THE EUROPEAN

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ANALYSIS

THE persistent pursuit of insignificant and ignoble policies can bring its own retribution. To play safe and to play small can be fatal in a great age. To cling to the status quo in the midst of a landslide can be the quickest way into the abyss. The rulers of the West have refused even to consider great policies. They have been lucky so far to have suffered no graver consequences than small reverses. But the accumulation of these events and the gradual loss of all initiative to a more skilful and imaginative opponent are bringing ever nearer the final loss of the long clash of mind and will. The danger may then arise of some convulsive reaction to the increasing hopelessness of their position; the world may be set aflame as the sleeper starts from his long lethargy with a gesture which knocks over the still flickering light. Hysteria can all too easily follow inertia in the fatal sequence of such characters.

Kruschev's major proposal never discussed.

Berlin is just one consequence of the long negation of all decisive policies; Quemoy is another. If you sit tight long enough in an impossible position, something will eventually occur to your disadvantage. The West has had many opportunities to resolve the Berlin dilemma, but it can only be settled satisfactorily as part of a great policy and that is the particular performance of which our rulers are congenitally incapable.

They have had more than sufficient opportunities. On five occasions since his first offer in November 1956, Kruschev has stated his willingness to withdraw his troops from the occupied countries of Europe if America would do the same. We are aware of no single occasion on which a spokesman of any western country has even referred to this extraordinary opportunity. It is large

and it may be dangerous; that is enough for the rabbit to assume its classic posture of frozen immobility in front of the boa constrictor. Of course, the opportunity is big; that is precisely why it gives a chance of a real settlement. Of course, it is dangerous if we remain a divided rabble. But it is not too big or too dangerous for a united Europe to face with a great policy. The solution of all problems postulates a united Europe. Indeed the further life of our continent now postulates a united Europe. This is, of course, the moment chosen by our rulers further to divide us.

Europe now capable of self defence.

The refusal even to consider the offer from the East of a mutual Russian and American withdrawal is surely one of the most extraordinary events in history. It means that three hundred million Europeans cannot even contemplate life in face of little more than half their number of Russians, unless they are supported, occupied, controlled and directed by little more than half their number of Americans. It is the final ignominy of the European spirit, a situation as ridiculous as it is tragic. What is the fear, except the absence of America's sustaining hand? And even that loss need no longer be felt effectively. Since the success of Atlas, it is clear that science can now enable the Americans to be out of Europe but still in effective support. When they can soon bombard the whole of the soviet world from Alaska, they will have a better deterrent to soviet aggression against Europe than some of the warriors we have seen parading our streets on evenings they consider gay. Long range missiles from both sides which can virtually destroy the world, make major wars very unlikely; after an eight-year time lag some realization of that obvious fact has now even crept into the speeches of our more perspicuous rulers.

Is it really suggested that 300,000,000 Europeans supplied with tactical weapons of their own or American manufacture cannot meet a war of soviet infiltration? Are we fallen so low that the Europe of Caesar, of Frederick, of Bonaparte and Nelson cannot even lift a finger to prevent the rape of our cities by communist guerrillas unless the word of command is given in an American accent? In short, cannot 300,000,000 Europeans defend themselves against 170,000,000 Russians even when they can be supported by the covering fire of another 170,000,000 Americans which modern science has now made effective against the whole area of the potential enemy's territory? If we regard this problem with

clear eyes and calm nerves, we can see both the solution of the European problem and the retention of the American alliance. But we must first unfreeze the rabbit, or, better still, let the dog see him in a decisive election.

American withdrawal now essential.

The conspiracy of silence on Kruschev's reiterated offer of a mutual Russian and American withdrawal is indeed remarkable. The reasons for it are worth examining. Distrust of anything big and anything Russian are of course basic reasons. We have observed the fear of great policies is misplaced because it is only a great policy which can meet the problem of a great age. But distrust of anything Russian is most reasonable; when two fundamentally opposed world ideas confront each other mutual distrust is natural. In such conditions talk of trust is nonsense. the only relevant consideration is a study of the interests involved. The hope of this situation is that the interest on this occasion is mutual. Kruschev wants the Americans out of Europe for two good reasons we will examine. We want the Americans out of Europe because we will never make the real Europe while the European peoples are divided dependencies of American power.

The vital, creative forces of our continent are impeded in the making of Europe a Nation while the immense appeal of inertia is sustained by American occupation and money; so is maintained a status quo which rests on division and decadence. The presence of America automatically supplies a never ending series of separate, well padded cushions on which every really bogus and corrupt element in European life can enjoy a lucrative and ignoble repose. The consequence is that lap dogs have ruled to long in a period which requires lion energy; kept pets have never yet made anything. We shall not make Europe a Nation until Europe is confronted with reality. That moment will occur when America withdraws, and we have no difficulty in proving that a renascent Europe could be more than capable of meeting such a situation.

Why Kruschev will pay a big price.

What then are Kruschev's reasons for wanting America out of Europe; reasons which impel him to pay the high price of evacuating East Germany and other occupied countries? They are not difficult to discern, because they are essentially rational reasons. Firstly, he is clearly afraid of an explosion into nuclear war which

may virtually destroy the world; so are we, and so is any man in his senses. He clearly calculates that the presence of Americans in Europe greatly increases that risk; so do we, and so must anyone who studies objectively the temperament and policy of American government in conjunction with the inevitable tendency of anything so unnatural as foreign occupation to cause trouble.

We regard the matter from the side of the West, with gratitude for America's past help in our hour of need and with firm determination to remain loyal in American alliance for resistance to all communist aggression against the West. But we still want America out of Europe because we regard it as better and safer for Europe to have America in support with her long range rockets, rather than beside us in the front line. If that be our feeling, how much stronger must be the sentiment of the Russians who regard the western situation from the other side of the fence, that the world would be a safer place if the Americans were a good deal further away. After all, the first interest in life is to survive, and it is most natural for a Russian to say 'first things first' when he has been up against American policy for over a decade from Berlin to Quemoy. There is nothing very Machiavellian in the desire to be a little further away from a man who is using a gun like a beauty uses a fan.

The Establishment fears battle of ideas.

The second reason is perhaps subtler and more sinister. Kruschev is probably convinced that if he can unfreeze the situation from the constant risk of war he can win politically; we think we can win. The status quo is at present preserved in the interest of all real deadheads in the western world, but it is maintained only by continuous risk of war; that is their only safety because the great freeze of a semi-war situation is the only security for heads without an idea inside them. Our present rulers cannot relax for a moment the rigidity of the opposing lines, because a battle of ideas will immediately follow. And as we have often noted, the essential qualification for entry into the competition of ideas is to have an idea. In default of such capacities, the only substitute for genuine security is to sit tight on an armament boom. On the other hand, any man with any idea of any kind in which he has faith, will surely prefer a struggle of ideas and free competition in creative work to the grave risk of world destruction by nuclear war. In this case we can very easily understand the

motives of Mr. Kruschev, and so can anyone who has a creative idea in whose strength he believes. All who are truly alive have a mutual interest in changing a situation which belongs to-day to the dead in mind and can belong tomorrow to the dead in body.

Why should Europe be condemned to dependence?

The only solution of present difficulties is plainly withdrawal of both Russia and America from Europe. Yet the very suggestion that America in deliberate policy or in a moment of pique might withdraw from Europe made both government and opposition shudder with horror in a parliamentary debate of 4/12/58. This would be the most terrible event in the world, above all else to be avoided; this aloneness of 300,000,000 Europeans with 170,000,000 Russians, something too terrible to contemplate even if 'Nanny' America and her fine new rockets were within easy call. Is this attitude anything but the *comble de la decadence*?

If the great negation is again to operate, let us at least have the facts on clear record. Is it now denied that America within a measurable distance of time will be able to bombard the whole Soviet territory with the Atlas missile; within a period of time probably even shorter than the period necessary to negotiate a settlement? Is it denied that the new British I.R.B.M. can be ready within roughly the same period and will have a range which would enable it to devastate the whole of Western Russia? Is it denied that America will soon have a formidable fleet of nuclear powered submarines which can launch missiles from under the water with an equal destructive effect against all Soviet territory; and that Britain will soon have some such submarines and with a little extra effort and resources could soon have enough to afford an absolute deterrent? Is it denied that if the whole resources of Europe were put behind the development of these European weapons we could soon have the means, if necessary, to blast Russia from the face of the earth, even without American aid or American weapons? Is it denied that the tradition of the German and French armies with the addition of the fighting qualities of the British and other European peoples can provide a force armed with nuclear tactical weapons sufficient to hold the forces of Russia in check, if the will be there?

Can it be denied that no man in his senses on the Russian side would launch world war by an attack on 300,000,000 Europeans with their wealth of scientific ability, if the elementary will

to resist were present? These things cannot be denied. What is stopping us?—why not let us go to European Union, independence and final safety? There is nothing to stop us except the paralysis of the European will, this complete decadence which resides not in the European peoples, not in our technicians or in our industries, but in our rulers alone. "The fault lies not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." Europe faces a death which is at present well merited. If it comes, it will be suicide. To live Europe needs one thing—WILL. Where are the men who can awaken it?

Everyone playing big frog in small pond.

Instead the trivial squabbles continue; everyone wanting to play the big frog in his own little pond. Instead of a rapid advance towards Europe a Nation with a common wage and price policy which irons out current fears of competitive disparities, we are bogged down in endless disputes between Common Market and Free Trade Areas concerning the first elementary questions of external tariffs and internal harmonizations of social policies; a sphere where all progress has for years been effectively impeded by a double playing English government. Instead of a united authority for foreign policy and defence pooling all European resources in an overwhelming strength which would finally deter Russia aggression, and by making hopeless the prospect of a universal communist victory would open the possibility of a constructive settlement and universal disarmament, we have a jealous jockeying of positions for prestige and interest within the nineteenth century formulae which derive from the age of muzzle loading muskets. Where is vision, where is decision, where is any sense of the profound realities of the age in which we live? Where is the leadership of Europe?

Gaitskell offers communists more than they ask.

Small men play with small policies. Gaitskell Plan is followed by Rapacki Plan in the true tradition of social democracy making the opening for communism. And Rapacki Plan is followed by a new competitive Gaitskell Plan which again in true tradition gives the communists more than they ask. A good deal of turgid water has flowed under Westminster Bridge since Mr. Gaitskell first dulled the wits of a Harvard audience with talk of "disengagement." The lesser spirits of communism quickly saw the chance for a small deal, getting much of what they wanted at a lesser price.

But comprehensibly enough, even since the Rapacki Plan the larger and more powerful intelligence of Mr. Kruschev reverted to the major plan so recently as last April; when at Ceglid, Hungary on 7/4/58 he said: " the question was asked why the Soviet Union did not withdraw its troops from East Germany, Poland, Roumania and Hungary. We say to this that we are ready, not only to withdraw troops but also to demobolise them and let them return to their peaceful work if western countries do the same (*Times*, 8/4/58).

Where Gaitskell and Rapacki fall down.

Meantime the minor minds of current politics on both sides continue to fuddle along with a minor plan which remains abortive for reasons that are sufficiently plain. Rapacki wants the removal of all nuclear weapons from the central zone and to thin out conventional forces. The West in general will not have it because the disarmament of Germany will remove the main strength of the western front line, and the thinning out of man forces which remain in contact with each other would make the really decisive modern game of infiltration all too easy. Mr. Gaitskell's plan, of course, goes further; more communist than the Kremlin, he stands for complete disarmament and neutralisation of all Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, the close confinement of an impotent Germany in a central padded cell. This plan breaks down because the majority parties of Germany very naturally will not separate from the West in order to place themselves in a prison cell with the key in the hands of an Eastern jailer. The Americans also will have none of it because to replace German land power would mean a call on young American manhood which would turn the next Mothers' Day into a most unseemly riot. So Gaitskell in the roll of *plus communiste que Kruschev* is really a non starter.

Alliance between British Socialism and German nationalism.

The only people to whom the plan is at all welcome by a curious paradox are the real Rip van Winkle elements of German nationalism; the gentleman whose very appearance used to send British Socialists into a paroxysm of hysteria. These worthies welcome the prospect of a Germany detached from both East and West, because they believe that position would enable them to play the old power politics of the middle position. They have not yet observed the differences between their present and their past situa-

tions. These differences are (1) they do not possess the Prussian Army but their opponents on each side of them do possess nuclear rockets (2) they would be led in this situation, not by Prince Bismarck but by Herr Ollenhauer (3) in the East they have not the Tzar to deal with but Mr. Kruschev. These three points of difference between past and present add up to a total so formidable that even German nationalism will be convinced in the end that the central position may be occupied with some real effect by a United Europe but not by a disarmed Germany. The conservatives of all lands will learn at last, though the process is usually painful to themselves and disastrous to their countries. But social democracy never learns; the second international was conditioned by nature to be the pace maker for the third. How many men in British politics, press and pulpit consciously or unconsciously serve only one real purpose on earth—to open the door for communism?

Conservative ministers and Nuremberg Laws.

