THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

NOVEMBER 1958 *Vol. XII, No. 3*

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November — 1958
Number Sixty-Nine

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

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ANALYSIS

WE agree that the reputation of British troops and the honour of the British name have been insulted in Cyprus. But the real insult did not come from Mrs. Barbara Castle. It came from those who defend British government by suggesting that British troops broke into a rabble and ran riot. In fact, good, regular soldiers do not behave like that, unless they have orders to do so. The only relevant question is at what point between the streets of Cyprus and the inner recesses of Whitehall the order was given?

The mass reprisal.

The facts do not appear much in dispute. After the brutal murder of an English woman by a shot in the back, a thousand people in the vicinity were rounded up. Three hundred then apparently became hospital cases*, and three died, including one young girl, during the process. Does anyone who knows anything of the regular army believe for one moment that this would have occurred without orders? It is mobs which behave like that, not soldiers; mobs which are useless in a battle because they lack discipline, not troops like these belonging to great regiments which have often been proved and tested in battle.

No one will believe for a moment the story of Archbishop Makarios that English people arranged the assassination of one of their own women in order to provide excuse for this mass reprisal. No one either should believe for a moment the story that British troops conducted this mass reprisal without orders, as a rabble acting in defiance of orders. Is there no one in the present parliamentary opposition with the courage to put the question: who gave the order?

As previously in Ireland.

We have been through all this before in days when an opposition existed which had the spirit to press that question. One of the worst quarters of an hour which Lloyd George ever passed in the House of Commons was when he was cross-examined on the responsibility for the Irish reprisals, after his brutal, blustering clown of an Irish Secretary had been systematically broken down by parlia-

*Figure in *Manchester Guardian*, 4:10:58. *The Observer* on 12:10:58 indicated 650 were arrested and 250 treated in hospital.

mentary question and attack. It became at last reasonably clear that the Black and Tan atrocities were the result of tip-off from somewhere in the Government for these irregular troops to get tough. Then followed one of the first great try-outs in the method of mass reprisal, which later became so familiar in the modern world. It failed because of a capable and relentless opposition in the British House of Commons which retrieved the British name and finally compelled the Irish Treaty.

The Labour Party of that day played a glorious part in the fight and in the achievement. Where is the Labour leadership today? — coughing its discreet agreement with the Government from the front opposition bench, with a deprecating smile for the indiscretion of Mrs. Castle who is reproved behind closed doors. And where are the Liberals on the scene which was lit by Gladstone's fiery indignation as he denounced the ill-treatment of subject peoples, and was bathed in the last sunlight of Asquith's clear eloquence as he summoned energy even in his age to support the opposition to the Black and Tans? Labour and Liberal, the squalor of their degeneracy has to be smelt to be believed.

Even less excuse in peace than war.

What is the upshot of it all? Is it that British Government in the calm of peace becomes responsible for crimes which were condemned at Nuremberg when committed in the heat of war. This is the method of mass reprisal. The degree is less, but so also is the excuse. Far fewer lose their lives, but our government is suppressing the population of a small island, not fighting for a nation's life at the end of six years war. Vengeance is usually slaked by a short sojourn in hospital. But the principle is exactly the same; revenge for a brutal incident on a mass of fortuitously chosen people at least 99% of whom could not have had any connection with the crime. Revenge too without object, except the ineffective object of terrorism to make those responsible for crime fear that some whom they love may be included in the next batch of reprisals.

Those who really commit the crime are, of course, the least likely to be caught by these methods, because they are well organised to clear out directly the crime is committed. The Irish Secretary announced during the Black and Tan period that the "chiefs of the murder gangs always slept on the bogs." He was therefore rocked by the question how their apprehension was assisted by "burning next day the houses of other people in the vicinity of their outrages."

In fact, this indiscriminate terrorism does not break brave people into giving information against those they believe to be fighting for them. And in any competition in terrorism between the forces of law and order and guerrillas the former always lose, especially in time of peace in the civilised world, because their government finally has to justify itself in face of world opinion. So far as the opinion of our Greek ally is concerned, that battle is finally lost. What has occurred in Cyprus will be remembered for generations in Greece — for reasons of tragic contrast — remembered as long as the last scene at Missolonghi.

Cyprus useless as base.

The only possible serious purpose of the Cyprus Base was to provide an aerodrome for nuclear counter-attack on the southern flank of Russia if, that may ever be necessary. But as all Cyprus would be knocked out in one morning by one H-bomb in the event of nuclear war, it is surely obvious that dispersed bases on the main land would be far more suitable for that purpose. Such bases in that region, however, can only be established by agreement with our allies Greece and Turkey, one of whom we have turned from love to hatred of England, and both of whom we have set at loggerheads, by the Cyprus performance. In fact, this imbecility has jeopardised the whole structure of our alliances in Eastern Europe.

If on the other hand it is suggested that the purpose of the Cyprus operation was to cover our Suez position, the short answer is that the proper place to defend Suez is at Suez. If it really were a "life and death interest" of Britain we should never have left Suez. Certainly the alternative base was not an exposed island with a lack of proper harbour facilities, as General Auchinlech pointed out long ago.

The fact of the matter is that a tired and timid government on the run from Suez thought it had found a quiet spot in Cyprus for a long repose. It turned out to be a spot so hot that British government resorted to the panic-stricken cruelty of weak men in a fright; Ireland all over again.

Beating up in Cyprus and London.

The result can lead not only to some dishonour of our national name but to some disintegration of our society. Never has justice been whooped-on with such savage cries of exultation, as when nine teddy boys were rightly condemned for beating up negroes, rightly condemned, although many people regarded the sentence as out of all proportion to the offence when in the same week a man

was sentenced to only three years for shooting dead the lover of his wife. But one of these teddy boys had apparently just returned from nine months service in Cyprus. Is it not confusing for young minds to get four years in gaol amid a howl of execration for doing almost precisely the same thing in Notting Hill that they are acclaimed as public heroes by an almost united press for doing in Cyprus?

Let us see how closely the two situations are related; the motive in both cases appears to be revenge. An English woman is vilely murdered. British troops subsequently round up people of the same nationality as the murderer and beat them up so severely that 30% of them go to hospital. In the streets of London we had a general situation where such extraordinary scenes could occur as large bands of negroes parading with shouts that this is war and that they will kill the white ——. During the course of these disturbances individual Teddy boys were knifed in the streets, and, it appeared from personal inquiry on the spot that even worse things occurred which in the interest of public order were not published. It was against such a background of terrorism that a band of teds chased individual negroes and beat them up so badly that they had to go to hospital, although apparently not for long. They got the four year sentence.

Violence on the streets of any kind must, of course, be condemned as a serious breach of the law, whether it be an affray between two large parties or the pursuit and beating of a defenceless and innocent individual, but the latter is rightly regarded as a much more serious case. What many find difficult to understand is why the beating up of defenceless prisoners in Cyprus till they are hospital cases makes the beaters public heroes, whilst the beating of a defenceless man in the streets of London gets the beaters four years in gaol. The answer apparently is the the first beaters were serving the policies of what is politely called the establishment, and the second beaters were not. That is why the hypocrisy of the establishment begins to stink to Heaven, and the degree of the stink becomes a menace to the health of the state.

They do what they accused their enemies of doing.

In less tragic spheres, the freedoms, for which it was claimed the war was fought, appear in a variety of directions to be in increasing jeopardy. In many things, great and small, our rulers do precisely what they accused their enemies of doing in the last war. The only differences are questions of degree and the greater reluctance to admit what they are doing. Their enemies did certain

things as a matter of declared principle. Our rulers do the same thing while declaring the opposite principles. Again the degree of the offence may be less, but the degree of humbug is more. Suppression of freedom is not made attractive because "the coward does it with a kiss" while the "brave man" does it "with a sword."

In the totalitarian states free speech was suppressed by the sword of the law. In Britain today it is suppressed by the weight of the moneybags or strangled quietly by the misuse of municipal power.

Old parties deny free speech.

The money masters are able to deny free speech to their opponents by the ownership of the Press and television*. The Labour Party is able to deny free speech to their opponents by the possession of a majority on the local councils in all the main industrial centres and by the abuse of their majority power to deny Mosley the right of free speech in municipal halls which is accorded to every other party, including the Communist. The Labour Party has just cancelled lettings of their main municipal halls for Mosley meetings which have been arranged for months past in the following provincial centres: Derby, Southampton, Hornsey, Leicester, Bedford, Leeds, Liverpool. The Labour Sunday paper *Reynolds News* has applauded this process as "a slap in the face for Mosley," and the obscurely owned *Daily Mirror* has enthusiastically encouraged it.

The cancellation of Mosley's meetings.

The Labour Party had for long past refused the letting of most of the municipal halls under their control in London: e.g. even when Mosley candidates polled 23% of the votes recorded in Bethnal Green before the war they were still refused the use of the York Hall under Labour municipal control; it was let to all other parties including the Communist until that party no longer dared to appear in the constituency. The habit has now spread to the conservatives who control Kensington Town Hall; a letting for a Mosley meeting on October 7 last had been arranged for months past and was cancelled at the last moment. As the Conservative council has been scrupulously fair in letting this hall on many occasions during recent years for Mosley meetings without a trace of disorder, it can only be assumed that they acted on pressure

*In fairness it should be noted that Independent Television has twice shown Mosley in October, but the state-controlled B.B.C. remains a monopoly of the old parties so far as he is concerned.

from above. The result of the action taken by both political parties is that Mosley's biggest speaking campaign since the war has been almost entirely suppressed. It was organised last spring to take place in the autumn and winter; much time and some money had been spent on it, it was cancelled at the last moment suddenly and almost universally. The only remaining meetings are: Finsbury Town Hall on November 3*, Porchester Hall on February 24, and Manchester Free Trade Hall on March 22 next. For all practical purposes Mosley is entirely denied free speech. The only means of propaganda left open is the sale of political journals on the streets and the distribution of political sheets and canvass in the homes of the people by devoted party workers. The response to this challenge may well prove the making of the Movement.

Recent years without disorder.

This effort to suppress is an event without precedent in modern British history. The excuse given is the fear of disorder. But the facts prove this excuse to be entirely invalid. In the last three years Mosley has spoken all over the country to the largest meetings drawn by any speaker in the present period, without disorder at any time. The only incident even reported in the press was the throwing of a firework by one boy in Birmingham Town Hall in October 1956. Mosley's recent meeting in the same Birmingham Town Hall held on October 12, was preceded by an extraordinary campaign of menaces from his opponents, including much publicised threats to blow up the Town Hall. In characteristic disregard of such crude terrorism, however, an English audience assembled which packed the floor, and well filled the gallery of this great hall. In their midst were about 100 men in three highly organised groups under communist leadership, who were determined to prevent the speech being delivered by systematic shouting. After two warnings, Mosley ordered the stewards to eject those guilty of persistent disorder with the minimum necessary force. After three men were ejected, the rest threw their hand in: it was all over in half an hour.

Mosley then spoke for over an hour without disorder of any kind. Whether the frequent applause of the large audience then indicated agreement with his views or just sympathy with successful resistance of the communist attempt to wreck the meeting, it is

*The Finsbury Town Hall meeting has just been cancelled by the Borough Council as we go to Press. The Labour Party has a majority on this council.

difficult to say; probably a bit of both.

Free speech at mercy of communism ?

The lengthy *Times* report was fair except that it indicated the majority of the audience was hostile to the speaker; the mistake is easy to make if you are seated under the platform where you can only see the front rows, and a hundred roughs are bawling their heads off further back in the hall. The Conservative *Birmingham Post* on the other hand, admitted the "cheering." The police were present, but at no time found it necessary to intervene.

So the question arises whether the failure of this single, highly organised attempt by communism to supress free speech by violence, shall be made the excuse for the virtually universal supression of free speech by official action? The answer is that at present Mosley's right to free speech is suppressed almost throughout the country; and this action was taken before the Birmingham meeting after a long record of meetings entirely free of disorder.

If attempts to organise disorder are to be a deciding factor in the denial of free speech, no one can ever speak whom the communists seriously fear and dislike. Free speech is not then at the disposal of Law and Order, but at the disposal of the communist roughs. It is communism and not the government which decides who shall have free speech in Britain. The "left" is in a position not only to deny free spech to their opponents, but to deny the British public the right to hear all opinions, which the British people as a whole like to do. It is a general rule that serious disorder never arises in a British meeting unless it has been organised.

The lie that Mosley incites racial violence.

So, on general grounds of principle that all should have free speech whether their views are acceptable to communism or not, and on grounds of the fact that disorder has never occurred at Mosley meetings during recent years and was easily controlled on the last occasion at Birmingham when it was highly organised, no shadow of real excuse exists for preventing Mosley speaking. The grotesque lie that he incites to racial violence has been met decisively by quotations from his speeches which show the exact contrary, and by unanswered challenges to his enemies to state on single instance when he has ever done anything of the kind.

We are therefore left with the plain, clear, simple but unavoidable conclusion that Mosley's enemies are mortally afraid of what he has to say. Not so flattering a conclusion as it may at first appear, because most of them are quite incapable of answering any serious

argument or even of addressing themselves to a serious subject. We hope in our next issue again to disregard the dullest bunch of small time clowns and crooks who in the name of present day politics and press have ever befuddled the counsels of a great people at a great moment, in favour of again discussing those issues which normally engage our attention because they may settle the fate of mankind at least for some generations to come.

EUROPEAN.

