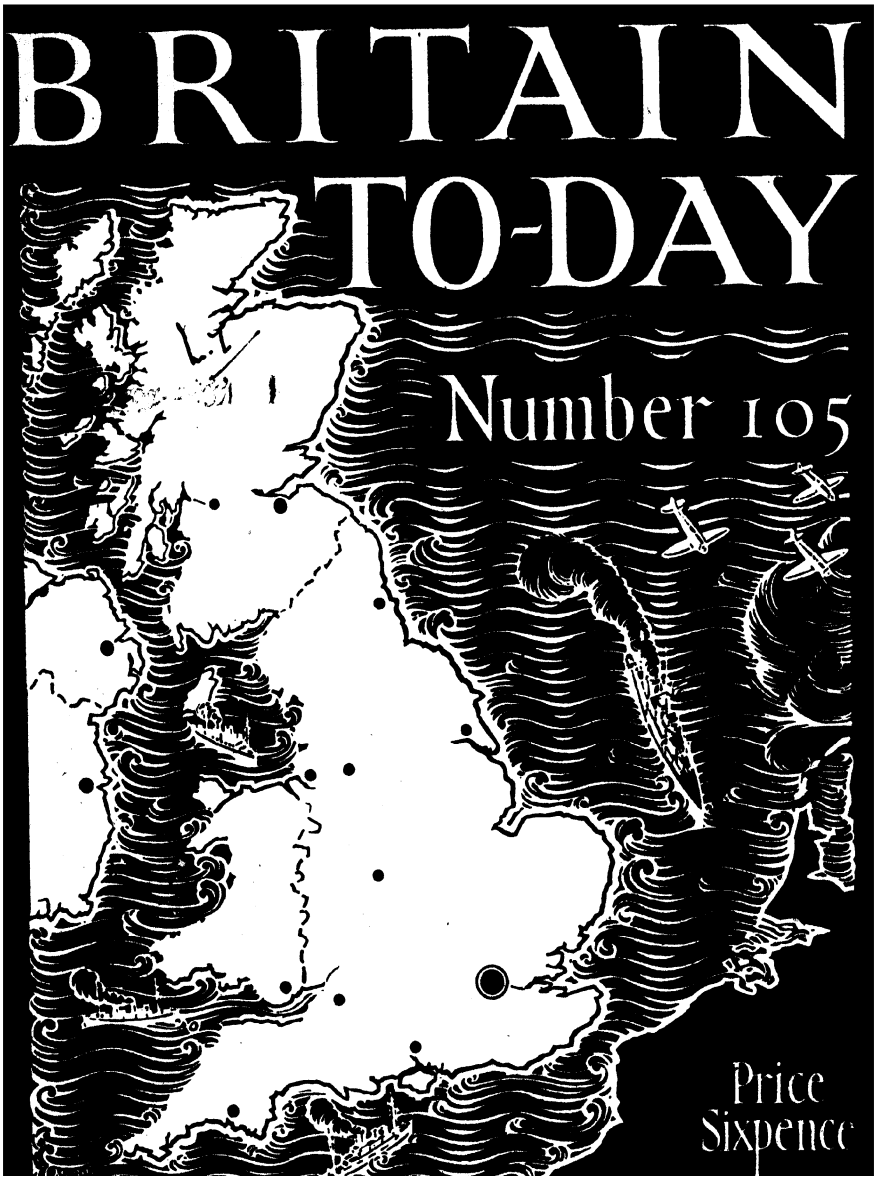
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BRITAIN TO-DAY



Number 105

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JANUARY 1945

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War Food Policy	SIR JOHN ORR
The Final Courts of Appeal	LORD JUSTICE DU PARCQ
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

Number 105 *January 1945*

THE RENAISSANCE OF EUROPE

THERE is a going and coming now between parts of the world which a little time ago were separated by an impassable gulf. Impassable, that is, except for aeroplanes which had no neighbourly purpose, and a few clandestine adventurers whose deeds were unreported. The veil has been lifted which hung so heavily over France, Belgium, Luxemburg, and Greece, and the day is not far distant when we shall be able to resume communications with people in all parts of Holland, and Yugoslavia, and in Norway, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, and Poland.

Yet even when intercourse becomes comparatively easy again it must be the case that for some time the world will feel itself divided into two parts—divided not by interest or sympathy, but by experience. There will be those who have lived under an enemy occupation, and those who have not. There are those whose territory has been over-run by a conqueror and held in subjection, and those who have avoided that hard fate. This does not mean that any of the former ceased fighting. I believe I am right in saying that not a single one of the defeated nations ever ceased to maintain a fighting force, great in some cases, small in others, which pursued the struggle from outside. Their Governments maintained contacts with underground forces and were the nerve-centres of resurgent national movements which were destined to do so much to help the process of liberation when the moment came. The "United Nations" was no empty expression. It was symbolic, but it stood also for something.

tangible and practically forceful. And because of what these nations have done separately and in unison we cannot say that any of them was ever completely subjugated.,

None the less there remains this difference—between those who lost the use of their territory, who were physically and morally afflicted by enemy control, and those who kept their sovereignty and freedom. Those in the latter group, like Great Britain, in spite of upheavals, have retained their organic life and institutions throughout and have progressively strengthened themselves for war and prepared plans for after-the-war. Their morale was high in adversity because they were masters of themselves, and it was high in the later period because, however fatigued, they were winning. But nations in the first group had suffered complete disorganization. Their governments and institutions had been destroyed, their social life stifled, their industries diverted to unnatural production; they were silenced; they suffered wounds in body and soul; and at the moment of liberation they lacked transport, equipment, and adequate food supplies, and with all the will in the world the Allied armies, still grappling with an enemy in the field, could not quickly enough supply the hungry populations.

Thus through the period of transition there is thrust upon us a contrast between those who did not lose freedom and those who have recently regained it. This difference must be obliterated as soon as possible. Some of the finest peoples in the world have been among the sufferers, peoples who made unique contributions to civilization in the past, and must continue to contribute if human society is to regain poise and balance. If their distinctive qualities, their initiative, their originative minds should be inoperative or diminished the loss to the rest of the world would be incalculable. We shall come to understand that they have been through a certain experience the lessons of which are indispensable in reconstruction. They have much to tell us and teach us.

I was talking recently to a Frenchman who had long been a prisoner of war in Germany, who escaped, joined the de Gaulle movement in England, and is now engaged in national work in his own country. "In the future", he said, "there must be co-operation between Britain and France. But", he added

ruefully, "I fear at first it will be unilateral", meaning that at present we had everything to give, his country so little.

He was wrong. That is far from being the case. When I demurred I was thinking not merely of the practical things that were done by the Fighting French, who kept the French flag flying and saved part of their fleet and their overseas territory for the use of the Allies, and of the devoted work of the Forces of the Interior which contributed so much to the liberation of their country. All this amounted to very much for the Allied cause. But there is more than that. In many ways they have a special contribution to make both to the near and the distant future. We have been through the fire, and so have they, in experience different from ours, but equally testing. They have probed to the very depths the malady that was Europe's, and their diagnosis will be essential to the disclosure and application of the cure. From them have risen men who faced and were equal to the ordeal, and sustained the spirit of their countrymen in active or passive resistance, till it was proved that the soul of a nation cannot be destroyed. Among the leaders of the liberated countries there are likely to be men of great enduring power and resolution, well acquainted with the needs and aspirations of their countrymen, and bent on finding forms of expression for their genius.

It cannot be insisted too emphatically that in the years approaching the world will need Europe. Though there are wonderful and inexhaustible funds of energy, vitality, inventive capacity, and generous eagerness for life in the nations of European origin who live outside Europe, the roots of their civilization are in the old world, and the branches must still draw sap from the roots.

No greater fallacy was ever enunciated than that which rests on the analogy between a nation and an individual, positing that nations are subject to exactly the same laws of growth and decay as individuals. History confutes it. In the fifth century B.C., Greece, hundreds of years after her heroic youth, when she seemed already old in her civilization, embarked upon the most splendid period of her history. In the fifteenth century there were symptoms in English civilization which might have been attributed to age and exhaustion, yet in the very next century

it produced the exuberance of the Elizabethan age. Thirty years ago Russia seemed an old country. Who will deny her youth to-day? In the thousands of years of her history China has had alternating periods of renaissance and decadence, but always has risen again. Conversely, the nation that is not reborn again with every generation lacks the essentials of nation-hood. We shall expect to witness in a marked degree the phenomena of re-birth in the revolutionary period we are living in.

The peoples of Europe have proved by their resistance that their spirit could not be destroyed. There will be a hard and grim period of dearth and disorganization during the transition. To the suffering people it will inevitably seem that the Allies are slow in bringing the food and machines they need. The Allies must explain to them the difficulties and ask their patience when the pace is not as quick as they would wish. Exhausted physically though they may be for the moment, the liberated nations will quickly re-emerge and manifest their resilience and energy. To underestimate the part that they will play and ought to play in the remaking of the world would be a fatal mistake; they are nations who, having given much in the past, have much also to give in the future. Europe will have to be re-equipped, but it would be an impertinence to think in terms of charity. Rather, we shall discover here vast potentialities of power and achievement, a splendid prospect for wise investment which is capable of yielding dividends in the form of world peace and prosperity.

No, to my French friend who spoke so sadly about his country's present weakness, one can confidently say that France can give to Britain just as Britain to France, and that she can give to America as America can give to her. She has, what matters most, her people. She has her talent, her originative taste, her science and inventive skill, her courage, and temperament—but why attempt to enumerate the powers for positive action and creation that make France necessary in the next phase of the world, or to name the qualities of these other nations whose liberation will mean the release of force? This massive and abundant energy has to be re-harnessed to take its indispensable part in world reconstruction.

THE EDITOR

WAR FOOD POLICY

By Sir John Orr

BEFORE the war Britain imported nearly two-thirds of its food. Soon after the war began, a great part of this supply from overseas was cut off and, for a time, there was a real danger that the health and working efficiency of the people would be seriously affected by the food shortage. When the U-boat campaign was at its height, the food position was exceedingly difficult, but gradually it improved and now, after five years of war, though there is still a great shortage of some foods, the working-class people in Britain are actually better fed from the point of view of health than they were before the war.

In peace-time home production and imports were determined by what could be sold at a profit, and, although there were a number of public health measures to improve the diet of the poor, distribution of food was determined mainly by purchasing power. This commercial policy did not suit war conditions. In war the overriding objective of a food policy is to maintain the health and working efficiency of the people. The Government, therefore, called in leading food scientists who helped to draw up a policy which was designed to provide, with the minimum number of man hours of labour and the minimum shipping space, sufficient food to maintain the health of the whole population with a system of distribution which enabled the available food to be distributed in accordance with the nutritional needs of the people.

Supplying the National Larder.

Home Production. Home food production was stepped up as rapidly as possible. Over 6 million acres of grassland were ploughed up and a cropping programme was arranged to give the maximum amount of human food per acre. Stock farming had to be adjusted to do without the 8½ million tons of feeding-stuffs which were imported annually before the war. As the dairy cow is the most economical transformer, it was given priority for all available feeding-stuffs. Beef cattle were reduced

to what could be carried on grazings and fodder crops not required for the dairy cow, and pigs and poultry to what could be maintained mainly on feeding-stuffs unfit for human consumption. As a matter of fact, it was found that with the increased production of fodder crops and with the economical use of resources, the reduction in beef cattle, pigs, and poultry was far less than had been anticipated.

Young farm-workers left to join the fighting forces. The resulting shortage of labour was made good by an increase in mechanization and by the assistance given by town dwellers and school children at harvest-time. Then local committees of leading farmers were formed to make the best use of available tractors and other implements and to assist farmers in their efforts for maximum production. The Ministry of Food gave a guaranteed market at a remunerative price. This guarantee supplemented the patriotic effort for increased production and led to increased efficiency.

A "Dig for Victory" campaign urged every family to increase production of vegetables and potatoes in gardens and in small allotments of ground which were made available in or near towns and cities. In addition to gardens, there are 1,700,000 allotments. The majority of families in Britain have, therefore, a supply of potatoes and vegetables at their own door. The output in gardens and allotments make a substantial addition to the national food supply. As a result of this united drive, it is estimated that home food production has been increased by over 70 per cent.

Imports. The import programme was arranged to economize in shipping. Priority was given to foods such as wheat, butter, and bacon, which have a high caloric value per cubic foot, and due consideration was given to the necessity for ensuring that the home-produced food plus the imported food would provide a balanced national diet suitable for maintaining health. As a result of increased home production and this economy in shipping space, the food supply of the nation is now maintained with a fraction of the shipping needed to import food in peacetime.

But all efforts to maintain the national larder would have failed had it not been for the assistance given to Britain by

other nations, especially those of North America. Before the war nearly half the imported dairy products and bacon came from the Continent. When it was overrun by the Nazis, this supply was cut off and there was no surplus anywhere else. The people of Canada voluntarily reduced their consumption of bacon by 2,000,000 lb. per week and their consumption of butter by a corresponding amount, and sent what was saved to Britain. The United States sent food and sent the ships to carry the food. It is important to note that this was sent without taking thought as to how it would be paid for or whether it ever would be paid for.

Distribution of Available Food.

An even more revolutionary change took place in the distribution of food. Soon after the war broke out, rationing was introduced for foods which were in short supply and prices were fixed so low that every family was able to purchase the full rationed amount. Fortunately, it has never been necessary to ration bread, potatoes, oatmeal, vegetables, and certain other less important foods. The fact that these were never rationed and that bread and potatoes were always available in sufficient amounts made certain that at least no person ever suffered from hunger.

But certain classes have special needs. The diet of mothers and young children must be specially rich in protein, vitamins, and minerals. To provide for these needs, mothers and children get priority in milk and eggs. Cod-liver oil and vitamin-rich substances are available free for all mothers and children. When we get a supply of oranges, these are reserved first for the children.

Those engaged in heavy work need extra food. This is provided by meals in factory canteens, which are obtained in addition to the rations for home consumption. To meet the convenience of people occasionally away from home, meals can be obtained in hotels and restaurants without any ration cards. To provide the same facilities for poorer people, there are community-owned restaurants where excellent meals can be had, again without ration cards, at a low price. By these

means the available food has been distributed fairly and in accordance with the varying needs of different classes.

The Results of the Food Policy.

Dietary surveys have been carried out from time to time to keep a running audit on the food position. These show that the diet of the working-class part of the population is richer in proteins, minerals, and vitamins than it was before the war. The average intake of some of these food constituents which were deficient in the pre-war diet has increased in some cases by more than 20 per cent.

This improvement in the nutritional value of the diet of the working-classes is reflected in improved health. Though the diet is not up to the standard which we now know to be necessary for full health, clinical surveys have failed to reveal any significant signs of malnutrition. There is no doubt that the health and physique of mothers and children of the poorer class have improved. The infant mortality rate, which depends largely on the nutrition of the mother and infant, after a rise at the beginning of the war, has fallen and is now well below the pre-war level in spite of the fact that there has been such a deterioration in housing with serious overcrowding, which is one of the main factors in maintaining a high infant mortality rate. School children are growing faster than they did in pre-war days, and recent investigations indicate that, in both infants and school children, dental caries due to deficiencies in the diet is decreasing. All the available evidence suggests that, even during a period of scarcity, this new food policy based on the nutritional needs of the people has led to an improvement in the health and well-being of the nation.

Post-war Food Policy.

The war food policy which is based on the nutritional needs of the people originated in pre-war ideas. It would be true to say that the war merely brought about the immediate adoption of a policy which was evolving and would have come ultimately in any case. In the early 1930s, when there was a so-called glut of food which could not be sold at a remunerative price, measures restricting the production and distribution were

applied in many countries while, in all countries, there were millions of people who could not obtain sufficient of the right kinds of food to maintain health. In 1935 Mr. S. M. Bruce, a former Prime Minister of Australia, and Lord de la Warr, a member of the British Government, raised the world food problem at the Assembly of the League of Nations and advocated the adoption of a new policy which would provide the food the people need and bring prosperity to agriculture. By 1938 twenty different Governments had set up National Committees to consider how this new policy could be applied. The war brought this movement to a close for the time being.

But in 1943 the President of the United States called a Conference of delegates from forty-four Governments, representing 80 per cent. of the world's population, to consider a world food and agricultural policy. The Conference, which met at Hot Springs, U.S.A., after considering the pre-war food position, recommended that every Government should undertake the primary responsibility of seeing that all its citizens were adequately fed, and that all the nations should co-operate with each other to bring freedom from want of food to all men in all lands at the earliest possible date. The Government of the United Kingdom immediately accepted these recommendations and undertook to carry them out as far as the United Kingdom was concerned. The United States has also accepted the recommendations, and an Interim Commission has drawn up a formal and solemn declaration to be made by all the United Nations and is preparing the way for the permanent world organization to carry through the new policy.

This new world food policy, based on human needs, will bring health and life to the many millions of the world's population who have suffered from disease, physical disabilities, and premature death owing to the lack of sufficient of the right kinds of food. The production of the more expensive foods, such as dairy products, eggs, meat, fruit, and vegetables must be doubled to provide an adequate diet for the people of the world. This will bring prosperity to a rapidly expanding agriculture. There are more people engaged in food production than in all other industries put together. The increased purchasing power of food producers will provide a greatly extended market for

industrial products needed to raise their standard of living; many of them are so poor that they cannot even afford a diet on the health standard for their own families. Thus this new world food policy, based on supplying human needs, will bring about a great promotion of human welfare and prosperity to agriculture and other industries in an expanding world economy.

If the United Nations do not carry through this policy with the same united effort as that with which they are fighting the war, there is little hope for the world, because, if nations will not co-operate with each other to provide the primary necessity o. life for the people governed, they will co-operate in nothing. On the other hand, if, as they must and will, they co-operate whole-heartedly in getting this policy applied on a world-wide scale, there will be a new spirit in international relationships. Co-operation in the spirit of the good neighbour for a common objective, which is to the advantage of all and which will bring about immediate beneficial results, will develop an atmosphere of mutual help and good-will which will make easier the solution of difficult problems, such as political boundaries and the political set-up of the post-war world. The new food policy based on human needs, which has been applied in Britain during the war and will be applied throughout the world after the war, will be the first step towards the New and Better World for which the common people of all countries are working and fighting.

THE FINAL COURTS OF APPEAL

By LORD JUSTICE DU PARCQ

A VISITOR to England who has seen the scarlet and ermine robes of a Judge of Assize, and the ceremony with which his comings and goings are attended, may well expect the supreme Court of Appeal of the British Empire to display an even higher degree of splendour. If, moved by the prospect of seeing such a Court in all its glory, he asks a legal friend to secure his admission to the hearing of an appeal from a Dominion or a Colony, no doubt his desire will be gratified, but his hopes of magnificence will be disappointed.

He will be admitted to a room, of no great size, in which his attention will first be attracted by a barrister, wearing his ordinary forensic dress, who is standing at a reading desk and addressing, in a conversational tone, a small audience of interested listeners seated at a table (three, perhaps, or five, or even seven in number), who from time to time will interpose a comment or a question. Other members of the Bar are waiting their turn to stand at the desk. The gentlemen addressed wear neither robes nor insignia of any kind. Their garb is what it has become customary to describe on invitation cards as "morning dress or lounge suits". Our visitor will probably think that they look more like members of a committee or a board than the judges of a Court with an immense jurisdiction.

If he forms this opinion he will not be wrong, for the body which hears appeals from British Dominions and possessions beyond the seas is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and he will hear, if he listens, occasional references by the counsel to "Your Lordships' Board".

When the only possessions of the King beyond the seas were the Channel Islands, it was a matter of course, according to the prevailing conceptions of kingly rights and duties, that his subjects there should have a right of appeal to the Crown, and even an autocratic king would naturally prefer to have the aid of councillors in the decision of troublesome points of law. The constitution of our day makes the Privy Council, through the Judicial Committee, in substance the final Court of Appeal for the Empire, save in so far as the sèlf-governing Dominions have

chosen, with the assent of Parliament, to limit or to abandon the right of appeal for their citizens.

The old forms are retained. In due course the Board will publicly announce its decision, and the reasons which have led to it. In form, however, the decision will be, not a judgment, but an opinion and a recommendation to His Majesty. Their Lordships will "humbly advise His Majesty" that the appeal should be allowed—or dismissed, as the case may be. Until the King in Council has approved the opinion, it does not operate as a judgment, but constitutional usage has long made that approval a formality, which will never be withheld. But what if the members of the Board are not agreed? Must His Majesty decide between the conflicting views, with or without the assistance of other advisers? The answer is simple. The King must not be given the task of coming to a decision between discordant voices. Only one opinion must be presented to him as that of the Board. It follows that the voice of the majority prevails, and the dissenting minority (if the guess may be hazarded that there is sometimes such a minority) must be for ever silent.

Here, as in so many other British institutions, one finds a procedure of almost immemorial antiquity, marked deeply with the vestigial traces of its origin, and yet working with business-like efficiency. A witty Englishman once said that he was a conservative in everything except politics. It is true, I think, of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and it may perhaps be true of those of the lands which make up the British Commonwealth, that, however strong their reforming instincts may be, their prejudices are all against abandoning traditional forms. If it is proved to their satisfaction that an ancient rite or usage, or a form which some historical reality underlies, is an impediment to efficiency or just administration, they will be ready to make away with it. In the absence of such proof, they will not only tolerate it but take pleasure in retaining it.

My learned colleague Lord Justice MacKinnon has recently reminded us of one change which made a small break with tradition. Until about 1913 the table at which their Lordships sat was oblong, and they were seated at its long sides, on the right and left of the barrister who was addressing them. There

was no chair at the head of the table, apparently because no one save the King might presume to sit there, and it was well known that His Majesty would not desire to be present. At the corner to the right of the head of the table there was a chair which was almost invariably unoccupied. It was reserved for the Lord President of the Council, who is not normally a lawyer: indeed there seems to be no living witness who can speak to its having been occupied, except on one occasion by Lord Wolverhampton. I well remember that it was unoccupied when, as a student, I first saw the Judicial Committee at work in 1905. Later it was found that the shape and arrangement of the table were inconvenient, and the members of the Board now face the advocate, sitting in a row at a straight, or semicircular, table. If the Lord President were to attend, he would presumably take his place in the midst of them.

It can hardly be expected that no such minor changes shall be made since, as recent events have shown us, the Board may sit where they please and are not tied to any room or building. Indeed, since they are not an English court, there is no reason why they should not hold their sittings in any part of His Majesty's dominions, provided that their advice is duly tendered and approved. It has recently been suggested in the House of Commons that, in these days of speedy travel and a shrinking world, the Judicial Committee might go on an imperial circuit, and so bring justice within easy reach of far distant communities.

To some this may seem to resemble a proposal that the mountain should go to Mahomet, but there is nothing in constitutional theory to make it impossible. Some members of the Judicial Committee might welcome the suggestion as one which would mean a shorter journey for them than is entailed by a visit to London. For, as at present constituted, the Judicial Committee has among its members, not only the learned lords who sit judicially as the House of Lords, but other Privy Councillors of judicial experience, not all of whom are normally resident in England. Among those who habitually hear appeals there is always one Indian member, and it is possible that some may live to see sittings of the Judicial Committee in one or more of the Dominions, or in India.

The diversity of appeals which come before the Board is

almost dazzling. Their Lordships may pass from the consideration of a great constitutional issue between a Dominion and one of its constituent Provinces, to problems concerned with Hindu or Mahommedan laws and customs, or depending upon the ancient law of the Duchy of Normandy which still prevails in the Channel Islands, or upon the Roman-Dutch law of South Africa or Ceylon. Sometimes the subject-matter of the case is more exotic, as was that of a recent appeal from Swaziland by three tribesmen who had been sentenced to death for murder. It was alleged that they had killed an unoffending man because they required portions of a recently killed human body in order to make a kind of "medicine" which was guaranteed to increase the harvest. Then (according to the prosecution) they further showed their confidence in magic by applying to a medicine man for advice as to the steps necessary to their own purification. The procedure which the medicine man was said to have prescribed involved the killing of "a black heifer in calf" in order that some necessary ingredients might be supplied.

The Court in Swaziland had been instructed as to native customs by administrative officers and a native assessor. So far so good, since the local law permitted and approved such consultation. But the advice had been given in private, and the Board advised His Majesty that this was wrong. The principle that trial must be public had been infringed, and the convictions were duly quashed. It may be surmised that there are those in Swaziland who have learned to doubt whether the magic of any medicine man is to be compared with the power of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Since the final appeal from his possessions beyond the seas is to the King, it may be asked by the inquiring visitor why appeals from England and Wales, and from Scotland, are not also disposed of by His Majesty with the advice of his Councillors. He will have to go to the historians for an answer. He will find that Parliament was, in the middle ages, primarily a court of law—"the High Court of Parliament"—so that it has come about that the final Court of Appeal for the United Kingdom is the House of Lords.

Here again efficiency has come to terms with tradition. Appeals from the Courts of Appeal of England and Wales,

Scotland and Northern Ireland are still heard before the House of Lords, sitting in its own Chamber. The Lord Chancellor presides, in wig and gown, seated upon the woolsack. The peers who attend sit on the benches, no more ceremoniously attired than if they were taking part in an ordinary debate. When they pronounce their opinions, they deliver, not judgments, but "speeches", and a difference of opinion is by no means unusual. Finally a motion is put, and by a majority of voices the appeal is either allowed or dismissed. The Lord Chancellor announces the result with the traditional formula: "The Contents have it."

So far tradition rules. In substance, the appeal is to a select body of distinguished judges, either "life peers" specially appointed for this judicial task as "Lords of Appeal in ordinary", or members of the hereditary peerage who hold or have held "high judicial office". In all this, the hand of the reformer is visible, but it is still theoretically possible for any Lord of Parliament to insist on attending the sitting. Constitutional usage, however, forbids any unqualified nobleman from taking part in the hearing of appeals, and for more than a century none has sought to do so. It is unlikely that the attempt will be renewed.

It is possible to work very efficiently in old-fashioned clothes, especially if one has an intelligent tailor, capable of unobtrusive adaptation.

HOUSING AFTER THE WAR

By JANE AND MAXWELL FRY

A COMPARISON between the housing effort that followed the last war and this we now look forward to will give the clearest idea of the size and character of the work to come.

There was a deficiency of between one and two million houses after the last war, due nearly entirely to the suspension of civil building, and hardly at all to destruction. There was a deficiency of four million houses before the flying-bomb raids added a further and as yet unknown number to to-day's already staggering total. But these houses are part of a much greater total of destruction; this, be it remembered, is only a fraction of that for Europe as a whole.

The housing programme after the last war provided one of the first large Government incursions into private industry, but it was private industry and business finance that produced the bulk of the houses that resulted from this great national effort. After this war the very size of the programme will necessitate much direct Government action, but the deficiencies of building are astronomical, and the thing has got to be tackled by central government, local government, and private industry.

It looks as though central government will take immediate measures to meet families dispossessed through bombing by mass-producing highly standardized temporary housing on lines already established by the motor-trailer caravan. The bulk of the housing will then be tackled on a framework of regional and town planning by local authorities everywhere with the help of private enterprise, a reversal of what took place in the earlier period.

This vast programme cannot be undertaken by traditional methods and machinery. This is a mechanical war, of weapons and supplies. We feel only too strongly how the machine has controlled our actions and our mental outlook. We cannot wish it away. We are going to try instead to turn it from destruction to reconstruction by an intensification of industrial processes already adopted by the building industry.

The Portal House is a completely factory-made house—pre-



W. Walcot

Multi-story flats, from *The County of London Plan*



W. Walcot

Terrace houses, from *The County of London Plan*

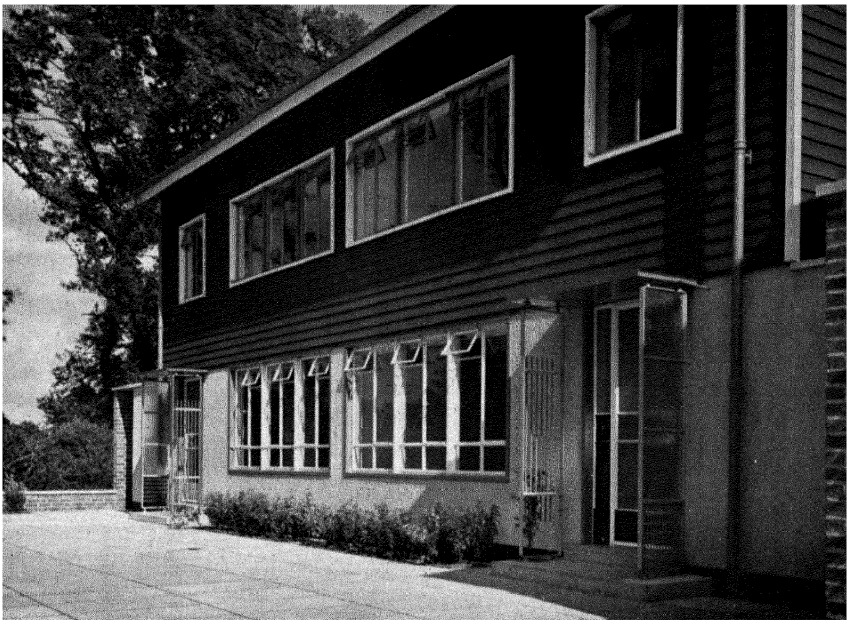
fabricated is the ugly word found for it. There will no doubt be other such houses designed to meet the most urgent needs. But with our great brick output and inherited bricklaying skill a good proportion of the programme will be carried out in brick, a difficult material to beat on price. Even so, factory-made parts will assume a new importance because it is in the most expensive items of a house, the plumbing and fitting of bathroom and kitchen, that factory-making rises superior to site-working.

The system by means of which a bomber is mass-produced and assembled is well known to us all. One hears that a new model is reaching its final tests and is about to be put in construction, and realizes that a vast amount of planning and thinking has resulted in a perfect specimen which will be the standard for an indefinite number of replicas for which special machinery with jigs, dies, patterns, and all the paraphernalia of production have been made.

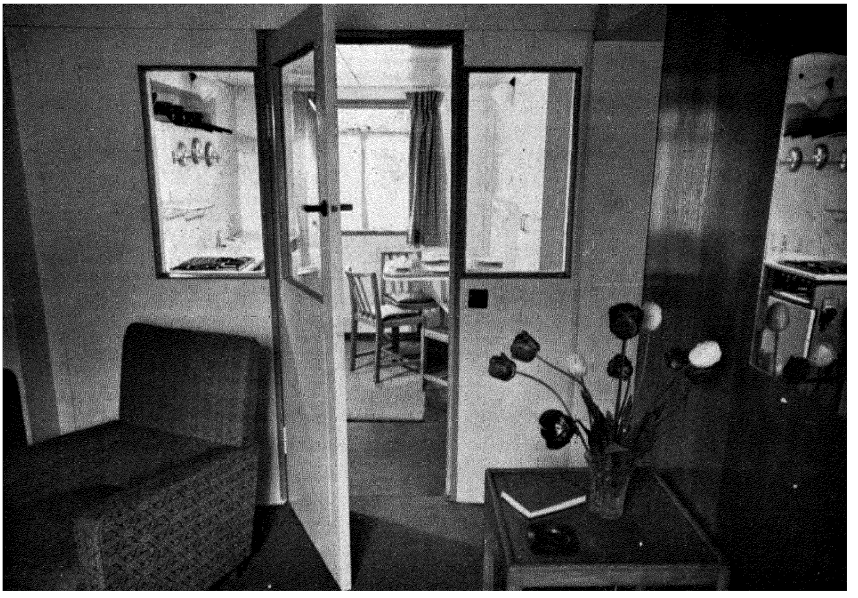
Instead of a bomber we are now to make standard specimens for complete plumbing units, complete bathrooms, even complete bathrooms and kitchens combined, with the object of making these in quantity for new houses and flats in whatsoever material they may be built. Manufacturers assure us that if this system is adopted on an adequate scale, better bathrooms and kitchens will be provided for less than the cost of the old and inferior types. There seems no doubt that this is true, because motor-car manufacture has already proved it. We have, in fact, solved the technical problem. The organizational side, which is largely a political problem, has yet to be solved.

There are difficulties and dangers associated with State controls on a great scale. The powers are immense, and the machine a new one; nor have we solved the dilemma presented to central government by this need for executive action as opposed to control and regulation, which is as far as democratic States like to go.

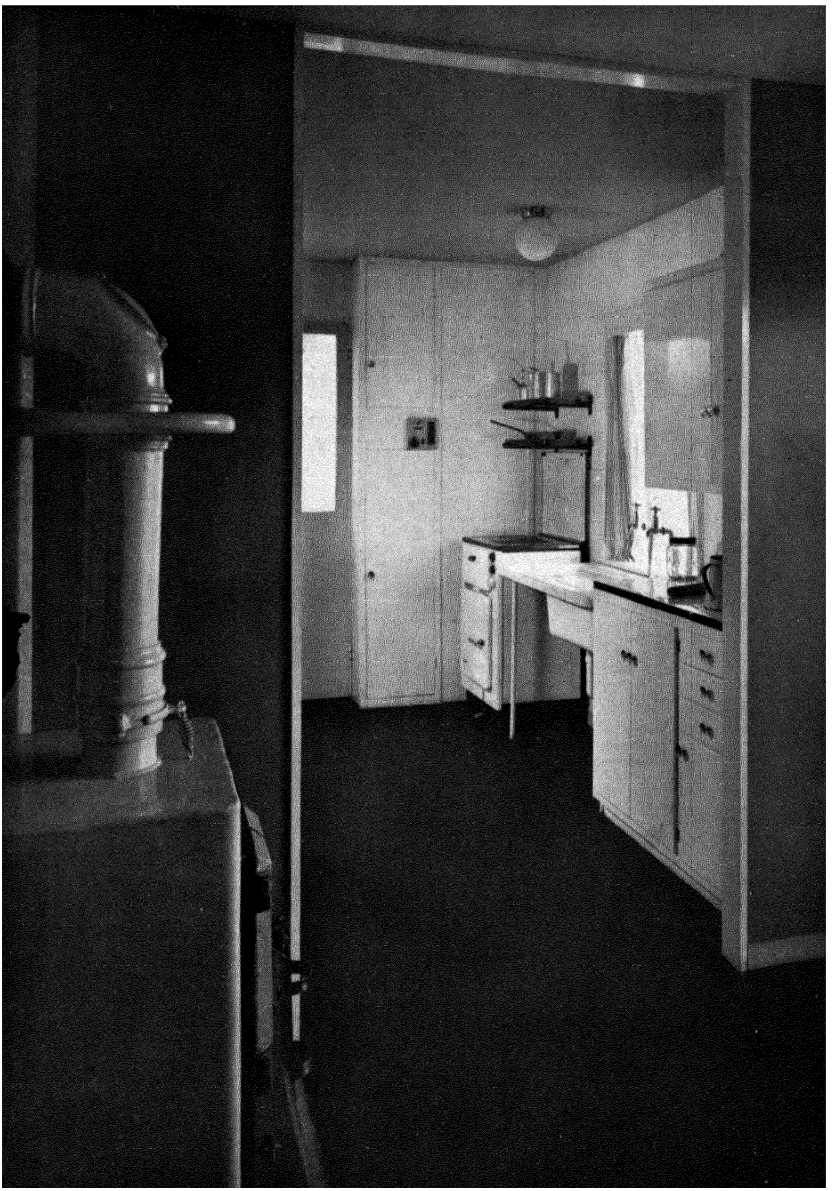
Certain preliminaries designed to iron out local variation in building regulations and codes so that State-standard parts of building will be capable of wide adoption are already under way in the form of a unification of codes of practice. This is essential, and will help action by private enterprise if the State should jib, as it well may, at going all the way.



hitect Frederick Gibberd *Dell and Wainwright*



GOVERNMENT EMERGENCY HOUSING
Houses designed with factory-made steel frames



Architect Frederick Gibberd *Dell and Wainwright*

KITCHEN WITH MASS-PRODUCED BUILT-IN EQUIPMENT

the single man or woman, and the old people may find a home appropriate to their circumstances and within their income.

A modern town can be a new artistic experience if those who plan and design it accept what the contemporary world has to offer and make it the basis of their designing. Motor roads, with the bridges and viaducts forming part of them, propound a new scale and rhythm, which, if it is echoed in the surrounding architecture, opens great opportunities for contemporary artistic expression that can be turned to rich account by the oncoming generation of architects. Some of the published plans for English towns strike us as being too nostalgic and grand in the old and rather pompous sense of the word, and to place thereby unnecessary difficulties in the way of their practical fulfilment. We would prefer to see practical things done finely and nobly, as they easily can be, with a complete correspondence between the work of the engineer, the architect, and the gardener and tree planter, trees being one of the first salvations of town life.

One cannot overstress the transport problem. Its failure in London was catastrophic, and as we shall continue to live in monster aggregations of buildings, efficient transport must reduce distance for us and socialize the motor car. Let our main arteries therefore be built with vision and grandly, for our dwelling places will be the first to benefit.

ENGLISH AS AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

By B. Ifor Evans

THE English language will inevitably become the most widely used means of international communication in the world. This is a natural consequence of events and certainly does not result from any long-developed plan of the British to encourage the use of their language overseas. A number of historical reasons have contributed to this development, but above all there is the fact that North America speaks a language which, despite all the differences of idiom and vocabulary, remains basically English.

I doubt if the British people themselves realize the importance which English has attained. They have never been self-conscious about their language. Indeed, at times they seem casual in their employment of it. England, alone of the major European countries, has no Academy for the preservation of the language, though proposals were put forward as long ago as the eighteenth century. It is true that the Oxford University Press has published a great historical dictionary which shows how English words have been used down the centuries. From this monumental work a small *Concise Oxford Dictionary* has been prepared. All this is valuable, and yet even in the preparation of dictionaries there are formidable tasks to be undertaken if English is to be made available for the peoples of the world in the most convenient and efficient manner.

The English language itself has much to commend it, both in structure and in vocabulary. In structure, the language is capable of analysis and most operations of human thought and activity can be expressed with clarity in simple English. Nor need the foreign learner be master of a very large vocabulary to express himself with competence on all the themes which arise in professional or social intercourse. Indeed he will discover that some of the best and most forceful prose in English possesses this sovereign virtue of simplicity. Such is the prose of King Alfred, of the English translation of the Bible, of Daniel Defoe, Jonathan Swift, and Somerset Maugham.

Despite the merits of this simple prose a great deal that is

most interesting in English is involved and complex. In the past English writers have been tempted to imitate within the looser structures of our uninflected speech the Latin sentence where order is maintained, despite elaboration, by inflection. John Milton, whose prose at its best has a magnificent eloquence, was led at times even to confusion and obscurity by the temptation to construct sentences on this Latin model. In the eighteenth century Dr. Samuel Johnson, though he avoids some of the dangers to which Milton succumbed, produced ponderous sentences, patterned and rhetorical, which had lost the engaging simplicity of the natural movement of English speech.

The amplitude of vocabulary in English is also an encouragement towards elaboration. The language, as Shakespeare knew, is rich in synonyms and its very wealth of available vocabulary leads the writer to approach a single idea with a succession of words, all similar, and yet each with some shade of difference in meaning. Much of the colour and interest of English prose has come from this abundance of vocabulary. It is one of the benefits which the language derives from all the foreign elements which it has borrowed and incorporated within itself.

Despite all these possibilities of elaboration, both in the design of the sentence and in range of vocabulary, the essential simplicity of which English is capable remains the most permanent element in the language. Every speaker and writer of English should see to it that any elaboration he employs is introduced for some well-defined purpose and is not merely linguistic laziness. Elaboration for elaboration's sake is a pandering to mere verbiage. Mr. Winston Churchill has made strenuous efforts to eliminate all the types of verbal elaboration which breed particularly in official correspondence and in parliamentary speeches. All the affairs of commerce, all the negotiations of social, political, and international life can be conducted in an English of genuine simplicity. To introduce complication into such exchange is merely to waste time and to invite confusion of thought.

However valuable this simplicity, and however powerful in the hands of a master, I hope we shall never restrain the genuine stylist from attempting the more ample effects of his art. English

is a very subtle and elastic medium for the writer who wishes to make language take upon itself new forms and colours. It does not exact the same treatment from each man, but rather permits a new master to leave some element of his individuality in its structure. So Shakespeare invented new words and made old words dance into new meanings. Sir Thomas Browne, in the seventeenth century, made a language that was like the sound of a great organ or like a solemn and multi-coloured procession. Dryden on the other hand led prose back to some of the more informal graces of conversation. Hazlitt seemed capable of showing colour in his prose, as if words were pigments and he a painter. This degree to which English lends itself to the individuality of the writer may have made the language at times less exact than a speech which holds rigidly to set forms. If so the price is a small one for all the richness and variety that have been obtained.

The functions of English as an international language deserve some attention, I think, both from the British people themselves and from all others who will use English. In the first place it must be secured that other languages which have a well-established international distribution are not impeded by this inevitable spread of English. Particularly I would recall that in Europe and the Middle East much that is best in Western culture has been expressed and circulated in the French language. The order and lucidity of French and the talent of the people of France for the dissemination of genuinely cultural material make the continuance of an undiminished French influence essential. Apart from this the English, and with them the Americans, would do well to study the methods which the French have employed to preserve and cherish their language.

As English is to be an international medium more attention should be paid to the methods by which it can be learned. Actually there is no single solution to this problem. A Spaniard who learns English finds himself familiar from his own language with a large number of words which have a common Romance origin. His approach will be entirely different from that of an Arab to whom everything is strange, including the Latin script. I should like to see some Institute in each linguistic area for the study of these problems, so that the time now spent in some

countries with antiquated methods and ancient, out-of-date grammars could be avoided.

Further, if the cultural arrangements of civilized countries are to be well conducted in the new era, far more attention will be given to dictionaries. We have already, it is true, some excellent dictionaries, but even the best of them contain matter which is misleading not only to foreigners but to English people themselves. I should like to see a number of intelligent representatives from each country devise a simple English dictionary for international use. Each of these experts would pay great attention to the supremely difficult problem of the definition of words, and would see that the definitions were not open to misconstruction by the people of his own country. We might then have a volume with universal currency which would contain the minimum number of opportunities for international misunderstanding. Such a volume would, of course, need constant revision.

In no country, and certainly not in England or in America, has sufficient attention been given to the study of words. It is, after all, by language that Man is distinguished from the animals, but this unique symbol of our humanity is the most dangerous weapon that could be placed in our hands. Words are the coinage in which we exchange thought, but they are a treacherous coinage. The value of the currency varies perpetually as it moves from one hand to another. Without words the sciences could not exist nor could the faiths be expounded, and such activities are the magnificent functions of words. But through words men are led to war, and through the perversion of words does propaganda corrupt the mind of man, and here lies the evil of words.

I have already suggested the desirability of national institutes in different countries for the clarification of English. With them I should like to see an International Institute of Linguistics for the vital task of studying how speech has led to misrepresentation, misconception, deceit, and even the evil corruption of one mind by another! The Institute would watch closely to see that English used as an international language was not so misapplied. Unless man can conquer the word and discipline it, speech will conquer man and destroy him. Language has an

almost magical effect over the minds and emotions of men. We must watch the effects of speech as we would the movements of a wild animal unloosed in our midst. Within this study of speech there lies the way to a sane world. Of all the curses that have afflicted man, that of Babel is the worst. Language separates men and out of that separation hostility arises. The dumbness of two men of different speech is as if men were reduced again to the state of animals. An international language would break down the barrier and it would seem that English can do it. The prayer of all thoughtful men will be that within this international speech Babel shall not be replaced by deception and misrepresentation, but that a language made clear and simple shall convey uncorrupted thought from mind to mind.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

By RALPH COOKE

THE earth brings forth fruit of itself, but the sowing and the harvest are man's work in the partnership. Every year we watch John Barleycorn appear and come to maturity much as he has always done; but his passing has reached such a pitch of speed that the splendour of his full growth has vanished and the whole scene changed almost before we have had time to survey it.

Every year the pace of this transformation quickens. For no more than a week or so, it seemed, the slopes of these North Downs, still bearing King Alfred's battle-sites of a thousand years ago, were a smooth sea of corn which marked the passage of the smallest wind with even more precision than water marks it. For no more than a day or two (it seemed) the big modern machines—the "combines"—roared and "milled around" like tanks in the fields, leaving behind them the orderly devastation of straw-littered stubble. Within the week the harvest was in and the level land by the river was striped with the red-brown furrows of the plough again.

"Milled around" is literal and exact. The "combines"

turned the standing corn into a yellow stream of grain which was caught in a container and carted away in a tin-lined lorry to be cleaned and dressed. Some of them let it fall into a sack as they cut and threshed it: it depended upon whether the corn was to be sold dressed or undressed.

It is only a sentimentalist who would bemoan the passing of the laborious horse-plough and the leisurely, uncertain clatter of the old horse-drawn reaper and binder. Power traction and high-speed multiple machines are an integral part of modern farming, whatever the acreage. Industry is the counterpart of agriculture: if there are machines in one there must, by the nature of things, be machines in the other; and they must keep pace.

Britain is a very small island with a huge industrial output. Of a total acreage of less than 60,000,000 (including Northern Ireland and excluding inland water and tidal land), it is reckoned that well over 80 per cent. is used, one way and another, as agricultural land. For its size it is the most highly mechanized agricultural country in the world; and, like a surprising number of everyday things with forgotten origins, this mechanical harvesting was begun here.

It was begun in a corner of Scotland early in the nineteenth century. A young man named Patrick Bell, who was later to become a Scottish minister, watched the harvesting of the corn by hand on his father's farm in Angus; took part in it, no doubt; and listening, perhaps, to that peculiar ring of the scythes on the dry stalks, had the idea of a machine, drawn by a horse walking at the side of it, and operating by the movement of its wheels a frontal cutting apparatus, that would cut the corn as cleanly and many times more easily and quickly than men with scythes.

He set to work. There is nothing to show the ups and downs of his early experiments. It may have been one of those cases where the thing was so clear in his imagination that he had no more to do than prepare the material, from the blue-print in his mind, and put it together. Inventions, like works of art, often come into existence by this direct and unhesitating process. Nor does it appear that he had anything to go on. The last known reaping machine was a kind of "stripper" used in ancient Gaul. It was pushed into the corn by oxen and worked by hand, but was lost to view and forgotten for centuries, it seems, until

a machine based on the same principle was invented (or re-invented) in Australia, and is now in use there.

Anyhow, the story of Bell's completed machine begins in the year 1825. By this time he was the Rev. Patrick Bell. The reaper was at work. It had been adopted and improved by his brother, a farmer, who used it for cutting his corn on his farm of Inch Michael in the Carse of Gowrie, year in year out, during the next twelve years. Twelve years is a good long time to use the same machine for so important a job; and farmers, to whom the hours of harvest are like the ticking of a taximeter, are notoriously impatient of machinery that needs continual adjustment and is apt to hold the work up instead of speeding it. It must have been a good reaper to stand so telling a test. By 1834 several of the machines were in use in Angus, probably on land farmed by friends of the Bells. In the same year four machines were sent to New York from Dundee: in America the harvesting of vast new areas of cornland was calling for machinery.

The cutting apparatus of Bell's reaper was an arrangement of wheels and shears on a "knife-board", instead of the sectional knife which came in later. No doubt it was a more complicated design than the straight toothed knife, but the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1852, said that it cut the corn as if it had been cut by hand.

Outside Bell's corner of Scotland remarkably little seems to have been heard of his invention, in spite of its success. The National Society awarded him a prize of £50 in 1834, which suggests that it had attracted a certain amount of local attention: but there is nothing to indicate that it was known to farmers generally until it was brought to their notice many years later from a new and altogether different direction.

The story now moves to 1851 and the Great Exhibition opened in Hyde Park in May of that year. In the American section there was one exhibit which drew great interest. It was Mr. Cyrus McCormick's harvesting machine. The interest deepened when it was learnt that many farmers in the United States had been cutting their corn with these machines for years; and it rose to something like excitement when somebody remembered having heard of a reaper in Angus.

Then the whole affair became public. The Rev. Patrick Bell





Above: Cutting and Binding the Corn
Below: Combine Harvesters at Work





CLOSE-UP VIEWS OF TWO COMBINE HARVESTERS

was sought out. He was minister at Carmyllie, Angus. There was a test, in which his machine was found to compare "not unfavourably" with the newcomers from across the Atlantic. This "not unfavourably" meant that McCormick had had opportunities, in the thirty years since Bell had first come into the field, of working out improvements which distinguished his harvester from Bell's clearly enough to dispose of any question of infringement. The American's cutter, for instance, was a tooth-edged knife instead of the Scotsman's shears.

Patrick Bell had sold his machine, with the right to use his name, to a man named Croskill. In 1853 Croskill and the "Bell" reaper won the gold medal of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society. It was a happy impulse which moved him to present it to the inventor.

From this time mechanical harvesting was adopted almost as quickly as the machines could be supplied. McCormick had already supplied numbers of them to farmers in his own country and was ready to send them wherever they were wanted. But it was only a beginning. The reaper had come to stay: the interest now lay in turning it into a reaper and binder.

The difficulty here, which seemed for a time to be almost insuperable, was the knotting mechanism. Wire was first used for binding the sheaves, but the aim was always to use twine. Immense sums of money were spent in trying to design a simple device that would tie a firm knot; but nothing came of it all. At least one large firm had so little confidence in the knotter fitted to its machines that it withheld them, for fear of damaging their reputation irretrievably, until a dependable one could be found. It was J. F. Appleby, an English inventor, who found it. The knotter he invented, or the principle upon which he designed it, is still in use all over the world.

There has been as much talk of John Barleycorn lately as of man-power, industry, and armaments—even as of after-the-war social and economic planning. These past years have restored him in men's minds to the place he has always had in their lives and activities, whether they gave it any thought or not. There is an old Somersetshire song which relates his birth, death and burial, and the "barbarous" treatment he must undergo at our hands: "cut off at knee", beaten with staves, buried in the

ground, so that he may rise again in the full tide of the year and his own immortality and we may share in his abundance.

The inventive genius of a mechanical and scientific age is being focused more and more upon the devising of new and quicker methods of sowing and reaping him. These huge yellow "combines", that eat up the standing grain so fast and leave the stubble strewn with chewed straw, are presages of yet more mechanization in the Rev. Patrick Bell's field. The next invention is ready now and awaiting production, and the inventor is again a native of these islands. For nineteen years Harry Ferguson, a Belfast engineer, has been experimenting with a new tractor and a set of implements which will account, it is claimed, for 86 per cent. of all the work on a farm.

A number of the machines have already been made at the Ford factories at Detroit, and plans for its production at factories in the British Isles and for its distribution throughout the eastern hemisphere have been ready for some time and are expected to be carried out as soon as materials are available. This "farmer's unit" will be as much a part of a modern farmer's equipment as a telephone or a motor-car. For the farm is—in two senses of the word—behind industry; machinery of this sort is needed to bring it into step again.

But it is a good omen, perhaps, that the rooks still follow the plough even though it is drawn at speed by a fuming tractor.



John Vickers

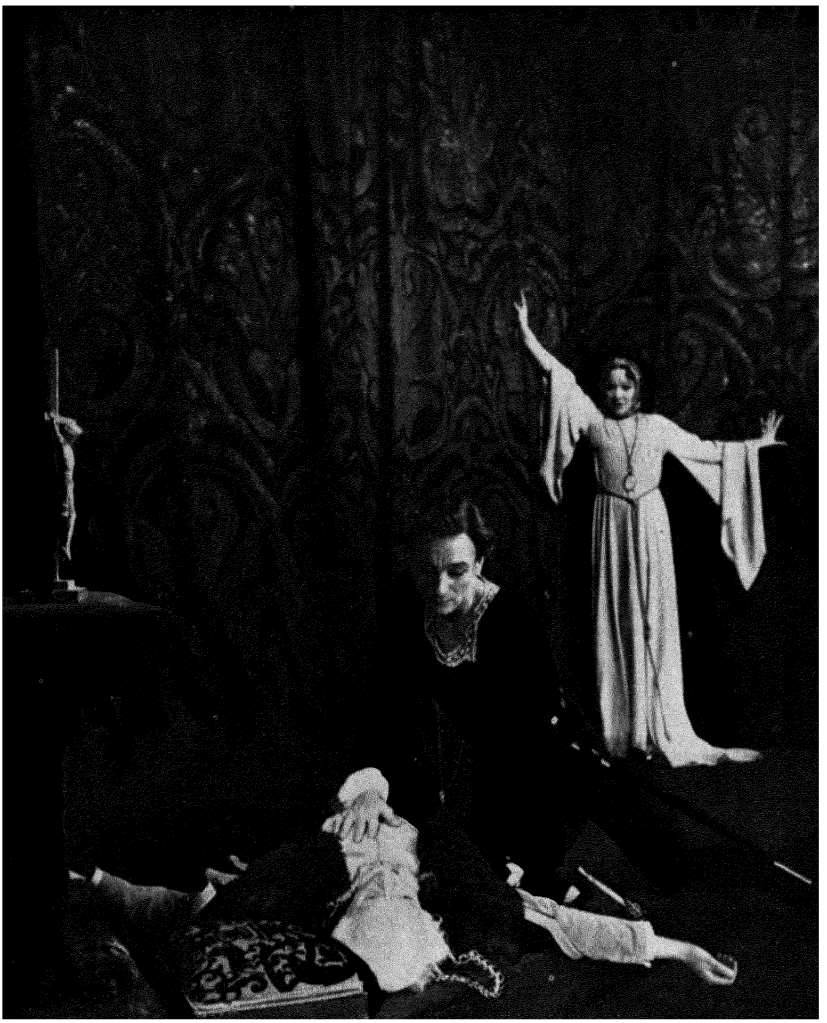


John Vickers

TWO SCENES FROM "RICHARD III"

Above: Lawrence Olivier, Nicholas Hannen, Sybil Thorndyke, Margaret Leighton

Below: Lawrence Olivier as Richard, Duke of Gloucester



Cecil Beaton

SCENE FROM "HAMLET"

John Gielgud as Hamlet, Miles Malleson as Polonius,
Marian Spencer as the Queen

THE THEATRE

By GRAHAM GREENE

In a bombarded city old houses conform to the fashion of ruin more easily than the new; truncated they maintain their elegance and belong quite naturally to the tradition of the broken Roman baths and the Norman wall. The flat stone fields sown with wild flowers stretch away, grey acre upon grey acre behind St. Paul's, and the little Wren churches stick up their ruined chancels as if they had been built for no other end than to be ruined. (It is different in the suburbs, where the strips of garish wall-paper and the ugly fireplace abandoned in mid-air simply wait for demolition.)

We can find a parallel situation in the theatre. The human spirit for five years now has been in a state of disintegration: the single virtue of heroism has swallowed up all the rest, and in that Arctic setting the new plays we might have indulgently applauded in 1938—dim echoes of between-the-wars comedies, outmoded gangster dramas and the rest—seem remote, unreal, above all uninteresting. They are still produced of course; it takes a heavy weight of explosive to blast the windowless world of the theatrical impresario, but even he must surely notice that the longest queues to-day are outside the New Theatre where Shakespeare's *Richard III* is being presented in a repertory that includes also *Peer Gynt* and Shaw's *Arms and the Man*. In peace-time too often you have to travel to the suburbs or the East End to find Shakespeare, and when found indifferently acted by a cheap cast, but the company at the New Theatre contains two of the finest young actors of the contemporary English stage, Mr. Laurence Olivier and Mr. Ralph Richardson, and one of our most respected elder figures, Dame Sybil Thorndyke. Nor is this the only sign of the times, for a few hundred yards away Mr. John Gielgud is playing Hamlet (of which some words later).

Looking back indeed over the war years my chief memories of the London theatre are Elizabethan: Mr. Ernest Milton as King John, Mr. Donald Wolfit as Richard III and as Ben Jonson's Volpone, the latter actor playing courageously in a shabby unfashionable theatre off the blitzed highway of the Tottenham Court Road. (No actor has met the challenge of the war more finely than Mr. Wolfit, who all through the first and worst air raids of 1940 went on with his Shakespearean matinées while other managements closed down and some theatres went up in a cloud of brickdust, and there was no theatrical boom as there is now to encourage the taking of risks.)

If the theatrical producer seeks an explanation he has only to walk among the ruins of London and notice how the Wren churches are reverting gracefully to the stones from which they emerged in the 1660's after the Great Fire. So, for the first time since 1918, Shakespeare finds himself in the element where appreciation is easiest and keenest. He wrote for a period of chaos, violence and persecution not unlike our own: his heroes become murderers overnight and his most ignoble villains speak with the tongues of angels. Love is proclaimed successfully over a husband's coffin lid, jealousy kindles into violence at the first word, ambition has only to conceive murder for the execution to follow before night falls on Dunsinane: no time is allowed between thought and deed in which to delay, to remember, to ponder. How strange it is that Hamlet should be regarded as a dilatory man, sickened by taking too much thought: surely in any other period of the world's history but Shakespeare's and our own he would have been dubbed impetuous, from the quick cunning plot hatched at a mere ghost's word to the final holocaust, the poisoned cup and the poisoned foil.

Richard III has the advantage that to most of us it is a less familiar play than *Hamlet* or the other great tragedies. It is not only early Shakespeare, it is early drama. The very origin of our theatre moves behind the characters, who have not yet shed all their puppet strings: it is Punch who makes the opening soliloquy in the robes of Gloucester, and it is Punch who pitches corpse after corpse out of his booth. The sense of history was there too in another guise the night I saw the play, not only the history of the stage, for Mr. Winston Churchill sat hunched in a stall. What would one not

have given to have watched in the same way Wellington fresh from Waterloo sitting at the feet of actors like a pupil, or Chatham carried in with his gout, or Marlborough after Blenheim? And on each of those occasions the play would have had the same contemporary flavour. It is only in periods of long peace that producers have found it necessary to adapt the text of Shakespeare to the timid tastes of their audience: we can swallow more than Garrick could. With that intrepid figure in the stalls, no one could avoid hearing the Elizabethan age echoing in our own. Queen Margaret cursed "the troubler of the poor world's peace", and the lines spread like surf over the whole shores of history engulfing not merely an obscure medieval king, for whom the lines even in Shakespeare's day may have sounded over-strong and packed with contemporary allusion, but every tyrant from Philip of Spain to the latest German exponent of power politics. Contemporary history sat in the stalls under our eyes and seemed to play the great lines back to the actors like tennis balls.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.

How fortunate that the actor was worthy in this case of the spectator. Within a single year we have seen in London two great Richards. You cannot call Mr. Wolfit and Mr. Olivier rivals: each excelled in his differing emphasis, and Shakespeare's Richard is a world which can contain a dozen actors. Wolfit's was more grossly evil, more masculine, more comic, more horrible. Over the coffin of the Prince of Wales, he beat down the resistance of the Lady Anne by the plain force of lechery, a strong leg cancelling out the shapeless shoulder; while Olivier wooed, and his beauty and crippled grace made the victory more commonplace. Here Wolfit's conception, I believe, was the more Shakespearean; for the power of gross unvarnished lust is one of Shakespeare's obsessive themes in *Hamlet*, in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, *A Winter's Tale*. Olivier less masculine than Wolfit plays with strung nerves, and his nerves sometimes play him false in the speaking of verse. He could'nt compass as Wolfit had the grandeur of the evil king.

Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?

But there was a quality, too, in Olivier's production that Wolfit was without. "O momentary grace of mortal men", these words of Hastings are a key to one aspect of the play: the grace lives snapshotted between birth and block, the sense of transience, the brightness and speed and evanescence of the Renaissance. When Wolfit's Richard died, it was only "the bloody dog"; when Olivier's squirmed like a scorpion on the field, seeking to stab again, it was the whole middle ages reluctantly giving up the ghost before the great sober mercantile future waiting drably behind the conqueror.

At the Haymarket we can watch a more traditional, and I cannot help feeling, a much duller production of Shakespeare. The teamwork at the New Theatre is remarkable, but at the Haymarket we are back in the old fashion of every man for himself. Mr. Gielgud's chair, as Forbes-Robertson's was before him and doubtless Kemble's before that, is placed bang in the the audience's eye, so that while the usurper addresses the court we can watch the prince compete in his silence with the dialogue. When the leader struggles so for position we cannot expect his followers to desist: even Marcellus tries to steal the stage from his fellow extras. Mr. Gielgud has a magnificent voice, a mobile histrionic face, a command of gesture. He has been playing *Hamlet* literally since boyhood, for I well remember his performance at Oxford when he was an undergraduate. It was then a remarkable performance for a young man, and it is still a performance with which we would choose to introduce Shakespeare to a foreign audience. It is scholarly, pondered, academic in no disparaging sense, but in an odd way it seems to suffer from inbreeding. It is as though all our great Shakespearean actors of the past had contributed a favourite gesture. Well, there is a justification for tradition. No one can accuse Mr. Gielgud of sacrificing the poet to the production, and it is quite possible that this academic approach may preserve in its long genealogy some gesture or interpretation handed down, actor by actor, from the time when Shakespeare himself coached Burbage in his business.

MUSIC

By EDWIN EVANS

In the concert world the past month has been typical of this stage of the war period. Our orchestras have been kept busy—more so perhaps than is compatible with maintaining unimpaired their high standard of efficiency, for players constantly travelling in conditions of discomfort with little time for rest or even for adequate rehearsal cannot be expected to be always at their best. Yet the return of Sir Thomas Beecham quickly proved that the ill effects are temporary and superficial, for he soon galvanized the London Philharmonic Orchestra into its old alertness and responsiveness.

This is no reflection on other conductors who have been holding the fort, for the relations between Sir Thomas and the orchestra he founded over ten years ago have always been of a special kind. They have been admirably described in the past by one of its members, who declared that he made them play better than they thought they could, and the magic has clearly not lost its potency, in spite of their having been overworked during the orchestral "boom", which has been one of the least expected phenomena of these arduous times. That vogue is truly astonishing. Not only has it reached many localities where first-class orchestral playing had not been heard before, but under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour ENSA has been promoting, in industrial areas and even in factories, Symphony Concerts for War Workers, whose response and appreciation have proved truly impressive.

A particularly encouraging feature has been the preponderance in these new audiences of young people popularly supposed to care for nothing but "swing". On one occasion an improvised census revealed that they formed three-quarters of the audience, and in most localities the available seating capacity could have been disposed of two or three times over. Impressive, too, is the rapt attention of these new audiences. It has the appearance of being more concentrated than that of ordinary concert-goers—for which perhaps, the novelty of the experience is partly accountable.

Movements are afoot having for their object to ensure more stable economic conditions for our orchestras, so that they may be enabled, briefly, to work a little less, and devote more time and care to their standard of performance and the judicious expansion of their repertoires. C.E.M.A. has already made a move in this direction, and the prospects appear hopeful in some of our larger provincial cities, notably Manchester and Liverpool, whose orchestras will be visiting London this season at the invitation of the Royal Philharmonic Society.

In its modest, inconspicuous way chamber music continues to provide for the delectation of its own public. Some concerts, such as an admirable series sponsored by Gerald Cooper, cling to the sedateness of the classical repertoire, with only occasional novelties, whilst others, such as those organized by the publishing firm of Boosey & Hawkes, specialize in introducing or familiarizing the works of contemporary composers—in which they do not restrict themselves to their own wares. But of all activities under this heading the most remarkable are the lunch-time concerts initiated at the National Gallery by Dame Myra Hess. These celebrated on October 10 their fifth anniversary, Dame Myra repeating for the occasion the programme she played on the corresponding date in 1939. This was the 1,315th concert of the series and they are still continuing.

In the earlier stages their success may have been helped by the skilful strategy with which the term "chamber music", which is under popular suspicion of standing for something of a "high-brow" nature, was never officially applied to them. The audience then absorbed chamber music as M. Jourdain made prose, without knowing it. But it now enjoys the fare so heartily that no label could intimidate it. In the lobby stands now a bust of Dame Myra by Jacob Epstein, presented to her to commemorate the anniversary.

Another event associated with it is the first performance of a new String Quartet by Vaughan Williams, given at the Gallery

two days after the anniversary by the Menges String Quartet. It is inscribed "For Jean on her Birthday", but since the leading part in it is allotted to the viola, and the violist of the team is Jean Stewart, the identity of the dedicatee has been assumed to present no mystery. The most characteristic of its four movements is a Romance of a polyphonic type resembling the style of the composer's "Tallis Fantasia". The title is thus to be taken, not in the conventional sense, but as pointing in the more austere direction of music such as that for which John Bunyan supplied the inspiration.

Opera and Ballet.

Both the Sadler's Wells and the Carl Rosa Operas have been active during the period under review, but without increasing their repertoires. Thus the only operatic event has been the production at the Winter Garden Theatre of Edward German's "Merrie England", a work which has lost some of its glamour through long association with amateur performances. There is more to relate of ballet. The Sadler's Wells company, now appearing at the Prince's Theatre, has to its credit a new production so remarkable as to cause a sensation. It is called "Miracle in the Gorbals", and is based by Robert Helpmann on a scenario by Michael Benthall. To an unsavoury district of Glasgow—it might be any seaport town—comes a Stranger who restores a suicide to life and converts a prostitute, but a missionary who, as in "Rain", has sinned with her becomes inflamed with jealousy and instigates the brutal murder of the Stranger by a razor gang.

This mixture of melodrama and morality play may seem recalcitrant material for ballet, but Helpmann's choreography has mastered it. The miracle is treated with reverence, the reaction of the crowd on the stage conveys the idea of a religious revival, and the murder is just as blood-curdling as it would be with "natural" acting. Arthur Bliss's music is robust but sensitive to the changing moods and Edward Burra has provided an effective stage-setting. At the first performance the reception of this startling new ballet was overwhelmingly enthusiastic but, as might be expected, critical opinions have differed on its suitability.

Records.

Our recording companies are as busy as circumstances permit. Their sales are limited, not by the demand, but by the rationing of their raw materials. The best issues are quickly sold out. The law of supply and demand operates in favour of the classics to the disadvantage of the contemporary composer, whatever his nationality, but British names are not absent from current lists. Albert Sammons has recorded with the Liverpool Philharmonic orchestra under Dr. Malcolm Sargent the Violin Concerto which Delius dedicated to him, and of which he gave the first performance a quarter of a century ago. The characteristic silkiness of the composer's style suits the violinist perfectly, for though Sammons can rise to any demands made upon him he leans to the lyrical rather than the heroic. The violin part, especially in the slow movement, is a passionate monologue which is never merged in the orchestra. Many consider this to be the most beautiful of the composer's four Concertos for a solo instrument with orchestra. (Col. DX 1160/2.)

Before the war there took place annually at the Crystal Palace a National Brass Band Contest for which in recent times our leading composers provided test pieces. One of these was the original version of John Ireland's "London" Overture, which the composer afterwards rewrote for the normal symphony orchestra. This necessitated, so to speak, taking it to pieces and putting it together again, the two mediums being so different in texture that there could be no question of transcription or adaptation. This version has now been recorded by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Dr. Malcolm Sargent. The story goes that the principal theme was suggested by the rhythm, intonation, and inflection adopted by a London 'bus conductor in shouting "Piccadilly". It is an amusing connotation but this sprightly, buoyant music is in no need of it to convey its message from London town (Col. DX 1155).

Of the classical recordings the most important is that of Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio by Solomon, Henry Holst and Anthony Pini (H.M.V. C 3362/5). Another aspect of Beethoven is shown in his early Trio in B flat for piano, clarinet, and cello, played

by Denis Matthews, Reginald Kell, and Anthony Pini (Col. DX 1164/6), the pianist filling in the sixth side with an Adagio by Bach. There is, of course, no comparison between the two Trios. A real gem is Mozart's little Symphony in C, K 318, recorded by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (H.M.V. DB 6172). During recent seasons it has proved itself a universal favourite.

ART—PAINTING AND THE STATE

By PHILIP HENDY

In Britain the State has taken more responsibility for living art during the war than it has ever done before. Previously its patronage of painters and sculptors has gone no further than the provision of a site for the Royal Academy's building, the occasional commission of an official portrait, and the still more occasional commissioning of some particular scheme of decoration. Through the Board of Education's assistance to the Colleges and Schools of Art throughout the country it shares with the local authorities the responsibility of teaching the artist and the artist-designer their profession; but, once they are taught, it takes no responsibility for their career. The one national gallery of modern art, the Tate Gallery in London, has no endowment for purchases; and the sole monument of State patronage is the Imperial War Museum in London, which houses the painting and sculpture commissioned as a visual record of the war of 1914–18 from the Official War Artists of that time. During this war the newly founded War Artists' Advisory Committee has commissioned work on a more regular basis and on a very much larger scale. Only in wartime has the State in Britain taken responsibility for the employment of painters and sculptors.

This paradox is due to our national belief in individualism and distrust of any such State direction of individual activities as is apt to result from a Ministry of Fine Arts. Only under the stress of war are we willing to risk the subordination of the individual to the State; and so only in wartime are we willing to allow the artist to work under its direction. Gradually, however, we are discovering that there is a possible mean between the shrug of the shoulders and the nod of command; and in a world where the other aspects of human activity are becoming increasingly organized we are recognizing that the arts cannot be left entirely to the mercies of chance.

During this war for the first time the State in Britain has taken the responsibility for making the work of living painters and sculptors accessible to the community. This is through C.E.M.A., the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, which, founded at the beginning of the war, has been developing on a larger scale the work begun a year or two before by the British Institute of Adult Education. Both institutions are now circulating throughout the country a large number of exhibitions, consisting for the most part of modern art.

Though this has been the chief responsibility of C.E.M.A. in connexion with the visual arts, the art panel has also been able to indulge in a modest amount of patronage. The practice which it has established of paying every artist a living fee for the work which he has lent to an exhibition is an important innovation. If the principle is adopted by other institutions—and its adoption is to be recommended to the local art galleries in the forthcoming post-war reconstruction proposals of their representative body, the Museums' Association—it will do much to remedy an injustice done to the living artist by the community in almost every country. No one expects to hear a concert or to see a play without paying for it; and a reasonable percentage of the receipts at the box-office goes to the composer or author and to the musicians or actors. But to see an art exhibition no one expects to pay; and, where a charge is made at the turnstile, it rarely, if ever, finds its way into the pockets of the artist.

C.E.M.A. has made small grants towards the expenses of some schemes of mural decoration in British Restaurants and other public buildings, it has bought a small number of small pictures for inclusion

in loan exhibitions, and—its most direct and largest form of patronage—it has commissioned from well-known painters of the more modern school a series of original lithographs in colour. These have been destined for the decoration of wartime British Restaurants or of buildings used by the Forces; and the sight of the war's end has led to a decision to place no more orders. But the demand for reproductions in schools and other community buildings may well lead to new commissions after the establishment of peace.

With the coming of peace the War Artists' Advisory Committee will be brought to an end. But there are few people interested in the arts or in education who do not hope that the commissioning of work of one kind or another from artists will remain one of the functions of the State. Public buildings have to be decorated, official portraits have to be painted, and public events to be recorded. Artists of promise, who have been trained by public authorities, have to be tided over the difficult period before they can hope to earn a living in the very small world of collectors and dealers which at present represents almost the only machinery of patronage. This could be the task of a C.E.M.A. made permanent and more substantially endowed; or of a more comprehensive body of the same kind, with more extensive powers and closer links on the one hand with the great national galleries and museums of art—every one of which has almost unused powers to lend—and on the other with the art schools and the teachers of art in the general schools.

It is no secret by now that the establishment of a body of this kind will be recommended in a report to the interested authorities which has been drawn up by an unofficial committee, after consultation with a large number of representative men and women concerned with the teaching and practice and distribution of art.

