "Nordic with dark pigment"[61] who derived his potential from a medieval knight named Muslin.[62]

IV.

All this, of course, was Guenther with a vengeance. Guenther surveys the brachycephalic[63] portrait sculpture of Classic Roman Antiquity and sees only Nordic dolichoecephaly. He reproduces Classic Greek statuary which displays tightly curled hair, smooth brow, thick sensuous lips, fleshy nose and soft chin—and sees only the flat, loosely waved hair,[64] the supraorbital bosses,[65] the thin lips,[66] the shapely chiselled nose and chin[67] of the "pure" Nordic

Race."[68] The same statuary of which Sergi had said, about thirty years before, "the types of Greek and Roman statuary . . . do not in the slightest degree recall the features of a northern race; in the delicacy of the cranial and facial forms, in smoothness of surface, in the absence of exaggerated frontal bosses and supraorbital arches, in the harmony of curves, in the facial oval, in the rather low foreheads, they recall the beautiful and harmonious heads of the brown Mediterranean race."[69]

Guenther tells us that because among the Chinese one can find dolichocephaly, an "almost white skin, sometimes combined with handsome European features"[70] this is presumptive evidence of a Nordic strain, as though "almost white skin" and "handsomeness" are placed only in Nordic cradles.

He tells us, further, in a most instructive instance of *petitio principii*, that becauce the Druses of Lebanon enjoy a relatively high standard of education, are brave, hard-working and clean, they must be possessed of a Nordic element.[71] The Samnite men loved to fight and their women were chaste—sufficient evidence for Guenther

Similar reasoning provides sufficient justification for Fischer, Baur and Lenz to discover Nordic elements among the plains Indians of North America—for they were, after all, noteworthy warriors.[73]

Even the suggestion of a special act of creation for Nordics is found in Guenther's rigid definition of a race as that group of individuals who breeding *forever true*[74] distinguish themselves by certain hereditary psychic and physical traits. How are races to evolve if, by definition, they must forever breed true?

Even the baroque suggestion that pigmentation absorbs the "material" that would have otherwise been used in the cranial cavity is "mentioned" by Guenther in order that it not be lost to posterity.[75]

V.

Such postures, of course, provoked sharp criticism even from dedicated racists. By 1938 Ludwig Ferdinand Clauss mocked the entire procedure of assigning certain mental traits ("ability to make judgments," "love of truth," etc.) to specific races as distinguishing characteristics. "It is true," he said, "that Nordic men are capable of making judgments. No one denies that. No one denies, for that matter, that Nordic men occasionally eat, drink and sleep—it only seems doubtful that these characteristics would distinguish

them from men of other races."[76]

Similarly, if all creativity derives from Nordic blood why have the most prominent men in European history been of manifestly mixed racial origin. "Many of the men," Fischer, Baur and Lenz contended, "who are universally regarded as the greatest in history (for instance, Socrates, Michelangelo, Luther, Goethe and Beethoven) were obviously of mixed race. Speaking generally, it is exceptional to find that distinguished men exhibit a pure racial type."[77]

And, of course, as a corollary to that even sincere friends were driven to ask of these enthusiastic adherents of Nordicism: why the Nordic Race, where it had been preserved from the admixture of lower potential, in Scandinavia and Northern Europe in general, had to wait until it was stimulated by bastard peoples from the Mediterranean before it developed any advanced culture of its own?[78]

But more important than the theoretical problems which beset thies kind of Nordicism were the serious tactical problems which it provoked.

Ironically enough it was exactly the feature of Guenther's racism which had made it so appealing in 1930 that generated the problems of 1934. Hitler's (and even Rosenberg's) theories had not been sufficiently definitive. Hitler's Aryans had remained vexedly ill-defined, while Rosenberg had not necessarily equated physical type with individual achievement.[79] All of which seemed very inexact.

Guenther, on the other hand, with his cephalic, facial and nasal indices, his pigmentation and stature charts and his racial classifications seemed eminently suited to answer just such criticisms. His books were quickly taken over by National Socialist theoreticians,[80] summarized in little brochures and introductory manuals and disseminated throughout the Party organization.[81]

But Guenther was purchased at too high a price. Guenther had told the National Socialists precisely *what* the superior Nordics were —the first question which sprang up once the first enthusiasm waned was: *where* are they?

Guenther was painfully specific. One most not, he warned, confuse Germans with Nordics.[82] Germany was a compost of at least five European and two extra-European races.[83] Germany's total Nordic heritage was, according to Guenther, at best 45—50 per cent.[84] Still more disconcerting was the fact that Germany's population possessed but 5 per cent. "pure" Nordic types.[85] And this

selection was made with reference only to morphological characteristics (phenotypes). One can hardly inspect the germ plasm of the individual (genotype)—that is, an individual may have, sadly, an alien soul.[86] For in a genetically mixed population there is no simple correlation between physical appearance and potentiality so that an individual possessed of the racial livery of the Nordic must also have a Nordic soul. Characteristics are transmitted through a particular chromosomal substance, the gene. In a mixed population each individual inherits a total of anywhere from 10,000 to 45,000 genes. With a random mixture, conducted over at least the last three thousand years (i.e., the presence of mixed types in the earliest "Nordic" graves[87]) the number of gene combinations would be infinite—meaning that the correlation coefficient between physical and psychic characteristics could, mathematically, be expected to be nil.[88] More precisely one could not say with any assurance that an individual displaying all the physical traits of the Nordic race was equally possessed with (presuming there to be any) Nordic mental characteristics. The chances that an individual in contemporary Europe should have inherited from an astronomical number of ancestors only Nordic traits are millions to one.

The tactical expression of this theoretical difficulty revealed itself in a manner which demanded immediate resolve.

While it was true that a "true" Nordic (Nordic genotype) could not be distinguished from a "pseudo" Nordic (Nordic only in physical type) it seemed reasonable (at least to Guenther) to presume that where one found a higher incidence of Nordic morphological traits one would find a higher incidence of Nordic psychic traits. Now as long as this remained vague and general not much objection could be raised against it. But again Guenther insisted on "there is but one equality of birth: that based on the equal purity clusion. "From the racial standpoint,'" he informed his readers, "there is but one equality of birth: that based on the equal purity of Nordic blood. Racially the nobleman of mixed race is not of equal birth with a Nordic peasant girl."[89] Thus those who display Nordic physical features must be considered "most worth-while"[90] while mixed types, no matter what their station or capacity, are correspondingly inferior.

Thus although we cannot definitively identify a "pure" Nordic we can identify hybrids (people under 170cm. in height, whose cephalic index is over 76, whose nasal index is platyrrhine, whose facial index is under 90, whose hair is brunet or whose eyes are

hazel or brown, who are not slender, nor have thin lips nor firm chin). These, Guenther tells us, we must painfully identify as bastards,[91] and as such second class citizens—inferior in worth to the (at least physically) "pure" Nordic.

VI.

The impossibility of accepting such a conclusion was obvious, to the least informed National Socialist, on its very face. The immediate leadership of the National Socialist Party with about 95 per cent. of the German population did not meet the requirements for first class citizenship under this scheme.

A Movement which had arisen in Germany with the promise of unifying a people, and had promised the elimination of class distinctions as divisive, found itself advocating distinctions more penetrating and permanent than class lines had ever been.[92] Men have sometimes risen above their class—no man can escape his degree of pigmentation or his cranial index. Such a situation was intolerable, and it was the realization of this fact that galvanized the theoreticians into action.

Guenther was to be specifically rejected. While recognizing the fact that his books had served to stimulate inquiry into the intricate problems of race, the pernicious aspects of the "Nordic hypothesis" were decried. The enthusiasm with which Guenther's ideas had been accepted, Weinert wrote, precipitated conclusions for which "there was no biological foundation. . . The consequence was often that an unfounded race-pride threatened to sunder the German people."[93]

The first clear statement on official reorientation had come from Hitler himself only seven months after he came to power, at the 1933 Nuremberg Parteitag. Hitler said: "We do not conclude from a man's physical type his ability, but rather from his achievements his race."[94] Thus achievements, not physical type, were to be the measure of worth.

This principle advanced by Hitler entered the basic texts on anthropology and heredity, and by 1935 the last phase in the development of National Socialist race theory was well under way. Thieme repeats Hitler's principle and adds "the men who bear the qualities of heroism, strength of will, a readiness to sacrifice and faith have played a decisive role in deciding Germany's destiny, and they shall continue to do so even if they are not all tall, blond or blue-eyed."[95] Eichenauer goes so far as to inform his readers that the amount

of Nordic blood an individual possesses means nothing (*spielt keine Rolle*) in the Nordic scheme of things because "it has often enough been the case that men of extremely mixed race *(stark gemischter Rasse)* have conceived and more powerfully grasped these notions than the predominantly Nordic."[96]

Goebbels is identified quite candidly as a Nordic-Mediterranean[97] — as a signal that *all* Germans of whatever European race be restored to first class citizenship. In mid-1936 the *National-socialistische Korrespondenz* stated with clarity and authority: "From his deeds one can recognize the Nordic man— not from the length of his nose and the colour of his eyes."[98]

In effect this last phase of National Socialist race theory was a complete rejection of Guenther's Nordicism. The Mongolian Race was restored as the creator of Asiatic culture[99] and the Mediterranean Race was once more spoken of as the creator of the high culture of the ancient Mediterranean.[100] "Almost all" of classical art was no longer conceived of as Nordic but as Mediterranean.[101]