Lord Mayor of Birmingham interviewed on television.

Since the above was written the following interview occurred on B.B.C. television, when the Lord Mayor of Birmingham was asked in front of the Town Hall whether he thought he was right to have allowed Sir Oswald Mosley to hold a meeting there.

Lord Mayor: Yes, I think it is quite right that I should have given permission for that hall to be used. An essential of democracy is free speech. If we don't allow free speech to those with whom we disagree, as well as those with whom we do agree, free speech would be destroyed.

An interesting story I could tell you is that in 1901 Lloyd George, who at that time was pro-Boer, held a meeting in Birmingham under the auspices of the Liberal Party. The Conservatives of that time campaigned for that meeting to be stopped. The meeting, as you know, created considerable disorder in this city, but nevertheless free speech, the right of free speech was upheld. An interesting sidelight on this is that in 1921 Lloyd George was made a freeman of this city.

Wyatt: The same thing is not going to happen to Sir Oswald Mosley, is it?

Lord Mayor: I don't know.

Wyatt: There was a disturbance when he held his meeting here the other day?

Lord Mayor: A very short disturbance caused by those who were opposed to his point of view.

★ ★ ★

Wyatt: I was very surprised to find that when I went around the crowd in Birmingham I couldn't find one person out of many hundreds who thought that the council had been wrong to allow Oswald Mosley to use the Town Hall.

European in the next issue will deal with the economic situation, and strength and weakness of Montgomery's analysis.

"EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN" and BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

by ROBERT SAUNDERS

A successful West Country farmer, Robert Saunders recently won a seat on the Dorset County Council from Labour.

BRITISH farmers have long resented being subsidized. Grants from the Exchequer give an entirely unwarranted impression of inefficiency. Most would prefer to be treated like industry and given instead the protection of import tariffs. They note that whereas the motor car industry, for example, enjoys an import duty of 33⅓% it is not regarded in the public mind as being feather-bedded. Also, most farmers being cursed with strangely warped minds have a certain mistrust of politicians, and they are never quite certain, in spite of long-term guarantees, that some sudden economy drive by enthusiastic and public-spirited Members of Parliament might not deprive them of Exchequer grants, which now almost equal their total profits.

Yet the official reason for Britain's present agricultural policy of deficiency payments and production grants seems unassailable. Britain is an industrial country, so the argument goes, desperately dependent on her exports to maintain her standard of living. These exports can only be sold if the price is right, which in turn largely depends on industrial wages being kept within bounds. Any increase in the price of food, which tariffs would induce, would send the cost of living soaring and with it widespread and legitimate demands for increased wages. Britain's position is too precarious for this, so it is better for the country to buy its food as cheaply

as possible from where best it can and to maintain a reasonably sized home agriculture (without which it could be held to ransom by overseas food producers) by transferring money from the taxpayer's to the farmer's pocket.

Such a policy seems unassailable, until one challenges the very basis of Britain's present economy. Sir Oswald Mosley's new book, *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN*, does just this. It suggests that Britain dare not continue with an economy so largely outside her own control. Some small upset in world markets could so reduce her exports that she would be quite unable to pay for the imports of raw materials and food without which her factories would be idle and her people hungry. Instead, it suggests a complete integration with Europe and the development of Africa. In this way Europe as a united nation would have within its control all the raw materials and foodstuffs it required, and would no longer be dependent on world trade.

Given a unit of this size with all the resources it can possibly require and the problems of those who control the economy are fundamentally changed. No longer are they concerned with precariously playing the markets of the world in the rather vain hope of doing a little better than their competitors elsewhere. Instead, their problem becomes one of developing the great resources in their control and with their fair and efficient distribution.

To this end *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN* suggests the "wage-price mechanism." Although the terminology may be strange, what is suggested is comprehensible and not unfamiliar to British farmers, for it amounts to little more than an extension—admittedly a very great extension to the whole of the European-African economy—of what now takes place in British agriculture. It suggests that Government should fix all wages and, where necessary, prices. Thus it could encourage the development of those resources most needed by the community and ensure their fair distribution. Farmers have been accustomed since the early 1920s to having wages fixed by an independent body and, since 1939, their prices very largely fixed by Government after consultation with the N.F.U.s. They are used to these prices being varied to emphasize one line of production or another according to the national need. Perhaps things have not always been done very wisely, but this is a matter of administration rather than of principle. All would agree that it would be better for the same body to fix wages as prices, because in the past the lack of co-ordination between the two has been only too apparent.

On the whole, wage and price fixing has worked well for British agriculture; why not therefore extend the principles to the whole economy of Europe? It would of course be a much bigger job, and therefore that much more worth while.

These two great measures, the Europe-Africa economy and the wage-price mechanism, would do away with the need for agricultural subsidies. Wages would be fixed at a level to allow all to pay a fair price for their food, as there would no longer be any question of repercussions on exports and world markets. In fact *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN* makes it clear that all engaged in the primary industries, such as farming, would have to have their incomes increased as the economy expands, not only in justice, but in order to provide a market for industrial goods.

The author of *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN* makes it clear that he is in favour of fixing all wages in order to attract labour to where it is most required and to give controlled expansion of consuming power, but in principle he is reluctant to advocate the fixing of prices except in exceptional circumstances. But he favours the fixing of the price of farm produce, partly because he fears the farmers might combine together to form a monopoly, and partly thus to encourage those forms of food production most required. Perhaps the latter is the more valid justification. Under present circumstances, at all events, British farmers are far too conscious of their dependence on public good will and the risk of attracting a flood of imports, to think of holding the public to ransom. And anyone with experience of organising farmers may be excused some doubt as to whether it would ever be possible to get all the individualists who form the farming community of Europe and White Africa to unite together and withhold their products until they had extracted the last penny from hungry townsmen. However, it is certainly right to insist that the price of farm produce should be fixed by Government in consultation with the farmers' organisations. It may be possible to leave the price of most industrial products to the law of supply and demand, because most industries are sufficiently flexible to respond with rapidity. But farming is a slow and long-term business. No farmer can lightly change his form of production. Cereal production may be profitable just now, but no dairy farmer sells the herd that he has spent a lifetime breeding merely to chase a possibly temporary profit which may well have vanished by the time the change has taken place. And other changes may be even more difficult. Therefore if farmers are to be encouraged to make

any substantial changes in their farming products, they need to be assured that the change will be profitable and permanent. Bitter experience has taught most that chasing a market influenced by supply and demand is seldom either. Price fixing on a long term basis could, however, give the required assurance.

The development of parts of Africa by Europeans, leaving other vast areas for the exclusive use of the coloured people, would be welcomed by the farming community of this country for two main reasons: first, it would give the many land-hungry young men, who want to farm on their own but who have little hope of obtaining a holding in these crowded islands, an opportunity of obtaining a farm in Africa. Secondly, Africa would become an even more valuable source than it now is of those high-protein feeding-stuffs that are the by-products of oil bearing seeds, like linseed ground-nut, which British farmers will always need.

That Britain should join with the rest of Europe to form a single nation is a policy which, at first sight anyway, many British farmers will regard with some doubt. What would it mean? Would it mean that the British market would be flooded with low priced products of an agriculture less industrialised than our own? In Britain the farm worker's minimum wage is, quite rightly, fixed for a 47 hour week, with overtime rates for all hours worked beyond this. There is also two weeks paid holiday and a weekly contribution to the Welfare State which not long ago would have been regarded as a handsome wage in itself. In much of Europe agricultural labour is family labour, which pays little regard to hours worked and is more concerned with total income than hourly earnings. The Danes and Dutch in particular covet the British market, so would "Europe a Nation" mean that the floodgates would be wide open? If so, farmers would want none of it.

As a matter of fact it is doubtful if British agriculture would come to much harm even if Britain were to plunge into a Europe with an entirely free common market. British farming may have its faults, but it has a high standard of efficiency. Its yields are much higher than those of most countries in the world, and are surpassed only by one or two of the smaller European countries. It is more highly mechanised than any country in the world, and much more so than any in Europe. It can probably produce cereals and grassland products as cheaply as any country on the continent. It is competition with surplus and subsidised foreign food that has so often been the British farmer's problem, and which has given

the erroneous impression that his costs of production are higher than those of his European counterparts.

Perhaps therefore British farmers may have little to fear even if they had to compete in Europe on an entirely free market. But that is certainly not what *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN* suggests. It pleads for order, not chaos. It suggests that our British marketing board system might well be extended to the whole of Europe. This would bring orderly marketing where none exists at present. Food producers of Europe would join together, not to destroy each other's markets, but to supply and maintain them in the interests of their customers and themselves. And as integration took place wages and costs would become uniform over the whole continent and each area would tend to produce that for which it was most fitted.

There is another reason why British farmers might hesitate to enter Europe. In Britain today they exercise an influence on agricultural policy out of all proportion to their numbers. This is in large part due to their loyalty to their own highly efficient organisation—the National Farmers Union. It is also due in no small degree to the personality and outstanding ability of the N.F.U. President, Sir James Turner. But there is also the fortuitous political situation, in that there are some twenty marginal parliamentary seats in rural areas. With the two main political parties so evenly divided the results in these seats can very well decide the result of a general election—as the more subtle leaders of the Labour Party were only too well aware when, at their recent conference, they hurriedly pushed the skeleton of land nationalization back into their cupboard after it had been ineptly dangled before rural eyes by one of those naive but vocal delegates with which that Party is so well supplied. If Britain were to enter Europe, might not this ability to influence agricultural policy be lost for ever?

This is certainly not so. For one thing there is little doubt that because of their successful experience in the technical, marketing and political fields British farmers would be able to give valuable, although not exclusive, leadership to the much wider farming community of Europe-Africa. Moreover, in the new and larger entity the percentage of the population engaged in agriculture would be considerably higher than it is in Britain, and this would have its political repercussions. But above all a government which was seeking to produce the food it required from within the area it

controlled would want to work with and consult its farmers. After all, why should it be otherwise? The government would no longer be concerned with cheap food, low wages and low-priced goods to aid an export drive. Instead it would be concerned with building a high standard of living for its people, insulated from the economic troubles of unpredictable world markets. In this task the agricultural community would have a great part to play in providing in sufficient quantity and of high quality the basic necessity of life. Without this, all would be meaningless.

Farmers work with Nature. They know her laws. They are aware that in this life nothing is static. Everything organic either grows, amalgamates and produces new life, or else withers and decays. Britain is no exception to this law. She has had a great past, but now she will either wither and decay, or she will join with Europe and produce the finest civilization that history has yet witnessed. *EUROPE: FAITH AND PLAN* points the way. Once the choice is clear, the farmers of Britain will play their part.

ECONOMIC WAR, PROGRESS REPORT

by BERTRAM PEEL

CONSTANT reference over the years in this journal to a coming economic offensive from the East, by which Marxism would challenge capitalism on its own ground of world trade, has recently given way to warnings that the offensive had actually entered its preliminary phase.

The unqualified success of the communist trade policy over the past five years has now encouraged the authors of it to step up the attack just at the moment when capitalism suddenly becomes vulnerable. In the following pages the extent of this will be shown; selling of credit will be studied and then the use of raw materials as an economic weapon, and it is also proposed to discuss the equipping of the communist bloc by the West in the context of free trade, and finally to examine the power and overall scheme of the communist activity.

The purpose of the article is primarily to show the urgent need for Europe and the associated territories of Africa to extricate themselves from the influence of world capitalism before they become easy prey to world communism. There has been a good deal of talk, mostly by Mr. Krushchev, about the possibility of competitive co-existence between the two systems. Against this we put forward the suggestion that capitalism cannot much longer co-exist in the same world as communism, since both are determined to have world domination, and the communists are playing with loaded dice, as the following facts will show.

There is no intention of going once again over the policy put forward to give the West new life — the intervention of a closed Europe-Africa system — but we are here concerned with providing facts in order to emphasise the need for more than academic debate at this stage.

It was sometime in 1953 that the credit offensive really began. Early beneficiaries of Marxist help were Afghanistan, Burma, Finland, India and Indonesia. The general interest rate appears to have been 2½ per cent. from the outset, and for some reason the creditors do not seem to have varied from this figure; repayment periods are generally from 12 to 30 years. According to a U.S. State Department report to Congress early this year[1], the total aid extended has amounted to some $1900m. Afghanistan has had $145m. to cover the supply of petrol storage tanks, grain elevators, two asphalt factories, reconstruction of Kabul airport, provision of a fruit cannery and a hospital; Burma has had $15m. for books and equipment for Rangoon University, a steel plant, hospital, stadium, theatre; Ceylon $20m. for a sugar refinery and cement plant; India $270m. covering Bhilai steel mill, oil drilling rigs and optical factory, mining equipment, electrical plant, textile plant and machine tools; Indonesia's share has been $110m. for a sugar mill and chemical works; Egypt $480m. for laboratories, bridges, radio transmitters, geophysical and oil research gear, penicillin factory. zinc works, five aerodromes, radio component works, paper mill, beetroot processing plant, etc.[2]; Syria $280m. for nineteen projects covering irrigation, power, rails, roads, basic factories, oil plant; other countries mentioned were Nepal $13m. and Yemen $10m.

Since that report, Albania has received about $45m. for exploitation of oil resources, and Lybia and Tunisia have both been approached by Moscow. (It is, incidentally, interesting that on April 14 last, Radio Moscow began English and French broadcasts in addition to her Middle East broadcasts; even more revealing that swahili, zulu, congo, amhar and several other African dialects are now being taught at Leningrad and Moscow).