Thus the activities which have been visible on the surface in Britain during the years of war are only a partial manifestation of larger ideas which are not yet fully crystallized. In 1945 these ideas will begin to take more permanent form, and some of them to achieve visible expression. In the beginning of the year a germ of great significance will be visible in the C.E.M.A. offices in London to representatives of local authorities and others interested in the new community centres outlined by the Board of Education. This will be a model or models, provided by the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning, of an Arts Centre conforming to C.E.M.A.'s requirements for a multiple building as they have become defined in the course of five years' experience in circulating concerts, plays, ballets, and art exhibitions—as they were in fact formulated by Miss M. C. Glasgow, the Secretary to C.E.M.A., in a paper read to the Town and Country Planning Association at their conference in October 1943.

The building proposed will contain a hall for orchestral concerts and film presentations, with a stage for the production of plays and even of small ballets, and with the necessary dressing and property rooms, film-projection chamber, and box-office, foyer, and cloak-rooms; a gallery for art exhibitions, with the necessary room for packing and for storage and with a small studio; a lecture-room; a reading-room; and the restaurant and rest-room which are essential features of any such design. The population needs rest and refreshment between its work and its recreation.

The model to be shown is only an elastic sketch for an ideal building which will vary in many details of function and appearance according to local traditions or requirement. Though C.E.M.A. is a central organization, its chief purpose is to stimulate local activity; and its ultimate aim, in theory at least, is to produce such a state of affairs throughout the country as will make its own continued existence unnecessary. At present such a state is far from sight. Culture is more centralized in Britain perhaps than in any other country; and the crucial problem of decentralization is not an easy one. To begin with, all cultural activities require buildings to house them; and the first need of all but a few of the largest towns in Britain is for bricks and mortar in the shape of a building which will make possible the visits of the travelling orchestra or repertory company or art exhibition. The little model in the C.E.M.A. office holds the promise to the whole nation of a fuller life.

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

Any discussion of the remarkable and swiftly moving art of the film has to watch the two main branches of production, features and documentary. It is as necessary to understand the broad trends of the best films made for commercialized enjoyment as to know what is being produced, largely under Government sponsorship, for specialized showing to factory workers, professional groups, or to voluntary organizations. Of the hundreds of instructional and documentary films made since the war began only a proportion have had wide commercial showing.

It is the purpose of these articles month by month to indicate the main trends in British feature and documentary production. The British feature film has renewed its sense of national values since the war began, and documentary production has been stepped up in quantity as the need for its services has grown, not merely in order to keep our people informed about the fighting and industrial fronts, but also to keep them instructed in matters of health, food values, domestic economy, and the like. The film has become a practical instructor in civics as well as a medium for mass entertainment on an ever-widening scale.

Cinema attendance in Britain has considerably increased since the war began. Little short of thirty million seats are sold each week to a public which is made up probably of fifteen million regular cinema-goers. Although some 85 per cent. of the films shown in this country are of American origin, the remaining 15 per cent. are made up of British pictures which are attracting increased attention. The British picture is no longer an unwelcome substitute for the ever-popular American product.

British producers are now planning to sell their pictures abroad. Titled versions of films such as *San Demetrio, London, The Gentle Sex, Millions like us, In which we Serve,* and *Desert Victory* are being shown in the newly liberated European territories. So are purely entertainment pictures of high standard like *Fanny by Gaslight* and *The Man in Grey.* British actors and actresses, hitherto almost unknown except in Great Britain unless they had also appeared in American films, are now being introduced to European audiences.

This distribution abroad must be consolidated and extended. There could be no more popular means towards the promotion of international understanding. Similarly, Britain should increase her showing of the best productions of the film-making countries like France, whose more important pictures before the war set the highest artistic standard in direction and acting which the cinema has yet achieved.

Feature Films.

Among the more outstanding British feature films showing during the later months of 1944 have been *This Happy Breed, The Way Ahead,* and *A Canterbur Tale.*

This Happy Breed (directed by David Lean for Two Cities Films and with the chief parts played by Robert Newton and Celia Johnson) was photographed in Technicolour by Robert Neame to a script based on Noel Coward's play of the same name. It presents with an unromantic accuracy the British lower middle-class philosophy and way of life between the two wars. It shows a home comfortable but narrow, and a family with a kindly stolidity and an absence of imagination or real gaiety, but with an integrity of affection founded on family loyalty and conformity to the conventional patterns of gentility and respectability. With considerable skill the family story is set against the pattern of national and world events such as the British General Strike of 1926, the depression of the thirties, and the Munich crisis of 1938. It shows how politically unaware such a family is until world events enforce serious attention and national action. To a sympathetic audience outside Britain it might do much to explain our national character in one of its broadest phases. To audiences in Britain it seemed a personal tribute combined with a home truth. The acting of Robert Newton as Frank Gibbons the father and of Celia Johnson as his wife had the quality of imaginative realism, which is

so hard to achieve on the screen and which is so important to the integrity of every serious character study.

A Canterbury Tale (directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger for Independent Producers) was shot in black and white by Erwin Hillier, and the photography is the best of it. Its producers have seen fit to dress it up with an unnecessary and improbable story. Its vitality is derived from the excellence of its theme. This theme is the very sound one of the intimate emotional values a beautiful and historic countryside can rouse in those sensitive to its associations. This is a universal theme, and the beauty of Erwin Hillier's photography adds point to the devotion which the hills and roads, the fields and villages of Kent inspire in the local magistrate played by Eric Portman. If the film could have been conceived entirely in this atmosphere, something of the quality of romantic realism achieved in the best pre-war French films could have been created in a British idiom. But the film as it is remains a cameraman's piece, though there are human touches throughout which have the natural and restrained quality of good cinema.

The Way Ahead (directed by Carol Reed for Two Cities Films) is precisely the type of picture which successfully combines the entertainment values of a good script with integrity of characterization. There are no irrelevances or meanderings in the writing of this film or in the script of *This Happy Breed*; the art lies in combining the kind of speech most related to the temperament of the characters with dialogue which is dramatically effective. The film as an art demands a very exact realism, and a script which sounds artificial kills the vitality of any picture not deliberately fantastic like a farce or a review.

The scripting of *The Way Ahead* by Eric Ambler and Peter Ustinov is full of wit and feeling; humour is developed to the full where the situation allows it, but restraint and balance characterize the scenes where the fullness of emotion is required. Seven men of very different types are called from civilian life to serve in the army and are forced eventually to shake down into a perfect team under an efficient Sergeant and a devoted Officer. Their story tests the acting ability of a variety of artists, but David Niven as the Officer and Billy Hartnell as the Sergeant are most notable. *The Way Ahead* should be shown abroad for its truth to further facets of British life and character.

Documentaries.

The most important of recent documentaries released in Britain is *Children of the City* (directed by Budge Cooper for Paul Rotha Productions, the unit which produced the now well-known documentary *The World of Plenty* made a year ago for international exhibition). This film is the kind intended for specialized use rather than release to the general public. Its purpose is to show how children in overcrowded industrial areas can easily be led to commit crimes serious enough to bring them before the juvenile courts. The story concerns three boys in Glasgow, each psychologically different, and each with a distinct home background. The parts of the delinquent boys and their parents are played by Glasgow people who temporarily became actors for the purpose of the film. The action is played mute, the commentator supplying the bare necessities of dialogue in the third person and a commentary on the significance of what is happening. The picture suffers from this treatment and at times seems to lack humanity, since the tone of the human voice is a necessary guide to the understanding of character. Here we are dependent on a visual introduction only to the boys, their parents, and those who are appointed to help them by the juvenile court.

Within the limitations of muteness the acting is most convincing and, in the case of the mother whose husband is serving overseas, even moving. The film has many of those touches which show the imaginative method of the director, the emphasis on the overcrowding of the tenements and the excitement of the streets as the little group proceeds to the courts, on the lonely figures of children and old men in the gutter, on the mother whose sense of tidiness forces her to run back into her room to straighten the table-cloth. The complicated process of social welfare is well served by such films as this.

NEW LITERATURE

LATER POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT

By EDWIN MUIR

FOUR QUARTETS. *By* T. S. Eliot. *Faber.* 6*s.*

This volume contains Mr. Eliot's four religious poems, "Burnt Norton", "East Coker", "The Dry Salvages", and "Little Gidding", the first of which appeared in 1936, the last in 1942. A note on the dust-cover says that he has always intended them to be judged as a single work. That they have the unity and development of a single work grows clearer the more often one reads them. The subject can be defined very inadequately in ordinary terms; this does not mean that it is vague, but that it is extremely difficult to put into words. The argument can be followed, but not easily; one or two passages still remain beyond the comprehension of the present reviewer. Yet this is excusable, for what Mr. Eliot is inquiring into is how the soul cast into time can apprehend eternal reality and reach salvation. The investigation of time and the concentration on salvation are simultaneous, the first being an aspect of the second. To think of the poem as a poem about time merely is quite to misunderstand it.

The four divisions of the poem are in five movements each. The divisions are named after places, a country house, a village, some rocks off the coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, and the Shrine of Little Gidding. The first movement in each case evokes the atmosphere of a place that is memorable, or has an extension and duration in time; the succeeding movements follow a similar pattern in each division, partly lyrical, partly reflective. The last movement in each poem, again, provides a starting point for the next. Towards the end of "Burnt Norton" the line,

> Or say that the end precedes the beginning,

leads to the opening of "East Coker":

> In my beginning is my end.

The last lines of "East Coker",

> We must be still and still moving
> Into another intensity
> For a further union, a deeper communion
> Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
> The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
> Of the petrel and the porpoise,

prepare us for the wonderful evocation of the river and the sea in "The Dry Salvages"; and that poem in turn, as it ends, provides a transition to the next, "Little Gidding";

> And right action is freedom
> From past and future also.
> For most of us, this is the aim
> Never to be here realised;
> Who are only undefeated
> Because we have gone on trying;
> We, content at the last
> If our temporal reversion nourish
> (Not too far from the yew tree)
> The life of significant soil.

These links, so skilfully contrived, would not be worth very high admiration if they did not mark a development in the thought and action of the poem. But they do mark such a development; in each division we reach a more intense concentration on the theme.

As for the poetry itself, it is at its best surely the most original and quintessential poetry that Mr. Eliot has written. Certain passages stand out with particular magnificence; the third movement in "East Coker" beginning

> O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,

with its wonderful succession of extended similes; the second movement in "The Dry Salvages"; and, perhaps best of all, the second movement in "Little Gidding", the latter part of which, in its masterly versification and its sustained display of the grand style, is unequalled by any other living poet. In the more explanatory passages there is an occasional flatness; but Mr. Eliot's ear is so sure, whether he is using an old or a new metrical arrangement of words, that we are almost made to forget it. The sequence of words in the first two lines of the poem shows what metrical skill can do with a statement not in itself poetical:

> Time present and time past
> Are both perhaps present in time future,

and a slight rearrangement discovers what clownish shapes the same statement may fall into, when words are left to go their own way:

Present time and past time
Are both perhaps present in future time.

This poem is not for everyone, except in the sense that the subject it deals with involves everyone. Salvation, we are told, is inconceivably difficult; but it can be difficult in the way this poem is difficult only to those whose view of life is as uncompromising and whose minds are as scrupulously honest as Mr. Eliot's. To say this is not to limit the truth of the poem, for there are no quantitative standards for such things. The concentration on precision and truth of statement is indeed one of the things which must strike every reader; and there is always in the poem, too, a sense, movingly evoked, of the deeper truth which eludes every statement. It is the most complete and characteristic expression of Mr. Eliot's genius, and surely, also, one of the great poems of our time.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN'S NEW NOVEL

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE. *By* Rosamond Lehmann. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

With this book Miss Rosamond Lehmann will have advanced a reputation which already stood high. She has not written very much, and is one of those who will only write a book when she is sure she has something to say—something, that is, that will really express her interest in the world. She made her reputation with *Dusty Answer*, a novel in the first half of which she gave an extraordinarily spirited, one might almost say spiritual, picture of the life of a group of children; though in the second part, when the main character was becoming adult, the magic, for one reader at least, disappeared and the interest waned.

A later novel, *Invitation to the Waltz*, in which she showed the reactions of a young and diffident girl to a social occasion, was slight but quite perfect within its narrow limits. One wondered whether Miss Lehmann had it in her to make more than gracious, delicate vignettes of children or adolescents seen through the percipient eyes of one who refused to be more than just a little older than they.

She has now proved certainly that she can. This time she has chosen a quite different and far wider theme, embracing a group of people in three generations cast for the tragic life—beginning with a fault or error tragic in the Sophoclean sense, whose consequences cast their shadow on all concerned in the affair. With her remarkable skill in delineating the mind of a child she is justified in the device she uses, telling the whole story as it becomes known to a girl who is only ten years, and later, fourteen years old. That such a story can be told through such a medium is strange indeed—a story of passion, divorce, maternal love, paternal cruelty, incest, insanity, artistic fulfilment, and many other amazing ingredients—and yet the whole thing is achieved with delicacy and without any fatal strain on the credulity.

It is the little girl, Rebecca, who tells us the whole of this grim story, who at different points in the narrative listens, rapt, as others tell her what they know of the affair, she egging them on to tell more and more, they responding to her eagerness. One day she and her brother and sisters are allowed to go off and visit the elderly lady who has come to live at the Priory—"an old friend of our Grandma's". Our curiosity is aroused by the reluctance with which permission is given.

The lady is Mrs. Jardine (born Sybil Anstey), possessed of a husband whose obliterated personality is, we understand, only the shell of what he has been, and three grandchildren whom she has never seen till now; there are others of whose lives we shall hear much, though we shall not see them in the flesh. These others are ghost-figures, haunting the air; they are the background of the life which has been lived by the one-time friend of Rebecca's grandmother, this Sybil to whom Rebecca listens spell-bound.

It is the child who tells the story, but she gives it mostly as it is told to her, first in the random talk of an old needle-woman who has known all the persons concerned for generations; next through the talk of Sybil herself, who, eagerly urged by the little girl, confides to her with a scarcely believable frankness the whole troublous story as she sees it; and thirdly, the last, now blood-curdling, details emerge from what Maisie, aged sixteen, tells to Rebecca, aged fourteen, in a heart to heart schoolgirl talk.

The skill of the telling lies in the manner in which the past is recreated and brought into the present, mainly through confidences dropped into the ears of a precocious child. Perhaps this could never have really happened—that so much could have been told to a child, or that so much could have been understood. But that does not matter greatly, for Miss Lehmann has made it seem possible, and in this book, under this creation, it all is possible. In spite of all, beyond a child's ken, that this little girl has been appointed to convey to us, she remains a child, and her relations with the other children are robustly real.

The pace of the story is slow and deliberate. We sometimes feel the almost too careful choosing of the words, as in that clever passage where we are told what Tanya, Sybil's protégée, looked like. The manner of writing inevitably recalls Henry James in his earlier style, and especially *The Aspern Papers*. But the style that she uses has become her own. The fine percipience which distinguished her previous books is not in the least dimmed, and it responds to these wider tracts of life. Her admirers will be amazed by the touch of the sensational and even the monstrous towards the end of the book, and by the fact that so delicate a style can stand up against such violent matter. Here it has required a *tour de force* to avoid literary catastrophe, which in fact she has avoided, though the book would have been more satisfying if at the end we had not been plunged into quite such deep waters. It is a sign of Miss Lehmann's remarkable skill that she has dared to run so many artistic risks and has emerged triumphantly.

SHAKESPEAREANA

By JOHN HAYWARD

SHAKESPEAREAN GLEANINGS. *By* E. K. Chambers. *Oxford University Press*. 10*s*.

No single scholar has contributed more to Shakespearean studies during the past fifty years than Sir Edmund Chambers. He has held this position, virtually unchallenged, during a period which may be justly called the great age of the Shakespearean specialist; and he has held it securely because it is based on the broadest foundations of knowledge. Where other experts have brought their skill at analysis to particular problems of bibliography, textual exegesis, biography, and the like, he has attempted in his great works on the Elizabethan stage and on Shakespeare himself a synthesis of all their findings and theories. There is indeed no one to whom the student may turn with the same confidence that his questions will be answered and his doubts confirmed or allayed. Sir Edmund may lack some of the brilliance of a Dover Wilson or the laboratory technique of a Greg, but between the two extremes of fantasy and pedantry he holds the true balance that scholarship demands.

These gleanings from a field in which he has worked for so many years are evidence not only of the thoroughness of his labours but also of the quality of the harvest already gathered in. Of the 13 papers collected into this volume, eight have already appeared in print and will probably be known to the specialist whom they are most likely to interest. The most important of these published essays is the authoritative examination of the ingenious but often extravagant attempts of J. M. Robertson and Dover Wilson to "disintegrate" Shakespeare by attributing to humbler pens every passage which suggests that he might occasionally have nodded. This salutary and cogent defence of the integrity of Shakespeare's

text is continued, on more general grounds, in "Unrest in Shakespearean Studies", first published in 1937; and used, with great skill (not to mention common sense), in the particular affirmation of "The Integrity of *The Tempest*" (1925). These papers, as well as those on "The Stage of the Globe"; "The Occasion of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*"; and "William Shakespeare: An Epilogue", are well worth re-reading if only as an exercise in the marshalling and presentation of evidence. The principal interest of the collection, however, lies in the five new studies, all written within the past twelve months and now printed for the first time.

None of them is more than a few pages long, yet each is packed with sober speculation and fascinating possibilities and all of them show that Sir Edmund can meet scholars like Hotson and Wallace on their own ground. Who was the William Shakeshafte who is tantalizingly referred to as a "player" in a Lancashire will of 1581? Was he, perhaps, connected with Lord Derby's "men"; and if so, could he be the poet himself before he went to London? Sir Edmund suggests that research, when archives are once again accessible, may throw more light on his identity. The same intriguing possibilities of fruitful research are suggested in the paper on "The 'Youth' of the Sonnets", with its references to schemes for marrying William Herbert (Sir Edmund's "Young Pretender"), extracted from the Penshurst MSS., to the "lost letter" at Wilton—a missing but not perhaps an irrecoverable link; and to the entry in the Stationers' Register for 3 January 1600 of "Amours of J.D. (? Donne's "Songs and Sonets") with certen oyr sonnetes by W.S." Historical evidence is produced with telling effect in a cross-examination of Dover Wilson's views on "The Date of *Hamlet*", and in defence of Sir Edmund's own views on the date and occasion of "The Mortal Moon Sonnet". No student, in short, could wish for a better and more stimulating introduction to the methods of Shakespearean scholarship or, it may be added, for wiser guidance in gleaning a field where there are still grains of information to be found.

ART AND SCIENCE

By Michael Roberts

ART AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

By Martin Johnson. *Faber.* 16*s.*

There are perhaps two main kinds of criticism—practical criticism, which serves to render our appreciation of the arts deeper and more subtle, and theoretical criticism (or the philosophy of aesthetics), which attempts to systematize our ideas about the arts. Dr. Martin Johnson's book is of the first type. In these essays on Beethoven's posthumous quartets, on Chinese carvings in jade, on "Petrouchka", and on fantasy and realism in the poetry of Walter de la Mare, Dr. Johnson makes no grandiose statements on the nature and purposes of art. True, he believes that "imagination" in the artistic sense is not hostile to the scientific outlook: and indeed, in his concluding essays on Leonardo, he argues that the two gain in strength and subtlety through coexisting in the same mind. But this recurrent theme is treated not as a thesis to be proved, but as a starting-point to suggest lines of investigation and discussion.

The discussion itself is clear, accurate, and sensitive. As Mr. de la Mare says in his foreword: "The most unusual and arresting feature of the studies that follow is their range, their substance and authority, their insight and sensibility, and their method." The quality of Dr. Martin Johnson's mind is shown by the works he most appreciates: Beethoven's final quartets, a jade horse from the Han Dynasty, the figures of the West Portal at Chartres, the drawings of Leonardo. What is the quality common to all these works? It might be described as a grim, almost cruel, determination to see the truth, to shirk nothing, to penetrate beyond suffering, beyond ugliness, until at last the suffering and ugliness are revealed as essential parts of a whole which is exquisitely and overwhelmingly beautiful and terrifyingly good.

To discuss such works without vulgarity is a severe test for any critic. "I cannot escape the feeling that Beethoven was not as finished a musician as Mozart or even

Brahms or Bach; but these final quartets do compel a conviction that nowhere among musicians was there ever one who more intimately knew the loneliness which confronts humanity, and at the same time became aware of a divine serenity which can at great price be attained." That is as near as Dr. Martin Johnson allows himself to come to the commonplace. He escapes banality by setting himself a number of specific questions to answer. What was the relation between scientific purpose and artistic tradition in the design of early Chinese astronomical instruments? How does the chronology of Leonardo's drawings compare with the history of his scientific development? Why, when he had come to see natural law underlying all the processes of the physical world, did he turn to drawings of immense catastrophes and non-existent monsters?

In answering, or attempting to answer, these questions, and equally in discussing the place of measurement and pattern in micro-physics, Dr. Johnson is justified in claiming that his book demands no previous specialized knowledge in the reader. But he does demand a lively interest in detail. It is not every reader who wishes to know the names of the Arabian and Persian translators whose work (through the Mongol conquest) made Greek science available to the philosophers and architects of thirteenth century China. But Leonardo would certainly have wished to know. If we are right in our interpretation of his last works, Beethoven would have thought these scraps of accurate knowledge worth the knowing. In short, Dr. Martin Johnson's mind reflects some of the qualities of the minds he most admires. The artists whose work moves him most deeply are those who value knowledge and experience more than they value happiness and comfort.

It follows that Dr. Martin Johnson has written a "difficult" book. But the difficulty is inherent, and not the product of clumsy writing. Too often the contemporary English literature which is known abroad is second-rate and unfit to be compared with the best European work. To anyone who thinks that English criticism is coarse and commonplace in comparison with, say, French criticism, it would be instructive to read *Art and Scientific Thought* in conjunction with a volume of the essays of M. Valéry. There is a difference in *direction*—the Frenchman continually turning to the abstract and to the wide generalization, the Englishman continually returning to historic fact and the detailed, specific question—but there is little difference in the *quality* of mind. And it is the Martin Johnsons who provide the material foundations on which a Valéry can build his speculative edifice.

ARCHITECTURE OLD AND NEW

By EDITH SHACKLETON

HENRY YEVELE. *By* John H. Harvey. *Batsford.* 15*s.*
OUR BUILDING INHERITANCE. *By* W. H. Godfrey. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
ARCHITECTURE ARISING. *By* Howard Robertson. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those who find the present talk of replanning somewhat nightmarish may get comfort and also useful support in architectural argument from all these books, varied though they are, for each is informed by a healthy, non-sentimental respect for tradition and a belief that good architecture is bound up with a sense of the richness of life.

Mr. Harvey's biography of the master-builder Henry Yevele, who was a contemporary of Chaucer and worked for Richard II, the most keenly aesthetic king we have ever had, gives a glimpse of a coloured and spacious time. Few Englishmen of Yevele's stature have been as little celebrated. His present biographer claims reasonably enough that he did for English architecture after the Black Death what Chaucer did for the English language, that is to say he gave it a native idiom in which the ancient continental traditions could be expressed. Mr. Harvey addresses his book to "architects and the general public" and it should be a salutary reminder of our lost wealth and grace in these days of crude

functionalism. Yevele's work was diverse enough to include a wharf at the Tower of London, the reconditioning, from its Norman skeleton, of Westminster Hall, the London Charterhouse, the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, and the tomb of Edward III in Westminster Abbey. Photographs of much of this work are among the illustrations to a long over-due and admirably written work.

The inheritance of which Mr. Godfrey reminds us is that of our minor domestic architecture, and he stiffens his plea for the re-conditioning of worth-while houses and cottages, instead of ruthless tearing down to make way for concrete and glass boxes, by technical information on the actual processes of repairing and replanning. He sees in "the sound practical example of order and proportion in the scene in which our lives are lived" an antidote to the unsettled faith and confused judgment brought about by modern education, the wireless, the cinema, and the Press. He deplores the present-day inability to appraise building. "Nine men out of ten", he says, "have lost all sensitiveness to an art that was once a matter of common interest." The hundreds of photographs of comely and dignified dwellings illustrating Mr. Godfrey's book are impressive evidence of our rich legacy and of the good manners in domestic building which were almost lost in the bustle and conceit of the nineteenth century. Among the reforms suggested by Mr. Godfrey are some simple machinery which could deal with hasty or ignorant local sentences of demolition on buildings of merit, and a closer, habitual contact between the experts of the Ministry of Works and local authorities.

One of our younger architects, Mr. Howard Robertson, is particularly well informed about new ways in building and has done good work himself in the modern way so that it is cheerful for the traditionalist to find that he is not at all satisfied by pure functionalism and the "lean buildings, thin and paper-like" which have been put up in the name of progress. "Naked expression of a scientific fact is apt soon to pall", he says. "Human needs require an expression with an emotion behind it." He gives photographs of some good examples of modern architecture, but the most satisfactory are those of the non-domestic sort, where the expressed emotion need be but very cool and simple. Though he addresses himself mainly to students of architecture Mr. Robertson's book will interest the layman who is conscientious about the shape of things to come. While believing that Government policy and advice are essential to the most desirable developments in building and town planning, he insists that the Government should not be architect or town planner, nor should it supply materials. He is not afraid that the coming phase of pre-fabrication will kill the building industry or lower the standards of public taste. Had his own literary style been more streamlined Mr. Robertson's views would have had more force, but this is a sincere and useful book.

THE CHINDITS' LEADER

WINGATE'S RAIDERS. *By* Charles J. Rolo. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Allies in Burma fight two enemies, Japs and jungle. Both are formidable, merciless, and largely unfamiliar. To beat or even come to grips with the first is impossible without overcoming the second. Any relaxation of vigilance means that one or other will get you. No form of warfare could differ more from that conceived in orthodox military manuals. Nor, happily, could its innovator have conformed with orthodoxy less.

"Chinese" Gordon and Lawrence of Arabia, who was his distant relation, perhaps come nearest to Orde Charles Wingate, but in eccentric soldier-genius he probably surpassed them both. Captain in 1938, he won the D.S.O. for clearing Palestine of Arab terrorists, beating them at their own game of ambush and night foray. Major in Abyssinia in 1940, he led the patriot revolt and, after amazing guerrilla exploits, entered Addis Ababa with Haile Selassie. Wavell's foreword explains how, in 1942, he summoned Wingate to India, in the rank of brigadier, to organize irregular activities against the Japanese.

Fanatical, bizarre, magnetic, swashbuckling, the Chindits' leader was also highly scientific. Enemy gambits being in-

filtration, road blockade, and communication cutting, he countered with long-range penetration, ambush, and railway wrecking. By exhaustive training he fitted his mobile columns to operate indefinitely, against odds of ten to one, in virgin jungle: their communications were invulnerable—control by wireless and supply by parachute. Every man was expendable. How they won Britain's first victory against the Japs only a study of "Wingate's Raiders" can explain. An absorbing and well-illustrated account of a unique campaign (the fore-runner of large-scale airborne penetration), it suggests also why the Japs will finally fail everywhere.

ALAN WALBANK

THE MISSION OF MR. MURRY

ADAM AND EVE: AN ESSAY TOWARDS A NEW AND BETTER SOCIETY. *By* John Middleton Murry. *Andrew Dakers.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Defining himself as "a cleric without a Church" Mr. Middleton Murry seeks a remedy for what he notes quite frankly as Western Man's failure to live. No collective political scheme will put the world to rights; nor, he is equally explicit, will a so-called organized religion; both of these deal with the mass as opposed to the people. As a mystic, Mr. Murry sees individual experience as the only path; but where he differs entirely from the old asceticism and renunciation of the flesh is in insisting that the secret of true religion lies in earthly love — the "man-woman relation".

As he points out, this is not an adoption of D. H. Lawrence's doctrine of sexual instead of spiritual love. To Mr. Murry the two cannot and should not be separated; only through a perfected relationship between the sexes are Christian love and freedom to be found. Such a changed and purified relationship is what he urges. Despite argument and demonstration the theme has a moving simplicity. Is it, in fact, too simple? Its advocate would claim this as the inevitable simplicity which hedges the Divine. Whether entire nations can ever, in this advanced state of elaboration and perversion, be brought to live by a faith depending on their personal harmony, is a problem Mr. Murry does not solve.

SYLVA NORMAN

BURKE. *By* G. M. Young. Annual Lecture on a Master Mind. Henriette Hertz Trust of the British Academy. *Humphrey Milford.* 2*s.*

Why did Burke, with his astonishing powers and strong sense, uphold prescription with a passion that places him (in Mr. Young's view) among the "extravagant" figures of the eighteenth century? Why (to take the familiar examples) could he only see through rose-coloured spectacles the Great Mogul, the Ancient Regime, even our own rotten boroughs? Why must he refuse to part not merely with the metal of political institutions but even with its "venerable rust"? In his scholarly and interesting paper Mr. Young re-discusses the mentality of Burke, stressing his more than ordinary dependence on domestic security and his terror of its disturbance. He believes the intensity and exclusiveness of his affections to have generated the like characteristics of his intellect, which was stimulated by the threats to which political institutions were exposed at the time whether from royal encroachment or the doctrines of Rousseau.

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES. A translation by Rex Warner. *John Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Warner ranks himself as a translator with the "transliterators" as against the "distortionists", and his version of the Medea, which follows the Greek closely, achieves by this restrained effect and atmosphere. Mr. Warner never "improves" or elaborates or "interprets" his original. What the poet has expressed—no more and no less—he is content to render. In doing so he employs a long line which is elastic in scansion and homely and conversational in tone; his method, perhaps, being seen at its best in Jason's defence of himself to Medea. It is a method which has its own merits, however short it may fall of the dignity, power, and stylistic brilliance (the "clear crystal iambics") of Euripides' play. The book is attractively produced.

THE BLACK VENUS. *By* Rhys Davies. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Rhys Davies is perhaps the most distinguished of the Welsh writers who during recent years have been presenting

their country to the world with so much talent and vivacity. A writer in the tradition of Hardy though in less sombre vein—indeed his gusto is one of his most attractive qualities—he has caught and preserved in his singing prose the emotional yet sturdy nature of the Welsh people. In his new novel the focusing point is a primitive method of courtship long prevalent in the remote Welsh valleys. The futile attack made on this Chapel-supported custom by the Church and the stand made in its defence by an attractive young feminist provide the drama which illuminates the half barbaric, half saintly character of the farming population.

EVEN THE PARROT. *By* Dorothy Sayers. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

Sedately Victorian in style, Miss Dorothy Sayers's Exemplary Conversations for Enlightened Children startle by their up-to-date subject-matter. Nurse Nature instructs her two young charges, exceptionally serious-minded children, in turning the hardships of war to good account. Drawing her examples from the animals, she instances the parrot as a partisan of the black-out and the rabbit of housing on sound A.R.P. principles. A treatise likely to amuse the adult, though children may find its irony beyond them.

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE. *By* H. E. Bates. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Fiction these days must stand hard competition from fact, and Mr. Bates's tale of the airman who crashed over France, was wounded, and escaped, is soberer than many true stories. Its sensations are inward, the outward incidents being all of a kind familiar in the present war. France is seen through the eyes of the airman, bewildered in a strange land, alternately understanding and misinterpreting its inhabitants. The skill with which he is drawn makes the whole convincing. A worthy tribute to the valour of the men of the R.A.F. and of the French people who helped them.

GREEN AND GREY. Collected Poems by Lord Vansittart. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

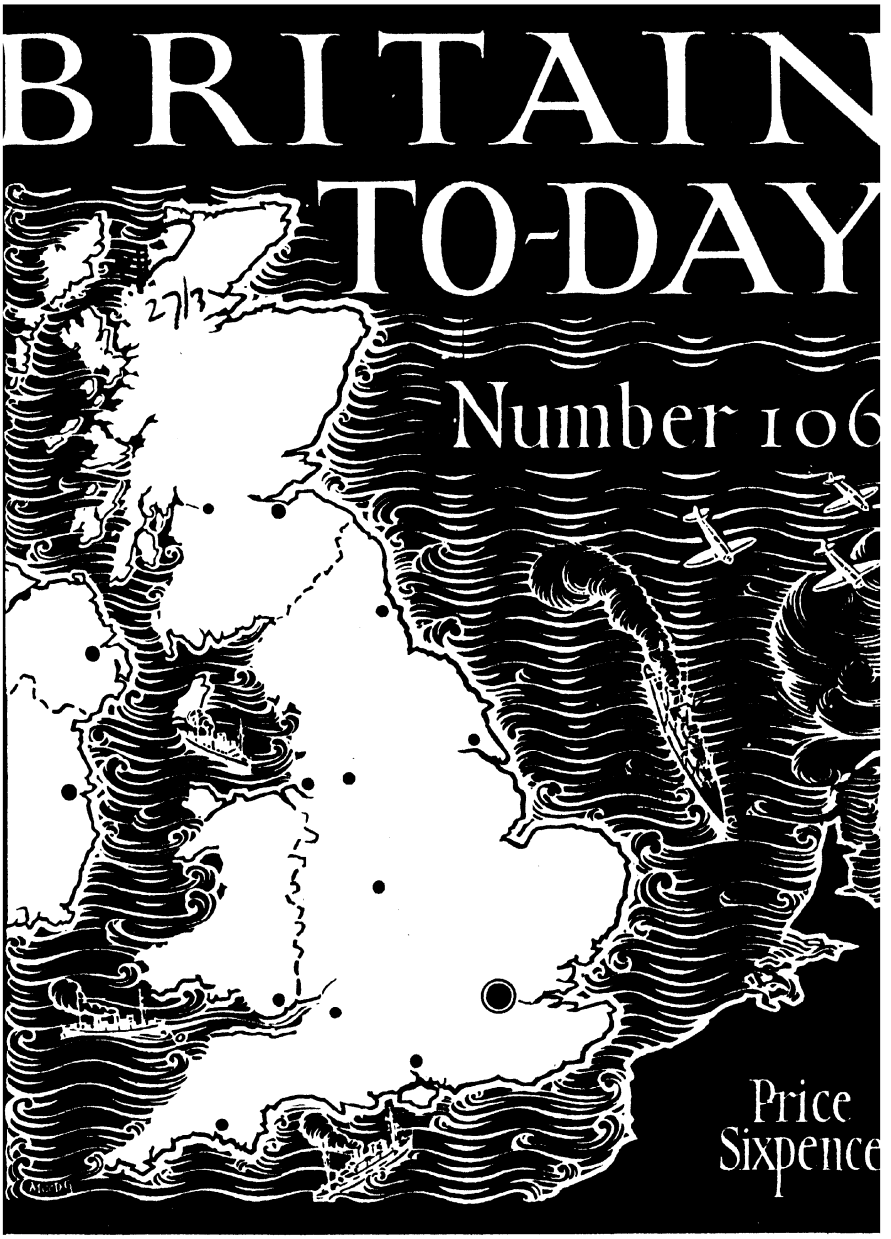
"Green" stands for the verse of Lord Vansittart's youth, "Grey" for that which he wrote after an interval of twenty years devoted to diplomacy. "Men say my Truth is bitter"; and certainly there is unsparing denunciation of those who were deceived by themselves and built "with every value wrong" in the day of "double negatives, meiosis and compromise". But there is the "Green" period to prove that the poet was not naturally of a bitter turn of thought and took indeed the readiest delight in his fellow men, whatever their race or colour. Lord Vansittart's verse is always simple and unequivocal and has within its compass effects of a delicate and subtle beauty.

HOW TO STUDY AN OLD CHURCH. *By* A. Needham, F.R.S.A. *Batsford.* 6*s.*

The wayfarer who strays into an old church usually brings with him a jumble of half-forgotten information or complete ignorance. Mr. Needham's handbook is for the ignoramus, to whom he points out all the accessories of church and churchyard: crosses, tombstones, towers, porches, windows, furnishings, and symbols, illustrating the peregrination with clear little drawings. Occasionally he uses a word the ignoramus might not understand—ogee, roof-truss, broach spire. But in general he explains all that could need explanation. Necessarily he is brief—the drawings are intended to tell most of the tale—but his brevities help to show the church in its medieval aspect as a centre of life.

HEATHER-TRACK AND HIGH ROAD. *By* Augustus Muir. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scotland as she can be known only to the traveller on foot steeped in her literature and traditions. Mr. Augustus Muir recounts journeys he has made in the tracks of characters as diverse as David Balfour, Claverhouse and General Wade, always with individual digressions of his own. In his company glens and mountains re-live their stormy history, and even smug little industrial towns yield up unexpected secrets. A book guaranteed to tempt visitors to Scotland, and to tantalize those who have already been there with the thought of all they have so far failed to see.



FEBRUARY 1945

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The English Scene . . . . . EDMUND BLUNDEN
London Transport . . . . C. E. R. SHERRINGTON
Wales . . . . . RHYS DAVIES
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

Number 106 *February 1945*

STATISTICS

STATISTICS for the most part are cold and uninspiring things. They reduce men and women to millions of units and the things they do to tonnages and percentages. Yet they can become eloquent when we know how to read them and have the means of translating them into human terms. The figures of the number of German aeroplanes brought down in the Battle of Britain have meaning for anyone who saw a single Spitfire in action in 1940. The records of the number of American ships built during the war have a special thrill for anyone who saw a single one of them launched. And the total of the number of French prisoners in Germany has grim meaning for every French family of whom one is still in enemy hands.

And so it is with that British White Paper entitled "Statistics relating to the War Effort of the United Kingdom". It deals with persons and things in terms of millions and thousands of millions, and sums of money contributed by this and that and another individual running in all into astronomical figures. Numbers of men, numbers of women, numbers of boys and girls; numbers of persons serving, numbers of persons swept into the vortex of war industry, numbers of dead and wounded; numbers of houses smashed utterly and houses only partly smashed; numbers of ships built, ships sunk, and numbers of men who went down in them; numbers of aeroplanes, tanks, guns, rifles, and rounds of ammunition; numbers of perplexing exactitude—and all this arithmetic, we understand, sums up the war effort of the United Kingdom.

If it means something to most of us—and it does—that is because we already knew much of its innermost meaning before. We knew from personal experience that there was total war in Britain, though we could not have stated that in June last year there were 22,000,000 men and women in the Services or industrial employment. We knew from personal experience pretty well the proportion of people who are serving in the armed Forces, though we could not have said that the number in June was 4,500,000 and that there were another million who have served but are prisoners, or released on medical grounds, or dead. We have had before our eyes the sight of houses demolished, rooms with their furniture protruding from gaping walls; so, unless we have lived far from industrial towns, or have been reassured by the neat clearances and repairs of demolition squads, we are not surprised to hear that of the 13 million houses we had before the war 4½ millions have been damaged by enemy action.

The figure of the total expenditure of Central Government in 1943 is only a figure, baffling to the mind's eye—£5,782,000,000 contrasting with £1,013,000,000 in 1938, a sum already swollen by preliminary defence expenditure. But we can well understand that half of this was provided out of current revenue. Six million manual wage-earners who paid no income-tax before the war now contribute; the standard rate above a certain minimum is 10*s.* in the pound, and there is super-tax added if you are rich—a man with £10,000 a year pays more than two-thirds of his income. And then of course there are indirect taxes: a purchase tax on most articles of personal or domestic use, and duties on luxuries which might have been expected to be prohibitive—of every four-pence paid in a shop for cigarettes or beer threepence goes to the Exchequer. Nor does it amaze us in the least to be informed that 30½ per cent. of the Government's expenditure is met out of personal savings and savings of business lent to the Government at a low rate of interest, since men, women, and children everywhere are buying savings certificates.

We knew, then, the essence of these facts, and also the facts behind the figures of men and women in employment, since we cannot be unaware that everyone is working—including elderly

persons who had retired, married women, and housewives on part time in factories—and that the majority work overtime. So we had already a pretty accurate picture of work done, money contributed, houses destroyed, and civilians killed or severely wounded by enemy action (136,000—a figure which does not include the 30,000 merchant seamen killed at sea). But we had no means of forming a similar picture of the product of all their work and expenditure, since this has necessarily been secret. The enemy was not to know how many naval and merchant ships we were building or repairing, how many we had lost, and how many bombers, fighters, tanks, guns, and invasion barges had been constructed.

We could not form from our experience even a rough general picture of what was being produced for war, since we could not see it in the mass, and it would not be in direct proportion to added man-power and man-hours; for obviously much would have to be deducted in respect of destructive action by the enemy and as a consequence of the dispersal of industries and the construction or repair of plant; and much would have to be added owing to the decrease in civilian consumption, and by the decrease in manufacture for exports (which fell from £471,000,000 to £232,000,000), which was facilitated by Lend-Lease, though the flood of war imports still required that we should sell oversea assets to the value of £1,065,000,000 and incur foreign liabilities to the tune of £2,300,000,000. More figures!

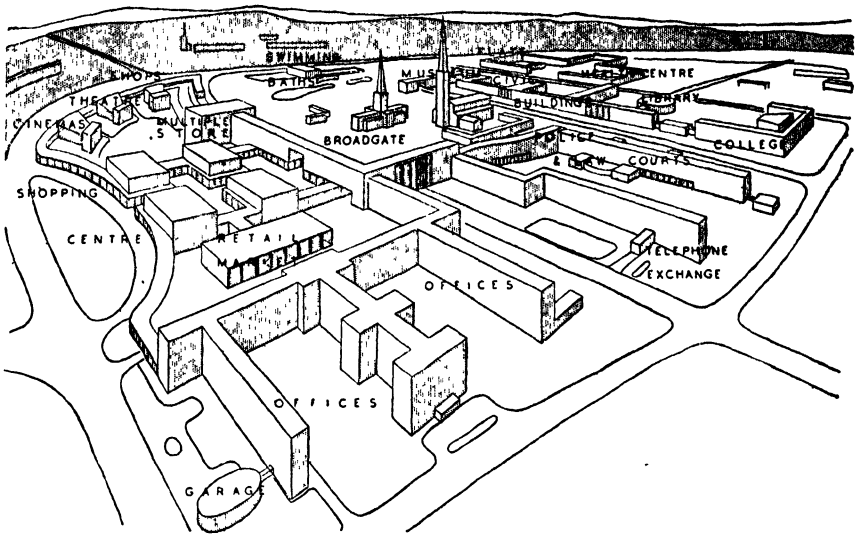
But here, in this statistical survey, are the figures, or some of them, of war production. I am not going to repeat them, for I hope that my readers have already seen them, and digested them, and translated them into visible realities. Yet perhaps I should recall that our construction of new merchant ships has only fallen short by two million tons of our losses, which were 11,643,000 tons, a quantity which exceeded the losses of all our Allies put together. In merchant ship construction we could have done more if it had not been necessary to increase the naval forces. The multiplication of naval construction by four has meant the production of 722 major naval vessels and 5,022 other naval craft.

The information given in this statistical record is the material

of history, and it is well that we should get as near as we can to seeing the truth as the historian will see it. As to the achievement itself, the natural comment is that there was no alternative before this country. In June 1940 Germany was in control of almost all Europe west of the Russian frontier, with overwhelming superiority in arms and productive equipment. The Dominions from the very first moment had realized that the freedom of the world was at stake in this conflict, and were giving unstinted help. But in Europe we stood alone, supported only by such elements of the defeated countries as could reach our shores and some advance units from the Dominions. This country had no choice. It had to be all or nothing. We had no alternative but to exceed anything that had been done before in any country in the total mobilization of man-power and woman-power and material resources, since at that moment, and for all the year that followed, we had to stand alone against Germany and Italy; we had to gain time for other democracies to prepare their minds and their resources for a struggle which was for their, as well as our, existence.

We were at the critical point, 21 miles from occupied Europe. Ours was the key position for the defence of the world. The task therefore was thrust upon us to sacrifice everything that could be sacrificed to avoid the worse sacrifice of defeat. It was touch and go all the time, but our men and our machines and our resources were just equal to the task—the statistics tell the tale in the statistical way. There are others of the Allies who would have done the same in our position. Theirs in many cases was a harder lot, and their sacrifice has taken toll of them in another way; and their records, too, will be set forth for the praise of contemporaries and the guidance of historians. Their tale must be told, and ours—too much that has happened in this war has been shrouded in darkness. This publication is a sign that the time is coming when the veil of secrecy will be liftedand the events of these grim years will be seen in perspective.

THE EDITOR



THE REBIRTH OF TOWNS

By HOWARD ROBERTSON, F.R.I.B.A., S.A.D.G.

IN the not very far-off days when there was an active battle of the styles in architecture, there was also a perpetually running dispute amongst architects as to whether their profession was an art or a business. That question has more or less been settled by force of circumstance, and architects have become willy-nilly artists who have to be business men as well. But to-day a fresh question has arisen; and it has been brought about by the emergence into the limelight of a branch of design which used to be considered as architecture on a large scale, or architectural layout, but which is now becoming so specialized as to receive its own designation of "Town Planning".

Here again certain differences of opinion as regards definition are arising. Is "Town Planning" an art or a science? In terms of actual cases, this question may resolve itself into an examination of what is implied by "Town Planning", which may seem to some to be a rather restrictive description for a very broad activity. And this examination involves, on the professional side, a certain anxiety as to whether leadership in this activity should devolve upon the architect, or upon the engineer, or perhaps upon the possessor of some specialized qualifications derived from training

The drawing at the top of the page shows an aerial perspective of the Coventry plan.

for a new career which makes demands on very many branches of knowledge.

However "Town Planning" may be considered to-day and in the future it is certain that its existence as a recognized science is not a very ancient one; for the truly scientific basis for planning can be said to have originated in this country through the work of Professor Patrick Geddes not much more than 50 years ago. Previous to that, planning was an art, very well practised in England as the charm and convenience of so many of the country towns and villages of England still show. The sorrow has been that with the industrial revolution the "art" almost completely disappeared—and it is to the discredit of the industrial leaders of England, who certainly could plan efficiently for business, that they failed to see that planning also had its application in the towns and country-sides where business was located.

This complete failure to plan, or even to think of planning as a local—still less as a national—obligation, has left England with a heritage of muddled excrescences on the charming core of the original old townships. It is fairly easy to tell, almost from looking at a map, where the new and uncontrolled growths have started, and it is certainly quite simple to do so visually. But it is quite another matter to rectify these errors.

The disorderly and sprawling growth of cities, and the threat to the neighbouring country-sides, had attracted attention long prior to this war; and a series of enactments had made it obligatory for town plans to be prepared and certain new developments to be approved. But no undue anxiety was felt in official circles, and it was actually a fact that before this war no plan existed for London itself. And as for considering the plans of cities as part of the broader pattern of a plan for a Region, and a Regional Plan as part of a National Plan, it is sad to relate that no initiative had been taken. In fact it is only now, after more than five years of war, that the Royal Institute of British Architects is producing, at its own expense and by its own effort, the framework for a National Plan for Britain.

This conception of a National Plan is of extreme importance. For to any architect or planner it is always apparent that the plans of all units in a conception must bear some relationship to each other. That is true for buildings, but also for townships

and regions. Roads, railways, waterways, all communications affect the plan; indeed transport is a vital planning factor; it institutes a series of links which are attached to towns and connect vital key positions, so communications must be considered regionally, and not just locally. And this also applies to the country-side through which communications pass for the use of the land which lies between the townships.

A rapid glimpse at this facet of the "Town Planning" problem is necessary in order to pass logically from the general to the particular and attempt to gauge the nature of the task which is facing the local authorities in so many of the towns of England, particularly those which have suffered the damage of bombing in addition to the neglect inevitable in war-time.

Most of these towns had their town planning schemes more or less mapped out before the war. But changing conditions, the shifting of industry and populations, and in particular the damage from bombs, have rendered these plans obsolete. Many municipalities have to start to think again, and they have to think in terms not only of new conditions financially, socially, industrially, but also with a vision rendered more acute by an advancing conception of what "Town Planning" really means in terms of a local and regional contribution to the well-being of the country as a whole. Not only has the parochial view-point been sharpened; but the national view-point, the necessity for which has been emphasized in the war effort, begins to impinge upon the local picture.

Let us take a typical township—an industrial one for preference—and examine the problem which lies before it if the expectations of its population and the English people at large are going to be substantially fulfilled. Such a town will have to-day a thriving industry, even though prior to the war its industry may have been undergoing a phase of "slump". It will have a town centre which is probably broad and ample if it is a northern town, or cramped and crowded further south. This centre may perhaps contain a fine church or two, a good Town Hall and market, and some very well-mannered Georgian houses. But in both cases this centre will be hemmed in by a network of congested streets interspersed with areas of houses surprisingly slum-like considering their location, houses which are a heritage

of a short-sighted planning and building policy. Within this area, and beyond it, will be complete blocks and sections of the town which are damaged or destroyed by "blitzing". Here a whole main thoroughfare, with shops and hotels, will have completely disappeared. The railway station near by will be without its roof and waiting rooms. The near-by gasometer will have escaped. And here and there amongst the wreckage, like a tooth in a damaged jaw, a single building will stand shored up and erect, disabled but still open for business. And if this is an inn or a public-house, the fact that it is still standing will be particularly appreciated.

On the outskirts of this town the streets widen to broad tarmac avenues, down which thunders a continuous stream of huge motor-buses transporting workers to the near-by steel plants. These avenues, which once were country roads, are now lined with interminable rows of villas alternating with meaner houses, or perhaps neat rows of "Council houses", municipally built. These houses extend for miles, and back of them the land is comparatively undeveloped. This is the so-called "ribbon development", which in its present form is in such disfavour as to be the subject of preventive legislation. But the people who live in these houses love the life and bustle of the traffic.

Some of the churches and many of the schools in this township have been destroyed; so the service to the community of buildings of this type is now unbalanced. The same is true of that popular institution the public house; some districts now have too many, and others not enough. The cinemas are still sufficient. But a number of the "neighbourhood shops", the small shops near to hand, have disappeared. And the queues at the big chain stores are far too long. Of the houses in this town, several thousand have been damaged and destroyed. Some thirty per cent. of them were obsolescent before the war, and the local Council was gradually replacing them. In any case there was in 1939 a housing shortage. What will it be to-morrow?

This, and many other burning questions, face the local authority in this industrial town. The Council has received instructions from the Ministry of Health to select land, and sites, for a preliminary short-term programme of post-war housing. But the question of finance, and the burden which the State will

assume, have not yet been cleared. And the Council has also realized, late but not too late, that its planning for new houses should relate to its planning as a whole.

So the Council decides to embark upon a new town planning scheme, typical of its forward-looking outlook. It elects to employ a town planning consultant of eminence, but soon finds that this distinguished man has already more work than he can do. It finally selects a younger man, hitherto untried, and wisely places him in collaboration with its Surveyor and Engineer. After all, "Town Planning" is not a one-man task. It needs the vision and imagination of the architect; the knowledge of services and supplies of the engineer; the acquaintance with local conditions of the Surveyor and Medical Officer; the legal knowledge of the Town Clerk and the Corporation lawyers; and it requires an acquaintance with many other subjects, including sociology, economics, and geology.

The town planner who is prescribing for the reconstruction of our industrial town is like a doctor, in that he must first know all about his patient's ills and disabilities, and much about his normal way of life as well. The work will therefore begin with a "survey", and this is an exacting job that may take many months. It will cover everything physical related to the problem, and include statistics about population and densities; particulars of transport, roads, and traffic, of local industries and manufactures; questions of drainage and services; the tendency of development in residential and other areas; objects of historical and architectural interest. It will also cover the location of schools, churches, public houses, and community buildings of all sorts, and their existing relationship in number and situation to the needs of the community. Questions of the soil survey, geology, and economics also loom large; data on these matters are vital and must be collated before creative work can begin.

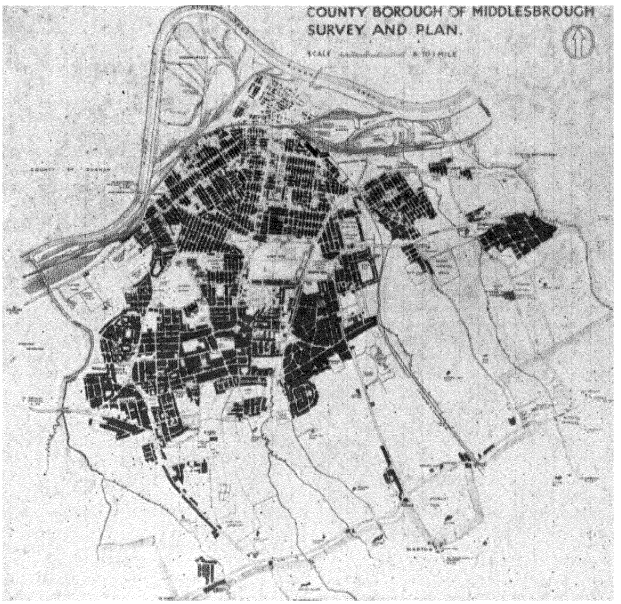
The Ministry of Health, and now the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, have laid down certain broad principles to guide the town planner. The amount of open space desirable for the needs of communities of given size, the maximum densities desirable for houses and flats, and the use of the land generally —for "Town Planning" is primarily concerned with that—have all been the subject of recent investigation and report. The public

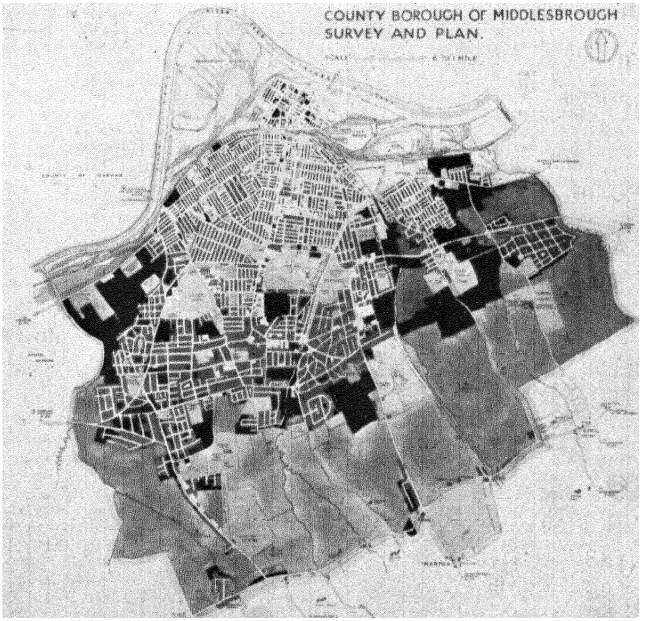
has given evidence, through individuals and associations, to the central authorities. And in the case of one industrial town the public will have been consulted in detail, through sample polls of opinion. Mrs. Brown is being given a chance to say how, and perhaps where, she would like to live in relation to her work, and her husband's.

All this information, sifted and debated, and subjected to the experts in engineering, law, and finance who should be collaborating with the architect in charge, is, however, of little avail if the resultant plan is not going to be touched with vision and imagination of a high order. A town plan must not only work, it must provide amenity and joy of living for those in cities. To achieve workability plus fine design is a rare achievement. It can only come about through collaboration, and amongst the collaborators must be at least one with design instincts of the highest order and possessing as well a keen sense of historic and human values.

Once the plan is prepared, exhibited, amended, and finally completed, it will probably include first stages in reconstruction and an ultimate stage of completion envisaged only for the distant future. In any case, fulfilment of the plan's provisions will entail the acquisition of land, questions of compensation, and almost certainly financial assistance. To carry the work forward, an industrial town will have to seek certain powers, a fact borne out by the situation existing at this very moment, in which seven of the "blitzed" cities of England are reported to have been seeking for their claims to extension to be considered by a Special Boundary Commission, without waiting for the general legislation which is now upon the *tapis*.

Their attempts have not been successful. It was hardly expected that they would be. Town planning legislation must be national in scope, and it raises some of the most controversial issues ever placed before this country. But they will be solved, in due course, in our own democratic way, and then the plans will proceed to execution.

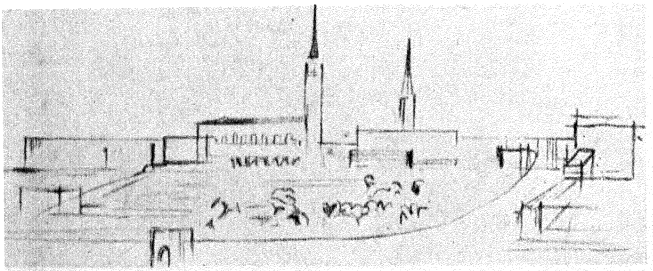


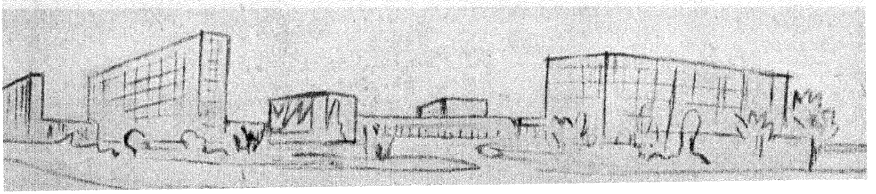


PREPARING A PLAN FOR MIDDLESBROUGH

Charts showing population (*above*) and undeveloped sites







PRE-WAR COVENTRY (*on left*) AND DESIGNS FOR THE NEW CITY

THE ENGLISH SCENE

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

AT one time the British isles were traversed by numerous persons of respectable habits whose particular sport it was to detect and enjoy examples of what was termed Picturesque Beauty. Some of them even carried a kind of eye-glass, I believe, which presented the scene as a mezzotint—an unfair advantage. In general, these tourists sought out the wilder and grander parts of the country, and the places which they delighted in, the Lakes and the Highlands and the valley of the Wye and many more, continue to be visited in something like their spirit though without their aesthetic glossary.

Every land has its recognized beauty-spots and seems to deny by common consent the philosophic declaration of some observers:

> Beauty is nothing but the power
> Which the beholder gives.

A recent journey, which took me through no place celebrated by generations of pilgrims, found me at first in the mood that these lines imply. It was moreover a dim winter morning, with clouds coming shadowily from the south-west, and I must admit a V2 once or twice from another quarter. These passed, and the daylight grew, and I was looking upon a small landscape, limited by low hills and almost leafless woods. To define beauty is not for me, nor to say what the quality of the scene would be if it was not that one, but I found that I was watching it with quiet delight. Perhaps the spell was cast by the windings of the brook beneath the thickets with the brown oaks and silver birches here and there ascending from them; perhaps the soft green of the cow-meadows in their turn each side of the willowed stream contained it; or that group of pale red farm buildings, house and barn and kiln and stable, clustered in the depth of a dell as if miles from anywhere. Presently the view opened out. The brook was exchanged for an expanse of flood-pools, rising round copse and hedge and gleaming faintly over acres among flat pastures where still the herds of cattle attended to their grass, on towards a curving escarpment of upland with its hamlet tree and tower faintly descried. How little colouring

this watery plain had to display—and yet its hue was impressive. A sad hue, to use the old-fashioned adjective, but exquisite.

These aspects, I reflected, were ordinary, unlauded English scenes, and might not make the same impression upon those who had not grown up with them as they were making upon me. Yet how easily they were capable of transformation into bold radiance and even dramatic intensity! The face of England is indeed the most difficult to predict. To have a house on a hill here and look over wide country is, thanks to our restless climate, an experience of "change in recurrence" without end; for the shade and light, the conspicuous and the withdrawn, appear for ever varying. I am prepared to believe that the blue of our horizon is peculiar to this climate, but am even more taken with the flying, melting glooms of grey and indigo which move over the land between. While the day is creating these innumerable veils of landscape, now a high wood becomes the majestic master object and now some quarry glows with rosy warmth. I have waited for one stretch of common-land, with a long stone bridge on pointed fourteenth-century arches at the foot of a weir-pool, to come into view; and at length this crystalline clearness, travelling over plantation and village roofs and slashes of new high road, will rest on that corner unchanged in essentials since Chaucer's day and make it a miniature of finer illumining than any in a book of hours known to Chaucer. But with this atmospheric subtlety in the English day, even a line of terrific chimneys belonging to a cement works may be converted into something gracious as a cloister.

It may still be in another way that the English scene achieves its desirable beauty. The small landscape perhaps is less dependent on the weather. A busy farmer of my acquaintance takes a good deal of trouble to prevent simple souls from ruining, for the sake of "neatness", the wonderful wealth of leaf, flower, root, and twig along the lanes in his district. Where a hedge and a bank accompany the way, Nature appears to take a particular pleasure in composing a wild and lovely harmony, ever changing in the details of plant forms and colours. We hear of the primrose lanes of Devonshire, but the primrose is only one of the multitude of contributors to these little miracles of wreathed and peeping beauty. In absence from England, I have fancied

myself returning to such nameless lanes so dressed in the array of the seasons; and the lanes emerge into roads which lead to the village under overarching boughs of stately trees—that also is part of our best scene. Again the small bluebell and wind-flower wood, with its mossy gate and hazelled tangled paths, has hitherto been suffered to remain in spite of our ambitious cultivation.

These graces are what the demands of progress most easily disfigure and overwhelm. Big effects as they are threatened from one cause or another are not without their defenders. When a skyline of honoured beauty is in danger from some industrial project, when a haunt of walkers in the hills is coveted by a municipal engineer, a contest is almost certain, and so it should be: but the "minor features", which have been so long accepted without comment, are not likely to start such contests. The needs of new housing, or the claims of new factories, or any notions whatever of improvement in "facilities", soon roll over these modest retreats of hedge rose, the wild strawberry, the woodspurge, and all our free shrubs. They may be dismissed as waste land. But such little wildernesses, and others in the sunshine held by sloe-tree and dwarf elder and furze-bush and mossy mole-hills, have long been a special element in the English scene. It must be thankfully said that they are too numerous to disappear altogether as yet.

Of the parks of all sizes which have made so enchanting a part of the kingdom's picture, not many are now in their best state; but many are there and still to be enjoyed. You go in, a little shyly, past the early-Victorian lodge with the tall chimneys of moulded brickwork, the religious-looking diamond-paned windows, and are soon in a stronghold of great oaks and hornbeams and horse-chestnuts, on the greensward which has its fairy-rings and its tracks of many unofficial residents furred and clawed. You may stray into the farm area, with the wide green duckpond under the rook-trees, and the bricked courtyard between the modern dairy and the wagon-sheds, and the saw-mill with its timber-stacks above the tumbling stream. Turning thence you see the rhododendron and pine-tree groves which flank the house, or the tall terra-cotta walls sheltering the kitchen-garden; and the ascending lawn with the terraced rose-

beds and the statues, up to the high windows and often the mellow brickwork of the house. A church perhaps stands in its grey quietness not many steps away. These are forms of the past; but they can serve the future's new needs too, and many are beginning to do so. They will remain what they have been, not merely gracious parts of the English landscape but centres of the life of the people.

These houses and estates do not always lie along the highroads but are among the rewards of the wanderer who likes the lanes and their seemingly absurd twistings mile after mile. These byways are characteristic, and open many a pleasant discovery besides the charming survivals of the Georgian country gentleman and his mixture of Arcadianism and agriculture. They lead to hamlets of coloured cottages set round central grass-plots, with still a thatched well-head and a bee-hive or two by the gates, and constantly a show of flowers as well as vegetables of vast growingness. If an easy union of tidiness and go-as-you-please has a pleasure for the eye, a message from a way of life that does not embitter or disenchant, it is to be found by those village greens. The villages themselves are a life-study, infinitely various in appearance and in feeling; they may be grey and stern in the moorland and the hills, or rosy and gentle in the vale, but almost always they insist on being remembered individually as portraits of places and traditions.

They do not lack plan, and mostly have one architectural view to offer which possesses space and dignity; but their nature is like that of the lanes to them, an unexpectedness and a caprice. You do not know them all at once. You find a tiny wicket-gate under the overhang of a barn and a haystack, with a path scarcely escaping the brambles and ivy-trails—and that way will be a good one. In a moment you see the whole amphitheatre of cornland, pasture, wood, orchard, and osiery, and the village with its church tower over your shoulder suddenly reveals itself as the dominating presence over all this chequered territory.

LONDON TRANSPORT

By C. E. R. SHERRINGTON

LONDON these last three years has probably welcomed more overseas visitors than in any other three years of its long and honoured history. These welcome guests have been very largely in uniform, and, in discussing those things which have impressed them most, whether they be from the Dominions, from the United States, from the Colonies, or from Continental nations, one is perforce struck by their unanimous admiration for one aspect of the Empire's capital. Some have visited Westminster Abbey, others the Tower; some the House of Commons, and nearly all know Piccadilly and its Circus, but everyone has tested London Transport, and London Transport, particularly the "tubes and underground", appears to have impressed itself favourably upon the visitor, whether he hails from Montreal, Melbourne, Pretoria, Washington, D.C., Balboa, California, Toulouse, Louvain, Amsterdam, or Trondheim.

Yet few of these admirers of London's underground, bus, and tramway system have any inkling as to the organization of London Transport; it is perhaps doubtful if many Londoners themselves could give a clear account. Gradually over a hundred years the component parts grew up, buses, tramways, and underground electric lines, nurtured by the spirit of private enterprise and business initiative, until finally each of them formed a cohesive whole, and a period of integration between the largest bus company and the electric railways early in the century became possible. The final keystone of the present structure took the form of the London Passenger Transport Act of 1933.

This all-important Act set up the London Passenger Transport Board and granted to it a control of all the public passenger transport services in the London area, with the exception of the services of the main-line railways to be mentioned later, and, of course, the taxicabs and private hire car services. As evolved, the Board has frequently been quoted as a possible model for public utility systems in Great Britain and overseas, and therefore its unique set-up is worthy of study, for it takes the form neither of a private company nor of a State-owned undertaking.

Officially it is described as a public authority, consisting of a Chairman and six other members who are appointed by a body convened for the purpose by the Minister of Transport and known as the Appointing Trustees.

These Appointing Trustees consist of the Chairman of the London County Council, the Chairman of the Committee of London Clearing Bankers, the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, the President of the Law Society, and a representative of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee. The Chairman and Members of the Board are appointed for periods varying from three to seven years, and can be reappointed. It is the duty of the Board to provide an adequate and properly co-ordinated system of passenger transport for the area served and, while avoiding the provision of unnecessary and wasteful competitive services, they are required to extend and improve the facilities for passenger transport and conduct their undertaking in such a manner and fix such rates and fares that their revenues will be sufficient to defray all charges defined in the Act of 1933.

Total capital expenditure up to 30 June 1939, the sixth year of the Board's life and just prior to the outbreak of war, amounted to approximately £142,000,000, and during the subsequent war years capital expenditure, though continuing, has necessarily been severely limited, and many of the larger extension schemes scheduled have been temporarily held up; the total at the commencement of 1944 had reached a figure of over £151,000,000.

It is not within the province of this outline to deal with the financial structure but, after charging interest on the fixed interest-bearing stocks at 4½ and 5 per cent., there has always been sufficient net revenue to pay interest on the marginal London Transport C stock, and for 1943 the rate of interest was 3½ per cent. Under present conditions virtually all London Transport receipts accrue to the Government, which guarantees a rental, as it does to the main-line railways, and this rental is sufficient to declare interest rates approximating to those in the pre-war years.

A cardinal feature of the London Passenger Transport Act of 1933, and in conformity with its avowed object of eliminating

wasteful competition, was its provision for the pooling of all passenger receipts in the London area with the main-line railways. Pooling of railway receipts is a typically British method and has been carried further in Britain than elsewhere; thus, in practice, the penny paid by a London bus passenger was split up between the Transport Board and each of the main-line railways—a similar procedure applied to a railway season-ticket, an underground fare, or tramway ticket. By this means there is the urge to co-ordinated services between the Board's facilities and those of the main-line railways, and the avoidance of wasteful duplication. There is no room for doubt but that the setting up of the Board served, by the amalgamation of all surface with sub-surface transport, to reduce competitive routes and to stimulate the development and improvement of the services. Several of the works forming parts of the 1935 £40 million scheme have been brought to fruition, carrying electrification into the outer suburbs.

The self-supporting character of the finances of London Transport has been a cause of envy to other capital cities such as Paris and Berlin, whose representatives have studied the London method, built as it is on the foundations of a pool of receipts. As one such representative ruefully pointed out, it is an easy task to design a pool if net receipts are being earned, but if each of the components is incurring deficits how is this possible? It is a curious anomaly of modern urban aggregations that passenger travel when at its densest has frequently to be carried at a loss, a loss which often has to be made good by the municipality, and ultimately by rates and taxes paid by the citizens.

London Transport serves a wide area, in fact no less than 1,986 square miles, and includes the whole of the Counties of London and Middlesex and parts of seven other counties, with a total population of about 9,500,000 persons; within this area are the Cities of London and Westminster and 74 Boroughs, 78 Urban Districts, and 30 Rural Districts. Complete figures as regards the facilities and traffic carried have not, for obvious reasons, been published since the outbreak of war, and therefore data for 1938 and 1939 must be relied upon, but they are sufficiently accurate to provide a picture in reasonably true perspective of the system as it exists to-day. Thus the route mileage

of the Board's railways, practically all electrified and largely in tunnel sections, amounted to 174 miles, the tramway route mileage was 135, while the road mileage covered by trolley-bus routes was 236, and by buses and coaches 2,573. Railway passenger-carrying vehicles numbered about 3,700, with nearly 6,400 buses and coaches, over 1,300 trams, and over 1,400 trolley-buses; the conversion from trams to trolley-buses having been held up during the war years will not have altered these figures as much as would have normally been the case. The great passenger service fleet in a normal peace year achieved almost 600 million vehicle-miles, and about 3,782 million passengers were carried annually on London Transport vehicles, either road or rail. Such figures give some picture of the great social service which is London Transport.

It is not without interest that the average fare paid per passenger in the last pre-war year was well under 2½*d.*, and the staff employed to run the system totalled over 86,000. To-day many of the staff are women: on the stations, on the buses, trams and trolley-buses, in the repair shops, and even on the track. The traffic load to be carried under war conditions has provided a difficult problem for, while many Londoners have been evacuated for considerable periods, a large proportion of the war-time passengers do not know London, and this tends to slow the work at stations, both at the booking-office and on the platforms.

The full impact of war on London Transport is a story which would require a book to retell—the bombing "blitz" of 1940–41 and the flying bombs of 1944, the "alerts" when under-river tunnel sections have to be closed, the rapid reversal of trains at intermediate stations, the "blacking-out" of trains on surface sections, and the equal darkness of stations. In the case of buses the necessary economy in fuel and rubber tyres and the problem of driving in darkened streets with shaded head-lamps have been major difficulties. The value of the co-ordination of rail and road services under one organization has been abundantly proved in these dark crucial years; no great city of the Allied nations has been called upon to face front-line conditions for so long to the extent that London has and the area around it, served so adequately by London Transport.

Without such service the Empire's capital could not have so successfully played its part in the liberation of Europe, for it can be the proud boast of the Board and its staff that, in spite of enemy attacks, violent at times, very few man-hours were lost as a result of the inability of the population to reach office, factory, warehouse, or dockside. In fact, many thousands have spent many nights in safety in London Transport stations far beyond the reach of bomb and destruction. The organization equipped to deal in its stride with record traffics at football cup finals, coronations, and other great civil events of peace-time is admirably fitted to meet the problems of total war, as and when they arise; for a great transport undertaking, whether a railway or a road operator, is never demobilized, and must be kept at concert pitch if it is to handle with success the day-to-day difficulties of peace-time with a good safety record and satisfactory financial results.