Mr. R. Churchill published articles in the *Daily Express* between the dates of 28/11/58 and 10/12/58 in which he stated in clear terms that some British ministers had been guilty of collusion with ministers in the late regime of France and with Israel for waging an aggressive war. In its next issue of 12th December the journal *Action*, which supports Union Movement, pointed out that if Mr. Churchill's statements were correct some conservative ministers had violated the Nuremberg Laws in the respect which was defined in the Nuremberg Judgement as follows:

" To plan or initiate a war of aggression, therefore, is not only an international crime, it is the supreme international crime, differing only from other war crimes in that it contains within itself the accumulated evils of the whole."

Then, at last, the Labour opposition plucked up courage to raise the point in parliament. Mr. Hale on Monday, 15th December stated: " The articles made the specific allegations against the government of planning an aggressive war, for which 15 war criminals were hanged at Nuremberg." According to the learned counsel Mr. G. D. Roberts, who came to the defence of the government in the *Times* on 12th December, Mr. Hale then received " ecstatic support from Mr. Bevan." Mr. G. D. Roberts was a Nuremberg Counsel and stated in the *Times* "It is difficult to imagine anything more historically inaccurate than the last nine words " viz. " for which 15 war criminals were hanged at Nuremberg."

Mr. Roberts states "Only five" of the Germans in question . . . . "were found guilty of planning and waging wars of aggression."

It is surely possible to imagine something more "historically inaccurate" than Mr. Hales's error in saying 15 men were guilty of a certain crime when, in fact, the number was only five. Why so much noise and exaggeration about a very minor point? Why was this necessary?

Mr. G. D. Roberts adds that all these five were also convicted of other war crimes which included "ill-treatment of civilian populations." Mr. D. G. Roberts might employ his Nuremberg expertise to enlighten *Times* readers on a further point. If a thousand civilians were rounded up for interrogation and in the process three died and 300 became hospital cases (*Manchester Guardian* figures of a recent incident in Cyprus)—would the Nuremberg Court have accepted the plea that no-one in government could possibly be held responsible?

This matter is becoming extremely interesting. If Labour opposition knew their business and had the courage, they would now begin with a series of questions to the Law Officers on details of the Nuremberg judgement, which would be followed by supplementaries drawing appropriate analogies. But the real fight must await the arrival of reality in parliament.

EUROPEAN

COMMON MARKET, ONE YEAR OLD

by BERTRAM PEEL

TO suggest that Britain might be excluded from the European economy because of the existence of the Common Market is misleading. Britain is already excluded, and has been so for twelve months, since the European Common Market began operating on 1st January, 1958. During the past year—a transitional period before the implementing of the first tariff reductions on 1st January—we have seen the establishment of a Council of Ministers of member states, a Commission to implement the Treaty's aims, a Consultative Assembly of parliamentarians, an Economic and Social Committee, Court of Justice, European Investment Bank and an Oversea Development Fund. These seven organisations, which are all now functioning, will be put to the test from this time on.

In principle, the Common Market should be fully working by 1972. In practice, anything may happen, from sabotage and failure to complete integration of the economic community within the space of two or three years. Compare the economic position of the world three years ago with that of the present and an idea will be gained of how quickly events can follow each other.

Similarly, between the time of writing (early December) and publication, it is impossible to say here what developments will arise out of the failure of the Free Trade Area idea; especially with so many now suggesting that Britain should join the Common Market and bring the Commonwealth in as well. What a pity *The European* did not have such support for this proposal when it was made two years ago; together, what "dismay and bewilderment"[1] might have been prevented on the British side!

(1) Mr. Maudling's comment on the Free Trade Area collapse.

Not that one need be entirely despondent. The failure of successive U.K. Governments to enter Europe is not disastrous. The Common Market is perhaps the most important step towards a united Europe since the war, but it is by no means the final step. A British Government with a sincere and consistent European policy can still expect a welcome on the Continent at any time in the foreseeable future, even though it will have to dissociate itself firmly from the record of its predecessors in the matter of policy towards Europe.

Nevertheless—and this is the underlying fault of the British administration over the past two years—it would be folly to underestimate the economic union that has grown in Europe since the war, even outside the *cadre* of the Coal and Steel Pool, Common Market and Euratom. It is important to understand that it has not required any specifically political urge to encourage this. There is of course a point, surely quite close now, at which Government must assume a degree of leadership, but only where there is genuine evidence of true community of interest.

Such evidence may be provided by the following facts. There are already European Associations covering trade interests in textiles, office equipment, foundry apprentices, cement, chemistry, agricultural machinery, industrial fibres, mechanical handling equipment, computing apparatus, municipal employees, shoes, soups, hoteliers, etc, etc. There are European standards and nomenclature through industry. In addition to numerous manufacturing, research and marketing agreements between similar companies in different countries, there have been several all-Europe consortia formed for tendering purposes, chiefly in the spheres of railway and electrical equipment. Also in existence are a Continent-wide organisation of Chambers of Commerce, a Federation of young businessmen, and a European Administration Institute to train European businessmen and a European school at Luxembourg, by-product of the Coal and Steel Pool.

In rail transport co-operation between European operators has been necessary for many years; most tourists are familiar with the "Europ" railway carriages and waggons, but they probably do not realise that there are factories throughout the Continent turning out exactly standardised electric and diesel locomotives and rolling stock backed by a financing body known as Eurofina. A recent notable achievement has been the electrifying and unification of the complex rail network touching on France, Luxembourg, Ger-

many and Belgium, the most intricate and industrialised region of Europe. Canals in this area are also being improved and extended. As to road transport, "In no sector has European co-ordination progressed so well as in the domain of transport," declared one of the delegates to a European conference of Transport Ministers in Rome.

One of the most interesting decisions taken at this meeting was to begin study of the future needs and trends in the Continent's transport. Such work was given impetus by an E.C.E. report which foresaw growth in private cars, railcars and aircraft while expecting a slackening demand for long-distance rail passenger service; a rise in road and river freight and a diminution in rail freight. In general terms, it estimated that whereas the national product of Europe as a whole would rise 17 per cent in five years and consumption rise by a similar amount, the need for road transport would grow by 44 per cent, water traffic by 30 per cent, rail transport by 10 per cent. Mention ought also to be made of efforts to obtain a unified vehicle third-party insurance obligatory throughout the Continent; an accord between the Benelux countries already allows for this, and an extension is probable.

Visitors who motor through Europe may be noticing a new type of road sign bearing a white number on a green background. These signs are part of a scheme for a main road network planned by the International Road Federation. In 1956 French Railways introduced their car-sleeper service by which driver and passengers travel by rail with their cars behind. Simultaneously a number of firms combined to provide a car-hire service which allows the hirer to leave the car at any of several towns in other parts of Europe.

Still in the realm of transport, there is the scheme to increase the mileage of existing oil and natural gas pipelines in France to form a vast network from Marseille across France to Northern Europe. Ultimately the idea is to supply the whole of Europe from Gibraltar to Manchester and Wilhelmshaven with natural gas and oil from the Sahara.

Finally agricultural co-operation already forms a big part in European integration through the European Committee of the International Federation of Agricultural Products. The agricultural interests of the Common Market members took the bull by the horns last July and held an important conference on their own at Stresa lasting eight days; a great deal of useful work was done.

But what are the chances of the Common Market of The Six

actually working? In order to reply to this it is necessary to look at certain statistics. The following figures are not claimed to be accurate but are general approximations arrived at by study of comparisons made by sources mentioned. Unless otherwise stated, all figures are based on a chart given in *Informations Industrielles et Commerciales* No. 614 p.5.

Per capita income may be taken roughly as $500 in France, $400 Germany, $235 Italy, $580 Belgium, $590 Holland, $550 Luxembourg.[2] National revenue in francs per capita is: France 270,000, Germany 200,000, Italy 120,000, Belgium 280,000, Holland 200,000, Luxembourg 280,000. Hours of work per week are 40 in France, 45 in Germany, and 48 in all other countries.

Budget allocation as percentage of national income is 26% France, 14% Germany, 21% Italy, 23% Belgium, 22% Holland, 23% Luxembourg.

Unemployment respectively is 1/2%, 2%, 3%, 1% 1/2% and 1%. From these figures it may be seen that the six members of the Common Market appear to possess a comparable standard of living and economy, except in certain respects worth mentioning: Italy has a low per capita income, low national revenue per capita and higher unemployment. These disparaties between Italy and the others are bound to have an effect; but the low income per capita does not necessarily mean that cheap Italian goods will flood the market since national income is also low, but the danger of 3% unemployment is very real if barriers to workers' movement come down as planned.

To what extent do the six nations export to third parties outside the Common Market? Exports as a percentage of the national product are: France 11%, Germany 23%, Italy, 10%, Belgium 26%, Holland 40%, Luxembourg 40%.[3] But of this percentage the amount exported within the Common Market is France 36%, Germany 28%, Italy, 28%, Belgium 44%, Holland 41% and Luxembourg 44%.

Therefore, by calculation, percentage of the national product exported outside the Common Market is, roughly: France 7%, Germany 16%, Italy 7%, Belgium 13%, Holland 23%, Luxembourg 20%.

These percentages of the national product are in general low enough to indicate that with tariff barriers removed, the Six could

(2) *Financial Times*, 30-10-56.
(3) Le Monde 5.10.58, p.7.

apparently be very largely independent of the fluctuations of world outlets for manufacturers. Taken as a whole these countries export an average of 14 per cent of their national product to outside, so that if the tariffs among the Six are removed (they are now 20%, 12%, 20%, 8%, 8%, 8%) then this figure of dependency on world markets might be reduced to 10 or 11 per cent.

As to imports, the percentages which come from outside is roughly: 70% France, 60% Germany, 70% Italy, 55% Belgium, 50% Holland and 55% Luxembourg. It is to be assumed that much of this importation is in foodstuffs. Now, in kg per capita, all The Six seem to have roughly equal yields, except in the case of France whose excess is in meat;[4] but in each case there is a disposable surplus: meat and cereals and vegetables in the case of France, fruit and vegetables in Italy, milk products in the Benelux, Germany being the exception. By removal of tariff barriers dependance on outside foodstuffs might be substantially reduced.

This would appear to lead to the conclusion (already known by apparent trend) that the market for the industrial surplus of The Six, and also their supply of oversea raw materials and foodstuffs, could be virtually provided by their territories abroad which now, in practice, means European possessions in North and West Central Africa. If at some future date the black African possessions seceded or were cut off, the expected activity in North Africa alone might suffice for the provision of both market and supply. So it is easy to see why there has been a good deal of discussion on the idea of Europe-Africa as a unit during the past two years. This concept gains added status if, as seems likely, Britain as well as her white African associates are perforce brought into the Europe-Africa community.

Having found that internally the Market of The Six is at least feasible, let us examine further the possibilities of independence in raw materials, energy and food within the area proposed; for whilst it might be agreed that Europe-Africa might work under present conditions, it is necessary to show that a growing standard of living can be embarked upon within the community such as to keep up materially with the pretensions of the communist and capitalist giants on either side; in short, a growing standard of living depends basically on the availability of energy resources and raw materials as well as foodstuffs.

(4) Le Monde Diplomatique, May 1958, p.7.

Firstly dealing with food,[5] exports outside The Six and dependent territories set against imports show that The Six have a surplus of exports over imports in dairy products to the extent of $100m, sugar $100m, and alcoholic beverages $150m, but a deficit in meat products $60m, eggs $65m, grain $680m, foodstuffs $50m, fruit and vegetables $15m, coffee and spices $500m, fish $50 and tobacco $160m. Then as to main raw materials, The Six have a surplus of a mere $30m in miscellaneous materials, but a deficit in hides of $170m, rubber $230m, forest products $660m, textile fibres $1350m, crude animal and vegetable material $20m, oilseeds and oils $500m. The whole combined gives a total deficit in food and raw materials of around $4,000m. We must add to this that currently The Six have a surplus of coal, are to some extent self-sufficient in zinc, lead and aluminium, but have deficits in copper, tin and nickel. Finally there are deficits in uranium and oil.

From the above it is clear that The Six and dependent territories at present have their greatest deficits in grain, coffee and tobacco, hides, rubber, forest products, textile fibres and oilseeds, copper, tin, nickel, uranium and oil; in return The Six have a vast surplus in industrial output. Now this is similar in the case of the United Kingdom. Further, the dependencies of The Six are unable to supply the raw materials and food which Europe lacks, whilst the U.K. is unable to supply the market for Commonwealth raw materials and food.

Stated in another way, there is The Six wanting food and materials which their dependencies cannot supply and the Commonwealth crying out for a materials and food market which the U.K. cannot provide. The logical step is for the U.K. and Commonwealth to join The Six and their dependencies to provide balanced supplies and markets all round. By "Commonwealth" is meant the white Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and possibly Canada, since it must be assumed that in due course the coloured remnants of the former British Empire will become quite apart and distinct.