South America is a new success for Soviet negotiators; Brazil is interested in machinery and engineering products in exchange for

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[1]Report on Communist Economic Penetration 15:1:58.

[2]On 28:6:58 *The Observer* acquired a delightful story about China exporting canned dog as mutton and goat. A senior official of the Chinese Ministry for External Trade is said to have explained that they were a new edible type of dog, delivered from Russia. The report was confirmed, the paper said, by a Soviet representative during a Pekin dinner at which dog was served; he said that Soviet ingenuity and Chinese cooking could make anything exportable.

sales of coffee, while Argentina has actually accepted a $100m. long-term loan for oil and mining equipment. This last deal was concluded on August 24 last, about the time when Soviet, Greek and German tankers were arriving with 1 million tons of petrol from Russia[1].

In Asia the vulnerability of the capitalist system is particularly marked. The traditional undercutter of Western prices is Japan, but according to one source[2] even Japanese goods are now being undersold 10-15 per cent. by China, who is "pouring out an ever-increasing flow of sewing machines, bicycles, cement, pencils, typewriters, canned fruit, watches, radios, textiles, metal tools, and machinery . . . So far the greatest sufferers are Japan, Hong Kong and the U.K. Although the Board of Trade in this country has now imposed a quota on textiles from China, this does not answer the problem of the South East Asian markets lost to Lancashire."

As will be seen later, the economic attack is co-ordinated to an advanced degree, and operates through such organisations as Machnioexport, Agroexport, and Technopromexport which is authorised to carry out all preparatory work including geological and aerial inspection as well as supply necessary equipment and technicians for any project. This is communism's reply to the Western consortium.

In addition to undermining capitalism on world markets, including the market for military requirements which is not mentioned above, the communist bloc uses food and raw materials as weapons in the economic war. In September this year, the Russian and Chinese harvests were announced, *The Times* remarking: "If the estimates are reasonably accurate — and there is no reason to doubt this—they mean that Russia and China will be able, unless major preventive action is taken, to cause serious disruption in the wheat market in the West and in the rice market in the East." Quoting again from *Time and Tide*, 16:8:58, "Pekin has already forced Formosa out of the world citronella oil market by drastic price slashing, and is now trying by the same methods to drive her out of the hog and sugar market. China herself is always short of hogs and last year had to import 190,000 tons of sugar to make up her own deficiencies. Yet Pekin has dumped sugar on the Hong Kong market at prices far below those quoted by Formosa, whose sugar

[1] *Le Monde* 25:8:58.
[2] *Time and Tide* 16:8:58

has always been sold there. Pekin is also selling rice at prices lower than those of Thailand; she recently shipped 55,000 tons into Indonesia, undercutting the Singapore merchants although she herself is short of rice."

Speaking in Washington on April 30 last, Mr. Allen Dulles, Director of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, stated that over the years Russia might well become a major source of supply for such industrial necessities as aluminium, tin, zinc and petroleum. By 1972 Russia would be producing as much petroleum as the United States did today and would probably be able to export two million barrels a day, two-thirds of Europe's consumption. Once Western Europe has become substantially dependent on Russian supplies of raw materials Russia would have forged a new and formidable weapon of economic warfare; "by witholding supplies, by capriciously raising prices, or by dumping commodities, the Soviets in effect will have a seat at the council table of the great industrial nations of Europe."

Russia has in fact been an exporter of steels, aluminium, zinc, gold and tin on occasions before now. At the beginning of the year when low carbon ferro-chrome was selling in Sheffield at 2s. 4d. a pound, Russia was offering it at 1s. 11d. High carbon ferro-chrome selling at £110 a ton was being offered at £74 by Czechoslovakia. There has been evidence, too, of undercutting in ferro-silicon, manganese, tungsten, molybdenum and vanadium[1].

The history of tin over the past eighteen months has been particularly dramatic. As with most commodities, there exists a buffer pool to take up slack in demand but this has shown itself completely inadequate over this period. Soviet exports to the "free world" in 1956 were 450 tons and in 1957 were 9,000 tons; in the first half of 1958 the figure of 9,000 tons was already surpassed. Producers countries (Belgian Congo, Bolivia, Indonesia, Malaya, Nigeria and Thailand) agreed to cut shipments by half at the turn of the year, but Russia failed to co-operate. Notably shipments to Britain jumped from 580 tons in the last quarter of 1957 to 1,362 and 2,090 tons respectively in the first two quarters of 1958. Hence it was that on August 30 imports into the United Kingdom of tin and tin alloys from the communist bloc became subject to individual licence. The Netherlands followed suit. This attempt at stabilisation failed in Britain when on September 19 the buffer stock manager

[1]*Daily Mail* 11:2:58.

of the International Tin Council withdrew his support. It is perhaps not so very strange that the greatest communist supplier nation — Russia — will not join the Council, while the three most "cut-throat" capitalist consuming giants — Japan, Germany and the U.S.A. — are not members either.

Having been given an idea of the extent to which capitalism is being undermined in world trade, let us consider the efforts now being made by Western nations to equip countries of the communist bloc. Most of the references here are to the British effort, since the U.K. has been the leader in demanding a breakdown of restrictions on supplying goods to communist countries; this brief survey will also be mainly limited to the Russian and Chinese markets.

From the start it must be said that this category of trade is strictly marginal, the "free world's" trade with the communist bloc amounting to only about 3 per cent. of its total trade[1] compared with 7 per cent. just before the war.

Few firms are actually proud enough to give details of sales to the communist bloc, though this may be due to normal commercial prudence rather than conscience; but it can certainly be said that the West is selling capital equipment, and buying raw materials and downright rubbish in return. Among specific contracts received from Russia may be mentioned: automatic moulders for use in foundries by Coleman Wallwork, equipment for the manufacture of synthetic fibres by Baker Perkins and A.P.V., several million pounds worth of machinery for making cellulose acetate yarn by Courtaulds, a 1 MW industrial gas turbine (first of its type) by Ruston and Hornsby, two plastic board plants by International Plastics, a complete rubber tyre factory by the Rustyfa consortium, twenty trawlers by Brook Marine, two 10,000 cargo ships by Burmeister and Wain, switchgear by Crompton Parkinson and South Wales Switchgear, chemicals by I.C.I. In Europe, Denmark has supplied engines for eight freighters, Germany is to provide 4 million pounds worth of textile machinery, France has supplied cement manufacturing equipment, locomotives and electrical machinery. It will perhaps be recalled that in April of this year Germany and Russia completed a trade agreement by which Germany is to supply Russia with mining equipment, steelworks and foundry plant, machine tools, chemical equipment and textile machinery. In connection with chemical plant, the Soviet Govern-

[1] *The Observer* 9:3:58 and *Board of Trade Journal* 15:8:58.

ment last June allocated an enormous sum to the development of their chemical sector following Mr. Krushchev's offer to buy suitable plant from Germany, Britain and the U.S.A. Mr. Krushchev also on this occasion suggested that America might care to send consultants to erect the factories in Russia, and also proposed exchange visits between Russian and American laboratory technicians. In a television interview on July 26 Mr. Mikoyan confirmed that Russia wanted to buy "complete machinery and factories for the production of consumer goods." The offer to sell chemical factories to Russia was not taken up by the U.S.A. and so far the British Government has not responded, although the readiness with which they fell for the famous B. and K. "shopping list" leads one to think that they might have done. After all, Russia pays cash, and as the Government knows only too well, cash can be very handy on occasions.

In regard to China it is even more difficult to obtain any details. However, we may gain a very good idea from the following lists of the way in which China is prepared to be equipped with machinery in exchange for raw materials and rubbish. From 1956 to 1957[1] increased exports U.K. to China included chemicals, steel sheets, machine tools, textile machinery, electrical switchgear, portable power tools, electrical instruments, survey and scientific instruments; increased imports China to U.K. included wool, woven cotton, embroidery, cotton waste, skins, rosin, menthol, bristles, canes, hat bodies, eggs and egg products!

In the autumn of 1957 a Chinese Economic and Technical Mission visited this country; they brought with them a list of items they wanted to buy. The headings were: textile machinery, radio and telecommunication equipment including cables, electrical equipment, scientific and control instruments, iron and steel making plant, aircraft, machine tools, nuclear know-how and non-ferrous metals. Every item in each list was of the very latest type — no rubbish here!

It has previously been remarked that the West's trade with the communist countries is marginal, but it lies in the vital sectors of capital goods and raw materials. A large number of organisations, including the U.K. Government, seem determined that the amount of this trade should reach more substantial proportions. It could reasonably be argued that if such trade is increased to the level of 10 per cent. of oversea commerce, capitalism could become almost

[1]China Association Report 1957-58.

entirely dependent on communism for the capital goods market and the supply of rare raw materials. This is something that even Marx could hardly have hoped for, and it is really within the realm of possibility considering that proportion was 7 per cent. before the war.

It is, next, the intention to examine briefly the economic strength of the communist bloc and its organisation through the body known as Comecon, comprising China, N. Korea, Mongolia, Yugoslavia and the European popular democracies in addition to the U.S.S.R.

In February 1957, the Federal Educational and Research Trust, an independent research organisation run by the Establishment, stated: "Although the communist bloc is still lagging behind the West in a measure which, economically, may be expressed by the ratio of 1:3½, the Soviet Union is making every effort to make up the leeway. And successfully so, as may be seen from the increase in production which since 1949 has been twice as great as that acheived by the West. The means adopted to achieve this include a very high standard of investments combined with a standard of living that has been deliberately kept low by curtailing the production of food, clothes and houses, the prices of which, moreover, are kept at a high level. In view of the centrally controlled economic system of the country, it is not to be wondered at that this has been possible[1].

Late the same year, Mr. Krushchev declared that in 15 years Russia would outstrip the U.S.A. in basic production, an estimate that has been confirmed by serious authorities both inside and outside Russia. If this is true of the U.S.S.R., alone, how much sooner will the bloc as a whole outstrip America. Presumably it will take all of 15 years to overtake the entire West, but, at a guess, not much more.

In the matter of gold stocks, essential in economic war, the Soviets recently announced their intention to increase considerably their gold output which has been lagging since 1953. It is known that many such fields have been kept idle against the time when their usefulness would be greatest. *The Times* published an interesting note on 15:8:58 attempting to evaluate Russian gold stocks from various Western estimates, and concluded that "only $8,400m. worth of U.S. gold stocks are technically free from foreign claims and, as there are no foreign claims on the Soviet

[1]*Facts* No. 26.

rouble, Moscow could in theory claim that their gold stock approaches that of the United States." Unfortunately for capitalism, Marxist "theory" is usually very close to future "practice" at a time when a crisis confronts capitalism, as at present.

The principle of specialisation and concentration of investments within the communist bloc was agreed at the 1955 Comecon meeting. Each country was to develop the type of production best suited to it, to an extent that would meet the needs of the other Comecon members and leave something over for export. This general recommendation cut across balance of payment difficulties within the bloc, and at the following annual meeting of the organisation "permanent commissions" were created in each branch of industry, e.g. machine tools, geology, petrol, metallurgy, chemistry, agriculture, electricity supply, exports.

A recent article published in Moscow immediately prior to the 1958 Comecon meeting[1] described these permanent commissions as having no official power to force their recommendations, but that it is in accordance with their findings that a particular country will reduce a certain production or start up a new industry that suits the community as a whole. It is Comecon that "indicates" which agreement ought to be signed between member countries. The commissions go further than this; they tell each country what type of equipment to concentrate on. Thus in 1956 their recommendations resulted in the number of Hungarian machine tool designs being reduced from 64 to 56, Polish from 40 to 35 and Czech from 62 to 42.

Comecon turns out to be a very useful insurance for Russia against the secession of a satellite. Countries are not allowed to become too industrially strong. For example, only Russia is allowed to make turbo-alternators of 100 MW and over; Germany and Czechoslovakia may make up to 100 MW machines, Hungary and Poland up to 50 MW — which today is very small indeed, for a power station.

In face of the communist economic offensive, the capitalist world is in a truly pathetic situation. If their system was itself in a healthy state, as it has outwardly been since the war, a bold attempt might be made to increase the aid to the uncommitted countries; though in a credit war it is only the United States that can really challenge the communist effort at all seriously. Even so, communism

[1]Metdounarodnayajizn April 1958.

must win in the end since it demands no political conditions and sets up no military bases on the territories of the recipient nation, whereas the extent of American aid is dependent on U.S. public opinion and pressure groups who will not see gifts or credit leaving the country unless there *are* political and military "strings attached." This plays right into communist hands.

If such drawbacks apply when the Western system is expanding, the arrival of a recession has brought an even more truculent Western attempt at combining economic aid with the use of force and political pressure. Dumping and a war effort are traditionally the method adopted by capitalism to work is way out of a slump; indeed it is the only way so far discovered.

What is Europe's response to the increasing tempo in the credit war between the extremes of Marxism and capitalism? The nations of Continental Europe, faced with the certainty of losing markets to one or other of the giants, have chosen to unite for strength and to seek supplies and markets in the African continent. The process is not in any way striking as yet, but the tendency is decidedly towards self-defence based roughly on the policy of abandoning what is too expensive to hold in the East whilst retaining what is essential in Africa.