We are told that "the races distinguish themselves not through their characteristics; for the same characteristics can be found in different races. . . For example a Mediterranean can be as courageous as a Nordic, an Alpine as musical as a Dinaric, an East Balt as cunning as a Nordic. On the other hand not all Mediterraneans are courageous, nor all Nordics. But when a Mediterranean is courageous he is courageous in a 'Mediterranean fashion' as a Nordic would be courageous in a 'Nordic fashion'."[102]

Here is an entirely different racism, an entirely different Nordicism than that of Guenther and his followers. Here there was no question of general inferiority—it was a question of maintaining an ideal as an archetype for an entire civilization. Germany had a Nordic archetype; its art form was Nordic; its literature and philosophy, its music and institutions were inspired by Nordic ideals. Each German was bequeathed this patrimony from the original racial elements, now inextricably mixed into the German Nation, among which the Nordic predominated. It was not a question of intrinsic worth, national and racial superiority and inferiority tearing asunder the peoples of Europe. There is no transcendental standard by which to evaluate racial differences.[103] A people characteristically Mongolian treasures a Mongolian heritage and ideal, a Mediterranean people a Medterranean one.[104]

Dr. Walter Gross, head of the Rassenpolitische Amt of the National Socialist Party, said: "We appreciate the fact that those of

another race are different from us. . . Whether that other race is 'better' or 'worse' is not possible for us to judge. For this would demand that we transcend our own racial limitations for the duration of the verdict and take on a superhuman, even divine, attitude from which alone an 'impersonal' verdict could be formed on the value or lack of such of the many living forms of inexhaustible Nature."[105]

Less than a year later, in 1939, he defined the official position of mature National Socialist race theory:

"A serious situation arose through the fact that other people and States, because of German race laws . . . felt themselves attacked and defamed. . . . For example the whole world of the Far East remained for a long time under the impression that the Germans . . . had designated them as non-Aryan, and as non-Aryans inferior rabble—(that the) Germans had designated (them) unworthy, second class humanity and that the Germans imagined themselves as the sole bearers of culture. . . What could we say to those who saw in German racism a fundamental defamation of men of other races? We could do nothing other than, with patience and conviction, repeat that German racism does not evaluate or deprecate other racial groups. . . It only recognizes, scientifically, that differences exist. . . We have often been disturbed by the indiscretion or even stupidity in our own land when, just after we had carefully made clear to some people or other that we respected and honoured . . . their racial qualities, some wild fool manufactured his own ideas about race and declared that these same people were racially inferior and stood somewhere below the cow or the ass, and that their characteristics were degrading or impure and lord knows what else! By such idiotic assertions were repelled and offended not only alien peoples in distant parts of the world but even our own neighbours in Europe, many times even friends of National Socialist Germany bound to us historically and in destiny."[106]

Finally, late in the war, even under the gathering shadows of defeat, the Headquarters of the Reichsfuehrer SS published the work of Dr. Ludwig Eckstein. He carefully dissected the remains of the Nordicism purchased over a decade before at so high a cost, and concluded:

"While supporting our own race, and if necessary fighting against other races to protect its right to existence, we should not overlook the fact that almost all races display something in themselves that is sound and biologically resolved and therefore beautiful, natural

and valuable. . . Each race carries first of all the measure of worth in itself. When once we understand this then we do not foster feelings of inferiority in others, a consequence that the hitherto existing race theories have too often achieved. . ."[107]

VII.

It was in this last phase that National Socialist race theory was cut off. Of this last phase all to little is known outside the immediate intellectual circle which fostered it.

Upon the cessation of hostilities the work of half a decade was scattered or destroyed—to leave only the tragi-comic image of the Nordicism of Guenther and his followers, to appear and reappear as the popular misconception of the National Socialist theory of history.

Actually the elements of a far more profound theory are to be discerned in the few surviving books that mark the last dynamic phase of development of a concept of race free of the encumbrances of an hysterical Nordicism.[108]

As early as 1933 the first elements are to be found in Merkenschlager[109]—later some appear in von Eickstedt,[110] and still later in Gross.[111]

In Italy the same tendencies revealed themselves in the Fascist Race Manifesto of 1938, and in the work of Maggiore[112] and Franzi.[113]

Everywhere the talk was no longer of fixed and immutable races,[114] but of races in formation, the components for which arise out of the crucible of the past—races in formation cast over by the ideal of a living heritage—for Germany a Nordic Mythos, for Italy an animating devotion of Romanita. The talk is of races yet to be fashioned by living an ideal, united by a common destiny, nurtured in a common environment, the political expression of which is Nationhood.[115]

Here are the germs of a world-view which makes of man a creator, a builder of future races; a pilosophy which unites history, politics and race, eugenics and humanism, pride in self and respect for others, a philosophy scientifically sound and emotionally satisfying.

This is the promise of a world-view as yet half-formulated and ill-expressed, with which our time must contend; the *Weltanschauung* which bears within itself the promise of Nietzsche's Good European.

1. Such books as Dahlberg, *Race, Reason and Rubbish;* Benedict, *Race and Racism, Race and Politics;* Ashley-Montague, *The Fallacy of Race: Man's Most Dangerous Myth*
2. cf. Hitler, *Mein Kampf* (unabridged), New York, Reynal and Hitchcock, 1939, p. 392.
3. cf. Hankins, *The Racial Basis of Civilisation*, p 75.
4. Rosenberg, *Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts*, p. 596.
5. Guenther's principal works (abbreviations for which shall hereafter be used) include *Rassenkunde des deutschen Volkes, Kleine Rassenkunde des deutschen Volkes, Rassenkunde Europas* (the translation of which appeared under the title *Racial Elements of European History,*) *Adel und Rasse, Rasse und Stil, Der Nordische Gedanke unter den Deutschen.*
6. Guenther, *REoEH*, p. 3; *KRddV*, pp. 10 f, *RddV*, pp. 14 f.
7. *RddV*, chap. v, *KRddV*, chap. 2 (A), *REoEH*, chap. 2 (A).
8. cf. *REoEH*, III (A), *KRddV*, IV (A), *RddV*, chap. xii.
9. "When we survey the fall in each case of the great empires and creative cultures from India to the West, this much is always clearly to be seen: that every 'fall' of a people of Indo-European speech is brought about through the drying up of the blood of the creative, the Nordic race." *REoEH*, p. 198, cf. 184, 191, 199f., 212; "...every 'fall' of a people of Indo-German speech is determined by the drying up of the blood of the creative race, the Nordic race." *RddV*, p. 326, cf. p. 409.
10. *RddV*, p. 318 n., *REoEH*, p. 257 n.
11. "In the prehistory of Europe two races only have shown themselves to be truly creative, and these must be looked on as the true European Races: the Nordic and the Mediterranean..." *REoEH*, pp. 116 f., cf. *RddV*, pp. 299 f., 312 ff.
12. Weinlaender, *Rassenkunde, Rassenpaedagogik und Rassenpolitik*, Weissenburg, Orion, 1933.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 5.
14. *Ibid.*, pp. 13, 103.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
16. Hauser, *Der Blonde Mensch*, Danzig, Verlag der Mensch, 1930, p. 6.
17. "God wished to manifest himself in Nordic Man..." Weinlaender, *op. cit.*, p. 139.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 104.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 83. 143.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 106.
22. "Where, among the lower races, beautiful women are found, there has been an infusion of Nordic blood..." *Ibid.*, p. 125.
23. "Longheadedness and tall stature among the Negro tribes, for eample in Benin, is only the inheritance from those

Nordic Vikings...who settled there and mixed with them." *Ibid.*, p. 110.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 133.
25. *Ibid.*
26. Staemmler, *Rassenpflege im voelkischen Staat,* Muenchen, Lehmanns, 1933, p. 6.
27. Baltzer, *Rasse und Kultur,* Weimar, Duncker, 1934, pp. 9 ff.
28. Rudolf, *Nationalsozialismus und Rasse,* Nationalsozialistische Bibliothek, Heft 31, 1934, p. 23.
29. Gerhart, *Kurzen Abriss der Rassenkunde.*
30. Baltzer, *op. cit.,* pp. 30 f.
31. *Ibid.,* p. 144.
32. *Ibid.,* p. 120.
33. *Ibid.,* pp. 106 ff., cf. Weinlaender, p. 142.
34. cf. *REoEH,* p. 180, fig. 224 a. b.
35. cf. Baltzer, *op. cit.,* p. 17, *Hirsch, Rasse und Kultur,* p. 164 *RddV,* p. 385.
36. For Nelson cf. Ellis. *A Study of British Genius,* p. 290.
37. *RddV.,* p. 217.
38. Baltzer, *op. cit.,* p. 264.
39. *KRddV,* p. 69.
40. *RddV,* p. 425 n. 2; Rosenberg, *op. cit.,* pp. 183 f.
41. *KRddV,* p. 69.
42. Hauser, *op. cit.,* p. 10.
43. cf. Coon, *Races of Europe,* plate 7 figure 1.
44. cf. Ellis, *op. cit.,* p. 290.
45. For the cephalic indices of the proceeding cf. Hirsch, *op. cit.,* p. 163.
46. *REoEH,* p. 188. 47. *REoEH,* p. 188.
48. Woltmann, *Die Germanen und die Renaissance in Italien,* p. 107.; Hauser, *op. cit.,* p. 56; Baur, Fischer, Lenz, *Human Heredity,* p. 692.
49. Hauser, *op. cit.,* p. 56.
50. Woltmann, *Die Germanen in Frankreich,* p. 104.
51. *Ibid.,*
52. Rauser, *op. cit.,* p. 56.
53. *Ibid.,*
54. *Ibbid.*
55. *Ibid.*
56. *Ibid.*
57. Ellis, *op. cit.,* p. 56.
60. *Ibid.*
58. *Ibid.*
59. *Ibid.*
61. Weinlaender, op. cit., p.291, fig. 182.
62. *Ibid.,* p. 292.
63. cf. Coon, *op. cit.,* p. 194.
64. *REoEH,* p. 23, *RddV,* p. 68
65. *REoEH,* p. 11.

66. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
67. *Ibid.*, p. 11.
68. *Ibid.*, p. 157.
69. Sergi, *Origine diffusione delle stirpe mediterrana*, p. 22; *The Mediterranean Race*, p. 20; Winkelmann, *Geschichte der Kunst*, i, bk. i, p. 33.
70. *REoEH*, p. 132.
71. *Ibid.*, p. 129.
72. *Ibid.*, p. 177.
73. Baur, Fischer, Lenz, *op. cit.*, p. 638.
74. "... immer wieder ihresgleichen hervorbringen." *RddV*. p. 9.
75. cf. *RddV*, p. 194, n. 2.
76. Clauss, *Rasse und Charackter*, Frankfurt am Main, Diesterweg, 1938, p. 12.
77. Baur, Fischer, Lenz, *op. cit.*, p. 692.
78. cf. Franzi, *Fase attuale del razzismo tedesco*, Istituto Nazionale di Cultura Fascista, Roma, 1939, p. 41; Cogni, *Il Razzismo*, Milano, Bocca, 1937, pp. 240 f.
79. cf. Rosenberg, *op. cit.*, pp. 287, 596.
80. cf. von Leers, *Rassische Geschichtsbetrachtung: was muss der Lehrer davon wissen?* Berlin, Beltz, 1941, p. 13.
81. cf. Rudolf, *op. cit.*, vorwort; Rosten, *Das ABC des Nationalsozialismus*, chap. xvi.
82. *KRddV*, pp. 9 f., *REoEH*, pp. 1 f., Weinlaender, *op. cit.*, p. 143
83. *R.oEH*, pp. 88 ff, *RddV*, pp. 13 ff, 23 f; Rudolf, *op. cit.*, chap. iii; Rosten, *op. cit.*, p. 232; Stengel-von Rutkowsjki, *Grundzuege der Erbkunde und Rassenpflege*, p. 57; Jess, *Rassenkunde und Rassenpflege*, pp. 79 ff.
84. cf. *REoEH*, p. 89; Stengel-von Rutkowsjki, *op. cit.*, p. 57.
85. cf. Rudolf, *op. cit.*, p. 13.
86. Stengel-von Rutkowsjki, *op. cit.*, p. 43.
87. cf. Sergi, *Origine*, pp. 18 f.; Lissauer, Crania Prussica, *Zeitschrift fuer Ethnologie* X, Virchow, Alte Berliner Schaedel, Schaedel von Neuestaedter Felde, *Ibid.*, XII; cf. Weidenreich, *Apes, Giants and Man*, pp. 102 ff.
88. cf. Dahlberg, *op. cit.*, pp. 207 f. This criticism was accepted by the National Socialists as valid; cf. Weinert, *Biologische Grundlagen fuer Rassenkunde und Rassenhygiene*, Stuttgart, Enke, 1943, pp. 166 f.
89. *REoEH*, p. 204.
90. *DNGudD*, p. 75.
91. *RddV*, p. 15.
92. cf. Franzi, *op. cit.*, pp. 44 f.
93. Weinert, *op. cit.*, p. 166.
94. cf. Baynes, *Hitler Speaks*, 1922-39, I, p. 469 "...nicht nur von der Rasse auf die Faehigkeiten schliessen, sondern von der Faehigkeit auch auf die Rasse." cf. Jess, *op. cit.*, p. 46.

"The decisive problem which alone remained was thus: What was the method by which one was to find these men who as successors of the former creators of the body of our people and therefore as their heirs could today maintain their work? Here there was but one possibility: one could not from the race infer the capacity but one had to infer from the capacity the racial fitness for the task." Hitler in Baynes, I, p. 476, cf. II, p. 990.

95. Thieme, *Vererbung, Rasse, Volk,* Leipzig, Teubner, 1935 p. 41.
96. Eichenauer, *Die Rasse als Lebensgesetz in Geschichte und Gesittung,* Leipzig, Teubner, 1934, p. 136.
97. *Ibid.*, p. 27. cmshcmrdfwdlwydw
98. as cited Eichen, *Rassenwahn, Briefe ueber die Rassenfrage,* Paris, Carrefour, 1936, p. 8.
99. Thieme, *op. cit.*, pp. 38 f.
100. *Ibid.*, p. 43.
101. Eichenauer, *op. cit.*, p. 27.
102. *Ibid.*, p. 20; cf. Clauss, *op. cit.*, I, chap. 1.
103. *Ibid.*, p. 65.
104. *Ibid.*
105. Gross, *Der deutsche Rassengedanke und die Welt,* 1939, pp. 24-28.
107. SS Obersturmbannfuehrer Eckstein, *Rassenleib und Rassenseele, Zur Grundlegung der Rassenseelenkunde,* p. 71.
108. "Race is destiny. A destiny so terrible, so compelling, so immutable that it marks one man a criminal and makes the other a genius. Neither of these men are responsible for what they are. There is no free will in the sense that I can alter or form my character as I will. My character, my essence is there, it is unchangeable; it is given to me as a destiny. I do not control my character, my character controls me..." Staemmler, *op. cit.*, p. 10.
109. Merkenschlager, *Rassensonderung, Rassenmischung, Rassenwandlung,* Berlin, Hoffmann, 1933.
110. von Eickstedt, *Die rassischen Grundlagen des deutschen Volkes,* Koeln, Schaffstein, 1934.
111. Gross, *Rasse, Weltanschauung, Wissenschaft,* Berlin, Junker und Duennhauft, 1935, *Der deutsche Rassengedanke und die Welt,* Berlin, Junker und Duennhaupt, 1939.
112. Maggiore, *Razza e Fascismo,* Rome, 1939.
113. Franzi, *op. cit.*
114. "Race stasis (Rassenstatik) has become, in the course of the last ten years ever more life-less...What now announces itself is a race dynamic." Merkenschlager, *op. cit.*, p. 7.
115. "...races provide the original fundamentals of our essence and our expressions; it determines the physical and psychical collective expression of our people; but our Folk is a new biological unity whose members are joined together

in the portentous bands of a community of blood in a common homeland. Within a Folk the profound biological laws of human evoution, heredity and selection, adaption and genetic drift, realize themselves. Race is therefore a result, Folk is a commencement in the biological evolution of human groups..." von Eickstedt, *op. cit.*, p. 12.

EUROPE:

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The Curtain Corroded
II—SOCIALIST CARNIVAL

by ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

I TOOK the afternoon train out of Moscow, because no one could tell me at what time the other train left the south-east station. Alhough the offices of information in the Soviet capital are as numerous as offices for passes and seals, the Railway Enquiry Office is remote from any working railway line and, for some inexplicable reason, not on the telephone to the station. There was no way of confirming the clairvoyant's presumption by my "escort" of a multiplicity of trains all proceeding in the general direction of Bucharest for the express purpose of conveying the Avstraliski radio correspondent to his next stopping point.

The train was comfortable, and the faces of the stewardesses seldom seen except through the usual hospitable cloud of tea-steam. They were all Moldavian and live instances of the workability of the double think. In 1945 the Soviet Union "liberated" Roumania and announced its intention of recognising all the territorial claims of the new "Worker's State"; there were, in fact, two long standing claims to the Transylvanian North and to the Eastern provinces of the Moldavian Region. The Red Army, quietly and benevolently, appropriated the west of Moldavia, added it to the already pirate East and created the Moldavian People's Republic on the way in. To console the "freed slaves of the Worker's State," they gave them the barren hills of Transylvania and a new flag. The Government of the Moldavian People's Republic set about establishing a history and a tradition by removing the words Roumanian and Roumania from signs and books wherever they cropped up, and substituting Moldavian and Moldavia. (Moldavia is by any normal standards, what Yorkshire is to England.) I asked one of the stewardesses where she came from. "Moldavia." Where was she born? "Moldavia." But there was no separate State of Moldavia when she was born, surely she meant Roumania? "Moldavia." What language did she speak? "Moldavian." But that's the same as Roumanian? "Moldavian." (We were speaking in Roumanian). I tried a new tack. Eminescu is the Roumanian Shakespeare. Do you read Eminescu in Moldavia? "Of course, he is a great poet of the people." In what language do you

read him? "In Moldavian." Do you read him in the language in which he wrote. "Yes." But he wrote in Roumanian? "Would you like some more tea, domnul?"

I arrived in Bucharest just in time to be invited to the celebration of the anniversary of the Glorious Liberation From Under The Fascist Heel. In one corner of the square where the grandstands were set up was a statue of Stalin, one hand outstretched the other in his trouser pocket. The British Cultural Attache told me that after the first phase of destalinisation, they chalked on the plinth of the statue "Here is Joseph Stalin, not even a Moldavian mother. with half of Roumania in his pocket, stretching his hand out for the other half."

It was a lovely day, a cricketing day—the sort of hard blue sky and pavilion sun which send B.B.C. commentators into laconic hysteriolyrical platitudes. Stalin rusted a hundred yards away and the first instalment of the parade was late. Half the spectators were dozing off on the too comfortable seats, watching the erratic progress of a balloon upwards—a badly inflated balloon with a streamer painted PACE The Parade for Peace was a series of spasms of detachments from the Army, Navy and Air Force, not always in step; they were followed by the Young Pioneers and Peaceful Peasant Women straining at the red chiffon of their mass produced blouses; the endpiece of the march past was a surge of civilians all let loose to shout encouragement to the Party Presidium on the Official Tribune (stand). The climax of the Anniversary of the Glorious Liberation, etc., was to be the freeing of five thousand white doves from baskets beneath us; they would soar up into the Test Match sky and reverently over the heads of the President and the First Secretary of the Communist Party. But they were Roumanian doves. When the last of the Peasant Women had breasted Stalin. the lids of the baskets were opened and up shot the doves—to disappear at breakneck speed in the wrong direction, avoiding the other grandstand and the First Secretary like the plague.