There appear to be three large sectors in which the proposed community would still be in deficit: coffee, rubber and textile fibres. Further, although Canada would doubtless be delighted to join the community and find a steady market for her grain it is not to be expected that her 80-90 per cent trade ties with the

(5) Food and Agricultural Organisation Monthly Bulletin, quoted in *Financial Times* supplement " British Industry in a Free Trade Area " 1958.

U.S.A. will be broken. Thus it must be acknowledged that although an independent ensemble of Europe, White Africa, New Zealand and Australia would, in general, work adequately, there are at present a number of marginal problems. In these cases, deals would have to be made, perhaps only a temporary bargain, until such times as textile fibres, rubber, coffee and grainlands could be developed in white Africa or elsewhere within the community.

In consideration now of the political backcloth it may be said that the proposal for an independent, large and balanced economic unit of this kind represents a rationalising of a tendency already apparent. In the twentieth century, since the end of the Pax Britannica period, the world has formed into groupings of one kind or another. Between the two world wars, in particular, the four groupings of U.S. capitalism, communism, the European Axis and the British Empire were evident. The recent conflict between the two last-mentioned left capitalism and communism facing each other in 1945. The slow emergence of a European bloc has now become accelerated, and the idea of a third Europe-Africa group is thought likely (though perhaps not the same as the one outlined above), indeed it is considered practically essential if the centre is not to be engulfed in military, economic and political struggle between the two extremes of capitalism and communism.

If it is clear that a European-based third force is falling into place naturally it is also clear that neither capitalism nor communism is very pleased with what they see developing. They are both determined to have world domination, and will not agree to limit their spheres of influence. What is particularly unfortunate for the "third force" is that communism is about to move into Africa while U.S. capitalism seems likely to retain and increase its financial hold on Europe.

It has been posited that, strictly as a controlled trading entity or supranational customs union, the Common Market has a fair chance of working well, with or without the United Kingdom; but it is also obvious that the economic re-arrangement which the creation of the Common Market entails is going to bring into operation reactive forces of a much stronger dialectic than at present exists in Europe. It is doubtless true that The Six are largely motivated by an impulse to European political union, and certainly within a few years another stage towards full European unity would normally be attempted. But will this steady progress, committee

fashion, prove sufficiently vital to maintain The Six independent of outside pressure? All the time that The Six are to any extent dependent on outside variable markets and supplies, they are, in a word, vulnerable to capitalism or communism. The political incentive to unity must be supported by sufficient strength of purpose not only to construct the Europe-Africa community which this article has shown to be necessary for independence, but also to recognise and repulse the efforts of militant communism and free finance to stop that area being formed.

Brief reference has been made to the links between the U.S.A. and Europe. The assistance which America has given to Europe following the war has been received gladly enough though generally without enthusiasm on the Continent, such aid being primarily a means of preventing the spread of communism into Western Europe.

The case of Britain is, however, very different. As far as can be calculated, [6] Britain has had one-and-a-half times the American capital aid of all The Six put together, more even than the whole of the O.E.E.C. countries. This fact, coupled with the roughly 10 per cent Imperial Preference, explains in part the failure of Governments here to associate the U.K. with the Continent. Far from being "interdependent," Britain and the Commonwealth are now almost entirely reliant on dollar aid for their existence as a major force,[7] whilst the Continental powers are not. A significant remark on this subject is made in a study "Great Britain and Europe" by the Economist Intelligence Unit published this year. It is, they observe, the intention of The Six to complete their edifice by a political federation and, if this succeeds, what would be the U.K. position? The authors reply that with a third force between Russia and America excluding Britain, we should probably cease to be America's first ally in Europe. It certainly seems reasonable that a people like the Americans should prefer the stimulus of a genuine rival to the fawnings of a servile beggar.

There is not a little evidence to show that if a strong third bloc emerged, both capitalism and communism would find it agreeable in the end, as well as necessary, to accept a limitation in spheres of influence, temporarily at any rate. The idea of three balanced groups, largely independent, has much to commend it, since each can pursue its own system without interference from

(6) Beuma Bulletin, March 1957.
(7) See "Britain's Stiff Lower Lip" p.331, *The European*, August 1958.

extraneous factors. Those who differ with this notion, and preach a world order for the benefit of the underdeveloped peoples, are in practice advocating a giant Trade-and-Aid war leading to such explosive situations as now exist in the Middle East. The division of the world into three groupings each mainly self-sufficient promotes competition in systems without risking occasions of conflict.

What then is likely to be the next step towards European unity? It has been said[8] that harmonisation and consultations are not enough, that monetary unity is necessary for a start. "It is only when a common money is established that the economic unity of Europe once made will be impossible to destroy. I think we shall have this soon." The European Payments Union has been cited as a possible starting point, but a more hopeful and practical means may come from the regular meetings of bankers and treasury experts within the functioning of the Common Market. Already on 9-11-58 a useful meeting took place in Frankfurt to iron out differences in methods of carrying out transactions in the six countries. Growing co-operation may be expected between finance ministries within the Market to regulate inflation—an embryo wage-price control which will have to come one day.

Another important factor leading to monetary unity is the fact that whereas European currencies have lost their value over half a century of rouble and dollar ascendency, the increased real value stemming from a unified European production will tend to restore the value of those currencies, both absolutely and vis-a-vis others, a process which The Six might well desire to see accelerated by the adoption of a single currency.

Unity is also brought nearer by the proposal to merge the authorities of the Coal and Steel Pool, Euratom and Common Market. Fusion of the Council of Europe and O.E.E.C. has been put forward, although it may be that, having served their turn, both organisations might be disbanded on the grounds that they have not the required authority to implement European plans, having been introduced from outside.

This last suggestion implies, of course, the substitution of others having real authority from the electorate. It is not outside the realm of possibility that, given time, the respective countries of the Continent might gradually progress from the removal of passports, meetings between trade unions on social matters and exchange of cultural views (all of which are now proceeding) to the

(8) Signor G. F. Malagodi, Italian M.P. in Paris, 15-11-57.

appointment of ministers exclusively dealing with European matters, and finally, to the election of Governments pledging themselves to solve the ills of the epoch by forming with like-minded Governments a single nation of Europe.

But are we in fact "given time"? As an economic grouping, Europe seems ripe to take the big step towards authoritative political union, but the position over Germany is at the moment fluid enough to cause anxiety that her European-orientated policy could change. When Bundestag ratified the Common Market treaty and the Euratom project eighteen months ago, it was stipulated[9] that in the event of a re-unification Germany would have the right to re-examine her membership of these bodies, and also that Germany's zonal frontiers would not be regarded as customs boundaries. With a large part of German thought inclined to the free trade school, pure and simple—and with good reason, for she is strong enough to "wipe the floor" with the rest of us in a free fight—there is no certainty that Germany will continue to pursue her present policy. Economically, and in terms of imminent unemployment, today's trade position is sufficiently worrying to make politicians grasp any straw to remove embarrassment, and it is certain that in this mood the surrender of national interests for the common European good would be less and less probable.

In an economic sense, ignoring the continuing sullenness of the British Government (they'll come round, or if they do not they may have much unemployment to answer for), Europe is more united than it has ever been since the war. Culturally and politically, time is needed for the peoples of Europe to feel the European idea; there is even the possibility of such resistance to change that a veritable reaction against Common Market might develop.

A contest of wills in Berlin leading to substantial Anglo-Saxon intervention, another Suez, a communist thrust in East Africa leading to Western panic, a black African revolt—any of these things could lead to the practical failure of the Common Market and the greater intentions behind it. So that, even though Europe is politically far from European in thought, there may arise circumstances, perhaps similar to those in France this summer, in which a virtual revolution becomes necessary in order to establish a political core sufficiently good to meet new economic conditions that will have appear to have arisen overnight, but which, in reality, can already be seen ahead.

(9) *The Times*, 5-7-57.

It may be regarded as likely that such a *coup de main* would prove generally acceptable since already "The Common Market is an indispensable instrument for those who desire to give men liberty without disorder."[10] Also "The Common Market springs from a wish to end once for all, in a decisive way and in an acceptable period of time, the anomalies that have deprived the vast majority of Europeans of a standard of life which they rightfully demand—anomalies which have made Europe a minor continent."[11]

(10 M. Jaques Rueff, Member of the Institut de France, *Reine d'Economie Politique* special issue on the Common Market, 1958.
(11) M. Jaques Rueff speaking at the Paris Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

THE ACADEMIC SWINDLE

by ALASTAIR HARPER

IS anyone so naive in this day and age as not to realise that there is here in the West a censorship of thought and letters, particularly where these abut on social matters, comparable with that of any dictatorship?

The well-paid apologists of our society insist that there is "the greatest element of freedom compatible with social order," and by means of this double-talk the more impressionable minds are beguiled into thinking that scraps of real freedom do still remain in our tightly circumscribed society. This fiction does not take into account the hard fact that no freedom is possible without radio, television, press and screen freedom. The right of the individual to get up on the village green or the street corner is all very well in an 18th century context but in this age of hypnotised millions of televiewers, of million-fold daily newspapers slanting every line of news, this idea of an individual freedom of speech is worse than an anachronism—it's rubbish.

Literature is controlled in exactly the same way that everything else in our society is controlled—not by a secret police but by financial means. Societies which are directly authoritarian will use such methods as muscle to achieve their ends, for that is their nature; our society built upon materialism and nourished on hypocrisy will require a form of control in keeping with its pulse, and so financial control is the ideal form of repression in contemporary Western society, and particularly in the Ango-Saxon countries.

To publish a book nowadays means the outlay of considerable capital and this demands the control of credit. Credit is now almost entirely in the hands of the arbiters of this society, and these men, however phrenetic some of them may be, are not inclined to

subsidise ideas which damage the foundations or even the superstructure of their society. Since ideas for the mass are almost entirely made for that vegetative pool by the press, television and screen, the controllers of capital are able largely to prune the demands of the people to such a shape as is compatible with the overall plan of their society. It is odd however that certain elements of real and avowed subversion in our society find attention from this money power. Marxist thought experiences no difficulty in getting published, nor indeed do the weekly magazines which purvey liberal and socialist thought hold back from printing Marxist ideology, provided it avoids a blatant pro-Soviet form.

On the other side of the hill the story is very different as we shall see, and the exceptions which occasionally are allowed from this quarter only serve to prove the rule of some kind of linkage between capitalist society and the ethos of communism. I can refer specifically here to "Religion and the Rebel" by Mr. Colin Wilson, published a while back by Gollancz. I venture to suggest that if Mr. Wilson were to continue the logical development of his ideas into a third volume they would be of such a sort as to preclude their publication by any part of the Establishment.

This organisation of control extends furthest into the province of university education. Biology, ethnology, and anthropology, genetics, psychology, social studies, pre-history, theology, education, aesthetics, etc., are all governed by a will to believe in certain dogmas. This applies particularly in Britain and America; to a less extent to the Continent. The attitude of the Establishment and its professors to these subjects is catechismal and nothing less. For those who disbelieve this, attendance at those classes I have cited in any of our universities will shortly convince them of the facts, provided that they go there with an open mind.

In biological studies you must believe in the formative power of environment, despite what Mendel did to Lamarck; in ethnology and anthropology you must believe in the concept that culture makes man and not, as is sometimes supposed by independent scientists, vice versa; in genetics you must believe in the gossamer-like evidence of the influence on the genes of "external factors"; in psychology, which is such an important front, you may choose your poison, though you must disbelieve any genetic influence in the formation of the human mind and you must abjure Jung, for he is a racial psychologist; in social studies you must believe in the ability to better all human stocks by means of an improved

environment alone, social, moral and sexual; in pre-history you must believe in the monogenic origin of Man (try the polygenic theory of Profs. R. E. Gayre and Ruggles Gates and see how far you get); in theology you must believe in the "the Brotherhood of Man" without the context of the "Fatherhood of God"; in education you must believe in the educability of all people to a comparative level and in the innate potential equality of all human mentality; in aesthetics you must believe in the universal concept of the beautiful and abandon any notions of beauty being a relative measure. This analysis can proceed through every subject which has a practical import; and even into those which seem inviolable, like mathematics and physics, some observers will reveal how the structures of these sciences has not been the same since the advent of Einstein. This latter is outside the competence of our present note.

Obviously therefore university faculties which conduct their researches in this subjective manner are not likely to encourage the reading of books which in their view deviate from the truth, and so it is that there exists today a new system of non imprimatur. On every occasion, utilitarian, socialist, equalitarian and environmentalist ideas are accepted in place of traditional, organic predestinarian and relativist concepts. The brand of heresy burns as fiercely today as it has in any other age of repression, and on the new Index Prohibitorum have gone the names of such thinkers as le Bon, Thomas Carlyle, H. S. Chamberlain, Alexis Carrell, C. B. Davenport, K. Dunlap, Lawrence Dennis, H. P. Fairchild, R. R. Gates, Madison Grant, Arthur Gobineau, H. F. K. Gunther, Francis Galton, Eugen Fischer, Erwin Baur, Sir Arthur Keith, Keyserling, Johannes Lange, Ludovici, Wyndham Lewis, William MacDougall, Popenoe, Ezra Pound, William Ripley, Lothrop Stoddard, Oswald Spengler, K. Sedlmayr, F. C. S. Schiller, A. E. Wiggan and Richard Wagner. These are but a tiny fragment of the vast ranks of thinkers who must remain silent because their ideas are at variance with the prevailing dogma of the West.