Outside of all three blocs is Britain. She wants the best of all worlds. First she wants to join in the credit war by means of the Export Credits Guarantee Department, whose activities have lately been extended; then she seeks security in the new Anti-Dumping Act; in addition to interdependence, which is dependence on the U.S.A.; she then wants to safeguard imperial preference and establish a Commonwealth Bank; but insists that she must be allowed to buy raw materials at world slump prices; she finally declares herself a believer all the time in free trade, particularly with the communist bloc, while launching out on a new dollar spending spree.

Deliberately to think out a complex six-fold policy of this nature, let alone make it work for any length of time, requires a co-ordination and discipline that the British system is not capable of in its present form. If, then, there is no plan behind the conduct of our affairs, are we really to wait for the consequences of this irresponsibility before we finally take the plunge and enter fully into Europe's economy, where every major difficulty that now faces us finds its best chance of resolution.

THE FUTURE OF SOUND RADIO

by MARTIN PRESTON

MASS communication is a phenomenon of the present age. Until recently despite the invention of printing centuries ago, information was only communicated to a small proportion of the population who could afford the relatively expensive books and taxed newsletters, and had the education to understand them. This was preceded by a primitive era in which even kings were illiterate, and traffic in information was confined almost exclusively to the Church. Since the beginning of man, ordinary people learned the news only from the pedlar, the pulpit or the town crier. Their sources of information were scanty, their capacity to absorb and correlate information was severely limited.

Compulsory mass education, pioneered in a few countries, now exists in most advanced nations, and is a primary objective of almost every government. Hard on the heels of elementary education spread facilities for university and extra-mural adult education, as statesmen realize that power and independence rests in the quality of a population rather than the land it lives in. Ability to receive mass communication is expanding as people become educated in quantity and quality and, in the West, as rising standards of living make the newest instruments for reception of mass communication available to more and more people. On the production side, expansion of mass communication is most dynamic in the hands of those who best realize the importance of the new media as means of extension of power, both offensive and defensive — the hands being those of totalitarian regimes and big business. Politicians increasingly appreciate its importance as a means of explaining their views and principles and, paradoxically, as a means of distorting, condemning or suppressing those of their opponents. Advertisers rely completely

on mass communication, both to disseminate and stifle competitors. Like all great natural forces, it can be used for good or evil; and those who first appreciate the value and technique of a medium, be they good or bad, are those who exercise the greatest influence with the population.

Mass communication itself is constantly changing in shape as new media are introduced and old media modified. Some of the new are technical developments, others are adaptations based on existing equipment. The cheap, popular newspaper — Lord Northcliffe's idea — was just such an adaptation, and was the first medium of mass communication. It was followed swiftly by the film, the loudspeaker, wireless, the gramophone record, the cheap paperback and, more recently, by television. If one dares predict the next medium in such a versatile field of devlopment, perhaps it is the tape recorder. As the new media are introduced, hotfoot, one after another, the newspaper, radio and motion picture almost acquire the reverence accorded to age, almost claim a tradition, though their own histories are so short and their standards frequently so low. Television, which damages them all, is rather like the ravishing blonde at a party; fascinatingly attractive but new and unsettling. Newspapers, radio and films are, of course, also gigantic vested interests, and it is a tribute to television as a medium of mass communication that so many companies in these fields have felt it wiser to compromise than to fight, wiser to invest in television than attempt the suppression of such a vigorous competitor. Having hedged their bets, the older media are now desperately seeking a working relationship with television.

The newspapers have been the most successful, because they long ago learned to survive against the omnipresent radio, which could always bring hot news to the public's ear before the printing presses. Newspapers have long, in fact, been newsmagazines, providing a background to, and extension of, the hard news which people receive from their radios. Their virile competitor has, in fact, forced many of them to venture into the hard news field only to carry types of news which the B.B.C. won't touch — principally crime and sex. Living with radio, newspapers have learned to live with television, which is, at present, little more than a pictorial extension of radio techniques. It is the pictorial and general interest publications which have been hit by it, rather than newspapers.

The film industry has had the greatest difficulty in learning to live with television, which gives people most of what the cinema

can give, but in their own homes, and far more cheaply. The film industry, with its high working costs and expensive capital equipment seems doomed to decline, if not extinction, except where it becomes absorbed into the television industry in the production of filmed programmes.

Radio is the least sure of itself. It is facing its final real fight for survival against a new medium which can give listeners most of what radio can, plus the pictures. At least this is so while radio is organised in its present shape. In Britain it is virtually the prerogative of the B.B.C., the only alternatives being the rather ineffective Radio Luxembourg and A.F.N. transmissions of limited interest. The decline of sound radio listening figures began in 1948. B.B.C. planners interpret this as a natural falling-off from peak listening built up during the war, when the wireless set became an indispensible part of national life, as in 1948 television, with a mere 30,000 viewers in the London area, was no competitor. But a halving of sound radio listening figures is, of course, far more severe than a decline alone can explain, and the spread of the television habit at the expense of "steam radio" is evident. The B.B.C.'s present problem is not to expand their listening audience, but merely to retain it under increasingly competitive conditions. To this end the Corporation introduced its "new look" last autumn. According to some critics, while hemlines went up the B.B.C.'s standards went down. The Corporation preferred to call it "streamlining." The Light Programme has been made even lighter in intellectual content, with the excuse that it is now intended for background listening. But as the Light Programme dominates listening figures, and background listeners are probably a minority, it is little more than an excuse to cover a fall in standards. If this is necessary to hold the listening audience, why make hypocritical excuses? It is obvious that in the field of "culture" thee B.B.C. is fighting a losing battle. Except for limited groups, such as non-televiewers and more serious-minded listeners, the only fields in which radio can hope to retain its audiences are straight news, music, comedy, and certain specialist interests.

All this, of course, only applies within the existing national-regional structure of the B.B.C. But big chances are afoot, and no-one is quite sure yet whether or not a vast new field is opening up to radio. Two technical advances may bring about this change — the perfection of V.H.F. (very high frequency broadcasting) and the tape recorder. Already a million and a half V.H.F. sets have

been sold, and there is no obstacle to the spread of V.H.F. receivers, in time, to every one of the 14 million licence-holding householders in the country. V.H.F. is a perfect medium for the broadcasting of music. Whereas transmission in the lower frequencies may be hampered by static or animated background conversation in Hindi, V.H.F. transmission is fine and clear, and V.H.F. as a medium of mass communication of music should be complementary to rather than competitive with the gramophone record. The introduction of V.H.F. in this country has been slow due to capital restrictions by the Government, though the B.B.C. wanted to go ahead building a chain of transmitters immediately after the war. V.H.F. has a very limited range, and therefore a lot of individual transmitters are required to give national coverage — but this apparent disadvantage may be a tremendous advantage, and open up quite a new field in broadcasting.

V.H.F. transmission equipment is relatively cheap and compact. A transmitter no bigger than a wardrobe could serve a circular area of ten miles diameter: its range can be accurately predicted. V.H.F. transmitters sited in two large towns within 20 miles of each other could broadcast quite different programmes on the same wavelength without interfering with each other, though obviously at a point midway between the two towns neither programme would be received, or they would overlap. This new broadcasting technique opens up a fascinating prospect — an individual local radio station for every major town in the country, 100 or 150 of them. Each could integrate B.B.C. programmes from London with local news, features, entertainments and information. Re-broadcasting of London programmes could be done either by direct land line or by picking them up on lower frequencies and re-transmitting. The local station would probably tune to London for the national news, popular comedy shows, features and dramas and political broadcasts. The rest of air time would be devoted to local news and programmes of strictly local interest. "Canned" programmes (recorded on tape) from the B.B.C. in London or the regions could be circulated among local stations for padding out air time wherever gaps had to be filled.

Such a system would give radio immense flexibility, combining top quality national appeal with a local flavour surpassing that of a local newspaper. Television, films and other media of mass communication could never hope to compete with radio organised in this way; not, at least, for some years to come. The social

importance of such a new look in broadcasting is plain. Local radio stations should enhance community feeling and give a tremendous boost to local cultural activities, both through direct broadcast and publicity received.

A significant question is, who would run these stations and how would they find the money. They would be too costly with the present scale of broadcasting fees (approximately a guinea a minute for talks), but such fees could be cut to a nominal amount for local people broadcasting to a very limited audience. Most of them would be willing to do it without charge. The cost of taking B.B.C. programmes 'on tap' or tape should be low if a hundred or more local stations were operating.

They could be controlled in one of many ways. They could remain as part of the B.B.C., but an organisation already large and unwieldy hardly seems the right thing for a multitude of local stations run on shoestring budgets. A separate public authority, rather like the I.T.A., drawing its revenue from sales of advertising "spots," would have the same weakness — over-organisation. The most satisfactory arrangement might be to vest nominal control of the stations in the hands of the local authorities within whose areas they operated, with actual operation in the hands of small private contractors running a small group of stations. Local newspaper companies would find this an ideal field in which to work, and an escape from bankruptcy when their papers had to compete with the stations. Revenue might be drawn from a Government grant from licence revenue, from local rates, or advertising "spots," or a combination of any of the three. Even if we don't much fancy hearing about the washing wonders of WIZ in the middle of listening to our local church choir, we may bear listening to information about the Saturday sales in the town. Advertisement by local traders is often of genuine use and interest to the community, and even if V.H.F. stations are conceived as operating without advertising, special provisions might be made for such local, informative advertising.

Radio is lucky; just as television has become a dangerous competitor in its existing field, V.H.F. has opened up a quite new field within which it can prosper. Sound radio could breathe new life into local culture, local societies, local politics. It can give a new shape to the community, and combat influences brought to bear by other media of mass communication to turn the people into an incohesive mass.

A WEEK IN GREECE

by JOHN PATRICK BURY

MR. MACMILLAN, arriving at Ellenikon Airport in Athens for talks with the Greek Government recently, declared his delight at being in 'the most beautiful and most famous city in the world.' Whatever one may say about other things Mr. Macmillan says, no one can doubt that on that occasion the Prime Minister spoke no exaggeration, but complete truth.

The wonder of Athens cannot be exaggerated. That favourite guide-book tag about the contrast of ancient and modern is singularly apt: on the other hand that other cliché about the centuries jostling together is not. There is very little that is 'intermediate old'—in particular, little that is crumblingly medieval or horribly Victorian in Athens. This is because between the fall of the Roman Empire and the late nineteenth century, Athens lost her importance in the Aegan world. Even with the winning of independence from the Turks, Athens did not become a great city again, for Greece was a small backward country still, of fishermen and mountaineers: the revival of her brilliance dates only from the expansion of Greece with the acquisition of Macedonia, Thrace and Crete in the early years of the present century. Thus, while the city possesses a few interesting traces of the Byzantine and Turkish periods, the uniqueness of Athens consists in a combination of the extremely ancient with the extremely modern, of classical sites juxtaposed with the ferro-concrete towers, soaring white in the Attic sunlight, of the twentieth century—a combination which makes for a city of exhilaration and delight.

Once the initial difficulty of getting to Greece is over one finds costs very reasonable: the rate of exchange makes prices, if not so low-seeming as in Spain or Austria, at least more favourable than in most other places in Western Europe. Since 1955, the exchange rate has been eighty-four drachmae to the pound. As to accommodation, there are the usual expensive places in the fashionable centre of the city, like the Grande Bretagne and the King George hotels, but ordinary tourists can find places where the prices are very reasonable indeed. I was advised to head for Patission, an area once fashionable, but now slightly fading, the Kensington of Athens. There I found a good B-class hotel where I obtained a room, with shower, for forty drachmae, near Omonoia Square, an important hub of Athens life into which most important thoroughfares seem to converge and where there is the centrale of the Metro. Prices of C-class hotels are officially fixed at 23 to 32 drachmae. I understood that for a longer stay one is able to obtain rooms in boarding houses or with families for 200-400 drachmae a month.

As to food—if one insists on having meals prepared according to the English style, it can run out between fifty to a hundred drachmae in the plush restaurants. In ordinary places I could get a good meal for far less. As a lover of Mediterranean diet I found Greek food excellent: similar to Spanish or Italian in style, but with Turkish influences. For ten drachmae I would eat a large hunk of meat—enough for half-a-dozen of the scrappy portions you get in English restaurants—with fried potatoes, beans, spinach, or maybe tomatoes stuffed with rice in Turkish fashion. I would get a great slab of bread—wholesome, unleavened bread infinitely more delicious than the pulp of sawdust that masquerades as the staff of life in England, and which no-one would think of as requiring the additional flavour of butter. With a half litre of tawny *retsina* for two drachmae, and a *kataiphi* or *baklava* of nuts and honey to follow, a splendid meal, including tip, cost twenty drachmae (5/-).

As for pieces of local handicraft, you can come across wonderful bargains in Plaka, a Soho-like region, in whose bazaars you can buy all kinds of souvenirs straight from the smiths and potters who make them; Turkish copper tea-urns, leatherwork from Macedonia, and reproductions of the famous ancient Attic and Rhodian pottery. I bought two vases, five inches high, one showing a hoplite and the other a wrestler, for eleven drachmae each, and a gold-plated reproduction of a Mycenean drinking-cup, ornamented with carven bulls and oak-trees, for 120 drachmae.

From my hotel in Omonoia Square, I would set out to explore Athens. Athens is on the western side of the peninsula of Attica, facing on to the Saronic Gulf. Thus the city has sea to westward: its other sides are surrounded with a girdle of bare stony hills—to the east, Hymettus, and to the north, Parnes and Penteli. The plain of Athens is dominated by two great upthrusts of rock, Lycabettus and the Acropolis, which looming above the buildings are visable at most parts of the city. This proximity of hill and sea is the keynote of the Athenian scene.