During my first week in Bucharest two impressions forced themselves onto what wax there is left in my mind. There are more beautiful women in the streets of this incredibly beautiful city than anywhere else in the world. There is an atmosphere of Mardi Gras in the city and in the country as a whole which pervades even the precincts of Party Headquarters. Roumania is the first Socialist Carnival — the first country where the little square men of the Marx-Engels Institute have met their Waterloo (or Stalingrad) in a people temperamentally disinclined to take Lenin seriously And this is a good thing to see

when the possibility of a Communist Italy. a Communist France, a Communist Spain—a Communist Latinity—is not as remote as some people would like to think.

I labour this point because it is important as a condition precedent to the understanding of literature and the arts in present-day Roumania. On two days that week I had my suspicion of a national three-ring circus confirmed. One morning I went to visit the State Publishing House (this really is *the* State Publishing House—every newspaper, magazine and bound-book is printed there, no matter where they are to be sold, to whom or why) and looked in on the machine room. In the Soviet Union, where the pattern of Roumanian industry was stamped out, factory workshops are austere, with only one touch of colour to enliven the steel-grey gloom—the triangular red pennants given to a worker who exceeds his quota; where the workers are just proficient the pennants are cotton cloth with a yellow hammer and sickle stamped in the top left hand corner; where there are top-grade machine men, silk with gold embroidery is the rule. but whether the pennants are silky or stuff each one hangs at the same height above floor level from the same projecting screw of the identical lathe. In the State Printing Shop in Bucharest there were pennants on the floor, pennants hanging out of operatives' pockets, pennants strung together on wires between machines. pennants stuck to the wall—for all the world like Shrove Tuesday in Manchester or Monte Carlo (Manchester University is the only English Institution which carnivalises itself to the European time-table).

Next day. going back to the Ambassador where I was staying, I lost my driver and had to take a tram. These, too, are made in the Soviet Union. They have an In-door and an Out-door, and heavy fines are supposedly levied on people who go in by the Out-door and out by the In-door—but on my tram everybody who could went in and out by the wrong door, to the consternation of the driver, who would get out at each stop and storm up and down the tree-lined pavements threatening to strike unless the out In-door and the in Out-door "criminals" rearranged themselves; eventually the driver would climb back into his seat and the whole comedy would be re-enacted ten telegraph poles on.

The Roumanians. like the Italians, have an eye for detail, and especially for attractive detail; they are backward children when called on to tackle Marxist concepts on weekdays.

Their "bloodimindedness" has been the salvation of their literature In 1945 the new and all Communist Government set up a

Writers'Union with full control over the production, distribution and exchange of literature and reproduction of the plastic arts. Inevitably. the clique which gained committee control of the Union was one which knew it followed the Party line right down to the last semi-colon. The clique was three strong—Jeveleanu, Cicerone and Boreanu, or JBC as they are called familiarly but respectfully (you have to simulate respect for a man who has the last word on the acceptance or rejection of your deathless prose and/or verse). JBC did not behave themselves as kindly or chaotically as their fellow countrymen expected them to do. They laid down " Writers' Rules " which any young hopeful had to follow if he wanted to see his work in print; they turned their attention to the older writers too, and tried to channel their work into " a glorification of the role of the artist in the Workers' State. " The poetic tradition in Roumania is much stronger than the prose; Eminescu, the nineteenth century poet who must surely be the most neglected European writer in the archives, had an influence on early twentieth century writing in the Balkans not comparable with that of any West European poet or prosodist. After a spasm of Futurism, Surrealism, Existentialism and extra-Soviet Experimentalism, writers in Roumania settle down to derive a new school of poetic thought from a rethinking of Eminescu's verse; the greatest of these is Tudor Arghezi, a major poet of the stature of Mayakovski Saba, and Eliot. By 1939 he had been recognised throughout Eastern Europe as one of the greatest poets and critics of the region-century. It was inevitable that JBC should try to get Arghezi into the swim of party verse, and for four years, while his friends and young disciples were turning in self-defence to the satirical novel and the short story (on the principle that you can insert five or six paragraphs extolling the virtues of the revolution in a novel — excusing the "decadent parts " and making it not too difficult to edit back to literature if ever the thaw should come), Arghezi was subjected to a barrage of persuasive propaganda, aimed at convincing him that the right road for him was Left.

For as long as Arghezi held out, and he was an old man before the war, the young writers allowed JBC an unopposed direction of literary affairs—but when in 1948-49 he began to scribble the sort of gibberish he could never have felt, a group of them thumbed its rebellious nose at Bucharest and fled North to the Magyar town of Cluj. There they founded a magazine, STEAUA, which was first run off in a cellar on a press contemporary (or so it seemed to be) with Caxton's, distributing it with the help of equally " bloody-minded "

and Ruritanian-clad postmen. In two years it had become the focal point of a literary resistance movement, which long before the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party had succeeded in liberalising the method and content of communication media. Baconski, the Editor of STEAUA, and Aurel Rau are considerable poets, and even more considerable men.

Petru Dumitriu, Director of the State Publishing House and the best-selling novelist in the Balkans, told me, at a splendid dinner on a balcony overlooking a Royal Park (the average wage for a bus driver is fourteen pounds a month) that postmen in Roumania are the barometer of public feeling. Much in the same way that the Cockney barmaid and the Lancashire Lance-corporal are supposed to mirror the mind of the British. I met only one, on a trip North to meet Rau, and he was sitting on the grass verge some way out of the industrial center of Stalin, sorting the mail. He was irritated by my Magyar driver's insistence that he admit that he was much better off now than before the revolution (the Latin Roumanians hate the "clever" Magyars); he had boots, hadn't he, and millions of Roumanians had no shoes before the war? The postman was unmoved, said his boots didn't fit, and the Party made his job too difficult, changing the names of towns from year to year to honour Party hacks past and present.

The novel in Roumania is sold by weight, as far as I could judge. Dumitriu wrote a successful 300 pager some years ago (*Family Jewels*) which he decided last year to extend to three volumes *(The Family Chronicle)* and was immediately acclaimed as a new Galsworthy, come to judgement. Since then all the really gratifying books have been in several volumes and it seems to be difficult to get away with 100,000 words now. Roumanians are voracious readers (the middle class and aristocracy always were, and the newly literate are still excited about it), and retire to the parks in the evenings, after the ritual parade up and down the main street to inspect and be inspected by the girls, with the latest best-seller—the best best-seller they can carry.

But poetry still flourishes as a part of people's lives. I remember being astonished some years ago to read that before the war there was always a volume of verse among the year's best-sellers in Czechoslovakia; in Roumania this would scarcely cause an eyebrow to be lifted. Rich in imagery, sensuous but with meaning, the work of most of the Cluj poets is something which should be pretty sharply "discovered." (This year *The European* will publish a selection of

work by the best of these, in the first series to appear in print in Britain since the Thirties). The writer lives well, the poet very well. After a banquet given in honour of "Australian literature" (!!!) a tired sonnetteer asked me if I was going up to the Writer's Rest Home for the weekend. I told him that Australian Wharf Labourers and Distressed Gentlewomen were virtual monopolists of the Rest Home in Britain and Australia but I was willing to convalesce with him for forty-eight hours as soon as he could arrange it. On Friday we drove, in a car sent from the pool for the purpose ("at the disposal of Writers for Peace"), to the hills beyond Sinaia—to a cluster of Royal Palaces which are now used as playgrounds by tired insiders. I lived (literally) like a Prince—about the only thing I did by hand was wash, and I daresay I could have summoned what I suppose would have been a "servant for Peace" to do that for me; I worked out that a fair poet would get as much for fourteen lines of not too deathless verse as fourteen assorted unskilled labourers.

The life of the painter, sculptor or musician is just as agreeable. It would be agreeable anyway in such a beautiful town and country, and the dozen or so galleries (always well attended) were full of exquisite work in every tradition. A travelling exhibition of the paintings shown last year in the Grigorescu Commemoration is to come to Britain this year, then to go on to France where he himself spent his formative years at the beginning of the last century. Don't miss it — his "social studies" out-Goya Goya, and there is a sequence of portraits of rich Jews which is quite the most arresting and amusing I have ever seen, and without malice (except perhaps the JEW WITH A GOOSE, which is nevertheless a very fine caricature-interpretation).

There was so much to see and to hear in Bucharest, and in Cluj, that apart from my Palace jaunt I was confined to one or other of the two towns for the month of my stay; I saw a happy people, not unsympathetic to Socialism (or to anything for that matter) but not interested in politics even for politics sake; I heard and saw a thousand lovely women walk singing in wooded parks; I ate prime beef and drank wine in the shadow of a Byzantine cathedral. It is not surprising that they sold me Roumania, nor when you walk through the streets, all seemingly panelled in marble and flowered with balconies, does it surprise you to learn that they call Bucharest the "Paris of the East". The last question you ask yourself as you fly out over Stalin's head is "Why didn't I come here before?"