The fallacy of contemporary freedom, the will to believe in the dogma of human equality, the black-out of significant ideas can be continued at book length. What is vital to us now is that we appreciate the nature of the contest in which so much of the real Europe is being engulfed and therewith set about building an opposition to it with all our energies.

OF MISPRISION OF TREASON

What I *Would* Have Been Guilty Of, If I Had Not Spoken.

by EZRA POUND

MISPRISIO cometh of the French word Mespris, which properly signifieth neglect or contempt; for (*mes*) in composition in the French signifieth *mal*, as *mis* doth in the English tongue: as mischance, for ill chance, and so *mesprise* is ill apprehended or known. In legall understanding it signifieth when one knoweth of any treason or felony, and concealeth it, this is misprision, so called, because the knowledge of it is an ill knowledge to him, in respect of the severe punishment for not revealing of it: For in case of misprision of High Treason he is to be imprisoned during his life, to forfeit all his goods, debts, and duties for ever, and the profits of his lands during his life: and in case of felony, to be fined and imprisoned. And in this sense doth the said statute of 1 & 2 Ph. & Mar. speak when it saith: *Be it declared, and enacted, by the Authority aforesaid, that concealment or keeping secret of any High Treason be deemed and taken only misprision of treason, and the offenders therein to forfeit and suffer, as in cases of misprision of treason hath heretofore been used.* But by Common law concealment of High Treason was treason, as it appeareth in the case of Lord *Scrope* An. 3 H. 5. and by *Bracton lib.* 3. *fo.* 118.*b.* & 119.*a.*

It is misprision of High Treason, for forging of money, which neither is the money of this Realm of England nor current within the same.

Misprision of High Treason in concealing of a Bull, c. See the Statute (*El.ca.*2).

It is said in 2.*R.*3 that every treason or felony includeth in it a misprision of treason or felony. Therefore if any man knoweth of High Treason, he ought with as much speed as conveniently he may to reveal the same to the King, or some of his Privy Council, or any other magistrate. And misprision in a large sense is taken for many great offences which are neither treason nor felony, whereof we shall speak more hereafter, being in this place restrained to misprision of treason.

See *John Coniers* Case *Dier* 296. That the receiving of one that hath counterfeited the King's Coin, and comforting of him knowing him to have counterfeited the King's Coin, is but misprision.

See more of misprision of treason in the Chapter of High Treason, and of Principall and Accessory.

COKE'S "*INSTITUTES*" The Third Part.

THREE POEMS

by EZRA POUND

OLD ZUK

This is the grave of old Zuk
who wasn't really a crook
but who died of persistence.
in that non-existence
which consists in refusing to LOOK.

THE DRAUGHTY HOUSE

(Catullus)

A draft blows through this house,
Furus, a draft not of Favonus,
Not of the East wind, or of the West wind,
Nor of Boreas. Not from the North-East is this
Draft,
But a thousand, fifteen two hundred sesterces
Rake this place fore and aft,
My God, some draft!

MORE

When Elmer died the undertaker wiped his feet
on the Criterion floor.
He felt that there had been
other Elmers before.

THE COMPATIBILITY OF THE WHOLE

by PETER WHIGHAM

Dr. Zhivago by Boris Pasternak (Collins and The Harrill Press, 21s.)
(Translated by Matya Harani and Max Hayward)

ONE might as well start with the first sentence, which is also the first paragraph:

'On they went, singing 'Eternal Memory', and whenever they stopped, the sound of their feet, the horses and the gusts of wind seemed to carry on their singing.'

The overtones come crowding in 'They' is the Russian people, telling the tale of the tribe; or it is the human race, enacting what is already present in the mind of God. Realistically, of course, the sentence means simply what it says— that the mourners went on their way singing the well known hymn to the dead. Yet, even here, one observes how symbolically fitting it is that an epic, describing the cataclysmic close of one civilisation and the founding of another, should open with a funeral procession.

Dr. Zhivago derives its epic strength from its subject (without question the greatest of modern times) from its vast sweep and variety, and from the fact that it is a work in three distinct traditions. It is symbolist, imagist, and realist. These three have never before met in a single work. Why they should do so in a first novel by Pasternak is fairly obvious. He has always been a symbolist poet who has used imagist methods. In doing this, he had had to renounce the imagist aesthetic which is radically opposed to that of symbolism. Even had the product not been poetry of the first intensity—which it is—such a precedure would have given his work unusual interest. When one comes to his realism one is faced with a complication. First, although the book is demonstrably in the line of Russian realism, it is also symbolist. Imagism provides the connecting link. The images are presented, as they

should be, in a mosaic of small sentences, and it is their accumulation on the page which endows the work with a weight of realism unparalleled except in Tolstoy. The overwhelming sense of being *there* at a given time, in a given place, is in the tradition of the greatest masters. But if the weight of detailed imagery offsets the quite conscious symbolism, what about the extended use of coincidence as providing a meaningful pattern in life?

When one considers realistic fiction, especially that of a writer such as Tolstoy, it is clear that there the realism resides not only in detailed and accurate observation, expressed in such vivid terms that the reader may be induced to feel himself, by acts of empathy, actually taking part in the scenes described, but—and perhaps more importantly—in involving him from the first page to the last in an utterly convincing web of causation. After all, since our actual life is based, absolutely and finally on the laws of cause and effect, it is only natural that a realistic picture of it should be similarly based. Every neophyte who sets out to construct a narrative knows that by so much as you introduce coincidence, by just that much will you vitiate the realism of your picture. Pasternak has evolved his epic within a formal framework of coincidence, what Jung has called the synchronicity* of events; so he is clearly not after that sort of realism at all. In the actuality which his images give to the events described, he is comparable to Tolstoy; but the events themselves are viewed differently, in a different framework, and seen to possess an entirely different reality—in fact an acausal reality.

It is evident that Pasternak has done something with the novel that has never been done before. And he has done this within a few years of Eddington's assertion:

> In recent times some of the greatest triumphs of physical prediction have been furnished by admittedly statistical laws which do not rest on a basis of casuality. Moreover the great laws hitherto accepted as causal appear on minuter examination to be of statistical character.

And again:

> Strict causality is abandoned in the material world . . . all the indications are that strict causality has dropped out permanently.

And within a few years of Russell's corresponding statement:

> There seems no reason to regard causation as *a priori* . . . certain very general assumptions as to the structure of space-time . . . must really replace causality as our basic principle.

In 1949, Jung introduced the *I Ching* to the English-speaking world, and in 1952 produced the first full exposition of his theory of synchonicity. There may be elements of faddism in the recent vogue enjoyed by Zen Buddhism and the sale of Dr. Suzuki's books; but the artistic and philosophic consciousness of Europe has in the last fifty years been deeply unfluenced by oriental ideas. And at the root of much oriental thought lies the belief that causality is a mental process, not an attribute of objective phenomena, or of 'reality',—and that 'reality' is not only acausal, but 'one', and 'there all the time'. A phrase such as 'the spirit of the age', or, still more, 'European consciousness' is still suspect, even nowadays. Yet one does not have to be any sort of Hegelian to be able to see that men, otherwise dissociated from each other, have in the same age worked towards similar ends. The coincidence of the division of the spectrum with the emergence of the French Impressionists is the obvious case to quote. The point the present writer wants to make is that the 'discontinuity of matter', the *I Ching* and *Dr. Zhivago*, should all be seen as complementary to each other, descriptive of our post-quantum experience. Between them, in their different fields of science, philosophy, and art, they indicate an alternative mode of knowledge to that of classical causation.

Pasternak's use of coincidence, and his relegation of cause and effect to a secondary place in the novel's structure, endows it with a strangely seamless quality. It is often difficult to say where an event begins or leads. One gets the same thing in Tolstoy, but the result is different; for the actual event shows a tendency to disappear in one's analysis of it. In *Dr. Zhivago* it is the uniqueness of each thing in its place which is emphassed as creating the pattern.* Two-fifths of the iceberg is above water; the submerged three-fifths is not subjected to our causal ordering. Pasternak is after the whole iceberg.

There is an additional point of comparison that should be made before leaving the subject of Tolstoy and the general tradition of Russian realism: that is, the Hamlet-like, and, from a

worldly point of view, inneffectual nature of the hero. (The first of Zhivago's posthumous poems printed in the appendix is called 'Hamlet'.) The significance of this sort of character in Russian literature—Pierre, and the half we have of Alyosha, are the great examples—is well and fully described by one of the translators, Max Hayward, in *Encounter* for May, 1958. The article should be read by anyone seriously interested in the book.

There are two more articles which deserve mention: Frank Kermode's in *The Spectator*, and Bernard Wall's in *The Listener*. They are both extended reviews, treating the book with much intelligence and intuition, in the sort of general way that the present article does not. The middle page review in *The Times Literary Supplement* cannot be recommended. Apart from frequent and baffling references to Joyce Cary, the anonymous writer, noting Pasternak's use of coincidence 'on an epic scale', sees fit to describe coincidence itself as an occurrence whose causality is undiscovered; which leaves one wondering why Pasternak should have used the device in the first place.

Pasternak equates coincidence with fate. The novel embodies the spiritual experience of the Russian people from 1901 to 1943. They, the people of a nation recognised for their specifically spiritual, non-materialist cast of mind, have been the protagonists in events which represent the crucial issue of the twentieth century. On them, and on their artists particularly, lies a unique responsibility *as witness*. This responsibility is plain in every sentence. The characters, like shuttles drawing their connecting themes after them, move across the endless Russian landscape, apparently numberless. A web of truly Tolstoyan complexity is woven. And all the time, another dimension is insisted on. Stalin and Lenin are not once mentioned, although the shadow of Trotsky lurks behind Pasha Antipov the activist (that character doomed in all Russian fiction) in his armoured train. The immensity, the changefulness, the weight, and (strangely to a foreigner) the drab beauty of the Russian countryside is miraculously conveyed. One has not the distracting suspicion nudging one's elbow, as in even the greatest of Tolstoy or, certainly, Tourgenief, that what one is enjoying is a set, period piece, no longer perhaps quite applicable.

The examples of his use of coincidence which are particularly instructive are those in which Pasternak explicitly underlines his purpose. The first is from section 10 of the chapter 'The Advent

of the Inevitable'. The scene is at the front in the Great War.

> The man who had just died was Private Gimazetdin; the excited officer who had been shouting in the wood was his son, Lieutenant Galiullin; the nurse was Lara. Gordon and Zhivago were the witnesses. All these people were there, together, in this one place. But some of them had never known each other, while others failed to recognise each other now. And there were things about them which were never to be known for certain, while others were only to await another opportunity in order to reveal themselves.

To understand the full significance of this passage obviously requires a knowledge of the connections between the lives of each of the characters. Later, when Yury Zhivago tells Lara that the lawyer who led his father astray, and accompanied him on his last journey, when he committed suicide, was the same man who seduced Lara when she was still a schoolgirl, she replies:

> 'It isn't possible! How extraordinary! Can it really be true? So he was a tragic influence in your life too! It brings us even closer, doesn't it! It's as if it were all predestined!'

The next example comes from the very end of the book. Lara, on being told of a meeting between her lover Yury, and her husband, after she left Yury, and shortly before her husband shot himself, says, 'What an astounding, what a preordained coincidence.' She is in the room beside the body of Zhivago, who is dead, talking to Zhivago's half-brother. A page further on, Pasternak, describing her thinking to herself, writes:

> It was at Christmas, and she had set out to shoot that vulgar scarecrow, when she had had that talk in the dark in this very room with Pasha, who was still a boy, and Yury, whose body they were taking leave of now, had not yet come into her life.
>
> She strained her memory to reconstruct that Christmas conversation with Pasha, but she could remember nothing except the candle burning on the window-sill and melting a round patch on the icy crust on the glass.
>
> How could she know that Yury, whose dead body was lying on the table, had seen the candle as he was driving past, and noticed it, and that from the moment of his seeing its light ('The candle burned on the table, the candle burned'),

all that was pre-ordained for him had seized control of his life?

When, on the occasion described in the quotation, one first came across the line 'A candle burned on the table, a candle burned . . . as it flashes through Yury's head, driving to the Christmas party at the Sventitskys',—knowing the sort of writer one was dealing with one turned to the appendix of poems at the end, and there it was, as the refrain to the poem, *Winter Night*.

It is of course no accident that Yury Zhivago is both a scientist (a doctor) and a poet. Pasternak wishes to portray the full man; but there are the opposing tendencies in the age—to analyse, to divide, to categorise; and to create, which can come only from fusion and synthesis. Not the least vital and moving part of the work are the innumerable *dicta*, on every subject that presents itself, which Pasternak is able to put into the mouth of Zhivago.