From Omonoia run the two stately avenues Stadiou and Panepistimiou, parallel to each other. These are the fashionable streets of Athens. Here are huge hotels, streamlined air-terminals, cinemas, splendid restaurants and bars, and shopping arcades with windows crammed with luxury goods. Stadiou and Panepistimiou epitomise the energy I found typical of the modern Greeks. To some visitors, this show of public magnificence might appear extravagance in face of the poverty of so many ordinary Greeks: but I wonder about that. Greece, though one of the countries worst ravaged in the recent war, has achieved great things in her post-war reconstruction, and these fine thoroughfares are its showplaces. English people tend to see reconstruction as replacement of homes, then public services, with flashy public buildings a poor third in priority, for the Greek is an open-air, sociable type, always out in the street; even the poorest Athenians can afford to stroll down Panepistimiou or Stadiou (with perhaps a cup of the cheapest wine in the cheapest bar). A gay city centre is as urgent a need to the Athenian as a decent home is to an Englishman, for the city centre is a true part of his home.

To the east of these two great avenues of fashion lies Kolonaki, the Mayfair of Athens, a region of modern apartment blocks and quiet streets shaded with plane-trees, around the lower slopes of Lycabettus: to the west, and seawards, is Plaka, the oldest inhabited part of Athens, a Turkish-bohemian sort of place, and the site of the classical city. One afternoon I went down into Plaka along Aeolou Street, a street habitually the scene of a raucous market and so named because it leads to the octagonal temple of Aeolus, ancient god of the winds. All about here are the famous ruins of Athens—the Agora, the Stoa, the Theseum,—an almost perfectly preserved Doric temple,—and the Ceramicus, the quarter where the Attic pottery was made. Above these ruins rise the steep flanks of the Acropolis.

A winding path led me up among cypress trees to a gateway where on payment of ten drachmae I was able to ascend a stone stairway leading to the columns of the Propylaea, ceremonial portal to the citadel of Athens and also to the most wonderful combination of history and beauty in the world.

Here to the Acropolis came the ancient Athenian citizens to worship their gods: here at springtime wound the solemn procession of the Panathenaea: here in the Theatre of Dionysus hewn from the south-east face of the hill, European drama was born: to the ozone-laden exhilaration of these heights came the greatest of philosophers to think about the nature of morality, authority, and the soul: and here, on the uppermost knoll of the Acropolis, is the Parthenon.

What makes the Parthenon distinguished above all other monuments, classical or otherwise, is its unique concentration of design, material and location. No building seems to have such perfect proportions to its length, and its height to both: its Pentelian marble has weathered to a rich honey colour which stands out like gold against the blue of the sky. We are used to the degeneration of the classical mode as vulgarised by the Romans, mongrelised by the Palladians, and generally mucked up into Victorian Horrific: but in the Parthenon we see the classical style in its original perfection, architecture's possibilities in fullest flower. Its unornamented Doric simplicity seems the perfect union of strength with elegance.

It is above all its site which makes the Parthenon unique. For a long time I stayed up there, gazing over a vast panorama of city and hill and sea. To the south I could see over the cypress-clad Areopagus, to the east purple Hymettus, and to the north and west the city, bright in the sunlight, with far off the glittering line of the sea, and the dim dreamlike shapes of Aegina, Salamis and the hills of the Peloponnese. The Parthenon rode serenely above the panorama like a great ship at anchor, into the sunlight, in 'an inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.'

After excursions to the Acropolis, up Lycabettus, or to the country, I would go down into the seething life of the Athenian evening. Greek life follows a pattern similar to the Spanish, with business suspended between two and five, and dinner at nine. In the evening the people of Athens go out—no drear stay-at-home evenings being stimulated by radio-'comics' or accounts of other men's 'lines' for them. They prefer to go out to take the air in the bright-lit streets. A favourite gathering place is the Plateia Syntagma (Constitution Square) where you see them walking under

the orange-trees or sitting at the open-air cafes, incessantly arguing about business, politics and local gossip much as we learn their ancestors did in Socrates' time. There were many times when I felt that the modern Greeks are not greatly different in ways from their distant ancestors . . . .

One evening I got on the Metro at Omonoia Square and went down to Piraeus (a twenty-minute journey for 1.20 drachmae, or fourpence!). There I found a tavern with dim alcoves where I sampled Greek wines like Kokkinelli, the wine of Attica, the Samian celebrated by Byron, and *ouzo*, a kind of aniseed liquor, and the national drink. A guitarist played *bouzoukia*, the jangling Turkish-flavoured music which recently has become very popular in Greece.

Athens is an excellent centre for the tourist, not only for itself but also for the excursions to be made to nearby places of historical interest. All within the radius of a day's trip are the battlefields of Marathon and Platea, Daphni with its Byzantine monastery, Salamis, and Cape Sunion. The headland of Sunion is the most southerly point of Attica, where the ancients raised a temple to Poseidon. Several of its columns, in white Parian marble, still stand there in windy solitude. It is a wonderful sight to see from Sunion the sun go down over the islands of the nearer Cyclades,—Kea, Kithnos, Seriphos, Paros.

One of the most memorable days I spent in Greece was the day I went to Argos. At early morning I set out by bus from Athens along the Sacred Way, the road from Athens to Eleusis, in ancient times the centre of the Mysteries of Demeter, goddess of the corn and fertility. The road continued, skirting the blue Saronic gulf, winding up hill and down dale along a route alive with memories from history and mythology: past Mount Aigaleos, opposite Salamis Xerxes watched the destruction of the Persian fleet: past Megara, parent-city of Byzantium and home of the mob-despising poet Theognis: past the cliffs of Geraneia, where the bandit Skiron threw travellers until slain by Theseus: and so on to the Isthmus of Corinth, and the Peloponnese. This road, incidentally, bore comparison with any in Western Europe: one instance of what the astute Greeks have done by a utilisation of private enterprise to national ends being the road signs, which I noticed served two purposes—the provision of directions and also advertisements for the American petroleum company providing them.

Beyond Corinth one could see both the Saronic gulf to the left and the gulf of Corinth to the right for a time, and then we were

into the Peloponnese. The bus passed a sign pointing to Nemea, where Hercules slew the lion, and so down into the plain of the Argolid. I got off at Phykhtia, where I had determined to stop for a visit to the nearby ruins of Mycenae, the city of Agamemnon and site of one of Schliemann's famous excavations. Here a winding road led accross an orchard-land with orange trees and willow-lined irrigation channels, upward into the hills. After walking some four kilometres I turned a bend in the road and beheld a hill-crag with a great scarp of mountains behind; on top of the crag, and looking like nothing so much as a disused air-raid shelter, were the dun-coloured stone ruins of Europe's oldest city.

The ruins of Mycenae are quite unlike the classical sites. They are estimated to go back to the fifteenth or sixteenth century B.C., which makes them roughly contemporary with Egypt's greatest age, in the time of Thothmes III and Akhnaton. There are indeed Egyptian features in the architecture, which may have reached the people of this civilisation via the related culture of Crete. As I approached I could discern the great walls—the 'Cyclopean' walls —of unwrought blocks which crowned the crag. This was the citadel, and below were trenches where excavations had been made of the houses of the ordinary citizens. Mounting to the citadel I reached with a thrill of recognition the Lion Gate, familiar from the pictures in the school history-books. Within the citadel are the royal tombs excavated by Schliemann and where many finds were made showing the city to have been occupied over three millennia ago by a Bronze Age people of high culture. Bronze swords, ornamented gold cups, and gold death masks were discovered which may well have belonged to the dynasty of Agamemnon, as described in Homer. I pottered about on the hill-top, with a vague hope I might find something. I did too: a transparent amphora of the Lower Megalopolitan Age, bearing an inscription in the Latin script. Mycenae is remembered because she gave to the world the saga of her royal house, mighty men and women whose deeds furnished inspiration to Homer, Sophocles, Vergil, the medieval chroniclers, Racine, Berlioz, Richard Strauss . . . Now I held in my hand that symbol of our own inheritor-age of all the ages: one Coca-Cola bottle.

I went down into the plain of Argos again about three o'clock. I took the bus from Phykhtia to Argos, which I found to be a pleasant country-town of white-washed houses with a big square filled with orange-trees, which might have been in Andalusia were

it not for the Byzantine façade of a large church to one side. After a late lunch I found there were still four hours before the next, and last, bus left for Athens.

From the citadel at Mycenae I had seen that all around Argos were corn-fields and orchards stretching down to the sea. I would fill those four hours going for a walk through the countryside. Raking around my reliques of Ancient Greek I recalled the celebrated cry that swept over Xenophon's men on the hill-top in Pontus. I stepped up to a yokel.

"Thalassa?" I asked. To my delight—so little has the heroic tongue changed—he understood. He pointed to a sign-post reading: Nea Kia 6 km. So I set off to walk to Nea Kia, and the sea.

I walked down a winding road, past fields of corn and tobacco, neat orchards with orange and apple trees, and groves of cypresses. From time to time I would pass a white cottage with a red roof. It was late afternoon and country-folk passed by me, returning from work. They wore clothes and rode bicycles just like those of country people in England.

The general appearance of the countryside of the Argolid and its people was further indication of Greece's present-day prosperity. It contrasted very favourably with the ragged, unwashed peasantry and Oriental villages I had seen just across the Aegean in Turkey. In the Argolid I was seeing evidence of the good husbandry of the Greek country-people, which supplemented the vision of an energetic race I had observed in the capital. To draw once again a parallel with ancient times, Greece seems to stand forth, Prometheus-like as a bastion of the dynamic European spirit against the torpid Orient on to which it abuts.

When I was some three kilometres out of Argos, I became aware of a frenetic hooting behind me and I turned to see a bus bearing down. It roared to a halt beside me, the door swung open and the driver, beaming, motioned me to get in. I indicated I was out for a walk. Faces peered out of the windows and voices in English, French and other tongues bade me get in. So I got in, where the driver-conductor absolutely refused to accept my proffered fare, and where I was plied with sandwiches, grapes, *retsina*, cigarettes, oranges and questions in half a dozen languages. I was experiencing the famous Greek *philoxenia*, or love of strangers. They say that in the Greek language, normally so rich, there is only a single word, *xenos*, for both 'a stranger' and 'a guest.' In this way we reached Nea Kia. I wondered how many Greeks

walking down English roads find public buses stop to offer them free lifts, and what Area Officers would have to say about it if they did.

Arriving at Nea Kia, I took leave of the travellers and walked down a road between some cottages leading to the beach, accompanied by a young man from the bus. He spoke a little English, which he explained he had learned as a sailor with the Greek merchant fleet. On the beach were drawn up some light row-boats of the type called caïques, with high curved prows. The young man, whose name incidentally was Achilles, said that one of the caïques was his, and asked whether I would like to go for a short sail. I said yes. We got into the caïque, and Achilles cast off.

It was the twilight hour, and the calm sea lapped blue-golden about the caïque as Achilles rowed out into the bay. At that hour, as all travellers to Greece discover, the hills are suffused with a glowing violet light of a beauty beyond words to describe. As I sat in the caïque, a number of things which have disturbed me became a little less obscure. For there was I—in whose life have also figured television and coca-cola, Southend Kursaal and the Commercial Road, the waste land blighted by smoke and all the rest of the nauseating bilge which has reduced generations to anger and despair—I, sitting in a boat with an upswept prow, rowed by a youth with a name out of legend, scudding out upon the sea which Agamemnon and Helen had known, on a radiant evening of violet and gold, in Greece.

Which was the real world thought I—the world of the Commercial Road or this world, the golden experience of the Argolid? The world of Admass had always seemed so overwhelming in its reality, with us the unheeded victims crushed by its overwhelming weight. But now for once it seemed far away. For once the world of heroic myth seemed more real.

Now I realised that through all the European ages culminating in the Age of Television-Watching Man, when it is the Coca-Cola drinking barbarian, not Zeus the Earth-Shaker who "wields aegis" over Greeks, and others, the Argolid had gone on much as ever it was. The Argolid, though all sorts of scourges and invasions and plagues had swept the world around it, had maintained a certain continuity with the heroic past, still peopled by energetic countrymen and fishermen, still sending forth young men like my companion as mariners, and still at evening transfiguring with a radiance such as I was observing now. And when one came to

think of it, up and down the length and breadth of Europe, there were hundreds of other vales of health and vitality, much the same as ever they were. Maybe Admass is just another plague, like the others which have scourged across Europe before. There have always been plagues in this vale of tears, but the life of the earth always remained as a triumphant counterweight towards hope. Even Admass, for all its sprawl, covers only one per cent of all the face of Europe—'but the earth abideth for ever.'

The mountains grew more richly purple: the water acquired a similar hue, and I understood why Homer called this the 'wine-dark sea.' The cottages of Nea Kia glimmered dimly on the shore, and behind and among them the cypress trees stood black beneath the first stars which were beginning to twinkle out. Achilles directed the caïque towards the shore.

Two hours later I was with Achilles in a tavern in Argos, all such speculations shelved. Until my bus left for Athens, I stopped with a jovial crowd of Argives, and we drank to the health of each others' countries.

These days I wish I could go back to Greece again, if only to see that radiance of the evening over the hills of Argos once more.