SPAIN: TIME FOR RECONCILIATION

by JOHN PATRICK BURY

I RECENTLY read one of those 'exposés' you see from time to time in the press about the miseries of unhappy down-trodden ground-down Fascist Franco Spain. A well-known journalist — he was also a Labour M.P. — was being indignant in print about rumours he had heard that Spain was about to be admitted to NATO. No, no, a thousand times no, said the writer: Spain must be left in the diplomatic isolation where she has been since 1945 and in the odium of all right-thinking people. Declared the writer, a noted apostle of tolerance and new-statesmanship, we must never forget (nor forgive either) that:

- Spain is a dictatorship, ruled by the only survivor of the unholy trinity of Führer, Duce and Caudillo
- Spain writhes under Fascism
- Spain squirms under an obscurantist sacerdotalism, and is proof of the iniquities of the above
- downtrodden Spain is the poorest country in all Western Europe.

Furthermore our journalist-M.P. had recently paid an "extensive visit" to Spain and had spoken with quite a few natives—"nice people, who spoke very good English" (implication: that the journalist didn't speak to them in Spanish, or couldn't?) which confirmed him in his low opinion of Spain, land of black reaction and the Scarlet Woman, a nasty collection of dagoes too, no doubt, with whom no decent democrat would have anything to do.

Now at the time of reading this exposé I had been living for over a year in Spain, and felt that one or two of these things seemed to be a little out of key with things I had seen and heard around me

day by day. I even wrote a letter from Madrid to the magazine's Readers' Column: but received a kind letter back from the Editor regretting that "space did not permit" its inclusion owing to the vast numbers of latters they received every week. Next week's Readers' Column found space for a recipe for peach jam from Cheam: not, apparently, for an attempt to correct information concerning a large country next-door-but-one to England about which they, on the evidence of a glorified tourist, had spread illfounded malevolence all over the British Isles.

The other evening I walked down the street of Guzman el Bueno thinking about the bad press Spain gets in the U.K. It was a warm evening, eleven-thirty and the street was alive with people talking with animation: broadcast flamenco music followed me from the windows of the soaring apartment blocks. I reached the Plaza de Moncloa. The square was packed and a fair was in progress, for tomorrow was a fiesta. They have incessant fiestas in Madrid—at least two a month. There is the fiesta of the Virgen del Pilar in October: the fiesta of Todos los Santos in November: Christmas and New Year in December: the fiesta of the Three Kings in January: Carnivales and San José and Santo Tomàs, patron of students, in March: Holy Week in April: a whole week of fiesta for San Isidro, Patron of Madrid in May—when everybody is in the streets till four in the morning and lights festoon from the roof-tops and there are *verbenas* with open-air dancing in the squares and everybody invites everybody else to a glass of wine at a penny a time in the sidewalk cafes or the rowdy taverns with the huge red vats. It is different from English Subtopia of course, but it is the Madrilenian way: everybody is out drinking and singing — men, women, old and young, students with guitars, gorgeously uniformed officers, girls with sleek hair, yokels with berets, hucksters with hot dogs, gipsies, *picaros,* priests, Americans, painters, Moroccans, bourgeois, and kids. All having fiesta and of course all writhing and squirming under the iron heel of Fascism, religion and reaction.

As I wandered through Madrid at fiesta, I felt a wave of amused contempt for those observers who cannot understand why Spain's political institutions are not like those of South Kensington: and also an intimation of why those institutions are as they are. For here are the most individualistic, most rambunctious, least inhibited, *freest* race in Europe. I thought about my classes: conversation

classes for example, where one wants to discuss Shakespeare, another the Europe Cup, another Algeria, another Picasso, and I have to use the mailed fist if they are to settle down at all and revise subordinate clauses first. Looking at these animated, excitable people in the evening streets one realises that the yoke in the Falangist emblem symbolises not only the dominance of the driver but also the turbulence of the driven.

The anarchical exuberance of the Spanish makes Spain a very different land from England. Economic individualism is more pronounced here than in any other European country. I can only think of one chain-business in Madrid (the California restaurants): the small shop and the street peddler is the normal unit of retail distribution. And consider the handcraftsmen of Toledo and Albacete, the wandering gipsies of Extremadura and Andalucía, the far-questing fishermen of Galicia and the Basque coast, the herdsmen and crofters of Castile. The population, half as big as ours, is scattered thinly over a land twice as big as ours. In addition the land of Spain is cut into numerous regions by jagged sierras—*"kabyles"* Unamuno called them, with a reminiscence of the semi-independent tribes of Barbary—each with distinct customs and traditions. It is quite unlike highly-concentrated ultra-urbanised England. Maybe the Spaniard lacks the Englishman's right to put a cross on a piece of paper every five years, but I deny he is any the less free. Over this undisciplined conglomerate a strong rule is needed, both to create coordination and, particularly pertinent when considering the reasons for the failure of republicanism in Spain between 1931 and 1936, to prevent well-organised communist, anarchist and atheist minorities from fastening unwanted schemes on to the ill-organised majority. Spain's most prosperous periods in this century have been when such a strong rule was forthcoming, under the dictators Primo de Rivera and Francisco Franco.

But surely the people have a right to choose their rulers, it might be objected, as under the dogmas prevailing in Kensington. Let us remember what happened when parliamentary doctrines were tried out in Spain, between 1931 and 1936.

Then hundreds of political parties leapt into being fully-armed like fleas from an Andalusian gipsy's head. Each party has its own doctrinaire plan for solving the undeniable problems of Spain, each

was eager to grab economic advantage for the class or region whence it drew its support, plus perquisites for its *caciques*. From 1931 to 1933 the Left were in control: eager to clean up grievances, they also resorted to a number of undemocratic procedures of a highly partisan nature like closing down Spain's most famous newspaper, the monarchist ABC (1931) and the suppression of the Jesuits (1932). Exactly how well democracy functioned will be seen from the fact that this latter was achieved by a majority of 178 votes (to 59) in a Cortes of 466 after an all-night sitting when most of the deputies known to be against the measure were not there. By similar methods a Law for the Defence of the Republic was rushed through (1932), giving the government the right to hold without trial anyone it designated an "enemy of the republic." Plans were drawn up for 27,000 schools, but none of these was ever built. Inefficiency and chaos led to a Rightist reaction in 1933-5. During the rule of the latter, not even plans were drawn up: there was a policy of drift, interrupted most notably by the messacre of striking Asturian miners in 1934. Patriotic people began to look back to the time of Primo de Rivera (dictator 1923-31) and a regime which would have the power to reform without destroying the true Spain: which would have the power to curb the big-property-owners without destroying the principle of property itself, so cherished by the individualistic Spanish: and to provide a framework of order where highly organised groups of communists and anarchists would not force their doctrines on to less well-organised peasants and small businessmen (as, for example, had happened in the village of Casas Viejas in 1933 where communists massacred villagers who refused to have their lands collectivised).

Rightist drift produced further reaction to the Left in the elections of February 1936 and the notorious Popular Front. The Popular Front, though it had no large majority (256 seats to the Right and Centre's 217) proposed to turn Spain into a collectivist society, root the Church out of education and turn Spain into a loose, weak confederation of provinces. In many places Red minorities took things into their own hands. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, between February and July 1936 there were 113 general strikes, 170 churches were incendiarised and the offices of ten newspapers were sacked by mobs. It was in these circumstances that the Commander-in-Chief in Morocco, Francisco Franco, committed the crime of using armed power to cry Halt.

But—mutiny against a democratically elected government, screamed the democrats. To this, I would ask: were the situation to deteriorate in England as it had in Spain, what would any patriotic general be expected to do—sit and watch? But—Hitler and Mussolini helped Franco, wail the democrats. This seems to me to be not so much a sign that Franco was some kind of stooge of theirs as of the Axis' astuteness in backing the right horse. Outside help for Franco was countervailed by the help afforded the Republicans by the International Brigades and by Soviet Russia.

Just how little Franco was an Axis stooge is not fully appreciated in England. Think back to 1940. Why was it that Hitler went to all the trouble to cross hostile, mountainous Yugoslavia and Greece, across to Crete, thereby embroiling himself with our seapower, in order to attack the British Empire's lifelines far-off in Egypt? Would it not have been simpler for Hitler to have required the "stooge" to give passage to the Wehrmacht across "puppet" Spain, and thus close the Mediterranean to the British at Gibraltar? What could Britain have done to fight Germany on the soil of Germany's "ally" in 1940? By some wizardry of diplomacy (chiefly by asking the Führer for more than he wished Spain to have—French North Africa) Franco kept the Wehrmacht out of Spain at that time. Why? I suspect it was because he was too much of a patriot to permit any more military comings-and-going on the soil of war-ravaged Spain.

★ ★ ★

I had wandered down Calle Princesa, betwixt the two titanic towers of the Torre de Madrid and the Edificio de España, past the Opera and into Old Madrid, and the Plaza Mayor. There was another fair here, with lights festooned around the colonnades of the square, and the same myriads of people. I wished there were more things like these fiestas in England, on the occasions of sacred holidays, though I suppose the English people would regard them as manifestations of Catholic black reaction and Vatican spiritual totalitarianism, and see that, like establishments wishing to serve drinks after ten-thirty, they were treated with the toleration which is the hallmark of the fine old Protestant tradition. To me however, fiesta seemed the wine of life.

Then I stopped. I was surely forgetting to look at Spain through

black spectacles, forgetting the words of the journalist—that Spain is the most wretched, downtrodden and poverty-stricken country in Western Europe. These poor squirming people, hadn't the journalist said, were on average earning some 500 pesetas a week, or around £5. Then I saw the answer to that too.