War, destructive as it is, provides a background of romance, and many stories of high courage; but there is romance, too, in the history of the component sections of London's famous transport system. From the horse bus of Mr. George Shillibeer in 1829 to the latest RT type 56-seater diesel-engined double-deck bus of 1939 is a far cry indeed, and it is an equally far cry from the steam-hauled District four-wheeled coaches of the 'seventies to the well lighted electric multiple-unit sets running over the same tunnel sections of track at treble the speed and more than treble the frequency. Few to-day can remember the first Metropolitan Street Tramways between Brixton and Kennington, and there is no resemblance between them and the silent trolley-bus of 1944. London's transport system has never stood still, and its huge £40 million extension programme, largely aimed at providing improved links with the main-line railway systems, will take rapid shape in the years of peace.

Whether London Transport will form the model for other great cities to follow is a question which cannot be answered yet, but its success during the last decade is, in large part, due to the high degree of efficiency achieved by the component parts of the system prior to the amalgamation of 1944, and in connexion therewith the name of Lord Ashfield, who has for so long guided the destinies of the Underground and General Omnibus Company,

will always be remembered. That he still guides the destinies of the Board has been a source of great fortune for London and the Londoner, for "he that buildeth knows his building", and for many decades the system will be a monument to his foresight and administration. The words of Virgil, "Vincit amor patriae", apply peculiarly well to London Transport, the more so if they be translated "The noblest motive is the public good".

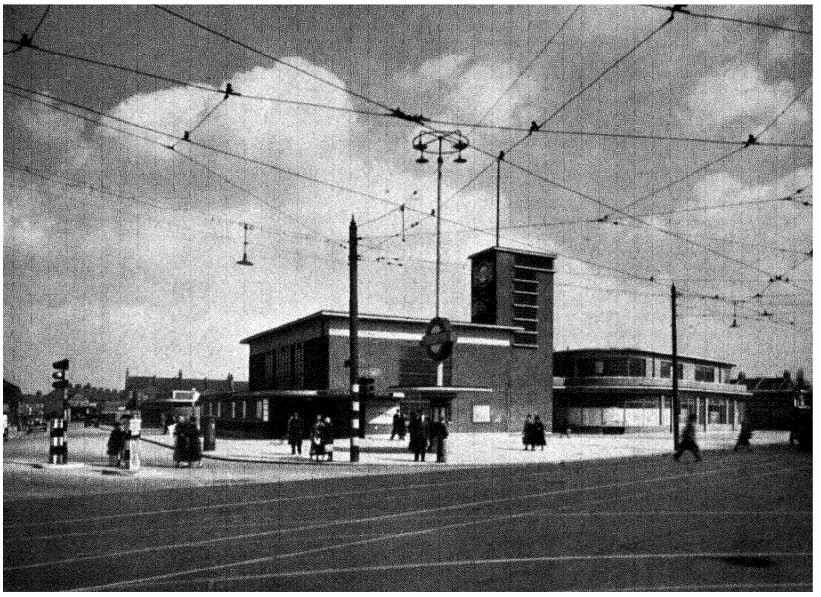
WALES

THE TRADITIONAL LAND OF SONG

By RHYS DAVIES

SIX hundred years ago Wales, apparently, gave up her long, angry struggle against domination by England. She sat down among her mountains politically defeated but otherwise by no means overcome. No superior physical force could destroy that ancient spirit which had found the Anglo-Saxon invaders antipathetic to Welsh traditions, customs, and feeling. For centuries after this defeat she remained quietly cultivating her own garden—a garden which still included the magnificent mountains, the lyrical valley streams and waterfalls, the sad castles, the white farmhouses within whose fortress-like walls Dafydd still installed his bride Olwen in her fine home-woven flannel while the guests chattered volubly in a language no Englishman could penetrate.

To-day this nation of two and a half million people still possesses what is perhaps the most important of its antiquities—its own language. Except in the thickly populated industrial area (concentrated almost entirely into one of the twelve counties) Welsh alone is usually spoken at the hearth—and in much the same way as when Julius Caesar listened to it—and in the Nonconformist chapels which continue to exercise a powerful influence on social life. But even when English is heard (nowadays very few are unable to speak it) the lilt, the idiom, and the *feeling* of Welsh tumbles over from the more ancient language into the new.

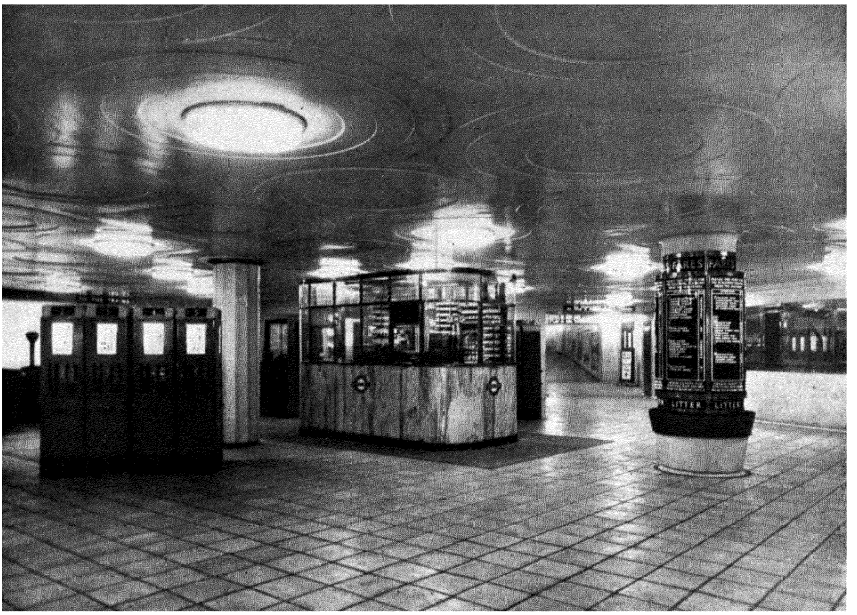


London Passenger Transport Board



London Passenger Transport Board

Above: TURNPIKE LANE UNDERGROUND STATION
Below: BUSES STANDING IN FRONT OF VICTORIA STATION



London Passenger Transport Board



London Passenger Transport Board

Above: BOOKING HALL AT AN UNDERGROUND STATION
Below: UNDERGROUND MOVING STAIRCASE

This preservation of the native language has been of great benefit in keeping Welsh people firmly inside their nation, including those who have found their bodies profitably occupying some foreign land such as England. But of course it is useless to pretend that the ancient pastoral spirit of Wales has not been affected by the modern drama of industrialization and the machine-age—a drama of English origin and organization, *in* English and overwhelmingly English in power. It has been the old conquest of the fifteenth century over again, and a more than physical conquest this time. To-day Olwen, no longer dressed in flannel, catches the bus to the American films, while Dafydd turns on the radio and listens to a deluge of international "culture" from London. Even the Welsh Nationalist Party (that jealous guardian of the native language) is obliged to print its journal in English, presumably for the freer exposition of modern ideas. English books oust the few Welsh publications in such stubbornly native towns as Caernarvon and Aberystwyth.

It could be said indeed that the Welsh eye and ear have most certainly been Anglicized. And that all those bloody onslaughts long ago and the more insidious invasions of modern times have only resulted in spoils no bigger than a thrush's egg and no heavier than a sea-shell.

For Wales remains a distinct contrast to England, and the national consciousness is not just a lingering ghost haunting the remoter pastoral valleys, the battered castles, and the ruined abbeys. No Welshman born and bred in Wales ever thinks of himself as English, and in his contacts with the intruder race he usually preserves a detachment in which wonder and curiosity have replaced the old hostility. For his part, the average Englishman looks on the Welshman with a tolerant amusement or a faintly guarded shaking of the head (the Welsh miners are notorious for their labour crusades), and expects him to burst into song, of a religious or emotional kind, at any moment or to hold an Eisteddfod wherever two or three of them are gathered together.

Such broad generalizations said (and it *is* safe to say that the Welshman is volatile, unmaterialistic, garrulous, and emotional in contrast to the Englishman's solidity, quiet purposefulness,

and caution) we can leave these more or less friendly neighbours to their armistice, which is now not likely to be disturbed importantly, and take a glance at the Welsh people in their own land.

They are a race of instinctive poets and singers. This does not mean that a great deal of poetry is written or that they are for ever holding published songs to their heaving breasts. But there is in them a lyrical impulse which responds in almost an elemental way to the sounds and sights of the earth. Unsophisticated, not given to respect for mundane facts, mystical and fervent, they are filled with a sense of awe and wonder at the power of the visible world; in a word, they have preserved a child-like freshness. But they are not struck dumb by this.

Which brings me to what seems the leading characteristic of the Welsh people—their love of oratory for its own sake. Their poets are lyric preachers whose sermons, rushing along with the melodious beauty of the Welsh mountain streams, contain no profound philosophy or revelation. The celebrated choral singing of Wales is also an expression of their sense of drama, their love of fervent effects and their full—perhaps over-full—possession of the raw material of poetry. The great six-day annual festival known as the Eisteddfod (there are also dozens of minor Eisteddfodau throughout the year) is much more than a competitive meeting of selected poets and singers; it is a grand exhibition of national vitality such as is displayed in England only at a football match. Vast crowds attend this democratic recognition of the powers of song and verse.

This is not to say that the Welsh poetic impulse flowers merely in competitive public meetings and is only a marriage of sound and fury. Classic Welsh poetry owes nothing to the Eisteddfod, which is a modern development of dim bardic traditions claiming a Druidic history, though the triads of the old bards may have been assessed at quieter kinds of meetings. And some of the severe old metrical devices of Welsh poetry required a technical brilliance and precision which was a needed purge of an excess of raw wealth. The finest classic poetry (again at its best in lyrical feeling) such as that of Tudor Aled, Dafydd ap Gwilym, and Goronwy Owen, is not only full of rich colour and sweet music; the sensitive austerity of fine craftsmen is

displayed. But in the past, as now, the poets themselves belonged to the people and were not only private occupants of a study. The tradition of the wandering bard and his accessibility to everyone has always held in Wales. In the old days he recited his verses in farmhouse, dwelling, and mansion; to-day he is enthroned and crowned (while a sword is sheathed above his head) publicly at the Eisteddfod.

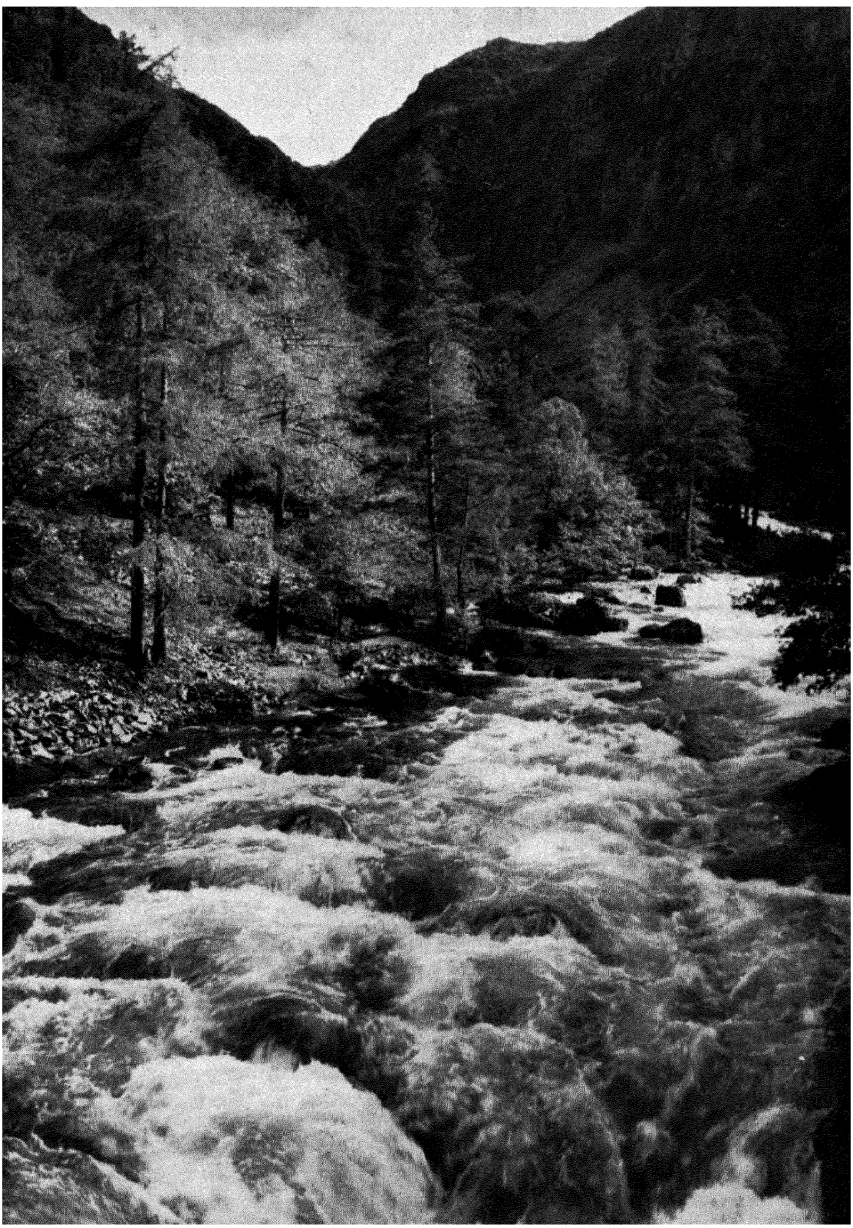
Of course there are modern poets who do not compete at the Eisteddfod but publish their work in the ordinary way, just as there is a strong school of writers who publish their novels, short stories, and verse in English and whose books are read far beyond Wales. But the point of these observations is that in Wales the poet is not something special inhabiting a faery land; he is as recognizable as a kitchen clock and as unremarked as a bowl of mutton broth. The people do not often *read* poetry; they live it more.

Woven into this instinctive poetic sense, and perhaps dominating it, is the strong religious impulse, and it must be admitted that the preacher—but he is often a poet *manqué*—has more power than the bard, who only holds the key of earth while the preacher carries the keys of both earth and Heaven. In the pulpit of his Nonconformist chapel he is listened to with the most admiring respect. The golden age of Welsh preaching may have gone but the remarkable zeal its sermons created persists.

Before this Nonconformist creed had swept over the whole of Wales another happening had crystallized the people's deep religious sense. In 1588 appeared William Morgan's Welsh translation of the Bible. This magnificent casket of purest jewels has been the true wealth of Wales. Its fires have warmed countless generations through the centuries. From this the later Nonconformist movement drew its dynamic force and inspired preachers to those dramatic sermons which have now become legendary. On the other hand, Nonconformity sometimes became a blight to the colourful old Celtic spirit of Wales, its chapels bleak puritan fastnesses where the sensuous chants of the flesh were denounced with a successful vehemence. The famous religious "revivals" which periodically swept the land, with their clamorous exhibitions of an undepleted vigour, were fundamentally a straining against the leashes of this rigid

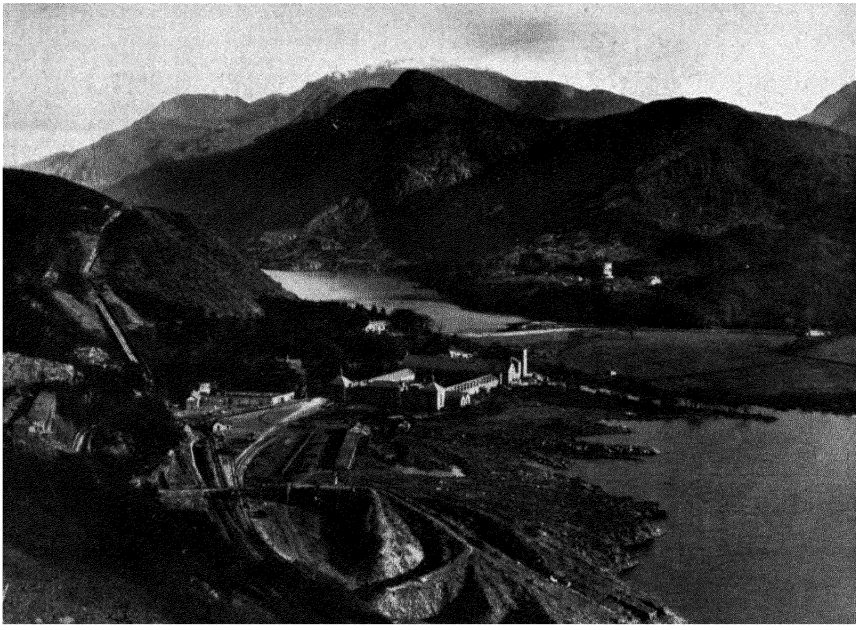
puritanism. They were a need to sing and dance with barbaric abandonment. When these sessions of wild oratory, "confessions", and hurricane singing were over the people returned to their everyday life refreshed and released.

"An old and haughty people", Milton said of the Welsh, perhaps aware of the touch of old Egypt in their ancestry. That they have succeeded in preserving their individuality is their most remarkable feature, if one considers that they are numerically unimportant and have not the Irish advantage of occupying an island of their own. Wales's roots to-day are still tenaciously in the rich soil of her past. She has weathered, from the first Roman invasions, twenty centuries of assault, and her traditions, her festivals, her songs, and her language remain. But, more important than these, a blood-heritage has been maintained. The Welshman is always surprised, even a little shocked, if visitors from beyond England treat him as of the English race merely because he is an inhabitant of England. In fairness to the Englishman, it must be added that usually he too is a little shocked.



ABERGLASLYN PASS, NORTH WALES





Above: HARLECH CASTLE, WALES
Below: LLANBERIS AND THE SNOWDON RANGE

A SOCIAL PARTNERSHIP

PUBLIC AND VOLUNTARY SERVICES

By MARGARET HILLS

ONE of the most characteristic, and at the same time puzzling, features of English Local Government is the way in which it is interwoven, in many fields of social service, with the work of voluntary and independent organizations.

There is scarcely a State service to-day—certainly in the realms of Health and Education—which does not owe its being to pioneer work done by public-spirited and enthusiastic individuals. The Sunday Schools and Ragged Schools long preceded any State provision for education, and the religious controversies on which so many attempts at educational reform have split, have been due largely to the fact that the Churches provided schools for their children before the Government accepted any such responsibility. In the same way long before the Service of Youth became a part of the educational programme generations of devoted men and women had created clubs and every sort of youth organization (of which the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are some of the best known) to help young people to employ their leisure happily and profitably.

In the realm of health the Hospital service of this country has been, and still is, mainly voluntary, whilst District Nursing, Maternity and Child Welfare, the care of the Blind, and the care of Cripples have all been initiated by voluntary effort.

But whilst it is characteristic of British methods that it should be left so often to individual enthusiasts and reformers to blaze a trail and that the State should step in only when the need and value of the service has been proven, it is equally characteristic that the State does not sweep away the voluntary organization and do the work in its stead, but rather carries on the service through the existing organization, making full use of its knowledge and experience and of its workers.

Moreover—and here I must justify the adjective "puzzling" which I used in my opening sentence—the exact relationship of the Local Authority and the Voluntary Organization are

subject to almost infinite variations. This makes it quite impossible, in the course of a single short article, to attempt to deal with the question comprehensively or on a national basis. Some light, however, may be thrown on the subject if I sketch briefly the relationship between the Local Authority and some of the voluntary organizations in one county with which I happen to be acquainted. I would, however, emphasize most strongly that the practice of every Local Authority differs from that of its neighbour—each is at liberty, subject to any relevant legislation, to adjust its relationship with a voluntary organization in the manner which will achieve the best results.

Let me give an example from the educational field. In the county of which I speak there is an active and influential Rural Community Council, a voluntary organization which exists to develop the interest and richness of rural life. On this Council are represented most of the associations and societies in the county which are interested in any aspect of social welfare, and to it has been entrusted by the Local Education Authority (in this case the County Council) the planning of Adult Education throughout the county.

The Rural Community Council calls together representatives of all those organizations which are interested in Adult Education (such as the Workers' Educational Association, Women's Institutes, Adult Education Society, the provincial University and, of course, the Education Committee of the County Council), and through this Committee the work is carried out, although it is entirely paid for by the Local Education Authority. There is a resident Tutor in the county, the servant of the Provincial University, and he reports to the Committee who send on his reports quarterly to the Local Education Authority.

The value of this arrangement is that it takes advantage of the experience, contacts, and special appeal of each of the existing voluntary societies—whilst the Rural Community Council itself fills in any gaps which may be revealed. For example, it has lately found it advisable to introduce a scheme of lectures specially suited to village audiences. Among the subjects chosen this year for these lectures were "Enjoyment of Music", "Life in other Lands", "Child and Parent", "Social Insurance", "Post-War Europe", and "Science in the Country-

side", the number of lectures on each subject varying from 2 to 6 as compared with 12 to 24 in the more serious courses.

The Rural Community Council has also, amongst its many activities, done much to develop music and drama in the countryside. Recently, when it seemed advisable that a music organizer and a drama organizer should be appointed for the county, the Rural Community Council approached the Local Education Authority to ask whether they would co-operate. This was agreed—the Rural Community Council obtained a grant from the Carnegie trust for half the salaries and the County Council agreed to pay the other half. The organizers were appointed by the Rural Community Council (on which the Local Education Authority is represented)—they are housed by the Rural Community Council and they devote their time to work in the schools, Youth Clubs, Women's Institutes, and anywhere else that their services are in request. This arrangement works admirably, and no difficulties have ever arisen.

There is also much co-operation with voluntary societies in the Service of Youth, for which, indeed, the State has only recently assumed responsibility. The Local Education Authority allocates a certain sum annually to this service, and a Youth sub-committee of the Education Committee meets monthly to receive and consider applications from voluntary societies for grants to help them to carry on their work.

The applications vary from quite large sums for rent, equipment, or salaries of leaders for the larger organizations to the modest requests of little village clubs for a few shillings weekly or a few pounds of capital expenditure. In illustration here are a few items from the list of grants made by this particular authority during the last quarter—To a Boys' and Girls' Club in a rural centre, £1,030 for the adaptation of an old building for club premises—to a group of Sea Cadets, £25 towards the cost of a boat—to Sea Scouts, £10 for a tent for camping—to three little village clubs, £6 towards cricket equipment, £4. 10*s*. for six chairs, and 7*s*. 6*d*. a week for rent respectively.

The important thing is that every little venture, however humble, provided it is a genuine contribution to the happiness and welfare of a few young people, can be sure of receiving help.

It will be noted that the word "towards" is generally used in

the allocation of these grants, as every organization is expected to raise as much money as it can for its own expenses before it applies for a grant.

In order that the Local Education Authority may have the necessary information local Youth Committees have been set up in the county which receive and investigate these applications and pass them on, with their approval, to the County Youth Committee, and the County Youth Officer is always ready to visit and help the clubs. The grants are, however, made unconditionally and give the Local Education Authority no claim to any share in the control or management.

In the Health Services, a notable example of co-operation is to be found in the work for Maternity and Child Welfare.

In 1918 it was made obligatory on local authorities to establish Maternity and Child Welfare Committees to attend to the health of expectant and nursing mothers and children under five.

At this time there were 14 or 15 little voluntary centres in this county variously named "The School for Mothers and Babies' Club"—"The Mothers' Club and Babies' Welcome"—"The Baby Clinic"—"The Baby Welcome", at most of which the average attendance was about four. Some had medical or nursing supervision but some only weighed the babies and gave prizes for those which attained the age of 12 months.

Under the encouragement of the new Maternity and Child Welfare Committee, however, the movement grew and developed, and voluntary committees were formed in district after district to open and run centres (now known as Maternity and Child Welfare Centres), till there are now 68, practically covering the county, with an average attendance nearer to 40 than 4.

The Health Authority contributes 50 per cent. of all the expenses involved, so that the more money the voluntary committee can raise the greater is its grant from the Council.

All the local voluntary committees are directly under the Maternity and Child Welfare Committee of the County Council; but whilst two-thirds of that committee are County Councillors one-third are co-opted, so that the voluntary committees are sure to be represented; and under the Act two at least of the members must be women.

The approval of this committee is required for all the arrangements made by the local voluntary committees (such as the choice of rooms in which the Welfares shall be held) and the local Health Visitor attends and helps at the centre. But each voluntary committee engages, at its own choice, a private practitioner to give medical supervision.

Midwifery, for which many authorities directly employ a service of midwives, is in this case delegated to a voluntary body, the County District Nursing Association, to which an annual grant is paid by the County Council in respect of this work; but the Health Visitors, who follow up the work of the midwives, are full-time employees of the Authority.

One last example from a Health Service in which the procedure is again slightly different. There is a voluntary National Association for the Blind and when, in 1920, the responsibility for this service was laid upon Health Authorities, the Medical Officer of Health in this county, conceiving it to be better that such work should be carried out by a voluntary agency, himself initiated the formation of a County Association for the Blind. The Chairman of the Public Health Committee was, in the first instance, Chairman of this committee, but this is not obligatory; and about one-third of the membership of the committee consists of County Councillors. A certain amount of money is raised by this association by voluntary subscriptions, flag-days, &c., but practically all the cost of maintaining workshops for the blind, supplementing their pensions and helping them in every way, is borne by the Health Authority. In this way the maximum of voluntary help and goodwill is enlisted in a service in which the human touch is such a vital factor, but its work is never hampered by lack of funds.

These few examples may serve to indicate some of the possible variations in this complex relationship of Local Authority with Voluntary Organization. Like so many other British customs and institutions it cannot be made into a neat pattern—taped, labelled, and pigeonholed. It may be logically indefensible, but it has in it the principle of life and growth. And—which is after all the main thing—somehow or other, and on the whole, it works.

THE THEATRE

By IVOR BROWN

Under the heading "Shakespeare War-Time Boom . . . Packed Houses", a correspondent in the *Sunday Times* described the very big audiences being drawn at the beginning of December to Central London theatres by Mr. Laurence Olivier as "Richard III" and Mr. Gielgud as "Hamlet". At the same time the former of these has been both director and protagonist in the film of *Henry V* which was received with the greatest enthusiasm by critics and public. Meanwhile earlier in the year we had another "Hamlet" (Mr. Robert Helpmann) in Central London and Mr. Donald Wolfit was winning big audiences and much favour throughout the country for his Shakespearean presentations. If anyone chose to compare the state of the English Theatre at the close of the last war with its performance now, he would find genuine and profound cause for satisfaction. The comparison (at least as far as the classics are concerned) is all in our favour, and in the sixth year of a bitter and savage war London, never out of range of some form of missile, was none the less showing and enjoying a range of plays, ancient and modern, whose appeals to mind, ear, and eye were far higher than anything available 26 years ago.

Moreover those playgoers who are merely looking for "escape"—and there is no offence in that—do not rely simply on musical trivialities. True, a great many musical comedies with old appealing waltzes and the old (less appealing) fun, have been revived, but there has also been discovered a new and enormous public for ballet at its best. Ballet, for the previous generation, was a clique taste. It was associated with the select few. But now it is half London's cup of tea and is almost as popular in the provinces. Its new-found popularity coincides with the enormous attraction exercised by great symphony concerts with their glorious cascade of what may be called aural colour. War, among its many horrors and ravages, has knocked the colour out of life; houses are unpainted and our streets are painfully drab; khaki, a cloth of honour beyond praise, and a symbol of liberation in many a land, is none the less a depressing sight, a tint that hardly lifts the heart. Everybody is, unconsciously or in full awareness, suffering from colour-starvation. That is one reason why there is such favour for any production which throws a box of paints in the face of the public, be it ballet, musical comedy, or classical-historical-tragical. When I was in Manchester before Christmas I found that in its huge Opera House there was not likely to be a seat vacant for twelve weeks, the three attractions being Gilbert and Sullivan, Sadler's Wells Opera, and a revival of the musical comedy *Irene*. Colour and music, and much of it of the best!

Taste for Tragedy

Returning to Shakespeare, we are certain to note one point, namely that the comedies are now far less in demand than the tragedies. The mind of the moment is not for the "period" puns of a Touchstone or the conceits that Tudor clownage kept in fee. It wants either a good story (nothing, no amount of familiarity with a thousand-times-told tale, can kill the *Merchant of Venice*) or a journey to the summits of poetry and mental passion. It was with *King Lear* that Mr. Wolfit won most attention. Mr. Gielgud would make a superb Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, that exquisite blend of romantic and ridiculous, but the public for it would almost certainly be less than for his Hamlet. When the "Old Vic" company started its autumn season at the New Theatre, with Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson as joint leaders, the chosen repertory was Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, and Shakespeare's *Richard III*. It was generally supposed that their popularity would run in that order, but Shaw's light satirical comedy, though brilliantly presented, has proved the least attractive. Business was good, very good, for all, but Shakespeare's blood-shot history and Ibsen's far-ranging and sometimes baffling metaphysics were the most desired. Of course there is also a very large public which seeks chiefly for an easy laugh, but it

is also obvious beyond question that large numbers of people are really eager to match their minds in the theatre with the best of the poetry and philosophy that the theatre has ever had to offer. At the same time, they prefer these good things of the mind to be also powerful in their appeal to the senses. This is no time for Shakespeare in plain clothes. On the stage, we like to have all the flags out.

Personalities and Plays

That raises another point of interest. There is evidently a great liking for a stage-picture of quality, not in the old lavish manner which piled up the broad acres of scenic realism, but by surrounding an old comedy with a charming or amusing "period" setting. Not long ago Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, which is a ridiculously bad play by any modern standard of character and common sense (a point which Wilde himself probably knew perfectly well), had a very long run in London for two reasons. One was its settings and dresses of the eighteen-nineties, the other its glitter of epigram on top of a preposterous plot. (A revival of Lonsdale's *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, a play of 1924, was dressed in the clothes of 20 years earlier to gain pictorial effect.) Whatever you could say against it on grounds of sense, at least the play and the presentation were united in possession of style. And so, recently, there has been considerable acclamation for a revival of Pinero's late Victorian farce *The Magistrate*. In those days even farce was given shape: now it is usually helter-skelter stuff, seemingly written at rehearsals and full of improvised "cracks" and stunts. With Pinero a piece of nonsense had none the less to be a piece of work done to a craftsman's pattern.

Accordingly the revival of *The Magistrate* at the St. Martin's Theatre seemed likely to counter the charge that playgoers nowadays are really much more concerned with personalities than with plays. Why, if "stars" alone are predominant, do not all the plays in the five repertories at the New Theatre and Haymarket draw equally? The play may not be "the thing", but it is still part of it.

The Magistrate, originally given at the little Arts Theatre Club (for members only), has been promoted to a public theatre with no name in the cast of any great magnitude, judged by ordinary box-office standards. The company will have to live on its merits, which are considerable, and in Mr. Denys Blakelock it has a leading actor of very great accomplishment and a real master of comedy in the whispered style.

James Bridie, in or out of Scotland, is never less than exciting in his agility of mind, and now that he is working closely with so fine a comedian and producer as Alistair Sim he has someone to keep his exultant fancy under reasonable discipline. His new comedy at the Westminster *It Depends What you Mean*, with Sim as an Army Chaplain organizing a local Brains Trust, is ephemeral stuff compared with the durable quality of *Mr. Bolfry*, his previous play. But it is ample fun ably performed. The revival of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* at the Phoenix theatre is particularly interesting to any student of style in the playhouse. To some extent Mr. Coward has abolished style for the simple reason that he has very nearly abolished writing. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once, very acutely, said that Coward's characters talk like typewriters. Their chatter is a form of clickety-clack. The sentences are brief, the words are mainly monosyllabic. Sometimes there really are no words. When two characters in *Private Lives* are discussing first and last things one looks upwards and says "Do you believe in—" and just points a finger at Heaven, while the other, nodding a negative, points down and asks a similar question.

This, in effect, is to reduce witty speech to pantomime, the eloquence of a Congreve to the nods and becks of a Harlequin. Of course, there are in the play some lines, amusing lines too, but one of Coward's chief recipes for stage-triumph has been to collect, lead, and instruct amusing and ingenious young players and to give them just the right minimum of story and speech on which to make a little masterpiece of nonsense. Contrast Coward with Wilde or Pinero as a writer of comedy and he is, in style, nowhere. But in success he undoubtedly and nearly always arrives. His dialogue of hints and silences does the trick. The theatre is a hospitable place and offers its triumphs to a wide range of talents. It can be conquered by rhetoric: it can even, as Mr. Coward shows, be overwhelmed by reticence.

MUSIC

By EDWIN EVANS

Events in the musical world have not been numerous during the month, but some of them have had special significance. Among these should be placed the visit of Charles Münch, the Alsatian conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire in Paris. Not only was he the first eminent musician to come to us from liberated Europe, but he came fully prepared with a work by an English composer—Benjamin Britten's Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge—his performances of which proved that this was no mere opportunist compliment to his hosts. The mischievous old legend which described England as a land without music may be moribund, but it is a long time dying, and in the past we were only too accustomed to see musicians from the Continent come here, reap a golden harvest and return home without troubling themselves to ascertain the truth. Here, for a change, was one who gave proof of having included us among the musical nations from whom he drew his repertoire. We ask no more.

African Composers

Another event, more significant in promise than in actual performance, was the broadcasting of two orchestral works by full-blooded African negroes, Fela Sowande, of the Yoruba tribe, from Abeokuta, Southern Nigeria, and Michael Mosoen Moerane, a Basuto of Bantu race. The former came here ten years ago to study engineering, and is now musical director of the Colonial Film Unit attached to the Ministry of Information; the latter began teaching himself at home in Basutoland and eventually attracted the attention of Dr. Hartman, head of the Music Department of the Rhodes University College at Grahamstown. Sowande's contribution, "Africania, a West African Mood-Picture", consisted mostly of tunes loosely strung together without much organic cohesion. Moerane's was more ambitious. It took the form of a symphonic poem with the title made famous by Smetana, of "My Country".

Here one felt at least the striving for constructive organism, though it was not very successful. The two compositions reveal little more than that the expressive medium offered by Western musical technique has been opened to indigenous African culture, as distinct from the hybrid currents flowing elsewhere, but that in itself is an event fraught with possibilities. In the fostering of cultural proclivities among peripheral racial communities Russia has set a brilliant example. The remote and scattered races of the British Empire present a far more complex problem, but such performances as these kindle hopes of its eventual solution.

Concerts

At the invitation of the Royal Philharmonic Society the orchestra of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society came to London to supply, under its regular conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, one of the former's concerts. The programme was well chosen to display the visitors to advantage: a Smetana tone-poem for colour, a Haydn Symphony for clarity, Delius's Violin Concerto (soloist: Albert Sammons) for sensitiveness, and a Dvořák Symphony, the Second, to show these qualities in combination. The orchestra met with a warm welcome, and with reason, for not only is each section of it well-manned, but it has that kind of corporate voice which is the essence of good orchestral playing.

Armistice Day was commemorated as usual by a musical service in Southwark Cathedral, at which were performed Vaughan Williams's "Dona nobis pacem" and Elgar's "For the Fallen", two noble works of universal appeal giving eloquent expression to the feelings of this sorely tried generation. Between these Albert Sammons played Sir George Dyson's Violin Concerto. Music was also prominent, yet not the most important feature, at the Thanksgiving Day celebration sponsored at the Albert Hall by a great newspaper in honour of the United States. Randall Thompson's Second Symphony, Earl Robinson's "Ballad for Americans", and William Grant Still's "Plain Chant for America" are too intimately imbued with their subject-matter to belong to the international sphere, but Shulamith

Shafir played part of Arthur Bliss's Piano Concerto, which spans the Atlantic, since it was commissioned by the British Council from an English composer for the British week at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

Concert Halls

At a recent meeting the Royal Musical Association discussed the important question of the future housing of music in London, which is occupying the minds of many, and not only of professional "planners". The chief problem is, of course, that of concert halls. Before the war at least five of these were in regular use, two for orchestral and choral music, three for chamber concerts and recitals. Of the former, Queen's Hall has been destroyed by enemy action, leaving an aching void; of the latter two are now serving other purposes and there is a disquieting rumour that the third may share their fate. Undoubtedly new halls will be urgently needed after the war. But the discussion centred mainly on a more "domestic" need. Vital functions in our musical life are filled by a number of institutions such as that which held the meeting, the Royal Philharmonic, Royal Choral, and many other societies few of which have offices of their own, or even addresses other than those of their respective secretaries. The suggestion is that a great Music Centre should be created, capable of accommodating as many as possible of these clustered round two or more concert halls of different dimensions. At present this is in the air; and even if it came to earth it could not be realized under present conditions, but there are solid reasons to hope that it will not remain utopian.

Records

Following upon the Delius Violin Concerto, of which Columbia published a recording last month, Decca has now issued the Third of his Violin Sonatas (M557/9), recorded by Albert Sammons, whose lyrical style is the exact complement to Delius's flowing composition, with Kathleen Long. Much has been written about Delius's application of sonata-form. It is simpler to confess that its discipline in the orthodox sense was a conception utterly foreign to the composer's musical temperament and that, far from accommodating himself to it with difficulty, as has been said of him, he construed it in a way entirely his own. In his "Sonnet upon the Sonnet" Watts-Dunton declares that "a Sonnet is a wave of melody". Had Delius been given to definitions that is how he might have defined his sonatas, except that, unlike the first two, the Third is in three movements which are three such waves. Sketches towards it originated in fragmentary form during the last war, when concentration on a large work was impossible. They were put aside for many years but when, in the spring of 1930, Delius began to dictate the Sonata to Eric Fenby, his amanuensis, they so facilitated his task that the work proceeded with astonishing rapidity. When it was completed May Harrison came to Grez-sur-Loing to play it and edit the violin part. The composer then pronounced it the best of the three Sonatas, and musicians have since concurred in that view, but in the technical or structural sense there is no perceptible change of method between the First and Third Sonatas, though they are thirty-eight years apart. Delius was and remained Delius.

Benjamin Britten has lately turned aside from more subjective work to add to our wealth of folksong arrangements. Two books have already been completed, one of British, the other of French folksongs, and the former is available in print. He does not resort to extreme measures, as some of his critics might have expected of him. He steers a middle course, and the only startling thing about his settings is the uncanny flair with which he invariably selects from his armoury the device which best suits any particular song. Even the best folksong arrangers occasionally produce misfits, but it is difficult to find one among his songs. Two of his favourite interpreters have recorded a few for Decca: Peter Pears sings "Little Sir William", from Somerset; "Oliver Cromwell", a nursery-rhyme from Suffolk; and "The Sally Gardens", which, with Yeats's words, is an Irish song, but since the book is inscribed "British Isles" it is not out of place (M555). Mme Sophie Wyss sings "Le Roi s'en va-t-en chasse", and "La Belle est au jardin d'Amour" (M568). And Benjamin Britten accompanies both, so that one may be sure that the recordings have his approval.

ART—HENRY MOORE

By PHILIP HENDY

It is unlikely that the Church in Britain will ever again be the ubiquitous patron that she was in the Middle Ages. When there was only one religion here, there was work for the painter and still more work for the carver in every parish; and every cathedral was a great arts centre, where the finest music was to be heard and the most beautiful works of art were to be seen. The break with the whole medieval tradition was more thorough here than anywhere else; and the completeness of the English Protestant Reformation is probably the chief cause of the comparative crudity of our art in the later sixteenth century and throughout the seventeenth. Sculpture, which had always been largely bound up with the architecture of the churches, practically disappeared.

Since the Reformation our churches have often been great works of art in themselves; but they have rarely contained any. The Puritan objection to images deprived the artist of his opportunity to propound a universal theme. How much the nobility of a work of art depends upon the nobility of the theme can be seen by comparing with medieval Madonnas or Saints the figures in the only form of sculpture common in our post-Reformation churches: the sepulchral monuments. These are sumptuous and decorative, but they are rarely even in good taste.

To-day the Church of England as a whole has no art policy. Some individual Churchmen, however, are fully aware of art's religious value. The Bishop of Chichester, whose chapel happens to contain one of the few surviving fine examples of medieval English painting, has instituted an art school in his palace; and in his diocese two schemes of mural decoration have been carried out by Duncan Grant and Hans Feibusch. The church patron with the best and boldest taste is Canon Hussey, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Northampton, who has had music composed by Ben Britten, the boldest of living English composers; is commissioning a wall-painting by Graham Sutherland, whose best pictures have so far been devoted to a mystical rendering of nature; and has already had installed a Madonna by Henry Moore, who till now has been generally regarded as the English champion of "abstract" art.

Henry Moore's *Madonna* is carved in Hornton, a softish stone of dull green enriched by occasional horizontal bands of rusty brown. The figures are just over life-size, and the square base of the carving is raised on a low plinth. It stands at the end of one of the shallow transepts; so that one catches a side glimpse as soon as one has entered the church. Ever since the unveiling in the summer visitors have thronged there from the town and the surrounding district and there has been excited local controversy. No wonder, for Moore's Madonna is very different from those supplied by the ecclesiastical stores. But there is hardly less discussion among the sculptor's many admirers. It is the first sculpture he has made in which the purely artistic ideas and harmonies are definitely subordinate to the expression of a theme, and in which there is no obscurity about the theme itself.

Its presence in a church alone proclaims it a thing of symbolic meaning. The theme implies emotion, though the emotion for which Moore has striven is grand and timeless. In a letter to Canon Hussey he described some of the qualities for which he was seeking: "austerity"; "nobility"; "some touch of grandeur (even hieratic aloofness)"; "dignity"; "gentleness"; "complete ease and repose, as though the Madonna could stay in that position for ever (as, being in stone, she will have to do)".

That last parenthesis explains Moore's fundamental principle. If he carves in stone, whatever he carves must remain stone, and must remain a carving. Whatever the material which the artist uses, he must humour it, and not outrage it; he must bring out its qualities, and not deny them. As a carver, Moore has proceeded step by step from consideration of the stone itself. His earliest works were representational, though in the broadest possible way.

Certain themes, those of Mother and Child and Reclining Woman especially,



MADONNA AND CHILD
Sculpture by HENRY MOORE for St. Matthew's Church, Northampton



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FOUR GREY SLEEPERS
By HENRY MOORE

recur frequently throughout his career; but in the earliest sculptures what was inclined to dominate was the idea of the stone itself. The pleasure that we derive from their strength and simplicity is apt to be squeezed out of us again by the massiveness of the forms, by the very weight and density of the stone. Moore has freed his forms from the block out of which they are cut, has perforated them and allowed them movement only as he acquired complete knowledge of the stone's nature. He has developed so patiently that one might almost say that he has taught the stone to lift itself.

With such preoccupations, the business of representation is apt to become more or less irrelevant. As he developed, Moore abandoned it more and more frequently to produce shapes sufficient to themselves in their rhythm and proportion, in the relation of part to part and to the whole, and, as always, in the integration of the whole with the character of the material out of which it is made. If, however, his interest in the last-named problem has assisted his progress towards "abstract" design, it has also prevented him from becoming a purist. Sometimes his shapes are arbitrary; sometimes they become a little stylized, usually when he is under the influence of one of the "primitive" traditions which have mostly influenced him: the African Negro or the Central American.

Far more often they are reminiscent of the rhythms in nature; from which and from the nature of the material they derive a strong mystical feeling most marked in the great figures carved in elm wood not long before the war. His abstractions are never due to a retirement before nature into the vacuum of good taste. He knows well that the true artist's impulse to form derives from deep emotional associations. When he distorts the form of a reclining woman or omits in stone some fact of articulation which he would have included in a drawing from the life, what he substitutes is rarely an arbitrary statement, made for the sake of more obvious design, but usually some larger rhythm got from his wide study of the principle of growth.

It would seem from his writings that, when the war came, he believed his development was in the direction of still more abstract design. But the war, which has changed everything, has had also a profound effect upon his art. When his cottage in Kent had become uninhabitable and his London studio had been wrecked, he was forced to concentrate upon drawing; and at the same time the War Artists' Advisory Committee commissioned of him the long series of Shelter Drawings which by now are probably his most famous work.

Shelter Drawings

In these he is always the sculptor. Even his most realistic figures have a stony quality and always what interests him is not the accidental gesture, however tragic it may be, but the fundamental organization of the solid forms. Nevertheless these exhausted or obdurate figures huddled together in the bowels of the earth have given him opportunities for observation such as no studio models would ever afford; and his appreciation of the richness and variety of rhythm offered by living human forms can hardly but have been increased. His stone *Madonna*, the first carving done since 1940, has followed upon these drawings naturally. It is the first draped figure that he has ever carved, and he has put, into the hands for instance, a more detailed study of anatomy than he has ever essayed before.

Some of Moore's admirers have expressed their regret at this lapse from former purity. Herbert Read in a second and much enlarged monograph, which accompanies the almost complete illustration of his sculptures and reproductions of many of his drawings, has declared roundly that the preoccupation of European sculpture since the early Greek days with the problem of representation is the main cause of its collapse in the nineteenth century. Others maintain that Moore is only on the threshold of his greatest development, that the extreme simplifications of the earlier twentieth century were only a reaction, an extreme concentration upon bare fundamentals which was at best a necessary discipline on the way to the realization of more comprehensive and complete ideas. So the new stone *Madonna* is a test case for British art. Has anything been lost by its return to the service of the church? Or is there a gain which will help to bring the artist back into a closer relationship with his fellow men and so will ultimately enrich its content?

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

The British film industry is in process of considering its own future. The film world is a territory of hard business, and one of the concerns of everyone on the production side is the expansion as soon as possible of the overseas market for British films. How best this may be achieved is everybody's argument at the moment of writing and will probably be so for some time to come. But the aims of the argument are the same in all cases—what films from British studios will most attract the foreign exhibitor, and even penetrate into the heart of the most impenetrable of film markets in the western world, that of America.

One solution is said to lie in the production each year of a certain number of highly expensive large-scale films which will rival in splendour anything yet produced by Hollywood. The release dates are arriving for two such films, both adaptations from plays. The first is Shakespeare's *Henry V*, the second Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. The former will have been shown by the time these words are in print. Each is costing some half-million pounds. Each is being made with an eye towards opening markets abroad, since the most generous distribution in the British Isles alone would hardly recoup such large sums with the necessary profits.

An alternative policy is the production of a greater number of films planned on a much smaller scale, each costing perhaps some £50,000. These pictures, if successful at the British box-office, would pay their way here, but would possibly in many cases be no less attractive to the exhibitor abroad.

What matters is the value of the theme in human terms, and the skill of the craftsmanship. If British films are to succeed permanently in the home or the foreign market they must maintain a quality which makes them desirable in themselves as compared with the product of other countries. They must combine an integrity of theme with a genuine entertainment value.

There is similar speculation on the future development of the documentary film in the cultural life of Britain. The union organization of workers engaged in film production and processing, has issued a notable pamphlet containing proposals for post-war educational and documentary films. It recommends a comprehensive scheme of Government film production to meet the needs of schools and colleges, and also of the many voluntary organizations which develop the social and cultural life of British towns and villages. The Association recommends the establishment of Regional Lending Libraries to assist in making films accessible to organizations with the necessary projecting equipment. Those without equipment (the vast majority until post-war mass production provides cheap sound-projectors in quantity) should make use of the Government-owned travelling film-units at present in operation.

Meanwhile, as a foretaste of possible future developments, the British Council has sponsored the production of a number of important new instructional films intended for use in schools overseas. The first subjects are biological and geographical. The most important is probably *The Development of a Rabbit*, made like all these films by Gaumont British Instructional. It is a brilliantly photographed study in embryology, and is preceded by some fine microphotographic shots of cell division of the embryo sea-urchin and the fertilization of the eggs of the trout. The film is the only medium by means of which these difficult processes can be observed in action with such clarity and detail.

Recording the War

Otherwise the most important British films released at the time of writing have been closely linked with the war. An impressive short was *A Harbour goes to France*, describing how a large harbour was towed in section from Britain to Normandy and assembled in the seas off the coast during the fourteen days following the first Allied landings. The film is a simple record of an extraordinary feat of organization and of engineering. The natural forces themselves provide the climax which gives the film the

the unfinished works and threatens their destruction. The harbour survives with only comparative damage, and the great work of unloading goes on. The storms give the film all the excitement of fiction, and remind us of the remarkable film records which are being made of this war, records which, when the restraints of security no longer obtain, will reveal the incredible ingenuities which conflict has brought out in the technical capacities of mankind.

Left of the Line was shot by the British and Canadian Army cameramen. It is released as the official film record of the part played by these troops in the battle of France. It is in line with previous record films like *Desert Victory* and *Tunisian Victory*.

Like its predecessors, especially *Desert Victory*, it seeks to do more than provide an efficient routine account of the main stages of this great campaign. It aims at certain moments to create a sense of tension and even of drama, and uses the technical capacities of the cinema to do so. On the eve of invasion day the atmosphere is built up by a magnificent shot of a calm moonlit sea, whilst, after some seconds of silence, the hum of vast numbers of aircraft is heard. We see them pass over the sky. Then the Marseillaise is brought up over the roar of the aeroengines. The effect is invigorating and inspiring; there is a sudden great release of emotion. There is a similar period of tension at dawn preceding the great attack of July 3. The camera travels slowly over the dim landscape in silent wait for the sounds of opening warfare. The first sounds come, the creeping rattle of tank tracks in motion. There is silence again as we look on the still quiet countryside, framed by a foreground of overhanging trees. Then the tracers begin, piercing darts of white light leaping through the darkness to the horizon. At last we see the tanks move and hear the guns open up. It is day-light.

It is with moments of genuine cinema such as these that what so easily might become a cold record of tanks and guns, guns and tanks, punctuated by a formal descriptive commentary and a few maps with sliding arrows, develops into a picture which communicates the excitement as well as the mud of warfare. Nevertheless this excellent film, which lasts only half an hour, is only an advance release of what must later be developed into a full-dress film, or series of films, of the great war for the liberation of France.

Western Approaches (directed by Pat Jackson for the Crown Film Unit with Jack Cardiff at the camera) is one of those films which outgrow the bounds of documentary and develop the reconstruction of actual events into the compass of a feature film. We are reaping the rewards of fifteen years of steady production of the actuality picture. So skilfully handled are the merchant seamen who make up the cast of this remarkable film, that they cannot be told from actors of distinction. This is the longest and most ambitious production of the Crown Film Unit, which has a flair for filming the worker at his job in such a way as to confound his shyness and encourage his assurance before the camera.

Direction

Much depends on the direction of these men so that their traditional movements do not seem to jerk with self-consciousness. It is interesting to watch how seldom any one man remains on the screen for more than a short duration. For though the amateur can enact one emotion at a time with conviction, it needs the imagination and technique usually associated with the professional artist to enact the transition of emotion at any length. But, coached through his part moment by moment, the amateur succeeds beyond the capacities of most professionals in the context of his own job and environment. Require of him acting in the proper sense of the term, and this is normally beyond his powers. *Western Approaches* is one of the most skilful films I have ever seen in its handling of the non-professional actor.

The film makes use of Technicolor, emphasising the dark greens and grey-blues of the Atlantic waters which surround the lifeboat carrying the survivors of a torpedoed ship. Despite the elaboration of the production which was carried out at sea under great difficulty, the film is essentially simple. There is great integrity in the scripting of the dialogue which fits without strain into the real characters of the men selected to enact themselves.

Suitably titled or re-recorded for foreign-speaking audiences, such films as this should assist in creating a lasting demand for the British film abroad.

NEW LITERATURE

THE NATIONAL TRADITION

By B. IFOR EVANS, D.LIT.

THE ENGLISH SPIRIT. *By* A. L. Rowse. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the past the English have accepted their national tradition without much obvious discussion or attention. The war and, above all, a Prime Minister with a sense of history have led them to modify this view. Consequently they have looked around them for a literature that will tell them something of their own origins, and fortunately Mr. Rowse has been at hand to supply the need, first in his *Spirit of English History*, and now in this excellent volume of essays.

In the period between the two wars the sense of nationality was felt only in a dim and uncertain manner in many sections of English Society. Among the younger generation, the majority were so shocked by the corrupt racial theories of Nazi Germany that they looked with suspicion on any positive interpretation of the concept of a national society. The war has shown the British people the reality of a national tradition, and given them a Prime Minister whose mind ranges easily over the centuries to interpret their past. Mr. Rowse's first and best essay in this volume is entitled "Mr. Churchill and English History". He shows how much of our tradition is embodied in the "familiar, endearing, bulky figure" of the Prime Minister.

He notes how historically appropriate it is that, "in these years when we have been fighting the closest struggle in our history for our existence and have held the door open for the existence of others, the whole inspiration of the Grand Alliance against the aggressor should be a Churchill—descendant of the great Marlborough who did the same thing two hundred years ago". Nor is it without significance that on his mother's side Mr. Ghurchill is American: "Lady Randolph was the descendant of French and English stock of old standing in the United States." Mr. Rowse recalls the reference which Mr. Churchill made to the American side of his ancestry in his first speech to a Joint Session of Congress in Washington: "It occurs to me, that if it had been the other way round, and my father had been born in America, I might have got here on my own. Only then the invitation to address you would hardly have been unanimous."

This volume has no theory to prove, no thesis to exploit. Rather it dwells on the figures from the Tudor days onwards who have made England, the sovereigns and soldiers, the sailors and poets, the scholars and historians. Those who know Mr. Rowse's loyalties will not be surprised to learn that there is an emphasis on the Tudors, and an affection for the sailors, particularly and deservedly for Nelson. He quotes the passage written by Nelson on joining the *Victory* for the Trafalgar campaign:

"When I came to explain to them the 'Nelson touch' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—it was new—it was singular—it was simple! and from Admirals downwards, it was repeated—'It must succeed, if ever they allow us to get at them'."

It is difficult in a brief notice to do justice to the variety of themes; Jonathan Swift is here, and Wordsworth and Carlyle; Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Puritan revolutionaries of the seventeenth century, John Hampden and John Pym. There are essays too on Oxford and Cambridge, and some general reflections on English History and on the national character. The essay on Carlyle is a warning that no nation should avoid self-criticism but each should be able to afford "a prophet who does not fear to say the unpopular thing". The English, more than any other nation, have indulged in self-criticism and in national depreciation. Mr. Rowse avoids that danger but he never relapses into uncritical eulogy. When in his essay on "The English Spirit" he turns for a moment to praise his fellow-countrymen he finds words not of his own but of a foreigner. He quotes that charming passage which Santayana wrote twenty-five years ago: "The Englishman carries his English weather in his heart wherever he goes and it becomes a cool spot in the desert, and a steady and sane oracle amongst all the deliriums of mankind."

TO ABOLISH UNEMPLOYMENT

By R. A. Scott-James

FULL EMPLOYMENT IN A FREE SOCIETY. *By* Sir William H. Beveridge. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No economic question has so much occupied the minds of Britons during recent years as that which is the subject of this book. It is one whose solution concerns every industrial nation just as much as it concerns ours. Sir William Beveridge has already produced a social security scheme the essentials of which have been adopted by the Government; but in this work he appears more or less in friendly rivalry with the Government, which presented Parliament with its Employment Policy before this book, though completed, had been published. Here it is.

In a few pages added as a Postscript Sir William, with natural pride of authorship, puts more emphasis than he need have done on the differences between his own and the Government's report and too little on what they have in common. He and the Government's White Paper agree that the maintenance of a high level of employment depends on keeping up the total expenditure of the nation on the products of industry. They agree that this is a responsibility which must be accepted by the Government itself; that the Government must appoint a central economic staff to collect facts and foresee economic trends; that there must be a new kind of annual Budget. They agree to a certain extent on the measures which should be taken to stimulate expenditure, but while the White Paper talks in terms of influencing capital expenditure Sir William would directly control it through a National Investment Board; and while the former thinks rather in terms of maintaining a high level of expenditure and avoiding fluctuations Sir William emphasizes the need of expanding demand and constantly increasing the total of production. Both offer a programme which is consistent with private enterprise. The two policies are not mutually exclusive. Sir William's goes further, but any country which adopted the Government's scheme might soon find it evolving into the more radical policy of Beveridge. In welcoming the White Paper the country has already set out on his road.

With a background of unrivalled experience the author has spared no pains in examining all available facts and the best theory, acknowledging his great debt to Lord Keynes; and he has the rare capacity of making out of this mass of material an inspiring book. In his conclusion he has simplified without attempting to oversimplify. The "full employment" which is his goal is "a state of affairs in which there are always more vacant jobs than unemployed men". Since, as he points out, unemployment arises through deficiency of total demand for the products of industry, and to some extent through misdirection of demand and failure to organize the labour market, he attacks the problem from three sides.

The demand has to be such that nothing less than the whole man-power of the country will be employed to satisfy it, and the conditions cannot be created without State prevision and State action. Whatever Government is in power must undertake a programme of total outlay sufficient to ensure full employment and expanding production—a programme which will include long-term measures of social reform, improvement of capital equipment, and balancing accounts abroad. The instrument which will determine expenditure will be the annual Budget, whose first rule will be to provide an adequate total outlay. The book is a searching examination of the procedure which, if consistently adopted, can, in his opinion, make full employment a certainty —and this in a "free society", in which "all essential citizen liberties" are preserved.

It may be felt that insufficient attention has been given to the question of foreign trade. The author at once admits that Britain cannot live without imports and exports, but argues that whatever the amount of our foreign trade may be, we cannot get on without a full production policy. If our exports are few, we shall be compelled to be content with a more meagre standard of living, but all the more we shall require a full employment policy. He insists, moreover, that the greatest service Britain can render to other countries is to

adopt such a policy at home, and that the greatest service another country can render us is to adopt it for herself. Our ideal would be a world-wide system of multilateral trading under which every country possessed such a policy at home, and stabilized its tariffs; and the next best would be regional arrangements with countries willing to accept these conditions.

A point which readers should note is that Sir William claims to be expounding method of dealing with employment whic is applicable not to Britain alone but t every country, and which will be doubl blessed in proportion as it is widely adoptec His book therefore is not only a book fc British readers—it is for all. It is packe with facts, it is closely reasoned, but at th same time it is daring, eloquent, and charge with common-sense and humanity.

SHELLEY AND HIS RIVAL

By SYLVA NORMAN

HARRIET AND MARY: being the Relations between Percy Bysshe Shelley, Harriet Shelley, Mary Shelley, and Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Letters now Published for the First Time. Edited by Walter Sidney Scott. *Golden Cockerel Press.* £3. 3*s*.

"Chatter about Harriet" was a phrase aptly coined last century by the learned chatterers themselves. The chatter still goes on. Apparently there will never be an end to speculation on the personal relations between Shelley and his women friends. If we could have hoped that one day new evidence would settle these questions conclusively, that hope now seems remote. Unpublished documents there are, which Mr. Scott is now issuing in a series of three handsome volumes. The second of these is now before us. It contains material significant and tantalizing, and carries the puzzle a stage further; but, except by its editor, this cannot be looked upon as finally solved. Mr. Scott has again drawn upon letters in the possession of Hogg's family. They concern for the most part Shelley's early married life with Harriet, and his early *ménage* with Mary Godwin, while Harriet still lived. In each of these experimental ardours the young Jefferson played his part.

After their joint dismissal from Oxford, Shelley and Hogg continued in close friendship which was not at first impaired by Shelley's impulsive "rescue" of the schoolgirl Harriet Westbrook. Then something happened that broke up their harmony. Shelley, leaving Harriet at York in the care of Hogg while he visited Sussex on business, found that in his absence his friend's devotion had exceeded its just bounds. It ha been assumed—at least by Victoria mentalities—that Hogg tried to seduc Harriet, who was shocked and indignant At all events, Shelley hustled his young wif off to Keswick and poured forth a series c letters which Hogg, when writing hi biography of the poet, preferred not t publish as they stood. Mr. Scott, printin both what Shelley wrote and what Hog made of it, displays the latter's skill u travesty and omission; he also reveals th horror Shelley felt at his friend's behaviour "I shall perhaps think you a liar," he wrote "It is not you but your mistakes, your vices these ignominies that I abhor." To live witl Hogg now appears "the necessary cause c misery, distraction. You will again b tempted to what you now regard witl horror. . . . You would be drawn to this las consummation of your love for Harriet."

Yet, says Shelley in the same letter, " attach little value to the monopoly o exclusive cohabitation . . . this I would no value"—except that prejudice makes Harrie value it, and he himself is not quite free o that. Hogg's fault would seem to be, not s much an attempt at seduction, as his initia audacity and disharmony in conceivin even a spiritual or theoretic passion fo Shelley's wife. That being so, Mr. Scott' insistence on Hogg's "innocence" is almos beside the point; Shelley stood by other an deeper values than that of morality a commonly understood. In judging, we mus adopt Shelley's standards, and by these ther is no doubt that Hogg had failed. In hi altered and truncated versions of thes Keswick letters one may read Hogg's shame

coupled with his startling ingenuity in disguising his own features and position. (For example, "I can never forget what once you were" becomes "I can never forget you", shorn of all reproach.)

The second episode, of a similar nature, cannot be checked up in this way, for the letters were not used by Hogg. His biography broke off before Shelley's final elopement with Mary Godwin. Here we have her, yet unmarried but already hampered by the presence of Claire Clairmont who frequently absorbs Shelley for an entire day. Mary, it appears, tried hard to console herself with Jefferson. One says "tried", for she did not take to him with any spontaneity, as these letters, written in the early months of 1815, tend to show. "You love me, you say . . . but, you know, Hogg, that we have known each other for so short a time, and I did not think about love, so that I think that *that* also will come in time." It begins to come, but in platonic fashion; "You are so good and disinterested a creature that I love you more and more."



From "The Weaver Birds."
By IAN SERRAILLIER. *Macmillan*, 6*s*.

In the following months Mary kept up this rather pathetic effort to complete a *ménage à quatre* by adoring Hogg. Curiously enough Mr. Scott, while using every argument to deny Hogg's alleged attempt on Harriet's virtue, is convinced that Mary was, as it were, "lent" to Hogg by consent of all parties. Yet Shelley's reference to "our common treasure" might surely bear some other interpretation! Mary's letters to her Jefferson—sprightly, teasing, with little rhymed references to herself as Maie, Pecksie, and the Dormouse—prove nothing but her own youthful uncertainty and as yet unformed character. In contrast to these is the long letter written to Hogg after the tragedy, discussing her future course of action. Then it is Hogg's relation to the lost Shelley that matters, and Mary speaks from a generous heart; "as one whom I believe to have been most singularly attached to him—as the spectator" (only that!) "of the first years I spent with him, I must ever turn to you as a true friend." It is a beautiful tribute, and Mr. Scott applauds emphatically; but still one hesitates, with all the specific and nebulous evidence in this volume, to endorse it.

Q'S EARLY LIFE

MEMORIES AND OPINIONS. *By* Q. Edited by S. C. Roberts. *Cambridge University Press*. 6*s*.

For so long was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch the pride of Cambridge (apart from Cornwall) that it is hard to find his autobiography breaking off shortly after the chapter of Oxford reminiscences; but Mr. Roberts, in an introduction of great interest, speaks of his reluctance to write the book at all, and Q himself had a simile for his rate of progress—"So the atoll climbs slowly out of a sea of troubles". The fragment achieved is only disappointing in ending so early. Indeed, if the ripe expression of a character is autobiography, these few chapters can be considered as no fragment but a finished work; and at any rate the composition has the easy completeness which their author attained in life and letters.

Perhaps, had he proceeded with the rest of the narrative, and told us all his career as novelist, poet, parodist, anthologist, critic, educator, alderman, mayor, and master of hospitality, few of the episodes would have excelled the early ones in contentment. A curious symbol of his attachment to first things is mentioned in the Oxford chapter. For his Schools he bought "a cork penholder costing twopence or twopence-halfpenny." With that simple instrument he wrote all his "stories, essays, lectures, verse"—even these *Memories*. Similarly, in an earlier chapter, we find him in youth going down to Fowey. "I stood long and gazed on the harbour, the track of the moon on its water, the riding lights of two or three small schooners at anchor in the shadow of the farther shore, and decided that this were no bad place in which to live". The sequel is known.

He had still earlier made that favourable decision about the world in general, and so, when he looked back to people, scenes, and actions beginning to be distant in time, they still had their substance and quality, and as such he was well fitted to record them.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

MISS SITWELL'S POETRY

GREEN SONG & OTHER POEMS. *By* Edith Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

It would be idle to speculate on Miss Sitwell's ultimate place in English literature, but it can be stated that during the last twenty-five years she has been a prominent figure on the literary scene, both as a poet and a prose writer. A solitary figure, perhaps, aristocratic, cultivated, with a penchant for the eccentric; one who has not felt the impact of the times overmuch, though by no means antagonistic to her contemporaries. Miss Sitwell's interest in technique is of course well known; her devoted craftsmanship has weighed the sound and flavour of words, the subtle nuances of rhythm and metre; she has in the past advanced very individual views on the subject.

She has always been an objective writer, and, with the fluency of a great virtuoso, interprets life in terms of dramatic fantasy which is idiosyncratic—a blend of extreme sophistication and almost primitive savagery. For one who has written so much the range of subject is comparatively small. Indeed, the sixteen poems of this new collection are variations on one or two themes. They are poems of maturity, of a deepened humanity; where once Miss Sitwell worked in silver or filigree, she now uses a fiery gold. We find here a warmth of feeling and sonority, and a rich and colourful sweep of imagination which befits the elegiac note of this verse. The poet in a number of these poems mourns the transience of youth, beauty, love, for beside them moves the spectre, death; but in Miss Sitwell's hands this idea is neither trite nor ultimately tragic, but seen as part of the rhythm and structure of all life embracing man, the earth, and the planets.

Miss Sitwell's vision of the universe, which is dominated by the symbol of the flaming sun, the life-giver and ruler of the human heart, has a kind of barbaric splendour, a universe in which magic and Christian mythology co-exist, but for the sake of this rich poetry even the most pedantic reader will tender a very willing suspension of disbelief.

A. C. BOYD

ITALY IN THE MAKING

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN ITALY. *By* C. J. S. Sprigge. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sprigge, formerly Rome correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and now Reuter's correspondent in the Italian capital, combines the virtues both of the old-fashioned historian and of the new publicist. His plea is for a British policy in Europe which will view the smaller countries "as not latent but actual creative forces".

> By a British policy towards Italy (he writes) is meant an effort on the part of Britain to profit by the existence of Italy, to bear Italy in mind as a factor worth influencing and capable of conferring benefit, both in the handling of the peace settlement and in the working out of a post-war relationship.

And Mr. Sprigge seeks the basis of such a policy in the historical development of Italy from the triumph of Piedmont to the triumph of Mussolini. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sprigge will bring the history of Italy up to the present day and himself suggest the lines of that "European task" which, as he writes,

> awaits Britain and cannot be shirked unless what we took up arms for in 1939 is forsworn.

His own conclusion, which he hints at in his final postscript, is that in Italy the regional and social forces will now clamour and agitate for a much more radical reform after the failure of the two attempts at centralized government—that under the House of Savoy and that under Mussolini. To his own countrymen Mr. Sprigge gives this wise advice:

> The Englishman's task is not to interfere with future Italian developments, but to judge them realistically and, by making clear to the Italian nation our own standpoint in regard to matters of necessary joint import to the two nations, to stimulate the Italians to clear their own minds.

SHIELA GRANT DUFF

LAST ESSAYS. *By* J. A. Spender. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Editor for some 26 years of the *Westminster Gazette*, a Liberal paper which had a unique prestige in the early part of this century,

Alfred Spender was the confidant of Cabinet Ministers and a close friend of Grey, who was for eleven years Foreign Secretary. This collection of posthumous essays and addresses, written between 1935 and 1942, deals with a variety of subjects—persons (from Gladstone to Neville Chamberlain), ideas (liberty, civilization, the common cause), and past and present politics. The product of his long experience, they reveal the qualities which always characterized him—judgment, balanced realism, and a passionless hatred of extremes.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR. *By* Flying Officer "X". Cape. 5*s*.

It is the function of the artist, sharing and yet standing apart from the intensities of action, to interpret its effect more fully than can the actors themselves. This truth can be proved by comparing almost any account by air-crews of their experiences with these stories by H. E. Bates. Experience is not enough; it must be fused with wide and intuitive understanding. So, subtly, ironically, without heroics but with fine emotional insight, Bates shows the man behind the deed. Strain, boredom, irresponsible outbursts, near despair, the sinking of personal tragedy in the struggle of humanity, final unflinching purpose: here are the moods of the men who fly.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE ARTS. *By* W. Macneile Dixon. *Arnold.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

Five of the essays in this volume are devoted to individual writers, Chatterton, Wordsworth, Scott, Campbell, and Tolstoy. Two treat of poetic movements, Ballads and the Romantic Revival, two, of the relation of art and poetry to civilization and national character. The last of them, delivered as an address in 1940, contains some "thoughts for the times" remarkable for their passionate and eloquent forthrightness. But animating them all is the conviction that for civilization "the arts are the main pillars or rather the architects and builders", and that the poetic is more integral to humanity and its best interests than the intellectual, which destroys faster than it can build. Professor Dixon is guilty at times of robust special pleading. But he is always stimulating and his style is sinewy and direct



From "Barbara Lamb."
By CAM. *Lane*, 5*s*.

THE BALLET CALLED GISELLE. *By* C. W. Beaumont. (*Beaumont, 75 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.*) 21*s*.

This is a ballet which has held the stage for over a century, during which it has been the ambition of every famous ballerina to appear in it. Even in opera there are not many productions which have revealed the same tenacity. To what does it owe this longevity? Not to its music, for it was born at a time when ballet masters would not have welcomed music which drew attention to itself. Beginning with a chapter on "The Evolution of the Romantic Ballet" Mr. Beaumont delves first in its history, and then in its technical characteristics, revealing much of great interest but without wholly dispelling the mystery of the phenomenon.

SHELLS BY A STREAM. *By* Edmund Blunden. *Macmillan.* 5*s*.

Mr. Blunden is a happy addition to the long line of English poets who, so characteristically and so delightfully, have taken nature for their theme. He is essentially a traditionalist (indeed in these pages he often

expresses his regard for the writers of past days); avowedly, he has no wish to break new ground either in technique or inspiration. But his quiet, reflective voice with its graceful cadences is distinctive, and in these poems written since 1940 he gives us of his best. His themes are varied, and mostly flower in the contemplation of the countryside with which he is so much in tune, and in his belief in the power for good of the loving heart.

LISTENING FOR THE DRUMS. *By* General Sir Ian Hamilton. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Sir Ian Hamilton's zest for writing has gone happily with a zest for living, and his reminiscent pen, resuming the narrative begun in the charming volume of childhood memories *When I was a Boy*, does not lack material. There are twenty-five years of active service in India, the Afghan campaign, Majuba Hill (where he was wounded and left for dying by the Boers), the Nile River Expedition, the little-known battle of Kirkeban just before news arrived that Gordon was dead, the last phase of the Durma War under Lord Roberts, the Chitral and Tirah campaigns, all long before the chronicle arrives at Madras. The Prime Minister and Lord Roberts were among his many friends and on them, as on the youthful Kipling, Sir Ian's pen dwells affectionately and revealingly.

BATH. *By* R. A. L. Smith. *Batsford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Now that re-building is so much in our minds, a lavishly pictured book on our finest example of planned urban architecture is well timed. It is reassuring, too, with its evidence that the air raids of 1942, though they left hideous scars, did no widespread irreparable damage. Lieut. Smith, being a student and lover of medievalism, gave more attention to the monastic city from which Chaucer's "Wife" came than historians of the two thousand years old resort usually do, and was more interested in its people at any period than in its architecture. But he thought, as many another has done, that there was no more beautiful sight in England than the panorama of Bath from Beechen Cliff, and most of the scores of photographic illustration are given to the buildings of the Palladia days of John Wood and Beau Nash.