POETRY IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY II

Yeats, Pound, Eliot and Auden

by PETER WHIGHAM

YEATS shares with Mr. Pound the distinction of having been considered a contemporary by three separate generations of writers. There is little doubt that this is due to the preoccupation of each with the practice rather than the practitioners of letters. It is perhaps no coincidence that both men have earned among laymen a reputation for intellectual arrogance which is in both instances controverted by the feelings of equality they seem to inspire in writers younger than they. It is because they are masters, utterly dedicated to their craft, able to develop through the entire span of their lives without their talents either shrivelling or becoming self-repetitive that younger men have been able to respect them across the gap so difficult to bridge of one or two generation. Virtues such as these are more easily perceived by another writer than by a layman.

The earlier Yeats belongs to the period of Fiona McLeod and the Celtic twilight. It is marked by considerable technical accomplishment and rare perfection of form. But the form, perfect in its way, reflects both too narrow and too impersonal an attitude to life, such an attitude as one would expect from the pre-Raphaelite world of the nineties. From this stage Yeats moved, not easily, towards a style capable of reflecting a physical ascetic disengagement from the modern world simultaneously with a passionate spiritual engagement in what he understood to be its sickness. This he saw as the conflict between the *eros* of Hellenistic and the *agape* of Christian traditions, a conflict recurrent in European civilisation. The media may be mythological, they may be those of personal reminiscence, or of *personae* cast in the form of dramatic lyric, but the subject is the same.

The great power of Yeats' later verse is due to the play of these conflicting tensions; they do not however contribute to its unusual flexibility. That is due to the skilful deployment of his early technical superiority. The merits of his later manner are most clearly seen in the eight-line stanza form he can fairly be said to have made his own. The rhythms are those of conversational speech — in the early Yeats they are always declamatory — heightened to a poetic intensity by the subtlest onomatopoeic and alliterative devices. The words bear their customary symbolic charge (Yeats should always be considered primarily as a symbolist poet) but at an increasing variety of levels; and these symbols are not merely things that stand for other things,—no true symbol ever is. They fulfil the same radical aesthetic function as Mr. Pound's image and Mr. Eliot's objective co-relative.

An aspect of Yeats' art which it is impossible to pass over, is his verse drama. The turning point is marked by the first of the Plays for Dancers, *At The Hawk's Well.* Here the emphasis shifts for the first time from speech to action. The following passage from a letter to Sturge Moore, dated 4th October, 1907, shows he was aware of this problem, lying at the heart of all poetic drama, long before he was able actually to solve it in his own work.

> 'The first result of construction when one works at it deliberately is to make one rhetorical. There are such a lot of things that have to be said not because one wants to say them but because the plot insists on them. I think it is only when one has so mastered construction that one is conscious of nothing but the subject that one is able to think of so arranging the story that one need never go beyond oneself.'

In 1913 and 1914 Yeats spent a period of the winter months with Mr. Pound in a cottage in Sussex. Yeats was at the time collating Irish folk lore with Lady Gregory. Pound was working on the American scholar Professor Fenellosa's notes on Li Po and the Japanese Noh drama. The result of these studies appeared in *Cathay,* a set of eighteen paraphrases from the Chinese published in 1915, and in *Certain Noble Plays Of Japan,* which followed in 1916; to this volume Yeats contributed an introduction. In 1917 he wrote *At The Hawk's Well.* It is probably true to say—although the extent and nature of the influence these two men exerted on each other is still very much under discussion—that Mr. Pound is responsible

for the formalism, of a specifically oriental cast, which distinguishes these later plays.

It can be said that Yeats' development was marked by the subordination of a realised lyric gift to a hitherto latent dramatic one; or, alternatively, that it constituted an advance in rhetorical power which is of the essence of him as a poet. Taking rhetoric as a capability for self-dramatisation the two statements come to mean the same thing. The force of the rhetoric in the later Yeats is no longer verbal but almost entirely in the thought.

Yeats has himself recorded that during his period of fairly close association with Pound he handed over the corpus of his poems to the younger poet with the words, "Cut out all that you young men would call the rhetoric in them." This Mr. Pound did. But Yeats remained a rhetoric poet, in that it was natural to him to strike attitudes, or assume roles, and to view himself doing this from without. (This striking of attitudes can be seen to be the device of the *persona* to which we shall refer in a minute).

A disproportion between the attitude which the protagonist strikes and the view he takes of it will result in false, or literary, rhetoric. This is the distinction between the rhetoric of the early and the later Yeats. He assumed not so much a wider variety of roles but developed an ability to realise them at deeper and deeper levels. This marks a development of dramatic ability; his purely lyric powers began increasingly to subserve a choral function in his verse dramas.

The *persona*, the mask which the actors wore in classical drama, represents a theory of poetic method shared both by Yeates and Pound. (Mr. Pound's first book of poems to be published in this country was called *Personae*). It may be regarded as some sort of an answer—at least a partial answer—or, if you like, a sidestep —to the problem of subjectivism. Mr. Pound who, particularly in his youth, was much influenced by Browning, learned the device from him. The idea is to use a character as a *persona*, a mask, and experience a mood, or view a situation, as him. It is essentially a dramatic technique. In the role you find a part of yourself. By assuming a succession of roles you discover as much of the whole *you* as perhaps it is possible to discover. Instead of directing the gaze inwards you project yourself outwards. This is the explanation of Mr. Pound's lifelong preoccupation with translation and technique. *The Cantos* present this method in a kaleidescopic form of sometimes bewildering variety.

It is obviously quite impossible to discuss this poem in any detail here. As with any great work, it exists on several levels. The simplest level on which to approach it is that of the Odyssean voyage of the human mind in search of knowledge. The protagonist, always Pound, who is nevertheless always in process of becoming someone else, as one *persona* merges into another, moves through practically the entire field of man's past, reliving significant moments of history and holding conversations on the perennial topics of 'arms, books and men,' with the dead whom he encounters.

In some respects Mr. Pound's development has been remarkably steady and coherent; in others, some of them quite radical ones, he does not seem to have moved far from the pre-Raphaelitism of his extreme youth. His economic interest and concern with the good society in which art can flourish is similar to that of Rushkin. The transcendentalism of the Rossettis, the state in which the fine thing held in the mind is ultimately preferred to the object materially sensed, is present in the latest of his Cantos.

> And if I see her not
> No sight is worth the beauty of my thoughts.

It is neo-Platonism of the most refined type, and is the source of all those marvellous insights into the harmony of the natural world which run like a bright thread through his work.

Mr. Eliot's two major works, *The Waste Land* and the *Four Quartets*, interestingly pose the effect which conflict and resolution may varyingly have on the poetic process. It has been held that conflict is necessary to art. The *Four Quartets* say many profound things very beautifully, and even originally; but they quite evidently do not arise from any conflict, interior or otherwise, whereas *The Waste Land* does. Whether or not the *Quartets* show an increase in poetic power, they do not, like *The Waste Land*, constitute a landmark in our literature.

The idea incorporated in *The Waste Land* is, from one point of view, the same as in *The Cantos:* both poets believe that the vices and virtues in a society are interdependent, that an economic evil will bespeak an ethical and ultimately a spiritual evil, that good architecture will bespeak good labour relations. In *The Waste Land*, the sterility of modern life, economic, artistic, social, political, is seen primarily as a spiritual matter, and attributed to a poverty of religious faith. Having written *The Waste Land*, Mr. Eliot pro-

ceeded in *Ash Wednesday* and the *Four Quartets*, and in his plays *Murder In The Cathedral* and *The Family Reunion*, to a further diagnosis of these ills from a specific Christian point of view.

In his later work Mr. Eliot seems to have abandoned poetry for poetic-drama, and it is at least doubtful whether his poetic gift has survived what he conceives to be the demands of the stage. His confessed aim has been to create a poetic speech practically indistinguishable from that of prose except for the added emotional charge it can be made to carry. There is little doubt that he has succeeded all too well in the first of these aims; but it still has to be shown that the result carries a greater poetic force than a page of prose by Ibsen, Tchekov or Sean O'Casey.

Mr. Auden differs from Mr. Pound and Mr. Eliot in that, immensely preoccupied though he is with technical problems, he is not an innovator. His most distinctive contribution is to have resuscitated the eighteenth century technique of generalisation. This stands 'normal' poetic procedure on its head, which is to universalise *in* particulars. Auden, like Johnson and Goldsmith, deals in universals themselves. The method is a dangerous one, for unless one's general concepts carry the emotional charge of an image or a symbol the result can only be a false rhetoric of the most hollow kind. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Mr. Auden is a very considerable writer with sufficient poetic power at his command to enable him for the most part to avoid this danger. More than any other of the moderns he introduces us to a world we recognise all too familiarly as our own.

Since 1950 there have been signs that the wheel is coming full circle. The later Victorians and Edwardians were more fearful of offending against the canons of what they considered good taste than they were of anything else. The poets of the inter-war years appear to have delighted in overthrowing as many 'tasteful' canons as they found within reach. Their taboo was on no account to say what had been said before,—or at least to say nothing in quite the same way as it had been said before. Now in the work of the young poets of the last seven years, Burns Singer, Philip Larkin, but perhaps not Christopher Logue, there seems an almost Georgian acceptance of conformity, a lack of desire to startle, a content to allow their Muse to deviate from a common road rather than start at every fresh venture from scratch. Certainly the Georgians themselves are at the moment enjoying a mild boom.

But these are only impressions — and impressions of a very

transitory situation. The point to get hold of from our present position in the middle of the century is this: that we, and our fathers, and (depending on our age) our grandfathers have lived through a very great literary period. Lawrence, Conrad, Joyce, Hemingway, as novelists; Eliot, Pound, Yeats, Auden, as poets; that is in the English-speaking world alone; whatever else dies, the best of their work will live; and how many more are there of integrity, craft, and originality clustered about them,—Virginia Woolf, Forster, Spender, Belloc. There have been as many great and very good writers at work in this age as in any of the great periods of the past—the Romantic age included.

And if this seem an intemperate judgement, with Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, and everybody else, behind us, let it be said that the man whose taste in art stops short at the year his father was born is unlikely to have any proper understanding of art at all. For the moderns speak to us in our own accents, in the manner of our time, about things of which we have an intimate knowledge and about which we are — or should be — passionately concerned. We feel a spontaneous sympathy for their attitudes, however diverse, which we can feel for past writers only by deliberate and often very difficult acts of historical imagination. One should beware, naturally, of giving much contemporary work great significance; but what one really believes to be good one should not hesitate to put in the very first rank. This willingness to indulge one's natural bond of sympathy with one's own generation has its own pitfalls of insincerity and intellectual faddism. But it is a weakness of long-standing. Homer speaks of it,

> '. . . for his fresh muse
> Men still most celebrate that sings most news . . .'
> Chapman
>
> 'For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears.'
> Pope
>
> 'For men praise more readily that song which is newest to their ears.'
> Maurice Baring

though I often think not too unkindly, but as an endemic failing in his bardic audience, which, doubtless, he was prepared to recognise by making new improvisations on his old themes. And after all, is not that what all the revolutionary poets and the founders of movements look like, after their movements are founded, and their revolutions over?

A DIARY

WHEN Mrs. Barbara Castle said that English soldiers in Cyprus were encouraged by the authorities to be unnecessarily tough with the civilian population she was violently attacked, not only by the Tories but even by some of her Labour colleagues. A few days later Mrs. Cutliffe was murdered. According to the Cyprus Government, six hundred Greek Cypriots were rounded up and interrogated, of whom two hundred and fifty subsequently had to have hospital treatment. Three people, including a little girl of twelve, died.

Strangely enough, I have not noticed any apology to Mrs. Castle; yet of the two hundred and fifty people in hospital presumably at least two hundred and fortynine were innocent of the murder of Mrs. Cutliffe, and to injure two hundred and fortynine innocent people might be considered tough; and even unnecessary, not to use a stronger word. No doubt the soldiers had had their orders from higher up, for if not it would mean that they were out of control, which is unthinkable.

Not many years have passed since the Nuremberg trials, where a great deal of talk about the responsibility for issuing orders, and obeying them, resulted in a great many hangings and long terms of imprisonment for the soldiers of another army. The fact is that troops of every nationality who are occupying enemy territory and subjected to the stab in the back on a dark night or the shots of a sniper hiding on a roof tend to react in the same way. To pretend that they do not is lying hypocrisy.

But we are not at war with Cyprus. The island has been made a substitute for Suez as a military base, yet according to those who know, it proved itself almost useless at the time of the Suez invasion.

In any case a base where the whole energy of the military is occupied in suppressing the local population cannot be very effective.

★ ★ ★

The nearest analogy to the Cyprus struggle is the Irish struggle, stories of which appear in Irish newspapers every Sunday even now. But there is one important difference. Large numbers of English people had been settled in Ireland since the 17th century, and possibly the English Government imagined that it was protecting their interests by sending over the Black and Tans. When self-determination was finally allowed to operate these Protestant settlers remained; they have not suffered in any way.

Since those days we have had the Atlantic Charter; but that, like the Nuremberg judgments on soldiers who obeyed orders, was clearly meant to have a strictly limited application.

★ ★ ★

Soon after the tragic events in Cyprus Field Marshal Lord Harding, who was Governor of the island for two years, wrote an article in the *Daily Express* called *How To Deal With These Murderers*. His main ideas on the subject were:

Give absolute priority to the enforcement of law and order.

Curtail the activities of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Make it illegal to fly any flag other than the Union Jack.