As for Lara, the heroine, she also has her symbolic function, and that is no less than to incorporate in herself the figure of Holy Mother Russia.

> A spring evening . . . the air is punctuated with scattered sounds. The voices of children playing in the streets come from varying distances as if to show that the whole expanse is alive. The expanse is Russia, his incomparable mother; famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored, Russia with her eternally splendid, disastrous and unpredictable gestures. Oh, how sweet it was to be alive! How good to be alive and to love life! And how he longed to thank life, thank existence itself, directly, face to face, to thank life in person.
>
> This was exactly what Lara was. You could not communicate with life, but she was its representative, its expression, the gift of speech and hearing granted to inarticulate being.

And again: (First her husband is speaking, and then Yury, her lover),

> 'She was still a child, but already then, the alertness, the watchfulness, the disquiet of those days—it was all there, you could read it all in her face, in her eyes. Everything that made that time what it was—the tears and the insults and the hopes, the whole accumulation of revenge and pride, all of *it* was already in her expression and her carriage, in that mixture in her of girlish shyness and grace and daring. You could indict the century in her name, out of her mouth. It

was no trifling matter, you must agree. It was a sign, a destiny. Something nature had endowed her with, something to which she had a birthright.'

'How well you speak of her. I too saw her in those days, just as you have described her. A schoolgirl and at the same time the heroine of a secret drama. Her shadow on the wall was the shadow of helpless, watchful self-defence. That was how I saw her, and so I still remember her. You put it perfectly.'

There is the final quotation which reveals the depths at which Pasternak's symbolism operates. The symbol does not only incarnate the spiritual force of the event or circumstance symbolised, but because of its place in the synchronistic web it becomes *a part of* the circumstance. This is more than the sympathy which the protagonist in ecstasy feels to exist between himself and his surroundings. Such 'ordinary' symbolism is plain in the howling of the wolves, on the three successive nights, which heralds Pasha's approach to the deserted house where Yury is lingering after he has tricked Lara into leaving him—as he believes, for her own good. The first and deeper sort of symbolism, however, is to be found in section 9 of the chapter 'Farewell to the Past,' on pages 137-140. Here, the thunderstorm presaging both the revolution and Yury's awakening love for Lara is witnessed with him by their landlady, Mlle. Fleury. His love for Lara, as for his country, can end only with death. The next time that he and Mlle. Fleury come within yards of each other, although neither of them knows it (*and she has not otherwise appeared in the book, nor will again;*) is immediately after he has tried to open a window in a crowded train, and when a thunderstorm breaks overhead, and he is in the article of death. The quotation, already referred to, which sums up the purpose of these structural methods, consists of one sentence:

This compatibility of the whole was the breath of life to them.

* Jung defines synchronicity as 'the occurrence of a meaningful coincidence in time.' Of acausality he notes that 'if space and time are relative, then causality too loses its validity, since the sequence of cause and effect is either relativised or abolished.'

* In this connection it is worth remembering that Eddington defined 'causation' as the relation of effect to cause, and 'causality' as the symmetrical relation which does not distinguish between cause and effect. It is this symmetrical relationship which *Dr. Zhivago* depicts.

A NOTE ON ROY CAMBELL

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

Richard Aldington, the author of "Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Inquiry," wrote this memoir of Roy Campbell in French. It is one of the contributions to the forthcoming volume "Hommage à Roy Campbell" edited by F. J. Temple. Mr. Aldington translated it into English for "The European."

AS I sit down to write this brief note seven months have passed since we received the bitter news that Roy Campbell was lost to us, accidentally killed on the roads of that Portugal he understood and loved so well. Since then the feeling of irreparable loss has increased rather than diminished, and it is hard to say whether the personal loss or the loss to Poetry is the greater, whether we should the more grieve that a man of such heroic proportions has ceased to live with us or that English Poetry has lost the one man of genius who had strength to maintain and to extend its ancient and arduous tradition. But, in fact, we cannot and should not separate the two aspects, for it is their union which made Roy Campbell so admirable a figure—that such a man of action should have been so splendid a poet!

In many epochs writers have lamented the decay or disappearance of "real poets," only to find that later generations did not share their pessimism and found much to admire in writers who had been dismissed as negligible by the critics. On the other hand there have been epochs—the first quarter of the 19th century was one—when poetry was more sought after by the public than prose. There was even a not very healthy "boom" of war poets in the 1914-18 period. But since then, and particularly in recent years, poets, critics and public have agreed that poetry, if not

absolutely unsaleable, is at any rate in very small demand. Outside the little specialist reviews, the little self-conscious "groups" and a little conventional notice from the press, contemporary poetry is received with an immense drab indifference. Against that background from time to time, like a flash of lightning, sprang the name "Roy Campbell"—something amusing he had said, something he had done, something he had written had stirred the world amid the despairing yelps of disapproval of the "groups."

It so happens that Roy Campbell himself long ago made a masterly analysis of a situation which resulted in the disgraceful paradox that he, the Poet, was received with catcalls by the "groups." It is simply because of the "bureaucratizing" of literature. On the one hand you have the journalist in his office "carrying out a policy" and on another the intellectual in his academic or official bureau writing "criticism" and sometimes even what is alleged to be poetry, exactly as if this were a function of his drab office routine. You get, says Campbell, a "poetry of bamboozlement," through which "hundreds of crossword-conscious professors" can "joyfully hunt the thimble of meaning," a poetry "which is vague and formless, but offers . . . a million suggestions of half-meanings and glimmerings of sense." And what half-meanings and glimpses of sense there were, came out of a poverty-stricken experience of endless office hours varied by the thrilling adventures of the corner pub, the secretariat, and the Saturday evening cinema . . .

I should not think of mentioning these petty anti-art functionaries in a note on Roy Campbell if it were not for the fact that French readers would not otherwise understand how it happens that a man so interesting and a poet so gifted is not far better known. Some years ago now I noticed in quite a respectable French review an article on Roy Campbell. It had evidently been written in London solely for the purpose of prejudicing French readers against the poet. The article was a mixture of stupidity and malice written by "a politico-critical pedant" as Campbell so rightly calls this type of "critic," in the "meaningless technical jargon" which gives such people the soothing feeling that they are still at work at the government desk, seated on the government *rond de cuir*. Gratuitous malevolence of this kind is so often reserved for the man of genius. Utterly different as are Campbell and D. H. Lawrence, they were both honoured while they lived by exactly such spiteful denigration. Nor in either case did death

put an end to this persecution from below, these squeaking libels of insectivorous jargon-spillers on their superior. Already some of the more insanitary misrepresentations of Roy Campbell dead recall the infamous obituaries of D. H. Lawrence. Well, the last thirty years have shown in Lawrence's case that hard as the battle may be, the man of genius slowly rises above the horde of detractors; and the next few years will show as great a triumph for Roy Campbell.

He was a man most authentically of his own age, but formed in an antique mould. Seldom has the world been privileged to enjoy so remarkable a combination of the Warrior and the Poet, of the man of intense action and the man of thought and sensibility. He was born of an ancient clan, with antecedents in Scotland and Northern Ireland, in a new land not subdued to the drab turmoil of cities and suburbs. He learned to ride and shoot when a boy, and in a land which had still kept immense quantities of wild animals. Campbell's drawings of South African animals are beautifully observed and rendered. He lived near an ocean swarming with fish and birds. In his memoirs he has described the light of dawn flashing on the myriads of birds of prey as they plunged on the vast shoals of migrating pilchards and soared up again to hover for another dive. It is the vision of a poet and of a hunter, set down in prose of a vigour and beauty such as few if any of his contemporaries could equal. And to think that this majestic lion of literature had to take the kicks of the jackasses and guttersnipes of London and New York! But of course their approval would have been a more sullying insult.

In those early South African years Campbell learned other things besides vigorous out-of-doors action and a passionate delight in wild living things and the beauty of the outer world. He found that he had the gift of comradeship and the gift of laughter. I have had wonderful friends and have felt devotion and have stood in the battle-line, but I have not known any man who aroused among his friends so whole-hearted and so unquestioning a loyalty. Here was one Roy Campbell who could do no wrong! He must have been a magnificent N.C.O., and one can see why in spite of his long service he refused to accept the commission which unfortunately but inevitably cuts some of the comradeship between officer and men. Of course it is very hard to be a likeable Sergeant-Major, but Campbell seemingly achieved this almost impossible feat.

In Campbell this gift of comradeship was most happily allied with the gift of laughter. He could respond to what was lovable in his fellow men, but he could also see—and enjoy—what was laughable in them. To take one example only—who that has once heard it can forget his story of Musselcracker Finlayson and his two fishing mates on the Durban breakwater when they caught sight of the famous shark which had broken so many fishing lines streaming from its jaws that they looked like a ragged beard? Perhaps another writer might have got that far, but it needed Campbell with his satirical invention and his robust contempt for vegetarian and jaeger-underclothing socialism to stage a prolongation of the scene whereby the hairy shark was instantly identified by the trio as "Bernard Shaw."

Campbell is at his best, as poet, as prose-writer and as a person, when he is in touch with the virility and vitality of the "outer" world—the world of South African hunters and natives, of the fishermen and *jouteurs* and *razeteurs* of Provence, of cattlemen and bull-fighters of Provence and Spain and Portugal, of seamen before the mast. When he is in England, among the Oxford or London intellectuals and artists, he loses strength and virtue, like Antaeus when severed from his mother Earth. With a few exceptions, these sedentary intellectuals, blinkered by their enormous superiority to all who were unlike them, could not respond to this poet-workman whose irony they mistook for naïveté. He fared and still fares even worse with self-appointed critics who inevitably disliked him because of their unspoken but unbreakable standard: Whatever is unlike us is evil. He came upon them early in life. Soon after he had been fetched back as under-age from the war of 1914-18 he shipped for England, taking with him some volumes of the poets to study on the voyage. One of the ship's officers appointed himself ship's critic of literature, threw Campbell's poets into the sea, and gave him instead, as the be-all and end-all of literature, Wells's *Ann Veronica*!

We must add to this that in Spain he became a Roman Catholic convert, and defended with all his energy and ardour for his new faith the cause of General Franco. And then baffled and enraged his cockney critics by volunteering for the British Army to fight the Axis wherever it was to be fought overseas, while the critics fought on the radio or took up arms in the home counties: "Guarding the Vicar cycling round the shire."

The eternal and inexhaustible themes for the poet since the

beginning of poetry have been Love, War and God; and to these the English poets added Nature. But to write well on these great themes it is not only necessary to have the gift of words but to have experience. Even Shakespeare is more at home in a tavern than on a battle-field; and what fatuous "war poetry" has come from bards who never fired a shot to kill, what travesties in doggerel of false religious emotion, what affected amorous conceits from swains who never loved anyone but themselves, and what flirtations with Nature from rompers on Hampstead Heath! Of course the imagination has its rights, and poetry is the expression of imagination; but even more it is the expression of genuine emotion, and how can that exist without real experience? In Roy Campbell was a poet who at first hand had experienced War, Love, and Religion and the wild living things of Nature, which to the pavement artists and critics appeared not only unfair but untrue. He was "contrary", they complained. Of course he was—contrary as any genuine article is to the innumerable pinchbeck shams.

There still remains another aspect of Campbell's poetic genius—or rather, two aspects—which must be recorded. He is a great verse satirist, a difficult and splendid art in which John Dryden was his master and almost his only rival. There was a satirist in Campbell in early days, but he discovered his full strength and eloquence under the stress of his wars and of his return to an England rotten with craven socialism, and lending itself to nothing but derisive laughter with its fatuous illusions of grandeur and pathetic apeing of past grandeur. Yet while denouncing with infinite scorn the hordes of impostors Campbell never for an instant hesitated in his loyalty to the Throne and what he believed the Throne stands for. After all, South Africa and not England was his country, but the Monarchy had no more loyal subject or devoted soldier. It is in the collection called *Talking Bronco*—a would-be contemptuous epithet of his enemies flung back at them with thousand-fold contempt—that this superb satire is most fully and gloriously represented. Like all great satire it is at once personal and general, fights for a cause while crushing the horde of gadflies which clusters round every great poet. Why should we be surprised that Campbell has immortalised these insignificant vermin? It was only what Dryden and Pope and Byron had done before him, and, as Yeats said, "Where's the wild dog that has praised its fleas?" In these *Talking Bronco* poems Campbell shows a mastery of English verse equal to Dryden himself, while he has taken the racy language of

the soldier and the colonial and stamped it with a strength and fitness which makes it classic.

> "Like shells with which the beach is starry,
> Chalking their whiteness down the shore,
> I watch the motionless safari
> Of transport that will trek no more,
> The caravan of bones that reaches
> To fetch the moon through craggy breaches
> Along the avenue of dunes,
> With sorrow for the white askari
> And hunger for his black platoons.
> The ether hums with strange reports,
> The winds are dithering wild with news:
> Through Africa, huge reefs of quartz
> Grind like the gilded teeth of Jews;
> The east is conquering the west;
> The future has a face to flee;
> The vultures on the cookhouse nest
> Like Poets in the B.B.C. . . ."