BOMBARDIER. *By* Stephen Gilbert *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

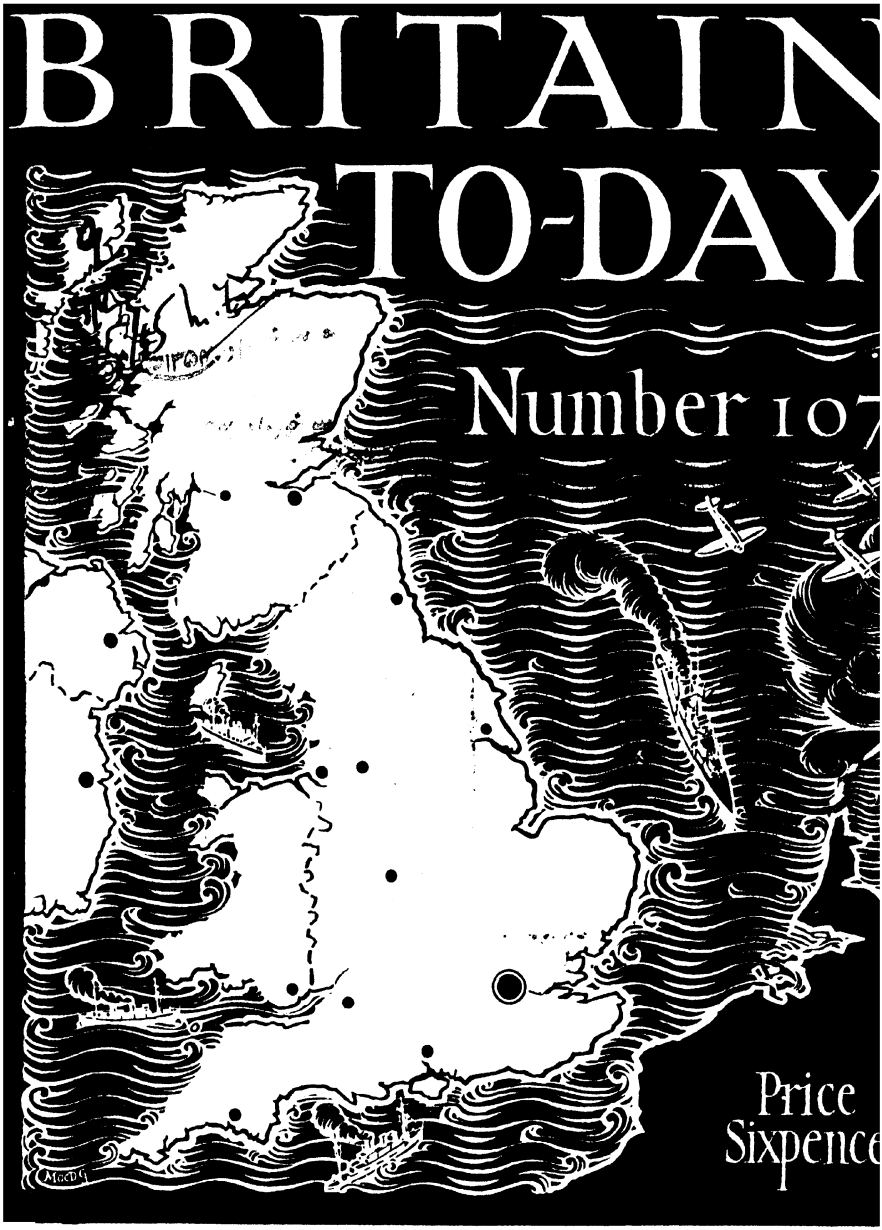
In a wonder-tale, *The Landslide*, Mr Gilbert recognized that realism in fiction demands complete credibility in little things. Given that the big will look after themselves. Now, handling fact, he applies the same principle. His account of what happened to the British Army in France during 1940 is both convincing and comprehensive, essentially because it is presented through the often petty experiences of an N.C.O. in an Irish Searchlight Regiment. The whole bewildering story from boredom and bickering in billets to holding a bridge against German tanks and being wrecked during evacuation from Dunkirk, is here in close focus. Credibility ensured, the climax can reach unbelievable intensity and significance.

DOCTOR PHILLIGO. *By* C. E Vulliamy. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Vulliamy continues his Victorian social history without tears—see *The Montague Puffins* and *The Polderoy Papers*—with selections from the journal of an imaginary country doctor who practised his science in a Cotswold village between 1868 and 1905. Mr. Vulliamy intersperses his own summaries of the principal trends and events of each year with the perhaps rather unplausibly entertaining and caustic observations of Doctor Philligo, who seems to have escaped the hypocrisy of the period with remarkable thoroughness. However this may be, the worthy doctor serves admirably as a commentator on Mr. Gladstone, Jack the Ripper, safety bicycles, Oscar Wilde votes for women, the Jubilee, and Victorian fashions in decoration and dress.

THE MODERN GREEKS. *By* A. R Burn. *Nelson.* 5*s.*

A little book which sets out to show that the modern Greeks are like their ancestors of the ancient world and worthy of them. It is slight, but a sincere tribute to a people whom the author knows. Attractively illustrated.



MARCH 1945

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The Scottish Nation . . . . . JAMES BRIDIE
British Pictorial Photography . . . . E. O. HOPPÉ
A Social Partnership. II . . . . . UNA CORMACK
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

Number 107 *March 1945*

THE PRESS

ONE of the first manifestations of freedom in a liberated country is the appearance of a plentiful crop of independent newspapers. Each is contributing its quota to the making of opinion at a moment when minds are disturbed and much of the world is in the melting-pot. Each enjoys a privilege which was long denied, and each in exercising it incurs a grave responsibility. It is capable of doing great good, or great harm.

In the countries that have remained free throughout the war the responsibility is equal, and the excuse for error less—for they have not been exposed to the bewilderment and conflicting passions of sudden release. But for them, too, as the end of the war approaches, there is likely to be some sense of release from tension, and some temptation to ignore restraints which they imposed on themselves from patriotism, to be rougher with their own Governments and more harshly outspoken in interpreting the actions and motives of Allies. They have it in their power to instil drops of balm, or drops of poison, into the mixture of world relations. More than ever before the free Press will have occasion to prove itself fit for democracy, or unfit for it.

But when we speak of the "freedom of the Press", of whose freedom are we speaking? The freedom of the individual writer, the freedom of the editor, or the freedom of an owner or syndicate ? The answer is important, since it is often said that when a Government leaves the Press free the power is

exercised by a body equally arbitrary—the newspaper magnates who own the machinery of the Press.

It must be admitted at once that in modern Britain it would not be possible for the cleverest journalist to start a daily newspaper with a small capital. Without considerable capital it is not easy to start even a weekly or monthly journal, but to launch a national daily paper would be beyond the means of any but a millionaire. Though there are papers like *The Times* in London and the *Manchester Guardian* in the provinces which inherit an ancient tradition, and are carried on by their editors in a manner consistent with that tradition, the popular papers which have the vastest circulations and are read by a majority of the nation are for the most part under the control of a few very rich newspaper proprietors who theoretically, under motives of profit or ambition, can do what they like with their journals.

But it should be observed that these men are primarily newspaper men, and with one exception have no direct connexion with the Government (and the connexion in that case has been a temporary war-time one). And, again with a single exception —that of the *Daily Herald* in which the Labour Party has a limited interest—none of the big newspapers are controlled by political parties, though they may choose to support one of them. Nor can the owners be regarded as a corporate body united in any other sense than that they are all interested in safeguarding the privileges of the Press; for they are rivals keenly competing against one another.

They have great power, and some may think excessive power, but it is conditioned from first to last by the necessity of satisfying their readers, each of whom is free to transfer his allegiance elsewhere. Their readers are their final court of appeal. It is the constant endeavour of the newspapers to keep their hold on their public by their presentation of facts and their choice of themes and mode of comment. In the past the most frequent complaint against them has not been that they have sought to thrust this or that opinion down the throats of the public, but that they have been too subservient in giving the common man what he was supposed to want. In war-time there has been less cause for that complaint, since it was patent that the news which the public wanted was authentic war news and a candid day-

to-day assessment of the national effort. It has frequently been pointed out that the popular papers have become more serious and reliable organs of news and opinion during this war than at any previous period in their history.

The power of the newspaper proprietors is undoubtedly very great, yet it is not possible for them to exercise it like dictators. Apart from the necessity of pleasing their readers, who are always in a position to correct misinterpretation by reference to rival papers and other sources of information, they are only able to operate efficiently by collecting around them teams—teams which in each case include an editor, sub-editors, reporters, and special writers, who only do good work in proportion as they are encouraged to express themselves and throw themselves wholeheartedly into their jobs. I would not for a moment suggest that newspaper proprietors have not often abused their powers, or that journalists have not often underestimated the taste of the public; but I do suggest that in a successful journal there is always a subtle relationship between owners and editor, editor and staff, and between these collectively and the whole body of readers, and that this relationship enables them to fulfil an organic function in the life of the nation, absorbing something from it on one side, and giving something on the other. The Press, taken as a whole, in all its infinite variety of expressiveness, with its serious and its frivolous journals, its dailies and weeklies and monthlies, is the authentic voice of the nation. It can express what is true in the mind of the nation, and, alas, also what is false.

During the war, when party politics have been in abeyance, the British Press, while retaining its variety of characteristics, has been in a genuine sense a *national* Press. Those who control or work on it have been a part of the nation, and have been actuated by the supreme desire that the country should get on with the war and make the sacrifices required. No compulsory censorship has been necessary. Editors of their own volition have either suppressed what they thought dangerous or have sought the verdict of officials. They have been particularly careful in their comments on foreign nations, since it is their desire, as it is that of the Government and the people, that the best relations should be maintained with our Allies. Of course

there have been some indiscretions. But I think in the main, during this war, that the British Press has shown that while it is jealous in maintaining its privileges, it realizes that it has also responsibilities.

We must hope that it will be so after this war, and that even after a return to party politics has unleashed much of the spirit of controversy it will continue to realize how delicate are the great problems that remain to be settled and how essential it is that the Press should realize its grave obligations. Here and in all countries it has a tremendous part to play, and every journalist has to remember that he may be helping to make or mar the peace of his own country, and the peace of the world. In particular he has to go delicately with matters that are only half known or understood. It is in his power by a careless word to exacerbate relations between statesmen, or to influence opinion in his own country against the people of another country. In Great Britain we insist that the freedom of the Press is an essential attribute of democracy—but we have equally to insist that there is no right to freedom divorced from a sense of obligation. Licence is only the abuse of democracy.

Never before has a more serious responsibility rested upon those who write for the papers. These are times when to print rumours may be a crime, when to impute motives to a statesman at home or a nation abroad may be a distortion of truth endangering peace. The pen lightly and irresponsibly used may cause disaster to friends no less than enemies. There is a duty, too, which lies with the public, for the public, as I have said, is for the Press the last court of appeal. In the long run it will get the Press which it deserves. Democracy cherishes the freedoms —freedom to vote, freedom of spirit, freedom of worship, freedom from arbitrary arrest, and freedom to publish—but all of these, and the last of them not the least, presuppose the duty of self-control and regard for the common weal.

THE EDITOR

THE SCOTTISH NATION

By JAMES BRIDIE

A CELEBRATED English scholar and conversationalist, Samuel Johnson, once described Scotland as a very vile country. When someone replied that God had made it Dr. Johnson pointed out that he made it for Scotchmen.' 'Comparisons are odious," he continued, "but God made h–ll."

In another conversation on the subject, this time with a Scotsman rather more celebrated than himself, Dr. Johnson permitted himself to say, "Sir, you lie." Adam Smith's repartee was, "Sir, you are a son of a bitch," and there the matter rested.

These words were said a long time ago, but they were not atypical of a kind of tension that still exists between England and Scotland—a tension a little puzzling to the friends and enemies of the two married nations.

Ethnologically there is very little difference between them. They are both hybrids. No two experts who have taken the trouble to disentangle their origins can be brought to agree. It seems certain that the same elements occur in both mixtures. Yet, even three hundred years after they have been united under the same Crown and more than two hundred since they have been ruled by the same Parliament, the sharpest differences exist. Of the last dozen Prime Ministers of Great Britain, six have been Scotsmen, another had a Scottish mother, and two others married Scottish ladies; yet the Scot has never been assimilated by his more powerful neighbour. He remains a very distinct and often troublesome entity.

The probable reason for this is that Scottish traditional manners and behaviour derive from those extraordinary tribes who are roughly grouped under the name of Celtic. The Celts have no history in the modern sense, because their past is preserved chiefly in song and story; and, if there is one thing true about a song, it is that no man is expected to swear to the truth of it. At the same time, there is certainty that the ancient Celtic polities contained, long before the French Revolution, the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. They neither knew nor understood serfdom; property carried no distinction; and the King was the cousin of his poorest fellow-tribesman.

The immigrants and conquerors breathed this purer air. They had hardly inhaled twenty breaths of it than they were ready to resist any attempt to impose the orderly régime of their boyhood. They turned on their Southron brothers and soaked the Scottish borders in blood. If they had not done so, the Celts and their traditions would have been exterminated. The military speciality of the Celt is honourable defeat, a speciality very good for sad and ennobling songs but quite useless for ensuring material survival. The tough, obstinate incomer won his battles for him; farmed his lands for him; made his laws for him. In return, he absorbed the curious Celtic attitude to life and turned it to practical use. He hardened it into a philosophy and transformed its inspiration into that perfervid ingenuity which is (sometimes grudgingly) admitted to be the true Scottish characteristic.

This ingenuity flowered most brilliantly towards the end of the eighteenth century. The Crowns were united in 1603 when a learned but uncouth Scottish king came to London. From that time onwards there were no more strictly international wars between Scotland and England. There were, however, two bloody and exciting ideological wars, in both of which it is not too fantastic to trace a battle for the Celtic idea. The Scots themselves were at odds whether the Stuarts were, in fact, the personification of this idea and a true Celtic line of kings. The Stuarts themselves were to blame for this doubt. Of one thing the Scots were certain; that the New Order of the English Parliament was not for them. Calvinists and Ritualists fought Cromwell as one man—and were beaten. The House of Scotland was divided against itself by this time, though the Celtic idea still prevailed in both camps. Those who crystallized that idea into a Stuart went on fighting, terrified King George on his throne, and went down in a characteristic Celtic defeat. Culloden is much more popular in the Highlands than Bannockburn.

After 1746, the best young Scotsmen stopped dying on the battlefield and were free to study the arts of Peace. A rough index of their success is the number of men of genius who, in those times, passed into the history of the civilized world. Between 1770 and 1780, David Hume, Adam Smith, Robert

Burns, John Hunter, William Hunter, Macadam, James Watt, Joseph Black, Playfair, James Boswell, Tobias Smollett, Bell of the *Comet*, Coal-gas Murdoch, Waterproof Mackintosh, Cameron the Architect, Raeburn, Gillray, Thomas Graham, Walter Scott, Mackenzie, and Mungo Park were all moving about on the surface of the earth. There are other names; but no small, poor country—nor any rich, large country for that matter—can produce such an astonishing array of *contemporary* genius as that twenty-one.

The output has fallen off. It could hardly be otherwise, or Scotland would have initiated, organized, and controlled the millennium round about 1900. It will be noted however, that the soil of Scotland was, at one time, capable of producing in great profusion large numbers of very superior men. My twenty-one names are those of magnanimous, original, high-spirited, intelligent benefactors of the human race; above all, of persons of perfervid ingenuity.

The soil of Scotland may produce such men again in a world more fit to receive them. Scotsmen are still agitating themselves about this possibility, even in the midst of a world war. Some think that they could better cultivate their garden if they could recover political autonomy. Others, with some warrant from history, believe that they are well enough with a mixed House of Commons controlling their drains, taxes, and foreign affairs. All are agreed that they are a peculiar people and jealously resent any interference with their peculiarities by the Senior Partner. To do the Senior Partner justice, he has resigned himself to this. There will be no more wars in the Debatable Land. The Blue Bonnets will cross the Border on peaceful errands only.

Yet it would be a thousand pities if the singular quality of Scottish air became attenuated and if those who breathed it shut their windows and became stuffy provincials, scrabbling for English sixpences and dreaming no more the curious dreams of the Celt. The men who made Scotland never talked Gaelic. They looked upon the kilt as a garb of savages. But the Celt is what Jung would call their *imago*. Nobody must ever include the Scot in the generic term "English". He does not like it and he has his reasons for not liking it.

BRITISH PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

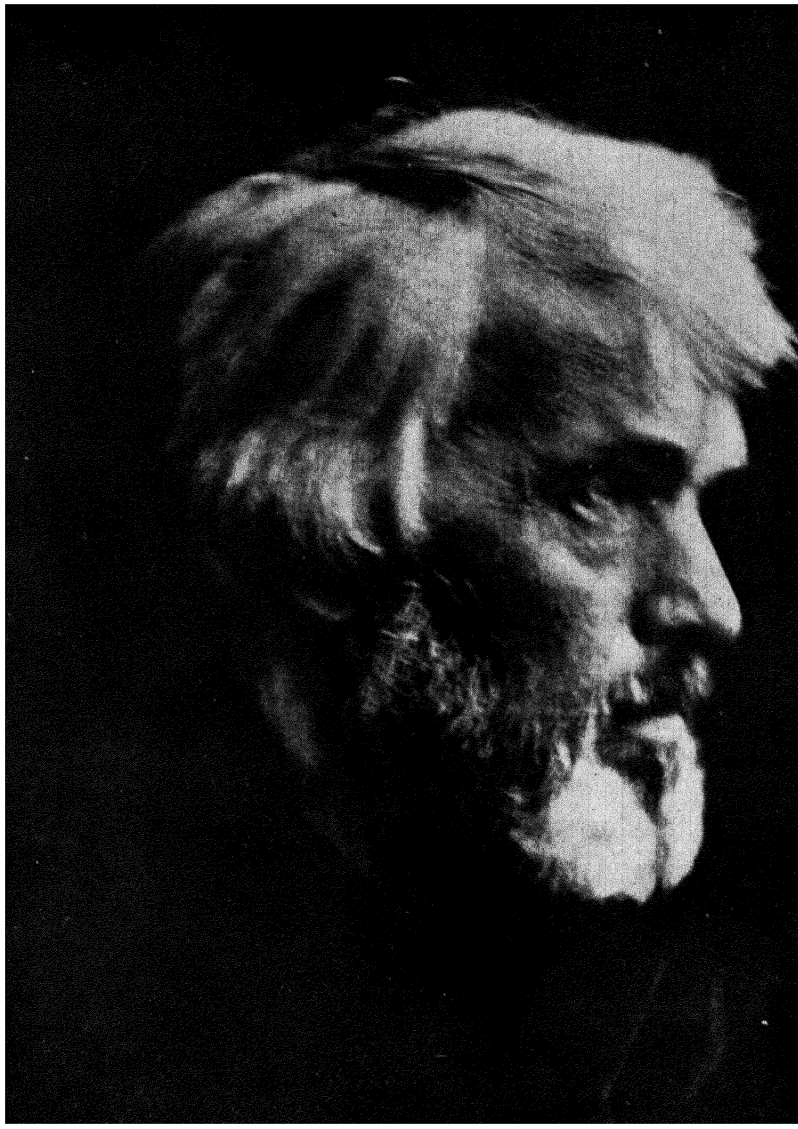
By E. O. Hoppé

IT is rather ironical that, by a strange twist of fate, the greatest of all British portrait photographers was a painter and exhibitor at the Royal Academy whose canvases are practically unknown, while his photographs have not only survived to this day but remain unsurpassed. Had he not been a painter he probably would never have been a photographer, for it was the work entailed in a huge canvas in which hundreds of portrait figures were to be introduced, the subject being of historical import, connected with the Scottish ecclesiastical disruption, which made him turn to photography as an aid.

To have drawn all those faces from life would have taken far too long, and so David Octavius Hill decided to reduce his labour by availing himself of the wonderful new invention of photography which he had heard his friends extol. The Scottish painter, therefore, with technical help to deal with the technical difficulties of the time—it was about a century ago (1843)—proceeded to photograph the different figures which were ultimately to appear in the painting. Carried away by the absorbing interest of this new medium of expression, he surpassed himself in a series of portraits that are an object lesson which any modern artist might profit by studying. His genius remained completely obscured until about fifty years later when a collection of his photographs was published.

What Hill would have produced had he had at his disposal a modern miniature camera, and a fast sensitive film, requiring only fractions of seconds' exposure, instead of bulky, heavy machines taking paper negatives that necessitated five hundred times the length of exposure, would, I very much fear, have been humiliating to many.

In later years Mrs. Julia Cameron was to add an important page to the history of pictorial photography. While she was not, I believe, a professional painter herself, she was closely associated by family and her social circle with the world of art. Mrs. Cameron's portraits still stand the test of time. She flew in the face of all the rules and regulations because she was blissfully ignorant of them, and her results justified her rashness;



CARLYLE
Photograph by MRS. JULIA CAMERON



MANCHESTER
Photograph by DUDLEY JOHNSTON

her methods and treatment shocked photographers, but interested the pre-Raphaelite brethren, in whose set she moved; eventually she achieved a reputation as a portrait photographer. There is no doubt that her pictures have great artistic merit.

In the early part of this present century the prime movement in British pictorial photography was focused in the annual exhibitions held by the Royal Photographic Society and by "The Linked Ring", an organization of international workers, whose combined efforts had raised the standard from mediocrity to a level of high artistry. Held under its auspices, the most important exhibition of the year was "The Salon". The ambition of every serious pictorialist at that period was to have his pictures hung at one or the other of these.

After having exerted great influence on the unfolding and growth of pictorial photography during the fruitful period of its existence, "The Linked Ring" as such, was dissolved, but its exhibitions were followed by a new organization, "The London Salon of Photography". Before the last war the work shown at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Photographic Society was on the whole distinguished by a standard of high excellence within the limits of sound convention, rather than by startling innovations. The "Salon", on the other hand, offered its wall-space to prints in which originality of treatment and novel conceptions broke ground. But the last two decades have seen a general levelling-up in pictorial aims, and to-day the visitor to both exhibitions will probably find little difference between them in the work shown.

The influence which these exhibitions exercised on the development of British pictorial photography has been far-reaching. Their educative value and the salutary influence of open contest were essential factors in the progressive growth of photography; they revealed what goals had been reached and they also acted as instruments by which a proper perspective of one's own achievements could be gained by comparison with the work of others.

Looking into the past and examining the cumulative effect of experience from the date of the first appearance of photography in this country, it becomes apparent that the speed of its development was as swift as that of any discovery the scientific

world has to offer. In the comparatively short space of thirty years after the experiments of Niepce, Daguerre, and Talbot had startled and intrigued the British public, photography had advanced sufficiently to be represented at the "London World Fair", and two years later, in 1864, representative workers were able to hold exhibitions in the large European capitals, London, Paris, Vienna.

The collodion process was then the main point of interest, although the shape of things to come was foreshadowed by a revolutionary demonstration of a dry plate negative and some carbon prints.

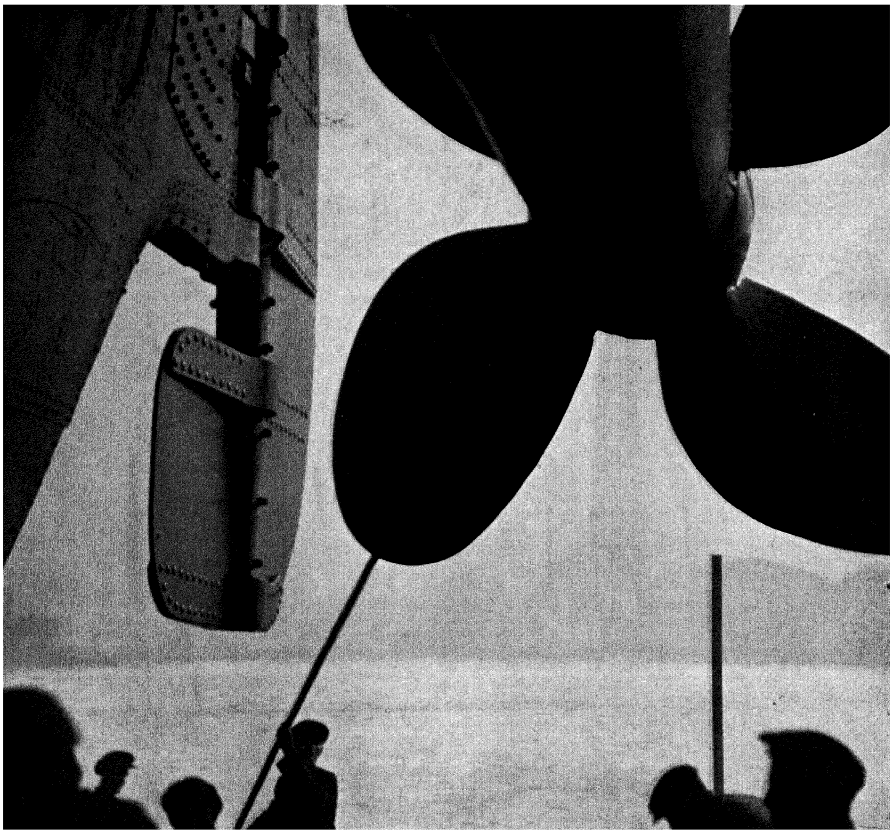
From its earliest inception the evolution of pictorial photography owed a debt to talented amateur enthusiasts who devoted themselves to this particular mode of expression through the new medium. Naturally enough, in view of the cumbersome nature of the apparatus, the exercise of photography on subjects further afield than one's immediate surroundings was a Herculean task, and few would be prepared to put up with the enormous difficulties and the discomfort which enthusiasts like Roger Fenton, the Crimean war correspondent, had to undergo. Portraiture was as a rule the most popular subject, and, in any case, people then as now on the whole are more entertained by studying their own or their friends' features than in less personal representations of landscape and still-life compositions.

At first the application of photography was necessarily restricted by the inherent limitations of the negative, whether paper or wet plate only. Straightforward printing was possible, but as the chemical processes simplified and expanded the photographer discovered means which enabled him to control his medium, and he became daring and experimental in his dark room. For instance, he found that he could build up a picture by a combination of several negatives. Owing to the lengthy exposure which the slow speed emulsions required, the chances of rendering clouds and landscape on one plate were remote, till someone thought of photographing the clouds separately, and superimposed them on the landscape which obstinately emerged with a perfectly blank sky.

In the hands of the few who had initiative backed by a sense



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
Photograph by CECIL BEATON



SHIP'S SCREW
Photograph by E. O. HOPPÉ

of values, attractive results were indeed obtained; but weird effects were produced by those who used this short-cut to pictorialism, indiscriminately regardless of the angle of lighting of clouds and the terrestrial parts of the picture.

The adaptation of gelatino-bromide to dry plates and paper, and also the advent of the platinotype process, were warmly welcomed by later Victorian pictorialists. The young century produced a band of brilliant workers: Craig Annan, who had perhaps inherited photographic propensities through his father's friendly association with Octavius Hill, Frederick Hollyer, Turley Lewis, and Frank Sutcliffe, by whose devoted efforts the standard of British professional portraiture was raised to a high level.

Amateur photography was eventually to burgeon and blossom under the leadership of a group of distinguished pioneers. Horsley Hinton's typically English landscape moods, Alexander Keighley's romantically conceived subjects, F. J. Mortimer's seascapes, Charles Job's pastorals, demonstrated the new feeling for naturalistic photography which D. E. Emmerson had advocated in a widely discussed lecture on the subject before the Camera Club. The New Trend aimed at decorative value, balance, and simplicity of treatment as opposed to the artificial building-up of purely anecdotal themes, although high-sounding and poetic titles still retained their popularity. Dudley Johnston broke new ground by his original treatment of everyday subjects, streets and buildings, in town or city, and by his gift for seizing the atmospheric qualities of fog and mist to give his pictures a living personality. George Davidson planted another bomb-shell among the traditionalists by his break-away from convention in the realism of "The Onion Field", which won for him the R.P. medal in 1890.

Baron de Meyer was introducing glamour, scintillation, and elegance into his portraits of beautiful women. Will and Cathlene Cadby inaugurated a new technique of fresh and delicate charm in their pictures of young things—children and kittens—and so in those grand pioneering days photography came to full fruition.

British pictorial photography is generally acknowledged to have reached its zenith in the decade preceding the last war.

It had developed those qualities which differentiated it from the work produced in other countries, qualities which were the result of soil and climate no less than of marked national characteristics. Neither over-dramatic nor emotional, it was a sensitive emanation of the spirit of the land which gave it birth. On the whole more conservative and less venturesome than the work of other nationals it excelled in the rendering of subtle atmosphere and tonal and textural qualities. Frederick H. Evans was probably its greatest exponent.

British photography did not escape the reaction which affected all fields of art expression during the uneasy period that followed after 1920, when dignity and tranquillity had given place to violent repercussions of the mind and spirit. The stage was transitional, the expression restless. The sensational superseded quieter themes; there was a reaching out to grasp and hold down some elusive conception—photography was in danger of becoming slick, bizarre, indiscreet. Out of this turbulence, however, form and pattern were emerging which held promise of the dawn of a new era.

Of contemporary workers the portraits by Hugh Cecil and Howard Coster, two notable British professional photographers, reflect a high level of technical efficiency; Shaw Wildman's cleverly composed advertising designs have a remarkable degree of sales appeal; Lancelot Vining of the *Daily Mirror* succeeds better than anyone else in freezing fluid movements of dancers and athletes into permanence. Exquisitely beautiful in tone and atmospheric quality are the delicate prints of simple country scenes by H. G. Dannatt which indicate a visionary and idealistic turn of mind. New ground has been broken by Cecil Beaton who uses unorthodox and often very amusing methods to surprise and sometimes shock the high-priests of photography. His facile camera has produced dazzling interpretations of feminine chic and elegance, and portrait compositions of great dignity and charm. I consider his rendering of the Queen, reproduced on another page, by far the best of the many portraits of a great lady which one has seen.

Five years of war have intervened, and an augury of its development in the future must necessarily be a matter of conjecture. At present British pictorial photography is marking time.

A SOCIAL PARTNERSHIP II

PUBLIC AND VOLUNTARY SERVICES

By UNA CORMACK

[*In last month's article Mrs. M. Hills discussed voluntary social services in relation to local government. Miss Cormack considers the question in its national setting.*]

IT is a delicate business to generalize about the social services of Great Britain. For in a sense the social services epitomize, with all its vicissitudes, the social history of Great Britain; and even within a modern service, shining with glass and chromium plating, are embedded pockets of apparent feudalism, of single-minded Christian charity, of eighteenth-century humanitarianism, and of moralistic Victorian severity, not fossilized but all still active.

It is possible, however, broadly speaking to discern two elements in British social services, though the two have often seemed incompatible; and, as one or the other of them has been in the ascendancy, so the trends and tensions of voluntary and statutory social service have shifted. On the one hand, deeply rooted in these islands, are the forces that make for freedom, for individual initiative and independence, for quality in preference to quantity; on the other hand are the forces that lead to security for all and stress the obligations of communal life and the value, power, and richness of closely-knit community.

The forces of individualism were in the ascendancy when organized voluntary social services first took shape in Britain, in the mid-nineteenth century; and the impetus and inspiration in social reform came almost entirely from the voluntary movement. It is to individuals like Lord Shaftesbury, Octavia Hill, John Ruskin, Josephine Butler, Florence Nightingale, Margaret MacMillan, Charles Booth, and the Barnetts, that this country owes the beginnings of its present not inconsiderable system of social services, both statutory and voluntary—its nursing service, its settlements, its industrial welfare, its nursery schools, its housing and town-planning schemes, and so on. The second element, of community feeling, was present also, though subordinated: it showed itself particularly in the early reformers' sense of responsibility to society which impelled them to try to marshal all their

individual efforts into one co-ordinated and scientific attack on social ills. Theirs was, however, self-imposed co-ordination and a very volunteer army. The industrial evils of the day demanded conscription; and the great number of potential victims felt secure with nothing less. So, at the turn of the century, the emphasis shifted again from freedom to security.

An important feature, however, of the Victorian reformers' belief in independence and freedom was that they believed in it for others as well as for themselves. This was the basis of their approach to social reform: in their eyes every man, woman, or child was a unique personality to be respected, argued with, enlightened, helped perhaps, but above all to be treated as a free agent. If a man were in trouble, therefore, nothing was any good, not money nor clothes nor housing, which did not restore him to complete self-respect and independence. This cannot be done without giving each man careful individual attention, appreciating and knowing his history and temperament, his family, his home, and his environment. Hence came Canon Barnett's motto "one by one", and hence came the case-work method of giving help, first practised by Octavia Hill and the Charity Organization Society.

While the great Victorian reformers were consolidating their ground, spreading their ideas, experimenting with so many of the forms of modern social service, with health visiting, hospital almoning, labour exchanges, welfare centres, garden cities, nursery schools, special schools, and so on, the tide had turned and the new waters flooded their careful dykes. Freedom for many of the working classes had been freedom to go short of food and wages, freedom to pay high rents for insanitary houses, and be turned out of work without a moment's notice. Security was the crying need of the moment, and voluntary social service, which obviously could not guarantee security, suffered an eclipse. Not only was the whole force of organized labour behind the new swing of the pendulum, but the Trade Unions had been reinforced by the prodigious industry and devotion of Beatrice and Sidney Webb and the intellectual predominance of theoretic socialism.

It was a matter of faith that bad social conditions were caused by bad social environment, and bad social environment could

be abolished by Act of Parliament. From 1897 and 1908, with the passing of Workmen's Compensation and Old Age Pensions, began the period of the development of statutory social service. Where voluntary social service had shown itself to be inadequate, in conception as well as in quantity, the State, which began with supplementing its deficiencies, was inevitably led on to take responsibility for the universal provision of health, pensions, sickness, education, rehousing, and unemployment services.

By the end of the 1914–18 war, voluntary social service, which had once marched proudly, too proudly, in the van, was taking a back seat, apparently as a prelude to falling out altogether. The maternity and child welfare service, for example, shows how voluntary effort made way for statutory provision of essential needs. In 1915 the local authorities provided 300 welfare centres to the voluntary societies' 350; in 1918, 700 to 578; in 1933, 2,343 to 770; and in 1944, 2,994 to 831, against a total of 683,213 live births.

It is true that a considerable proportion of the different types of social service in the country was still in the hands of voluntary societies. For example, in 1938 only 33,566 children out of more than twice that number in homes and orphanages were in the direct care of the State; the voluntary hospitals not only provided 95,000 out of 222,000 hospital beds in use in 1939, and performed 1,111,000 major operations out of a total 1,255,000, but were also responsible for the training of the nation's medical service—as indeed the voluntary societies were largely responsible for the training of the social workers. Youth club work, district nursing, rescue work, convalescence for children and adults, holiday schemes, and most experimental work, were still the province of the voluntary movement. But the general expectation of those engaged in social service in the years after the last war was that this was only a transitional phase in the process of socialism, and that voluntary social service would die out.

From 1900 to 1939, roughly speaking, while the predominating movement in social service was the campaign for material security, the relationship of voluntary to statutory service became steadily less intimate and a gulf widened between them. Yet, though the gulf had seemed to widen, other forces had in fact been at work to bridge it.

In the first place a double change of heart was taking place in Britain's social services. Voluntary societies at last realized their insufficiency to meet the material distress arising on a national scale out of the national industrial system. They saw that, contrary to their expectations, if essential material needs were met by universal statutory services, they themselves were by so much more free to concentrate on their proper field of work among immaterial though equally vital needs. Led this time by the National Council of Social Service, voluntary effort began to turn from the material relief of individual hardship to various forms of community service.

Throughout the two decades after the 1914–18 war there was a growing feeling of dissatisfaction with the quality of life lived by the ordinary citizen. All the time his great need was to feel himself part of something which could provide a purpose for his life and give him a place in the fellowship of a community. As the ramifications of the statutory social services became more intricate and far-reaching it seemed probable that voluntary societies would be the readiest, and perhaps most appropriate, outlet for this strong feeling.

On the other hand, after some years' administration of an expanding programme of statutory social services, it became apparent that material relief was not enough. The provision of a social service on an undifferentiated national scale pre-supposes a stable community of independent self-respecting individuals capable of assimilating the social service. Such a community cannot be created, though it can be helped or hindered, by Act of Parliament. In short, Whitehall had realized that the concomitant of a satisfactory statutory service is usually vigorous voluntary effort and healthy community life; and its main problem is not merely to provide a national social service, but to provide it in such a way that it can be assimilated by, and really help, the individuals and the communities who form the nation.

At the same time developments in the technique of administering social service were taking place—almost entirely in voluntary work. Largely through the efforts of the Charity Organization Society supported by allied societies like the I.C.A.A. or the Institute of Hospital Almoners, and fortified by the precept and

example of American social work, it had become clear that the case-work method, far from being just a rather clumsy two-edged weapon suitable for the armoury of relief-giving societies, was really an instrument of immense possibilities for democratic social service. It could be used both for research into the needs and difficulties of ordinary men and women, and for making the social legislation and services, designed *en masse* to meet average needs and difficulties, humane and tolerable to the particular individuals whose differences make up the average. Case-work, in fact, is a unique method for individualizing the social service that it is administering; and by treating the individual as a responsible citizen helps him to participate democratically in the service provided for him, after all, by his own money, labour, and consent.

Before the war the case-work method had come to be used, more or less intensively, not only in family welfare agencies like the C.O.S., but by hospital almoners, probation officers, psychiatric social workers, personnel managers, health visitors, and children's workers of all kinds, in many varying types of service. These workers were beginning to be employed by Government departments, as well as by voluntary societies and, during the war, the demand of statutory social service for trained case-workers has far exceeded the numbers available.

If these workers, trained as they are in voluntary service, have formed one bridge across the gulf between statutory and voluntary social service, the common war effort has made many more. It is often hard to know now where the first begins and the other ends. Many of the great voluntary institutions and their staff have been mobilized; voluntary and statutory hospitals are alike dovetailed into one Emergency Medical Service; through the Central Medical War Committee the whole medical profession, often at great loss to its members, has been so organized that all its resources have been placed at the disposal of the community; the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the Salvation Army, Toc H, and kindred bodies, have set up a network of canteens, social centres, hostels, and recreation rooms for the Forces; the Red Cross—to specify only one of its activities—is responsible for parcels, letters, books, training courses, and everything that can be done for prisoners of war.

At the level of the average citizen also, the spheres of voluntary and statutory service have been blended in one immense community service. The local borough councillor, for instance, the unpaid representative of his neighbours, after his day's work in the shop which is his livelihood, attends the Civil Defence committee which governs such a large part of wartime life: one night a week he takes a shift in the control room where the air-raid Controller sends out the air-raid wardens, firemen, stretcher parties, light and heavy rescue men, &c., to the site of the bomb-incident; another night he is himself one of a voluntary fire-party. On his free afternoon he takes a session in a Citizens' Advice Bureau, a voluntary service subsidized by the Government and often an integral part of the local authority's post-raid organization. His wife, in her spare time a secretary of her street savings group, is a full-time member of the Women's Voluntary Services, again a volunteer army under Government orders, which helps where it is needed in rest-centres, canteens, clothing schemes for evacuees and air-raid victims, and innumerable other activities. His daughter is in the Land Army; his schoolboy son, in a youth service squad run by an independent club, but supervised by the local education authority, has helped with fruit- and potato-picking and the nation's bumper war-harvests.

This complicated interweaving of the strands of statutory and voluntary social service is one of the reasons for the strength of the social fabric of a country which has so resolutely sustained the shocks of war. The breach between statutory and voluntary has been closed, largely because the common man has realized that the same person, he himself, is the source—and often the recipient—of both. In the past the oscillations between the social forces of freedom and security, individualism and community, were so extreme that the two elements seemed to be incompatible. In wartime it has been demonstrated that they are not. And when the war is over Great Britain is determined, characteristically, to make the best of both worlds and sacrifice neither; because in fact they are inseparable. The threads are tangled and the work is just beginning; but the pattern is emerging and it looks as if it may be social security.

THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT

By ORLO WILLIAMS

THIS year's Parliamentary outlook in Great Britain is governed, so far as predictable events are concerned, by the Prime Minister's statement made in introducing last year's Prolongation of Parliament Bill.

The salient points in that statement were (1) that it was undesirable to prolong the present Parliament after the conclusion of the war with Germany, since it was already nine years old, with the result that nobody now under the age of thirty had yet had an opportunity of exercising his or her right to vote in a general election; (2) that in the appeal to the country, which is made at a general election, the contest between parties, on which our political history has so long been built, was to be resumed without the division of loyalties caused by participation in a National, or Coalition, Government; (3) but that, since it would be repugnant to good sense and general feeling that ministers, who had worked wholeheartedly together during the war, should immediately begin attacking one another's policy in electioneering speeches, there would be a longer interval than usual between the end of the present Government and the election; (4) and that, meanwhile, on the assumption that the existing Coalition broke up, it would fall to him as leader of the strongest party in the House of Commons to form a Government.

Various views have been expressed on the arguments by which this plan of action was supported and as to the political desirability of the plan itself, but these are matters of political opinion into which it is not my business to enter. The facts of the situation are generally accepted, and these are that, unless unpredictable events modify the plan, Parliament will be dissolved some time this year and that a general election will be held before its close. The result of that election will decide which party will, as we say, come into power. The object of this article is to explain to readers who are unfamiliar with our system of government what events and processes are implied in this outlook.

What does the dissolution of Parliament mean? Before answering that question I must recall a few elementary facts about the British system of parliamentary and Cabinet government.

Firstly, Parliament, in the fullest sense, means the King, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons "in Parliament assembled": but, since the only constituent part of Parliament that varies according to political feeling is the House of Commons, the dissolution of Parliament means, above all, the dissolution of the House of Commons, which, for the moment, ceases to exist. Secondly, the summoning of Parliament, its prorogation (which marks the end of a session), and its dissolution are, and always have been, acts of the King, once arbitrary, but now, through historical process, governed by well-recognized constitutional usage. These acts belong to what is called the "Prerogative of the Crown". In general, the prerogative of the Crown is exercised on the advice of ministers, who assume all responsibility to Parliament for this advice and the action based on it.

Thirdly, by law, a Parliament may not continue for more than five years from the date of its first meeting: also a new Parliament must be summoned within three years after a dissolution. So far the law: but the control of finance by the House of Commons, attained more than two hundred years ago, means that Parliament must meet every year to vote the money required for carrying on the government. Fourthly, the Government in power, i.e. the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, must have the support of the House of Commons: that is to say, they must have a majority voting for them on any matter which they consider an issue of confidence. If this support is withdrawn, which means defeat in the House on a question of confidence, the Government must either resign or "go to the country", i.e. advise the Crown to dissolve Parliament and hold a general election. If the election goes against the party in power, the Government must then either resign at once or meet Parliament and suffer inevitable defeat in the House, whereupon resignation follows. Fifthly, the resignation of a Government is followed by the King's sending for the leader of the strongest opposition party and asking him to form a Government: here the Crown, according to the political situation of the moment, has a limited amount of personal discretion, into the details of which it is impossible here to enter.

The dissolution of Parliament, therefore, may occur owing to various causes, and in circumstances of greater or less political conflict. It may occur only because a Parliament is reaching the

limit of its five years' period, and the Government in power, whether confident or not that it still has the support of the country, chooses the most convenient moment for holding the general election. On the other hand, it may occur when a Government has been defeated, or when a Government thinks that the country ought to be consulted on an entirely new issue that has arisen since the last general election, or when a defeated Government has resigned and the new Government, having been formed, seeks the country's endorsement of its policy. These facts having been briefly stated, some background is provided for the answer to the question, what does the dissolution of Parliament mean? Formally, it means that a royal Proclamation is made dissolving the existing Parliament, together with an order for the issue of writs for the election of members of a new Parliament, and an announcement of the date of meeting of the new Parliament. The writs are issued by the Lord Chancellor (or in Northern Ireland by the Governor-General) to the sheriffs and returning officers; on a certain day candidates are nominated, on a subsequent day polling (voting for a candidate) takes place by secret ballot, and on the date prescribed the new Parliament meets.

Meanwhile, though the House of Commons is dissolved and no Member of Parliament exists in the interim, the government of the country is carried on by whatever Ministers were actually holding their appointments at the time of the dissolution, for, it must be remembered, though Ministers are responsible to Parliament, they hold their appointments, not from Parliament, but from the Crown. So that, in fine, the dissolution of Parliament is simply a process for ascertaining the will of the country, and as a process it is unvarying. What gives a particular complexion to a particular dissolution is the political situation at the moment. In a broader sense, therefore, every dissolution is unique, as could easily be proved by examining the various dissolutions of the last century. The similarities lie only in the process and in the observance of constitutional usages such as are outlined at the beginning of this article. The most important distinguishing feature is, of course, the reason for a particular dissolution: the more crucial, politically, the reason, the more crucial for the future are the results likely to be.

Let us, then, consider the situation as it was outlined in Mr. Churchill's statement. One feature is to be noted which, though unusual, is a point of similarity with the dissolution in 1918. The present Parliament, like that of 1918, has existed beyond the normal five years, and would have expired by efflux of time had its life not been extended each year since 1940 by a special Act of Parliament, for the obvious reason that general elections cannot be held when a nation is fighting for its life. Therefore, quite apart from particular political considerations, there is every reason for a dissolution of Parliament as soon as a general election is practicable, so that the country as a whole may once more declare its voice in an unmistakable manner.

Another feature, also not actually political, is a novel one. Not only will the next general election be held on a new register of electors which really gives universal adult suffrage to men and women, but also special arrangements have been made by which men and women serving in the armed forces, in all parts of the world, can cast a vote by proxy and possibly, in some cases, by post, for a definite candidate. This in itself will make the process of polling a much longer one than usual. Moreover, as the result of the recent Speaker's Conference on Parliamentary representation, it is likely that 25 new constituencies will be created by dividing some of the present constituencies which have an abnormal number of electors, so that the number of seats to be contested will be 640 instead of 615 as at present. On the other hand, what will be the distinguishing feature of the coming dissolution cannot be confidently predicted, at all events by me, until it actually takes place. One can only take the Prime Minister's forecast and see what it implies.

To begin with, it is conditioned by the end of the war with Germany. That has not yet occurred. Assuming that it does occur this year, the forecast implies that the ministers in the present Government who belong to the Labour Party will resign their offices, will cross the floor of the House, and sit on the front Opposition bench with their colleagues of the Labour Party. Thus, for the first time since the formation of the present National Government, there will be a definite Opposition party in the House, with all the powers and duties of such a party,

one of the most important of the duties being readiness to take office and implement a policy, if they succeed in defeating the party holding office. This, of course, implies that the present Government will be reconstituted so that it represents the Conservative party of which Mr. Churchill is the leader, since that party is the largest in the present House of Commons. Incidentally, the Liberal Party, though its representation in the present House is small in number, is also represented in the National Government and will presumably act in the same way as the Labour Party: if so, its representatives in office will resign and the party will resume complete freedom of political action.

What events will occur in the House when the reconstitution of the Government has taken place cannot be foreseen. Mr. Churchill looked forward to an interval of some two or three months before political warfare could desirably break out in full force: but it is absolutely impossible to foresee how the political situation in the House of Commons will develop during such an interval. Theoretically, it would be possible for this Conservative Government, if assured of a majority in the House, to introduce another bill for the prolongation of Parliament, for the same reasons as before, instead of advising the King to dissolve Parliament; for this presumptive Government, although it is to be constituted by agreement in preparation for conflict, and not as the result of conflict, will not be denuded of any powers which any Government, having a majority, possesses. Also, inevitably, if it goes to the country, it will have, not only the right of choosing the moment, but also the duty, as well as the necessity, of going to the country on a definite policy which it will formulate: and, unless previously defeated in the House, it will be in power when the dissolution occurs. However, although outlines of future social policy have been issued both by the present Government and by various parties, it still remains to be seen what the crucial issue will be when Parliament is dissolved, and on that depends very largely the state of mind in which the citizens will cast their votes.

Assuming that the forecast is fulfilled, and that a general election is held this year, what will be the result? Nobody can say. A reasonable prophecy of alternatives is that either the Conservative or the Labour Party will have a majority. The

King will then send for the leader of the party obtaining the majority and ask him to form a Government. Something then will depend on the size of the majority and the views of that particular leader on the government of the country during what will be a very difficult time of warfare in the Far East and considerable confusion in Europe. Who the next Prime Minister will be will depend on the result of the election: of whom the Government will consist, and whether it will be a single-party Government or any sort of coalition, will primarily depend on his decisions.

THE CINEMA AND ADULT TRAINING

By RANALD M. FINDLAY

THE cinematograph film, properly used, can contribute to the solution of two major post-war problems: 1. How to guide into the right jobs the hundreds of thousands of young people of both sexes whose education and training have been interrupted by the war, and 2. How to encourage people of all ages and in every walk of life to get the most out of their leisure. Adult training is going to play a vital part in our future national life, and the motion sound film ought to play a vital part in adult training.

It is a mistake—and no less a mistake because it is repeated generation after generation—to deplore and sometimes rage against the so-called low tastes of "the common herd"—to-day the twenty-five million citizens who in Britain go regularly to "the pictures", the millions who regularly patronize other cheap forms of entertainment which do not always appeal to the well-to-do critics. It is a mistake if for no other reason than that it serves no useful purpose. People continue to go where they will (within their means) for entertainment and enlightenment. The solution to the problem of indiscriminate pleasure-seeking, or pleasure-seeking within a narrow range, is not to rage against it but to provide people with competition in the shape of pursuits which will attract and hold the attention of their better natures. Many a young man in this war, "stranded" (as he

usually terms it) in some outlying district, has—sometimes, it may be admitted, only as a last resort—taken up some form of postal study; and often, to his great credit, he has gained a diploma which is likely to stand him in good stead in the years to come.

Entertainment alone tends to pall, even when it is varied. The motion film can do much to reveal the attraction of other interests which educate while they entertain. Broadcasting, a younger art form, has gone ahead of the cinema. Its administrators have carefully selected their subjects, and they have then done what they discourage the dance bands from doing with popular tunes—"plugged" them. The cinema on the other hand has merely titillated the appetite of the discerning few. It has presented sequences of "shots" to illustrate a particular lesson, but it has seldom presented a series of lessons. Yet a large part of the public are ready to respond to film tuition. They may be "choosey", but they are willing. It is time their demand was organized.

Many of the younger generation have lived strange, often artificial, lives since 1939. The cinema film, perhaps more effectively than any other agency, can make these young men and women aware of life's openings. In Britain, after the war is finally won, there should be no lack of opportunities to perform useful work—opportunities which can be shaped into worthwhile careers.

In adult education one of the immediate problems is the size of the classes in relation to the number of tutors and lecturers. In the post-war period the authorities responsible for inaugurating and administering local schemes, and the lecturers themselves, will get better results with less effort if they enlist the aid of cinema films; and their combined demand for suitable series of films can, if it is properly organized, lead to quick and important developments in the preparation and production of adult training films. The demand, as I foresee it, will be for two main classes of film: the general interest or utility film, and the specialized film designed to illustrate and explain specific processes. The lecturer can use both types with much profit to his teaching. And he will enjoy one advantage over the teacher in the school, who has to move warily: the lecturer will be

justified in showing films twice or three times the length of the best schoolroom films (which seldom run for more than ten or twelve minutes), because most adult audiences are film-minded, with a ready technical appreciation of the cinematograph art. So adult training lecturers should find films of even greater assistance than the school-teacher in driving their lessons home.

There is no limit to the field of adult instruction over which the keen, roving eye of the film camera may range. It can embrace the teaching of medicine, dentistry, hygiene, science, domestic science, astronomy, geography, history, engineering, shipbuilding, town and country planning, fashion and house designing, paper making, printing, plumbing, sociology, economics, business method, and scores of other essential activities.

As in the schoolroom so in the adult training centres, lecturers should make a point of encouraging discussion and questions after a film show. Those among them who have no past experience in the use of instructional films will be surprised at the response of hitherto backward students. The motion film seems to find an inlet to the dull brain's apprehension where other forms of appeal are blocked; and understanding of one aspect often produces an all-round awakening of vision and grasp. Among youths and school children, it has been found, the employment of well-chosen films often increases mental development by fifty per cent. It is essential, of course, that instructional films should be selected with care and discernment if they are to be effectively utilized in the lecture room; and before this can be done consistently, the choice of suitable films must be widened. If cinema films are to fulfil their function in post-war adult training they must therefore be planned well in advance, in consultation with the people responsible for planning adult educational courses. And, as a complement to this activity, the lecturers and tutors upon whom such a heavy burden is going to fall should now—or as soon as their war duties permit—be given a chance to study the technique of teaching with the aid of moving films and an opportunity to learn something of the amazing potentialities of the medium.

The first-class instructional film will arouse the student's interest, stir his imagination, aid his appreciation of the lesson, convey valuable knowledge, and inspire constructive thinking.

The trained film lecturer, too, can exploit the device of slow motion much more freely with adult audiences than the teacher is able to do in the ordinary schoolroom, since the adult mind is less readily distracted by the novelty and cunning of the artifice.

Films should play a leading role in the re-planning of our post-war social and civic life, if only on account of their faculty for helping young men and women to choose suitable vocations. Most people have a stunted conception of the number and variety of activities which go to the making of a modern economic organism. The cinema can beat the microphone in the pointed presentation of the chief features of this, that, and the next job. But if I had the power I should not depend solely on a visual impression, which tends to fade from the conscious mind. I should supplement my "career" series with booklets summarizing the lessons of the films and explaining in greater detail the distinctive features of each vocation. This practice could be extended to other fields of film instruction until, in the not too distant future, comprehensive, well-conceived series of instructional films along with attractive text-book supplements could become the great new popular educator that our progressive but still semi-literate age requires.

Some day, I hope, we shall get the equivalent of H. G. Wells's *Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind* in a memorable course of films dealing with man in the beginning, the dawn of social and economic life, man's struggle for mastery over the forces of nature, his mental and moral development, the growth of science, the conquest of power and space, the story of hunger and the cultivation of food, the organization of mass catering, the history of housing and the growth of towns and cities, the histories of clothing, heating, and lighting, the evolution of modern trading, the administration of modern business, the development of democracy, the relationships between master and man, between capital and labour, between supply and demand, between public and private enterprise, between saving and spending, between poverty and plenty, the story of the world's markets and exchanges, the role of woman in the world's work, the genesis and development of political organization and government, the machinery of law and order, the places of

pleasure, leisure and sport in the vast scheme of things—all these vital interrelated human activities and many more besides. This could become the greatest series of films ever screened. One day the job will doubtless be tackled.

No medium yet invented can surpass the film in its power to illustrate and explain the secrets of mechanical and scientific processes. Our industrial leaders ought to encourage the development of the medium, if for no other reason than that by demonstrating modern techniques it can help to make highly skilled and intelligent workers. Moreover, by first revealing separate processes and then relating them to the whole machine, by first focusing attention on individual activities and then relating them to the whole organization, the moving sound film can imbue workers with a sense of proportion, a readier interest in their own particular tasks, a more sympathetic understanding, a greater pride.

Training in civics—which have been well described as "awareness of community life"—will, I believe, come to form an essential and leading part in future courses of adult education. Communal life after the war will be complex. There will be many far-reaching adjustments to be made and therefore difficult problems to be tackled. The cinema film can, and I believe will, contribute notably to the solution of these problems.

THE THEATRE

By Ivor Brown

The chief event of the British Theatre at Christmas-time was the appearance of Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Lunt in a new play; that is to say, if you insist on applying nationalism to the arts, the appearance of two Americans. Miss Fontanne, if we must argue the point, has French blood but is English-born, and started her career in London, working under the great Ellen Terry. Mr. Lunt is a Danish American from Milwaukee, who reached the stage by way of Harvard and a short-lived apprenticeship to architecture.

Their new play is by Terence Rattigan, Irish origin, English education (Harrow and Oxford). So let us call the whole affair a product of the English-Speaking Union and drop the racial or nationalistic considerations altogether, as one usually should in the case of great artists, who, working on and with human nature as their element, are of the world and for the world. Of course actors must belong to certain places and use certain tongues, but the really great artists of the stage soar above language. I think a wholly deaf man could very largely enjoy a Lunt–Fontanne performance, so true is it that pantomine (in the old sense) is still an essential part of great acting. Both of the players act to the finger-tips and use every muscle, subtly and silently enforcing the message of the spoken word.

"*LOVE IN IDLENESS*"

The Lunts, as this great couple are familiarly termed, had made several pre-war visits to the English theatre. They came back to us, it will be remembered, in mid-war with a moving play of Greece invaded, *There shall be no Night*, by Robert Sherwood, now a tragically poignant theme and title among the Greek "troubles" of Christmas, 1944. This time they have given us a lighter matter. The author, Terence Rattigan, won a big success when scarcely out of Oxford with a farce called *French without Tears*, wrote a both amusing and moving play of the R.A.F. called *Flare Path*, another triumphant light war-time comedy (still running in London) called *While the Sun Shines*, and has now added *Love in Idleness*, which the Lunts have turned into an enormous success at the Lyric Theatre. True, almost any play would be a success with the Lunts, but this one has its own right to acclaim apart from the virtuosity of the artists who adorn its surface. Most certain it is that the Lunts "touch nothing that they do not decorate", but it is also evident that artists of this conquering kind are first of all careful as to what they touch. They did not just take Mr. Rattigan's play for lack of something better.

The "love in idleness" is that of Olivia Brown, a British middle-class widow who moves up from the bourgeois war-time poverty and self-conducted housework of Baron's Court in West Kensington to be the mistress of Sir John Foster, a Canadian "Big Business" man who has come over to help Britain and has, in the course of that assistance, become Minister of Tank Production.

There is nothing wicked about all this. Foster would gladly marry if he could get a divorce. Olivia enjoys the luxury that he can give her in Westminster and they are wildly happy together. Then suddenly enters Olivia's seventeen-year-old son, just back from war-schooling in Canada where he has become precocious, priggish, Puritanical, and Left-wing (yet somehow he remains quite a likeable lad, at least as Brian Nissen cleverly presents him). To such a boy his new, unmarried father represents Sin in both its forms, sexual and financial. Sir John for him is not only a Reactionary Capitalist: he is the Guilty Lover too, so the boy soon begins to see himself as a Hamlet whose duty is to rescue his mother from a gross and tyrannical seducer. On his so casting himself as young virtue, appointed to make an end of his mother's "love in idleness", the comedy—for it is and remains a Comedy—depends. One critic, Mr. Agate, seemed to complain that Mr. Rattigan, having gone to *Hamlet* for a theme, has not kept it up and written another play as good as *Hamlet*. This standard would bear hardly on any author.

Mr. Rattigan is a light-weight, pretends to be nothing more, and has written a good light-weight comedy for two masters of light touch. Let us leave it, thankfully, at that.

Mr. Lunt himself directs the performance, in which there are really only three parts that matter, his own, Miss Fontanne's, and the boy's. All are perfectly played. As I said before, this is "all-in" acting in which every nuance is conveyed physically as well as orally. Mr. Lunt can stand with his back to the audience and yet indicate exactly and in detail what he is thinking, hoping, and fearing.

The charm of this play and its rendering lay in the mannerliness, the civility of the proceedings. Recently, our stage has become so rough in its humour. The latest Lonsdale play *Another Love Story* (at the Phœnix) was a case in point. Love was altogether too polite a word for the emotion which seemed to animate most of the characters. Their form of repartee, too, pursued a wit more wanton, and sometimes quite crudely so, than civilized comedy should care to cultivate. One left the theatre feeling that one had been demeaned and played down to by the dramatist. In the case of *Love in Idleness*, the result was exactly the opposite. One left with a feeling of stimulation, one had been treated as an adult of some taste and judgment. The theatre, instead of seeking easy laughter, had appealed to a more discriminating intelligence. It was doing its proper work in the community, which is to raise life to a higher power and endue it with a richer colour.

All good art magnifies and enriches life whatever medium it uses, whereas all too often we only meet upon the stage people who are stupider, coarser, and more vulgar than their fellows. Of course, great moralizing comedy has often been built upon stupidity and grossness (see Jonson and Molière), but there are various ways of doing this and Mr. Lonsdale's way is by no means that of a moralist or of a master-satirist using words like shining spears. But words, when the Lunts use them, do seem to shimmer in the air. These players do not turn to poetical dramatists for their texts and their matter. But the result is a kind of poetry all the same. The audience is bewitched by the use of ordinary words with extraordinary skill, just as great poetry bewitches its hearers and readers by somehow contriving to make glorious music out of the simplest monosyllables.

Pantomime

The earliest part of the year in the British Theatre is dominated, quite as much as ever, by Pantomime. This mixture of fairy-tale, spectacle, and music-hall drollery is quite unintelligible to a foreign audience and it certainly has not captured the rest of the English-speaking world. The United States have nothing like it and the British Dominions, too, do not sustain the ritual so dear to the British public at home.

Pantomime is, of course, an old word and has covered many species of mummery. But in the nineteenth century the present form of British pantomime took shape and that shape has remained remarkably constant.

The success of the show will largely depend upon the Comedians. Nobody cares what the title is. The tales most commonly used are those of Cinderella or Dick Whittington (the latter is a historical character who became Lord Mayor of London, but the stories told of his boyhood and his famous cat are mixed with magic). There must be a large number of scenes divided by one interval and before the interval there are big scenic and ballet effects, which the exigencies of war have diminished but not dissipated altogether. As the performance wears on, less and less attention is paid to the story and the pantomime becomes more and more like a Vaudeville entertainment where any performer may come on and "do his stuff" regardless of the fable.

Thus described, the Pantomime must sound stupid and unattractive to those who do not know it. But it has enormous vigour and high spirits. It is frankly, unashamedly illogical, traditional, insular, absurd. It gives the clowns full licence to be themselves, and a visitor to London who has seen such drolls as Nervo and Knox (His Majesty's), Fred Emney and Richard Hearne (Coliseum), and Hermione Baddeley and Bobby Howes (Winter Garden) might well have been mystified by Pantomime in general, but he would also have seen some first-rate farcical nonsense and elemental, acrobatic fun.

ART AND INDUSTRY

By PHILIP HENDY

A great deal of history lies behind the creation of the new Council of Industrial Design. There are still many British manufacturers to whom the recognition of the question of design as an important one will come as something of a shock, and there will be an equally pleasant surprise for many English men and women who had become accustomed before the war to look for things of good contemporary design abroad. In fact, however, the new Council is not only the immediate result of the findings of a committee appointed by the Board of Trade several years ago, but the final, practical outcome of a series of gradual steps towards the solution of the difficult problem of design in industry which the Board has been taking ever since the last war. Moreover, though the initiative lay previously with the Ministry of Education, the Government has been seeking the means to improve the design of manufactures for more than a century.

What has defeated its efforts for the most part has been the slight interest taken by the manufacturers. They co-operated willingly enough in the most spectacular effort ever made in England, the Great Exhibition of 1851, organized under the enthusiastic patronage of Queen Victoria's Consort, Prince Albert. They were much less interested, however, in the Museum of Ornamental Art which was set up to perpetuate the exhibition's good intentions, and has developed into the great Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, one of the world's greatest repositories of the fine arts of the past; or in the National School of Design, which dates from fifteen years before the Museum's foundation and was moved five years after it to South Kensington, so that the two might grow up side by side.

The new industries of those days grew up mostly in the Midlands and in the North, where the population was on the whole less cultured; and the new industrialists saw little reason to collaborate with artists or craftsmen when the public appeared well satisfied with the hackneyed adaptations of traditional designs which underpaid employees ground out in their mills. The public in any case had no opportunity to buy anything else, except at much greater prices. Our early start with industrialization gave us a long lead in foreign markets. The long tradition of industrial craftsmanship still gives us an advantage to-day. The opportunity of our competitors has come in the matter of design.

The gulf between the manufacturer and the artist has probably been wider in Britain than elsewhere. It is not all the fault of the manufacturer. The traditionalism of the Englishman, his love of the countryside and his unwillingness to imagine himself as a city-dweller, even though his capital city is the largest in the world, make him a born enemy of the machine. Britain is, paradoxically, the home not only of the industrial revolution but of the arts and crafts movement; and William Morris, its founder, seems still to be the representative of a large section of English middle-class taste. The arts and crafts movement was of more benefit, however, to the craftsman than to any large number of consumers.

The Machine Master

Meanwhile the machine, instead of being the servant it should be, was mastering the rest of us, making our lives ugly and our tastes bad. To harness the artist and the machine happily together is the great art problem of the twentieth century. The "fine arts" themselves depend upon its solution. They can no longer rely, as they could in the more aristocratic past, upon an exclusive caste whose taste was formed for it by the beauty of its surroundings and of the fine contemporary crafts at its command. The rich, with their old houses and their antique furniture, now live in the past; and the contemporary culture and taste out of which any robust tradition must grow is formed almost exclusively from articles made by the machine.

It is not for the sake of the fine arts, however, or because good design in everyday thing is one of the necessities of a good life, that manufacturers are going to produce it. They would not co-operate with the Board of Education or with the schools of art established by the local education authorities;

MUSIC

By EDWIN EVANS

The Royal Philharmonic Society is now in its 133rd season. In its far-off youth, when presumably it was sowing its wild oats, it earned the right to be counted among the patrons of Beethoven, the outstanding "modern" of that period, which has long been one of its most honourable credentials. The year 1871 saw the adoption of two customs of the Society. One was that since that date a bust of Beethoven has been displayed at each concert in front of the conductor's rostrum. The other was that a gold medal was struck to be awarded to eminent musicians "for services to music, whether as composer or executant". In course of time this medal has come to be regarded as one of the highest honours within the gift of the English musical world.

Among composers who have received it are Gounod, Brahms, Elgar, Richard Strauss, Sibelius, Delius, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Bax; among executants Joachim, Ysaye, Casals, Myra Hess; up to now four conductors, Weingartner, Toscanini, Wood, and Beecham. To these has now been added Sir Adrian Boult, who happens to be the fiftieth recipient of the medal—which shows that its distribution has not been lavish in the seventy-three years that have elapsed since the first award.

The occasion was the first concert of the Society at which the orchestra was that of the B.B.C. In acknowledging the honour Sir Adrian Boult gracefully transmitted a liberal share of the credit not only to the members of that orchestra, but to the officials and personnel of that organization who had facilitated his task in bringing the former to its present high state of efficiency. The ceremony was a pleasantly intimate one, devoid of pomp and circumstance in which, to be frank, our musicians do not appear at their best. Elgar was the only one of them within living memory who really did cut a courtly figure on ceremonial occasions. The programme of the concert was a typical one. Maggie Teyte, one of our greatest artists, sang Ravel's "Scheherazade", Henry Holst played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and English music was represented by Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis.

Whilst on the subject of honouring conductors it may be relevant to mention the discussion that has arisen concerning the practice of orchestras rising at their appearance on the platform. It was instituted about the middle of the nineteenth century by such spectacular figures as Jullien, but was allowed to lapse until, not many years ago, it was spontaneously revived by orchestras at the end of a particularly successful season, or to honour a very eminent "guest" conductor. So long as it remained spontaneous it had much to commend it. But a time came when it seemed invidious to make any distinction and then the practice became general, with the result that it lost all meaning. Lately the London Philharmonic and B.B.C. Orchestras have taken the lead in dropping it as undemocratic, in which they have the full approval of the vast majority of their audiences, if perhaps not of all conductors.

Orchestral Concerts

Orchestral concerts have been as plentiful as usual. Apart from the various series now in progress there are two supplementary events to record. One consisted of three concerts on consecutive days which Sir Thomas Beecham gave at the Albert Hall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The programmes might have been a catalogue in miniature of his preferences at various stages of his career, from the eighteenth century music which was his first, to Delius, his most enduring love.

At the last concert Betty Humby, now Lady Beecham, played a new Concerto which Sir Thomas has adapted for her from certain works of Handel. It proved quite charming but so slender and so lightly scored that in that large hall it sounded almost like chamber music. The other supplementary concert was a pious tribute to the memory of Sir Henry Wood at the Royal Academy of Music to which he was so attached. Three conductors shared the

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programme: Sir Adrian Boult and Basil Cameron who were associated with Wood at the Promenade Concerts, and Ernest Read who has succeeded him at the Academy. The audience stood during the playing of the "Nimrod" variation from Elgar's "Enigma"—which, though not originally intended as an elegy, is so nobly conceived that it may well serve that purpose.

In the sphere of chamber music the series of concerts sponsored by Gerald Cooper reached its jubilee during the month, the fiftieth programme being, like the majority of its predecessors, devoted to the classics, in this case Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms. For novelty one turned to the latest of the concerts organized by Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes, at which there were two new works by British composers.

New Works

The first was a Symphony for strings by Dr. Gordon Jacob, a composer whose remarkable skill seems to produce its happiest results when applied to a lighter purpose than this sombre and somewhat austere music. The other work was a "Soliloquy" for solo cello, strings, horns, and timpani by Edmund Rubbra, who has advanced considerably in repute since the performance, in 1937, of the first of his four symphonies, the last of which he completed in the intervals of serving with the Royal Artillery. His latest composition is in two linked movements of which the first seemed rather long, but that is the only criticism it incurred. In all else it proved a distinct success.

It fell to Manchester to inaugurate the Christmas season of oratorio, which of course means Handel's "Messiah". That city, like many others, is suffering from a paucity of concert halls, but it has recently discovered one in the manège at the Bellevue Gardens, a wooden structure which is the equivalent in capacity of many, for it seats about 6,000. Its acoustic conditions are good, but in other respects its resources are not ideal, and there is no organ. There the Hallé Orchestra and Choir were joined by the Sheffield Choir and—a little late, owing to the prevailing transport difficulties—by another from Huddersfield.

Directed by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the massed choirs more than upheld the well-established reputation of the North. In the "Hallelujah" Chorus the volume and richness of the tone they produced were so impressive as to be almost overwhelming. The South does not do badly, but it cannot rival these lusty choristers of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Still the performances of the "Messiah" given at the Albert Hall in London by the Goldsmiths' Choral Union under Frederick Haggis on Boxing Day, and by the Royal Choral Society under Dr. Malcolm Sargent four days later, had qualities not less praiseworthy for being less spectacular.

Meanwhile, on Christmas Eve, Dr. Malcolm Sargent had launched an innovation by giving us, with the Royal Choral Society and London Philharmonic Orchestra, Berlioz's seasonable but rarely heard oratorio, "The Childhood of Christ". Apart from one soloist, for whom apologies were offered as she was suffering from a cold, the performance was all that could be desired, but in this work Berlioz's Muse was for once tenderly intimate and subdued, and the vast spaces of the Albert Hall were not the right ambit for such a venture. More than ever one sighed for the loss of Queen's Hall.