I have no notion what curtailing the activities of the Orthodox Church may imply; this is a sybilline pronouncement. As to the Union Jack, I do not suppose Lord Harding imagines that many of the inhabitants of Cyprus feel inclined to fly it at the present time; perhaps he knows that they treasure their own flag and simply wants to deprive them of the pleasure of displaying it. Neither of these suggestions seems to have very much point. The third — enforcement of law and order — is the idea which matters. It should apply to civilians and soldiers alike.

Archbishop Makarios has condemned the atrocious murder of Mrs. Cutliffe, and also "those who murdered innocent children and tortured a harmless citizen to death." It is a hopeful sign when he and Lord Harding agree. Murder is equally hateful whoever commits it.

A few days later the *Daily Express*, the vehicle chosen by Lord

Harding to make his suggestions about how to deal with murderers, published a leading article called *Let Them Choose.* It said:

> "Before a Colony gets independence, the British Government should insist first of all on a plebiscite. The Government should ascertain by this method what the people want. What they want they ought to get."

But unfortunately this was about Ghana (where the *Daily Express* says "Nkrumah is making himself a dictator"). Self-determination is only supposed to be the proper thing for negroes. When it comes to an European island inhabited by Greeks — the people who invented democracy — the idea of a plebiscite is never mentioned. The method there is not "What they want they ought to get." It is to send in another couple of regiments to do an impossible task in support of a mad and wicked policy.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press it seems possible that the frightful weeks which Cyprus has just lived through may prove to be the dark moment before daybreak. Talks are apparently being arranged to take place at Brussels, to which the Archbishop will be invited.

The dead cannot be brought back to life, but it will be a mercy if this sign of a more reasonable attitude means that a settlement is at last to be negotiated.

★ ★ ★

The proceedings of the Labour and Conservative Party conferences at seaside towns do not generally make very amusing reading. Each consists of a dullish mixture of boasting, back-slapping and rather unsubtle digs at the rival Party. Nevertheless, when the Tory delegates find a subject really to their taste they warm up to quite a fever of excitement. The *Daily Telegraph* reports:

"A crash of cheers resounded through the hall."

I offer no prizes to the person who guesses what roused the Conservative delegates to this pitch of joyful enthusiasm — needless to say, it was the advocacy of corporal punishment. "References to flogging for adults and birching for juveniles, to deflating cocksure young men . . . were received with round after round of applause."

But apparently (and I owe this information also to the honest

Daily Telegraph) the platform was not too sure whether the country at large would respond in quite the same emotional way to Conservative thrills for *le vice anglais.* It was therefore arranged, by placing it at the bottom of the day's agenda, that this rather special debate should take place late in the afternoon.

"That seems clever" adds the *Daily Telegraph,* "because both B.B.C. and I.TV. fly their films back to London on a plane which leaves Blackpool at 3.30 p.m."

The delegates must have been bitterly disappointed when, after all their carefully-worded pleas for sadism, Mr. Butler said he refused to put the clock back a hundred years and re-introduce flogging.

However, they swallowed their sorrow, and waited for a chance to show their mettle. It came. While the Prime Minister was orating one or two people interrupted (in a rather silly way, it must be admitted). According to the *Observer* the stewards seized an interrupter, pinioned his arms, and punched him in the face. It appears that delegates were delighted by the exhibition of fair play, which gave a tiny outlet to their aggressive instincts.

The chairman, Sir Richard Proby, referred whimsically in his closing speech to the incident: "One or two cuckoos succeeded in getting into the nest" he said, adding: "I congratulate the stewards on their efforts, and I want to reassure Mrs. Barbara Castle that no undue roughness was used." Very amusing; but unfortunately, like so many Tory statements, at variance with the facts.

A Liberal peer of my acquaintance often says: "What's the lowest thing on earth? A Tory!" But then, he is prejudiced.

★ ★ ★

The wild female delegates whose hoarse cries of "Kill him!" echoed through the Winter Gardens while the interrupters were being "kicked and savagely maltreated" had called for blood, as we have seen, at an earlier stage of the Blackpool mysteries. They had also hopefully invented a new crime, the crime of being a cocksure young man. It is not, perhaps, very difficult to guess why the sight of a cocksure young man fails to commend itself to these Conservative ladies. They long to give him what they feel he so richly deserves, and unluckily never gets: a sound beating. This will teach him to be cocksure, instead of dim and frustrated as they would wish to see him.

The Empire Loyalists are offering £25 reward to anybody who will furnish information leading to the identification of the stewards, male delegates and maenads who manhandled them. They seek in particular the "identity of a burly man in a dark coat," according to *The Times.*

I hope they will find him. Perhaps the maenads who, from eye-witness accounts, were wearing the strangest and most archaic selection of headgear ever seen, might be more tempted to tell the names if the prize were more attractive. I suggest vine leaves for their hair ready to wear at next year's mysteries, might fill the bill.

★ ★ ★

British Railways love queues. A very slow-moving one had been arranged when I travelled from Victoria the other day. It wormed its way through a narrow gap made by an adjustable barrier on to the deserted platform where the Dieppe train was waiting. This was pure queuing for queuing's sake, because the tickets weere not even looked at, but were checked after the train started.

On the boat I saw a notice board leaning up against a wall. "Restaurant: Queue This Side." I suppose they felt it was hardly worth while to hang it up. The boat was half empty and the sea was pretty rough. So much so, in fact, that we had the dining room to ourselves.

★ ★ ★

A Norman friend took me to see the oldest tree in Europe. A gigantic oak twelve hundred years old, it grows in the churchyard at Allouville Bellefosse.

In the year 1696 two little chapels, one above the other, were made in the hollow of the tree, and in 1854 by order of the Empress Eugénie these chapels were lined with linenfold panelling. Wooden steps lead to the upper chapel, and the tree is roofed and partly covered with wooden tiles. It is very freakish; its gnarled roots and trunk sixteen metres round look like the caricature of a Rackham water colour.

This tree, already three centuries old when William the Conqueror left Normandy to sail to England, still bears acorns.

★ ★ ★

Apparently Miss Elsa Maxwell favoured Ireland with her presence last August, and apparently An Bord Failte (the Irish tourist board), informed that she would write lovely tempting articles in the American papers which would help the Irish tourist industry by bringing Americans flocking over, gave her the "red carpet treatment." An article has now appeared in the U.S. and the *Irish Times* has been very funny about it and very unkind to Bord Failte.

Miss Maxwell discovered "an Irish squire who is much loved here," with the marvellous name Valerian Stux Rybar. He organised a picnic to visit a "top beauty spot" called Grandi Locks near Wickham (The *Irish Times* does not bother to translate, but she probably meant Glendalough and Wicklow). The squire warned Miss Maxwell that they would most likely "all get lost and wander in the bogs all night;" this particular Irish squire, she explains, "does not yet quite know the distant places which have made Ireland famous."

After giving the tourist industry this terrific boost, Miss Maxwell rambles on about some Italians she saw at the Horse Show and a South American called Miguel, who "sought an opportunity to get photographed" by trying to get her to dance a jig with him. The article ends with her visit to an old friend "who is married to a lovely woman whose name I just can't recall." Names are evidently not her strong suit — though I do not suppose for one moment that she invented beloved Squire Stux Rybar as she went along.

★ ★ ★

The day the Pope died the *Daily Express* published a particularly beautiful photograph of him. Gentle light from above outlined his noble, ascetic profile, his praying hands.

The effect was rather spoilt by another large photograph on the same page. It represented a young woman in her nightgown kneeling on her bed amid snowy pillows. Underneath were the words: *Who but Dunlopillo DARE guarantee heavenly comfort for 20 years?*

D.M.

The Lake Comes From Enjoyment

by PETER WHIGHAM

CLEAR lake comes from enjoyment;
the ripe fig bursts.

In the garden
heat clothes all: the pinks and lupins in the border,
the drooping lime whose sticky leaves dangle above your hair.
You sit on the old bench unobserved. Apart
from the roll of flesh pushing
comfortably out around the waist,
(for you are no longer young, nor
do you deeply care about such things),
your white blouse and striped summer skirt
hang loosely over your open arms and legs.
The shin bones shine, and the light hair
glistens with small sweat. Ankles and wrists
quite still; the bones moulding the drawn skin.

What imbroglio is here?
How say, poor ape, you know another from yourself?
Is strangeness all the lure, and love an Indian trick
where bride and bridegroom jump into each other?
Speak, over the lawn, my love,
and say, where is my love?

My love, I am the clothes you wear,
the lime leaf brushing your dark hair,
across your bone, the fine skin,
the crimson fig consumed within,
the bather in the hidden pool,
the dreamer winding the enchanted spool.

CINEMA

Next To No Time, Vertigo, The Cranes Are Flying, A Time To Love And A Time To Die.

by VINCENT MURRAY

RANK'S news of the bleak prospects for British films has really come as no surprise. The closing of many cinemas, the dilapidated state of most of those that are left, the poor quality of films to be seen—all this, and the regular showing of old films on TV (it's so pleasant to be nostalgic by the fire-side) was enough to show the state of things in the industry. The proposed slashing of feature-film budgets, however, may actually have a stimulating effect on quality. If production teams are forced to rely on ingenuity rather than on lavish financial backing they may turn out far more worthwhile films. Perhaps the situation will not be as desperate as it is pointed

As far as this month's films are concerned the doldrums have us completely in their grip. The British comedy **Next To No Time** is interesting mainly as the last film made by Henry Cornelius before he died. Cornelius had most definite ideas on sound and visuals in film-comedy, ideas that often produced more erratic but more intermittently rewarding films than those Ealing comedies we used to hear so much about. I particularly remember *The Galloping Major,* an uneven, episodic comedy laden with delightful inventive comic devices, and, of course, the consistently funny *Genevieve,* his most successful film. *Next To No Time* tells of a nervous planning engineer, David Webb, who gains confidence in himself only during the 'lost' hour each day on board ship on the way across the Atlantic. He badly needs confidence to put over a new production scheme to a hard-bitten industrialist who is also on board the ship. The Irish whimsy is pleasantly put over, but the humour is quieter than anything Cornelius has done before. The restraint cramps his style a good deal, and the usual audio-visual wit is strikingly absent. Nevertheless Kenneth More plays extremely well as Webb, a characterisation more developed than any one character in a Cornelius film. It suggests the beginnings of a most interesting new attitude to comedy in film; however, this was to be the first and last essay in the new style. The result is generally pleasing but tentative.

Even the new Hitch is below par. **Vertigo** has James Stewart in the lead and a script from a novel by the authors of Cloujot's *Les Diaboliques;* yet the total effect is far from chilling. The plot

is a shade too complex and episodic: Ferguson, a detective who suffers from dizziness on heights, becomes involved with two women, Madeleine and Judy, of whom the former commits suicide and the later begins to develop a strange affinity with her . . . Occasionally the old touch of the master is evident (the startling angle, the sudden revelation of character by the cunning use of detail) but the whole is too long drawn-out for tension to be fully maintained. Stewart is beautifully relaxed in his rôle; he is an actor I can always watch with pleasure. Kim Novak in a double part is suitably mysterious.

The month that brings a literary masterpiece *Dr. Zhirago* also brings a most interesting new film from the Soviet Union, **The Cranes Are Flying**. Like the earlier *The Forty-First* this film is a product of the 'thaw,' that period of relative freedom in the arts which followed the death of Stalin. The tendency, of course, is to overpraise the film because of its striking difference from the run-of-the-mill Soviet product. To start with, the characters do behave in a remarkably individualistic manner; there are no references to the party line, to industrial norms or the virgin lands. Like the *Forty-First*, too, the film is a war-time love-story, the separation of lovers, the girl's unhappy marriage and the death in battle of the lover. There is a most sensitive performance from Tatiana Samoilova, an actress quite new to me. When one has praised the film for breaking away from the Soviet standard (if one can so group films made since about 1930) and for its lyrical treatment of a type of story now so familiar in the West, one has gone as far as one can. The rest is purely stylistic. I am not suggesting that I don't take a tremendous delight in watching a well-directed film, and this one has a director (Kalatozov) who seems set on using camera and editing after the principles of his great predecessor Eisenstein. The result, however, weighs too heavily on the side of technique; the lack of balance between form and content is as noticeable as in a silent German film, and the whole is far from satisfactory. Nevertheless this is a film for cinema-addicts to see; don't be put off by this review.

The Douglas Sirk film of Remarque's novel **A Time To Love And A Time To Die** also tells of a war-time romance, during the last war in Germany. Many sequences are sensitively directed and beautifully played (by John Gavin and Elizabeth Kruse)—especially those of the brief idyll before furlough is up. The hindsighted conversion of the young man from his Nazi beliefs is difficult to accept, though it never cloys as much as in some German films made since the war. One wants to believe it could have happened, but the willing suspension of the opposite just refuses to come. Connoisseurs will pounce on the ending—a hand holding a letter as the young man dies—a reference to a much more vigorously anti-war film *All Quiet On The Western Front*, also from the pen of Remarque.

NEW BOOKS

Islands In Danger by Alan Wood and Mary Seaton Wood (Streamline Publication, 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is the only independent account of the sole British territory that came under German rule during the last war. It is very funny, at times perfectly hilarious. Published originally in 1955, it has now been re-published in unabridged form.