It is true: Spain is a poor country, by the standards of Britain or America, if not by those of the mass of the human race: though I suspect this is more to do with the aridity of the soil than with General Franco or anybody else. I went on a rail-trip out over Castile recently. It is a treeless, grassless land of rocks and hills and brown, parched earth. I was marvelling that such a moon-like landscape could sustain even so much as a goatherd when walled Avila loomed up like a ship on a hill-top, and also like a commentary on the ingenuity of man in wringing civilisation out of the waste.

As a matter of fact £5 a week is not so bad in Spain. The peseta has a notoriously low rate of exchange (117 to the £) and foreign articles—gadgets, chiefly— are a terrific price. But things within Spain are correspondingly cheap: standard Metro fare—60 céntimos (1d.), litre of wine—5 pesetas (10d.), steak in a restaurant—5 pesetas, etc. I have been paying 500 pesetas (£5) a month for a room in an apartment block built in 1954. I have had a better time in Madrid on forty pounds a month than in ultra-progressive but inflated Siberia-like Americanoid Canada on a hundred and forty.

Spain is poor—monetarily: but the Spaniards are rich in everything else—sun, beautiful scenery, excellent wine, hospitality, *caballerosidad* and *flamenqueria*. I doubt whether Spanish people will ever be able to enjoy (?) cars and TV as we do: but they have created bulwarks against impecuniosity—their open-air life, an inexhaustible store of song and dance, and fiesta.

Under the Franco regime they have had two decades of peace and order, and are enjoying a moderate prosperity. Roads and railways are being built, and barrages erected to store the scant rainfall for irrigation and hydro-electricity—notably the Badajoz Plan, to develop backward Extremadura. Industrialisation is proceeding, and Spain is producing some excellent films (eg. *Marcelino Pan y Vino)* and automobiles (Citroens, Pegasos and SEAT's, at Barcelona). Franco is trying to establish good relations with certain Arab countries, notably Morocco, as intended outlets for Spain's

growing output of industrial goods. And of course, there is one "industry" which is having spectacular success — tourism. Half a million people from Britain alone came down here in 1957, to join the unhappy people squirming under the Fascist yoke.

The time has come to extend the full hand of friendship to Spain. What in fact do people mean when they equate falangism with fascism? Fascism is not a unitary doctrinal system (unlike communism, with its marxism-leninism): it is a word, connoting many tendencies. Falangism's social doctrines appear to have been derived from the Papal Encyclicals. Besides, falangism is only one of several elements in the Spanish political scene, along with the influence of the monarchists, the syndicates, the Army and the Church. Spain is a military rather than a fascist dictatorship. Franco, above all, is a traditionalist: he overthrew a republic which wanted to sovietise industry and agriculture.

The English are hypocritical in the extreme about Spain: we may be right to criticise certain things there, but as Europe draws towards greater degrees of co-operation, we should invite Spain into NATO, Euratom, the Common Market.

As I walked across the beautiful and animated city of Madrid at fiesta-time I reflected that the sooner Europeans extend the hand of friendship the better, for Spain's is one of the great European civilisations. And because it was fiesta, with festoons of lights outshining the bright Castilian stars, I reflected that a Europe which shut out Spain would be a gloomier place.

LEVANT ELEVENSES

by ALAN NEAME

Opposite the Baalbek Optical
Stands a coffee shop
If not owned by Greeks
It is where Greeks stop

True the clients speak Arabic
But that doesn't mean anything
In a city where everyone speaks everything
Although most people say nothing

The windows of the Baalbek Optical
Gleam a gelatinous pink
Wax ladies in black spectacles
Gaze across at where I drink

And the revolving cabinet
Displaying a patent lens
Confirms the Baalbek Optical
As an Optical of consequence

A DIARY

IN common with, I suppose, everyone else in France, I was glued to the wireless during the crisis. After General de Gaulle's investiture I rolled up my wireless, or rather hid it on a shelf behind some fat books). It will be brought out again when the six months are up. Listening is a slow and tedious business compared with reading, or glancing at, the newspapers. And, except for the tiny sort of wireless like a jewel box, even small ones are ugly enough to spoil any corner of the room where they stand. It ought not to be beyond the powers of some clever person to design a prettier container than the gleaming mahogany or walnut boxes, with nasty yellow silk net and plastic fronts, which sets always seem to be made of.

★ ★ ★

One evening, in the middle of the crisis, I turned the knob and instead of the quick gabble of news and comment all I could get was blood-curdling shrieks and groans. It was very unnerving. After a few minutes I tried once more. The agonised cries persisted; so I gave up the search for news and turned off for good. Later on I discovered that this had been one of a series of radio dramas called *Les pages noires de l'histoire française*, or some such title, and the subject that night was Damien. A writer I know who has published two biographies of French 18th century personages always skips the descriptions of what happened to Damien; (there is, for example, a terrific chapter about the whole affair in the Duc de Cröy's memoirs).

Damien wounded Louis XV by sticking a knife in his ribs. He bumped up against the King on a dark night just as he was getting

into his carriage at Versailles to drive to Trianon. The wound was not deep. Damien, who could have made his escape in the dark and confusion, remained where he was, with his hat on his head, to be arrested. Apparently he was a puritanical religious maniac, who did not mean to kill the King but to demonstrate that death might take him unexpectedly. The idea was to startle Louis into leading a "better" life. However, nobody paid any attention to such nuances, and Damien was condemned to death for attempted regicide, and sentenced to be pulled asunder by wild horses, which was the recognised punishment for that crime (this is what my writer friend still does not know). The worst of it was that the horses procured were not wild enough.

This was the drama chosen for broadcasting at a moment when everyone was rather inclined to turn on the wireless. I doubt if many people listened to such horrors, but I expect the actors enjoyed themselves.

★ ★ ★

Sometimes I listened to the news from Brussels, which had its own angle on events. The two successive nights when motorists in the Champs Elysées blew *Algérie française* for hours on end on the klaxons which they have been forbidden to use for the last few years was, according to the Belgian news,*une manifestation des dames du 16me arrondissement.* The *Figaro,* whose building is in the Champs Elysées, was very cross with the hooting ladies after the first night of it, and after the second night it reported in a rather pleased way that some rough men had rushed out from among the chestnut trees near the *rond point* and smashed one or two cars with mallets. "He said, with a hammer I'll silence your clamour," as Lear wrote. The smashers then flew back into the sheltering dark and got away.

★ ★ ★

The weather was terribly unfavourable to mass demonstrations, almost the whole time. Bitter winds were succeeded by hot thunder storms and drenching rain. The unfortunate journalists who spent days and nights like cats watching a mousehole at Colombey les deux Eglises always seemed, from their reports, to be waiting *sous une pluie battante.*

Possibly this was one reason for the outward calm of metropolitan France. An old history professor from the Sorbonne whose lectures I attended as a child used to say that the weather was of capital importance during times of popular excitement. This is probably more true than ever now, when there is no necessity to go into the street to discover what is happening since one can hear all about it from the four corners of the world without stirring from an arm chair, and only keen politicians insist on seeing with their own eyes.

Talking with a Paris locksmith who said he was appalled to find that the holidays are upon us, I asked him whether he did not think that it was the crisis which had made the summer seem to go by so quickly? *Mais voyons,* he said in a very scornful voice, *nous ne sommes pas si fougueux que cela!*

★ ★ ★

The committee which formed itself in Mahatma Gandhi House, London, and earned a pat on the head from Mr. Kingsley Martin in the *New Statesman,* has appealed for money to help it save liberty in France. I long to know 1. whether money is pouring in, and 2. how it will be spent. I suppose the committee will have to come to Paris on a fact-finding expedition. Rather a clever idea of theirs, really; but how surprised the French will be! English people enjoy giving money to "save" some country or other. I remember at the end of the war ladies went from house to house in every village collecting "for China."

★ ★ ★

The old march tune, so familiar to English ears, which the soldiers whistle in *The Bridge on the River Kwai,* has become the favourite of whistlers all over France. I have heard it floating up from the street in Rouen, Vichy and Nevers. In the Grands Magazins du Louvre they play it nonstop on a record, so that it is the leitmotiv of housewives' choice of floor polish, plastic buckets and ready-made hats.

If anyone wants an intensely fascinating book to take away for the holidays I recommend *Napoleon* by Friedrich Sieburg. The French translation is published by Robert Laffont; I do not know who published it in Germany.

With many a backward glance to decisive moments in Napoleon's

career, it is the history of the Hundred Days. This was a period when, by and large, human nature displayed itself at its pathetic and comical worst, since the speed of events did not allow for even a minimal pause to elapse between the turning and re-turning of coats on the part of ministers, generals, courtiers and hangers-on. "Ainsi sont les hommes," said the Emperor, to which Fouché replied: "Justement, justement."

Napoleon: Les Cent-Jours is an extremely intelligent, perspicacious and at times moving, book.

★ ★ ★

Rather strange that the "mass lobby" of the enthusiasts for unilateral disarmament should have been (compared with the Aldermaston march) such a small affair. The organizers apparently expected charabancs from all over England to converge on Parliament, in addition to thousands of Londoners. Twenty thousand was a figure mentioned. By 5 p.m. a hundred and twenty-nine people had passed through St. Stephen's porch, and lobbyists were heavily outnumbered (according to *The Times)* by reporters, policemen, stewards, American tourists and plain sensation seekers. My informant was a plain sensation seeker.

The best moment of a rather dull evening was the march from St. Martin in the Fields to the cenotaph of a wonderfully assorted group of clergy. "Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury, marched with them, and so did the Rev. Michael Scott, Dr. Donald Soper, a Franciscan friar in brown habit, three rabbis and a Buddhist in mufti," says *The Times*. Which sounds like the bag at a very small, very rough, shoot. D. M.