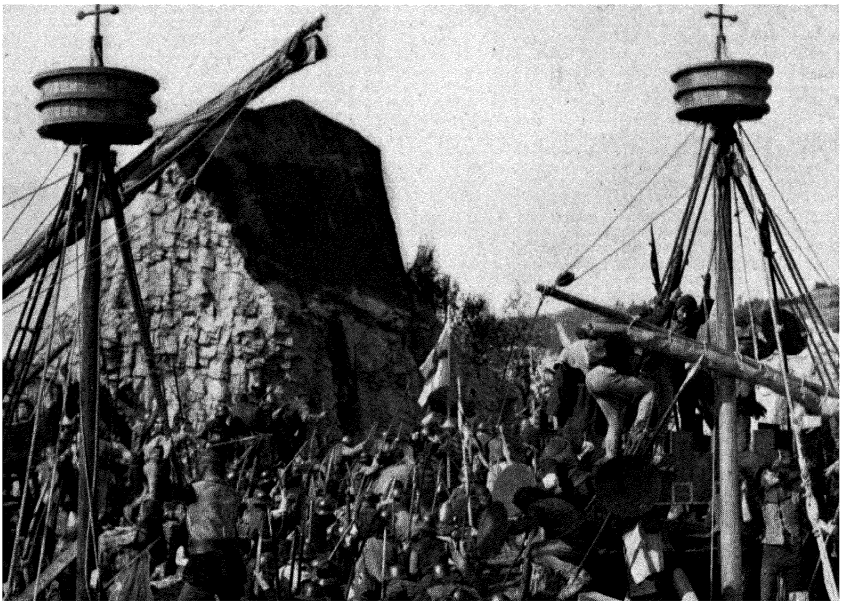
The same day at another hall was to be heard Benjamin Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols" for female (or boys') voices and harp, in which a number of them are linked in an original manner betokening a sympathetic imagination. Even the modernity of the treatment is in no way disturbing and the young people appear to enjoy it as much as their audience. Three attractive carols by Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) were sung at the same concert. A few days later another programme of carols was presented in the congenial atmosphere of Cecil Sharp House, the home of the English Folk Song and Folk Dance Society, under the direction of Dr. Vaughan Williams, whose taste could be discerned in the selection. And while discussing Yule-tide music we must not overlook the *Poets' Christmas* broadcast on Christmas eve which consisted of poems specially written for the occasion. Among them those of Edith Sitwell, Frances Cornford, and W. H. Auden were set for unaccompanied choir respectively by Michael Tippett, Lennox Berkeley, and Benjamin Britten.





HENRY V. FILMED

Above: Laurence Olivier as Henry V. *On right*: Renée Asherson as Katharine, the French Princess





Above: Scaling the Cliffs of France
Below: Scene at the French Court

"HENRY V" ON THE FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

PRODUCTION: Two Cities for Eagle-Lion.
PRODUCER AND DIRECTOR: Laurence Olivier.
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: Dallas Bower.
TEXT: Alan Dent.
MUSIC: William Walton.
ORCHESTRA: London Symphony Orchestra.
LEADING ARTISTS: Laurence Olivier, Leslie Banks, Felix Aylmer, Renée Asherson, Robert Newton, Robert Helpmann, Esmond Knight, Harcourt Williams, Max Adrian, Leo Genn, and Ivy St. Helier.
CAMERA: Jack Hildyard.

Until this production of *Henry V*, Shakespeare has never yet succeeded on the screen. Either too much attention has been paid to lavish settings, or the stars chosen to save Shakespeare from box-office disaster have left his characters far behind in their efforts to be their usual screen selves. Only Hollywood's miscast *Romeo and Juliet* had some dignity, though Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer were far too mature and famous to catch the fresh innocence of these youngest of lovers.

Shakespeare presents initial difficulties for film treatment. Working for the most part on a wooden stage without sets or any embellishment beyond the magnificent costumes of his time, he wrote for an age when every effect must be achieved by words. Words, the lofty lengthy rhetoric of Renaissance England, flooded from the lips of his actors and excited the ears of his noisy audience, eager for the sensationalism of fine phrasing and the flourish of resounding poetry.

The cinema is the invention of an age devoted to the sensationalism of sight. The film is essentially a visual art. Like Shakespeare's drama, it can be vulgarized or sublimated according to the use made of it by artist and audience. But it is a medium in which sound, be it dialogue, music, or natural effects, takes second place to the moving images on the screen. That is why so much skill is needed to translate a dramatic script, based on dialogue, into a film script, based on shots edited into sequences.

But Shakespeare offers two great advantages to his adapters. First, the mobility of his scenes plays into the hands of a camera technique the first consideration of which is to match swiftness of action with change of viewpoint. Secondly, Shakespeare, the supreme Renaissance humanist, is at his greatest when he outgrows the bombast of his predecessors and writes words which look into the hearts of his characters with a psychological insight unequalled by any other modern dramatist. These simple, profound words, like the great soliloquies, have all the intimacy required by the film, which can present them in quiet close-up and with the maximum of visual and aural concentration.

Laurence Olivier and his colleagues have used a dual method of presentation. The play opens in Shakespeare's Globe Theatre with the stage and audience and actors authentically reconstructed. Rather more than the first act is played both from the audience's and artists' points of view. The camera is now in the pit, now on the stage, now in the actors' green room. The first entry of King Henry is seen through the stage door looking out over the scene into the crowded pit. Then, when the King sets sail with his men to conquer France, we leave the wooden theatre, and find ourselves in the rich settings of the French court and watching the spectacle of the full-scale action of an invading army. Agincourt is engaged in the open fields, and only at the close of the film do we return to the Globe Theatre once again. The idea is bold but successful.

The settings for the main action, when they are not the fields of Ireland, where the outdoor scenes were shot, are for the most part in the camps and castles of France. Here the designs and colours have been carefully matched to Renaissance paintings.

The costumes and accoutrements are magnificent, and the heraldry, which has been carefully authenticated, adds richness and lustre to the film. The photography is in Technicolour, and is of the best which has yet been shown. The French court is a building of slender colonnades and high windows which look out over the sunny meadows of France. Although the acting is produced in a style as near realism as speech in verse will permit, we are never without the knowledge that we are seeing an action which is larger than normal life in settings as artificially beautiful as the backgrounds to paintings of fourteenth-century Italy.

Shakespeare's introductory Chorus, who becomes a disembodied commentator when the scope of the film widens, enjoins us, as Shakespeare's audiences were enjoined, to assist with our own imagination. We are introduced to a great company of British actors whose experience in the speaking of Shakespeare is unequalled. Outstanding are Renée Asherson's cautiously coquettish Princess, Robert Newton's flamboyant Pistol, Esmond Knight's fantastic Fluellen, Leo Genn's sinister Constable, Max Adrian's shady Dauphin, and Harcourt Williams's exhausted and terrified French King Charles.

Over them towers Laurence Olivier's King Henry V, a character intended by Shakespeare to be the ideal prince and leader of his peoples. In his famous speeches to his men (on horseback for "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more" and on a cart for the St. Crispin's Eve oration, with the camera pulling back over the heads of his soldiers crowding to hear him), Olivier shows him as the popular general and comrade in battle. In contrast, he woos with a rough tenderness the princess Katharine in French which is as bad as her own ill-learnt English.

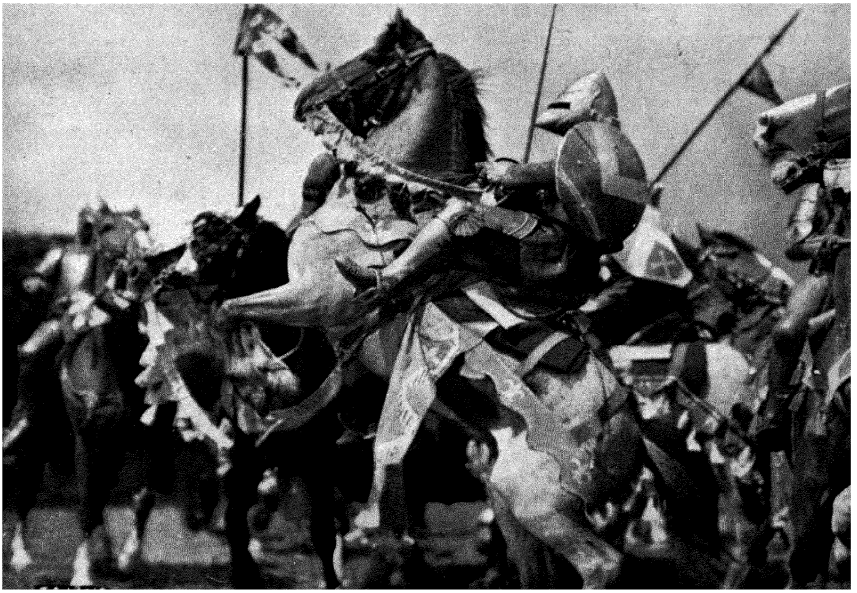
In two notable scenes the film uses the fuller powers of cinematic art. The first depends as much on Shakespeare as on the director and cameraman: the second has no dialogue and belongs to the cinema alone. During the troubled night before Agincourt, Henry wanders restlessly about his camp, cloaked and hooded, now recognized, now unrecognized, a dark figure passing through fire-light and shadow. Eventually he sits down with a group of soldiers and joins in their debate on the powers and importance of the King. A young soldier speaks of the heavy burden a Prince must carry who leads men to death in a cause the justice of which he alone arbitrates. The camera shows their firelit faces; their voices are soft and thoughtful. When they fall asleep, the King watches the dawn rise, and ponders with still lips but spoken thoughts the responsibilities of kingship. Here Shakespeare becomes a film script-writer equal to the dramatist.

Battle Scene

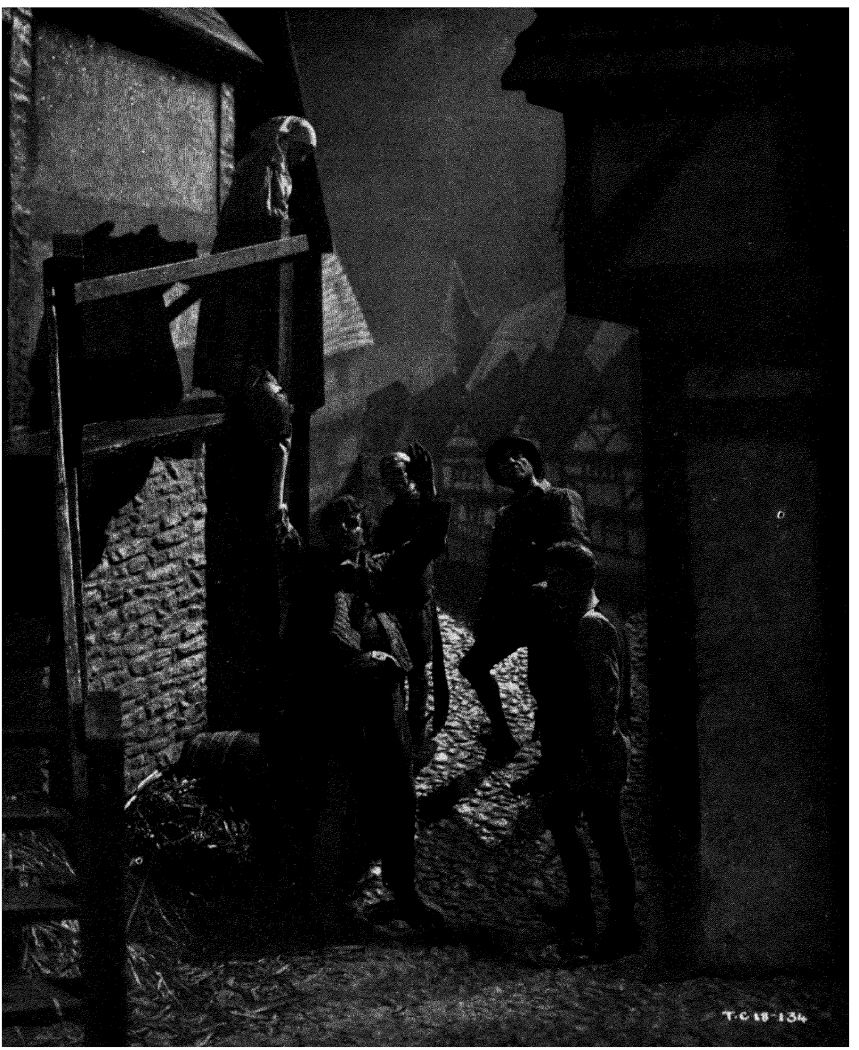
At the private view of the film the critics applauded the sequences of the battle of Agincourt. This is an unusual ovation. Natural sound is combined with William Walton's magnificent musical score to create a scene which has been compared with the battle on the ice in Eisensteins's Soviet film *Alexander Nevski*. We see the lines of drummers and archers, the standards and the movement of men and horses, the mounting of the French knights in their armour. Then follows a long tracking side-shot of the great line of horsemen moving slowly forward, then gathering speed into a gallop and finally into a full charge as they near the British archers standing ready, holding their fire until the correct range is reached. As the horsemen seem about to overwhelm them, the arrows roar up into the sky and fall in a great curve among the on-coming cavalry. Chaos follows, and the camera plunges into the coloured confusion of rearing horses, shouting men, broken standards, the wounded and the dying. The music gives place to the shouts of soldiers and the neighing of frightened horses. It is incredible panic, and magnificent cinema.

Shakespeare is a British dramatist whose language, grown archaic through the passage of time, is difficult to follow even for his own countrymen. For foreigners who know sufficient English to understand the main trend of the meaning, this film will offer, for the first time on any large scale abroad, a production of one of Shakespeare's best plays by a cast of distinguished modern artists. Britain has no better film to show in such times as these. For those whose English fails them, there remain colour, spectacle, action, and music which cannot, so combined, be easily forgotten.





Above: The Battle of Agincourt
Below: A French Knight



PISTOL, NYM, AND BARDOLPH LEAVE FOR THE WARS

NEW LITERATURE

MODERN ITALY

By Ivor Thomas M.P.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN ITALY. *By* Arthur James Whyte. *Blackwell.* 18*s.*

English writers, headed by Professor Trevelyan with his famous trilogy on Garibaldi, have written many valuable works on stages in the evolution of modern Italy, but until Dr. Whyte's book appeared there was no thorough account of the whole period. He rightly claims that events from 1870 onwards have scarcely been considered critically. In an over-worked phrase, which is really applicable on this occasion, his study "fills a gap", and fills it with distinction. Apart from such a *lapsus calami* as the attribution to Orlando of the phrase *sacro egoismo* (p. 254) the reader will find here a store of information which will make the book valuable for reference for decades to come.

The limits set by Dr. Whyte to his story are 1715 to 1920. They are natural limits. The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 had made big differences in Italy, and among other things had made the Duke of Savoy King of Sicily, a title shortly to be exchanged under compulsion for King of Sardinia. The Treaty of Rapallo in 1920 secured to Italy the last of the truly irredentist lands; and although Fascism had already lifted its head there was no prospect of a Fascist régime. In this period the first hundred years are lightly sketched, those years when the Italian states under Austrian rule lay in a terrible moral and economic depression (notwithstanding Goethe's glowing description of the Italian cities); and Dr. Whyte's main object in including this chapter seems to be to bring out the part played by Napoleon in creating the desire for national unity. He thinks that "some Italian writers tend to underrate" the importance of the Napoleonic period, "maintaining that the movement was purely Italian and, in essence, independent of French influence"; but surely the main fault of Italian writers, if it is a fault, is rather to insist on the essentially Italian character of Buonaparte (as they naturally spell his name).

The years 1815–1920 are told in greater detail. First comes "the Age of Conspiracies", 1815–31, when the Powers supported Metternich in his refusal to see constitutionalism in Italy and the *Carbonari* lit the torch of freedom. The next period, 1831–48, is rather unfairly called "Conspiracy on Paper"; and, indeed, Dr. Whyte seems unable to do justice to the purity and heroism of Mazzini's fight and its importance in paving the way for liberation. Dr. Whyte's sympathies are rather with the diplomat Cavour and the monarchs of the House of Savoy. But conspiracy and diplomacy were both needed to make united Italy, and also the fighting spirit of Garibaldi, never better shown than in the defence of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1848 and the march to Ravenna. Cavour's ability as a diplomatist was seen at its best during the Crimean War, which he persuaded Sardinia to enter side by side with Great Britain and France, with the object of getting international support against Austria. His aim was the interests of Italy, but in a noble manner quite different from the bargaining which resulted in the Secret Treaty of London in 1915. Many readers will thank Dr. Whyte for including the speech in the Chamber in which Cavour said (in effect) "that England loses all battles except the last". The results of Cavour's wise policy were seen in 1859–60, when France and Great Britain gave the Italian national cause the military and diplomatic support necessary to achieve her liberation.

In 1861 the Kingdom was founded and in due course Rome and Venetia were added, and towards the end of the story Trentino and Istria. Dr. Whyte endorses the saying of Jesse White Mario about the poetry of the Risorgimento being translated into the prose of the Kingdom, and he is severe in his strictures upon the use made by Italians of their liberty. But the fact that one of the few Italians on whom he lavishes warm praise in this period is Crispi should put the reader on his guard against accepting all his judgments. Crispi, that Mussolini before the Duce, who led Italy

into the disaster of Adowa without Parliamentary knowledge of what was proceeding, "deserves full credit", we are told, "as the one Italian statesman of his period who revealed a sense of vision regarding the value of colonies"; he was "a great patriot but ill-balanced". We are also informed that parliamentary government was "an alien importation" which "produced a state of political weakness and a social condition akin to anarchy".

In making similar strictures about the severity of the criminal law in Italy Dr. Whyte pulls himself up by the recollection that conditions were just as bad in England at the time. The same defence can be made of parliamentary government in Italy; and is made, for example, in Croce's *History of Italy 1871–1915* (pp. 20–1 of Miss Ady's translation). The bitterness of inter-party strife in Great Britain from 1908 to 1914 seemed to many foreign observers (among them Wilhelm II) to have reduced parliamentary democracy to anarchy. It is fair to say that this judgment of Dr. Whyte's appears in the preface, and other views can be supported by the excellent narration of events in the text.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY

By HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. *By* Herbert J. C. Grierson and J. C. Smith. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

It is hard for a reviewer not to demand of a history of Literature more than it is meant to supply. A historian must to some extent be a generalizer. The scope of his undertaking is such that he cannot afford to look too searchingly even at the more outstanding figures in the long procession which he has undertaken to survey. Proportion is a more essential virtue than penetration, just assessment and scholarly accuracy than creative insight. Yet all these virtues are in their degree required.

Sir Herbert Grierson and Dr. J. C. Smith possess them and in due measure for the purpose they have in hand, a study of English poetry and of drama in so far as it is poetic from its first beginnings down to 1939. If they have a defect, it is a dislike for anything which threatens or subverts the humanistic tradition of which they are the accredited high priests. This is most apparent, as might be expected, in their assessment of twentieth-century poetry which they preface with a proud apology for not "possessing that 'modern sensibility' which the young poets arrogate to themselves and demand of their critics". Judging modern poets by the degree to which they "kept the faith", they prefer Laurence Binyon's poetry to T. S. Eliot's, which they view with a rather write "we shall excuse ourselves from discussing that person who was never to our knowledge a British national".

Their conservatism, however, seldom bristles elsewhere, although it is reflected now and then in a curious recoil from anything that challenges a settled way of thought, as when they describe Blake's provocatively luminous *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* as "this amazing piece of vivid, if *unintelligible* visions and incisive paradoxes". Characteristically, too, in their dislike of the suggestion that the decline of Wordsworth's poetic powers was the nemesis of repressed passion, they attribute it primarily to overwork, disregarding the significance of the nervous tension which conditioned the overwork and which supports the psychologist's argument.

But these occasional flickers of prejudice or of limited understanding count for nothing against the steadfast light of masculine good sense and informed learning which illuminate their record as a whole. Their preference and their values in poetry are well exemplified in their statement that "Milton was a stronger and sterner man, as well as a greater artist, than either Wordsworth or Shelley", and they are content to dismiss recent attempts to dethrone Milton as a poet with the curt remark, "there is something in these charges but not much". Yet they admit that he was a "humourless idealist" and they are as staunch in their defence of Shelley against the carping of

given "rapt and musical expression to a profound longing of the human heart, obscured but not extinguished in the hardest, the most cynical of realists", and that "minute criticism" is "of no avail when applied to poems of such unique beauty, spiritual and formal, and of such entire originality" as his shorter lyrics.

Indeed their treatment of all the greater figures from Chaucer to Tennyson and Browning is at once sound and distinctive. They are particularly good on Burns, and Scottish poetry throughout receives its full due and attention. Possibly their praise of Ronald Campbell Macfee is in this respect an example of undue preference, as their citing of three of Doughty's worst lines as typical is of undue slighting. But as a balanced survey of genius and talent in poetry through twelve centuries this is a fine product of the humanism which they cherish.

A WOMAN IN POLITICS

By M. HANNAH

REMEMBERING MY GOOD FRIENDS. *By* Mary Agnes Hamilton. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton is one of those disinterested democrats and public servants —she has been a Member of Parliament, a delegate at Geneva, an Alderman of the L.C.C., a Governor of the B.B.C., and a civil servant—who represent British politics and institutions at their best, and in the long run, if one may say so without undue arrogance, at their most characteristic. That is to say, she is a democrat first and a politician second; she believes absolutely in free institutions and government based on moral principle; relatively in Socialism in so far as it can be introduced without violence to liberty. She is by temperament a Liberal who has been converted to the Socialist doctrine of economic equality and believes that this end can be achieved by persuasion and consent. Public servants of this kind rarely have an outstanding career in politics. But devoted and conscientious servants of the people, they leave an indelible mark on their life and times. Working on back benches in the House of Commons, on Committees, in Ministries and on public bodies, they maintain the moral values which preserve the decency of public life.

This is not to suggest that Mrs. Hamilton has not been an ardent and even persecuted crusader for the causes in which she believed. A worker for the I.L.P., a pacifist during the last war, a member of the Labour opposition which went into the wilderness after the crisis of 1931, she has indeed most frequently been associated with unpopular causes, and has stuck to her Party with unfailing loyalty during all its vicissitudes. But she has a remarkable capacity for seeing the other point of view and there is no trace of bitterness in her accounts of those from whom she differed. She describes with unembittered candour her progress from devotion to uneasiness and finally to painful disillusionment with respect to Ramsay MacDonald. She is critical of the dogmatism of Socialist intellectuals whilst full of admiration for their integrity and brilliance. In an admirable and affectionate portrait of the Webbs she disposes of the delusion that their work represented an extraordinary conversion from the gradualism of the Fabian Society to the revolutionary socialism of Russia The one a bureaucrat, the other an aristocrat, collectivism was the ideal which inspired them from start to finish.

Her judgment of the British character is singularly acute. Thus she realizes better than many progressives that, in this country, it is the appeal to idealism rather than the appeal to self-interest which wins an election in times of crisis. She would like to see the Labour Party informed by the crusading zeal of the I.L.P. Bread and butter politics are not enough. For the negativity of the thirties and particularly for the *trahison des clercs*, she has harsh words. "The condition precedent to dictatorship is disbelief: by and large, this condition was prepared, even in Britain, even in America. The artists—literary, visual, musical—assiduously watered and tended it."

These reminiscences were intended pri-

marily as portraits of friends. In fact, Mrs. Hamilton with a few outstanding exceptions is much better in her analysis of political principles than in her personal observations, which tend to be platitudinous, scrappy, and undiscriminating. Lists of people one has met in hospitable houses are always a bore. The failure as a portraitist is, however, the defect of a quality. She is both too loyal and too reserved to tell us much that we should like to know.

MR. CHARLES MORGAN

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR. *By* Charles Morgan. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The page in the *Times Literary Supplement* which, for the last three years, Mr. Charles Morgan has filled with a weekly essay, has represented a new departure for that paper. Traditionally, its main articles have considered closely some particular book or author, and the emphasis has been on this object, not on the writer of the review. Mr. Morgan, too, sometimes considers a book—*War and Peace*, Lord David Cecil's study of Hardy, Maurice Bowra's *Heritage of Symbolism*—and when, for once, in the essay on Emily Brontë, he gives close attention to the actual content of his subject, he is interesting. But otherwise, whatever his topic, it serves mainly as a starting-point for his own opinions, and his series as a whole (from which this selection has now been made) has been charged with his own personality. Among the subjects of these 'speculative inquiries'—his own term—are the search for values; the idea of France, of Europe, of Italy; the Uncommon Man; leisure; "*la douceur de vivre*". Naturally, in considering these topics he takes account of contemporary literature; but many of his most strongly held opinions are invalidated by vagueness. "The stale vanguard", for instance, to which he returns again and again: these writers of the 'twenties and 'thirties are blamed for a variety of evils, from class-consciousness to a dislike of Keats. But they are never named. Perhaps wisely: for Mr. Morgan's generalizations would break down sadly with any one of the poets and critics who counted most in that period.

On another point, too—his answer to American concern, in 1941, on our lack of "war poetry", Mr. Morgan shows curious gaps in his readings of his contemporaries. Surely one very simple reason for the absence of any sudden burst of poetry in 1939 was that poets had been steadily writing about the war since 1933. To them it came as no thunderclap from a clear sky, as 1914 did to Rupert Brooke; the clouds had been gathering since the Reichstag fire, and Herbert Read, Stephen Spender and Auden, for example, wrote war poems of great integrity and pity before the lights went down in 1939.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE LAST PEACE

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE LAST PEACE. *By* R. B. McCallum. Oxford University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The most relevant and urgent of all historical questions is "What went wrong with the last peace?" Already many leading participants in the "great experiment" have published their own versions of the answer. Here is the answer of an Oxford Don who is a student of modern history. His version is that whatever was wrong it was not inherently the Treaty of Versailles or the settlement of Paris or the Covenant of the League. These, he believes, were "worth maintaining and could have been defended". He seeks the main fault in the subsequent fluctuations of public opinion in the most interested countries—in "what people chose to think about the Treaty". The book is an analysis of such fluctuations in one country, Great Britain. It describes the main lines of argument and shifts of emphasis in public opinion which led to loss of faith in both national armaments and international organization.

The historical study of public opinion, as developed in the United States, is concerned with painstaking analysis of the press and of Parliamentary debates. Such is not Mr. McCallum's method. He speaks more from personal experiences, and describes the intellectual assumptions and trends of thought and feeling which moulded British thought between the two wars. His method of approach is not scientific and sociological, but subjective and argumentative. The result is intriguing, amusing, stimulating: the bright conversation of the Oxford High Table and

the witty debating style of the Oxford Union. It makes excellent reading. But its value to the serious student of contemporary history lies less in its study of inter-war opinion than in its revelation of contemporary opinion: the groping to draw fresh hope from past frustrations.

DAVID THOMSON

IN SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND AND THE ENGLISH. *By* Arnold Lunn. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

BRENVA. *By* T. Graham Brown. *Dent.* 25*s.*

Mr. Arnold Lunn is at all times an entertaining writer. In his new book he discusses the Greek attitude to scenery, the history of the theory of evolution, the Romantic Movement and the development of the modern taste for mountain landscapes, the early days of the Alpine Club, the development of ski-ing in Switzerland and the impact of the Nazi movement on international sport. Like all Mr. Lunn's books, it leaves the reader delighted and exasperated—delighted by the good stories and pithy sayings, and exasperated by the digressions and omissions.

As a history of English relations with Switzerland the book is unsatisfactory; Mr. Lunn is in far too much of a hurry to get on to the subject of his father's development of the tourist trade in Switzerland, and because he is mainly interested in the clients of the British tourist agencies he overemphasizes the Public School element, with its vices and virtues, its cheerful good nature and its infuriatingly proprietary air to any place in which it chooses to amuse itself. As Mr. Lunn well knows, the British people as a whole do not regard Switzerland simply as the Playground of Mayfair; they look upon the country as the other home of democracy in Europe—a place where democracy has succeeded because the ordinary citizen was willing to take his responsibilities seriously and to respect his fellow-citizens. If we read Stanyan's *Account of Switzerland* (1714) or Latrebe's *Alpenstock* (1839) we see that this serious and political interest in Switzerland is no new thing; but Mr. Lunn does not mention these books or any of the dozens of others which are in the same class.

But on his own subject, the whims and convictions of the moderately well-to-do British traveller, Mr. Lunn is vastly amusing; and anyone who reads the book will feel that he has come into contact with a lively, pugnacious, witty, and often scholarly mind.

Graham Brown's *Brenva* is a book in a different category. The Peteret Ridge on the South Face of Mont Blanc is a classic mountaineering expedition, and the old Brenva route, a little to the east, was first climbed by Moore as long ago as 1865. Between these two routes, however, there is a tremendous face of ice and rock, which was still unclimbed in 1927 when Graham Brown and Frank Smythe made their way up the Sentinelle route. Subsequently Graham Brown worked out two other grand routes on this face. He tells the story soberly and well; the reader cannot help catching the author's suppressed and half-apologetic enthusiasm for this magnificent mountain-face. Like the author, one begins to have an unworthy fear that someone else (perhaps Gervasutti) will get in first. The 72 half-tone illustrations are among the best mountain photographs ever published.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

THE ART OF BRIDGES

ROBERT BRIDGES, 1844–1930. *By* Edward Thompson. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A few years ago it appeared as if Bridges, one of the best of the long series of England's poet-laureates, might be treated by the new generation of critics as nothing much more than the cautious editor of his inspired friend G. M. Hopkins. That misapprehension has receded, but an impression persists that the works of Bridges affect the reader rather like "a mausoleum full of dead pomps and the perfumed dust of Kings". Dr. Thompson's tribute to his friend alike as a very vital character and a writer who did not cut away his life from his poetry makes a strong appeal against such persuasions.

Some parts of the quite extensive work of Bridges are indeed antiquarian, such as his poetic dramas in the manner of the Greeks; and his compositions on politics and institutions are in the temper of a past age. The humorists asserted that he omitted Dante from his masterly "Spirit of Man"—Dante,

SAMUEL THE KING-MAKER. A play in four acts. *By* Laurence Housman. *Cape.* 6*s.*

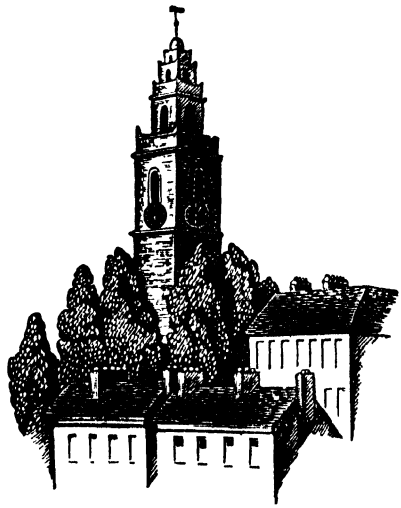
Mr. Housman holds that because Samuel made God in his own image, his indignation against the children of Israel for asking for a king, and later against Saul for his determination to be a king and not a puppet, was very genuine. But that did not make him a true prophet of the Lord; Samuel was only true to himself. In a long preface the case for so regarding Samuel and Saul is ingeniously argued, and however some may receive it they will allow that in the play that follows the case is made dramatically plausible. Both Saul, shown as "lovely and pleasant in his life", a good ruler betrayed, and Samuel, greedy of power, vengeful, double-dealing, and self-deceiving, are living creatures, and their conflict makes an exciting play.

THE ECONOMICS OF FULL EMPLOYMENT. *By* Six Authors. Studies prepared at the Oxford University Institute of Statistics. *Blackwell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Six expert economists have combined to outline what they call "the strategic factors in a policy of permanent full employment in industrial countries", and the six essays are a most valuable contribution to the present discussion of governmental policy. Their main concern is with problems of economic control—and they assume that the State will make itself responsible for controlling the volume of employment. Mr. Mandelbaum's concluding study of such control in Germany between 1933 and 1938 is of wide general interest: but despite effort at popular exposition it is a book more for the student than the lay reader.

LOVELY IS THE LEE. *By* Robert Gibbings. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To read Mr. Gibbings's book is to take a holiday in the enchanted Tir na n'Og, the land of the ever young, otherwise called the south-west coast of Ireland. Birds and fishes and friendly human beings are woven into a background of landscape and legend. The light discursive style goes hand in hand with a serious understanding of and sympathy with the country. The author's woodcuts decorate and enhance his narrative.



From "Lovely is the Lee"
By ROBERT GIBBINGS. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

GALLERY BOOKS—No. 5. CONSTABLE'S "HAY WAIN". With an introduction *by* Sir Kenneth Clark. *Lund Humphries.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Each volume of *The Gallery Books* deals, in some two dozen pages of text and reproductions, with one of the masterpieces in our National Gallery. It is an admirable series. In the latest number, the account of the making, subsequent history, and significance of Constable's picture is the work of the Director of the National Gallery himself, and it is hard to imagine the task better done. When a man, with the data at his fingertips, possesses a mind at once precise, well furnished, and lively, he can lend writing that air of ease and transparence which, however illusive, is the reader's dearest reward.

PER ARDUA. *By* Hilary St. George Saunders. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

The first volume of an illustrated history of the R.A.F. deals with the rise of British air power from 1911 to 1939. Although unofficial it is authoritative and while condensed never dull. Mr. Saunders's style suits equally the spirited unorthodoxy of the early days and the lively controversies of air policy during the first World War and in the interval before the second. To

the tradition and achievements in action of R.F.C., R.N.A.S., and R.A.F. he does fine justice and to the qualities of pilots on both sides. More, perhaps, might have been made of peace-time air activities, but appendices and chronology supply most of the data.

OCEAN ODYSSEY. *By* Stanton Hope. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Stanton Hope's years before the mast and in the Royal Navy have afforded him a sympathetic background of the life, traditions, and special needs of merchant seamen against which to present their incalculable services in war. His narrative has the graphic, humorous realism of the film *San Demetrio, London.* It ranges from weathering a record typhoon off Hong Kong to a salvage epic in the Azores and the grim hazards of supply running to Malta and Russia. Especially noteworthy are the experiences of a merchant crew after capture by a commerce raider until eventual release from a German prison camp. As the Earl of Cork and Orrery's foreword insists, post-war planning must not overlook our debt to the Merchant Marine.

OURSELVES AND EMPIRE. *By* H. W. Foster. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

An authoritative book on the British colonies for the general reader is welcome, especially when it is written from first-hand observation. Here is such a book—dealing not with constitutional issues but with social conditions and economic problems. Believing that the improvement of agriculture and the conquest of poverty are the keys to colonial progress, Mr. Foster discusses practical ways and means. He emphasizes always the contrast between what is and what could be in India and East Africa. His suggestions are realistic and closely related to general conditions of world trade.

BRITISH WOODLAND TREES. *By* H. L. Edlin. *Batsford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Though perhaps designed primarily for the use of forestry students and woodmen, Mr. Edlin's comprehensive survey of Britain's woodland trees will delight also all amateur field naturalists who want not only to be able to distinguish the different varieties of trees but also to learn something of their cultivation and uses. The new demand caused by changes in building technique makes the description of the specialized qualities of different woods especially interesting. The numerous plates, line drawings, and photographs which include not only illustrations of the trees themselves but many of the processes of forestry are wholly admirable.

THE WIND ON THE MOON. *By* Eric Linklater. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

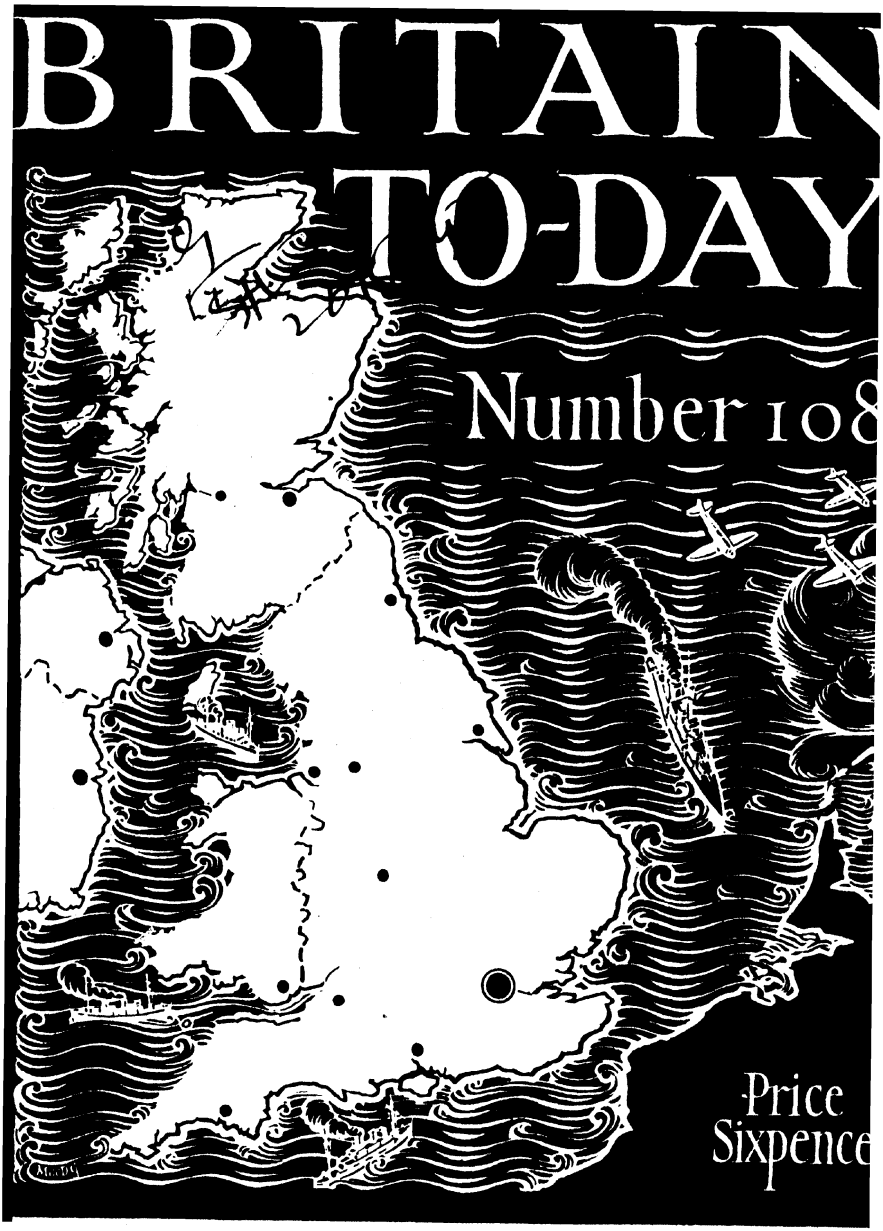
Mr. Eric Linklater's extravagant fancy lends itself admirably to the kind of children's story in which magic is taken for granted as a matter of common sense. Naturally, little girls can be turned into kangaroos if they meet the right person, and Dinah and Dorinda did. The creatures they meet in Sir Lankester Lemon's private zoo have personality and verve. They are not just human beings in animal form but talking animals. It was a little austere of Mr. Linklater to kill off an engaging central character like the Golden Puma, but he doubtless feels that children cannot be educated in the facts of life too young.

SO MANY LOVES. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *By* Leo Walmsley. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Naturalist, traveller, and novelist, Mr. Walmsley has had a varied career which loses nothing, in his competent narration, by being compressed, heightened, and rattled along in almost scenario form. "Psychology?" he seems to say. "It's implicit. Soul states? Grab 'em if you want 'em." After the initial shock, we remember that this is just the sort of change we have been longing for, and then we notice that we are enjoying the exercise, the fresh surroundings, and the new faces of people who expect nothing from us.

THE LAST ABBOT. *By* A. F. Webling. *Edmund Ward.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The suppression of the religious houses by Henry VIII is not a theme, and Mr. Webling's quiet and gentle manner is no part of the style, which historical novelists are apt to favour. Indeed, one seldom meets a writer who so unostentatiously disregards what the public is supposed to want. Patience, tolerance, and singleness of purpose combine, however, to give his story genuine distinction.



APRIL 1945

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Virginia Woolf	SYLVA NORMAN
The Royal Family at Home	LISA SHERIDAN
Science in Modern Industry	J. W. WILLIAMSON
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

Number 108 *April 1945*

THE THIRD ACT

WHEN we say that war to-day is "total" we do not merely mean that it has increased in magnitude and range, but that it has changed also in quality. It touches the mind as well as the body; it is psychological no less than physical; it uses weapons aimed at the thoughts and emotions of people designed to increase the confidence of friends and weaken the spirit of foes. Thus it was that for some little time before the fighting had started there were critics who asserted that the war had already begun, that the nations were undergoing the first stage of total war, during which the struggle takes the form of a conflict of ideas, promoted in some countries with the utmost aggressiveness and in others strenuously resisted.

In this stage controversy centred round certain universal conceptions of man's life in society; the notions on which civilization has been built up were challenged. The protagonists of aggression played upon the emotions of the populace, seeking to arouse fears and desires, envy and prejudice. Mental unrest was fomented; distrust spread like a contagion; the minds of peoples were infected with fear and hatred. Who, remembering the year preceding September 1939, will fail to recall the grim tension of the atmosphere, like the air before a thunderstorm? The guns had not yet gone off, but it was war.

Such, then, are the two generally recognized phases of the modern war, (1) the preliminary phase of propaganda and preparation, and (2) the war between the armed forces. And

now the startling question presents itself: Is it possible that the war is a tragic drama in three Acts, requiring a third period following the second—the Aftermath of War? When victory over the armed forces has been won, when the fighting of recognized combatants is over, is there yet a third stage through which a maimed and needy world must pass before the total war is finished? This grim question should be faced.

I do not for a moment suggest that such an outcome is inevitable. It does not seem to me that poetic justice necessarily demands a whole third Act for war's consummation. But it would be foolish to shirk realities and turn our backs on the danger. It is well to consider all the facts. Just because the war, in Europe at least, has been total in the fullest sense of the term, it will have left the liberated nations, as also the defeated nations, exhausted. In each of the liberated countries we have seen the breakdown of organized community life due to the withdrawal of one régime and the difficulty of immediately improvising another while means of transport are lacking, while food, such as there may be, is not where it is most needed, when there are no raw materials for factories, few machines for agriculture or ships available for imports, when houses are in ruins, currency in confusion, and when, for a long time, owing to the continual claims of a devouring war, the supplies from overseas are inadequate and profoundly disappointing.

We in Britain have been deeply impressed by the self-control with which the people of France have been facing these difficulties. But there are countries less braced for the transition—countries whose people have been weakened by hunger, whose morale has been tried by incredible persecutions, who in some cases have been divided among themselves—whole nations in the situation of invalids who will need long nursing and care to restore them to full health. How are they going to be treated by their future rulers? How will they comport themselves? There seem to be two possibilities before them. They may be fortunate in the rulers they select and the constitutions they adopt; or they may be unfortunate, and in the extremity of their fatigue fall victims to fanatics of the Left or the Right, who appeal to the hungry, the unemployed, the tired, and the desperate. The maladies left by the second phase of war

present the threat of a third phase, which it must now be our principal aim to shorten or avert.

What are the preventives or the antidotes? There can be little doubt that the first need is food, shelter, and work. The second is the preservation of order. It will be at the moment when nations have been liberated that they will be most in danger of disorder. We know well what the consequence of prolonged disorder is. We have seen it in pre-war Italy—we have seen it in many countries. The consequence of prolonged disorder masquerading as freedom is authoritarian government —i.e. Fascism. Fascism steps in when democracy breaks down.

Yet a conception of freedom which leads to faction, unbridled licence, disorder is a misconception of freedom. In Britain we claim to be free and to come near to being a democracy, but if we search our history we shall find that the classic assertions of freedom were made in the name of rights conferred by law. In the advance towards democracy progress in freedom keeps step with progress in law. The law often lags behind the social conscience of the community, but the democratic way of altering the law is to get it changed by consent, and consent is not won by coercion on the one side or faction fights on the other. Democracy thinks not only in terms of the exercise of rights, but of the recognition of the rights of others, and it cannot succeed unless minorities bow to the will of majorities, or persuade them to their way of thinking. One half of the word democracy means *rule*, and rule there must always be, for without it the State is reduced to disorder and the constitution is brought into contempt.

Law and order are an absolute essential of civilized living, but they will not produce happiness unless they have the consent of the people. That being admitted, we see the danger in which liberated countries are placed. The restraints they have been under are suddenly removed, and they are confronted with the necessity of exercising their freedom before any constitutional system of government and order is clearly defined. In face of the miseries of a destitute and frustrated people the need of executive action is more important than ever; and at first, when even the machinery for testing the will of the people is not yet available, there may be doubt as to who are the rightful rulers,

and infinite opportunity for the recrudescence of the old ideological doctrines and rivalry between them.

Each country has to determine this issue for itself. We may plead passionately for order, self-control, restraint, but it will rest with the natural leaders in each country to make the right state of mind prevail. But this does not mean that no responsibility rests on the countries outside which have been fortunate enough not to have lost their freedom. On the contrary they will have less excuse if they, already in possession of ordered government, fail on their part to exercise the self-control and self-denial without which they cannot do their whole duty to the liberated peoples. That necessity has been foreseen in Britain, whose Government has announced that there can be no speedy relaxation of controls after the war. Rationing must continue, industry must be controlled, taxation must remain high, restrictions on consumption will remain, for the goods that will become available and the shipping that will be released will have to be shared with the needy people of Europe. The restoration of devastated countries must be the first concern of the world after the war, for none of their rulers will have the means to make a good job of government, and so to sustain order, unless their people have food, raw materials, transport, factory equipment, and other things which in the first place must come to them from without.

Europe is a sick man to-day. It must not be harshly judged if it displays the symptoms of sickness. When the war is over it will still be necessary for the nations to continue their efforts, and shrink from no self-sacrifice needed to provide first-aid to the liberated. The war is a disaster which has affected the whole family of nations. In the period of convalescence when the fighting is over those victims of aggression whose needs are the greatest will have the first claims on our resources. That fact, I am certain, has not been forgotten in Britain. We cannot give what we have not got, but we shall share what we have. For we intend that the war in its third phase shall not be lost.

THE EDITOR

THE ANNUAL BUDGET—OLD STYLE AND NEW

By Oscar Hobson

WHEN, in the opening years of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole, Secretary to the Treasury, said that "the time had now come for opening the budget, when it was incumbent on him to state the finances, debts, and calls of the Government" he was referring to a process which has been conducted annually ever since. The budget which successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have "opened" each year is a statement made to the House of Commons of the probable revenue and expenditure of the Government for the coming year with proposals arising out of it for the imposition or remission of taxation.

The form of accounts which the Chancellor presents is essentially simple—much simpler than the Budgets of many other countries which originally adopted the system from us. It is a straightforward statement of the cash receipts during the ensuing year to 5th April expected to result from the levying of taxation and from certain other sources such as the profits of the Post Office and the revenue from the Crown Lands, and on the other hand, of the expected expenditure by the Government Departments (including both the Civil Service and the Fighting Forces) and the cost of the service of the National Debt.

There is one point about this simplicity which needs to be stressed. It is that while it has the inestimable advantage of enabling the main lines of the budget to be understood by anyone who has mastered the three R's this result is achieved at the cost of ignoring any distinction between receipts which can be regarded as "current" and receipts which are of a non-recurring or "capital" nature; and of ignoring too the corresponding distinction between expenditure which can properly be called current and that which can be called "capital" in the sense that it produces assets which are not used up within or nearly within the period to which the Budget relates.

Thus expenditure on schools, barracks, battleships, employment exchanges which would have a normal life extending to

many years is all charged to the vote of appropriate departments for the period in which it is actually incurred instead of being provided by borrowing, as it legitimately might be so long as an adequate sinking fund allocation is included in each year's expenditure. On the other hand the revenue often includes, under the headings of "sundry loans" and "miscellaneous revenue", items which could not be treated as current and properly expendable to cover the year's ordinary expenditure.

It is many years since critics first drew attention to these facts and advocated that the capital items on both sides of the account ought to be segregated from the true current items and included in a supplementary capital budget with other public loan transactions which do not now appear in the ordinary budget.

Such suggestions were long resisted on the plea that they were academic and that the procedure adopted was in any case "conservative" since the capital items on the expenditure side greatly exceeded those on the revenue side. About 20 years ago, however, the controversy was lifted on to an entirely new plane when a Liberal Party Committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd George advocated the double budget in connexion with proposals for the abatement of unemployment by State borrowing for the construction of roads and other "public works". Nothing came of that proposal, which was contrary to the "Treasury view" prevailing at the time, but it was the forerunner of the whole modern doctrine of State responsibility for providing "full employment" for the citizens.

The doctrine and its budgetary implications are stated in the now famous White Paper entitled *Employment Policy* which was issued by the Government in May of last year. And they are stated in a more thoroughgoing and imperative form in Sir William Beveridge's recently published book *Full Employment in a Free Society.*

The White Paper starts by affirming that "the Government accepts as one of their primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war". Later it lays down what may be called the cardinal financial principle of full employment, namely, that the money expended by the whole community—public authorities and public together—must be of sufficient amount to enable the

wages of the whole working community to be paid. "Employment", in Sir William Beveridge's words, "depends on outlay". And outlay in this context can be divided into five different parts.

There is first private consumption expenditure, i.e. the ordinary expenditure of the community on food, clothing, rent, amusements, &c. Secondly, there is public expenditure on current services, e.g. the expenditure of public authorities on education, medical services, national defence. Thirdly, there is private investment expenditure, i.e. capital expenditure on buildings, machinery, and so on. Fourthly, there is public investment expenditure, that is capital expenditure by the Government and the public authorities on buildings, machinery, roads, public utilities, and so on. And fifthly and finally, there is the foreign balance, that is the difference between exports and imports. This must be included because exports involve labour but not expenditure at home, and imports vice versa.

Now if it is agreed, as it is, that, at a given level of wages and prices, the condition of full employment is that all these kinds of expenditure must add up to an ascertainable figure, then two things follow. One is that a Government committed to a policy of full employment must be prepared to influence one or more of these five types of outlay in order to bring about the required aggregate of total outlay. And the other is that the Government must be in a position to know within a reasonable limit of accuracy what each class of outlay is running at in each successive period.

It is here that we reach the idea of the new type of budget—a budget which does not confine itself to drawing up estimates of the Government's own revenue and expenditure for the coming year but estimates on the one hand the total income of the community and on the other its total outlay under the various headings indicated. The White Paper does not indeed proceed to the logical point of stating that the Government will draw up such a "full employment" budget. It contents itself with listing various new classes of statistics—statistics of employment and unemployment, savings, profits, capital expenditure, production, and so on—which will be required. But Sir William Beveridge states expressly that the national policy of full employment

which he urges "means a revolution in national finance—a new type of budget introduced by a minister who whether or not he continues to be called Chancellor of the Exchequer is a Minister of National Finance".

He points out that already, as a result of the war, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his budget speech extends his financial review far beyond its peacetime limits. He presents with his budget a Treasury White Paper on the Sources of War Finance in which not merely the revenue and expenditure of the Government but the estimated income and outlay of the whole community are set out; and in his speech he reviews the financial position of the nation generally and not merely of the Government itself. The essence of the new budgeting policy, he goes on to maintain, is that the budget is made with reference to available manpower not to money, that it becomes "a human budget". The employable manpower is the datum, and the Minister of National Finance must each year, after estimating private expenditure, propose public expenditure which will suffice, with estimated private expenditure, to secure full employment.

This involves a clear break with two ingrained traditions of British finance, namely that State expenditure must be kept down to the minimum necessary to meet inescapable needs and that State income and expenditure—in peace time—must balance each year.

What are the prospects of the formal "new type" budget—the human budget—as proposed by Sir William Beveridge becoming part of our financial system after the war? Not perhaps very great. Sir William postulates a much greater degree of State Control over the nation's economic life than does the Government White Paper. He assumes that the State can and will more or less rigidly control prices and interest rates and that it will have a considerable influence, exerted through a National Investment Board, on business investment as well as the capital expenditure of local authorities. Finally he assumes that wage rates will remain stable—that Labour and the Trade Unions will not exploit a situation in which the supply of jobs will always be in excess of the supply of workers ready to fill them. Unless all these conditions are reasonably well

satisfied, the basis will hardly exist for a set of calculations as to expenditure of the various types in question which could form the subject-matter of a formal "budget".

On the other hand, the principle is very generally accepted —and it is specifically accepted in the White Paper on Employment Policy—that the Government and local authorities must be prepared to adapt their programme of capital expenditure to the employment situation. That does strongly suggest that the form of the annual budget ought to be amended to meet that fact—that the capital items both of expenditure and revenue ought to be segregated from the current items and presented in a separate capital budget.

That would have many advantages. It would make for clearness of thought—which after all is the essential object of any form of accountancy. It would avoid offending the deep-rooted—and sound—prejudice in the public mind against a budget in deficit—for one doesn't need to go to the lengths of some modern economists, who hold that full employment policy justifies a continuous budget deficit, to agree that borrowing for capital works is a justifiable proceeding, which should not carry the stigma of an unbalanced budget.

My guess therefore is that after the war we shall have a "double budget" but not a formal employment budget, or "human budget", on the lines advocated by Sir William Beveridge.

But certainly the "finance, debts, and calls" of the Government, with which the Chancellor will deal when he opens his two budgets, will continue to be of much wider range and scope than they were before the war—let alone in the days of Horace Walpole.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

THE PURSUIT OF LIFE

By SYLVA NORMAN

THE most powerful writer and the most downright pot-boiler are alike prolific, and appeal at once to their respective audiences. Somewhere in the gap between them is the walled garden of the exquisite artist in prose or verse whose work, confined in breadth, seeks richness in increased profundity. Virginia Woolf belongs here, if so individual a spirit is to be classified at all. Her output, in view of her reputation, is small, consisting of eight novels, three works termed biography, two volumes of literary criticism, some detached essays and sketches, and two collections of short stories and essays published posthumously. Nearly all of these bear her unmistakable mark, and in the novels, particularly, she has pursued her own creative vision so far and so tirelessly that the average reader of fiction has often been baffled.

So it has come about that her commentators have mostly sought to analyse and interpret. Synthesis is lacking. In 1932 a French Professor, M. Floris Delattre, published a huge thesis on *Le Roman Psychologique de Virginia Woolf*; while in the same year the late Winifred Holtby was examining her works with a glance at her social and literary background. Mr. E. M. Forster, in his Rede Lecture of 1941, steadfastly declined, at that inauspicious date, to sum her up. Mrs. Joan Bennett,* the latest critic, confining her view to the novels, has worked out a scholarly analysis of their form and development, their author's moral and artistic values, and her technical devices for presenting story and character. It is a book for those who know or wish to study the works, and attempts no judgment. Yet sooner or later, because Virginia Woolf is wandering unlabelled about the gallery of English writers, someone will have to catch her and docket her, even if the process seems to outrage her basic principles. While she plays hide-and-seek around the shrines of poetry, fiction, and *belles lettres*, some astute observer must estimate her approximate or mean position by solid traditional

* *Virginia Woolf: Her Art as a Novelist.* By Joan Bennett. Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.

measurements, although, as Mr. Forster found, this cannot be successfully done at once.

Where, meanwhile, does she come from? What sort of company does she keep (a question she herself would delight in asking)? Her immediate associates have often been noted. In the second decade of this century a revolt against the rigid forms of fiction was manifest in Proust's "continuous novel", in Dorothy Richardson's similarly prolonged "Pilgrimage", in James Joyce's exhaustive epic of one tremendous day, in Gertrude Stein's shell-shattered grammar and syntax. Virginia Woolf shared with her contemporaries this restless, bold experimentalism; these might be her companions, they could hardly, by the argument of date alone, have been her tutors. Behind them, though not necessarily moving them, walked that most gentle, most academic of innovators, Henry James.

With James she has affinities of position and circumstance. Both, observing humanity from the slightly aloof standpoint of the leisured amateur, depict it with a surprising sympathy and almost microscopic nearness. Picking their way, a trifle snobbishly, in the more elegant of social spheres, both mould the raw material of creature and event into an art-form choicely shaped and coloured. But Virginia Woolf is less remote than James. For one thing, to be a woman during the suffrage movement meant grinding a feminist axe with masculine vigour. She did it, despite poetic reverie and the ivory tower; showing herself keenly aware of the flinty tracks that man—or more especially woman—must tread. *A Room of One's Own* is a plea for the literary woman's freedom that is likely to remain as a finger-post in a time of flux. A room—and £500 a year; with all her art she is as mercenary as a Duchess collecting money for slum-dwellers. Everyone, except Henry James himself, will give her cheques.

The divergence, however, goes far deeper: it cuts to the very core. James was not content with life as he saw it—ragged, inconclusive, full of distressing loose ends and unco-ordinated incidents; life should be improved on by the novelist, coaxed from its haphazard disorder to conform with the harmonious symmetry of art. Virginia Woolf's view is precisely opposite. Instead of pummelling life into the shape of art, she is passion-

ately intent on breaking the crusted forms to let art flow out and take the shape of life. Her whole procedure as a novelist can be traced to this effort; and behind her, both in the desire and to some extent in the technical means, stands an older and a greater master than James in the person of Laurence Sterne.

Let us quickly glance at Sterne then. One passage here may serve as both example and description by himself of his method. Tristram Shandy, in Provence, sets out to "go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis in my uncle Toby's amours—"

> But softly—for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out, piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, nothwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines*, in sundry pages of my book—I defy the best cabbage planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other) —I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsew'd up—without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression.

Now Virginia Woolf, writing appreciatively on Sterne's manner, describes it in words that might suitably be applied to her own:

> Under the influence of this extraordinary style the book becomes semi-transparent. The usual ceremonies and conventions which keep reader and writer at arm's length disappear. We are as close to life as we can be. . . . No writing seems to flow more exactly into the very folds and creases of the individual mind, to express its changing moods, to answer its lightest whim and impulse, and yet the result is perfectly precise and composed. The utmost fluidity exists with the utmost permanence.

Her interpretation here is luminous because she herself feels the same movement within her. In the almost celebrated essay on contemporary fiction (*The Common Reader, First Series*) she declares, "Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged"—or, to recast it in Sterne's phraseology, not a row of cabbages planted in straight lines. The utmost confusion, one might say, exists with the utmost order.

Given such similarities, how is it that Sterne is universal, whereas Virginia Woolf inhabits the walled garden? The increasingly commercial spirit of the nineteenth century may be held responsible. There were giants in fiction, to be sure; there was also an economic bogy that was busy transforming novel-writing from a brilliant shot in the dark to a safe and docketted profession run by business men on the basis of supply and demand. One might shuffle a wild Brontë into the machine, but it was more important to have a story in three volumes (later reduced to one), in which the plot should be of a certain "decency" and order, the characters drawn in an accepted way. Form and morals alike lost in fluidity; hence the distress of such a novelist as Hardy who tried both to please the public and to handle truth. To break these barriers demanded conscious effort; one could no longer sit at one's cheerful desk and compose like Sterne. The twentieth-century revolutionaries, determined to smash artificiality, could only struggle back towards nature by such hard intellectual planning that their return to ease and freedom paradoxically seems obscure on first acquaintanceship.

Here, then, stand the revolutionaries, Proust, Joyce, Richardson, whose aim is to beat down cabbages and gig lamps and, as Virginia Woolf wrote of Joyce, "to reveal the flickerings of that innermost flame which flashes its message through the brain". But whose brain? In the case of these other writers, their own; but, as Mrs. Bennett points out in her excellent introductory remarks, Virginia Woolf is not autobiographical. She is, in fact, so opposed to the introspective, egoistic manner as providing a new barrier in itself, that she goes to the opposite extreme: she lives, not in the actions and outer manifestations of her several characters as the objective novelist does, but in a diversity of other minds, projecting her own power of introspection into the intellects and souls of those she pictures. This is why the unwary reader, missing the expected surface features and broad outlines, may think she has lost her way; not perceiving that she has long since crossed the highroad and is deep in exploration of the woods beyond.

With this tremendous task of breaking and creating she achieves her re-affirmation of vitality, writing prose works on a plane of sustained tautness that formerly belonged to lyric

poetry alone. "If we want life itself, here surely we have it"—as she herself wrote (but not wholeheartedly) of Joyce.

In this life the old distinctions between comic and tragic, trivial and important, cease to function; all are a part of one pervading space-time, moving now across it laterally, now deep within it, and now along the years. From *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, or later, from *The Years* and *Between the Acts* (their very titles are an indication) one might choose at random endless examples of this living fluidity. In *The Waves*, which might be described as Six Characters escaped from an Author, it reaches its farthermost limit. Here is no narrative form, except in the descriptive interludes of seascape, but six streams of thought and feeling and assertion, playing alike with the tiniest oddities and the greatest themes of dignity and death. "The utmost fluidity with the utmost permanence". This book is surely Virginia Woolf's ultimate creation, though it may not have the most human appeal.

Mrs. Bennett confines her study to the novels. If their creative strangeness leaves a doubt as to the author's ability for straight writing (can the ballet dancer *walk*?) her literary essays are the answer. Free of the strain of making and holding her entire edifice in position she writes, not indeed as a table-talker, but with keen critical sympathy and greater relaxation. The same qualities are apparent in her perfectly straightforward Life of Roger Fry. But this subject of biography brings us to her puzzle corner. It has to be noted that Fry, an artist, was preceded by Flush, a dog. A literary woman's dog, indeed, but wholly canine. This may have been mere revelry; but what shall we say of that other figure, part historical, part fictitious, part fantastic—the Elizabethan nobleman Orlando, who was still actively living, though as a woman, in 1928?

Mrs. Bennett, deciding *Orlando* is, as the title-page has it, biography, omits it from her survey; the publisher allocates it to the fiction group. This uncertainty has made the book unpopular, since readers notoriously prefer labelled literature. Not so writers. The luxurious freedom and lithe elasticity of this truly astonishing book bring it the nearest to Sterne of all her works. With its humour and poetry and glorious extravagance *Orlando* stands alone, winged and unpredictable, utterly

impossible as regards plot, and yet somehow partaking of the quality of life itself.

Like her Orlando, Virginia Woolf remains, for the moment, restless under any label. Her very influence is dispersed or in abeyance, for the school she might have founded has gone with my uncle Toby to the wars. She died at a particularly sad and gloomy time, when stability was rocking and suspicion was rife; when friends might be revealed as enemies and the war-clouds burst to drop a shower of parachutists on Orlando's parks. It was one of those periods, mercifully shortlived, when a stern and anxious nation, murmuring the contemptuous term "escapism", has no use for art. Of the lights that had again gone out over a Europe concentrating on its war effort, hers in particular seemed symbolic of culture, beauty, and all aspirations of the spirit and intellect. One had to admit, with the utmost sorrow, that in such a world Virginia Woolf had no Room of Her Own.

Now that the phase is over, and to fight cultural darkness C.E.M.A. has been formed, the case is altered. It is possible that her quality may be felt by writers as yet unformed; possible too, that the unnatural gulf made by the war has deprived her once and for all of any immediate following. As with Henry James, it has been easy for some to emulate her manner without ever understanding her particular battle and her personal contribution—even through revolt—to the tradition of English literature. With the help of interpreters such as Mrs. Bennett, much that was obscure becomes clear, and apparent complexity is seen to have its roots in a single faith. At the end of *The Waves* the now elderly Bernard, too weary of the outer motions of existence even to rise and pay his dinner bill, is yet, while he sits there, "a whole universe, unconfined". Beyond action, beyond phrases he—once a phrase-maker—feels dawn and eternal renewal. "Death is the enemy". And his last words may serve, too, as the words of his living creator: "Against you I will fling myself, unvanquished and unyielding, O Death!"

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THE ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME

By LISA SHERIDAN

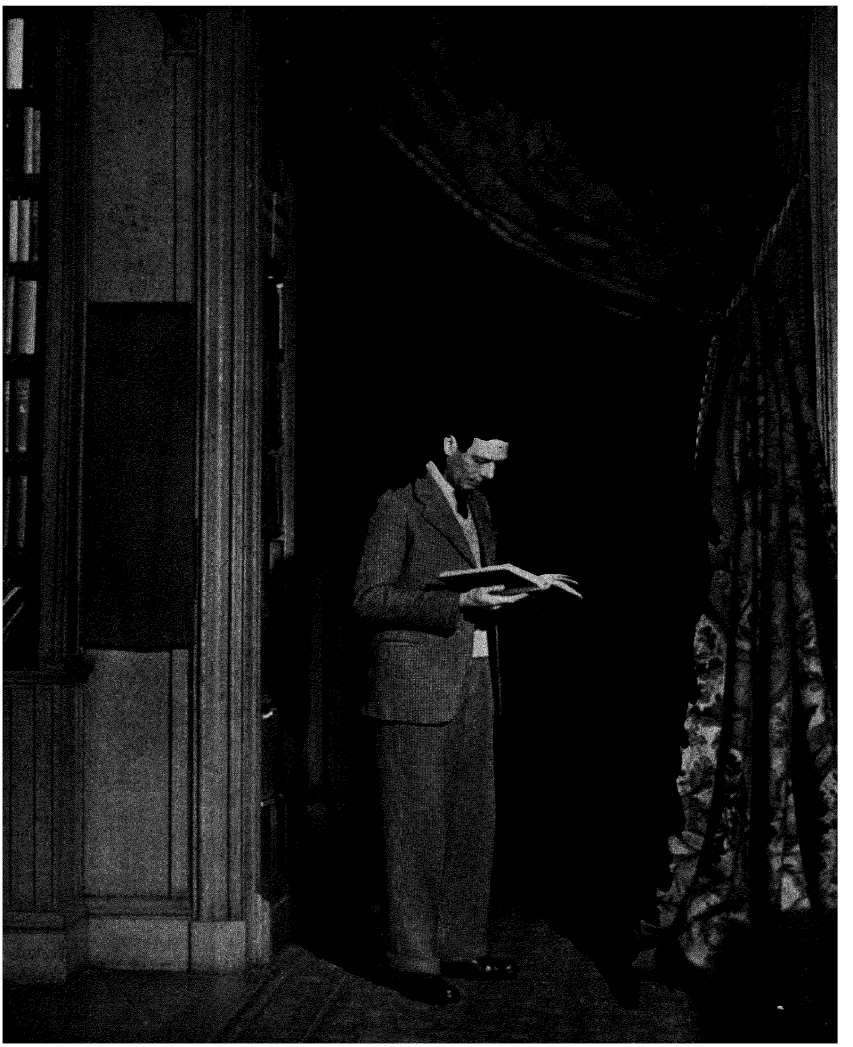
OUR King was already five years old when a little girl, who was destined to become his Queen, was born in Hertfordshire. "Prince Albert" was the second child of the Duke and Duchess of York, his grandfather and grandmother were the Prince and Princess of Wales, his great-grandmother still occupied the Throne of which she appeared to have become a permanent and integral part. There was little thought that one day this lively youngster might rule the British Empire.

Any thought of future kingship centred around his older brother, "David", who was systematically educated with this high destiny in view. By character and inclination Prince Albert was an engineer. Had he been born in a more ordinary household, doubtless this would have formed the basis of his career. Learning and sedentary work often made him impatient. Exams, he says, "usually found me at the bottom of the list!" But an exceptionally keen curiosity and power of observation, and the love of finding out by doing things for himself, made him always an apt pupil where an outlet for his naturally active impulses was given.

During the last war, Prince Albert "took his wings". Such work was after his own heart. The weather was bad and his instructor implored him to postpone the final test. "I can't have the thing hanging over me", he characteristically remarked. He took up the machine and passed successfully.

With the same zest for all things active, at the height of the Battle of Jutland he served cocoa to his mates in one of the gun-turrets.

Youthful in spirit, with his boyish laugh and overflowing good humour, he feels a comradely spirit with all things young. His love of youth has shown itself in the Duke of York Camps scheme, where boys of varying experience of life meet annually in peacetime for 14 days' community life. He does not miss his visit among them, the camp fires, the joyous singsongs, and the good fellowship which he values. He also concerns himself



His Majesty the King in his Library at Windsor Castle



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Above: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, WITH PRINCESS ELIZABETH AT THE PIANO

Below: THE KING AND THE PRINCESSES AT STIRRUP-PUMP PRACTICE

earnestly with the provision of adequate playing-fields for children of all ages.

We may perhaps trace some of this good-humoured approach to human problems to a close contact with King Edward VII in childhood. He frequently stayed with his grandfather. And in the evenings the genial, elderly man delighted in playing with his grandchildren, jesting, teasing, romping with them, in the manner of those who have that natural gift of remaining young in heart far beyond their years.

Meanwhile Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, together with her nine brothers and sisters, was spending her happy childhood in the country. In so large a family, where money had to be considered quite seriously, she learnt her first lessons of "give-and-take". A naturally merry child, she found her greatest pleasure in the special smile of approval which her mother reserved for those who had shown exceptional kindness and forethought. Her parents maintained the strict Victorian tradition of the Bible as an educator, mingling a pious solicitude for their children with an exceptional interest in music. Lady Elizabeth was a ready pupil in both, learning also to become a good practical needlewoman and a really sound plain cook. Accustomed to the companionship of so many children, to playing games in groups, spending evenings among a large family party around the piano, she expanded her sociable nature, easefully adapting herself to co-operation and frequently acting, for her mother, as hostess with charming composure among the clamour of a large family and many guests.

As may be imagined, among a group of young people, spirits frequently ran high. Laughing youngsters raced along the Hertfordshire lanes on their bicycles, skimmed the frozen lake on skates in winter, fought mock-battles in the sandpits. Laughter and mischief overflowed into a passion for "dressing-up". There are many amusing stories, such as the one when Lady Elizabeth, dressed as a maid-servant, showed American tourists over Glamis Castle and solemnly accepted a substantial tip for her services. Or when, Glamis having been converted into a military hospital, during the First World War, the young girl dressed her brother as a "distinguished lady" and accompanied him through the wards on an "official" visit to the

soldiers. At fourteen, the Lady Elizabeth found much pleasure in the company of the patients who filled her old home. She played for them, sang, joined them in games of whist, and even wrote their letters home for them on occasion. Observing her social little daughter, the Countess remarked: "Elizabeth always knows the right thing to say."

Prince Albert's life first crossed the path of Lady Elizabeth at a children's party in Scotland. He was a schoolboy of ten, she a girl of five, her "Alice-in-Wonderland" fringe and long soft hair giving her a curious, sedate appearance which contrasted oddly with a mingled expression of serenity and suppressed mirth in her startlingly blue eyes. I wonder if the boy then already bore with him a memory of a particularly haunting little face, as in the case of a soldier I recently heard observe some hours after Her Majesty had visited him in hospital: "Them *eyes*! Them *eyes*!" He continued to shake his head and mutter: "Them eyes!" until a companion in the next bed replied harshly: "You might have been the only one to see them. I can still see them all over my needlework—wherever I puts my needle."

From time to time the young people met again. In Scotland there were Hunt Balls and dinner parties for the young girls who had lacked entertainment during the war. Tennis, riding, and shooting often threw them together. Then Princess Mary chose her friend, Lady Elizabeth, to act as bridesmaid at her wedding. Many people remarked upon the elusive, indescribable charm of the young girl of whom even Mayfair knew very little. At the Ball in Buckingham Palace which followed the reception, Prince Albert made the first of three proposals of marriage. History had been shaping itself. His brother was now heir to the throne. Lady Elizabeth needed both time and thought before she could decide to plunge herself into the merciless rays of publicity which beat about the Royal Family. But her heart won. Her modest radiance, which has endeared itself to the Empire, shone forth in its first true maturity as "The Duke of York" led her to the altar.

From this moment the royal pair, both so home-loving and companionable, gave ungrudgingly of themselves to their public



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THE PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE IN THEIR CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME



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PRINCESS ELIZABETH STUDIES AFFAIRS OF STATE WITH THE KING

duties while in their few leisure hours they jealously guarded the precious privacy of their home lives. "Home" has therefore always been a very real thing to the two Princesses. Their parents, from the nature of their own upbringing and experience, have made it so. Whenever possible the family have meals together and spend their evenings in close companionship. They are all avid readers. Frequently an evening is passed when all four sit together quietly reading—the King usually with one of his favourite detective novels in which he finds relaxation.

The King's family is exceptionally musically gifted. His home is daily filled with music—classical and swing. The Queen accompanies the Princesses at the piano while they sing solos and duets. The Princesses play duets, improvise, and compose. This background of music colours the happy atmosphere of home and acts as a very real bond of understanding between the four members of the family. For, though the King is not as musical as the others, nor a musical performer, he thoroughly enjoys music, particularly when it is merry and topical.

Often an evening is spent listening to the wireless programmes while the Queen and the Princesses busy themselves with their knitting or needlework.