And side by side with this burning originality, this majestic *saeva indignato*, and Rabelaisian laughter of his memoirs, Campbell produced scholarly translations which included St. John of the Cross, Baudelaire and Horace.

Here is the merest glimpse of the poet we mourn, the hero we worshipped, the man we loved. I think I see him now seated at table, like one of the heroes of Homer, his own bottle of *gros rouge* (which he preferred to finer wines) at his elbow, keeping us in a constant ripple of laughter, and including us all in the warmth of his love and comradeship.

AVERTISSEMENT

Pour se distraire des tueries en masse des récentes années aussi bien que des préparatifs de destruction globale de notre espèce, l'auteur a éprouvé le besoin de se rapprocher des êtres soi-disant *inférieurs* et de demander à ses humbles compagnons d'existence si l'homme a quelque raison d'habiter cette infime planète.

Ile Maui
Archipel Hawaii, 1956.

Le Myriapode Scolopendra Morsitans

I

UN myriapode
vivait en paix,
libre, et nul code
ne l'embêtait.

Un peu d'argile
sous un tilleul
servait d'asile
à lui tout seul.

Quand on préfère
vivre en un trou
on n'a que faire
d'avoir beaucoup.

Besoins modestes,
désirs restraints,
un site agreste,
des jours sereins.

Pour sa pâture,
à quelques pas
on se procure
un bon repas.

Point de corvée
et point d'impôts,
la vie rêvée
était son lot.

II

Or une blatte
dit en passant
au mille-pattes,
d'un air savant:

" Quand on défile
sur tant de pieds,
lequel sur mille
met-on premier?"

Le scolopendre
tout attentif,
voulant comprendre
devient pensif.

Il est la proie
au doute affreux
qui ronge et broie
l'esprit curieux.

Et ce qui vexe
tant son cerveau
c'est le complexe
du vrai et faux.

Mais rien n'élude
de jour, de nuit,
l'inquiétude
qui le poursuit.

Il devint blême
de trop souffrir
et ce problème
le fit mourir

Sitôt qu'il pense,
tout animal
est par avance
voué au mal.

MATHURIN DONDO

A DIARY

THE Albert Hall is really rather a hopeless concert hall. I thought this again lately, when I twice went to concerts there. Even with massed choirs, orchestra and organ at work, even for the Messiah, it is too big.

I once heard the Messiah in an Oxfordshire village church, at Shipton under Wychwood to be precise. There were no outstanding voices among the four soloists; the choir could well have been bigger, and so could the organ. Yet musically speaking the performance was more successful than the efforts of the swarms of midgets in the dim distance at the Albert Hall. One just cannot hear well enough, there are too many echoes and everything gets blurred.

Of course, for me, the circumstances were heavily weighed in favour of the Shipton Messiah. It was the last-but-one Christmas of the war, I had lately come out of prison, and every single thing seemed marvellous. I had not yet grown blasée about sitting by a fire, or walking along a country road; even shopping at the village grocer or watching a lorry go by the window were delightful treats after three and a half years behind bars. Therefore to be able to cross the village by myself in the starlight and sit in a fifteenth century church listening to Handel's music was perfect, and no doubt I was less than critical.

A few pews behind me sat the plain-clothes policeman who had been sent from Scotland Yard to watch us. He had not gone to the Messiah on my account however, but because he happened to be a musical Welshman.

To go back to the Albert Hall, a rather deaf lady of my acquaintance went there the other day to hear the Vienna Boys' Choir. Asked if she had enjoyed their singing she said: "*Quite*. They sounded like new-born kittens squealing in a basket."

The Messiah I heard sounded like a broadcast through a faulty old wireless, loud but furry.

★ ★ ★

When I was at Holloway, concerts were occasionally given for the prisoners by well-meaning and philanthropic visiting musicians. They took place in the chapel. Although architecturally this chapel naturally could not compare with a Gothic country church, it wa rather pleasant in its way. In the dirty, smelly, dark old prison it seemed clean, well polished and brightly lit. (I once asked permission to be allowed to buy a stronger bulb for my cell because

I could not see to read—the answer was NO).

One such chapel concert I went to I shall never forget. There was a man who sang folk songs and at the end of each line of verse he raised himself on tiptoe and poked his head out first to the right and then to the left. I began to laugh and couldn't stop—something that had never happened to me since childhood. I buried my face in my hands and tears of laughter ran through my fingers. Terrified that he might see and be deeply hurt, I did everything I could think of including biting my tongue; but still I shook with laughter which became more painful with every Hey nonny no from the singer, who had so kindly come to Holloway to amuse the prisoners but had not meant to amuse them quite as much as that. It was agony; back in my own cell I was overcome with extreme exhaustion. I hope he did not notice; perhaps he thought that I was like Mme. Verdurin, who demonstrated her sensibility by listening to music with her face in her hands.

★ ★ ★

English pacifists certainly pick their weather for demonstrating with a noble disregard for their own comfort. The Aldermaston march took place in a snow storm; the attack on the concrete mixer at a rocket-launching site in Norfolk was made in bitter December fog. Climbing over barbed wire entanglements and rolling in icy mud, the demonstrators accurately reproduced for themselves conditions in the front line in the war before last.

I suppose the demonstrator called "Arrowsmith" was compensating for an ancestor who, in medieval times, was an armaments manufacturer hammering out arrowheads on his anvil.

★ ★ ★

A New Year resolution for journalists and book reviewers: to give some of the fashionable words and phrases a rest during 1959, and to dredge up a few that have fallen into desuetude, polish them and use them instead. We are getting dreadfully tired of the following: massive, obsessive, compulsive, traumatic, climate of opinion.

★ ★ ★

Desmond Stewart has written an account of the long drawn-out crisis in the Lebanon last summer, and called it *Turmoil in Beirut*.* It is in the form of a diary, and because the author is extremely observant he has noted down just the details which bring the whole thing with sharp clarity to life.

* Wingate, 13/6d.

He talked with most of the personalities involved, including Saeb Salaam and the Maronite Patriarch. There were shots fired, bombs thrown, curfews imposed, shops shuttered—all the ingredients of revolution. There was also the bright Mediterranean with swimming and sunbathing, always within reach. But the personal tragedies inseparable from violence darkened the scene.

The Lebanese revolution, small in itself, had far-reaching results. It touched off the Iraq revolution, as Desmond Stewart shows; it killed the Eisenhower doctrine "stone dead," as *The Times* admits (4/12/58). And the skilful landing and withdrawal of a large American force of marines "showed . . . that the flexibility her forces makes a permanent land base in the area unnecessary." (I quote from *The Times* Middle East Correspondent). When this self-evident truth has had time to sink into some numb skulls in England, no excuse will remain for refusing self-determination to Cyprus.

★ ★ ★

I see that the memorial designed by Mr. Lynn Chadwick, to commemorate the double crossing of the Atlantic forty years ago by the airship R.34, is not going to be erected at London Airport after all. Lord Brabazon complained that it looked like a diseased haddock.

Sculpture arouses much more furious controversy than painting because, I suppose, being set up in a public highway, it is seen many more people. When I was a child the target for angry denunciation was Epstein's *Rima*, a rather inferior work which we all felt obliged to defend because those who attacked it were art-haters.

The Sudanese have hit upon a rather original idea. Instead of *unveiling* statues in Khartoum they now *veil* them—preparatory to removing them out of sight. A statue of General Gordon riding a camel and one of Lord Kitchener on horseback have recently been veiled, to the accompaniment of ceremonial music and military parades.

This is an idea Londoners might with advantage copy. My first choice for veiling would be Nurse Cavell. But I hope London will offer to purchase the Khartoum statues; I feel sure they would be popular, the camel in particular would give great pleasure.

Returning home one evening across a piece of waste land on the outskirts of our French village I was startled to see a camel looming out of the mist. He put his head very near the window of the car and gave me a terrific jump. (He belonged to a circus and had been turned out to graze). I thought then what an excessively odd animal a camel is; the sight of General Chinese Gordon riding his one across Hyde Park would beguile countless Londoners from now till doomsday, art-haters and art-lovers alike.

D. M.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Shakespeare's

JULIUS CAESAR

Ibsen's

GHOSTS

by MICHAEL HARALD

JULIUS CAESAR cannot, I think, in our day be worth the trouble of staging unless the three principal characters are superbly acted (I make no such excessive demands for Caesar himself: all *he* needs is a nose and a pot belly, for Shakespeare, who neither understood nor cared about genuine greatness, but only its trappings, took no pains with him). Brutus, Antony and Cassius are clearly differentiated in the present production; one always knows who's who, even with the lights dimmed. They lack of course, superbity of manner and voice, and are wisely content to play within their means—with the current of a melodrama which should now be given a rest until the English stage produces three marvellous voices which can be coaxed together at the same time: Brutus—*tenore* Swinley; Antony—*baritono* Tearle; Cassius—*alto* Milton. Even then, I doubt whether the assassination of a sack of sawdust could ever move me further than bored disgust and the nearest exit. As Shaw, I think, once said, this play should have been written by Goethe.

It is odd that the Vic should have chosen *Ghosts* as a holiday from Shakespeare. It is one of the very greatest of Ibsen's plays, but it in no way challenges the theatre's unique resources of casting and staging: on the evenings when *Ghosts* is performed, a whole army of actors and stage-hands must be kicking their heels on full

pay. This play is frequently and adequately presented in a small hall, with the very minimum of casting and scenic facilities: five actors, a few chairs, a bucket of scene paint and much good will. Yet there are at least four of Ibsen's masterpieces, largely unknown to the new generation of playgoers, that demand to be produced: *Peer Gynt, Emperor or Galilean, Brand,* and *The Warriors at Helgeland* will probably never be revived in the commercial theatre until Rodgers and Hammerstein set them to music. The small-hall set-ups, for the most part, cannot touch them: the Vic and the Stratford-on-Avon Company are probably the only organisations in England which could nowadays stage these plays without crippling financial loss. Eased into the repertory, they would after a time become largely self-supporting.

It is easy to understand the chorus of rage, horror and vicious scurrility which greeted the first performance of *Ghosts* in London sixty-seven years ago. There was no way of dodging the Master's grim eye and pointing finger, of pretending that they were levelled at somebody else: the Victorians hadn't been taught the trick. They wore their hypocrisy with a difference; by present-day standards it would pass as candour. Even Clement Scott's celebrated outburst in the *Daily Telegraph* had a certain tragi-comic, righteous ring to it. He was genuinely wounded, as they all were (except perhaps the actor-managers and commercial speculators who howled the loudest because they saw in Ibsen's theatre a death-blow to their own). If you are hit in the face with a sledge-hammer, you do not at once admit that you deserved it: these things take time. But at least Scott did not side-step the blow and let his neighbour take it.

In our day the bell always sounds for the other person: the one outside the hall, the movement, the party. The modern suburbanite who is smart enough to see that Hedda is the woman who faces him at dinner every night would be surprised and hurt to learn that Hedda for years has known and indulged him as Hjalmar Ekdal. We are all Ibsen characters: there were at least three Mrs. Alvings in the Waterloo Road the other evening, not counting Miss Flora Robson. One of them looked very hard at *me* . . . .

Miss Robson's performance was, as always, clear, truthful and technically accomplished: within her range—a range no narrower, I should add, than that of any other English actress—she is arguably the most proficient artist on the London stage at the present

time. She is never, I would judge, an *exciting* actress: she should always be seen in a great play, for she lacks on the one hand the genius, on the other the vulgarity, to "lift" a poor one. Her Mrs. Alving is a faultless creation, entirely unselfconscious and unselfpitying: the gentle briskness which sought to flick away tragedy like dust from the furniture brought home the full horror of the play in a way that the full-blown "tragic" method never could.

Where the role became a shade monotonous, then that was—rightly I think—Ibsen's intention, and Miss Robson pursued it with a submissive grace and dignity which was marvellously rewarded in the great third act. She had neither exhausted us nor the part; and the speechless terror with which she regarded Oswald as the final curtain fell gained its maximum effect. We were ready for more; for another act showing Mrs. Alving quite alone, or perhaps entertaining Oswald's emancipated friends from Paris.

Miss Robson was admirably partnered by a Pastor Manders (Mr. Michael Hordern) whose humourlessness and hypocrisy goes a shade farther back than Ibsen; to Dickens, none other. Mr. Hordern clearly regards his Manders as a first study for Pecksniff; and I for one was delighted. The critics who shared with my Dress-Circle neighbours the view that Ibsen is a purveyor of unrelieved gloom and that Mr. Hordern had no right to be funny should be made, first, to examine closely the text of the play, and, second, to attend a production in which the part is played by a boring actor who sees Manders as a boring man. No man—not even an actor—is a bore to himself; and Mr. Hordern rightly plays Manders from his own point of view.