Here is a world in which victors and vanquished (if such they can be called, for there was no resistance either before or during occupation), both operate the black market on a mutually profitable basis, in which they buy drinks from each other, in which Germans sent to confiscate radio sets finish up asking the inhabitants to sing to them "God save the King" and "There'll always be an England," in which the Dame of Sark's visitors book contains "Many thanks for lovely afternoon" and "Always delighted with nice reception" written by German officers, and a woman chopping wood to the accompaniment of "I hate Hitler, I hate Hitler" is given the reply "You are right madam, war is not good" by a German officer who walks away sadly shaking his head. The brothel money is soberly banked by one of the U.K.'s "Big Five," the *Feldkommander* of Jersey drops in on the Bailiff's Secretary every day to find out the latest B.B.C. news, and Germans and Channel Islanders exchange condolences when relations are killed in various theatres of war. Even the curfew leads to all night parties, often with Germans taking part.

The Germans first arrived in Guernsey, and we are immediately presented with the incongruous picture of a German envoy entering the attorney-general's house by the side door so as not to wake the children. This "first contact with the enemy" seems to have set the tone for the constitutional position throughout the occupation. At one point it was seriously questioned by legal men whether the Islands were at war with Germany at all. The Hague Convention was successfully cited by the Islanders on many occasions. Some-

times there was a compromise. Once when a German gun position was flooded by a high tide, it was agreed that the Jersey Fire Brigade would pump out enough water to safeguard anyone from drowning but not enough to save the ammunition.

From the beginning it was explained to the occupying forces that in carrying out civil government, all power derived from the King. The Germans said this didn't matter in the slightest. Would they, said the Island, mind the attorney-general prosecuting in the name of the Crown? Not in the least, was the reply, unless he preferred to prosecute in the name of the German Reich.

Prayers in Church for the Royal Family and the Empire were allowed, as was the royal emblem on the mail vans, but the British National Anthem could not be played or sung without written permission of the Commandant. On the other hand, when a gun position was being mounted on Gorey Castle, the Societé Jersiaise was consulted as to the best way to avoid damage to the Castle.

Paradoxically the worst enemies of the Channel Islanders during the war seem to have been the British. The first commando raid was specially resented, being without result except that 16 telephone subscribers complained to the German authorities about their lines being cut, and somebody's garden was wrecked to make a road block. Interference by the British was a nuisance to fishermen who were restricted in their movements, and when two Germans were killed, there were further limits on movement round the Islands. On one occasion two British soldiers gave themselves up after being left behind; the Islanders sent them on to the French mainland with the remark, "They'll be alright if their story holds."

Soon after the beginning of the occupation, the Guernsey attorney-general broadcast a short message chiefly to the effect that they were all being treated courteously, that the conduct of the occupying troops was exemplary, but that they still remained intensely loyal subjects of His Majesty. He asked the B.B.C. to re-transmit and the newspapers to copy. Here is the author's comment:

> "The B.B.C. and the national press did not comply, for obvious reasons. At that time the Battle of Britain — maybe invasion — was just ahead; the whole country was nerved to its finest hour, in the certainty that conquest by Hitler's Germany was a terrible fate which could never be borne. It would undoubtedly have been disconcerting in this mood to be assured, on first hand testimony, that occupation by the Germans was not at all bad after all."

Soon after D-Day, Churchill ordered the Admiralty to ensure that no Germans got out of the Islands and no food got in. As a result, the entire population almost starved and was only saved by the last-minute visit of a Red Cross ship; although the German garrison was short of food, none was diverted from the Islanders.

Very interesting, too, is the reference to Hitler's directive in 1941 to have the Islands strengthened "in such a way as to keep up the Sea Lion threat." Now, Operation Sea Lion is supposed to have been the plan to invade England, yet here is a casual reference to the fact that it was only a threat which Hitler had no intention of carrying out.

There are many references to life in German prisons. For example, at Lufen they received so many Red Cross parcels that they were sending things back to the Channel Islands. Here also a German sergeant asked the Seigneur of Sark: "would you mind not smoking on parade?" At Biberach, the farm working parties, we are told, listened quite openly to B.B.C.-programmes with the Bavarian farmers, At the Cherche-Midi prison in Paris, the guards and prisoners sang carols together round a Christmas tree outside the cells.

When the "liberation" came, the Islanders protested at the treatment given to the Germans. There was no action against collaborators because it was hard to say what was or was not collaboration, and a list of Honours was quickly ordered by Churchill for the Islands to make it look good. Islanders began sending food parcels to the Germans at home, petitions were got up for the early release of prisoners taken by the British.

This was another war, the one they said nothing about.

B.P.

HOME COUNTY

by IVOR POWELL

ONE afternoon in the spring of this year I was picking a bunch of grape hyacinths in the little rock garden where Stephen Hudson's ashes are scattered. When a bomb crashed on to his home, the old Manor House at Abinger, he was badly hurt and died soon afterwards. As Sidney Schiff he will be remembered not only as a dandy and perfectionist, or the cowpuncher and adventure-seeker he was in his youth, but as the friend and patron of nearly every major artist of his time. The garden at Abinger had seen most of them, and it was here that Max Beerbohm, during the war, found refuge. Eccentric, witty Ada Leverson (the sister of Violet, wife of Sidney Schiff) occasionally tore herself from the life of capitals to visit this house, which is set in a part of Surrey favoured by some of the most interesting people of the era just prior to 1914. It was a retreat still rural, not too far from the business and pleasures of London, yet well removed from the foggy stone jungles which even at the turn of the century had encroached on many a dilettante's arbour and lovers' high-hedged retreat.

Round Dorking, however, and happily not only there, Surrey keeps the appearance of being chiefly made of large, well-kept gardens. Many of these gardens bear the imprint of creative personalities, planted with rareties and set with fanciful outbuildings. The houses they surrounded were often questionable in taste, usually aping a grandeur they did not possess, but they were never wanting in character, like so many buildings today. To know these houses is to understand the gamut of aesthetic mood during the last seventy-five years. For all their bourgeois or exotic Jewish origin none of them are worse, and some are very much better than similar essays in more exclusive counties. Today their whimsy endears: Swiss chalets, William Morris bowers, English farmhouses

overlaid with Dutch marquetry, all provided with extensive servants' wings and conservatories. Their domains include, too, the whimsical reminders of ancient times: mounds, barrows, Stone Age forts and ruined towers, planted with daffodils or affording the tycoon the opportunity of a little archaeology in his back garden, and his ladies the pleasure of wearing arrow heads mounted in platinum and gold. Happy countryside where money talks with such wit, and in such divers accents.

The spurious and the parvenu flourish, however, among the Surrey woods and hills, and this must account for the fact that absolutely no sense of community embraces the county as a whole. Most of the inhabitants are there because it is a handy place to have a place in, and be damned to the fellow next door. It is a county which owes its present atmosphere to this middle-class patronage, to which there is a bad side, for ruthless means have been used to satisfy the southward spread of London's population. The charming Gothic or Grecian villas and estates of Merton, where Nelson bid Emma farewell, or of the Thrale's Streatham, have mostly vanished or remain vestigial in the form of Municipal gardens and Institutes. Of that suburban Stockwell and Kennington where Blake and his wife sunbathed as nature made them, only haunting echoes remain.

My own birth-place, in Tooting, a rambling Queen Anne house, kept its country atmosphere until fifty years ago, when stage coaches still plied to the City, but in living memory the orchard (which grew excellent pippins) became part of the local cinema and the stables and coach house were cleared away. Books about Surrey, written at the turn of the century, illustrated with pleasant sepia photographs, evoke all this nostalgia, and make us bemoan, not the spread of London and the changing times, but the dreadful lack of planning which accompanied them. Space was used to obtain the maximum profit, and all that could please or charm was built upon, the speculators' lust for gain being at last slaked in a dreary waste of brick and stone.

Many parts of Suburban Surrey are nevertheless tranquil and pleasant. To name them all would be exhausting as well as pointless, for they are all the same: streets of individual or semi-detached houses; of little merit, perhaps, but cheerful, surrounded by small gardens which are often works of art, and running along well-kept, varied avenues. The mazes of flowering plums, half-tiling and trim hedges can become bewildering to the city dweller, who, looking

among them for a little familiar hubbub, must remember that these areas are inhabited by people who by choice would be country-dwellers, and, by necessity of daily work, make their homes as like the country as they can. In some of the older, inner suburbs, or where some ribbon builder has had his way, one feels that perhaps the dwellers of stinking, Hogarthian London or the lumpish countryside of Morland and Rowlandson were more fortunate. For them, the sublime and the awful could really exist: but not for these.

In all this fever of building over recent generations the promise of the future shows here and there, as in the stately towers of Roehampton, and the traveller is reassured. But much that could be done is neglected. The banks of the Thames are far from being all they could be. Industry is still allowed to do much as it pleases. Local authorities wink as enterprises which tend to corrupt rather than preserve the amenities which the citizens have the right to enjoy. Surrey Councils are not notable for the good influence they exercise upon public taste, and anything worth-while is usually found to be the work of the pontifical L.C.C.; not surprising when one considers that local government is mostly in the hands of reactionary tradesmen and other small-time Napoleons. Even they do what they can to cherish those somewhat obvious Beauty Spots in which Surrey abounds, and which attract shoals of cars and charabancs, lemonade and ice-cream vendors, and mountains of litter, so that, on fine Saturdays and Sundays, only the most distant prospects could be truly said to please.

Sometimes, though, the distant prospect is invisible, or marred by hoardings, factories built of materials which scream antagonism to the land around, and various Governmental 'projects' whose nature nobody can divine, which is perhaps just as well. One example is at Newlands Corner, where the road from Guildford tumbles suddenly upon a breathtaking revelation of space and vista, or would do so, if at the crucial point on the horizon there were not an immense hoarding inviting the public to visit nearby Albury (a hideous house full of all the junk from Sion, with a lovely garden) by kind invitation of Her Grace Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. At this the art nouveau villas and oversized chalets must echo with gross, bourgeois laughter.

Surrey people love their county, are proud of its history, and any one of them may be buttonholed with the certainty of giving any amount of information the tourist may need. With a few words they will conjure up forgotten priories and palaces, and will even

offer, if really daring, a dish of those fine snails the Romans brought, and whose descendants still thrive upon the North Downs. To enquire about the present will elicit less response, for most Surrey folk wish to remain dreamily convinced of their extreme rusticity. They leave their London offices with as much dogged determination as they would if commuting daily to the Grampians, and, indeed, such is the pressure of traffic on Surrey roads and railways at morning and evening, they might just as well.

The trials of the journey are rewarded by the healthy outdoor life. At home the most bloated financier may be seen chopping down trees inexpertly but with enthusiasm, or joining one of the great *battus* at which as much as a dozen brace of pigeon may fall to the guns. The hunts of Surrey, of course, are among the county's most delightful spectacles, notable as they are for the variety of amusing costumes worn at the meets, and it is a wonderful sight to see them careering across the little fields and through the well-oiled gates. A hundred years ago two Surrey hunts collided with each other in a wood, head-on, in full cry, a thing which could surely happen in no other county.

Soon every unscheduled, unpreserved part of the county will have its housing or industrial estate, and there will be no more hunting. Each copse will have its Finnish villa peering from the pines, a Japanese prefab will crouch on every knoll. Some large London business organisations have already moved into a sylvan setting, staff and all (will this breed a new tribal kind of community?) and more will follow. Before long no road or railway will be able to cope with the traffic between Dorking, Woking, Guildford and Haselmere, and the air will swarm with helicopters. When this migration has at last been accomplished, instead of accepting invitations to a weekend in Surrey it will be pleasanter — and certainly less formal, I hope, for there is nothing more stately than a Jewish Sunday on Leith Hill — to find some quiet, rustic corner off High Holborn or Cornhill, and watch the flowers growing through neglected pavements.

LETTER

Christianity and Bantu Polygamy

To the Editor of *The European*

Sir,

Further to my letter which you published in your August issue, the question of Christian monogamy and Bantu polygamy was raised in *Newsweek* (issue of July 28). The Rev. Abednego Matthew Ajuoga, the head of the Church of Christ in Africa, is quoted as saying: "We advise (the members of) our congregations to be one husband and one wife; but people don't admire the system. More wives mean more land tilled, more strength in the family."

The article goes on to say that much of this sect's present strength (said to be 20,000 members, mostly in Nyanza Province, Kenya) is due to "a willingness to make concessions to such native traditions as polygamy . . ." It was originally called "Johera" ("those who love everyone"), a revivalistic group banished from the Church of England about five years ago. They baptised children of plural marriages and saw no reason why they should not do the same to the parents. One of them is quoted as saying: "Did our Lord ask whom he was blessing — sinner or polygamist?"

In January, says *Newsweek*, the Church of Christ in Africa was officially registered under Kenyan law. They now seek a bishop, and have asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to appoint one. The Rt. Rev. Leonard James Beecher, Anglican Bishop of Mombasa, is quoted as saying: "We want nothing more than that a Christian Church shall spring up with roots deep in Africa."

In other words, only an African Christianity will fit the African, unless he is to be made a synthetic European — a Tubman type if he is rich or a tsotsi if he is poor. Only a minority of English people — one in every ten, for instance, in the cathedral city of York — are practising members of their national church. How many would care two hoots if African Christians were allowed to have several wives? We are long past the age of military campaigns over such abstruse theology as the doctrine of the Trinity, politico-sectarian wrangles over transsubstantiation or even the Morman "menace." As for Moslems, they tell the Bantu that Christianity is the white man's religion, whereas Islam is the faith for them.

Yours, etc.,

Ballymountain House,
Watford, Eire.

PATRICK J. N. BURY.

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