CINEMA

Desire Under The Elms, The Long Hot Summer, Dunkirk, Gideon's Day

by VINCENT MURRAY

THE renewed interest in the work of Eugene O'Neill, revealed in the theatre by the success of *The Iceman Cometh,* was bound to be reflected in cinema. Whether the play chosen, **Desire under the Elms**, was the right one, considering the intelectually ham-strung state of the industry today, is another matter. The original story told of the conflict between Eben Cabot, son of a puritanical old farmer Ephraim, and Abbie, the old man's young wife, who has a son by Eben and then persuades Ephraim to sign a deed bequeathing the property to her and the baby (whom Ephraim believes to be his own). Eben at once tells his father what has actually happened. Abbie, however, now believes herself genuinely in love with Eben, and to prove it kills the child. Both Abbie and Eben are arrested for murder.

The film takes much of the story as it stands. It changes the character of Abbie into the Italian Anna (to satisfy the international market) and adds one or two action-sequences; otherwise the plot remains. A literal presentation of the story, though, is quite inadequate to do justice to the playwright's imagination. O'Neill's vital intensity of feeling is rarely evident amongst the players. Sophia Loren lacks experience in any but star-tailored roles, and finds it impossible to measure up to the demands of a character portrayal. Anthony Perkins makes Eben far too Deanishly introspective, and Burl Ives looks effective as Ephraim but lacks the spark that would

bring life to the part. It must in all fairness to the players be said that the direction (Dalbert Mann) gives them little help in establishing their parts. Nowhere is there evidence of any deep-rooted feeling for the land, any intimate connection between character and environment. Such a relevant emotional climate must be first established for the characters to work in, or they will inevitably appear ludicrously isolated from their background. A decision to 'act bigger' all round might have prevented total failure, but it was patently not forthcomeing.

I must admit to a partiality to Faulkner, though I have always found it impossible to imagine a film-version of his work, so richly eccentric is his style. There have been adaptations of course, but none that has caught the superbly controlled chaos of his thought. **The Long, Hot Summer** could so easily have been like the others, but, whether by accident or design, the combination of two short stories and part of a novel has gloriously brought off a most difficult feat of adaptation. The setting is (of course) Mississippi, with Yoknapatawpha giving place to the more exportable Frenchman's Bend; atmosphere is just right and the photography is first-rate. The plot (plots?) is too complex to go into here, but the general idea is that Will Varner incurs his son's jealousy by his reliance on a ruthless schemer, Ben Quick; and the son tries to have his revenge. In itself the plot matters little. What is important is the forcefulness of the genuine Faulkner characters splendidly brought out in the playing. Paul Newman is magnificently sly as Quick, and Orson Welles' Varner is as firmly set in character as one could wish. Not only the main characters, but even the subsidiary ones, have the typical Faulkner quality of precise, unhesitant action; that rapid decisiveness which one may single out as a modern American trait pinned down in literature by Faulkner. There is a good deal of violence in the film, and so there is in Faulkner; the many brief moments of quiet inaction, too, find their expression in the film. Martin Ritt with his obvious Southern sympathies has lavished an affection for the region, characters and atmosphere on the skilful direction of this most enjoyable film.

Back to Britain, and with a thud, for **Dunkirk** is now to be seen on our screens. It is an Ealing production and its integrity must be undoubted; by the same token it cannot rise above the level of family entertainment, a rock upon which much contemporary British production founders. Why, when I have to sit through yet another war-film, do I invariably think of Bresson? By contract to his *Condamné* any war-film appears violently ostentatious, incredibly schoolboy-heroic—even the better-class ones, and *Dunkirk* certainly falls into this category. The script centres on a group of British soldiers cut off during the retreat to Dunkirk. Following their adventures the

script has still to comment on the retreat in general; and the final result, when the rescue too has to be included, is as chaotic as the actual event. Then, of course, there must be the massive British understatement, the determination to be unheroic at all costs—in appearance at least. But all that results is a dull competence, a technical skill unenlivened by imagination.

A new British film with plenty of verve, if still no imagination, is **Gideon's Day**, which John Ford travelled 3,000 miles to make. It was really hardly worth his trouble, though I must admit the hokum is enjoyably contrived and expertly played.

Chief Inspector Gideon's day is rather long as days go. In it he accuses a detective-sergeant of taking bribes, pursues a maniac-killer, investigates a hit and run killing, a finance-swindle and a safe deposit raid. Jack Hawkins plays Gideon with his now customary assurance, and the numerous small-part players are highly competent. Things happen too quickly for anything but a surface observation of police routine and the resulting romantic melodrama emerges as superior fiction which should help to keep the cinemas open. I think Ford has been away from his stimulating enviroment for too long already. When I reviewed the film he made before this one I remarked that the sooner he went back to it the better. It applies even more now.

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NEW BOOKS

"British Economic Policy Since the War" Andrew Shonfield (Penguin)

AFTER a decade of comparitive obscurity on the staff of the *Financial Times*, whose readers insist on the truth, Andrew Shonfield has become economic editor of *The Observer* and galloped right into the public arena.

In this book he has boldly stated the truth about Britain's economy since the war. Accurately and with authority he analyses the failure of successive governments to invest in home industry, explodes the myth that Britain has the highest standard of living and the best Welfare State in Europe, explains this country's "undynamic" mood and compares it with the vitality of the rest of the world. One passage observes: "It is the constant conspiracy to make-do-and-mend which distinguishes our society. It is part of the cultural atmosphere, as pervasive as damp weather. It appears in the exaggerated anxiety not to put a foot wrong; not to cause trouble. It also manifests itself in a certain lack of personal vigour in the business of making money, compared, for example, with people in the U.S. or even in some countries on the continent of Europe."

The author also declares his belief that Britain has no difficulty in paying her way, but that she also lives in a way that necessitates paying other peoples' way besides. The chapter on the balance of payments is brilliant; certainly the most valuable in the book. Andrew Shonfield holds no illusions about our rôle in the world, and is decidedly against the continuance of the Sterling Area; he lays bare the complete lack of sense in our immense military commitments and gives reasons why the "giant confidence trick of the Sterling world should be abandoned."

> "It is," he says, "as if British statesmen had an enormous reluctance to face the truth on this issue, which is that although there is still the old military prowess, the same national readiness to sacrifice in an emergency, the inventiveness, the doggedness and all the rest, there are no longer the material resources required to sustain Britain in the same kind

of international role that it has successfully fulfilled in the past... During the Suez crisis at the end of 1956 a few days fighting on the scale of a minor colonial war were sufficient to rock the pound sterling to its foundations. That fact played a large, though unacknowledged, part in the decision to call the whole thing off."

Later on, he adds: "The real complaint is that nobody bothered to count the true economic cost of international commitments which carried a traditional stamp. There was no one to remind the government that, for example, the maintenance of our extensive overseas garrisons meant that British exports had to be boosted, to meet the foreign exchange cost, by the sale of machinery and equipment abroad which was badly needed at home... Nobody stopped to inquire into the wisdom of the Sterling Area arrangement, and above all into the system of the open door for British capital going overseas, while it was being closely restricted at home... Failure of British policy is, in large part, intellectual weakness, a failure of the spirit of inquiy."

The author then goes on to examine the record and philosophy of Labour and Conservative economics in the last thirteen years; this chapter is a delight to read, mercilessly exposing as it does the miserable shallowness of Labour-Tory thought at each stage of our post-war economic failure. He says: "Tory good luck, which did so much during the years 1952-4 to make a success of the ideology of a return to the market place, is analogous to Labour's luck in coming into office in 1945 with all the controls that it needed existing ready made... Both parties started off in office with the climate and the background that they needed in order to make their own characteristic contributions." In due time came the "climacteric of 1955," and the crazy oscillation between squeeze and expansion since Suez. This section is also interesting for its sidelights on the operation of international finance (evidently not after all merely a demagogue's whipping boy) notably centred at Basle, Zurich and Wall Street. There is, too, some good gossip on relations between the Bank of England and the Treasury; secrets of the so-called Operation Robot designed to achieve full convertability at all costs, are made known. A particularly outspoken passage reads:

"It is the capital element in the British balance of payments, of which foreign investment is the most important, which changes a handsome surplus on current account into a deficit

on our external acounts as a whole, eating away at our gold and dollar reserves and bringing with it an atmosphere of constant anxiety and crisis. At the least, this is bound to produce a mood of national niggardliness—and guilt. We find ourselves constantly compelled to put up our interest rates and restrict credit, in order to fend off would-be borrowers of Sterling, or to induce nervous foreigners to keep their money here, and we succeed in inhibiting the growth of our own industries. In the end we come to feel that we can afford as a nation none of the things we want, and so we become ashamed of wanting them."

This is preceded by: "Thus has Marx triumphed: the popular attitude is a combination of shame at making such large profits out of black men (from oversea investment) and of a desire to make some more so long as this can be done without being morally embarrasing."

Not counting chapter one—two pages of extraordinary and apparently uninformed scorn of France's position, that seem to come from a different book by another author—Mr. Shonfield tells the bitter story of what has happened, and fears not to place the blame where it should lie—on the heads of the weary old politicians who run this country.

Shonfield has "blown the gaff" in black and white, but in the final chapter he reveals his far from dangerous answer: a five-year plan and the better operation of the world monetary system in Britain's favour—in other words, a combination of the very things he has spent eight chapters condemning. So Shonfield is not dangerous after all; he will be spared to write more books and give more radio and television talks to keep the old system going. In this final chapter he calls for "freedom from Zurich" but wants international consultation; he cries out for more investment, but he wants it from Wall Street.