The comedy springs quite naturally from the character and from the action of the play, and Mr. Hordern is too good a comedian to fluff or ignore it. Mr. Ronald Lewis, who played Oswald, spared us the full horror of his plight: either that, or he was unable to achieve it. I hope I may say without offence that Mr. Lewis looked the part; that physically this was a miracle of casting. This, one felt, is how Captain Alving must have looked: rough, handsome, good-natured, fond of drink and women without being either a drunk or a womaniser. Mrs. Alving's self-reproaches received added point and poignancy from the fact that we believed in the resemblance: when *she* saw the father in the son, the son in the father, so did we. Better actors than Mr. Lewis have done, and will do, less with Oswald. Regina looked nice; fantastically

sunburnt, in spite of the grey backcloths and lots of pessimistic talk about the weather; just the sort of healthy girl, I suppose, that an ailing man would go for. She badly needed direction from somebody (Mr. Fernald produced), and seemed often to be aware of this. Her father, Engstrand, was quite ludicrously bad: I will not dwell on this, for I do not wish to spoil the memory of the best Ibsen revival I have seen since Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Hedda Gabbler five years ago.

TCHAIKOWSKY

I have been asked to include in these Notes an occasional review of television and sound drama. As, on the whole, I would sooner listen than watch, I spent an evening a few weeks ago with Mr. Val Gielgud's Home Service production of *Romeo and Juliet.* My time was not entirely wasted: it is always pleasurable to be reminded that the young Shakespeare, in spite of his tavern horse-play and borrowed literary *chi-chi,* wrote the most magical love poetry of our language. And the metaphysical maggot was already squirming: —

> *Ah! dear Juliet,*
> *Why are thou yet so fair? shall I believe*
> *That unsubstantial death is amorous,*
> *And that the lean abhorred monster keeps*
> *Thee here in dark to be his paramour? . . .*

Such a cry springs from a soul dizzy and diseased with love. If an actor cannot feel and convey this, he had better leave Romeo alone. It is the key to the play . . .

These reflections may suggest that the broadcast merited serious consideration: it did not, apart from the very high standard of verse speaking in the smaller supporting rôles. The production was consistent only in its faults; for sheer vulgarity I have known nothing to match it since an ENSA show years ago when the female-impersonator chorus deflated with a whistling noise their false breasts during the "Abide With Me" finale. Tchaikowsky's syrup, of course, was thickly spread; and Miss Tobin (Juliet) spluttered for a while and finally drowned in it. An over-ripe plum of a reading, Miss Tobin's; all tortured vowels and no consonants, and no nearer Verona than a Knightsbridge sales-counter. The production had light and shade, however. This was effected by the unusual expedient of dragging out introductions and conversational passages, and speeding up scenes which are commonly regarded as tragic, beautiful or in some other way dramatically important. No doubt Mr. Gielgud regards this as a bold flouting of some unspecified tradition or other (producers who talk about "tradition", I have observed, are rarely able to define it). If so, then I would urge him to attempt for a moment or two to put himself in the place of an affectionate parent to whom is brought the news of his only daughter's death: a little reflection along these lines would possibly reveal to him the way to guide his Capulet (Mr. Baliol Holloway, who was probably as bored and cross as I was, let the scene go for nothing). But Tchaikowsky must accept his share of the blame; for how could Mr. Gielgud, being Mr. Gielgud, have resisted him? He is oozing through my head as I write; making it impossible for me to attend to Mr. Goring's unambitious but neatly-spoken Mercutio, and the tentative, unfelt but not unpleasant Romeo of Mr. Woolf.

CINEMA:

LAST YEAR'S FILMS

by VINCENT MURRAY

1958 was not a particularly good year for cinema. India, Sweden and Russia were the countries that topped the list for films of major importance with Satyajit Ray's *Pather Panchali* and *The Unvanquished*, Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries* and Kalatozov's *The Cranes are Flying*. Such are the titles that will go down in the film-history books. The others, the vast army of

commercial releases, pretentious, pseudo-art and down-right box-office, have been of sufficient variety and quality to enliven considerably a critic's existence. Old trends have been re-affirmed, sometimes blended with new (often in name only) and at least one has been vigorously resurrected to great financial reward.

Britain began to give a lead again in world-cinema last year —in the Horror-film. The *quality* Horror. *The Revenge of Frankenstein* (Terence Fisher), *Blood of the Vampire* (Henry Cass), *Night of the Demon* (Jacques Tourneur), all elegantly mounted, carefully photographed, rhythmically directed films, set a standard in fashionable horror that even the prolific American companies found hard to match. *Teenage Frankenstein, Space Children, The Terror From Beyond Space* were technically way behind the British product. Even *Dracula*, Fisher's first venture into the genre early last year, was preferable. The cycle is paying so well that the remake of the old Widmark success *Kiss of Death* has been titled *The Fiend That Walked The West*, though it has little to do with ghoulish creatures. While on the subject of Westerns I notice that John Ford, the master himself, temporarily (one hopes) abandoning familiar territory, made a quite entertaining police thriller in this country, *Gideon's Day*.

British directors failed to make a good showing. Only Anthony Asquith returned to real form with a contemporary subject, *Orders to Kill*, and made it the most adult film produced in this country since his *Young Lovers* some years ago. One wishes his other commitments would allow more time for such creative film-making. Carol Reed directed *The Key*, a beautifully finished film, and Ronald Neame made *Windom's Way* from a most interesting script by Jill Craigie (whose mining semi-documentary *Blue Scar* made a good impression some years ago).

War films played almost as large a part in British output as horror did. The two quality ones I've mentioned already. *Ice Cold in Alex, Carve Her Name With Pride, Dunkirk* and the nauseating *Camp on Blood Island* were all technically what one expects in contemporary production, but completely lacking in the vital spark.

Comedies of course hold the day: farce, low-budget knock-about jostled with well-made, tasteful films such as Stanley Dorien's *Indiscreet*, a delightful comedy that by rights belongs to the 'thirties. Charles Crichton made *Law and Disorder* and Sidney Gilliott *Blue Murder at St. Trinians*. Nothing from the Boulting Brothers, Michael Anderson or Thorold Dickinson. One interesting experiment in low-budget product succeeded very well: Paul Rotha's *Cat and Mouse*, but Clive Donner, a previous hope for this type of film (*The Secret Place*), turned in the sentimental *Heart of a*

Child, which shows how hard it is to be consistent in the film business. Don Chapley's *The Man Upstairs* made intelligent use of locale and character in a thriller setting. The lower levels of production seem to be showing some signs of life.

For once, Japan is out of the running for first-class production. My personal favourites from abroad are *White Night* (Visconti) from Italy, *Le Rideau Cramoisi* (Astruc) from France and *Das Kalte Herz* (Verhoven) from E. Germany. Buñuel's latest, *La Mort en ce Jardin* is full of his visual symbolism, but a little jaded, one feels. From Spain the director of *Welcome Mr. Marshall* sent us *Calabuch*, an entertaining comedy. Ophül's *Lol* was mutilated, Clair's *Porte des Lilas* delicately restrained and Becker's *Arsène Lupin* decoratively mounted. Otherwise the big guns were silent.

Only two really interesting films from America: Stanley Kramer's *The Defiant Ones*, a study in racial tolerance, and Orson Welles' stylistically fascinating *Touch of Evil*. The new Hitchcock *Vertigo* was below par, Richard Brooks' two adaptations *Brothers Karamazov* and *Cat on a Hot Tin-Roof* were only partially successful, Wilder was bogged down in theatre with *Witness for the Prosecution* and Huston wallowed in the indiscipline of the *Barbarian and the Geisha*. There were no good musicals. *South Pacific* experimented far too theatrically and the others, *Pyjama Game*, *Les Girls*, *Merry Andrew*, *Pal Joey* were never more than mildly entertaining. Among the war films Stanley Kudrick's *Paths of Glory* holds the highest place, and there is delicate handling of the central sequences in *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*.

A peculiar year, then, with no major musical or Western from America, no further revelation from the East, a spate of horror from Britain and a general inertia among most of the cinema's creative workers. 1959 can only bring an improvement—surely!

A TERRIFYING LEGEND

by JOHN HAYLOCK

The Oak Mountain Song, a story written by Mr. Shichiro Fukuzawa in 1956, has just been filmed in Japan. Mr. Fukuzawa's story, which has been widely read, won a literary prize; the film, faithful to the story, has been directed by one of Japan's most original directors, Mr. Keiseike Kinoshita, who made "The Throne of Blood," based on Macbeth and recently shown in London.

The story is about the terrifying Japanese legend of sons carrying their aged parents up into the mountains and leaving them there to die.

Mr. Kinoshita has definite ideas about film direction, and makes this film into something between a stage play and a film. All the sets were built in the studio though the scenes take place in a remote mountain village. There is a stream with running water, and the interiors to the huts are realistic, but to change a scene from one part of the village to another Mr. Kinoshita shows a close-up of golden maple leaves that draw apart like a curtain; on another occasion the wall of a house slides away and the next scene is revealed. The grass, the flowers, the leaves, the pink sunsets look artificial as they would on the stage, but by this method Mr. Kinoshita succeeds in bringing the actors into closer contact with the audience. We realise that it is a studio set, as in the theatre we realise the sky is made of cloth, and because of this we concentrate more on the players, not having picture-postcard mountain scenery to distract us.

The background music is like that in Kabuki or Noh, consisting of the samisen (the 3 string Japanese guitar) and at times a singer who sings ballads connected with the story. The samisen, plaintive at one moment, then strident, then harsh, but always astringent and pure, heightens the tension of this grim tale.

A TERRIFYING LEGEND

The film begins with Rin, the mother of Tatsuhei, her only son and a widower with four children, kneeling down by a stone mortar and banging her front teeth against it. Rin is seventy and it is time she went up to the mountain, but her teeth are still good and this irks her. She is also being teased by the villagers because of her teeth; old people, ready for the mountain, should not have good teeth. Her eldest grandson, a boisterous, selfish lad, resents her presence and is particularly cruel to her, gibing her about her "devil's teeth." The village is desperately poor and any old people who have become an encumbrance should be taken up into the mountain, and those who do not want to go are mocked. But Rin is young for her age, though bent double (like Japanese peasant women today) through years of carrying loads on her back, she is still strong and can work in the rice-fields and cook for her son and his children.

The next-door hut is called the "Money House" by the villagers, as the family is miserly. Mata, the old father of the house, is seventy and it is time for him to visit the mountain, but, unlike Rin, he does not want to go. His son starves him and occasionally Mata creeps into Rin's house and eats her rice like a ravenous animal; he is despised by the villagers for not wanting to go to the mountain; he is weak; he cannot work properly, and is a nuisance to his son and a burden on the whole village—this village where the greatest threat and term of abuse is: "No food for you."

Rin arranges for a widow from the next village to come to her house to be a wife for her son, Tatsuhei, and one day, when there is a festival on, Rin sees a woman sitting on the tree stump outside her house. Rin welcomes her in, gives her baked fish and rice which the woman eats greedily, carefully picking up the grains with her chopsticks that have fallen on her kimono and putting them quickly into her mouth. Rin is afraid that her son's new wife will notice that her teeth are good, so she puts her hand over her mouth and tries to hide them; she wants to make it clear to the new wife that she intends to go to the mountain soon. While the villagers are dancing and drinking rice-wine Rin goes to the stone mortar, and summoning up all her courage crashes her front teeth again and again (the samisen is at its most strident here), and then with her teeth broken, her mouth bloody, she runs to the dancers and triumphantly shows her bleeding gums. The dancers flee in terror when they see her and her son, aghast, carries her home.

Rin's grandson brings a village girl into the house (there were no marriage ceremonies in the village) and this means that he wishes her to be his wife, and for a woman to be a great grandmother, to see a "rat-child," is considered most unpropitous. So Rin hastens to teach Tatsuhei's new wife how to look after her son. She makes sure she can cook properly and shows her a secret pool where trout can be caught easily. She then cleans out the house, polishes the spit, mends the torn paper screens by pasting in new scraps of paper, and then, one evening, she tells her son that she is ready to go. Her grandson rejoices and makes jokes mercilessly, but Tatsuhei covers his eyes and weeps.

And then the day comes: it is late autumn and nearly all the leaves have fallen and Rin clinging on to a wooden rice-straw carrier that is strapped to her son's back, comes out of the hut; the journey begins. Up they go, past their rice paddy, the almost bare oak trees, up tortuous paths, by the edge of a precipice, and then they come to a Shinto arch, the entrance to the peak of the mountain where the villagers believe there dwells a god. Tatsuhei hesitates at the arch, sobs, but his mother puts a hand on his shoulder and urges him on; it is forbidden for them to speak. She wants to go to the mountain—the home now has two women, her son's new wife and her grandson's wife—she is superfluous. Tatsuhei suddenly runs through the arch and climbs up to the grisly peak where black crows hop and skeletons lie on rocks. He pauses again, but her hand waves him on. They pass more skeletons and her hand, now ghostlike, waves him forward until they come to a space among the skeletons; she taps him lightly on the shoulder and he puts her down. She spreads out her mat, takes out a ball of boiled rice from her kerchief, hands the cloth to her son without looking at him, kneels down and, still keeping her eyes from him, holds out her hand. Tatsuhei grasps his mother's hand, pulls her up and hugs her, but she, perfectly calm and at peace, kneels down again and waves him away. Tatsuhei then picks up the carrier and staggers down the mountain, stops, looks back, but his mother, now kneeling in his direction, again waves him away and he runs down the mountain.