"Home" to the Royal Family has an even deeper meaning than to the ordinary man in the street, for it is only in the seclusion of their private lives that they are really free from comment and restraint. And it is for this reason that an exceptional width of home interests, of hobbies, and of entertainments, has been devised.

The Princesses own many pets, ponies, budgerigars, puppies, and dogs. These animals play an important part in their lives and are not relegated to others for their care and affection. They have their bicycles on which they ride and race along the garden paths of the enclosed parklands. They take a special interest in the Guide movements, and the Queen has arranged that the Princesses lack none of the usual youthful companionship of their own age, appreciating fully the valuable contribution, in both character formation and the broadening of the mind, which association with one's contemporaries brings. The bevy of young friends may be found under the trees studying

together for their Girl Guide examinations, going for picnics, attending dancing classes, or creating together a pantomime for the rollicking occasion when for four successive days pantomime, and nothing but pantomime, is in the air. And, even in this, the family unity is evident, for both the King and the Queen contribute to the theatrical "situations", attend rehearsals when possible to give advice, and thoroughly enter into every aspect of the fun. It is remarkable how, on these occasions, the Princesses mix quite freely with children and young people whose experience of life has been so different from their own and how, with utter lack of self-consciousness, they work and play together.

As in all happy families, co-operation has become a keyword with the Royal Family, and the Princesses have grown up with a real sense of comradeship and unaffected good-nature. So cleverly has this been achieved under the unique condition of their high calling in the British Empire, that were they to-day to be placed in any simple home they would find no difficulty in adapting themselves to a changed situation, nor feel in any way "out-of-contact" or excite comment, other than a very natural admiration for their simple qualities of sociability and unselfishness combined with a quick wit and ever-ready sense of fun. These genuine little women have their parents to thank for an education which has made them neither odd nor in the slightest degree indulged.

When, however we think back to the two children who met at that Scottish tea-party, so many years ago, the one five, the other ten years old; when we consider the background of each of these children and how naturally and happily they developed each their own particular individuality; and how, finally, a real love-match, and not a marriage of convenience, brought about their union, we begin to understand how the Royal parents have so passionately and successfully devoted themselves to making their home life an ideal one.

SCIENCE IN MODERN INDUSTRY

By J. W. WILLIAMSON

IT has been the practice in the past to classify scientific research under two heads, Pure Research on the one hand and Applied or Industrial Research on the other. The difference between them is a difference of mental attitude and outlook, not of method. In pure research the scientist is concerned only to widen the bounds of knowledge: the usefulness or apparent uselessness of the knowledge gained is nothing to him. In applied or industrial research, however, there is a definite utilitarian aim—to discover, by the methods of experimental science, knowledge that may be applied to industrial purposes, such as, for example, to improve products and processes, to reduce costs, and to find new uses for industrial products.

It should be borne in mind that in very many cases researches in pure science find, sooner or later, industrial applications. The fountains of pure research feed continuously the streams of applied research, which irrigate the fields of industry. At first the sciences mainly called in to help industrial research were the older sciences of chemistry, physics, and mechanics, and they were applied usually to the discovery of new materials, to improving existing materials, and to devising or improving new technical processes of manufacture.

The next notable step was to apply the scientific method beyond the physical sphere, to the problems of management in general and of works management in particular. Thus what came to be called "Scientific Management", which had its origin in America, became an important element in industrial development.

The importance of the "human factor" in industry loomed larger and larger, and the comparatively new science of psychology led to significant and far-reaching developments in what is now termed "Industrial Psychology".

Later still it was realized that there was a need for a larger synthesis and a more comprehensive outlook and, under the title of "Management Research", scientific research is being applied to the problems of higher business management.

Of these four major divisions of the subject—Applied or

Industrial Research, Scientific Management, Industrial Psychology, and Management Research—I must confine myself here to the first. The forms of applied research with which I am concerned are those which aim at improvements in industrial products and processes tending to reduce the cost of production or to introduce new products for the market. The research laboratories engaged on these activities are of many kinds. They include university laboratories, Government research laboratories; research laboratories of benevolent foundations; industrial research laboratories maintained by individual firms; industrial research laboratories maintained on a Co-operative basis; industrial fellowship research laboratories; and private consulting research laboratories.

The National Physical Laboratory in England, the Reichanstalt in Germany, the Laboratoire Centrale d'Électricité in France, and the Bureau of Standards at Washington, U.S.A., are examples of government laboratories which have not only done a great deal of testing for standardization purposes but have been engaged in many branches of fundamental scientific research of great importance to industry. For example, the National Physical Laboratory, by its experimental investigations on models of ships in the "William Froude Tank" and "Yarrow Tank" has had a great influence on design in the shipbuilding industry; and its aero-dynamical experiments in its famous "wind tunnels" have provided basic information of the utmost value in problems of design arising in the aircraft, the motor car, and the railway industries of this country.

The industrial research laboratories, properly so called, may be divided into two main groups: those that are maintained by individual firms and those maintained on a co-operative basis. The need for these specifically industrial research laboratories was well expressed by Dr. Kenneth Mees: "The application of science to industry is essentially a function of the organization of industry and cannot effectively be transferred to other agencies, such as those suitable for teaching or for the creation of original knowledge".

In Britain large industrial organizations such as Imperial Chemical Industries, General Electric Company, Gas Light & Coke Company, and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company maintain

their own extensive and well-equipped research laboratories, staffed by highly qualified research scientists, and spend annually vast sums on research. There is also a great number of smaller firms and corporations in this country which have established and maintain their own industrial research departments.

Large laboratories, fully equipped for industrial research, including fundamental research, are, however, very costly to equip, to staff, and to maintain. It is only the greatest industrial companies with large financial resources that can afford to establish and to maintain them. In order, therefore, to provide adequately for the research needs of the smaller manufacturing undertakings, the principle of co-operation has been invoked. The most noteworthy example of co-operative research is that initiated by the British Government in 1915, when the encouragement and organization of scientific research by the direct action of the State was undertaken.

By Order in Council of 28 July, 1915, the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research was established "to direct, subject to such conditions as the Treasury may from time to time prescribe, the application of any sums of money provided by Parliament for the organization and development of scientific and industrial research". On 1 December, 1916, the work of the Committee of Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, with that of its Advisory Council, hitherto under the aegis of the Board of Education, was assigned to a separate government department—the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research (D.S.I.R.)—having its own estimates in charge of a Minister responsible to Parliament.

Parliament having voted the sum of one million sterling for the purposes of the Department, the Committee of Council decided that the money should be spent in the form of grants in aid of research in any industry undertaken by firms which might combine to conduct it on a co-operative basis. The means devised to this end was the establishment under the Companies Acts of Associations for Research, limited by guarantee and trading without profit. The number of these industrial research associations in actual operation to-day is about thirty. They cover a wide and diversified area of British manufacturing industry.

In connexion with the formation of these co-operative research associations there is one point which should be emphasized here. There were critics in 1915 who suggested at the time that the best way of ensuring an extensive application of scientific research to industrial problems was to spend the money available in subsidizing existing research agencies, such as the National Physical Laboratory, the universities, and technical colleges; or alternatively, to establish and endow in the country one or more research institutes after the type, say, of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in the United States.

The "Million Fund" has been exhausted for some years, and grants to the associations are now provided from the sums voted by Parliament for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. But the point just raised is not purely academic. It involves the whole conception of the function of these co-operative research associations. "The essential problem", if I may quote words of my own contributed to *Nature*, "would not be solved by the mere increase, in quantity and quality, of the results of scientific research of value, direct or indirect, to industry. It was a part, and not the least part, of the problem to get science domiciled in the industries themselves; to bring about an interfusion, not only of the theoretical knowledge of the man of science and the practical knowledge of the manufacturer, but also of the corresponding personalities; and to make the manufacturers themselves (in greater or less degree, according to the character of the industry) working, and not sleeping, partners in scientific research".

The distinction between pure science and applied science has outlived its practical significance and should be allowed to fall into desuetude. As the late Lord Stamp said: "We tend to restrict the idea of research to the physical sciences. But, rightly, any generalized knowledge with principles for application at all points becomes scientific."

In industry the scientist should be adopted into the industrial family as a working member of the household, on equal footing with the other members, such as the business man, the financier, or the administrator.

The character of the new discoveries and inventions applied to destructive purposes during the present war has been so

amazing and even fantastic that everywhere one turns there is a stirring and a ferment—in Government departments, in the inner councils of industry, in universities and educational institutions, in political and social societies, and in the uneasy minds of the citizens. The dominant questions are, whither is this science leading us? Has it any limits? Whither should we let it lead us?

Last January the Division of the British Association for the Social and International Relations of Science arranged a two-day conference on "The Place of Science in Industry". Held at the Royal Institution, it was attended by leading members of the Government and by a large number of Britain's leading scientists and industrialists. The papers contributed for discussion will form a record of the utmost value. They will show that one effect of the present war has been to set on fire this question of the place of science in industry. Sir Richard Gregory urged that there must be a two-way traffic between science and industry and that advances on this united front would raise standards of living and strengthen the social structure if they were correlated with humanistic national policy. Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, urged closer study of the problem of how best to bring, without undue time lag, the benefits of scientific research into the lives of the people. They should have "a vested interest in scientific discovery". And Prof. E. P. Dodds, from the field of biochemistry, instanced the discoveries of penicillin and of insulin, as illustrating the immense potentialities of biochemistry for human life.

The final session of this most significant Conference was devoted to a discussion of "The Future: What Science might accomplish". Lord Woolton, Minister of Reconstruction, said that for the best uses to be made of our scientific resources there must be closer contact between scientific workers in industry and those in universities; more integration between research and development; and more pooling of information about new developments. The State and industry must see that scientific research, whether medical, agricultural, industrial, or fundamental, is adequately endowed. The scientist will have as great a part to play in peace as in war.

NORTHERN IRELAND

By NESCA ROBB

THE people of Northern Ireland are mainly of Scots extraction. Over three centuries ago their ancestors were sent out to colonize the ancient Province of Ulster, always the most intransigent of the Irish provinces; so, as memories go over here, most of the Ulstermen of to-day have only just arrived. Even in so short a stay they have set their own seal on their environment, but they have been modified by it too. Elements of the older Ireland remained and have been woven into the texture of their lives. They differ in many ways from the other inhabitants of their island, but they are not Englishmen, or even Scots; they are just unmistakably themselves.

They have an intense regional consciousness, but though they are few in number, they like to keep a finger in the world's pie, and they have preferred not to sever themselves from Great Britain. Since the Irish settlement of 1921 they have been members of a little State of about a million and a quarter inhabitants, which is still part of the United Kingdom, but has its own limited powers of self-government. It is, allowing for modern conditions, rather like one of the city states of antiquity. There is one large city, Belfast, home of the local Parliament and university, with its great sea-port and shipyards, its linen mills, and lesser industries. The remaining towns are of very moderate size, and the rest of the area is agricultural land or wild open country. The community is so small that there is a certain family intimacy and simplicity about it, though like all family groups it has its occasional domestic arguments.

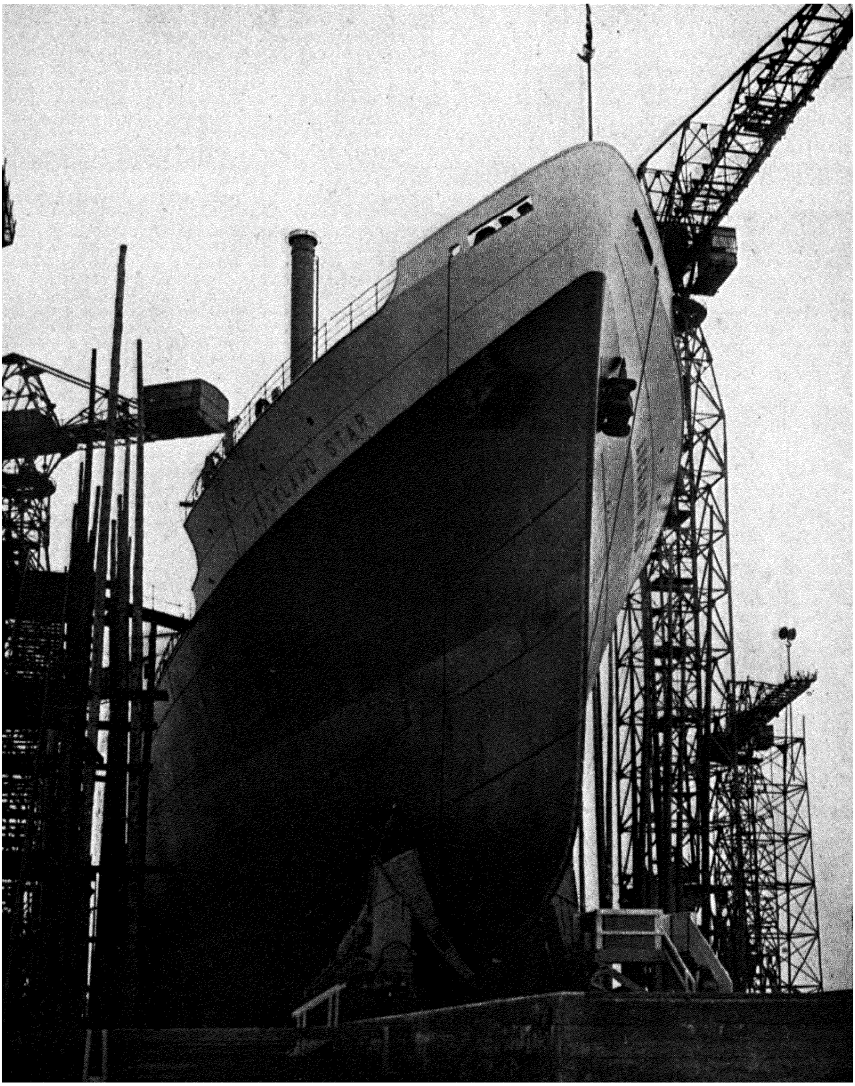
The country is not rich. Hard effort has created its industries and made its soil fruitful. But within a narrow compass it is sufficiently lovely, with the long sea-loughs, the glens and mountains, the gentle inland stretches of lake and river and field, the sheer northern cliffs whose prospect of the Scottish isles can rival the Cyclades in the April blue of the Aegean. Our changeful climate, though it rains plentifully upon us, has days of delicate light and triumphal colour, and others of silvery greyness that are as magical as any. It is a land at once untamed and endearing, homely and enchanted.





BELFAST

Above, The Parliament Buildings.—*Below*, The Shipyards



A Ship on the Stocks in the Belfast Shipyards

So much for the setting; but what kind of humanity does it frame?

"Ulstermen", said a certain famous author, "are all like Mr. Murdstone." His knowledge of us was no doubt profound; yet I have a happy fancy that a few of my fellow-countrymen may have solemnly misled him. There are preconceptions so rooted that it seems almost cruel to challenge them; they can only be unsmilingly evoked, and sardonically enjoyed.

One can sympathize with our author none the less, for it is not easy to generalize truthfully about that queer hybrid, the Ulsterman, even when one happens to belong to the species. From the tensions of the past and the clashing strains of his heredity and associations he has emerged as an oddly contradictory creature. He may be devoutly religious, but quite startlingly sceptical about every other question under heaven; law-abiding, but Irishman enough to appreciate a neat evasion of the law. Clannish and home-loving, he has been compelled, like a dispossessed younger son, to be adventurous. It has been said that at the North Pole someone would look out of an igloo and greet you in a Belfast accent. He would also receive you hospitably, for Ulster people, though fundamentally reticent, are social animals, who like laughing, and often talk prodigiously.

They are proud of their identity, but spasmodically afflicted with a sense of country-cousinhood; stubborn, but capable of emotional surrenders; hard-headed, but swayed at times by ideas which, to other people, can look like Midsummer madness. The country wife who has amused you for an hour with shrewd, *terre-à-terre* conversation, may suddenly mention a distant episode of local history as if it had occurred last week, or scold her man for meddling with a fairy thorn. A taciturn, canny, prosaic old gentleman may flare up like a prophet over a point of theology, or meet some relative of a long dead friend, inarticulate still, but with tears in his eyes.

Political and economic stresses have sometimes left the Ulsterman with little surplus energy or leisure for cultivating the graces of life, and it is not surprising that his gifts have often been directed to positive ends. Kelvin, that supremely practical genius, leads the honourable line of our scientists. We have contributed a pretty constellation of generals to the present war.

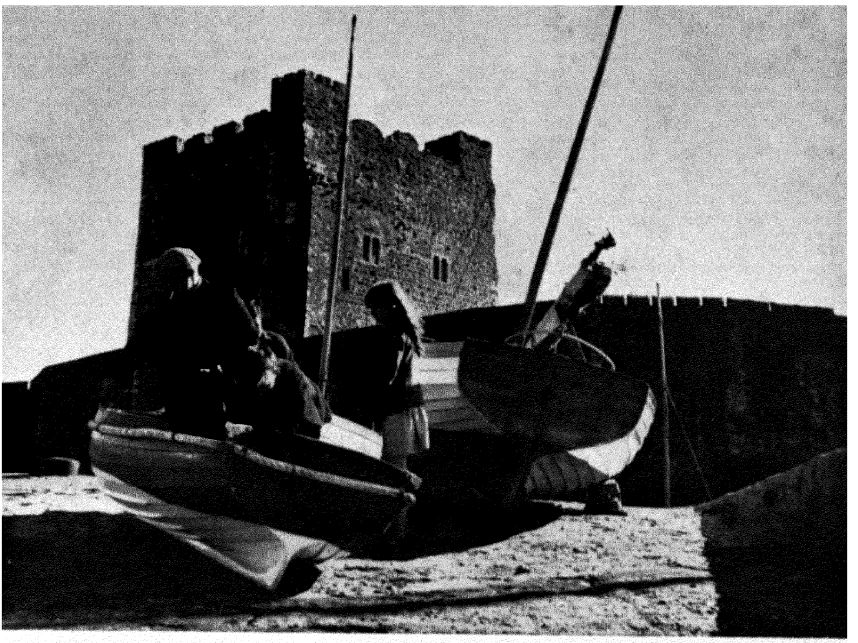
We have been prolific of competent, and more than competent, soldiers and administrators, technicians and men of business, skilled artisans, good husbandmen, good housekeepers.

But of late years interest in the arts has increased, and the emotional and imaginative sides of the Ulsterman's temperament are finding fuller expression. You may, for instance, see our landscape and our people vigorously alive in the paintings of Connor; or hear a native cadence in the symphonic poems of Hamilton Harty, as in the folk-songs, exquisite or rowdy, that have been collected in our countryside. Most people in Northern Ireland enjoy listening to music and many, which is even better, like making it. Musical festivals and competitions, which often include drama, verse-speaking, and story-telling, are always enthusiastically crowded.

It is, however, in literature that Ulster people have most nearly found themselves; naturally enough, for where, as with us, the Puritan tradition is strong, it is through the power of words, rather than through pure sound or visual imagery, that life has chiefly been interpreted. Ulstermen and women have attempted many literary forms and have won some distinction in most of them. Their native province, with its own vernacular of speech and thought, its habits and folk-lore and traditions, has inspired a great deal of their work, though by no means all of them are "regionalists". Humanity and its fundamental experiences are much the same the world over, but certain elements give a local colouring to those with an Ulster setting.

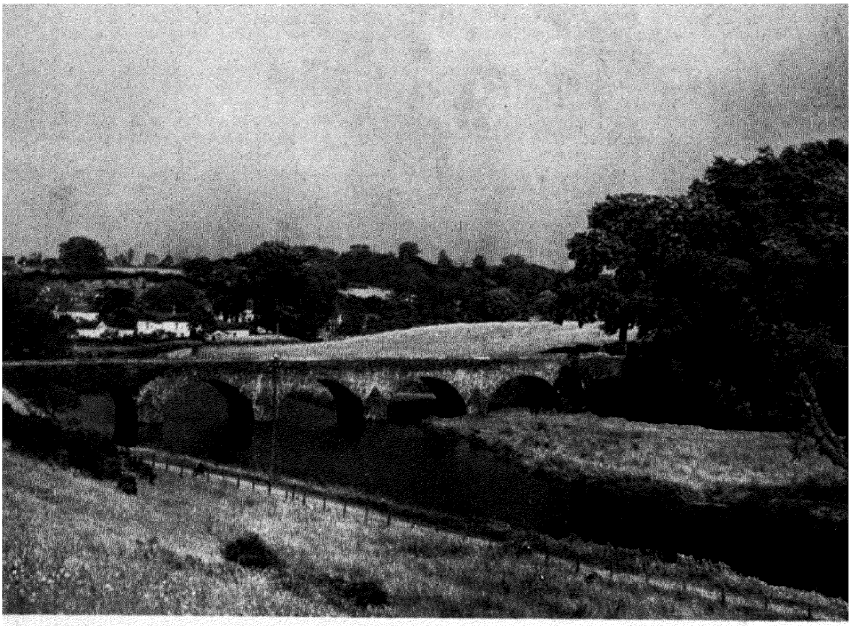
A religious view of life is still the accepted one with the majority of our people, and religious issues, for good and ill, are sharply alive. It has already been suggested that a sense of the supernatural, not always in its strictly religious manifestations, may make its appearance where you least expect it. Perhaps our mixed blood and the legendary scenes we inhabit have something to do with this; it may not be very generally known that the Celtic revival of last century owed much to the Ulster poet and scholar, Samuel Ferguson, and that, if "AE" retreated to Dublin to record his visions, he saw them first among the apple blossoms of Armagh.

Then, though Ulster is in part an industrial area, town and country are still in very close relation; it is possible to "belong"





Above: CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, BELFAST LOUGH
Below: THE ANTRIM COAST





Above: SHAW'S BRIDGE, BELFAST
Below: AN ULSTER SCENE

in both worlds. A living poet who has written movingly of "the steely ardour" of Belfast and of her legions of workmen streaming homeward,

> Terrible as an army with banners
> Through the dusk of a winter evening,

writes like a countryman of rural scenes and people. Through all the imperfections of our society one can still see how closely knit and interdependent are all the activities of man; daily life has some sort of intelligible pattern. And because the social organism is small and comprehensible the individual can feel at home in it. He sees that he has value both as a member of the community and as a separate soul besieged by grandeur. The world may be a puzzling place to him—it is to most of us—but he is relatively free from some of the worst bewilderments of our day. We need not claim this piece of good fortune as a merit; but it may explain why Ulster writers, on the whole, are relatively more interested in persons and less in mass movements or social theories than many of their contemporaries elsewhere.

A good many of our authors write wholly or partly in dialect. We have—till education shall have done its damnedest—if not a second language a lively local idiom that clearly reflects our varied inheritance. The basis of it is Lowland Scots, but one may also meet with traces of seventeenth-century English usage, and locutions straight from the Gaelic. There is a quick, pugnacious tang about our speech that makes it apt for comedy, and this our playwrights in particular give us freely. With the living voice to lend its words full savour, this can often be very funny, with a humour not over subtle but cheerfully robust, and tolerant of such human absurdity as does not give itself airs. Ulster dramatists, using both dialect and standard English, have also produced good serious plays, such as Rutherford Mayne's *Bridgehead* and some of the work of St. John Ervine, and we are growing steadily more at home in the theatre, which to some of our stricter thinkers was long a forbidden delight. Those who saw the *Philoctetes* and *Dr. Faustus* acted by a group of unemployed workmen in Belfast shortly before the war, came away with the feeling that a people which could so apprehend great drama might one day come to create it.

Among Ulster writers now using the King's English, there are

several who handle it with special felicity and erudite grace. I have spoken of our sense of the past, or, it might be truer to say, of the co-existent, for in Ireland, North or South, all events tend to appear contemporary. This can be a mixed blessing in daily intercourse, but it may give inspiration to the scholar. To feel that the past is operative in the present, to know that that too was life, is to possess the essential poetry of learning. Our writers are rarely more successful than in the work of re-creating another age or interpreting its thought. They have ranged from ancient times to those within living memory and have explored foreign fields besides those of local history and antiquities.

Two seemingly opposite strains in our mentality—the love of precise fact and the imaginative burden of the past—can, in fine scholarship, be reconciled, and it is not perhaps accidental that such books as Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* and C. S. Lewis's *The Allegory of Love* should be the creations of Ulster authors.

On the whole and without subscribing to the error of the schoolboy who translated "Ne plus ultra" as "There's nothing beyond Ulster", there is really a good deal to be said for living in Northern Ireland. Great events keep their fearful potties o'er our heads, and we are bruised and shaken by them as who can fail to be? But in our immediate surroundings the tempo of life is less frenzied, its stage less over-crowded, than they are in many other places to-day, and it may be a little less difficult to see some of the permanent elements. A field may be small, and yet have wide horizons.

THE THEATRE

By IVOR BROWN

The life of the London Theatre in the early months of 1945 continued to centre very much upon the work of the two great Repertory Companies at the Haymarket and the New Theatre, the former led by Mr. John Gielgud and Mr. Leslie Banks, and the latter (the Old Vic team) by Mr. Laurence Olivier and Mr. Ralph Richardson. There was a common, and I think just, criticism made of both ventures, namely that their directors were nervous of new work and added nothing to our dramatic resources as far as writing goes. True, the 'Old Vic" had mentioned a new play about the Arthurian Legend by James Bridie, and this would have been most acceptable. But no more has been heard of that. Possibly, by the time these words appear, something will have been done in that direction. But I have my doubts.

So the credit for innovation had to go elsewhere, to the Tennent management, for example, which offered a new play by Miss Daphne Du Maurier in a style fresh at least to that authoress, whose widest reputation has been based upon her power to tell a strong story (or even a tall one) with appropriate strength of narrative and height of feeling. In *The Years Between* (at Wyndham's) she gave a topical setting to the age-old situation of the husband deemed lost and at last returning. The war, of course, invites reshaping of this fable, which began with Ulysses and has included so many a Eugene Aram down the centuries. In this case the disappearance of a soldier M.P. whose death after an air-crash near Greece was at length presumed, seems a sadly normal occurrence of recent public life. His wife in the play succeeded, by Party agreement, to his Parliamentary seat without opposition and found her loneliness at home relieved by a gentleman-farmer of the tacit, mannerly, good-sportsman type.

So far, so ordinary. Where Miss Du Maurier's play achieved its distinction was in her picture both of the colonel and his wife. The developing character of the latter was really subtly drawn; at first she was just the average housewife and mother whom you would expect to meet in any English country house. She had never suspected herself of being more than a fairly competent and attractive domestic manager making a suitable background for the great Colonel Wentworth, author, politician, and man of note.

But, when her political friends asked her to stand for her dead husband's seat and she accepted, she began to find that she was quite a person too. She had ideas. She could make a speech. She could deal with Parliamentary as well as tradesmen's bills. Not that her head was swollen: but she had found herself and she enjoyed it, as was only natural.

The Colonel at last reached home after years of concealment and heroic manœuvre in Europe where he had been working with "Underground" armies. He was by then a strained, tormented man as well as a sentimentalist, who wanted to find an England which has, in fact, vanished, and now has its old freedoms curtailed and its future heavily overlaid by copious planning. This new-fangled social discipline he resented. He resented, too, his wife's emergence as a Public Figure. He hated being faced with these two facts. He had to realize that during the long and strenuous years of the war not only had the country changed, but people had, inevitably, changed too. The fact is universal. Any man who has been away a long time will meet some surprise on his return

A Play of our Time

That is a hard reality which society must face in the immediate future and one is grateful to Miss Du Maurier for making the theatre face it too. She has rescued our drama of to-day from the charge of being either timidly antiquarian in its reliance on classics or feebly escapist in its reliance on levity and trifling.

Here, at any rate, was a play of our own time. It did not romanticize either hero or heroine. The Colonel Wentworth, to play whose part Mr. Clive Brook made a welcome return to our Stage, was "difficult" and testy, as well might be any man who had endured his trials, perils, and hardships. The wife,

too, was carefully drawn, being neither too clever nor too commonplace. The solution of the dilemma need not be pursued here. It is sufficient to say that the acting of Mr. Brook, Miss Nora Swinburne, and Mr. Ronald Ward (as the third, and retiring, party) was first-rate. The play is far more quiet and thoughtful and far less superficially dramatic than the same author's "Rebecca". It is most certainly the kind of piece that our theatre of 1945 needs, being typical of the day in its dilemma and its outlook. Honest and thoughtful in temper, it refuses the obvious lures of slick play-making and disdains the ordinary grease-paint values and histrionic effects.

Chekhov in England

There remain the classics and neo-classics. Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* was added to the "Old Vic's" programme, a safety move, since Chekhov is now "Box-office".

Chekhov must be played with natural ease, speed, and sense of humour. In England he has suffered terribly from a too diligent pursuit of supposedly Russian "atmosphere". The result has been portentously slow and gloomy productions—very different from the brisk realism with which the Russians themselves perform these pieces—and the rendering of *Uncle Vanya* at the New Theatre in London was of this heavily protracted and over-melancholy style. The producer seemed to be saying all the time: "This is Chekhov and this is I, John Burrell, telling you!"

Many critics commented, fairly, on the fatally deliberate tempo of the presentation. Nearly all, no less justly, approved the individual performances, especially that of Mr. Ralph Richardson as Uncle Vanya. This was, indeed, a lovely piece of work, yet another masterpiece by an actor who touches nothing that he does not humanize. Nature lies deep in everything that he contrives: we know all his characters on the instant. They are, richly, of our own species; some actors—and great ones in their kind—are never quite that, being so much larger or more luminous than life. Ralph Richardson is perfect for Chekhov, being life itself.

The second classic of the period was the familiar *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This is usually handled romantically, with a cascade of Mendelssohn's music and a modern emphasis on the revels, Sarabands, and Fandangos of fairyland. But it can be given in a more classical way, namely in the spirit of its own period. It was obviously written as an entertainment to grace a noble wedding and was intended rather for an aristocratic audience in gaily fanciful mood than for the rough-and-tumble of the Tudor public theatres. It is close to the art of the Court Masque and it can still be produced in that way.

A Jacobean Masque

That is how, in Mr. Neville Coghill's production for Mr. Gielgud, it was directed at the Haymarket. The music chosen was of the seventeenth century: so were the costumes. Both were English. The limitation of this method is that the sentimental aspects of Fairyland—if you want them—slip through the producer's fingers. The Court Masque of the Tudor and Jacobean grandees was an elegant and expensive affectation in a classical style and as such delighted the courtiers of Whitehall who loved the beauty and sumptuosity of Inigo Jones's decoration. Their Oberon would be judged on his graces, not on his magic.

Accordingly, those who wanted "The Dream" drenched in moonshine and Mendelssohn were disappointed. Those, on the other hand, who wanted the real atmosphere and circumstance of an original, or at least an early Shakespearean, production recreated to-day were delighted. Here was Shakespeare habited and mounted as he would have been at the Court of King James, freed from Victorian sentiment, tinsel, and trappings, handsomely staged and spoken, and containing several most exquisite performances. Quince, the harassed director of the humble mummers, is one of the loveliest parts in Shakespeare—a briefer role but far finer than Bully Bottom's—and Mr. Miles Malleson, our supreme and so our most poignant Shakespearean clown, gave it to the full his matchless comic quality, namely an intense perturbation that commands our mirth—until we somehow realize that his fun lies too deep for laughter. It was a little performance, judged merely by time and space, but huge in so far as tragedy and comedy took hands and danced within it.

ART—THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

By Philip Hendy

Whoever it was who said that the Englishman's home was his castle, the phrase needs some explanation; for to friend or acquaintance or total stranger the Englishman's home is more accessible certainly than the Frenchman's, the Italian's, or the Spaniard's, probably, than the German's or the Austrian's. Where the Englishman is really impregnable is his club. The clubs have survived even the present war. One or two have been rudely touched by H.E. or incendiary; but for the most part life goes on in them as before, modified a little by the shortage of staff and the sumptuary laws about food, but still preserving an agreeable impression of survival from a more leisurely and civilized age.

But the club is for the few, and in Britain the café habit, which is almost universal on the Continent, does not exist. This and its cause or effect, the less differentiated part that is played by woman in British social life, makes the Englishman's house his chief gathering-place, even for political cliques. Who has not heard of the English "political week-end", the country-house gathering at which, in more leisurely days, so many important decisions were made.

Unlike his club, however, the Englishman's home has practically disappeared. It was before the flying bomb and the rocket were known that a survey revealed that more than a quarter of the houses in England had been seriously damaged by "enemy action". These will be repaired or rebuilt in time; but what may be much more difficult to rebuild is the Englishman's home as a human, domestic, spiritual thing, as it had evolved gradually during the last three or four centuries out of the cruder and more promiscuous habits of the Middle Ages. In this sense the Englishman's home was perhaps the most individual in the world, the impregnable seat of his personality, as the remark about the castle probably witnesses.

It was in this sense that the Briton could lay his best claim to be an artist. Many a foreign visitor who has found it hard to develop much enthusiasm for British architecture or painting or music has been willing, after an introduction to private life, to acknowledge that the Englishman "knows how to live". That curious combination of an intolerance of all regulation with a readiness to compromise and an objection to emotional emphasis has prevented him from becoming a Palladio or a Rembrandt or a Beethoven; but it has made his garden and the interior of his "castle" an exceptionally individual, tranquil, and well-ordered place.

This is a good kind of art to excel in; and one which it is important to restore after the war. There has probably never been so widespread a disruption of the English home before, unless it was by the Black Death of the fourteenth century. No time should be lost in restoring it, for during the last few years much of the art must already have been forgotten.

Restoring the Home

The "stately homes of England" will never come together again, except as a rare freak of ostentation. The great collections of furniture and objects of art which filled them, the bevies of servants who kept them going, have been scattered by high taxation and the rise in wages. But to put together again the ordinary middle-class house involves many material problems. A great deal of publicity has been given to the shortage of houses; but the scarcity of furniture is quite as bad.

The storage warehouses, which were packed to overflowing at the outbreak of war, were particularly unfortunate in the blitz; every bombed or burned house has meant destroyed furniture; and the output of new furniture has been limited to small quantities of essential articles strictly rationed and designed in the meagre authorized "utility" styles.

It will be more difficult than ever, after the war is over, with the long interval not only in the habit of buying but even, for the many who will be setting up house for the first time, in the habit of living in surroundings of their own choice. The buyer will be more than ever at the mercy of the big stores, the shape of his life-surroundings dependent upon what they choose to thrust upon him.

This might seem a magnificent opportunity for the new Design Council which was described last month and which has now received a reasonable allocation of money, appointed a Director, and held its first meetings. It is, in fact, the only disinterested body which can exercise any influence upon the manufacturers; but for this very reason its hands are tied for the time being. As the child of the Board of Trade, it is interested primarily in the production end; and it can do nothing to encourage any peacetime production in quantity, so long as mass-production is entirely absorbed by the war effort. The Board of Trade has invited manufacturers to apply for licences to manufacture prototypes of post-war articles; but that is another matter from allowing mass-production or giving approval to any stimulation of the demand for it. The Design Council is no doubt hatching ambitious plans for exhibitions later on; but it will promote no exhibition for 1945–6.

A C.E.M.A. Exhibition

Meanwhile, however, there is the problem of helping those who will want to make a home from what is to be had. This is the chief aim of the "Design at Home" exhibition which has been organized by C.E.M.A. (the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), and is showing during April and May in the National Gallery in London. C.E.M.A. is a wartime creation, and its Art Department has until now been concerned with comparatively small exhibitions designed essentially for circulation to the provinces. "Design at Home" is the most ambitious and expensive exhibition that it has yet attempted. It is necessarily, however, on a modest scale, needing, to be precise, only 3,000 feet of floor space and occupying only two of the medium-sized rooms at the National Gallery, those which in peacetime were devoted to French painting. Round these are arranged a number of bays, each representing the greater part of a room: a bachelor bed-sitting room; a "sitting" room and a "living" room; a dining-room, two kitchens (one with gas, the other electric), and a combined kitchen-dining room and a "lounge" with dining-alcove; a double bedroom and a children's play and bedroom. Each room, as will be seen from this list, is intended only for the small house or flat, and for occupants of only moderate income.

The exhibition is modest also, for reasons already hinted at, in its scope, holding out no promise of a future superabundant in diversity of design or novelty of material, of nothing more dazzling in fact than twin peropex basins fitted in a bedroom or a cine-screen in the nursery. The Board of Trade has allowed no prototype to be exhibited except in the case of some new utility designs, a table, a sideboard, a bed, which are soon to be obtainable. In fact the exhibition shows British furniture design very much as it was in 1939, and a few pieces of early nineteenth-century furniture have been included deliberately, to encourage a wise choice in second-hand furniture and to demonstrate that the old will mix well with the new, if both are well chosen.

Good choosing is in fact the object of the exhibition, and the short text which hangs at the side of each bay giving a list of the articles it contains, with the names of the designer and manufacturer, begins with a brief indication of the reasons which have led to the selection of those particular articles in that arrangement. The Briton has not taken kindly to the habit which has become so widespread in the United States of employing the decorator not only to hang his wallpaper and paint his woodwork, but to choose his curtains and covers and to create his ensemble. His home has remained more personal to himself; but for the same reason the general standard has fallen, it must be admitted, below that of the United States.

The present exhibition has nothing spectacular about it; it lacks altogether the dramatic emphasis which usually characterizes the large trade-boosting exhibition. But Mr. Milner Gray, its organizer, has given to it instead the quality of thoughtfulness, of the patient consideration of every detail in relation to the whole, and of every aspect in relation to the purpose. The exhibition will bring to many who are feeling worn out with the continuous effort of a war of destruction the welcome reminder that even in the age of mass-production an opportunity for creativeness exists for every home-maker in exercising his choice and creating a harmony that is his own. From London the Exhibition will go on tour in the provinces.

MUSIC

By EDWIN EVANS

Already there have been pleasant manifestations of friendly relations in Anglo-French musical circles. Our second French visitor—the first was Charles Münch—was a composer, Francis Poulenc. Originally one of "Les Six" he was frequently here before the war, and was always welcome. He made his reappearance at a concert of the London Philharmonic Society, at which he was one of the pianists in his own Concerto for two pianos and orchestra. The other was his English confrere, Benjamin Britten, who had previously conducted a performance of his own Sinfonia da Requiem, a very remarkable work.

This gave the whole concert a kind of binational significance, but a touch of added intimacy was added the following day. Poulenc was then officiating "at the piano" for a recital of French songs, some of them his own, which were sung by Pierre Bernac. The services of an assistant being required to turn the pages for the pianist, this friendly office was performed by Benjamin Britten.

A new choir which has been making its influence felt in recent seasons may now be said to have attained to full stature. Its story begins in the first year of the war, when amateur music-making appeared to be doomed for the time being. The late Sir Henry Wood then suggested to a young London conductor, Charles Proctor, that he should nevertheless probe the possibilities of raising a small choir to sing at his Promenade Concerts. On the eve of Dunkirk the task seemed almost hopeless, as none could foretell what ordeals lay ahead. However, rehearsals began and the Alexandra Choir was born.

It may be imagined that the experiences through which London had to pass did not help to make the meetings always pleasant, but our choristers are a sturdy and persistent race. During the past four years the Choir has given many concerts and broadcasts, taken part in others, and proved its worth as a constituent in our musical activities. Needless to say it has also fulfilled its original purpose of singing the choral works performed at the "Proms", ranging from Handelian choruses to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Having gradually increased its numbers to over 250 its founder concluded that the time was ripe for it to launch out on a larger and more independent scale. This it did on January 25th with a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" which more than confirmed the favourable opinions it has steadily gathered since its inception.

Since the beginning of the year an addition has been made to our provision of symphony concerts. A new series is being given on three Tuesday evenings in each month by the National Symphony Orchestra, under Sidney Beer. For the first month he has been proceeding rather cautiously, though the first work he conducted was Walton's brilliant "Scapino" overture, composed in 1940 for the jubilee of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The "high light" so far has been a fine performance of Elgar's Violin Concerto with Ida Haendel as the soloist. As the season proceeds we are promised Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast", works by Elgar, Ireland, Bax, and Britten, and yet another attempt to acclimatize Mahler in London by performances of his Third and Fourth Symphonies. The schedule cannot be called revolutionary, but it is enterprising compared with our present concert routine.

It is the policy of the Royal Philharmonic Society this season to engage different orchestras in rotation. At its January concert it was the turn of the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Basil Cameron. One of the works performed was Delius's "Paris", which had quite recently been presented as a ballet, necessarily with reduced orchestration. It was the greater pleasure to hear once more the full richness of the composer's sonorous flow. This kaleidoscopic night vision of a great city may be loosely constructed as to form, but it is a feast of subtle colouring. At the same concert Cyril Smith was the soloist in Dohnanyi's "Variations on a Nursery Song", and, as one critic described it with lyrical enthusiasm, "decked the work for all the world as though it was a sugar cake

at a children's party, with sparkling lights and silver bells", which doubtless is what the composer intended — but musical humour is not always made manifest.

In opera there is little to record beyond the return to the Sadler's Wells Company of Redvers Llewellyn for a few performances whilst on leave from the Royal Air Force. One of these was as Rigoletto, in peace-time one of his most successful parts. When the Opera had vacated the Prince's Theatre its place was taken for a five weeks' season by the International Ballet. It opened with "Coppelia", a ballet which seems to suit this company better than some of its own creations. Mona Inglesby herself, who directs it, has a sense of comedy which is seen to advantage in the principal part, and the dancers of the company support her with much spirit.

One looks to the concerts sponsored by Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes to provide first hearings of new works, wisely interspersed with others which have proved their worth but are still relatively unfamiliar. Thus the last programme included John Ireland's charming cycle of Sixteenth-Century songs and works by Bartok and Martinu which had been applauded at previous performances. One of the new works consisted of songs by Beryl Price, who has set three poems by Dante's friend, the Florentine poet, Guido Cavalcanti, and contrived to clothe his mysticism in strong, well-conceived music. Little was previously known of the composer, but these songs have awakened interest in what may follow. There was also a Violin Sonata by the American composer, Aaron Copland, opinions on which were more divided. Considering that unfamiliar music of "advanced" type requires more careful preparation than is always given, it is worthy of record that a high standard of performance at these concerts has been scrupulously maintained since their foundation.

Under the auspices of the Arrangers, Composers, and Copyists' Section of the Musicians' Union a Committee for the Promotion of New Music was set up in 1943, which holds frequent studio meetings and occasional orchestral rehearsals to try out new works. These are discussed then and there, "constructive" criticism being welcomed. During the first year of its activity 110 works were thus performed, out of which nine were recommended for a wider hearing in the normal concert repertoire.

Gramophone Records

Some of these are now published, but what is perhaps even more helpful is that the Decca company has undertaken to record them, so that concert-goers will have the opportunity of judging for themselves. The first such recording is of three songs for baritone by William Busch, a London-born composer, whose untimely death was recently announced. His 'Cello Concerto was one of the novelties at the 1943 "Proms". The three songs, "The Centaurs", "Memory, hither come", and "Laughing Song", have been published by J. & W. Chester and recorded by Henry Cummings with Ivor Newton at the piano (M 576). On the same disc is another song, "Rest". They justify the recommendation under which they have been put forward, though possibly some may find the setting of William Blake's "Memory, hither come" somewhat elusive —perhaps in sympathy with Blake's own mysticism. The others are more direct, but they call for a good pianist.

The most important recording of the month is that issued by H.M.V. of Elgar's Second Symphony, played by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult. The score of this work is inscribed with the first two lines of Shelley's "Invocation":

> Rarely, rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of Delight.

It was designed as a tribute to King Edward VII, but fate decreed that it should be dedicated to his memory. The *Larghetto*, however, which is sometimes described as an elegy, was actually composed before his death. The rest of the Symphony is imbued with the "Spirit of Delight" and the whole is regarded as one of its composer's most characteristic works. It is scarcely necessary to say that the performance recorded shows the most scrupulous care, for Sir Adrian is noted for the polished precision of his work, and those he has given of Elgar are credited with special authority. Though readings of this Symphony, even when performed under the composer's own direction, have tended to vary, this one is not likely to be seriously questioned.

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

A series of films is gradually being released under the general title of *The Pattern of Britain*. It promises to be the best series about Britain's regional geography that has yet been made. It has the great advantage of not trying to cover too much in any one film. Three titles have been released so far, appropriately concentrating on the widely dispersed localities of the Highlands of Scotland, the pastures of the midland county of Leicestershire, and the valleys of the south-western peninsula county of Cornwall.

The divergence of British scenery, the changing face of this small but remarkably varied island, is difficult for the foreigner, and indeed for the relatively untravelled Britisher to realise. These three films help to penetrate this regional divergence, a variety not merely of topography but also of temperament. The Cornish, Celtic in origin, are a people distinct and independent from their neighbours in Devon. In *Cornish Valley* members of a local family speak for themselves. They explain with friendliness and an eye for personal detail how they develop their farming each year in the difficult soil of their valley.

Nowhere in Cornwall is far from the sea, and there are many places from which one can see the Atlantic both to north and to south when one reaches the extreme end of the county. The film opens with some gleaming shots of the sea flashing among the broken rocks of the coast. The trees above the sheltered valleys are driven askew by the Atlantic winds, parts of the landscape carry the remains of tin mines which go back to Phoenician times, and other views are whitened by the conical heaps of the china clay excavations, making a "weird moon country".

The Grassy Shires deals with the pasture-lands of Leicestershire where some of the finest cattle in the world are reared. The scenery is without the pictorial quality of Cornwall or Scotland. The most remarkable section of the film shows the farming of the replaced topsoil after some ten feet of underlying iron-ore deposit have been removed. The War has made it necessary to plough up some of the famous pasture lands, but the film shows that cattle still remain the chief interest of these Midland farmers.

The Crofters takes us into the heart of the Western Highlands with its imposing mountain scenery, its lochs, and its craggy folded rocks of glacial origin. Friendliness again inspires this film, lifting it above the level which usually leaves such documentary pictures empty of anything but photographic beauty, a countryside deprived of the heart of its people. Sheep rearing is the root of these people's lives. They are now depleted in numbers owing to the insecurity of the crofters' existence in the past. Their work is shown in the film, the lambing season, the shearing and the dipping, the haymaking, and the peat-cutting.

These films, directed by Ralph Keene and photographed with a clear eye for scenic beauty by Peter Hennessy, are very satisfying as a record of British life. The people themselves speak of their work, and the commentary is scripted with sincerity and informality.

Cambridge

An excellent documentary about Cambridge has been made for the British Council. Nearly the whole of the film deals with College life, both academic and social. The commentary, usually unhappily self-conscious in this type of film in order to build up so-called entertainment value where it is out of place, is here simple and direct in its description of University life. The range of the University studies and the tradition behind College life is shown without being shown off, and many opportunities for striking photography are taken in the film. The beautiful bridges over the Cam sail over our heads as the camera drifts beneath them in a boat. The shots of the Choir singing Evensong at King's College in the candlelight are particularly effective.

A recent outstanding feature film is *Waterloo Road* (made at Gainsborough Studios and written and directed by Sidney Gilliat, whose work in the notable film *Millions like Us* was noticed in my article

on "The British Film in Wartime" in *Britain To-day* last October). This film has the courage to deal very directly with one of the great problems of war-time, marriage dis-established by separation for national service. It concerns the problem of a young man, very much in love with his wife, who is forced to leave her before they have had time to found their home and have their children. When he has gone, his wife is left to live with her husband's family, supporting herself with a war job, sleeping in an air-raid shelter whilst London is bombed, and wishing she had had time to have a child before the lonely wearying days of war had destroyed her respect for living.

She lives in the heart of London, south of the river near the busy Waterloo Road. The background is so well handled that the Waterloo Road appears as real as any character in the film. The essential action of the picture is the simple story of a day, the day Jim takes unauthorized leave to clear up his sister's hints that Tillie is seeing too much of an undesirable man and finds that this is true, and the same night in which he restores her sense of values and beats up her intending lover in one of the best directed fights the British film has ever produced.

Reality and the Film

The film moves with a dynamic tempo of its own, coming directly from the needs of the action and the character of Jim. Too often in films of both British and American origin one is conscious that the dynamic quality of swift action and exciting speech is superimposed on a comparatively dull story about comparatively dull people, so that the entertainment needs of the cinema's vast public may be duly met. The action, the characterization, the speech become synthetic, written to a formula by men who are content merely to know their business without caring for it as well. The cinema is not alone guilty of this: ever since drama became popular, excitement has been created for its own sake.

Waterloo Road is the kind of film which British studios can make supremely well, and John Mills as the thwarted husband Jim Colter gives the best of the many good performances which he has contributed to British films made in war-time. He is an alert, brisk and vigorous actor, sincere, and when his characters call for it, sensitive to the emotions about which British people are usually reticent. The reticence is superbly played in the short "flashback" occasioned by Tillie seeing the picture of her wedding group in the window of a Waterloo Road photographer. She is at once back in the railway carriage as she and Jim leave for their honeymoon, and the dream of that happiness in which speech was unable to do more than hamper emotion is broken by the memory of their quarrels about the home and the children they were unable to have. These quarrels we hear from the sound-track as she hurries down the Waterloo Road to meet the man who at any rate says that he loves her.

These devices belong directly to the art of the film, which is a medium plastic enough to be able to follow the whims of memory and unspoken thoughts. But most of the picture concerns the adventures (they are no less) of Jim in his one-day search for his wife while she spends her day off with Ted Purvis, blackmarket dealer and manager of an Amusement Arcade, played with unpleasant accuracy by Stewart Granger. The excitement of the chase, at the root of so many good films from cowboy thrillers to the psychological studies of pursuit in Fritz Lang's *M* and Chénal's *Crime et Châtiment*, is rational enough here since Jim, reticent about the nature of his troubles, decides to take unauthorized leave and is himself chased by the military police while he pursues his wife. This double motif of the pursuer pursued gives added tension throughout the film, as in the excellently timed little sequence in the tattoo artist's shop.

The climax is the terrific fight between the two men in Purvis's flat over the Amusement Arcade. This takes place at night during an air-raid, and the thud of their fists is re-duplicated by the crashing of the bombs. With high explosive for comparison, the fight takes on a perspective larger than itself, and its implications are widened. The battle is fought out to exhaustion, but Jim is strong enough to help his enemy to shelter afterwards. This touch is a good one, for it leaves the spiritual issues undimmed.

NEW LITERATURE

THE PROVINCE OF ARCHITECTURE

By CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

FINE BUILDING. *By* Maxwell Fry. *Faber.* 15*s.*

In *Fine Building* Mr. Maxwell Fry has certainly written a fine, humane, and passionate book though there is less of actual building or of architecture in it than you might expect. Unless, that is, you happen to know the writer and the new sociological school of architects of which he is leader and most eloquent prophet. As an artist to whom the modern movement owes much of the graciousness that has made it acceptable to those whose humanism makes them reject mere mechanical functionalism as unsatisfying, as an experienced technician who has often surprised and delighted his professional brethren by his bold ingenuity, he has every right to our attention when he chooses, as here, to take a wider canvas and sketch in the human background against which all we do must in the end be judged. In his own words:

> The reasons why an architect should attempt to find an answer to problems that appear to lie beyond the province of architecture itself are understandable. Architecture has been divorced from its major tasks for the last century. Of all the arts the most social, it has catered for only a minority of society, and has witnessed and been powerless to prevent, the destruction of what should be the chief jewel in its crown, the designing of great towns and cities.

Ranging as he does (and must) over trade and industry, economics, politics, education, and so on mostly within Britain and mostly within the past century, he contrives to make one feel that something far better and finer than we have ever known before lies just ahead, even now almost within our grasp, waiting for us to seize it, to realize it, and thereby make a fresh start with justice, reason, and beauty directing where their opposites had directed in the past or else where there had been no conscious direction at all. Of factories he writes:

> A full factory should consist of its work half and its leisure and social half. It makes goods and it makes lives. This begins to be true . . . but the machine has the industrialists too much in its power as yet, and while they remain captive their efforts run to human waste. . . . It will be realised that the final secret lies in the adjustment of machine rhythms to human rhythms and not *vice-versa*.

The exciting illustrations show some dramatic contrasts, none more encouraging perhaps than two group photographs taken of the same Greater London State School, the first in 1884 and the other, fifty years later, in 1934. The children in the second picture come from the self-same streets as those in the first—which probably shows many of their fathers—but, thank God, *what* a difference! . . . "We still suffer from the low-quality living which continues within the sordid environment of most of our cities and towns. We must bear this in mind because no country will advance much faster than the bulk of its people."

But in addition to all this essential basic background philosophizing, there is actual planning, designing, constructional and equipment discussion in plenty, notably on the important civic diagnosis conducted on London by "the Modern Architectural Research Group" of which Fry was a leading member and on the new and logical lay-out that the subsequent synthesis suggested—all admirably illustrated in a series of colour plates.

Incidentally he brings out very clearly the essentially cellular structure of the healthily functioning social organism—the City, built up from the family through the "Residential Unit" of 1,000 persons, the "Neighbourhood" of 6,000, the "Borough" of 50,000 right up to the "City District" of half a million or more—each with the communal amenities necessary and proper to its station.

That Maxwell Fry is alert to maintain the integrity of our countryside, goes without saying. That lovely if tattered backcloth still dominates the national stage, and must be gradually and lovingly repaired as we learn to honour it more worthily in whatever we may plan and build. Lastly, the author sketches out a scenario for a film, showing the growth of London from the dawn of history to to-day.

If some astute producer does not seize on this and make a civic thriller of it, then the industry is not nearly as alive as it thinks it is. But perhaps it might be safer to wait until the author himself, now planning West Africa, can leave that vast but rewarding job well launched, to assist in its direction.

A TORY REFORMER

By R. A. Scott-James

FULL SPEED AHEAD! Essays in Tory Reform. *By* Viscount Hinchingbrooke. Foreword *by* Sir Ernest Barker. *Simpkin Marshall.* 5*s.*

Towards the end of 1942 Lord Hinchingbrooke was given extended leave from the Army in order to devote his time to politics in the House of Commons. Others among the younger Conservative Members of Parliament who, returned from the services, shared his views, combined with him to form the Tory Reform Committee, or the Progressive Right Wing in politics. This book is a collection of speeches and articles delivered or written by him since he has been a member of this group. In describing himself he prefers to use the older word *Tory* rather than *Conservative*, perhaps to make it the more abundantly clear that he has no part or lot in those newer elements in Conservatism which, as he sees it, stand for vested financial interests, and are bent on defending the *status quo* and "*laissez-faire* capitalism run mad". All this in his opinion is alien to the true spirit of Toryism; it is the "base blood" from which the Conservative Party must be purged. He demands acceptance of the true Tory tradition, which is "concerned with patriotism, interpreted not as worship of State, but love of country and desire to see the best of our national characteristics influence the world".

The practical measures he advocates are those which we expect to find urged by the most progressive parties. He supports the fullest possible programme of social security à la Beveridge. He urges a far-reaching policy of town and country planning. Fearlessly advocating a general measure of State control over transport, coal production, agriculture, banking and investment, he announces that modern Toryism "embraces a great part of modern Socialism". He pleads for dynamic policies which will enlist in their cause all the energy of youth for the achievement of social justice and the democratic ideal of equality of opportunity. He asks that we should crystallize out of a million conflicting opinions the typical "British view", and in so doing face the world united as a nation, and, in a wider sphere, united as an Empire. His democracy will have dynamism and drive; it will be realistic, enterprising, passionate; it will know no privileges but those which carry with them duties.

Here are statements of opinion which many will be surprised to hear from a member of the Conservative Party. It is true he again and again quotes chapter and verse from one of the greatest of Conservative leaders in the past, Disraeli, yet I do not think the party which followed that leader in office ever looked upon social reform with Lord Hinchingbrooke's eyes, even if the problem were translated into Victorian terms. Yet we need not doubt that he has some justification for calling himself a Conservative or Tory. There is much that he shares with Liberals, but he dwells more insistently on the need for clinging fast to ways of life that have been valued in the past and have value still. He shares with them the idea of freedom, and has progressed, as they have progressed, in recognizing that the State must step in to prevent the exploitation of freedom to the disadvantage of general welfare. But we observe his disposition to give full scope to inherited sentiment—inherited love of family and of country, and even an inherited religion, in so far as it is spiritually alive.

For instance, he speaks of the family as "that tiny but vital cell in the national growth, that spark and nucleus of clean living and close companionship between age and youth which, occurring in ten million homes, gives to the nation at once its toughness of moral fibre and, in a hesitant and changing world, the ordered destiny of

a whole people". Here is a distinctive note in the author's writing. It may be part of his Tory faith, but it is not just Tory—one might say it is British.

A remarkable group stand side by side with him as colleagues. It is easy to see why some are inclined to ask: Are these younger politicians really Tories, as they call themselves? Their own first answer is that they are so working that soon all Conservatives will be like them; but perhaps a second and indirect answer is given when they plead so earnestly for unity. "I hope", says the author of this book, "that we are entering upon an era of stable national governments supported by an overwhelming majority in Parliament and in the country". That is what a politician must hope who seeks, as Lord Hinchingbrooke does, to extract what is best from the programmes of all parties and blazon it on his own banner not merely as representing the Tory Reformers' faith, but the faith of the nation.

But whether this programme is Tory or something quite different, it would be good anyway for the future of the House of Commons if it had many younger members so thoughtful, so alive to present and future problems, so practical yet idealistic, and so gifted with power of expression.

AIR POWER IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By H. C. O'NEILL

MIDDLE EAST, 1940–1942. A STUDY IN AIR POWER. *By* Philip Guedalla. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Royal Air Force has been fortunate in its chroniclers; and in committing to Philip Guedalla this important phase of its war history it decided better than it knew. For this chapter has something of the substance of fiction and the writer has proved his capacity to revitalize the dead bones of military romance. Moreover his improvisations were always carefully studied; and here, in a medium closely related to much of his work, we catch a glimpse of the craftsman at his labour. His canvas covers the contribution of air power to the events in the Middle East from Italy's entry into the war until Montgomery had sped his unwelcome guests at Tripoli.

The reconnaissance of his terrain took him 20,000 miles across three continents. Then he had to study the developing theory of air war. Clausewitz and Mahan appeared to him to "anatomize" in print "in the luminous commonplace" what armies and navies had been doing. In the air, theory could not fail to be in a state of flux because the scope and type of machines refused to be static. He is, therefore, seen dissecting Douhet (unerringly singling out that writer's weakness in depreciating defence) and the brilliant memorandum of Smuts that, written almost thirty years ago, seems so satisfying to-day. He summons Kitchener and Pétain to his support, and perhaps a little exaggerates the dissent of Foch.

Armed with this background he moves across the Middle East, covering in his stride episodes that refuse to shed their gallantry under the attrition of time. But, dealing inevitably with episodes, he shows them to be intelligible only as the expression of ideas. He realizes the fresh importance of the Mediterranean through the dependence of modern war on oil, an importance that was still further enhanced when Persia became a powerful link in the Allied communications.

His starting-point is that period when "the eternal juggle of British strategy" was at its height, when Italian air strength was so superior to that of Britain in the Middle East. He shows the weak British force, nevertheless, launching out on the same aggressive action instinctively that Cunningham had adopted on the waters of the Mediterranean deliberately. In these early days of gallant make-believe the airmen misled the Italians as to their strength as effectively as the troops in their march from Sidi Barani to Benghazi, to Keren and the Red Sea, across Abyssinia, and in the apparently interminable seesaw across Libya. In each episode the R.A.F. played a cardinal part.

Out of this small force squadrons had to be found for Greece and a token force for Crete. Irak had to be saved by a handful

of training planes piloted by men in training, with a couple of howitzers recalled from honourable pension. In Syria they were more powerful; and they began to attain superiority and integration with the ground forces at Alamein and beyond.

Guedalla writes this epic story, which includes Malta's incomparable achievement, with his characteristic, pleasant irony; and he brings from the circumference to the centre much that might be ignored in British strategy. It is, alas, the last of his books; but it is as worthy of his subject as of himself. It is a study of air power, stimulating and thoughtful but also vivid and actual; and it makes engrossing reading.

INTELLECTUAL POETRY

A WORLD WITHIN A WAR. *By* Herbert Read. *Faber.* 6*s.*

This book of seventeen poems contains work written during the last ten years that the author wishes preserved. The thirties—how long ago they seem—were a time of great poetic activity, when poetry was approached in a healthy spirit of inquiry and criticism. The function of the poet in a modern society was not the least of the subjects of controversy. Should he remain in his "ivory tower"? or should he be a man of action, fight against Fascism in Spain, join the Communist party, work to prevent war? But the fact of war has decided many problems, and it is now left for a neo-Auden to demand of the intellectual, What did you do in the last peace? But Mr. Read, in his long poem, *Ode written during the Battle of Dunkirk*, has answered this question for himself and, no doubt, for many others of his generation (it will be remembered that he fought in the Great War)—for the liberal humanitarian, sensitive, cultivated. It is in part a confession of failure. We read of

> Belief without action
> action without thought
> the blind intervention
> of years without design.

of "faith formulated but not maintained"; but it affirms, too, a belief in the resurgence of the human spirit, and in the capacity of the self to achieve an equilibrium. In another long poem, *A World within a War*, Mr. Read develops these more personal beliefs. The book contains also several short pieces, some of them—*Bombing Casualties in Spain* and *To a Conscript of 1940* have already appeared in anthologies.

This is poetry of the intellect with which we have become familiar during the past decade (but which now appears to be giving place to a more fluid lyricism); a poetry of intelligent commentary rather than of passionate experience of life; it is, however, often moving and its seriousness commands attention.

A. C. BOYD

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER. *By* G. Milton Waldman. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sunk in the grass, close to the church in the village of Cumnor, is part of a Tudor fireplace; all that is left of Cumnor Hall where Amy, wife of Lord Robert Dudley, died mysteriously on September 8th, 1560. And perhaps even that relic belongs not to Amy's Cumnor Hall but to the house built by Anthony Forster after her death. However that may be, Cumnor is Amy Robsart's and Dudley's, whose badge of the bear and ragged staff is the sign of the village inn. So much and no more, in common knowledge, is the man of whom Mr. Waldman writes—Amy Robsart's husband and possible murderer. Common knowledge usually adds that he had her murdered in order that he might marry Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Waldman acquits him. His verdict is suicide, though his interpretation of the maid's evidence is not altogether convincing—surely, by the way, her name was Pinto, not Pirto?

Amy's death was only an incident in Dudley's career. It might have ruined him, for common report, then as now, assumed his guilt. But he held his course, and although the Queen never married him he served her and kept her affection for 30 years. Mr. Waldman's research has not found the mind of the man. The bright hard surface actions are all we can know of him: a careerist, when careers were made at Court, a splendid, showy, masculine product of the late Renaissance, an Englishman at a time of England's most tumultuous energy, interesting mainly for his relations with our most brilliant sovereign. In an honest and thoughtful introductory chapter

Mr. Waldman discusses the difficulty of fathoming the Tudor mind. Wisely he eschews deep psychological probing. He paints in a good background and sets the persons in action. And action tells much.

MARY CROSBIE

GERMANY BETWEEN TWO WARS. A STUDY OF PROPAGANDA AND WAR-GUILT. *By* Lindley Fraser. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is a book for translation into German for Germans to read. It is a brilliantly cold and factual analysis of the myths about the "stab in the back" of 1918, the "betrayal" of 1919, and the "oppression" of Germany by the western Powers after 1919; indeed, of the whole sham basis on which Nazi propaganda has built German resurgence. Professor Fraser demolishes the myths shred by shred, exposing their falsity and the nationalistic designs behind their creation. He concludes with an equally convincing *exposé* of Germany's responsibility for the present war, and an estimate of her probable reactions to defeat.

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE. *By* Hermann Levy. *Cambridge University Press.* 18*s.*

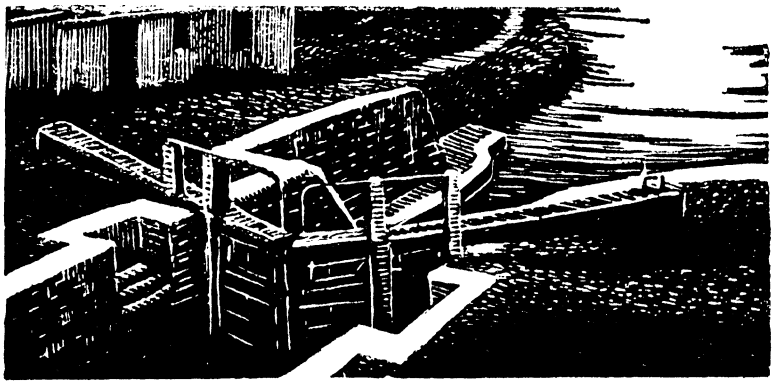
A comprehensive account of the British system of national health insurance set up in 1911, and of the way it has worked up to the present time. Mr. Levy has many suggestions for increasing the adequacy of cash payments on the one hand and of medical treatment on the other. He favours insurance based on separate regional or occupational groups providing their own medical services, with contributions and benefits varying according to their different rates of wages and risks to health. This is directly opposed to the Government's new plan for nation-wide pooling of risks, with flat-rate benefits and a complete free medical service for all. A thought-provoking book, which throws much light on problems common to all types of health insurance administration.

CABBAGES AND COMMITTEES. *By* Duncan McGuffie. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Those who know feel that Mr. McGuffie is going to be one of the people who count in the future of British agriculture. His basic principle is that agricultural policy cannot be confined to one country but must be founded on world-wide co-operation between consumer, distributor, and producer; and "producer", in his view, includes those who work for the producer. Mr. McGuffie is a firm believer that the happy worker is the employer's soundest asset. His book is packed with matter which will interest the practical agriculturist.

NARROW BOAT. *By* L. T. C. Rolt. *Drawings by* D. J. Watkins-Pitchford. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

England's canals, which played a great part in the Industrial Revolution, have carried less and less traffic since the coming of the railways. Mr. Rolt is a canal enthusiast. He loves the mode of travel, with its



Drawing by D. J. WATKINS-PITCHFORD *from "Narrow Boat".*

leisurely view of the country, the craftsmanship and costumes of the canal folk, their independence of modern mass existence. He has explored 400 miles of the canal system of the Midlands in his own narrow boat, and gives a vivid impression of the extent to which traditional ways survive. Mr. Watkins-Pitchford's woodcuts are excellent.

TOWARDS A PLAN FOR OXFORD CITY. *By* Lawrence Dale. *Faber.* 5*s.*

Oxford, says Mr. Lawrence Dale truthfully, is a noble city in disorder. In twenty years the population more than doubled; building land values rose from £30 to £1,000 an acre; by the outbreak of war 20,000 bicycles were whizzing daily across Magdalen Bridge. Mr. Dale is the cheerful, hard-hitting advocate of a "Christ Church Mall", a proposed new highway which in his opinion might cut across the much cherished "Meadows" without spoiling them and so remove the congestion of traffic in the middle of the city. He argues his case with conviction and wit.

BRITISH INDUSTRY. *By* G. C. Allen. *Longmans.* 1*s.*

The latest addition to the *British Life and Thought* series published for the British Council serves its purpose well. Professor Allen poses the leading questions which people of other nations are most likely to ask about the character and organization of British industries, and provides clear and concise answers. The scale of production, the role of monopoly, the relations between the State and industry, and the attitude of the workers are dealt with fairly: and of special interest is his concluding chapter on tendencies in industry during the present war. There are a dozen admirable photographs.

TCHAIKOVSKY. *By* Gerald Abraham. *Duckworth.* 5*s.*

There are biographies of Tchaikovsky, the authority of which has been impaired by new material made public in Russia; there have been appreciations—and the reverse—of his music, but, as Mr. Abraham points out, the searching criticism that will correlate these studies has yet to come. Meanwhile, within the modest dimensions of his book he has provided a succinct and revised account of the composer's life, and in doing so thrown some new light on his music. The distinction he makes between the objectivity of Tchaikovsky's earlier works and the "growing subjectivity—the inevitable consequence of unrelieved introspection" of his last fifteen years is a valuable pointer.

POETRY FOR YOU. *By* C. Day Lewis. *Blackwell.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This adult, yet simply written, study of the appreciation and nature of poetry, with some account, too, of its evolution, is addressed to young people of about fourteen upwards. It supplies a real need, and Mr. Day Lewis, himself an accomplished poet and with experience of teaching, was the ideal person for the job. Throughout he stresses the part the feelings and the imagination must play in the understanding of poetry; he breaks away from narrow and pedantic ideas about poetry—and in a manner so full of vitality and so persuasive that he deserves a wide reading.

THE SPHERE OF GLASS. *By* John Lehmann. *Hogarth Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

As an editor and a critic Mr. Lehmann has displayed a mind both inquiring and receptive of contemporary thought and temper. His poems, as one would expect, are always intelligent; here it is a sombre imagination, too, which probes to find a pattern in a time tragic and chaotic. These eleven short pieces indicate his powers, and range in tone from the savage ironical ballad of the sailor whose world is in ruins to the contemplative beauty of the title poem; a haunting piece of narrative verse is of note; of the war poems *In a London Terminus* is likely to be remembered.

WONDERS OF THE GREAT BARRIER REEF. *By* T. C. Roughley. *Angus & Robertson.* (Sydney and London). 15*s.*

Brilliant colour photographs of Australia's great coral reef make pictures that might have sprung from an artist's imagination. The text is straightforward, extremely readable, and conveys a wealth of scientific information with lightness and ease.



JUNE 1945

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The Education Act in Being . . DR. W. P. ALEXANDER
England after the Blitz . . . . . JAMES BONE
New Writing in Scotland . . . R. CROMBIE SAUNDERS
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

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THE COMMONWEALTH PATTERN

IN some countries there is still much misunderstanding about the nature of the partnership between Britain and the self-governing Dominions. To those who know the facts it seems strange that there should have been critics who complained that the British Commonwealth of Nations would have five votes in the Assembly of the new world security organization while other nations would have only one. This argument was promptly and effectually answered by spokesmen of the Dominions, who pointed out that they were free, self-governing nations, each conducting its own foreign policy, and in no wise committed by the decisions of Great Britain and the other Dominions.

It is necessary that there should be no mistake about this. The Commonwealth is not a single entity. No member of it has any over-riding powers over the others. The sovereignty of each Dominion is complete. Nor is this in conflict with the fact that each community owes allegiance to the Crown, for the King, or the Governor-General representing him, accepts advice only from the Ministers of the country concerned. The British Prime Minister has no more right to advise the Crown about Canadian or Australian affairs than the Canadian or Australian Prime Minister to advise it about British affairs. The relation between the constituent States was defined at the Imperial Conference of 1926 and confirmed in the Statute of Westminster in 1931. They are "autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united

by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations".

This language perfectly corresponds to the facts. The Dominions are not only absolutely free to go their own way in domestic affairs, but also in foreign policy and in the sphere of defence. When Great Britain declared war on Germany it required a separate decision from each of the Dominions before they also were at war. Hitler undoubtedly hoped that those decisions would not be taken; but they were forthcoming and immediate in every case except that of Eire, on whom no kind of pressure was brought to bear by the British Government. Each Dominion is free to enter into any relations it likes with other countries. Australia and New Zealand have recently come to an understanding between themselves on matters of regional interest, and Canada makes its arrangements with the United States. Each has its own Army, Navy, and Air Force. Each may have its own ambassadors in foreign countries, or may choose to be represented by British ambassadors. To talk of depriving a Dominion of its separate vote in the Assembly of the world organization on the ground that it is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations is to ignore its unchallengeable rights, its unquestionable independence.