Nevertheless in those eight middle chapters, Mr. Shonfield has earned the right to say "I told you so" when the system finally groans to a halt. Then it will need more than a five year plan and a world committee to get us out of the mess. The new economic structures now coming into existence in Europe will then be the basis of the means of survival. Shonfield, surprisingly, does not mention these; but then of course he does not really believe they will ever be needed.

BERTRAM PEEL

EATING OUT IN TOKYO

by JOHN HAYLOCK

"WHICH style would you like — Japanese or Western?" — is what one is asked when a Japanese friend invites one out to dinner. It is rather a difficult question to answer as one is not sure which kind the host prefers: he may be bored with Japanese food, or, on the other hand, he may loathe "western style." I usually reply unhelpfully, "I like both;" but this only leads to the question being repeated. The Japanese are the politest of hosts and the decision must rest with the guest.

The best "Japanese style" means a restaurant that only has private rooms. Shoes must come off at the entrance, at which the manageress goes down on her knees and bows to her clients, and backless slippers put on for the bright polished wood passages but discarded at the door of the room itself. These rooms with thick close fitting rice-straw mats are delightful. A scroll picture hangs in the alcove with a vase of flowers underneath, and one sits on a silk cushion at a foot-high lacquer table. Waitresses dressed in kimonos and obis appear and tend solicitously to one's needs, like sisters in a private nursing-home. They kneel before sliding open the paper door, slip across the threshold and kneel again to close it, and at the table they unload their trays on their knees. They pour out saké from small china decanters into tiny cups which the guest must hold up for filling. Toy cups are used so that the saké does not get cold; this wine, which is as strong as watered hock, is best drunk warm. The dolls-house cups are rather a nuisance for as soon as one has taken a mouthful of saké they are empty and the waitress at once says *dozo* (please) insistently and proffers the decanter; at a party one seems to be having one's saké cup constantly refilled. The saké decanters, cups, chopstick rest and hors d'oeuvres

dishes are made of porcelain whose coloured designs are in harmony but do not necessarily match; the lacquer bowls that some food is served in are of quite a different hue from the porcelain: the bowls may be black painted with gold leaves, and the porcelain blue and white or red. By each place there is a deep dish containig two slices of beef and three biscuits carefully arranged; these delicacies are not particularly good and are more for decoration than nourishment. That a dish should look attractive is considered as important as that it should please the palate. After several cups of saké. fish soup is served in lacquer bowls with lids. One takes of the lid, places it on the table, picks out the bits of fish with chopsticks, and then drinks the liquid; it is not impolite to make sipping noises when one does this. Then may follow raw fish, a favourite food in Japan. The best is *tai*, a large fish with a balloon body; it is known as the king of fish and its flesh melts in the mouth. A saucer for soy sauce is put in front of one and the slices of fish may be dipped into it. Odd numbers are luckier than even ones, so one or three slices, never two, are taken. *Tempura*, small crayfish or pieces of octopus fried in batter may come next. These are rather hard to eat with chopsticks, but one is allowed to lift them up, take a bite and put them back into one's bowl. At the end boiled rice is served in a lacquer bowl, and again the problem of chopsticks is made easier by the fact that one can hold the bowl up to one's mouth and scoop the food in. This type of Japanese meal is a leisurely affair and one can play with the food, eating between cups of saké, holding forth on some subject, or smoking a cigarette; the persistent though charming maids are always present, kneeling at one's side, merrily joining in the conversation. The dinner is rounded off with a cup of green tea which is yellow and weak and drunk without milk or sugar.

The most popular dish among foreigners is *sukiyaki*. This is often served at one of the restaurants with private rooms. A gas-ring or an electric stove is placed on the lacquer table, and into a frying pan go fat, slices of beef, soy sauce, saké, sugar, various vegetables and a transparent vermicelli. When the meat is cooked one fishes it out of the pan with chopsticks and dips it into a bowl containing a slightly beaten raw egg and soy sauce and puts it into one's mouth quickly. *Sukiyaki* is very appetizing, but it is decidedly a winter dish for one sits right on top of the stove. Tinned *sukiyaki* can be bought, but like most tinned foods it is only a poor imitation of the real thing.

These restaurants with private rooms are for a special evening out,

a party, a celebration. There are plenty of places where one can have a less lengthy repast, sitting at a counter of unpolished wood behind which is the kitchen where food is quickly prepared. At these restaurants one can have *tempura*, a bowl of clear soup with root vegetables floating about in it, raw fish on top of glutinous rice cakes, or a bowl of rice and seaweed. Seaweed tastes like salty spinach and is not at all unpleasant. In the popular restaurants the tables and stools are often so close together that one finds oneself leaning against the customer behind; the Japnese do not mind stools as they are accustomed to sitting without a support for their backs. A typical meal at one of these restaurants would be: bean junket (white and rectangular blocks floating in a clear soup), raw fish mixed up in the froth of mountain potatoes (roots that when uncooked look like daffodil bulbs), and a kind of caramel studded with root vegetables, some of which are inlaid with purple rings. At many restaurants a small basket containing warm face-flannels is brought at the beginning of a meal, with which to wipe face and hands; a refreshing custom on a sultry day.

Other restaurants have tables on one side for those who like stools, and matted recesses on the other for those who prefer a cushion on the floor. One has to take off one's shoes for the recesses which are matted. The Japanese do this without untying their laces by putting the toe of one shoe into the back of the other. Long shoe-horns are provided for putting on shoes, and again the Japanese seem to be able to do this easily although their laces are tied. The backs of their shoes must suffer.

There are many Chinese eating places: some smart and expensive with menus as big as magazines, others small and modest with models of their dishes in the window. At the latter kind one can have a bowl of rice with various mixtures on top: prawns with vegetables and a sauce, diced pork with walnuts in a thick sweet juice, or an omelette roofing the rice like a summer hat. In these restaurants one eats the food with a porcelain spoon.

The best hotels provide the kind of menu that best hotels serve anywhere in the world; at Prunier's crustaces that are as good as those found at its namesakes in London and Paris; at Frank's Steak House steaks, huge and tender, and ice cream just like ice cream. There are many other "western style" restaurants, but whether the label is French, German or Italian the recipes seem to have come to Japan via America; this is also true of those that simply call themselves "western style." The food is served on oval plates like meat

dishes, and cold salad is mixed up with hot vegetables. Bread is always extra. The Japanese often prefer a bowl of rice with their steak.

There are few Japanese fresh cheeses, but plenty of the processed kind. With meals people drink saké, beer or water. There is Japanese wine, but it is sweet and not suitable for the table. European wines are atrociously dear. Coffee is popular; there is hardly a street without its coffee bar. These bars are darkened places, like the Espresso ones in London, with stools, low tables, climbing plants, a very made-up waitress in a "sack," newspapers, and a record player. The music varies from rock'n roll to classical. One can have coffee and Elvis Presley in one bar, coffee and Beethoven in another.

Most Japanese people seem to be frantically busy, and many have snack meals, partly because they can be eaten quickly and partly because they are cheap. For two shillings one can have a hamburger steak with vegetables in a modest "western style" restaurant, but may have to share a table. When all tables are taken people have no hesitation in joining one with a free chair; they do this without a by-your-leave and never glance at the original occupier who, as far as they are concerned, might not be there. This is not meant to be rude, but simply discreet. The Japanese are a shy people, and, like the English, do not talk to strangers in public.

I have lunch every day at a restaurant near my work. The menu is in Japanese so I point at the various items in an attempt to get the waitress to read them aloud, as they have western names like chicken sauté, beef stew, chicken au gratin, or pork chop. But as soon as I point at an item the waitress dashes off to get it so I have no time to choose. I shall have to learn the menu by heart.

My favourite restaurant is a tiny box of a place. There are stools at the wooden counter behind which two competent chefs speedily concoct the dish for which the establishment is known. This is *gyoza,* a Manchurian titbit consisting of a spiced mixture, green in colour, wrapped in wafer-thin pastry and fried. *Gyoza* are about three inches long and can easily be lifted with chopsticks and popped into the mouth. They are delicious.

In all restaurants the service is perfect, and, such a joy, one is not expected to tip.

LETTER

APARTHEID

To the Editor of *The European.*

Sir,

In reply to Patrick Bury's letter on Apartheid, I would point out that no-one expects, or indeed desires, primitive tradition to remain unaltered by the mass conversion of the Bantu to Christianity. Apart from religious motives, the South African Government and its supporters approve of conversion because sociological experience shows that this tends to release the Bantu from particular attitudes which hinder their advancement. Primitive tribal structure cannot indefinitely survive the onslaught of Christian proselytization and the influences of Western capitalist individualism.

The South African Government does not seek its permanent insulation, but its evolution, so that the Bantu can build new social structures in keeping with the modern age, incorporating the greatest possible amount of Bantu into an utterly alien European society—detribalization, which has proved so disastrous for the Bantu, and furnishes South Africa with such tremendous problems. The growth to nationhood of tribes, which in Britain took hundreds of years, has to be achieved in South Africa within the century, and when accomplished, that nationhood must naturally be in conformity with world trends. That is the challenge.

I do not agree with Mr. Bury that Christianity is less likely to appeal to the South African Bantu than Islam. The average African is monogamous, and already millions of Bantu are devout, practising Christians. In fact the enthusiasm of the Bantu in adopting Christianity and adapting it to their own needs has led to a serious problem of schematicism. The Dutch Reformed Church maintains eight theological colleges where coloured and Bantu young men are prepared for the ministy among their own people. Christianity is no final solution—neither the "complete" ousting of paganism nor the "end" of tribalism are sought. The Government is convinced that conversion helps the evolution of the Bantu; its aims are set no higher than that.

Yours sincerely,

MARTIN PRESTON.

London, June 3rd, 1958.