When he comes to the precipice he sees the son of the "Money House" trying to push his father, Mata, over; the father is screaming and struggling. Some villagers, not wishing to take their parents as far as the holy mountain take the easy way out and throw them over the precipice, but this is considered wrong. Tatsuhei

cries out and then tries to stop them, but in the ensuing fight both the son and the father fall over the precipice (there is a danger of bathos here but it is avoided by the complete sincerity of the actors).

It begins to snow, a bad omen if it snows on the way to the mountain but a good one if it snows on the way back. Suddenly, thinking of his mother, alone among the skeletons in the snow, Tatsuhei runs back, up the narrow, rocky path, through the arch crying, "Mother, Mother." He stops when he sees her still kneeling towards him, telling her beads with snow thickening on her hair, and she shakes her head slowly and waves him away. "Mother, Mother," he sobs. Again she slowly shakes her head and her deathlike hand again waves him away. Weeping, Tatsuhei runs down the mountain back to his village. Then a train is seen steaming into the village that now has a station and two skiers are shown on the platform—a reminder that such ghastly customs are no longer practised in Japan.

Miss Kinuya Tanaka, a well-known Japanese film actress, played the part of Rin, the mother. She had a sweet expression of happy resignation and the peaceful countenance of one who truly believes, and portrayed the mother as one who was wholly good, deeply fond of her son but aware of the compelling force of the mountain god that was calling her now that she was old. Miss Tanaka showed that the mother felt the pain of parting from her son but bravely hid her feelings in order not to increase his grief. Mr. Teiji Takahashi showed the son to be kind, sensitive, and superior to the coarse and crude villagers; all through he was haunted by the thought of the terrible task he knew he had to perform. Both these performances were delicate, touching, poignant, adding to the pathos of this extremely moving and intensely tragic story.

NEW BOOKS

Anecdotes of Destiny by Isak Dinesen (Michael Joseph 13/6)
The Go-Away Bird and Other Stories by Muriel Spark (Macmillan 13/6)

Long after the Snow Queen had abducted Gerda to her palace under the Northern Lights, Little Kay set out to rescue his frozen-hearted sister and came at last to the *isba* of the Witchwoman of Lapland—as I remember the story. Through the long snowy nights, the Witchwoman fed the child on reindeer tallow and runic wisdom, until at last . . .

Reading these five stories of Isak Dinesen (Baroness Blixen) I found that under pretence of feeding me with runic wisdom, the Danish Witchwoman was stuffing me with rancid Ibsen-tallow, Arabian Nights-tallow and Somerset Maugham-tallow. Two of the tales, *Tempests* and *The Immortal Story*, deal with the *Eternel Retour* situation, as the general title of the collection may suggest. Characters are involved, without their knowledge or against their will, in the repetition of literary themes, the shipwreck and the sailor's shore-leave fantasy. To be trapped in a shipwreck is short-story material; to be caught in a literary shipwreck with Ferdinand drowned, is not. Literature does not determine events, even though it often predicts them with horrifying exactitude. To force characters through the collander of literature is not literature but a trick, *unless* there is such innovation in modernity as Cocteau achieves. The rest is sleight of hand and witch-tallow.

The one story in the collection where Baroness Blixen's ' mannered simplicity ' does not conceal mannerism of imagination, is *Babette's Feast*. The refugee cook of the Café Anglais hides herself in the world of Pastor Manders. Here she shows her powers at their best as she plots the co-relatives of submission, artistic pride, puritanism and generosity; there is no fake simplicity, no literary web, and the blurb does not seem extravagant in its claims for the Witchwoman of Rungstedlund.

Muriel Spark does not live on the road between Copenhagen and Elsinore, thank God, but in Camberwell. And Camberwell is a much more suitable point of departure for the English short-story than Elsinore, even though in three of her stories Miss Spark does unfortunately veer towards the ' marvellous ' and spoil an excellent collection with them.

The long tale that gives the book its title is a study in female colonial rootlessness and excellent in its deadpan treatment of character and event; but anyone obsessed with the nearer situation of Notting Hill Gate will certainly prefer *The Black Madonna*:

'Even before he heard the result of Oxford's blood test he said to Lou, "Write and ask your relations if there's been any black blood in the family."

"Write and ask *yours*," she said.'

Miss Spark's novels, *The Comforters* and *Robinson*, have been censured as too obscure, too subtle, too economical, and these strictures might stand. It was the realism of detail with unobvious but probably religious significance that confused. Who were the Comforters, who was Robinson, when the adventures were over? But in the best of the stories, her economy and suburban realism are balanced to perfection. A query remains in the reader's mind, as it should, but the alternative answers are within reach, all the while Miss Spark remains our side of Golders Green Crematorium; when she passes behind the fiery curtain into the world of flying Spode saucers, ghosts and seraphs, we lose her and murmur: Muriel, come home!

A.J.N.

Bankers and Pashas by David S. Landes. (Heinemann 30s.)

THE distinction between policy, and administration of policy, is a genuine distinction, but dangerous. It is sometimes used by defenders of empire as explanation of why their own particular empire is in ruins.

Simply to affirm the distinction, as let out for one's own nation, implying or stating that honest colonial administrators were the true representatives of the mother country, while policy (unfortunately, etc., etc.,) was in the hands of an outside group, is but another version of the ostrich trick.

There is nothing intrinsically pleasant about the fall of an empire which has brought order and other advances to its colonies. But no nation has an inherent right to colonies, irrespective of that nation's performance at home and abroad. The structure may appear safe on the surface, but an empire begins to fall apart when the mother country fails to meet arising circumstances with justice. Shortly before the start of the Second World War, a periodical which approved of the British Empire told of an African colony where the administration had greatly assisted the Africans with their agriculture. It was a splendid performance, of genuine collaboration. But the product of this collaboration was confiscated to meet financial policy. Nations will neglect at their peril these two warnings from the Confucian Analects:

> Love of keeping one's word, without study runs amok into doing harm.
>
> Love of going straight without studying where to, degenerates into bad manners.

David S. Landes is Associate Professor of Economics at Columbia University, his book has the sub-title "International Finance and Economic Imperialism in Egypt." It is a record, sometimes nicely detailed, sometimes approximate, of how usury and attendant pestilences corrupt and corrode. Prof. Landes does not tell the whole story, far from it, but readers interested in where the world has got to, and why, will be thankful to him for what he has given us: an exchange of letters newly discovered, between Alfred André, international banker in Paris, and Edouard Dervieu, private banker to the Khedive Sa'id of Egypt, the period 1858-68.

More interesting however, than the sections dealing with the letters, are the first two chapters which give excellent detail on the development of some aspects of international finance during the

19th century. The real worth of the book is not in the 'theme' pushed by the author ("a good story with important elements of drama and even pathos," Professor Landes says) but in the explanatory material and particularly the footnotes. It is a book worth consulting, for the reader with a 'general' interest in history and finance, and a book worth studying for the reader after details *Bankers and Pashas* may even be looked upon one day by historians with gentle reverence, not for anything actually present on it pages, but because of hard nuggets of historical fact discovered via sources listed in Professor Landes' notes and appendices.

NOEL STOCK.

The Faber Book of Modern Verse (new enlarged edition)
ed. Michael Roberts (Faber & Faber, 15s.)
Modern Verse in English (1900-1950)
eds.: Lord David Cecil, Allen Tate (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.)

Anthologists are sitting birds; but a reviewer is a cad at heart and should not be trusted too far. Moreover, Lord David Cecil's introduction to his (the British) share of *Modern Verse in English* (1900-1950) is so smugly ill-written, his choice of poets and poems often so exasperatingly wrong-headed, that the normal canons of good sportsmanship seem not to apply: one reaches for one's catapult. Where Lord David is accurate, he is deadly dull; a pedagogic parrot repeating dates and facts which are sufficiently well-known. The academic bleat converts Hardy, Yeats, Eliot into bores or cyphers; we sleep or throw chalk. Where he is *in*accurate, he is often naughty as well: perverse, wilful, head-tossing, absurd: he wears his gown of self-parody with a tottering—sometimes touching—dignity. His performance is amusingly spotlighted by reference to his Notes:

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT: *Mr. Eliot's complexity is a necessary complexity for it expresses an extremely complex nature and mind . . .*

FRANCIS CORNFORD: *Mrs. Cornford is a woman, a humorist, and a lifelong observer of Cambridgeshire.*

LAURENCE WHISTLER: Mr. Whistler when not writing poetry engraves on glass . . .

We learn also that Chesterton does not write like Hopkins or Bridges; that not all Belloc's poems are "equally good"; that Binyon was affected by the beautiful; and that the work of Mrs. Fredegond Shove (can this be right?) is "marked with a characteristic fresh wistfulness, a characteristic flute-like music." Mrs. Shove's work, Lord David concludes judicially, "is unmistakably her own"—thus, one hopes, disposing at last of that boring old literary controversy: "Who Wrote Shove?" We learn that Mr. Pound was responsible for the dictum that poetry should be as well written as prose (we always attributed the remark to Ford Madox Ford): "this," points out Lord David with his extraordinary talent for converting crystal into mud, "this is a muddle-headed way of saying that poetry should have the merits of good expository prose."

Clearly he prefers minnows to whales. Though consistently maladroit, he is less unhappy with Edward Thomas, Mr. Blunden and Mr. Betjeman than with the major poets. He *expands*: "Betjemanland is 'as living and unique as Trollope's Barset.'". Mr. B. gets seven pages; but will be judged by new readers on the very worst of his output. No Pam, no Mifanwy—not even Clemency. Instead, Lord David offers Wendy: the "living and unique," on this evidence, is just a saccharine-injected Barrieland.

Mr. Allen Tate's prejudices and predilections are, in contrast, those of a poet. His introduction is stimulating and instructive; one's frequent dissent and occasional wrath are tinged with a respect which is in no way diminished by a study of Mr. Tate's own chosen poems. He has selected wisely from Pound, Frost, and Hart Crane; his chief fault as an anthologist is a sentimentality which allows him to excuse and include such poets as Stephen Vincent Benet and Karl Shapiro.

The Faber volume, edited by Michael Roberts, is of course a classic of the *genre*. It is still the one to put in the hand of a Young Person—square, non-square, Ted or poetaster. Roberts' splendid preface is reinforced by Mrs. Ridler's neat supplement: there are more poems, including Mr. Tiller's brilliantly original *Bathers*, which deserve their place and may keep it.

M. H.

LETTER

The Editor,
"The European," London, S.W.1.
Sir,

"D. M." (in your December issue) voices my own thoughts when she compares the Tories' bellicosity towards Icelanders, Cyprian Greeks and Egyptians to their politeness towards the Russians. Compare, also, their defence of feudalism in Southern and Eastern Arabia to their politeness towards the Chinese Communists or, for that matter, the naval arrogance in Iceland's vital fishing-grounds and the absence of British frigates within the the Russians' unilaterally-claimed twelve miles limit in the White Sea, formerly frequented by British fishermen.

They profess to regret the partition of Germany, about which they can do nothing, while ignoring the equally unjustifiable partition of Ireland. They bite off more than they can chew in two wars against Germany (both of them Slavo-Teutonic quarrels which never concerned England unduly in the past), taking it for granted that Australasians and Canadians will come rushing to their aid, even if it means sailing from New Zealand as it did in 1914, without naval protection, or leaving Australia wide open to attack by the Japanese in the second war. They also take it for granted that they can hide behind their friends in the United States of America if it comes to the worst. When they stab Egypt in the back (acting, as off Iceland, unsupported by other interested states) and find that America and much of the Commonwealth (e.g., Pakistan and Canada) are tired of being taken for granted, they become sulkily abusive, like spoiled brats. They talk of the Egyptian fiasco as "courageous" and think they have achieved something by sending in troops to keep the king of an artificial statelet of sand on his throne by helping him to intimidate educated, contemptuous Palestinians (his subjects only by the fortunes of war) then solemnly bring them out again when the said king's cousin and uncle in Baghdad get a taste of their own medicine and therefore make impossible any intervention by the troops in

Amman. (And their allies who landed at Beirut, and likewise achieved nothing). They prate of trying to reach tripartite agreement in Cyprus, but shift their ground when the Greek spokesmen come towards their view.

How many more unnecessary wars can England afford? The South African one has come home to roost. The Egyptians have broken free. How many smaller friends can England afford to lose? These Old Etonians flatter the gullible by "codding" them into believing that England is still a great power, able to throw its weight about. Are the public schools *really* worth preserving? Roy Campbell disliked and despised their products as much as I do, but unfortunately he did not deign to waste much ink on the subject. Otherwise, we might have seen even the *New Statesman* quoting him approvingly.

Yours faithfully,
PATRICK J. N. BURY.

Ballymountain House,
Waterford, Ireland.

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