But, it may be objected, true as this is in theory, none the less in fact the members of the British Commonwealth do present a united front on the most important of all world issues. In two great wars the Dominions—again with the exception of Eire, tens of thousands of whose citizens voluntarily joined the British forces—unhesitatingly came to the support of the Mother Country. They concert their defence plans with the assurance that they can rely on one another's help. On matters of world politics it is seldom that they are in disagreement on fundamental issues. When the question arose of planning a policy for the development of international air routes, though their initial proposals were not identical, broadly they were on the same side, and the programmes they are now planning are in harmony. The unity of the Empire is not a theoretical proposition. It is a fact of material, moral and mystical value which has stood the hardest tests and inspires confidence for the future.

Capacity for friendly co-operation between independent nations, so far from being a disqualification, is obviously the best possible qualification for membership of a peace organization. Since it may be presumed to be a virtue among nations to be on terms of amity, it would be absurd to penalize them for this virtue. The members of the British Commonwealth have developed a technique for agreeing, for working together, and in this they may claim to have set a useful object-lesson to the world which the United Nations will certainly be disposed to ponder. It is true, Britain and the Dominions have been favoured by the conditions under which they have felt their way to so happy a relationship. In most cases they are people of common origin, talking the same language, enjoying the same literature, with the same or similar codes of law, with common traditions and customs, and the same background of history and the same inheritance of liberty. Therefore they are favourably situated for the great adventure on which they have entered as separate, free, sovereign nations capable of acting together almost instinctively, in the joint interest of all, pursuing in all matters the method of consultation and agreement.

But this, which is the Commonwealth method, is precisely that which the United Nations have resolved to pursue in the wider sphere of world affairs. It is evident that groups within them are likely to appear, linked by bonds of geography, race, or common interests. Among these the British Commonwealth is undoubtedly the most stable and the most organically developed. But there are other groups whose members in acting together are subserving the purposes of the United Nations. The Latin-American States are to a certain extent united in a special relationship and geography links them with the United States, as was asserted long ago in the Munro Doctrine, and demonstrated more recently in the inter-American conferences. The Arab States have done a service to the general cause of peace as well as to their own peoples by establishing the Arab League. In the near future there is likely to be a drawing together of States in western and north-western Europe who will enter into regional arrangements for their common interest, within the framework of the world security organization and in accordance with its aims. And there may be similar groupings

elsewhere which, if animated by the same spirit, will serve the general cause of peace.

Wherever any two or more nations reach a state of mutual understanding such that war between them is unthinkable, then that is one rivet in the structure of universal security. Civilization may be measured by the degree in which that relationship is established between nations. Such an accord exists between the United States and Canada, whose long common frontier needs no defences. Similarly between Britain and the United States, while there may be some keen trade rivalries, and there will doubtless be differences of opinion on all sorts of matters, nevertheless both are confident that all issues between them can be settled by discussion—each is certain that the other stands for peace.

But up to now nothing quite comparable with the relationship that exists between the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations has appeared elsewhere. It is an association whose material and mystical pattern confers its element of order and permanence upon a disordered and changing world. It is some such pattern as this that the United Nations will seek to reproduce everywhere. It is important to insist on the dual aspect of the association: each of the members is a quite separate, sovereign nation; none the less they are what they are by virtue of their collective unity.

Theirs is a relationship which is not exclusive of others. Within the Empire, India probably in the very near future will be drawn in. Outside, similar though not identical accords may draw one or more of them to other nations, or may draw other nations to one another. For example, on the Atlantic sea-board the war has strengthened the link between Britain and France, and between both of them and the allied peoples of Belgium, Holland and Norway; between all of these there are not only many common interests, but a strong and growing community of thought and policy. The Commonwealth pattern is something which the United Nations will surely keep steadfastly in their minds in the days of peace-making. Wherever that pattern or something like it can be worked into the tissue of human relations, there we shall have order, reasonableness, sanity and creative peace.

THE EDITOR

THE EDUCATION ACT IN BEING

By Dr. W. P. Alexander

MANY people are wondering to what extent the Education Act, 1944, will have an immediate or early effect and to what extent it must be delayed in action. Clearly, before the full purposes of the Act can be carried out there is much to be done. Secondary education for all and the development of county colleges means a very heavy building programme. There must therefore be a lapse of time until adequate building materials and labour are available before these can really be effective services. Above all, before classes can be reduced and the full development operative there must be a vast expansion in the training of teachers.

It is estimated that the Act will mean the recruitment of an additional 90,000 teachers beyond the normal recruitment from Training Colleges and Universities which merely cover replacements. The Emergency Training Scheme hopes to provide for the training of 10,000 additional teachers per annum. There is, therefore, a period of ten years before the teaching personnel required will be fully provided. It is therefore obvious that though the Act became law on April 1 there will be a period of at least ten years before it is fully carried out. It is, however, important to realize that as and from April 1 certain things have happened, and there is much that can be done at once. The Act is not merely a piece of paper. Let us look at some of the things which can be achieved quickly.

First, in the sphere of central government, the Board of Education has become the Ministry of Education. This change of title is not unimportant. There is the recognition that the central authority in education must have parity in all respects as a major Ministry. Next, in local administration, as and from April 1 something has happened. The only education authorities are the Councils of Counties and County Boroughs. Not fewer than 169 local authorities have been abolished. There has been established a situation in which it is reasonable to presume that the local education authority has a sufficient population and sufficient economic strength to provide a full range of educational services. A new concept has been created,

In county authorities there will arise divisional executive committees. These committees fulfil the function in a widespread area such as a county of maintaining and ensuring that local feeling and criticism and local interest play their full part in the control of the education system.

This is an important experiment. My own view is that it will either be an outstanding success or it will fail. It is my hope that it will be a great success and that we will have found a means of ensuring, on the one hand, that the area of local administration over which the cost of education is spread is sufficiently strong economically and has a sufficient population to provide a really adequate range of schools, diverse in type but equal in status, and, on the other hand, to provide a means, which is essential to a democratic control, for the parents in the district and the people immediately concerned to play a full part—that, in fact, local interest is maintained. It may well be that this provision of the Act will prove an example of a type of government essentially democratic but with a new principle of delegation which will ensure that a greater number of people take part in the control of the educational system.

As to the schools themselves, clearly, not very much can happen until building materials and teachers are available; but those schools which have in the past provided education for senior pupils and have been working under the elementary code become secondary schools, and there will be, I hope, a number of immediate steps taken to move steadily towards the parity of status amongst the different types of secondary school for which the Act provides. One important step has already been taken in the Burnham Committee. For the first time a national scale of salaries for all teachers has been accepted. The differences in salary among teachers will no longer depend on the particular schools in which they teach but will depend on their qualifications and training. This is of major importance and it may well be that we can hope to see in the early future a unification of the teaching profession, which in itself would be a major step forward.

The difficult problem of religious education has been resolved and a means has been found which will ensure that the voluntary schools either come wholly within the national system or

play their part in it on the same standards as those of provided schools. The dual system is not completely resolved but will be substantially reduced and its greatest difficulties and its principal weaknesses will be remedied. For the first time religious education has found its place on the statute book. Given a spirit of co-ōperation, I believe that the problems which have been very real relating to voluntary schools in the standard of their buildings, in their staffing and in their control will be largely, if not wholly, eliminated. While it is true that the improvement in buildings must necessarily be delayed, it is important to recognize that an immediate decision relating to these schools has to be made and they are an essential part of the development plan which all local education authorities have to present to the Minister within the coming year.

Here again, in the requirement that every local education authority in the country shall present to the Minister within twelve months a comprehensive development plan, is an immediate contribution. Local authorities will have to resolve problems both in principle and in fact and set out quite clearly proposals which will make the Act effective so far as primary and secondary education is concerned, and within a year these plans, when approved by the Minister, will be made the subject of an order by the Minister under which the local education authority is required to carry them into effect. I venture to suggest that considered and careful planning for a great advance is a part of the advance itself.

There are other things which can be effected at once. A great step forward is being taken if the new regulations for major scholarships are carried fully into effect by local authorities. There is a greater approximation to equality of opportunity than there has ever been if this is done. These regulations encourage authorities to provide full scholarships adequate in amount to enable the student not merely to get through his degree examinations but to share fully in the life of his college.

That is important. In the past many students have sacrificed the full educational opportunity which a university provides because they felt it incumbent on them for economic reasons to restrict their activities in the university very largely to study. The practice which has obtained in the past of giving loans of

money to students will, I hope, be abolished. This, too, will make its contribution to allowing the student that freedom from economic concern while in the university which will enable him to develop not merely the academic ability which is his but those attributes of character and personality which will be no less important when he comes to make his contribution in his professional life.

In the sphere of the school medical service there is an immediate step forward. The local education authority is required to provide or to ensure the provision of free medical treatment for children in attendance at school. It may well be that this cannot mean immediately the full provision which the section of the Act requires, but it does mean that no child coming within the care of the school medical service should be unable to obtain the medical treatment he requires for any economic reason. The only limitations will be those of hospital provision and medical staff.

These then are some of the things which are happening now. These are some of the things which are independent of the problem of training teaching personnel and providing new buildings. And there are others. The new regulations relating to direct grant schools make clear that as and from April 1 the doors of these schools must be opened increasingly to children with the appropriate ability and aptitude without payment of fee. Where the local authority desires, half the pupils in such schools shall be admitted and the fees borne by the local authority. Many people regret that the Minister has only gone half-way. Even so he has gone in the right direction. The remaining pupils are not to be admitted merely on a fee-paying basis but rather on the same criteria as the others, that is, on the suitability of the school to their ability and aptitude, and they should not be prevented from so attending because of inability to pay the fee. The amount of the fee is to be assessed according to the income of the parent and any loss of fee income to the governing body will be reimbursed by the Ministry itself.

In all provided and maintained secondary schools of whatever type fees are abolished altogether where before April 1 the fee was assessed on the income of the parent. There is, therefore,

at once created a situation in which the existing secondary school accommodation is made available to pupils on the grounds of their age, ability, and aptitude and independent of their economic or social status. It may well be that the present secondary accommodation throughout the country is inadequate and that there must be a lapse of time before all the buildings can be provided and all the teachers found to make secondary education for all a reality, but at least it can be said that as and from April 1 the secondary accommodation that is available is accessible to all children on their capacity to profit and not on their capacity to pay.

One final word on this subject; there is anticipated, and indeed in one case there has been achieved, agreement with the public schools whereby a proportion of their pupils shall be recruited without regard to economic circumstances. Free places for pupils appropriate in ability and aptitude will be made available in the public schools of the country. The first example is Mill Hill, where the Middlesex Authority have agreed with the governing body for a proportion of the places to be awarded by the authority by whom the cost in respect of these pupils will be borne.

These are real advances.

The immediate tasks that lie ahead may then be summarized as follows:—First, local education authorities must carry out the spirit of the Act within the restrictions of their existing accommodation and personnel. The new administrative structure must be made an effective instrument. The divisional executive committees must get working and must find a full basis in co-operation with the county authorities which alone can make a full contribution to the educational welfare of the children.

The Emergency Training Scheme for Teachers has already been started and with the cessation of hostilities in Europe there is every prospect that it will make a sharp advance to the full programme. One pleasing feature is the number of applications for admission to training which have been received by the Ministry.

As soon as building materials are available the great task of reconstructing the primary schools which have suffered from

the ravages of war will first be tackled. The completion of the reorganization of secondary education so that there is accommodation in secondary schools for all pupils must follow. County colleges must be built and the structure of part-time continued education made increasingly effective. Adult education must have its provision in its own buildings. Community centres will grow up in all the areas, but even here there is much that can be done at once since community associations can be formed and the people have an opportunity of practising their own self-governing procedures, utilizing existing school premises and making ready for their own premises when building materials and labour allow.

Indeed, for myself, I should put the development of community associations as a first priority, since these will provide a means of developing public opinion in favour of these major steps which have to be taken during the next ten years. They will, too, provide a means of training adult personnel who may in some cases take their part in local administration, in governing bodies of secondary schools, divisional executive committees, or in local authorities.

The Butler Act of 1944 will take not less than ten years to become completely effective; but major steps have been taken, and as from April 1 it is to be recognized that a considerable advance has been made. The educational system has, in fact, been fundamentally strengthened at once. Educational opportunity has been made almost wholly independent of place of birth or economic circumstances. A great unification of the teaching profession has been made possible. Given sincerity of purpose and strength of will, the way has been made open to the greatest development in education that this country has ever known. The immediate achievement and the ultimate prospect make a picture of progress appropriate to a democratic people and worthy of the sacrifice which they have made to achieve victory.

ENGLAND AFTER THE BLITZ

By James Bone

"ENGLAND had probably suffered the most extensive damage of all by blitz and robot bombing in its historic landmarks, museums and libraries." That was the finding of Mr. F. H. Taylor, Director of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in October 1944, after returning from Europe, which he had visited as chairman of the U.S. sub-committee on the restitution of works of art. He mentioned among our losses 2,800 historic churches destroyed and 4,000 damaged. These are scattered mainly in the south of England, but there were many in the east and some in the Midlands and in Wales and the north-west.

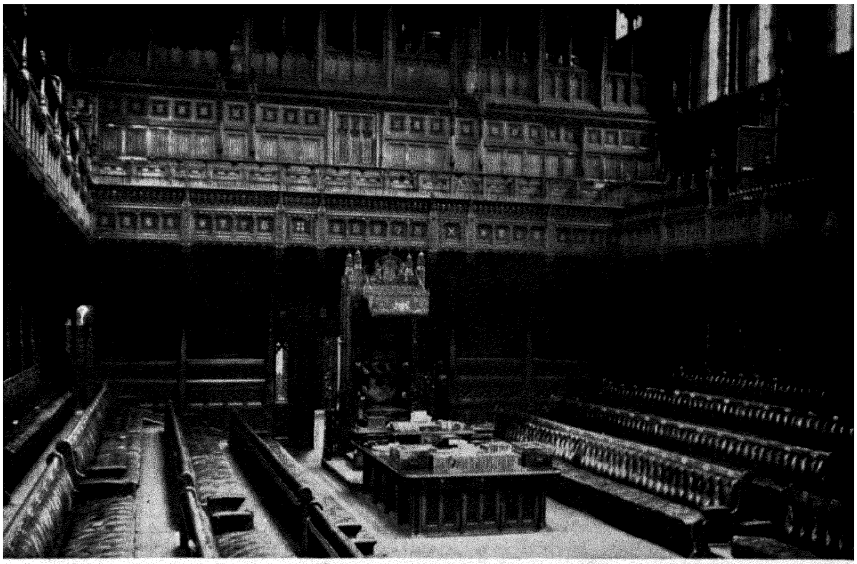
Of our great cathedrals Coventry has little left but its spire; Exeter, one of the finest examples of middle Gothic architecture, was badly hit. Only at Rouen and Benevento, says Mr. Taylor, had any of the great cathedrals of France and Italy been damaged so badly as the English cathedrals. He did not particularize, but the destruction in this "island of the blitz" is now known. Canterbury has been rocked by three high explosives close to it, but was not severely damaged. Wells Cathedral got one direct hit, but the destruction was happily small. Llandaff, Norwich, and Birmingham Cathedrals were injured. Manchester Cathedral suffered badly.

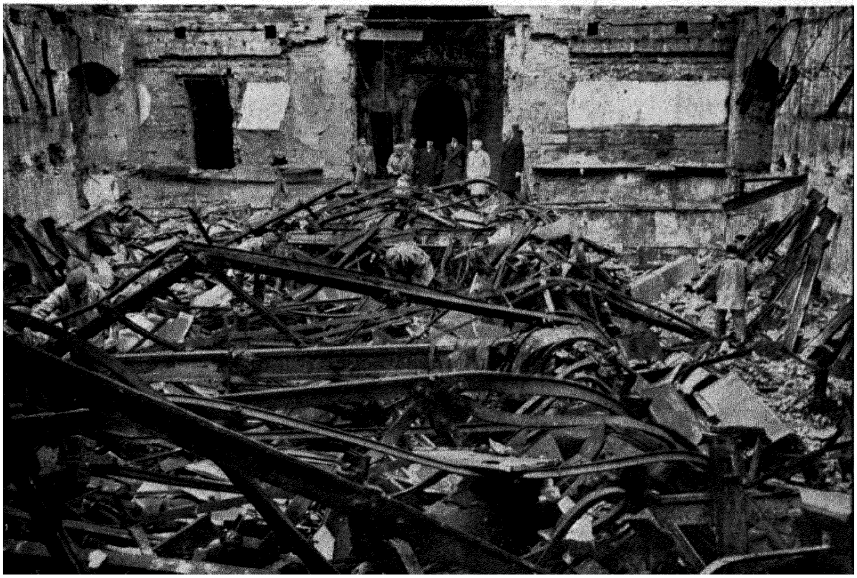
But apart from London and these places the "Baedeker raids" (as the German papers straightforwardly called their later raids) did not do anything like the damage that they had hoped for—and claimed. Durham, Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, Gloucester, Worcester, York, Southwell, and Chester were undamaged or slightly damaged. Oxford and Cambridge retained all the grandeurs and beauties which had been spared to them by their own iconoclastic authorities in the past. Bath mourns much of its elegance, especially its charming eighteenth-century Assembly Rooms and many demurely delightful little places. Plymouth and Bristol have lost most of their curious old parts where gathered the men and the trade that went to America when she was a colony. Portsmouth and Southampton

have lost many of their most picturesque precincts. The damage is heaviest in the south and in the north-east, where Hull got the heaviest hammering. Scotland escaped with only two sharp attacks on Glasgow and the Clyde, while Edinburgh was almost ignored by the raiders except for a poignant warning by the destruction of a distillery in her vicinity.

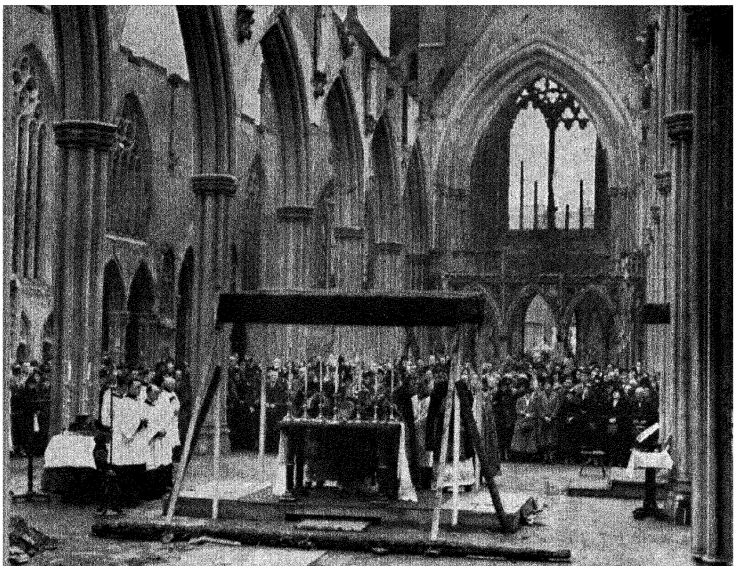
It has been said that there will be little left for visitors to see in London after the war-toll of its buildings. That is, of course, nonsense, but London has suffered grievously and extensively in those buildings and precincts that the responsible Londoner would most have liked to preserve. It seems, indeed, as though the Germans by some infernal alchemy had directed their bombs on London's finest buildings and most pleasant places. True, the Abbey and St. Paul's were attacked, but suffered little serious damage, and Westminster Hall, though it had some of its precious beams burned in its unparalleled angel roof, is not essentially hurt. These are London's greatest treasures. The Tower lost a few picturesque buildings, but the little lapidary Norman chapel there was not injured, and the White Tower's great walls were not broken.

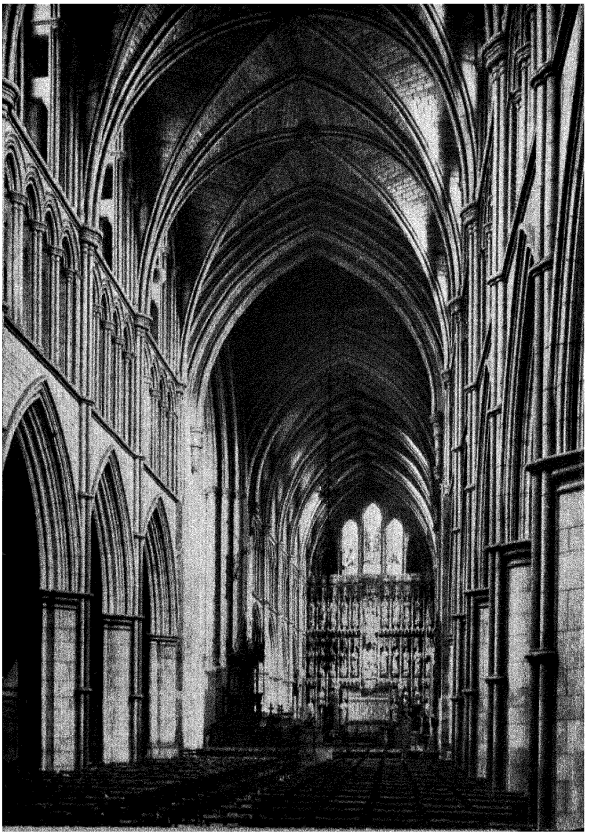
St. Paul's Cathedral was hit five times, and had it not been strengthened and its main piers grouted under the preservation scheme (sponsored by *The Times*) which saved it after the last war when its condition was so parlous that the City Surveyor startled the world by certifying it as a "dangerous structure" within the meaning of the Act, it would not have survived the ordeal. Never was money better spent than on that operation. Not only was the Cathedral penetrated and the High Altar destroyed, but mines and bombs exploded all round it, levelling acres of strong stone buildings and surrounding it with rings and rings of fire. I remember one May morning in 1941 when the whole City seemed a mass of smouldering fire and smoke and I met men carrying half-clad children on their shoulders along Fleet Street, much as their ancestors had done in the Great Fire of 1666. The air was full of swirling burning paper, much as it was when Pepys watched the burning of Old St. Paul's. I stood at the corner of Fetter Lane with the street wormed with hosepipes, straining for a glimpse through the smoke of the Cathedral. Had I seen it for the last time? Suddenly the smoke





THE CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
As it was, and after an air-raid





SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

On right, as it was. *Above*, an open-air service in the Ruins

wreathes swirled aside and there was St. Paul's in its majesty safe again like the *Victory* after Trafalgar!

It was that scene and the excitement of the people around me and the inquiries that poured in that day about the safety of St. Paul's that made one realize a little what London would have been to us without St. Paul's. Rome without St. Peter's, Paris without Nôtre Dame, Venice without the Doge's Palace—as unthinkable as these. One turns to the thought of what is to be done about St. Paul's in the replanning of London to which so much study and thought have been given in the many schemes before the public. The official plan, sponsored by the Corporation of the City, is not put forward as its considered decision which it proposes to ask powers to carry out, but as its effort to focus and solve the multitudinous problems of the seared and war-battered heart of the Empire.

In this plan the Cathedral approaches are treated from north, south, east, and west. The most drastic proposal is to relate the Cathedral to the river in a new and magnifying way by opening up a new avenue from the southern entrance, in line with the dome, down to the river front by appropriate treatment of the approach levels. It is an idea which appeals powerfully to the imagination, connecting St. Paul's directly at last with the Thames from which London's existence and greatness derive and affording from the river and the south side embankment (that is bound to come) a prospect across the water of the southern front of the transept with the dome directly over it. One would give up much of the improvements in the views from the other aspects for this.

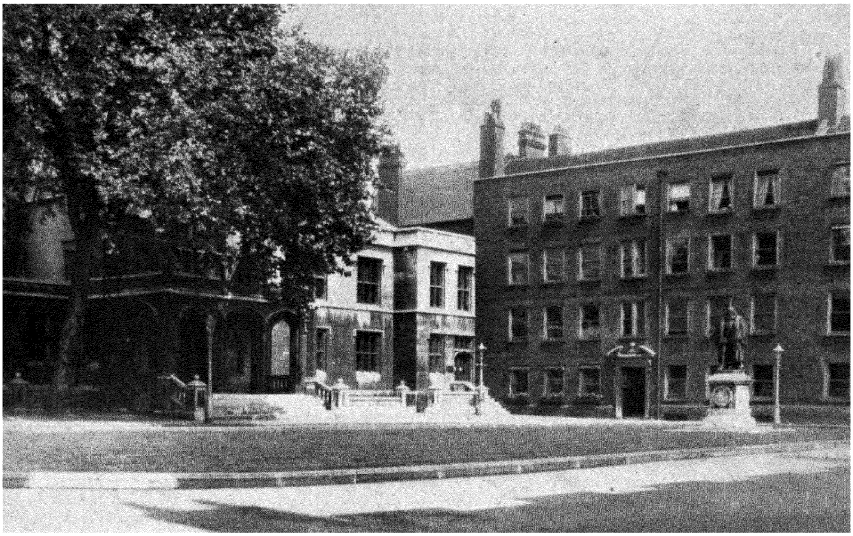
Hot argument is likely to be waged on the question where the money is to come from. The citizens look with anxious eyes at the rising tide of expenditure on all these plans while in the throes of reviving their trade, and Parliament will be distracted to find money for all the immediate post-war schemes. The Church of England with its thousands of destroyed churches all over the country will consider it has need of all its funds, and with the present income tax unlikely to be soon reduced and the heavy death duties its donors have almost disappeared. It happens, however, that of the City churches three or probably four, possibly more, are unlikely to be rebuilt and the sale of

these sites will bring in large sums. It will be contended that this fund should be applied to assist the purchase of the land for this or other clearances that will add greatly to the importance and prestige of the great Anglican cathedral.

The Cathedral survives, but alas for the noble company of Wren's City churches. The Bow Church, St. Bride's, St. Clement Danes, St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Lawrence Jewry, Christ Church, Newgate, St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. Mildred, Bread Street, St. Swithin, St. Augustine, Watling Street, St. Vedast, Foster Lane, St. Alban, Wood Street, St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, St. James', Piccadilly, St. Mary, Aldermanbury, St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey—all are but shells. The beautiful interiors, some with Grinling Gibbons carvings, all with something precious in carved wood or wrought ironwork or marble fonts or precious brasses, are gone and lost to us; they are as far from us now as the old Gothic London churches that Samuel Pepys lamented when his London went up in flames.

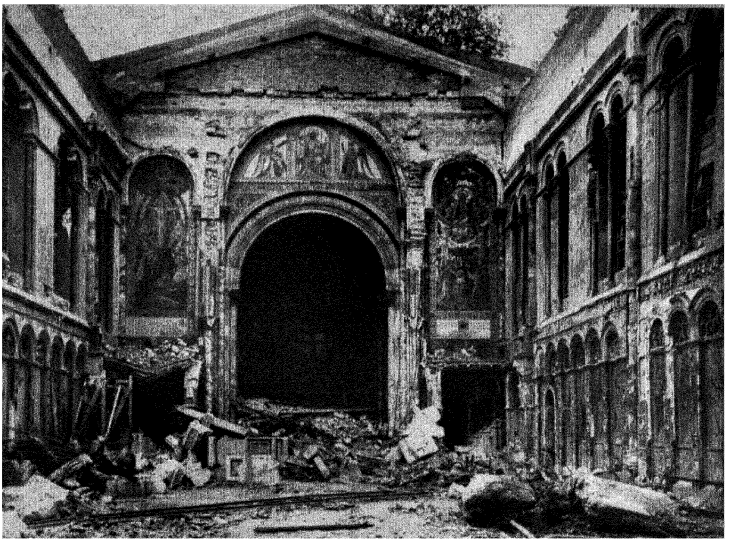
St. Giles, Cripplegate, and St. Olave's, Hart Street, that were old in Pepys' day, are gutted, too. (Thanks to the New York publisher and London lover, Frank Morley, who had provided the funds for the taking of the beautiful bust of Pepys' wife at St. Olave's to a place of safety, the statue survives.) Austin Friars, the medieval church which had long been the Dutch church in the City, was destroyed. All Hallows, Barking, known to many as the home of Toc H, a delightful Gothic building, was burnt out but may be reconstructed. Other losses in the City include the ancient timber-roofed hall of Charterhouse, Trinity House where the Elder Brethren of Trinity governed the lighthouses and lightships and navigable channels of the island, and many famous City halls; twelve out of thirty-six are in ashes or empty walls.

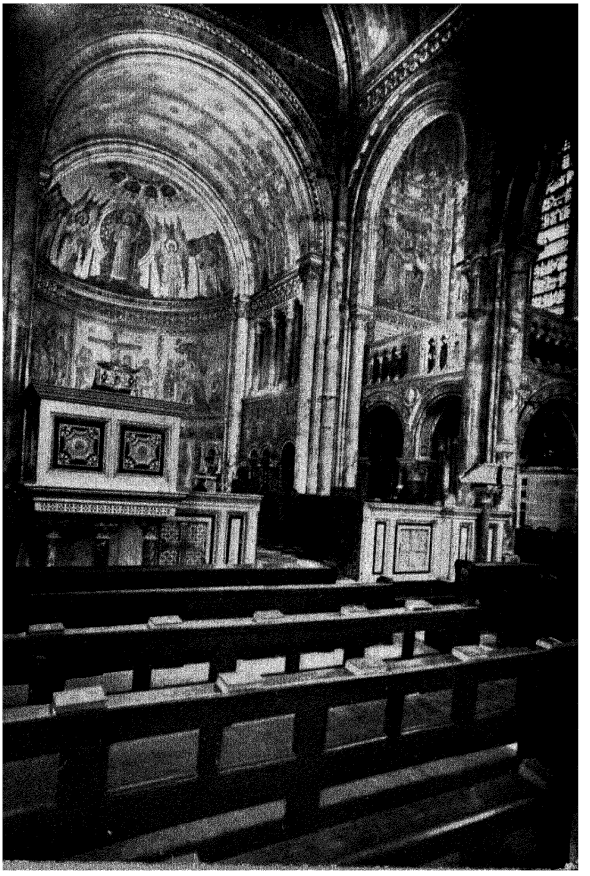
Incendiaries fell on the Temple church and the lead roof of the old round church fell and the black marble effigies of the Knights Templars, that had survived so grandly since the Crusades, were smashed and ground to pieces and the carved benches and pew ends in the Early English part were burnt. The Middle Temple hall lost its east-end with its curiously carved minstrels' gallery, but its sixteenth-century timbered roof, which had looked down on the production of Shakespeare's





Two Pictures of the Inns of Court





THE GUARDS' CHAPEL
n right, as it was. *Above*, after
mage by a flying bomb

Twelfth Night there and (if there's anything in the Temple tradition) on Shakespeare himself performing in it, still stands. Charles Lamb's birthplace in Crown Office Row and Goldsmith's and Thackeray's chambers in Brick Court and Wren's old Master's house where so much good company had been kept, and Pump Court where famous mortals and more famous figures that never were mortal (Mr. Pecksniff for instance) had walked or tumbled down these stairs, is only a fragment.

Gray's Inn lost its Tudor hall, where on Grand nights through the centuries the members have toasted "the glorious pious and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth", and its ancient chapel and its library too were gutted. Lincoln's Inn had its old brick tower gateway rocked by a flying bomb but got off with broken windows and wrenched panelling. The gateway was always crooked, Ben Jonson working in his bricklaying days on it with a trowel in one hand and Ovid in the other, may have accounted for that! Little Staple Inn did not escape, for a flying bomb flew down on its grave little hall (1581), with its hammer-beam roof and stained glass, and made matchwood of it.

In the West, the nineteenth-century House of Commons has gone, Buckingham Palace was hit four times, twice when the King and Queen were there, but the damage was partial. The Tudor St. James's Palace, hit also four times, suffered, and so did the venerable Westminster School, which lost its ancient hall, and Lambeth Palace was much damaged. Old Chelsea Church was burnt out, excepting Sir Thomas More's chapel.

Through the present century the trend for town planning and the modernizing of our road system has gathered weight; the stupendous events of the war have made immediate replanning imperative. The Royal Institute of British Architects aimed at a comprehensive national plan, but that was beyond its resources in wartime. It has produced a distinguished London regional plan. The Royal Academy architects also have produced an important London regional plan in two versions. Then came the authoritative L.C.C. plan by Sir Patrick Abercrombie and others and the City of London Corporation followed with the much discussed and admirably illustrated plan by the City architect Mr. Forty, which was put forward as "provisional".

Meantime plans had been drawn up for blitzed cities all over the country: Plymouth, Canterbury, Norwich, Manchester, Liverpool and Merseyside, Hull, and other places, and for separate districts of London. The most considered of those plans are designed for long-term fulfilment, for the shortage of labour and materials and funds will put a brake for many years on the progress of all schemes, and so the work is sure to be done in stages and, except for the absolutely necessary, progress will hardly be fast and thorough. In the last century we had shown the world, perhaps more thoroughly than any country had done, how easy it was to bedevil a country of stately towns and pleasant villages by complete lack of planning and individual greed. It must now be our hard task to think and plan to have an England worthy of its industrial greatness as the older England was worthy of its history.

NEW WRITING IN SCOTLAND

By R. CROMBIE SAUNDERS

SCOTTISH History is, as has been often pointed out, a story of repeated false dawns, and we have in most fields a consistent record of noble beginnings and premature collapse. Of our literature the same story can be told. The continual strain of the long war of independence, the succession of minorities that made any period of social progress brief in duration, and the effect of theories of extreme religious discipline on the literal and conscientious minds of our people, all combined to hinder the achievement of a consistent literary tradition such as England can display. The most important factor in frustrating such a development, however, was certainly the alienation of cultural and social standards after the Union of the Crowns in 1603. The process begun by the Scottish Calvinists was immeasurably hastened by the transfer of the Court to London. Lacking a national focal point Scots rapidly ceased to be in any real sense a language and broke up into dialects, so that unless a Scotsman wrote in English, as very soon most of them did, he had to employ local dialect or a synthetic voca-

bulary of his own, neither of which could have the effect of a standard literary Scots.

In the case of Gaelic the collapse was even more abrupt. The general proscription of everything Highland after the '45 was intended as the death-stroke to an entire racial culture, and so far as Gaelic poetry is concerned it happened just at the time of a second great flowering. Alexander MacDonald, who sang of the Jacobite defeat without admitting it, and Ban MacIntyre, the illiterate hunter-bard of Glenorchy, left their great poetry in a tongue which was soon to be artificially forced almost out of existence. The discouragement of the Gaelic, and the fact that economic circumstances have made Gaelic-speaking parents ready to have their children taught English in place of, instead of as well as, Gaelic, have resulted in depriving the majority of Scots people of any familiarity at all with a great part of their national literature.

A second "noble beginning" occurred in the latter half of the eighteenth century, but this time, in spite of the stature of its two dominating figures, the auspices were even less favourable, and in the following century the Scots genius expressed itself more easily in the fields of science, economics, and philosophy than in creative writing. After Stevenson's struggle through to *Weir of Hermiston* the position deteriorated rapidly. A new note began to appear, the absence of which in the past had been one of Scottish literature's negative merits: the aberration of sentimentality. The vapid stream took its sickly course between banks lined with kail and brier bushes, through the maudlin hamlets of Drumtochty and Thrums, until to-day it dribbles away, into oblivion it may be hoped, in the supplement columns of the evening newspapers.

But there are evident signs to-day that the decadence in Scottish writing is at an end; and the revival is marked, as might have been expected, by renewed interest in the possibilities of a re-created Scots and by the production of fine work in the Gaelic.

The dominant figure in the revival is Christopher Murray Grieve ("Hugh MacDiarmid"), whose volumes of poetry in Scots, *Sangschaw*, *Penny Wheep*, &c., appeared in the 'twenties and caused a remarkable stir among his fellow writers. Nor was

it a mere storm in a teacup that was stirred up, but something more like a typhoon. Because here was Scottish poetry again, completely unsentimental, tender and profound, classical and masculine. Hugh MacDiarmid caught hold of the frayed thread of our tradition and spliced it to a hopeful future. His poetry, philologically nearer to Burns than to the Makars, has a quality of rhythmic dynamic that neither Burns nor the Makars ever dreamt of. In later poems MacDiarmid extended the scope of his work to tackle subjects which had long been considered "too serious" for the Doric (and that such subjects could have been postulated is a sad commentary on the fate of the language that produced the *Lament for the Makaris* and *The Rebuke from the Rood*). But Hugh MacDiarmid was soon using a Scots that could tackle anything, and in poems like *Water Music* and *Tarras* was recovering the richness of texture of the old vocabulary. And then this most characteristic of Scotsmen repeated his country's mistake and left the Scots for English. I have given elsewhere my reasons for believing this to be the greatest mistake he could have made, and most admirers of his work agree on the lack of distinction of his later English writing as compared to his early work in Scots. The effect of the last has been one of the most marked features of the whole revival.

Closely associated for a time with C. M. Grieve was James Leslie Mitchell, who under the pseudonym "Lewis Grassic Gibbon" produced the celebrated trilogy *A Scots Quair* comprising three novels, *Sunset Song*, *Cloud Howe*, and *Grey Granite*. These fine novels, set in the Mearns countryside and impressive both for their formal lyricism and for their narrative power, are one of the most significant products of modern Scottish letters. Another of the important figures of the 'twenties was the poet and critic Edwin Muir, whose contributions to modern criticism and translation are too well known to require particularizing and whose poetry has achieved a dignity and poise through a species of disciplined integrity that makes it exceptional to-day.

Since the period of *The Modern Scot*, when the revival meant the work of a half-dozen or so writers, a considerable number of young Scottish writers have appeared on the scene, most of them talented and some of outstanding promise. Fred Urquhart, Morley Jameson, William Montgomerie, J. F. Hendry, and

Edward Gaitens have all written short stories of real distinction, and Montgomerie and Hendry are excellent critics as well. George Campbell Hay is another writer who combines the roles of exponent and commentator, and Robert Melville's brilliant analysis in psycho-analytical terms of Surrealist and post-Surrealist painting is becoming celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic. Fionn MacColla, whose first novel *Albannach* received an enthusiastic reception on its appearance, has published no work for some time, but a new novel is printing.

Among the poets Sorley MacLean writes exclusively in the Gaelic, but he makes English prose translations of some of his work which are in themselves of fine quality. George Campbell Hay has written some magnificent poetry in English but now writes mainly in the Gaelic. Following MacDiarmid's lead into the Doric are Robert MacLellan, the playwright, Sydney Goodsir Smith, whose verse sometimes carries the Doric uneasily but who has power and depth, and Douglas Young, who uses the Scots more gracefully than Smith and with a rich delightful humour but has a defective ear for rhythm. Also to be mentioned here is Robert Garioch Sutherland, author of *The Masque of Edinburgh*, who conveys the spirit of the grey capital successfully in a rather undefinable way. My own work in Scots I find so different in kind from my English poetry, and the experience of writing poetry in Scots so different also, that it is for me an empirical confirmation of the case for retaining the Scots.

It is surprising that many of the younger Scottish poets writing in English have been associated with the self-styled "New Apocalypse" movement. G. S. Fraser, Norman McCaig, and J. F. Hendry, all poets of ability, have appeared regularly in the group publications, Hendry being, in fact, one of the group's principal theorists. And yet it is difficult to imagine anything more completely alien to the Scottish idea in literature than this rather absurd and undiscriminating quasi-romanticism. The obscurity in which J. F. Hendry's poetry sometimes loses itself is due in part to the difficulty of the task he has shouldered, but whatever the origin of the obscurity it is peculiar to find labelled by a word meaning "revelation" poetry which is conspicuously inscrutable. But behind Hendry's and Fraser's work, whatever their present affiliations, there is intelligence,

and it is this that distinguishes them from the many elegant *pasticheurs* who trip over each other in the English literary meadows. It is essential that poets like these, and W. S. Graham, who, in spite of superficial similarities, is attempting quite a different thing from Hendry, should have a clear idea of the traditions which they have inherited. It should be obvious that no radicalism is very healthy that is not part of a historic process, and it is interesting to compare the poetry of Adam Drinan, which in spite of some uncertainty of purpose always has its spiritual ancestors, with the poems of W. S. Graham which too frequently appear to have been born orphans. This is not said in any carping way, for Graham is so essentially a poet that any suspected misapplication of his abilities is correspondingly distressing.

The truth is, as critics like George Campbell Hay and William Montgomerie have stressed, that the Scottish tradition is a classical one. The slightest acquaintance with Celtic art, whether plastic, musical, or literary, reveals it as such, and the literature and song of the Lowlands has the same direction. The case for the classical approach is put forcefully by Hay in a long essay shortly to be published, entitled *Poetry in The World and Out of It.* The classical position is, of course, one of two complements, but it is the position that Scottish writers, so long under the domination of English romanticism, must take up, if the Scottish idea in literature is to survive. This must, in fact, define itself *against* the English idea. This is already realized by many English writers who have shown themselves most sympathetic towards the Scottish case, and it is generally recognized by the Scottish writers, who are probably unanimous in their demand for at least a cultural devolution.

The prospects are favourable. New organs exist in *Scottish Art and Letters* and *Poetry Scotland*, the revival is paralleled to some extent in the other arts, the Scottish writers are increasingly aware of a common cause, and, most important of all, the people of Scotland are awakening to the fact that Scotland has not quite ceased to exist as a separate entity—an awareness that will demand and in all probability receive adequate expression in the work of the new Scottish writers and poets.

THERE'S A WAR ON. . . .

By WALTER GREENWOOD

". . . and," said the infuriated Lancashire working man to the Landlord of the local pub: "and if anybody tells me there's a war on I'll gie him a bat across t'chops." That was all I heard, for as I walked into the pub the infuriated man walked out. It was three or four months after D day. The Landlord said to me, plaintively: "I can't help it. Bottled beer, that's all he'll ever drink and they're sending it over to the lads. Can *I* help it, now?"

There used to be a song popular on the music halls just before the war. Its refrain was "I've never seen a straight banana." Few British children up to the age of seven have ever seen a curved banana. None of them know what it is to be able to enter a sweet shop and buy a "pennorth" of this or that, freely. They need the penny plus their personal points ration book.

Britain has had six years of this sort of thing. Restricted here, compelled there; major and minor worries. Middle-aged shopkeepers who, perhaps, have spent up to twenty years of their lives building up a little business, suddenly called up for the army. Girls, either sent into the services or made "mobile", trained as skilled workers, in this or that industry and, maybe, sent from one end of the country to the other wherever there happens to be a demand for a special type of labour. Mothers having to "make do and mend", having to cope with shortages, ration books, coupons, and queues. Evacuation from homely, noisy cities and towns to places quiet and unfamiliar. Worst of all, the terror from the skies that blasts the home and leaves one utterly at a loss. What is one to do? Where is one to go when the front door that one could close against the world is no more? Nobody knows how many people there are living in London's underground who, for years, have not known what it is to cook their own meals. They have lived on food bought at cafés or British Restaurants.

His Majesty's Stationery Office not long ago published a book under the rather forbidding title "Statistics relating to the war effort of the United Kingdom". The staggering figures given

therein were the answer given by the British workers in four years after the fall of France when Hitler, delirious with victory, promised the world that he would be in London by September.

Four years of bombs, black-out, overtime, fire-watching, and Home Guard; four years of blood, toil, tears, and sweat to prepare for Alamein, Sicily, Italy, and for June 6th 1944. Girls and boys of fourteen in 1939, now mothers and fathers themselves, Spitfire and Lancaster pilots the men and some of the women Ack-Ack gunners. These, and their American cousins, are the amateurs who are teaching the professional soldiery of Germany how to fight a war. These are the lads who, on D day, proved themselves capable of performing what Napoleon and Hitler dared not attempt—the Channel crossing. These were children when Herr von Ribbentrop was confident in his assurance that Britain was effete. In the services and out of them the manual workers of Britain have done all that has been asked of them.

They are very much aware of the coming battles of the change-over from war to peace, and, while they will "go to it" grumblingly, as always, they will, none the less, go to it with a will. By and large, though they hate the continuation of controls and rationing they have the good sense to reconcile themselves to this necessity.

Their wardrobes are in a state to be expected after six years of war and inevitable shortages. Their households need vast replacements. Some, the newly weds, have neither house nor furnishings, they have to depend on furnished rooms. There is a famine of houses; furniture, even second-hand, is wellnigh unprocurable.

Money abounds, but there is little to spend it on other than entertainment, which is booming all over the country. It should not be thought, however, that the manual worker is squandering what he earns. I doubt whether there is a household in Britain to-day that does not possess National Savings Certificates in the names of every member of the household—even down to the newly born in the cradle. If there are not the required commodities in the shops just now there will be soon after the war's end.

Before the war, hundreds of thousands of Britain's manual workers, desirous of moving from the slummy streets of towns and cities, purchased houses on the new housing estates which sprang up all over the country. Mostly the houses were of the semi-detached variety with a little garden at the back and the front. Few, very few of the purchasers were able to afford to purchase the property outright. The builders, in association with building societies, arranged mortgages up to ninety per cent of the purchase price and spread repayment over twenty-one years. I am not in possession of comprehensive figures, but I am acquainted with a number of representative families which have paid off these mortgages, or the larger part of them.

The womenfolk are now aware of the mechanical aids to abolish the old drudgery their mothers had to endure. Black Monday, when the kitchen was full of steam vapour, bubbling copper, grinding wringing machine, and the intolerable discomfort and inconvenience all this brought, belongs to the past. The municipalities have achieved wonders in demonstrating how much easier life can be made. For a few pennies a wife can take a week's washing to the municipal wash house, hire a washing machine, a wringer, and a drying cubicle. The whole job can be done in an hour or so.

The wives of the workers who live in their own houses on the newer housing estates and who possess their own washing machines infect their neighbours with their enthusiasm for these labour savers. All are eager for the post-war years which promise cheap refrigerators, fitted kitchens, and super-modern cookers. Whenever an exhibition is arranged to demonstrate what "The Kitchen of To-morrow" will be like it is certain of success.

Rationing and the Ministry of Food's educational propaganda over the radio and in newspaper display advertisements have created an entirely new approach to the diet of the workers. The beneficial effects of food priorities for children and pregnant women, the free and cheap milk, the free distribution of orange juice and cod-liver oil, already can be seen. But some wives still murder the goodness of their vegetables by boiling them and throwing the water away. Old habits die hard.

The Trade Unions, that king-pin of British stability, have a record membership. Many of these new trades unionists are "dilutees", girls and women who were inexperienced but who were "directed" as their National Service job to this or that trade. They were given a course of intensive training and then sent, skilled workers, to the factory. Some of them want to stay on at their new trade when the war is over, but the majority are looking to marriage as a career.

The recreations of the British workers mostly concern themselves with sports. In the years between the two wars greyhound racing has become enormously popular. Every large city and town has a track, sometimes two and even three. An afternoon or evening "at the dogs" has almost irresistible appeal, for, of all things, the British worker loves a flutter.

In football and cricket the men swear by a dual or triple allegiance, the town or city team, the county team, and the national team. In a Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire cricket match the Wars of the Roses are bitterly revived, yet men of both shires will rise as one when a Lancastrian or Yorkshireman knocks an Australian ball "for six" in an Australian Test Match. Oh, with what eagerness and delight are the cricketers of England looking forward to a resumption of the Test Matches after the war!

Perhaps the most characteristic aspect of the British worker is his love of the social life of the "local", the working man's club—the little public house at the street corner or in the tiny village street where, after a day's work, he can relax over a pint, join in a sing-song, play a game of darts, or say his say emphatically on politics and all the other subjects under the sun. The tendency on the parts of the brewery companies these days is to build palatial houses lacking the cosiness and character of the time-honoured "locals". In the North of England the bigger "locals" have two or three evenings a week set aside for musical and vocal entertainments provided by professional singers and a two- or three-piece orchestra. Others have a "Free and Easy" where the singing and piano playing is provided by the patrons themselves, it being understood that anybody who can will stand up and "oblige" with a song or a tune.

This democratic warm-heartedness, this capacity to enjoy themselves in public, is characteristic of the North and is one of the reasons why, despite the disadvantages of climate, most American and Canadian soldiers on leave, after having spent one furlough there, always returned on their next.

The cinema still leads. There is, however, a tendency and a growing one on the part of the people to return to the flesh and blood theatre. Hundreds of thousands of young men and women in the services have, through the Garrison Theatres and E.N.S.A., been introduced to the legitimate theatre for the first time in their lives. Repertory theatres in the provincial towns and cities have behind them, in some instances, unbroken runs of two and three years. Theatres are the great difficulty. Many of these, bought by the cinema circuits before the war, were pulled down and rebuilt as cinemas.

What can, and is, being done for the living theatre is evidenced by the provincial town of Oldham in Lancashire, which is the home of coarse-count cotton spinning. Three years or more ago the people of this town got together and formed the Oldham Repertory Theatre Club. Over that time they have put on a play a week, plays of all kinds. They now have ten thousand pounds in a special fund set aside with which to build their own theatre after the war.

These, with other instances such as the growth of the amateur stage and the tendency of the manual worker to revive the popularity of brass bands, are but straws in the wind. They *are* indications, however. The cinema has become much too much of a formula. People, once more, are discovering the pleasures of making their own entertainment, of being participants instead of mere spectators. The machine has not yet mastered man.

THE PERMANENT WAY

By RALPH COOKE

WHEELS are one of the Eastern enigmas which give an unending impetus to the active life of the West. Their beginnings, like the Garden of Eden, are lost in Central Asia. But rails, and consequently railroads, appear to be wholly Western.

It was even out of the West of England that both iron rails and locomotives first came. Richard Reynolds, manager of the Coalbrookdale ironworks in 1763, used cast-iron instead of wood for his colliery railways or "tram-plates"; and Richard Trevithick, who made working models of locomotives at the Cornish mines as long ago as 1796, designed a high-pressure steam locomotive there which ran on a circular track in London in 1802. High-pressure steam was an enormous advance in power. Locomotives began with Trevithick's discovery, although his name was overshadowed for a time by that of George Stephenson and the "Rocket" and the opening of the Stockton & Darlington Railway, 38 miles long, the first steam passenger-carrying railway in the world, in 1825.

By 1844 Reynolds's iron rails lay along 2,236 miles of route. By the end of the century the route-mileage of the railways had jumped to over 15,000. It is now, in rolled steel, nearing 20,000. It is not possible, in England, to get farther than about 15 miles from a railway line. There has been no great increase of route-mileage since 1890, but the additions to track-mileage, the doubling and quadrupling of tracks, and the laying of loop lines and sidings, have been extensive. The total track-mileage is now over 50,000, and 20,000 engines, 64,000 passenger vehicles, and 1,250,000 goods wagons run on it.

An outline of the indigenous growth of British railways seems marked, fairly naturally, into three phases divided by two intervals of Government war-time control. The first runs from the early days through the "railway boom" of the latter part of the last century to the beginning of this one. In that time a great many railway companies of varying sizes were formed. From 1918 to 1921 all these railways were under Government

control. The years between the two wars, from 1921 to 1938, mark the second phase.

It began with the Railways Act, 1921, which provided for the amalgamation into four main groups of all the railways of Great Britain, about 120 companies, except London passenger lines and a few light railways. In only one important instance was the special Tribunal set up under the Act called upon to settle the terms of amalgamation. The four groups began their careers on January 1, 1923, and capital assets of over a thousand million pounds were transferred to them in consideration, for the most part, of stock in the new companies. This second phase ended with the beginning of the war. The third phase is about to begin with the ending of the war.

From the date of their forming until 1938 the four new main companies, the Great Western, the London & North Eastern, the London, Midland & Scottish, and the Southern, carried out new works and improvements which cost about 450 million pounds. More than one-third of this huge sum was spent on rolling stock, and nearly a quarter of it on the permanent way. Engines, especially for fast passenger trains and heavy freight trains, were built to new designs. The L.N.E.R. engine "Mallard" broke the world's steam record by pulling a train at a speed of 125 m.p.h.; and although the engine-mileages for the years 1923 and 1938 were the same, 4,300 fewer engines were needed in the closing year of the period.

To keep pace with such progress the design of the track and its maintenance were pressed to a new degree of specialization and to a new pitch of efficiency. Tests were made of, for example, steel keys to prevent "rail creep", steel sleepers in main lines and a new method of packing them, a new alinement of junctions to allow much faster crossings, continuous welded track for smoother running, flat-bottomed rails, fish-plates that gave a closer spacing of sleepers at the rail-joints; and something like 23,000 miles of track were completely renewed.

When, for the second time, the railways came under Government control on September 1, 1939, there were over 100 passenger trains running at an average speed of 60 m.p.h. or more, and just under 700 freight trains delivering goods in twenty-four hours between places that were often 300 miles apart.

The mobilization for modern war of so vital an arm as transport on a scale vaster than any in known experience might have been expected to present insuperable difficulties in a country which does not follow the policy of planning its peacetime pursuits with a view to their military value. If it is true that, in the long run, responsible citizens make the best soldiers, it is equally true that organizations intended to be fully answerable to the needs of peace will stand up best to the holocaust. In the years of development which ended with the war the railways had reached a point at which they were capable of carrying, literally, colossal burdens; and although the normal course of that development was brought to a halt, there was enough of the progressive impulse in hand to enable them to meet, without impairing daily resources, the urgent and specialized needs of war-time traffic.

The four companies operate as independent bodies; but, as members of a group performing a public service surveyed at yearly intervals by the Railway Rates Tribunal authorized by the Act of 1921, they work closely together and make common cause of their researches and experiments. It was a highly organized and expanding system, then, of which the Minister of War Transport took control, through his Railway Executive Committee, until at least one year after the end of the war, at a yearly rental of £43,000,000 divided proportionately among the four companies and the London Passenger Transport Board.

The years of war have indeed been years of testing and proving as no experimental phase could be. Maintenance, at such a time, is the great issue; for while the need for it rises dangerously the means of providing it dwindle. Men and materials grow scarcer as wear and tear grow fiercer. Engines, by the end of the third year, had run 1,870 million miles. They spend now 7,000,000 more hours in traffic than they spent before the war. Apart from ordinary passenger services, a matter of nearly 203 million miles a year, they pull about 154 million tons of coal and 143 million tons of goods; and hundreds of engines have been sent to the Near East and elsewhere.

It is a common sight to see goods trains of 80 or more fully loaded wagons. Here, by the Thames, 50 miles from London, where the lines follow the floor of the valley below the last slope

of the Chiltern Hills, you may watch from the road on the Downs west of the river the endless passing and repassing of goods trains of such a length that when two of them about to pass each other meet engine to engine they seem to measure the landscape from end to end. George Stephenson's first train weighed 90 tons, and metal was heavier then. These trains weigh as much as 1,000 tons. Nearly a million wagons run every week: that is, four-fifths of the total number in use. But it is not enough. There is a general shortage; and it has been reckoned that 87,000 "wagon days" are being lost owing to the lack of labour for loading, unloading, and repairs and to the difficulties of working in the conditions of war, which have included, of course, the blackout and enemy attacks.

But in spite of these handicaps, 4,349 special evacuation trains took people from London and other cities in four days in 1939 without hitch or casualty; 620 trains, directed by telephone at short notice and sandwiched into the current passenger and freight time-tables, carried 320,000 troops from seven small ports in southern England after the evacuation of Dunkirk in 1940; the First Army was shipped to North Africa in 1942, with vehicles and stores, from 440 troop trains and 680 freight trains in the ordinary goods services; and in the eight weeks before the invasion of Europe nearly 25,000 special trains were running across Britain to the embarkation ports, followed in the next four weeks by 17,500 special trains carrying reinforcements.

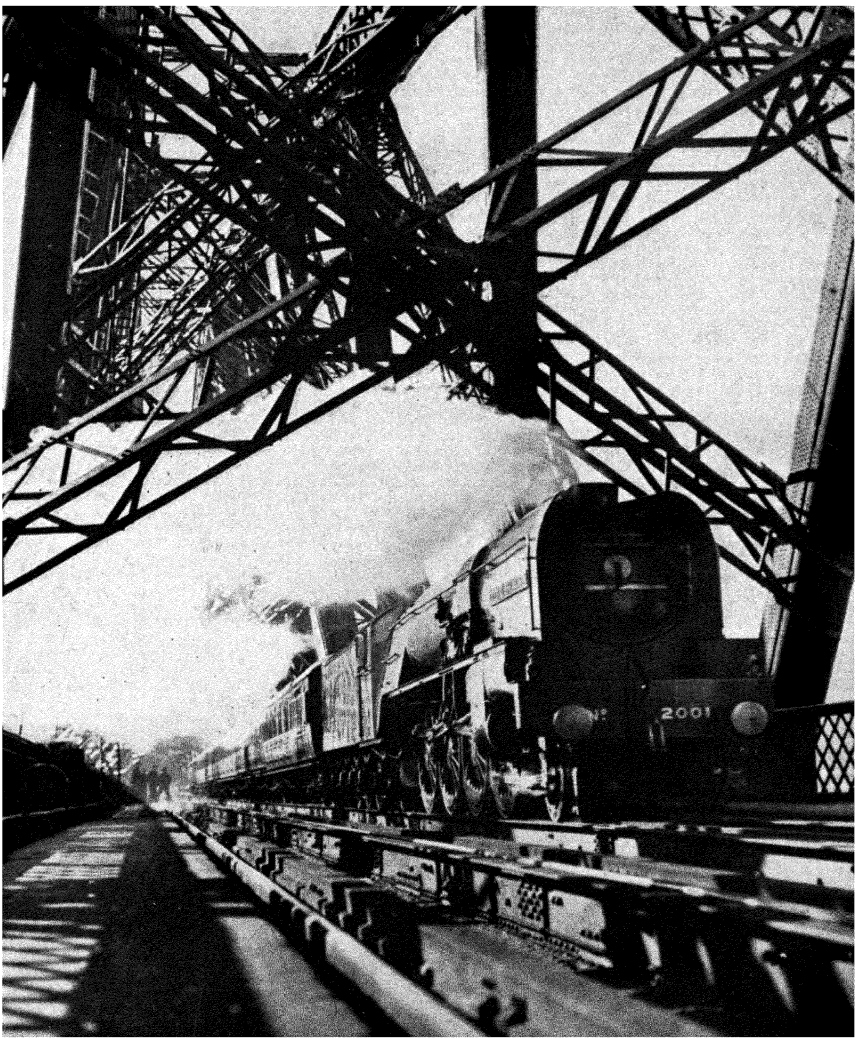
What, then, is the outlook for this momentous third phase which will apparently begin in earnest one year after the end of the war? Inevitably, the first great undertaking will be the complete overhaul of all the rolling stock and equipment which have been made to do service far beyond the scope and time for which they were designed. In the course of this overhaul obsolete vehicles of all kinds which would have ordinarily been scrapped long ago will be replaced with those of the newest design. It is the intention of the four companies, which have set up a representative commission to examine the after-the-war outlook, to restore, in the first year, the passenger and business services which were running in 1939.

The next step will combine a progressive raising of the average speeds of main line trains with a new building programme. This

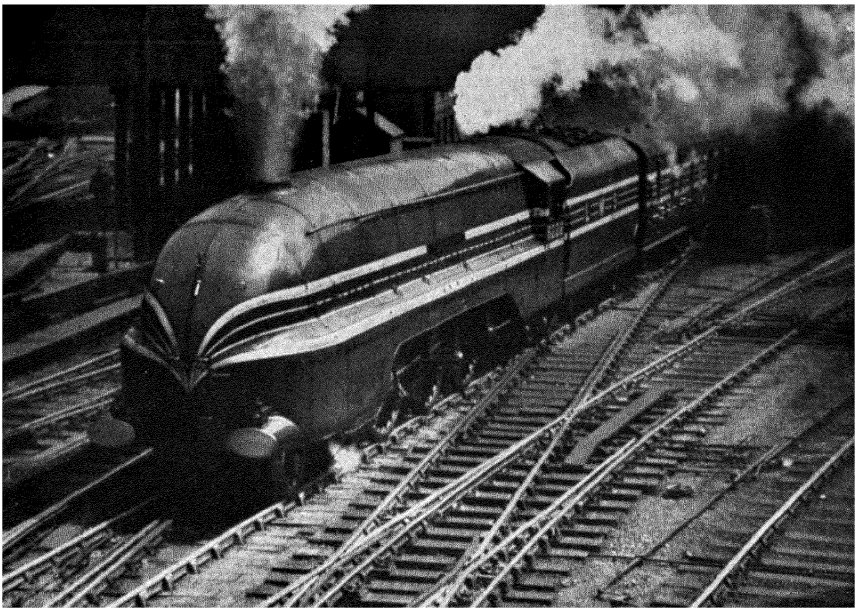
will mean reconditioning the track, for the trains which ran at an average speed of 60 m.p.h. will soon be running at 80 m.p.h. The replacement of rolling stock will necessarily be a long-term affair and the companies are preparing five-year plans.

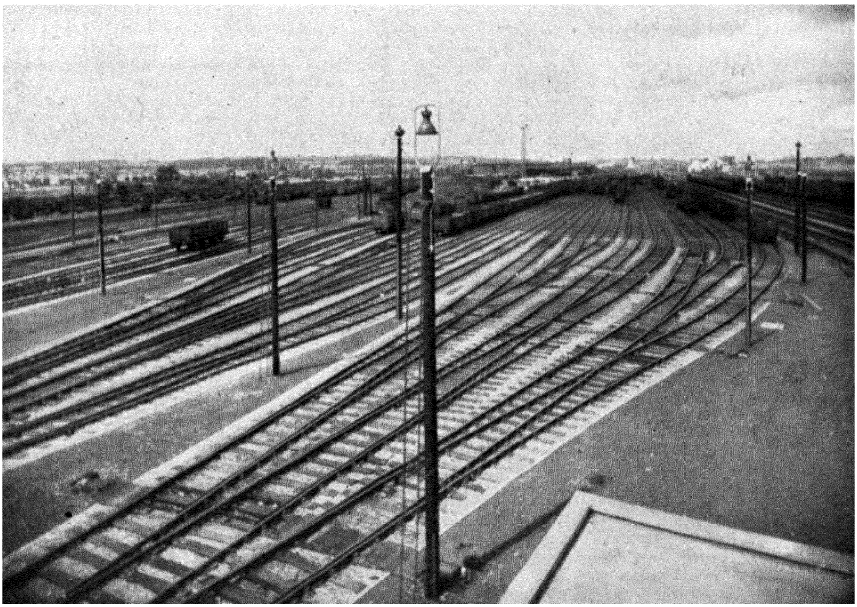
Electricity is bound to be given an important place in railway operating control. The British railway system, like the road system, is the most intricate in the world. There are more junctions to route-mileage than in any other country. Electrically controlled points and the control of running trains by radio are subjects in which there has already been much experiment; telephone lines cut in the 10,000 air attacks on the railways were immediately, and most effectively, replaced by radio. When the war began 2,400 miles of main line railway had been electrified, and the conversion of many more miles of track will now be continued. Sir Patrick Abercrombie's Plan for Greater London recommends the electrification of all main lines in the area. But this, too, calls for long-term arrangements, for it is well known that successful electrification needs the stable economic conditions in which steady development may take place over a period of years.

How far these plans will run to time it is too soon to say. The cry after the war will again be for men and materials. The railway companies and the London Passenger Transport Board employ about 670,000 men and women; but more than one-third of the present railway staff is temporary. The rate of progress will depend upon the release of trained men from the Services and upon the training of others for the specialization which invariably goes with expansion.



THE "COCK OF THE NORTH" TRAIN CROSSES THE FORTH BRIDGE





Above: THE "CORONATION SCOT", PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES AFTER ITS APPEARANCE AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Below: A RAILWAY MARSHALLING YARD

THEATRE—THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL

By Ivor Brown

When war had settled down upon us in Britain and petrol-rationing became severe, I imagined that this might mean a break in the Shakespeare Festivals at Stratford-upon-Avon. In later years they had depended so much on the motor-car. The large park outside the theatre used to be packed with visitors from the big industrial towns of the English Midlands from which Stratford is anything from ten to fifty miles distant and so easily reached by family parties with a car at their disposal. Those were days when Stratford-upon-Avon seemed rather to deserve the name of Stratford-upon-petrol.

When motoring (or motor-cycling) became almost universal and the motor-coaches brought those who had no car of their own, Stratford, which used to house a brief Shakespeare festival for the locals and the specialist visitors, now became everyman's house of call. The Festival had once been a little affair in April, celebrating the poet's Birthday honours, but at length it grew into a double affair with separate sections in April and August: finally it became continuous and ran through the summer from April to September. And so it has managed to last through the difficult years of war.

How has that occurred? The thing is made the more remarkable by the war-time shortage of hotel-space in the town, several of the chief establishments being taken over by the Government. (This, in my opinion, was a foolish mistake, since Stratford is an obvious cultural asset and a natural magnet for our Allies on leave.) It is an astonishing tribute to people's devotion to Shakespeare, to his memory, and to his origins that so many thousands should have taken the trouble to go there during the war, despite slow and scanty services of transport, and very limited accommodation on the spot. Special arrangements were made for troops and the brief leave "courses", open at Oxford to men and women of American and Canadian as well as British forces of sea, land, and air, had their own arrangements for much-appreciated trips to Stratford and its theatre.

This summer similar courses, organized by the British Council at Stratford itself, have provided many men and women with a quiet week in this agreeable and typical market-town of the Cotswold fringe—for that is what Stratford always has been and, essentially, still is. They went to the theatre and had talks and discussions on Shakespeare in general and the performances in particular. But they had, in addition, a true glimpse of the pastoral Midlands, a glimpse all the richer in a way because the little town was once again more truly Stratford-upon-Avon than Stratford-upon-petrol. Five minutes' walk along the river brought them to the real background of Shakespeare's comedies, to the green fields where

> Daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

But we are wandering rather far from the theatre itself.

The Memorial Theatre

The Memorial Theatre at Stratford was opened in 1879. It was entirely rebuilt, after a fatal fire in 1926: performances were immediately transferred to a hospitable cinema and the new playhouse was opened, by the present Duke of Windsor, in April, 1932. Its outward looks are always in dispute; its inner decoration rarely, and its comfort never. Actors are apt to be lukewarm in its praise; there are no stage-boxes to complete the half-circle of the auditorium, and the blank walls, which replace the old-fashioned scheme of private boxes, and have been widely fashionable in modern playhouse architecture, are apt to create a chilly gap between stage and audience. The Stratford stage of to-day has many technical merits, but it is not an easy medium for the kind of comedy in which the actor wants to be really close to his audience. And that, after all, is exactly the kind of comedy which the Elizabethans had in mind, since they worked for a platform-stage surrounded, high and low, by spectators at very close quarters and even sitting, in some cases, along the side of the dais itself.

This aspect of Shakespeare's theatre is particularly well known to the present director of productions at Stratford, Mr. Robert

Atkins, one of whose passions is to produce Shakespeare's plays in the very conditions for which they were written. Before the war he did actually experiment with a model of the Tudor platform-stage in the old boxing-ring at Blackfriars, close to where the original Globe Theatre stood.

When Atkins was appointed director of work at the "Old Vic", the famous home of "popular" Shakespeare and opera in South London, he steered a middle course of style between the sumptuous and the austere. While there, he actually staged every item of the whole Shakespearian canon including such rareties as the three parts of *Henry VI* and *Titus Andronicus*. One of his great undertakings was to take "The Old Vic" Company out to Cairo, where he ran two very successful seasons. He has been the leading spirit in London's Open Air Shakespeare seasons in Regent's Park and his selection to command operations at Stratford when Mr. Iden Payne left in 1943 was fully justified.

Repertory

The repute and status of Stratford's theatre has been that of a hard-working repertory—not a setting for transient "stars". The same team, reunited in the winter and touring for some weeks before the Stratford opening in the Easter holiday, remains beside the Avon all the summer. There is no coming and going of guest artists. This principle means that the Company loses some lustre of personality which it might obtain with other methods, but profits by the continuous associations of its own regular members. Of course it has been extremely difficult to sustain standards during the war in any dramatic company; even more arduous has been the task in the case of Shakespeare, because his plays need large casts, mainly masculine, and require especially a good supply of virile youth: of the latter quality our theatre is inevitably deprived in war-time.

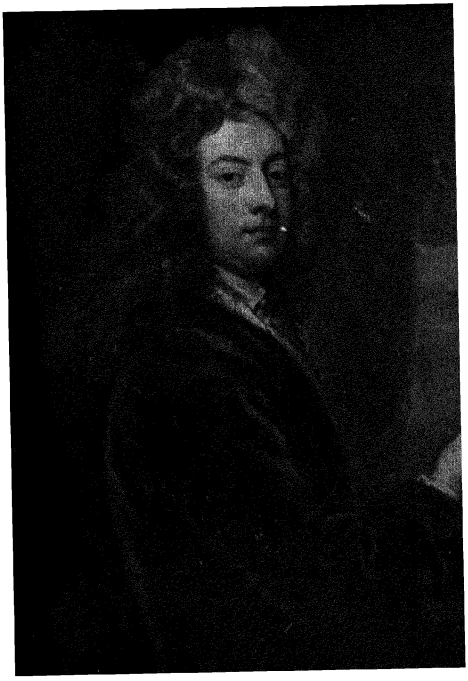
Still, the work has been carried on. The audiences, who might have wilted away, have been large and constant. The players have been found. The old Festival, with its illumination of the Avon's banks and its plentiful supplies of everything from rooms to refreshments, has been replaced by something less gay on the surface but possibly more genuine in spirit. Where there can be no junketing, the play must indeed be the thing. Or at least the play plus the place, for Stratford can be a charming spot to visit. The stretch of the river Avon from the theatre to the Church is serene English scenery at its mellowest and much of Stratford is simply an unspoilt country town with its medieval and Tudor buildings standing naturally round the old streets of the craftsmen and merchants. Of course there are blemishes, but they do not destroy the atmosphere of a sleepy, riverside Midland market, where the price of pigs and cattle is still a chief topic of street conversation.

During this year the chief tragedies being given are *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, the chief comedies *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. English history is represented by *Henry VIII*. The leading lady is the American Claire Luce, who has worked with Mr. Atkins before and has been an effective performer of Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Opposite her, as they say, is Mr. Anthony Eustrel, an actor who has won this honour by diligent use of such natural gifts as dash and a vigorous attack. Mr. Atkins himself is playing Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night* and Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* and he has at his command a ripe experience of this type of humour, being well aware that Falstaff needs no fattening by the actor, since Shakespeare has done all that need be in that line in his composition of the part.

Mr. Atkins knows the text of Shakespeare to the last syllable and does not favour fanciful interpretations. His productions are loyal to the author's intention as he sees it, free of "stunts" and hard-worked ingenuity. His players are mainly more proficient in attack than in sublety, which is to say that playgoers will not find at Stratford anything comparable with such star-encrusted productions as the "Old Vic" and John Gielgud companies have been giving recently in London. But they will get the honest, energetic work of people devoted, under a devoted leader, to one simple aim, that of giving the audience, clearly and audibly, what Shakespeare wrote in a way he would have understood and enjoyed. That is no bad ambition for a Festival in the poet's own town.



National Portrait Gallery



KIT-CAT PORTRAITS

Above: Jacob Tonson. *On right*: William Congreve

National Portrait Gallery

ART—THE KIT-KAT PORTRAITS

By PHILIP HENDY

There is a size of picture-frame or canvas which is still familiar to the British frame-maker as kit-cat size. The nickname comes to pictures from a club, the most brilliant and most aristocratic club in England; but the name of the club comes from pies—a story nicely illustrative of the easy mixture of homeliness and grandeur, the comfortable domesticity of wit which characterized society before the advent of industrialism and the class war. To-day the club would be called the National Society (Exclusive) to Secure Religious Toleration, Constitutional Reform and the Advancement of Certain Great Noble Families, or the N.S.(E.) S.R.T.C.R.A.C.G.N.F.

Kit-Cat stood for Christopher Katt, a taverner famous for his pies and pastries:—

One Night, in Seven at this convenient Seat,
Indulgent BOCAJ did the Muses treat,
Their Drink was gen'rous Wine, and Kit-Cat's Pyes their Meat.
Here he assembled his Poetic Tribe,
Past Labours to Reward, and new ones to prescribe.
Hence did th'Assembly's Title first arise,
And Kit-Cat's Wits spring first from Kit-Cat's Pyes.
BOCAJ the Mighty Founder of the State
Led by his Wisdom, or his happy Fate,
Chose proper Pillars to support its Weight.
All the first Members for their Place were fit.
Tho' not of Title, Men of Sense and Wit.

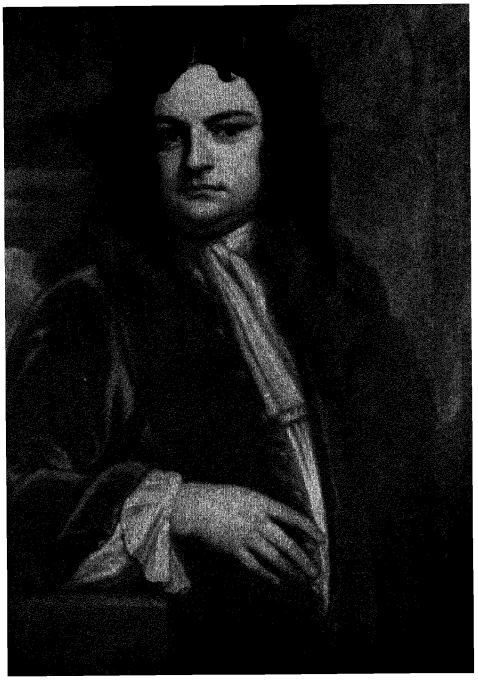
Bocaj is back-to-front for Jacob; and the 'convenient seat' was the house at Barn Elms near Putney, a few miles up river from London, of Jacob Tonson, the founder and secretary of the Kit-Cat Club. It had met first at Katt's tavern near Temple Bar; and, when the meetings were transferred in 1703 to Tonson's new house, the mutton pies and pastries were transferred too. Tonson was not only founder and secretary and host, but he commissioned of Sir Godfrey Kneller portraits of all the forty-four members which have recently, after nearly a century and a half, become the property of the nation.

Tonson had risen to fame and wealth principally as the publisher of John Dryden; and other members of the club were William Congreve, the dramatist, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, the essayists, and Robert Vanbrugh, who was as well known then as a playwright as he is now as the architect of the huge palaces of Blenheim and Castle Howard which he built for the Duke of Marlborough, who may have been a Kit-Cat, and the Earl of Carlisle, who was certainly. That rhyme of 1708 about the Kit-Cats seems to draw a disparaging distinction between the first, who were "Men of Sense and Wit", and the later men of Title; but the men of title must have joined up fast, for out of the forty-four eventual members twenty-two bore titles and nine were dukes.

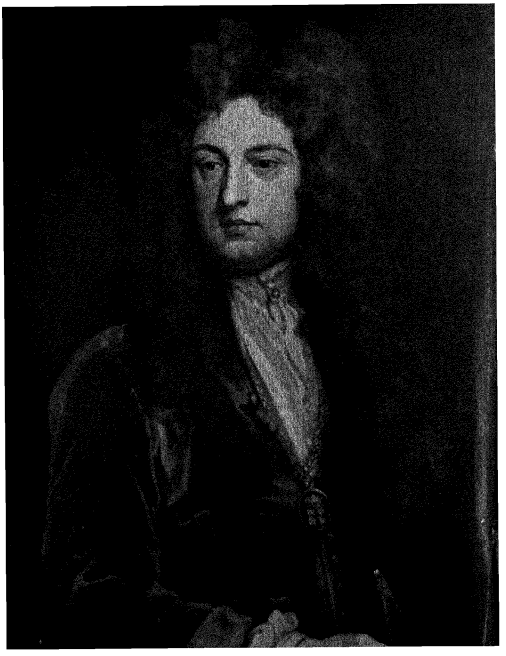
Wits and Whigs

There was a happy alliance then between wit and worldly wisdom, between poetry and politics. The wits were mostly Whigs; and the Kit-Cat Club was the more sociable and cultured end of the Whig party, that alliance of some seventy great families which ruled Britain under the first two Georges, and incidentally secured or established most of the constitutional practices which have made popular government possible in Britain. Under Queen Anne they backed Marlborough's policy of intervention on the Continent, by which the costly balance of power in Europe has been maintained ever since. In those days they had to share power with the Tories and they had plenty of time to sharpen their wit at club meetings.

When they had brought over the Hanoverian King, who neither spoke English nor was interested in English affairs, then they could form ministries and dissolve parliaments and exercise all the patronage of Church and State themselves; and they were too busy doing it to indulge in weekly suppers where no axe was to be ground and too secure to need the pens of poets to propagate their policy. Besides, they were growing older. Their great prime minister, Walpole—the first prime minister—had been a Kit-Cat; but it was from about the time of his accession to power, in 1721, that the Club ceased to hold meetings. In 1725 Vanbrugh wrote of it to Tonson as a thing of the past, begging for just one reunion: "Not



National Portrait Gallery



KIT-CAT PORTRAITS

Above: Sir Richard Steele.
On right: Sir John Vanbrugh

National Portrait Gallery

as a Club, but old Friends that have been of a Club, and the best Club, that ever met".[1]

Ten years later the publisher, with another former member, the Duke of Somerset, to whom they were dedicated, produced for his own swan-song a grand memorial in the form of a volume of mezzotints by John Faber of all the portraits by Kneller and another, of the Duke of Marlborough, who is not included in the series of canvases. The canvases were left by Tonson to his nephew Jacob Tonson II, from whom they passed to his collateral descendants, the Bakers of Bayfordbury. From them they have been bought by that wise group of benefactors, the National Art-Collections Fund, who have presented them to the National Portrait Gallery.

The Kneller Portraits

The collection that has thus become national property is unique as a gallery of portraits, all of one size—a long half-length—and all by one hand, of almost all the brilliance of a brilliant period. These are the great men of the days of Queen Anne, and at Hampton Court is a smaller series, also by Kneller, of the beautiful women of her predecessors' court. If only British painting had been as brilliant then as literature! But the verdict of history has by no means supported the praises lavished by Pope in the epitaph which he based upon that of Raphael:—

Kneller, by Heav'n and not a master taught,
Whose Art was Nature and whose Pictures thought;
Now from two Ages having snatched from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great
Lies crowned with Princes', Poets' lays,
Due to his Merit and brave Thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying fears herself may die.

Pope perhaps was only trying to think up something worthy of Kneller's idea of himself. The painter's old friend Bishop Pearce related that his articles of religion were only four: (1) That God Almighty was the most ingenious of beings; (2) That he therefore loved all ingenious persons; (3) That painting was one of the most ingenious of the arts, because it preserved for centuries the resemblance of deceased persons; (4) That he, Kneller, was the most ingenious of all painters.

Article 3 seems but a thin claim for painting to advance for a place among the arts but in those primitive days of English painting, before any great native genius had emerged, a foreigner who had been to Rome like Kneller, and could catch a good likeness was a man to be wondered at. A German by birth, Kneller was a cosmopolitan, who knew what elegance was. Had he not first studied under Rembrandt in Amsterdam and rejected his methods as uncouth? Perhaps his greatest assets were nothing to do with his painting but those which go a long way to make the fashionable physician or practitioner of any kind: a perfect memory for names and faces, a radiant manner. Sitting for a portrait is the most wearing of pastimes; but sitters went away from Kneller's studio "with more sprightliness than they came".

Even in the small London of those days he could cope with the flow of commissions only by turning his capacious town house into a factory, where the great man did little but the faces, while one assistant painted the hands, another the huge periwigs, a third the silks and velvets, a fourth the laces, a fifth the buttons and the jewellery. No wonder that there was another great house at Whitton, outside London, or that Kneller drove from one to the other in a coach and six. If the factory methods were not the best foundation for the native school of painting which was germinating in England before Kneller died, at least the German talent for organization was beneficial in another way. There had been no life school or teaching organized as it had been long ago in France and Italy and apprenticeship to another painter, so long as painting meant only portraiture was little more than to become a hand in a factory like Kneller's. It was he, however, who was responsible for the first English academy, which opened its doors in 1711 and the vote which made him its first Governor was unanimous.

He is best commemorated by his Kit-Cat portraits. If many of the Kit-Cats look rather like each other, all have a certain distinction, a mixture of grand gesture and simplicity which not many painters could achieve today.

[1] G. M. Trevelyan in *The Times*, March 10, 1945.

MUSIC

By Dyneley Hussey

There is already a revival in London of musical activities which were closed down on the outbreak of war. Among the first victims were the various semi-private music-making organizations, of which the Chelsea, Kensington, and Westminster Music Clubs were conspicuous examples. Now the Chelsea Music Club, always one of the most enterprising, has opened its first season since the war began, and for its revival appropriately engaged the two artists who were to have appeared at the first concert in the autumn of 1939, MM. Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc.

These musical protagonists of the French Resistance have gained a considerable and well-merited popularity with English audiences, and not merely through sympathy with their sufferings and their courageous struggle against the oppressor. They are excellent artists. Whether he is singing the classics of French music or the songs written during the German occupation—some of them fiercely satirical songs so innocuously wrapped up that they could be performed openly without the Germans perceiving their true import—M. Bernac is always an intelligent interpreter, who can, when necessary, perform prodigies of quick elocution that would do credit to a singer of Sullivan's patter-songs.

The Contemporary Music Centre

A week after the Chelsea Music Club's concert, the London Contemporary Music Centre, which had likewise been inactive during the war, was similarly resuscitated with a recital by these same two artists. The Centre was formed soon after the first world war as a branch of the British Music Society for the encouragement and performance of contemporary music in London. Its first president was Mr. Edwin Evans, who remained in that office until his recent death. When the British Music Society was dissolved about a dozen years ago, the Contemporary Music Centre continued its work in conjunction with the International Society for Contemporary Music, at whose annual festivals opportunity was afforded for hearing the compositions of the *avant-garde* among modern composers.

The London Centre was, however, never extremist. At its concerts music of all schools and nations was produced and, though much of it has failed to survive a first hearing and take its place in a wider repertory, many interesting new works by composers like Stravinsky, Alban Berg, Bela Bartók, and Hindemith have been given for the first time in England. For the Centre has by no means confined itself mainly to the propagation of native music.

Les Six

It was particularly appropriate that M. Poulenc should take part in the Centre's revival, for in the early years of its activities the music of "Les Six" appeared frequently in the programmes. Now M. Poulenc is an older and wiser man, and has put away childish things, but not the charm which always made even his most trivial productions delightful. In the new songs, which were produced on this occasion, he showed how wit and irony can be forged into satire with too fine an edge for the perceptions of the German invaders of France.

Auric, another of "Les Six", was also represented at this concert. He, too, has developed into a serious composer with roots in the great traditions of French song as exemplified by Fauré, Duparc, and Debussy —the traditions of lucidity, of respect for the poet, and of a most subtle sensibility.

It is a healthy sign, and a most welcome one, that these music-making institutions, which have no commercial background, should be reviving their activities, and it is to be hoped that Westminster and Kensington will soon follow the lead of Chelsea. For these societies played an important though not obtrusive part in the musical life of London. Above all, their concerts generally provided the right intimate and pleasantly informal conditions under which chamber-music can best be enjoyed.

A new organization for promoting contemporary music has lately been formed by a section of the Musicians' Union which holds meetings at the London Polytechnic

Institute once a fortnight for the performance and discussion of new works. The discussion is an important feature of the proceedings and is designed to offer criticism and advice to the composers concerned.

Mewton-Wood's Sonata

At one of these recitals Mr. Noel Mewton-Wood, a young Australian pianist, played his second Sonata for pianoforte. This is a compact work in three movements written in a highly romantic manner that reminded one in general feeling, but not in any particular detail, of Schumann. This is, perhaps, a rather unexpected affinity to discover in a young pianist of apparently intellectual bent. But, possibly, after the austere neo-classical fashions of recent years, a romantic revival is due. The Sonata is certainly a likeable work without any eccentricities or obscurities, though it may be that the sweep of its gestures is rather out of proportion to its actual musical content.

Hindemith's "Ludus Tonalis".

That Mr. Mewton-Wood is capable of great intellectual concentration was proved a day earlier when he gave at the National Gallery a performance of Hindemith's "Ludus Tonalis". The pianist is bravely including this remarkable composition in his programme on his forthcoming tour to Australia.

The "Ludus Tonalis" is, like all fugal music, intellectual rather than emotional, but it is certainly not devoid of expressiveness, and the surest sign of its genuine quality as music (distinguished from a kind of elaborate crossword problem) is the fact that its most moving section is precisely the "mirror" postlude, in which the whole work grows to a climax. The work, which was composed in America in 1943, takes three-quarters of an hour to play and certainly makes exactions upon the audience's powers of concentration. But the effort is well rewarded.

"The Hymn of Jesus" recorded

Holst's "The Hymn of Jesus", the latest work recorded by the Gramophone Co. under the auspices of the British Council, was completed in 1917 and first performed two years later. No choral work of the past twenty years has made so deep and so immediate an impression as this strangely beautiful music, in which the composer concentrated all the results of his choral experience and harmonic adventures.

The text of the Hymn is a translation (by Holst himself) of a poem from the Apocryphal Act of St. John, prefaced by two verses from Latin hymns—"Vexilla regis" and "Pange lingua"—whose plain-chant tunes occur also at the climax of the Hymn. The main poem is inspired by the contemplation of the Eucharist and its emotional ecstasy is expressed in an archaic symbolism that, taken by itself, seems naïve and often incomprehensible. Holst's music passes through this strange utterance, like an electric current, lighting up its mystery. Having heard the music, we can understand what the words mean, even though that meaning would be difficult to put down on paper.

The chorus is elaborately divided up, semi-choruses singing the antitheses of the poem ("Fain would I be saved—And fain would I save") antiphonally, while a distant semi-chorus interposes "Amen" at the end of each clause. These Amens are set in various ways, but almost invariably to consecutive fifths (that bugbear of the academic teacher!) and sometimes over a descending diatonic scale. Holst also uses spoken or rather whispered tone for the words "Glory to thee, Holy Spirit" and near the end of the Hymn just before the reprise of the opening passage the last syllable of "wisdom" is sung with closed lips to all the notes of the whole-tone scale simultaneously. These strange devices are fully justified by the emotional and dramatic effect they achieve. Moreover, Holst's harmony, though surprising to the eye, never offends the unprejudiced ear, because it is all calculated by a master of his subject. His consecutive fifths sound right, precisely because they are deliberate, and not the mistakes of a careless pupil, which the academic teacher rightly strikes out.

The performance by the Huddersfield Choral Society, one of England's most famous choirs, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Dr. Malcolm Sargent's direction, is extremely good. The recording of a choir is always one of the most difficult tasks for the gramophone technicians, and the success which has been achieved with this exceptionally complex music is really remarkable.

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

I recently attended a film programme given on a Sunday by the Edinburgh Film Guild. The Guild is one of the oldest of the British Film Societies. The first of them started as long ago as 1925, when the London Film Society commenced a season of programmes of exceptional films little shown by the commercialized cinema. The Edinburgh Film Guild was founded in 1930 and its Council's statement concerning its aims represents the best of the Film Societies' policies. The Guild stands for

> the study and advancement of film art by holding exhibitions of films illustrating or contributing to film development, by arranging lectures and discussions on relevant film subjects and by acquiring a collection of films, film literature and film stills; to stimulate the production in Scotland of films of merit, whether by amateurs or professionals; to co-operate with societies having similar aims; and generally to increase public interest in the progressive application of the film.

Between 1930 and 1939 a large number of societies started all over Britain, some merely to show Continental films such as the London Film Society distributed, and the documentary films produced in increasing numbers at home. Others, like the Guild, supplemented their programmes with discussions and lectures on the art of the film and its social value.

They were greatly assisted in their work by the British Film Institute. The Institute was founded in 1933 and financed out of public funds. Its functions included the promotion of the use of films and other visual aids in education, the development of the recognition of the artistic and social values of the cinema, and the preservation and cataloguing of films, both old and new, in the National Film Library. The Institute is always ready to act as adviser to Film Societies and clubs in such matters as administration and programme selection.

Scotland has also developed her own activities in film matters. The full story has been told by Norman Wilson, Chairman of the Edinburgh Film Guild, in a recent book *Presenting Scotland: a Film Survey* (published by the Guild at 2s.). Mr. Wilson is concerned that the picture of Scotland shown to the world by the commercial feature film, often of American origin, is false, and he suggests that Scotland should herself make films. British films, both feature and documentary, are almost entirely made from London studios, just as those of America are regionalized in California. Scotland has been well served by the documentary movement of the past fifteen years, and it was to promote the production of more Scottish films that the Films of Scotland Committee began its work in 1938. Few enough pictures were completed by the Committee before the war demanded a new approach to the Scottish theme.

Recent films of exceptional merit about Scotland and concerned with social issues are *Power for the Highlands* and *Children of the City*, both made by Paul Rotha Productions. The first is about hydro-electrification, and the second about the problems of juvenile delinquency. Mr. Wilson, however, looks ahead to home production for Scotland, notable though the achievement has been so far in the films listed in his book.

"*Steel*"

At the Film Guild's last programme of the season I saw two recent British documentary films both of which deserve wide showing. The first, called *Steel*, is a British Council production made by Technique Films in Technicolor and directed by Ronald Riley. It is by no means the first British documentary on our vital steel industry. The subject has attracted documentary directors from their earliest days, since the various processes through which steel has to pass until the final product is reached are full of dynamic and spectacular movement, the streams of fiery liquid ore, the crashing of huge hammers, the shaping of ingots, and the cutting of steel bars and sheets. Behind all these processes are the solemn sweating faces of the men who carry them through, lit by the flash and flare of white-hot metals and by the flames of the furnaces. The manufacture of steel represents heavy industry at its most dramatic and pictorial.

This film has the advantage of colour to

bring a new beauty to its subject. Its length, over half-an-hour, allows the various processes to be explained without the undue hurry of a one-reeler into which so many documentary subjects have to be compressed. It combines clarity of exposition with the astonishing beauty and almost frightening closeness of gigantic and white-hot metals. I am not competent to judge its completeness as a record of this branch of British industry, but as a film it is most intense and satisfying. It shows the recovery of the metal from the ore, the process of alloy feeding, the depositing of red-hot slag in pictures like a scene from Dante as the flaming liquid pours down the huge slag heap, the pressing of the ingots and the cutting of bars, the manufacture of sheet metal such as shipbuilding plates, and the shaping of special steel units by huge power hammers and rollers.

Shots which cannot easily be forgotten are those of the red-hot ore pouring along the troughs, the explosions caused by throwing thin, freshly cut branches on to the hot sheets of metal to blast away scales, and above all the long detailed power-hammer and rolling-mill sequences. Here the music is specially timed to enhance the rhythm and movement of the shots. In the rolling and pressing of huge ingots the master forger controls the process by hand gestures like the conductor of a symphony. It is the climax of a highly skilled craft. Strength and sweat hide the judgment and timing necessary to the steel worker. The close-ups of the shining faces of the men show also their concentration on the job. Few films could be more adequate than this one for explanation both here and abroad of a branch of heavy industry which involves vast numbers of skilled British workers.

"*Out of Chaos*"

The second film shown in the Guild's programme was the Two Cities Studios' production *Out of Chaos*, directed by Jill Craigie. This film is shorter than *Steel*, and is not photographed in colour. It deals with painting in war-time and is intended for commercial distribution in cinemas. Miss Craigie has a much more difficult film problem to solve than had Mr. Riley. The initial purpose of her film is to show some of our war artists, notably Stanley Spencer, Paul Nash, Henry Moore, and Graham Sutherland, at work on the sites which inspired their pictures. However, the film takes on a wider approach, and is in effect an introduction of modern non-representational art to a public which still prefers to judge the merits of a picture by its representational qualities. Miss Craigie is assisted here in the explanations given by the art critic Eric Newton as well as by the artists themselves, and the public point of view is put forward by some representative visitors to the War Artists Exhibition at the London National Gallery, played by actors.

No good film can ever be static. However beautiful individual shots may be, the dynamic of cinema depends on the initial movement within the shots and the final movement created by the assembly of the shots in series. Miss Craigie's problem was therefore to use the medium of the black and white film to explain static coloured pictures. She very rightly concentrates on two main factors, the prospecting of the artist for his subject and the visual-oral discussion of the style and structure of the finished work. Stanley Spencer is seen wandering round the shipyards with his sketch-book and showing his work to the men who are his models. Paul Nash's famous picture *Totes Meer* is preceded by the remarkable record shots of the piles of wrecked Nazi aircraft photographed after the Battle of Britain.

Henry Moore is seen in the London Underground Air-raid Shelters at night, and two women sleepers are transformed into one of his studies of shelter life. He demonstrates and comments on his technique of mingled crayon and paint, while Eric Newton discusses the rhythm of the picture's composition. Graham Sutherland visits a quarry and decides to use a combination of forms which he co-ordinates into one of his non-representational paintings in his own unique manner.

This section of the film dealing with Sutherland's picture is perhaps the most striking and satisfying. It opens up the possibilities offered by the versatility of film technique for discussion and demonstration of other arts. For the film is still young and its potentialities leave much to be discovered. *Out of Chaos* is both experimental and exciting in the use it makes of some of these potentialities.

NEW LITERATURE

THE CLASSIC IDEAL

By JOHN HAYWARD

WHAT IS A CLASSIC? *By* T. S. Eliot. *Faber.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The dry, dispassionate analysis, the careful precision of definition, the exclusion of the impertinent, which are characteristic of Mr. Eliot's critical method, are perhaps an acquired taste; but once acquired it is a taste that is exquisitely rewarded. In his latest critical essay the reward for a discerning reader lies less, I think, in the answer he gives to the question of what constitutes a "Classic" than in the process by which he arrives at it: in the critical approach to the problem, that is to say, more than in its resolution. As the question was originally posed and answered in the form of an address, delivered last autumn to the newly founded Virgil Society of which Mr. Eliot was the first president, it is not surprising that he ends by affirming that Virgil is, as he puts it, "our classic—the classic of all Europe".

What is more interesting is to follow him through the stages of his closely argued inquiry into the nature of "classic" achievement. His purpose is rather to define the conditions, which Virgil happened to satisfy in full, essential for the creation of a classic, than to illustrate why Virgil is *par excellence* the type of the "classic" writer. It is characteristic of Mr. Eliot's method that this should involve a preliminary clearing of the ground of various irrelevancies such as those usages of the term "classic" (e.g. in Romantic *v.* Classic, A Classic of Detective Fiction, The Classics, &c.) which might confuse the issue. This leaves him in a position to define the conditions or prerequisites of a classic in the special sense in which he would have the term understood. These conditions may be summed up in a word, whose meaning is more easily recognized than defined, as *maturity*. A "classic", that is to say, must possess this quality of maturity. It is not enough, however, for the individual writer to display it in the ripeness of his intelligence and sensibility alone in order to be accounted a classic. Shakespeare was in the fullest sense a mature man; but Mr. Eliot would not allow him the title of classic. He points out, by way of example, that Congreve's *The Way of the World* is in some respects a more mature play than any of Shakespeare's because it reflects a more mature state of society and of civilized manners.

The maturity Mr. Eliot requires of a true classic is more than the maturity of a single mind. It is found in literature only when the quality of maturity can be recognized not only in individuals but also in the civilization that contains them, and in its realization of all the potentialities of its language. Such recognition can only come after the event. "A classic can be known as such only by hindsight and in historical perspective." The conditions Mr. Eliot demands are so exacting that it is difficult to discover anyone but Dante who has sufficiently fulfilled them for his own time since Virgil died. A large part of his essay, in fact, is devoted to a skilful analysis of the failure of certain great poets, like Milton and Pope, to fulfil every one of them. In doing so he shows that it is possible for a language not to have a classical period, or a classic author. English has had neither; but Mr. Eliot finds nothing to regret in this. Indeed, since English is still a living language and because a "classic" is almost bound by his definition to exhaust all the potentialities of the literary expression of a civilization, he is rather inclined to rejoice that the classic consummation, though devoutly to be wished, has not occurred. A classic, he observes, is "a ground for pride, but not perhaps an unmixed blessing".

It may be doubted whether in the modern world the conditions for the creation of a perfect classic—one in which the "whole genius of a people will be latent"—are possible to fulfil. It is quite easy to conceive the emergence in the future of a "national" classic like, say, Goethe—in the Soviet Union perhaps—possessed of that amplitude and comprehensiveness required of a perfect classic; but it is not easy to

foresee, and certainly not in any Basic future, one which should also possess that universality of the perfect classic when it is significant for other literatures besides its own. There remains the ideal of the classic —an ideal which, Mr. Eliot pleads, we should all keep before our eyes; a criterion of values, a measure of judgment, by which we may avoid provincialism in its widest sense.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

By JOHN HAMPDEN

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY PLAYS. By E. M. W. Tillyard. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

The surprising thing in Shakespeare criticism is not that so many thousands of volumes have already been written, in English alone, but that so much more still remains to be done — even apart from the necessity which every generation must feel of recording its own adventures among his masterpieces. It is certainly not that variety of opinion and approach has been lacking. To his contemporaries "sweet Master Shakespeare" was a great poet, a minor actor, a very popular dramatist, and a prosperous man of the theatre. During much of the seventeenth century his reputation suffered that post-mortem belittlement which is common to great writers.

The eighteenth century began Shakespeare idolatry, and began also textual criticism (though largely by guess work) and full-length studies of his characters, but charged him with many barbarities of taste. The "romantics", in Britain as in other countries, exalted him as a creative genius, a transcendental philosopher, in the movement against Cartesian mechanism. The Victorians developed the philosophical study of the plays, and sentimentalized at length on his women characters and his own emotional development, while doing much solid work on texts, sources, prosody, and vocabulary.

Every period produced criticism and data of permanent value. But it was left to the twentieth century to try to discover the Elizabethan Shakespeare—as distinct from the Victorian, the "Romantic", and the Eighteenth-Century Shakespeares; to set textual criticism on something like a scientific basis, by bibliographical and palaeographical methods; and, most important of all perhaps, to reconsider the plays in terms of the theatres and companies for which they were written. Much detailed research remains to be done in relating Shakespeare's work to its Elizabethan background, but new syntheses are already overdue.

Dr. Tillyard's book makes a very important, though somewhat disappointing, contribution to this realistic revaluation; disappointing as synthesis because it is too little concerned with creative processes: important because it is closely argued, vastly erudite, and contains a good deal of new material. It cannot be ignored by any serious student of Shakespeare's "histories" or of the English chronicle play in general.

Dr. Tillyard gives the first 128 of his 336 pages to a study of the background which follows the method he used in his recent, shorter book on *The Elizabethan World Picture*, and deals with cosmic, historical, literary, and dramatic ideas which influenced Shakespeare in the historical plays. The plays are then studied as they appear against this background: the "first tetralogy", *Henry VI* and *Richard III*; *King John*; the "second tetralogy", *Richard II*, *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*; and finally *Macbeth*. Dr. Tillyard omits *Henry VIII*, "not being convinced that Shakespeare wrote it all", and takes *Macbeth* as epilogue because he sees in Malcolm "the culminating version" of Shakespeare's "politically efficient man" and in the play "the whole adjustment of politics to life".

More important, he not only maintains the Shakespearean authorship of *Henry VI, Parts II and III* (following J. S. Smart, Professor P. Alexander, and Miss M. Doran) but argues also for the acceptance of *Part I*, finding in it a masterly structure of which no contemporary dramatist was capable and a "steady political earnestness" as further proof; and he dates *Part I* before the other

parts. He accepts and approves also *Titus Andronicus* and *The Comedy of Errors*, so that his picture of the early Shakespeare differs materially from that hitherto generally accepted.

Shakespeare turned the Chronicle Play into an independent, authentic type of drama, Dr. Tillyard maintains, largely because he grasped the potentialities of the old Morality form and made Respublica—or England—his hero throughout the "histories". They are all imbued with the medieval conception of cosmic order outlined in Ulysses' famous speech on "degree" in *Troilus and Cressida*, and they express a philosophy of history, a sense of moral and dramatic patterns in events, consciously adopted by Shakespeare from Sir Thomas More and other writers, above all from the chronicler, Edward Hall.

Dr. Tillyard's main theses, however, cannot fairly be summarized here, they can only be indicated. His readers will not all agree as to the extent to which he has established his theses and succeeded in his declared attempt "to strengthen the idea of an educated Shakespeare, and of a poet more rather than less like Dante and Milton in massiveness of intellect and powers of reflection". But the value of his book lies as much in its details as in its main arguments, and it brings us nearer to that greatly needed new study which will re-interpret the whole of Shakespeare's work.

FIN DE SIÈCLE

By Sylva Norman

THE AESTHETIC ADVENTURE. *By* William Gaunt. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

From his study of the Pre-Raphaelites Mr. Gaunt has moved forward, in both time and ability, to portray what may well remain outstanding as the most fatally fascinating period in the art of the West. Painting and letters were then abnormally intertwined, and had reached a degree of sensitive self-consciousness that kept their exponents in constant battle against the Philistines, against morals and respectability, and, more deplorably, against each other's fads and feelings. In the 'fifties the now-hackneyed slogan "Art for Art's Sake" was released as a Paris firework by Gautier and Baudelaire. Its phosphorescence lit the attics of the Quartier Latin, the cafés where Impressionists drank their real or supposed absinthe, the studios which young Americans and Englishmen shared with their French co-rebels to produce works of merit with the maximum of argument and insult. They came to England, British and French alike, and pursued strangeness and exoticism even in fog-bound London, where Whistler painted his enraptured Nocturnes, Ruskin—older and more practical-minded—toured the English harbours, Swinburne crashed out his "Poems and Ballads", Monet and Pisarro (war-time refugees) sketched the Thames and marvelled at the hideous pseudo-Gothic architecture Ruskin had so lovingly sponsored.

In presenting the great gallery of aesthetics Mr. Gaunt, without overmuch pity or contempt, points to the livid ray of putrefaction that stabs through the brilliance. Mockery from outsiders mattered nothing: du Maurier's cartoons and Gilbert's "Patience" popularized rather than deflated the exponents of a faith which, backed by such men as Pater, Degas, Oscar Wilde, George Moore, Verlaine and Rimbaud, was growing to fair proportions. But the rot was within it. "The Age of Spite", as Mr. Gaunt has named it, set in when the enemy-proud Whistler fought for his farthing's damages against Ruskin's pen. The descent into decadence threw up such figures as Simeon Solomon, James Thomson, Francis Thompson, Dowson and Conder. In France Toulouse-Lautrec portrayed the haunts of horror as by a kind of faith. During the 'nineties the young Aubrey Beardsley became something of a rallying force. Those were the days of the "Yellow Book" that drew the allegiance of no less healthy a personality than Max Beerbohm.

Despite this, art in England became fatally embroiled with law and cleanliness. Pemberton Billing's unchivalrous bludgeoning of an unrobed dancer was a bagatelle compared with the sensational and sordid Oscar Wilde case. It broke Wilde and it established a distorted view of the whole movement; no "decent" man could touch it with a barge-pole since it had reduced

itself, as it seemed, to sexual depravity. Of its inspired poetry, its eternally fresh paintings, its worship of pure rhythms and harmonies, he knew and could care nothing. But, now the tumult is over, much of value and enrichment *does* remain. It is disappointing that after his careful exposition Mr. Gaunt's own verdict on the age should be "a grain of beauty, impossible to weigh and estimate against the insignificant expenditure of lives". Surely we have since seen greater expenditure with less beauty, or, to paraphrase Shakespeare, more murder with less art.

A POET'S CHALLENGE

EROS IN DOGMA. *By* George Barker. *Faber.* 6*s.*

Of the younger men now writing Mr. Barker occupies an assured and an individual place. It is easy to trace his poetic ancestry from the Symbolists, and notably Rilke, yet he has always possessed a flamboyant and arresting language of his own. This new book, the first to be published in England since 1941, does not show any fresh development; but, though Mr. Barker can still write a line such as "O blood on the head and margarine in hand", such ingenuousness has mostly been pared away and the personal idiom made a more flexible means of expression. Mr. Barker must be classed as a "difficult" poet—a writer so violent, so obsessed with his poetic and sentient ego does not, indeed cannot, make any concession to the reader; but these poems amply repay close study.

To call this a book of war poems might be misleading, though most of them are written under the pressure of world war. Mr. Barker has not been, physically, very near the fighting. His reactions are either a tortured mental anguish, or a tragic, horrified mourning from the heights of Olympus. In the *Pacific Sonnets*, with which the book opens, the key is one of distraught personal nostalgia, in which he visualizes himself sitting in "a one man Europe" (a revealing phrase this); mention must be made of the three very beautiful sonnets commemorating the death at sea of two young seamen.

The *Secular and Sacred Elegies* (there seems no real distinction) reveal both the grandeur and the weakness of Mr. Barker's method—the exploration of the world through all the senses and at the highest tension (the lover and the poet "shall know temporary wedding with all things" he says), the piling up of bizarre and often illuminating images which create a nightmare vision of life; but here sensibility often becomes divorced from intellect. This would not matter if Mr. Barker's theme were not a condemnation of our civilization. However, the three *Cycles of Love Poems*, mostly in a more lyrical style, will, with their rich complexities of feeling and texture, definitely enhance this poet's reputation.

A. C. Boyd

THE TCHEKOV WAY

LOVING. *By* Henry Green. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Henry Green approaches the novel as Tchekov approached the short story. He is concerned with a state of being rather than with the development of character in reaction to events. There is no unfolding process in his novels; no element of suspense. He uses his great skill in dialogue and atmosphere to amplify a first impression. Thus one reads on deeply fascinated by his melancholy insight into the corruption and decency co-existent in human nature yet faintly disappointed by the absence of climax in any form.

Extraordinarily versatile in his choice of milieux, he has chosen for his latest subject the servants' hall of an Anglo-Irish castle. The anxious, peculating, dyspeptic butler, the drunken, resentful cook, the maudlin, faithful Nanny, the tormented, adolescent boy, the pretty, flirtatious, sex-ridden housemaids are each in their way a masterpiece of portraiture. They are touching, repulsive, authentic. And over them brood, aloof and sinister, the employers whose way of life conditions the character of their servants.

Mr. Green's gift for conveying a visual impression with great intensity has never been better displayed. The housemaids dancing together in the deserted ball-room, the players in the game of Blind Man's Buff, Edith in her purple uniform with the doves on her shoulders, the peacocks around her, have the poetic beauty of the transitory and the doomed. Mr. Green's last ironic sentence, "They married and lived happily after" (of the couple returning to wartime

London) was unnecessary. His conviction of the sadness and hopelessness of life has been sufficiently established.

MARIE HANNAH

CHILD GUIDANCE. *By* W. Mary Burbury, Edna M. Balint, Bridget J. Yapp. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

An admirably lucid account of a new developing social service directed to the welfare of the maladjusted child. The authors describe the origin and organization of child guidance clinics, discuss the general and particular causes of maladjustment, outline the therapeutic methods employed to re-establish the child in a normal life, and consider the social implications and probable trends of child guidance work. No one reading this intelligent, humane, and modest little volume with its well-documented justification of the claims of understanding as against recrimination can fail to recognize the importance of the rehabilitation work described or the urgent necessity for making it throughout the country a recognized public service.

MANAGEMENT AND MEN. *By* Dr. G. S. Walpole. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Walpole's experiences in building up a successful Joint Industrial Council are here set forth in concrete detail, and should prove an invaluable guide. The Council was fully supported by the Trade Unions and, far from confining its attention to complaints, brought forward many constructive suggestions for the better running of the factory. So great were its benefits at factory level that Dr. Walpole would like to see a similar body set up in the national field to discuss such problems as technical education and research, housing, transport, and Government policy towards industry. At the same time he realizes that such a Council should be advisory only, and that Parliament, not industry, must be the ultimate ruler.

THE NATURE OF METAPHYSICAL THINKING. *By* Dorothy M. Emmet. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Rejecting both the idealist and the naïve realist theories of knowledge Miss Emmet avoids also the defeatist conclusions of phenomenalism and logical positivism in her examination of the validity of the different modes of metaphysical thought. She does not go the whole way with the *Gestalt* theory, but sees the human mind as disposed to pattern-making and its patterns as connected with the transcendental world by some non-representational relation which cannot be exactly defined. The process of conceptual thought Miss Emmet sees as analogical, and she demonstrates the different kinds of significant analogy on which science, religion, philosophy, and history are built up. She is to be congratulated on reaching, by a critical examination of current theories, positive conclusions as to the fundamental unity of the several modes of thought.

CANADIAN NORTH. *By* Malcolm Macdonald, P.C., M.P. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This account of two journeys by air from Ottawa to the Arctic Circle offers much more than a panoramic view of the vast undeveloped North-west. After sketching its history from the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670, Mr. Macdonald presents arresting snapshots of life here at the very moment of transition from a remote past straight into the twentieth century. From the stone age simplicity of Eskimo villages to the opening of the Alaska Highway, from gold-rush days in Dawson City to modern mineral exploitation, the film unrolls with a wealth of detail—natural history, Mounties', trappers', miners' experiences, native hospitality and pioneering heroism—which fires the imagination and augurs bravely for Canada's future.

COUNTRY TOWNS IN THE FUTURE ENGLAND. *Edited by* Stanley Baron. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A well-arranged report of the conference held last year by the Town and Country Planning Association, urging that urban development must not again be left to "blind industrial forces". The delegates came from towns of representative types. For example, the Haslingden delegate could claim that his town was suitable for intense industrial development, while the delegate from Richmond, Yorkshire, pointed out that hers had value as a beautiful urban centre for the surrounding rural population

and so must have its new industries chosen with care. Stress was laid on the development of the arts so that the adjective "provincial" would cease to be one of reproach.

LAPSES FROM FULL EMPLOYMENT. *By* A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Though Professor Pigou sets out to explain, in brief and clear form, some of the forces producing unemployment, the argument is technical and difficult. It is directed to one aspect of the problem in particular—the connexion between high wages and unemployment—and is concerned to warn trade unionists that "they must *choose* between higher rates of wages and lower rates of employment". The trained economist will find it a stimulating discussion, of immediate relevance to the many proposed schemes for promoting full employment.

THE CIVIL SERVICE: ITS PROBLEMS AND FUTURE. *By* E. N. Gladden. *Staples Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A most valuable and much needed handbook on the history, organization, and immediate problems of the British civil service. It surveys in compact, clear form familiar features of civil service recruitment, training, and promotion. It also discusses in constructive manner the proposals and official plans for reform of the service after the war. Dr. Gladden's work is equally of value for the overseas reader intrigued by the working of this peculiar British invention; for the British reader notoriously ignorant of this great institution; and for the prospective candidate for admission after war service.

THE "MAN IN THE STREET" (of the B.B.C.) TALKS TO EUROPE. *Staples Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

From the spring of 1941 until the end of last year the B.B.C. European Service broadcast several times a week, in many languages, pungent commentaries on the news by "the Man in the Street". This collection of the main parts of many of these commentaries has a double value: as a historical document, for what Britain told her European neighbours in those critical days has historic importance; and also as a fascinating and exciting running commentary on mighty events, for these talks have literary value. In style, as in substance, they are varied, vigorous, and not infrequently Churchillian. Many are models of broadcasting technique.

RED PRELUDE: A BIOGRAPHY OF ZHELYABOV. *By* David Footman. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Andrei Ivanovich Zhelyabov was a leading member of the Russian revolutionary party, *Narodnaya Volya*, responsible for the assassination of Tsar Alexander II in 1881. This admirably written biography, based on first-hand Russian material, is used as a vehicle not only for painting the picture of the man himself, but also for vivid descriptions of the groups of full-time professional revolutionaries which played so large a part in paving the way for the Bolsheviks, and of the conditions in Russia which bred this phenomenon. Told with imagination and sympathy, the story makes moving and exciting reading.

WATCHWORDS. *By* Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. *Skeffington.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book contains 50 short articles, all except seven of which have appeared in newspapers. For the most part they deal with contemporary war events. Apart from the fact that they come from one of the most stimulating military thinkers of our time their value is that they relate such events to a broad background of military history and theory. No one will find here the smooth statement that evokes agreement. Each of these articles, on the contrary, is instructive, stimulating, wrong-headed, and infuriating by turns. A commendable collection.

FIRE! FIRE!! *By* Jack While. *Muller.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A lively sketch of London fire-fighting from the foundation of the London Fire Brigade in 1865 to the National Fire Service which came into being in 1941. Mr. While's personal recollections stretch back for more than sixty years, and he has many stirring tales of the great fires he has covered as a reporter. He gives a vivid picture of the strain imposed on the fire-service by the blitz, and of the efficient organization which was evolved to meet it.



JULY 1945

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The English as I find them	RANJEE G. SHAHANI
Secrets of British Textiles	PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

Number 111 *July 1945*

BEFORE WAR, AND AFTER

PEACE, after war, seems something almost as incredible as war itself, and something as difficult to get accustomed to. Not that it is peace yet, for there is still the enormous job of dealing with Japan. But at least the cease-fire has been sounded in Europe, bombs no longer fall in our cities, and black-out is over. We must begin to familiarize ourselves with a situation that is new.

Yes, quite new; for we have all made up our minds—here in Britain as well as on the Continent and in most other countries, I think, throughout the world—that we are not simply going back to the so-called peace and the civilization of 1939. If it is really the case that wars are turning-points between epochs, then we are standing on the threshold of a new epoch whose character we have yet to discover—or, better still, create. For we can no longer leave things to chance and the blind forces of nature. The coming civilization will depend on what we think and what we make. Someone has pessimistically asserted that we do not learn from history; but that is as we choose. There is no compulsion to act blindly. Faced with big decisions it is open to us to look at events in their big perspective, and to consider what went before when we are on the point of choosing what is to come.

Inevitably to-day we look back to the last war and consider its immediate aftermath. That is necessary, and it is equally necessary to look back on this war and remember the years that preceded it. How far into the past one should look I am not sure, but there are many who will recall that long before the Nazis

came to power there were signs enough of trouble brewing. There was an occasion, in 1931, when a book called *Hitler* was published, not by a man of affairs or political writer, but by a painter and rather fantastical author—Wyndham Lewis—warning the world that its attention was required by something very considerable that was happening and about to happen in Germany. If, when that book was written, the war was already in preparation, it was a very one-sided affair, for it was to be some time before we in this country understood the challenge and realized that propaganda backed by armaments marked the opening of the first phase of war.

It began inconspicuously, insidiously, and we cannot say of any day or year that that was when it started. If we go back to the year preceding the last General Election in Britain, say 1934–5, I think that the seeds had already begun to germinate in men's minds though no visible growths had reached the surface. Those who wrote were not yet harping on wars or rumours of wars, and it might have been supposed that we were living in a time of profound peace.

It is difficult to project ourselves back into those days when things seemed big to us that have since seemed trivial or had values which we have been too busy to remember; but we do remember that a change was coming over the scene and gradually penetrating our thoughts, disturbing our philosophy, reshaping current poetry, and awakening some politicians from their dogmatic slumbers. The old way of thought was giving way to another under the impact of certain events, certain ideas, certain ugly, ominous things that evoked moments of fear or at least anxious curiosity. Something was felt to have happened or to be about to happen; some evil presence lurked darkly in the background affecting the very roots of conduct—there was the actual knowledge, for example, that concentration camps existed, and that no one was sufficiently protesting.

And the change that was perceptible in England was taking place all over the continent of Europe. I find that on a visit to Greece in 1937 I wrote at the time that people there were talking about the same set of facts which we were discussing in Britain—"the British throne, the war in Spain, the fear of war in general, trade revival, economic nationalism, fascism and anti-fascism,

and also film stars, aeroplanes, radio". I noted: "They have their eyes on Hitler, Mussolini, Blum, Neville Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Henry Ford, and one or two luminaries of Hollywood. All desire peace—peace first—better trade, fewer taxes, and more pleasures. . . . All, as in England, are profoundly concerned about foreign affairs and matters of common European interest—that is to say, they are thinking internationally as never before." Speaking of Europeans in general, one wrote: "Though at the first glance internationalism seems to have taken us most of the way along the same road, we find ourselves up against certain incompatibilities of habit and tradition, which become insuperable obstacles to understanding when the Press is not free and the more enlightened minds cannot exert their proper influence." It is pleasant to recall that I added this further note: "In Greece, it seems to me, one finds oneself in an atmosphere where the intellectual and social barriers are less formidable than in many countries nearer to us."

There was a brilliant young author called George Steer who died of this war in Burma, when engaged with Wingate in the audaciously successful adventure of the Chindits. Even in those days, early in 1937, war had become Steer's speciality. Wherever anything war-like was stirring—in Ethiopia, in Spain, in Germany—he was to be found, with a note-book and a revolver in his pocket, and a quip on his tongue, observing, learning, writing, and warning. To my question, "Will there be war?" he replied, "Of course there will be". I think he knew not only that all the ingredients of war were already present, but that it had begun, and that he was personally participating in the first rounds of the battle.

We shall not go back just to that, nor to what preceded it. "You cannot step twice into the same river"—though one may sometimes feel that one has been there before. Yet it is well to recall what one was recording and thinking about as one stood on the edge, watching the flow, the little whirls and eddies, the flotsam and jetsam that were cast ashore or were carried on by the current. One was preoccupied, as one always is, with the present, but occasionally aware of it as the prelude to Acts in a drama of which we were about to be spectators. Looking back to 1935 or 1936, when we were amusing ourselves with a number

of things, we feel that we ought to have known what was coming. In 1937 we were not quite so ignorant, or if we were we had no excuse.

To-day there will be no picking up the threads which we dropped then. We have been burning some bonfires, and over the charred remains we shall go on to other things and survey a different scene, and discover new politicians, new books, new men and women.

But there was one change, thrust upon Europe and the world in the first stages of those bitter years, which we shall neither be able nor wish to reverse—that which began to occur when the people of all countries found themselves talking about "the same set of facts"—men who were world figures, movements that were world movements, social and economic facts and ideas that were of universal import—the things that are of interest from China to Peru—not excluding the "luminaries of Hollywood". The age of internationalism had begun in 1935–9. It moved swiftly in the nightmare atmosphere of approaching war.

But the nightmare is ending. The cure lies not in less but in more internationalism. But it can only flourish where the Press is free, where "the more enlightened minds can exert their proper influence", and apply themselves to their task of breaking down the intellectual, social and economic barriers and destroying the malignant giants of ignorance. A common danger united us; and only unity—unity through understanding—will prevent its recurrence.

THE EDITOR

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

By UNA CORMACK

ONE of the few advantages of increasing years is the lengthening perspective which qualifies any middle-aged person *ipso facto* to write at least one serious work—his own History of Our Times. And yet it is a baffling kind of pursuit. The whole process of social change—in England at any rate—is often as imperceptible as—say—coastal erosion: the tide comes in, the tide slips out, and bit by bit the land, too, slips away with it unperceived, until the returning traveller finds his native village, once two miles inland, now standing on the open shore.

In 1918 at the end of the last war half a dozen people, social reformers and feminists, compiled a little book called *Equal Pay and the Family* which led to the formation of the Family Endowment Council, a propaganda society. After ten years' work its supporters cannot have felt much farther on. True, one political party, the Labour Party, had taken the subject seriously enough to set up a committee to examine it together with other problems connected with the "living Wage"; but the Trades Union Congress, and the Labour Party, shelved it in favour of other forms of social service. Ten years later, again, in 1938, to all appearances family allowances were no nearer practical politics. Yet only three years after, in 1941 and 1942, 215 Members of Parliament of all parties were pressing the Government to introduce a system of family allowances without delay; and in March this year, when the second reading of the Family Allowances Bill went through, not a single voice was raised in opposition, the only points at issue being whether the amount, five shillings, was adequate, and whether it should be paid to the father or to the mother.

Looking back, it is difficult to discern just when and why, precisely, the tide turned. Sir William Jowitt, introducing the second reading, described the bill as a new chapter in social service, important not merely for its content but for its consequences. But, looking back, it is difficult to decide whether the Family Allowances scheme slipped so quietly into its appointed place because everything had led up to it and it was the inevitable

crowning act of a long series of reforms, or because, on the other hand, it is the foundation-stone, the necessary base without which a whole new structure of society cannot be erected.

For the first point of view it can be said that in many ways, while interest in the subject seemed at its nadir, the logic of facts was irresistibly preparing the way for its acceptance.

Undoubtedly the most cogent of these solid arguments has been the incidence of poverty, as it has been gradually revealed by the studies of social workers, reformers, economists, nutrition experts, and statisticians. It must be borne in mind that, in the middle of the nineteenth century when thought as well as feeling was first brought to bear on industrial slums, poverty was an undifferentiated condition covering the just and the unjust alike. Charles Booth's survey in the 'nineties was the first of the many collections of facts which made analysis possible and action inevitable. After Charles Booth there was no denying that an intolerable proportion of the London poor lived actually below the poverty line; and later surveys, Seebohm Rowntree's work in York for instance, Professor Bowley's calculations, or the Merseyside Survey of 1929–31, hammered this home for the country as a whole.

In Charles Booth's time the greatest single cause of poverty, apart from unemployment, was old age. In 1912, again, poverty was further differentiated when Sir William Beveridge conclusively established that mass-unemployment, a direct consequence of the industrial system then obtaining, should be a charge on industry, that is, on society. The claims of the poverty of widows, orphans, and sick people had always been accepted by the conscientious. The claims of poverty due to industrial accident had been similarly established. Between 1910 and 1930, therefore, British society's acknowledgement of its duty to secure its members from all these different kinds of poverty found expression in the welter of allowances, disablement pensions, sickness benefit, widows pensions, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and workmen's compensation, which made up our social service system—a system in which the weekly cost of keeping a child was valued at anything from 7*s.* 6*d.* for a total orphan to 2*s.* for the child of an unemployed man.

These different kinds of poverty had one thing in common—

they were all due to loss of earning power. But the poverty on which social research between the two wars focused attention was new ground. At the beginning of the century a child was not a luxury. Food was cheap, standards were low; he ran about barefoot and in rags, picking up coppers here and there by odd jobs before and after school, and he started work at 11 or 12 years of age. The modern poor child gets through at least three pairs of shoes a year, with clothes to correspond, and is now to be by law required to stay at school till he is 16.

One survey after another reiterated Sir William Beveridge's conclusion: "the greatest single cause of poverty in this country is young children". This had nothing to do with the casualties of industry, with loss of earning power. The plain fact was that in twentieth-century Britain a man in full-time steady work, a man fulfilling to the hilt his duty to be a useful member of society, could be dragged down below the poverty line simply because he had a family. What is more, this poverty of the wage-earner was withholding social justice from those deprived of earning power. The theory of the "wages stop" was that allowances must be less than needs, if needs could not be covered when a man was working. Because, therefore, one unskilled labourer earned £2. 15*s*., another, out of work, could not be given more, although with a family of ten the barest minimum for physical necessities might well be 50*s*. for the children alone.

Nor was the "poverty line" just a statistician's phrase. Here again the 'thirties brought new and decisive contributions from medical social research, and this health-conscious generation was touched on the raw. The League of Nations Committee on Nutrition and the British Medical Association Committee laid down standards of nutrition on which were based numerous studies like Sir Robert McCarrison's or Sir John Orr's (*Food, Health and Income*), or Seebohm Rowntree's. The poverty line was the line below which many of the working classes, parents and children, were deprived not only of decent comfort but of health.

Social workers had come to understand this well enough. In spite of the revolutionary increase in expenditure on social services between 1910 and 1940, they knew that the problem of

the large family's poverty was untouched; where there were children there was suffering. When this was first realized, during the post-war depression, the superficial reaction was that large families were wrong. The writer remembers vividly one forcible old voluntary worker, herself the youngest of eight. As long strings of children's names and ages were read out at committee she would snort, "Preposterous. Disgusting".

At that very time, however, Professor Carr Saunders and others were beginning to direct attention to the fall of the birth-rate and the future of the population. The war has only brought into the limelight what people were just beginning to grasp: that the country needed its children, needed its families; and families, for some cause or causes, were not forthcoming. Of course the population problem is not a question of wealth and poverty. People can hardly be bribed into parenthood. As one working woman said the day the Government White Paper was published: "It isn't the money; no one would go through all that just for eight bob.... Still, you can't say it wouldn't make a difference." But in this country the institution of the family has had more lip-service than real support. In 1800 a large family had the prestige of being a financially sound unit fitting in with the economic climate of its age. In 1930 it was stigmatized as an increasingly uneconomic burden. Even more serious, the values of family life were out of tune with the times, and the claims of family life often barred those who met them from their due share in the life of the society around them. Well-meant social legislation did not always mend matters, as the unit helped was never the family, but always the individual, the delinquent boy, the school child, the expectant mother. So, in effect, society made an increasing demand on parents, but on the whole undermined their power, moral as well as material, of meeting it.

One further movement must be mentioned as relevant in preparing the way for the change of heart implied in the granting of family allowances. The next step in the feminist programme of the emancipation of women is the campaign for equal pay for equal work, and it is considered that until family allowances are secured any advance will be held up.

In conclusion, then, when Sir William Beveridge in his report simply stated that family allowances was one of the assumptions

without which social security was impossible, the country was converted overnight without any apparent previous popular demand because developments in many fields, in the analysis of poverty, in forms of relief, in the study and practice of public health, in general social work, and in the statistics and study of population logically demanded family allowances as the next step.

If it were thus the crowning act of a long fight against poverty and disease, and no more than that, it would be a great thing. But is it no more than that? Of course as it stands the bill is not adequate. The allowances of 5*s*. a week for every child except the first means that a man with four children will have 15*s*. above his wages, which will pay for the essential rations for the four at present prices, and perhaps for the bread bill as well. They will touch 4,500,000 children in 2,500,000 families and will cost £57,000,000 a year; and they are to be supplemented, when conditions permit, with free school dinners to all children, first, second, or sixteenth, which, at an estimated £60,000,000, will cost more than the allowances, and will certainly benefit some families that do not need the help.

There is a certain ambivalence here in the Government's purpose. If the object of the new Bill is at least a token encouragement to parenthood, and if its underlying principle is that parents, of whom society demands so much, have a right to be helped to meet those demands, then the original provisions will be supplemented not by extending the allowance to the first children, nor by indiscriminate grants in kind, but by increasing the amount of the allowance to the child whose need is greatest, the third, fourth, and fifth. If the Government, on the other hand, does not trust parents to look after their own children, but is determined willy-nilly to be responsible itself for the scientific nutrition of *its* future citizens, then the implications of this attitude are far-reaching and will unfold themselves in the course of time. Time too will show what is implicit in the tacit agreement by all parties that at least two million working men in this country to-day cannot expect to support their own children by their labour, and that the wage paid by industry is for the work and not for the worker. This, however, is only partly true if a second underlying principle is that every man

who works up to his capacity and opportunity has earned and can claim from society full support for himself and his family; and it is society that is paying him the full "living wage" half in the form of the pay-packet, half in draft allowances derived from taxation—another method of redistributing society's total wealth. This is the principle "From everyone according to his abilities, to everyone according to his needs".

There is another major aspect of the possibilities of this Bill. Is it the herald of a domestic revolution? If an adequate population is really to be reckoned as part of a country's wealth, then a special appeal must be made to one class of labourers who have not always been thought worthy of their hire. They must be trained for the job, paid a wage, and given due status. In a commercial civilization where prestige attaches chiefly to the possession of wealth, power, and specialist qualifications, ordinary unskilled mothers and housewives, without a penny of their own, have had to depend upon their own force of character and the generosity of their male folk for proper appreciation and dignity. In a country where the man, legally, is head of the household and master of the family income there are still a few remnants of the theory whose extreme form was expressed by Milton, "He for God only, she for God in him". It may be that the ultimate predominance of one sex is required by something inherent in the nature of men and women. It may be that true partnership is the ideal. If so, now that the Government's proposal to make the allowances payable to the father has been altered, as the Commons so decisively indicated it should be, the finally amended Bill may well be the first step in a series of domestic reforms in which social legislation will be conformed to the essential requirements of motherhood and family life rather than the reverse, as now. Such a lead from the political experts might indeed be followed by a new era in domestic manners and morals. But all these possibilities are for the future to unfold; and at present they lie concealed in the bald statement of the Family Allowances Act: "Subject to the provisions of this Act, there shall be paid by the Minister, out of moneys provided by Parliament, for every family which includes two or more children, an allowance in respect of each child in the family other than the elder or eldest at the rate of five shillings a week."

THE ENGLISH AS I FIND THEM

IMPRESSIONS OF AN INDIAN

By RANJEE G. SHAHANI

I HAVE always thought it the height of impertinence to judge a whole nation. Only naïve, primitive, or fabulously foolish persons indulge in such an activity. Personally, I am a mere student, more eager to learn than to lecture. I offer here only a few impressions, which are very probably but a measure of my own ignorance. But I do promise to be mercilessly frank. After all, if anybody is going to be laughed at it had better be myself.

The English are, to my mind, the most mature people in the world. I am not suggesting that they are in any way superior to others. No, that is not my meaning. I know that the French excel them in the art of living. English cooking, barring a few dishes, is still *sans délicatesse.* I have heard it said on excellent authority that English public and private life would be vastly different if so many of them did not suffer so much from indigestion. I have never been able to appreciate the fondness of the English for mere size in vegetables: Edward Garnett, I recall, used to say some very sarcastic things about it. Many English houses are rather uncomfortable—cold in winter, and stuffy in summer. English plumbing is in danger of becoming an international joke. Certainly an Englishman's home is his castle, but it is a castle that he easily forsakes for his club or the local inn. Of course there are magnificent houses in England where you have the *dernier confort*; but I am talking of the dwellings of ordinary people like ourselves.

But let that pass. England has no musicians of the quality of Beethoven, Mozart, and Wagner; no painters or sculptors of the stature of Leonardo and Michelangelo; no psychologists of the insight of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoievsky; no seers of the *envergure* of Patanjali and the writer of the *Bhagavad-Gita.* Yet, I repeat, she is the most mature of all nations. She, and she alone, has achieved a vital harmony between herself and the external world. She and Nature are, as it were, in secret concord. Let us linger over this a little.

"A green jewel set in a silver sea"—that is the first thing to remember about England. Her island position has had a tre-

mendous influence upon her character and development. Being cut off from the European arena, she has acquired the power of observing everything quietly, of basing her decisions on carefully sifted facts, of acting at the right moment and with the right strength. She often gives the impression of being inert and lifeless, or busy with small matters of no account. Napoleon thought so. When he was contemplating his attack upon England, he assured an important Minister of his that it would be easy, by creating disturbances in other parts, to lull England into a false security, for "there is nothing", he said, "so shortsighted as the English Government. It is a Government absorbed by party politics (*chicanes intérieures*), which turns its attention wherever there is a noise".

This was an error not confined to Napoleon, or his age; in our time Hitler and Mussolini have fallen victims to it. George Canning hit the nail on the head when he likened England, tranquil but resolute, to a battleship in repose. Often England is, like the battleship, slumbering on her shadow in perfect stillness. Seemingly passive and motionless, she is silently concentrating the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion, though what the occasion might be she can scarcely tell in advance. Then, when the necessity arises, England collects her scattered elements of strength and awakens her dormant thunder.

The sea! The English owe a great deal to the sea. Its tang and its music have become one with their spirit. I remember a talk I had with a tea-planter from Ceylon. He was a fellow passenger on the same boat. Among other interesting things, he remarked: "It was not the lure of money that took me to the East—that was only by the way. I was led there, as so many of my countrymen are, by the spirit of adventure. There's something in our blood that will not let us rest: we have to do things. It's a poor little world at its grandest, and we like to make the best of it."

I at once thought of Elizabeth's admirals. Yes, the English have been activists ever since. That is perhaps the deepest note of their being. They like to do something—no matter what. The pensioned, the guaranteed, the safety-first kind of existence has little appeal for them. I have seen men of eighty studying

beetles at the Natural History Museum. Tchekov is reported to have said: "To be happy one must be perfectly idle." The English can't understand that. They are great believers in action. Of course this urge sometimes degenerates into vain agitation. Mere restlessness is no virtue. And it must be admitted that few English understand that passivity is itself a kind of activity. However, as a people, they are not reckless. Even when they take a plunge they do so calmly. Trial and error is ever their method. Their view is not bounded by the possible; they know, on the contrary, that it is generally the impossible that happens. So—because they are practical and commonsensical—they take chances that would terrify more timid nations. Mr. Churchill's brave defiance of Hitler in 1940 is a case in point. And only recently Mr. Brendan Bracken told hard-headed business men that "it is dangerous not to take risks". That is ever the English way. I detect in it the wisdom of the sea and the wisdom of the turf.

"The Englishman has no ideas," says Dr. Inge, "and hates an idea when he meets one. The only irreparable mistakes, according to him, are made by consistent thinkers. So he preserves his equilibrium, like a sailor on shore, by rolling heavily from side to side."

Here, again, we see the influence of the sea. But I am wondering whether Dr. Inge is quite just to his compatriots. Has the West produced anyone more intellectual than Shakespeare? Even Plato and Leonardo cannot be compared with him. While they give us only their own thoughts, Shakespeare gives those of his creations as well; so in a way he is a larger man. In fact, the English are more intellectual than is generally supposed. Their habit of "muddling through" is really deep philosophy: it means not imposing logical or other patterns on reality, but facing it from moment to moment. They are thus able to seize the fluent in the real. Their damp climate, though it gives them rheumatism and other ills, is helpful to them here. It has developed in them a power akin to clairvoyance. They *see* life in pictures rather than *think* of it. They do not need theories and abstractions. The whole conclusion comes to them in a blinding flash or not at all. When talking to the English, I have often heard them say, after a long pause: "I see."

It is customary to abuse the English climate. Personally, its variety charms me; but that is neither here nor there. To watch the changing garments of the seasons is to gain some further light on the English spirit. "Oh to be in England now that April's there!" Most English echo these words. I, too, understand their meaning a little. Spring is adorable in England. The almond trees in blossom; sunshine and haze playing together like friendly kittens; and the green of the parks and gardens—how it runs along! There is an ichor in the air that makes one feel to the full the gluttony of life. The English Spring has taught me two things: the people's joy in existence—especially the period of youth; and their natural liking for nuances. They never see things in black and white, but always in their true or approximate colours. English life and behaviour are, in truth, all a matter of shades. "This isn't done" is ever on their lips. It is a question of subtle differences between the licit and the illicit, between the right and the wrong. "One ray the more, one ray the less"—this guides them in everything, even in international affairs.

In a word, conduct may or may not be three-fourths of life, but it is for many English a matter of grave import. It is more insulting for an English bishop to be called ungentlemanlike than an atheist or pagan. . . . The English have something of the indolence and passionateness of their summer. Behind a correct or cold exterior they hide a warm and sometimes even a fierce heart. When they take fire, they do not burn softly, but blaze like a torch. But this mood does not last: the sea breezes soon quieten it. A long voyage is generally the prescription of the unhappy or love-lorn English. But they always return to their home surroundings. Autumn, with its fairy tints, teaches them that "ripeness is all". Then the long winter makes them create in the world a little world of their own. Here a few things suffice: comfortable arm-chairs; a leaping fire; a cup of tea or glass of wine; someone you love or who loves you; a few loyal friends or a favourite book. Yes, the English can often do with a room without a view.

English literature is mainly a man's literature. It has masculine qualities and masculine defects. It is rich, exceedingly rich, but untidy. There are few or no flawless masterpieces in it.

The English, trained to be reticent, seem to spill over in print. Their finest poetry is rather loquacious. It has not the verbal and spiritual economy of the Chinese muse. I am glad to find that so delicately sensitive a critic as Clifford Bax agrees with me in this matter. Read his delightful *Evenings in Albany*. English prose, too, is torrential. How much could be cut away with advantage from the novels of Thomas Hardy and D. H. Lawrence! Even George Moore is too garrulous. A woman of genius, if she had the courage to be herself, could produce a revolution in English literature. She could tighten it, trim it, fill it with the breath of a new wonder.

English politics is a study in itself. Here I can only suggest that it is first and last an art. To understand it even superficially we must note that the English are like-minded in most matters of concern. There are, of course, the three parties, but how does a bigoted Conservative differ from a bigoted Labour man? Very little in fundamentals, if at all. It is all a question of tempo and methods. The ends to be achieved are the same for everyone. This national unanimity makes democracy workable in England. Votes and slogans have nothing to do with anything. All English feel that they have a right to be free, a right to be great, a right to spread their ideas and ideals throughout the world. They also think that they understand the technique of government better than anyone else. This gives their Imperialism a moral sanction. And it must be admitted that, all said and done, the English govern jolly well, both themselves and those who are under them. "Live and let live" is their great quality. And they are human and humane. I have never seen animals so well treated as in England. Cruelty is a thing that the English detest. Their faults are obvious. They do not comprehend the psychology of other nations and races. They take everybody to be an Englishman. And they do tend to reduce religion to morality, and morality to moralism. A reasonable man, according to them, is one who agrees with them.

I could run on for ever. But enough. The English hate to take up an attitude: to adopt a tragic tone: to be over-conscious of playing a proper part. They at once kill any attempt at a pose. They chaff themselves: see the fun of themselves. They let off the steam in various ways. They are never over-solemn:

or go about with the air of mutes at a funeral. It is second nature with them to accept the ironic comedy of the real and the ideal, the humour at the heart of sorrow, the fun of tragedy. They are at once practical and poetical, ever anxious to unite the world of action with the world of vision. We have all something to learn from them.

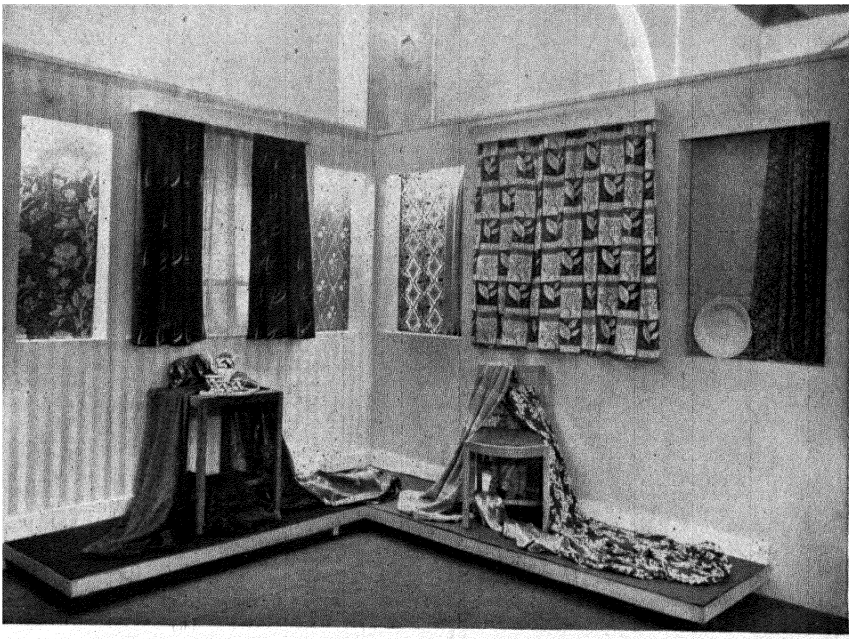
Indeed, had I not the honour to be an Indian, I should like to be English. Happily I can be the citizen of both countries at the same time.

SECRETS OF BRITISH TEXTILES

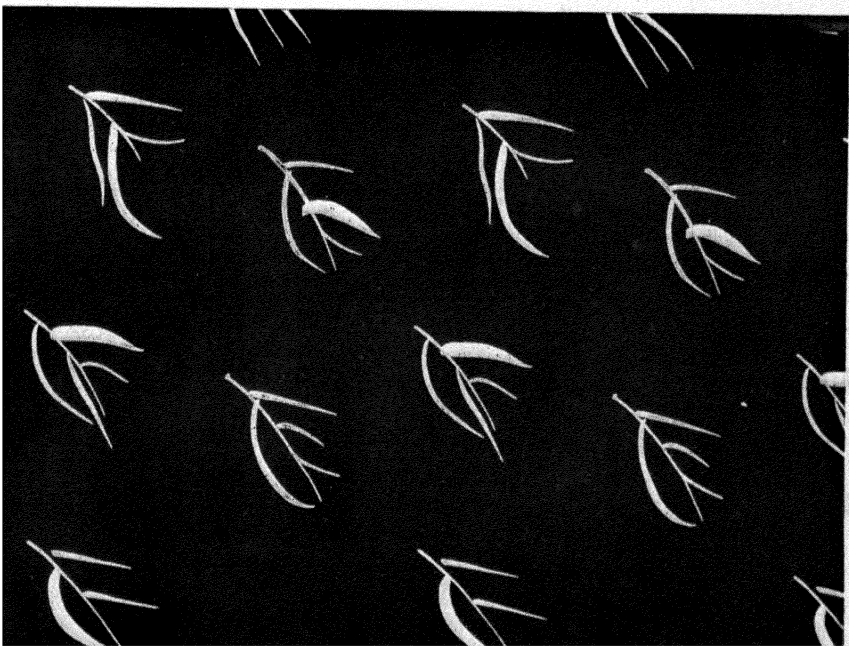
By PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY

WHEN the textile industries of Germany, the United States, Japan, and India rose to growing competitive power British textiles had to face difficult times. They not only lost to a large extent their previously strong position in the home markets of those countries but also felt increasingly their competition in other markets of the world.

Yet, if we leave apart food, drink, and tobacco, textiles as a single group have retained their lead among our industries; the gross output of textiles and clothing in 1935 with £615 million was greater than that of the engineering industry or of iron and steel or coal. Of 7,000,000 persons employed in the manufacturing industries and public utility services textiles and clothing employed 1,500,000 persons, who together constitute by far the largest employment group in the country. In the export trade, again, in advance of all other groups, the value of the exports of cotton, woollen, worsted, and silk yarns and manufactures, in 1938, was more than twice that of the exports of iron and steel manufactures, and almost twice that of machinery. A year before the war the U.S.A. exported unmanufactured cotton to the value of 228 million dollars, while the export of their cotton manufactures, including yarn, amounted to only 60 million dollars; in the same year exports of cotton yarns and manufactures from this country were some £50,000,000 or roughly 200 million dollars.



Cotton Board



Cotton Board

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International Textiles

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But there is no room for complacency. British textiles have lost ground in recent decades. Technical efficiency in the industries is not in some respects what it should be. The Report of the Cotton Textile Mission to the U.S.A. published in 1944 tells us that with normal staffing the production per man-hour is far behind the American "schedule", and that for a given output considerably greater labour forces are required in British mills.

It is disquieting to hear from the same source that in weaving the greatest proportion both of the looms and preparatory plant was installed between 1910 and 1920, and that approximately 42 per cent. of the looms were installed even before 1900! The automatic loom is representative of 95 per cent. of the American, but only of 5 per cent. of the British cotton-weaving industry. Moreover British industrialists have since long pointed out that it is to the disadvantage of the British cotton industry that spinning and weaving are separately organized sections of the manufacture; and that properly combined they could better meet the conditions for mass production of cheap cotton clothing for the enormous markets of the East.

Reviewing the many technical disadvantages under which, according to all this authoritative evidence, the British textile industries are labouring, one wonders how it has been possible for them to retain so much of their former position at home and in world markets. Britain is still the largest textile exporter of the world. The U.S.A. has been able, mainly through imposing high import duties, to conquer its home markets; but it is far from being able to compete with Britain in open markets—a fact which has been confirmed by American textile manufacturers, who have recently declared that without a high tariff on foreign imports the American textile industries would go to the wall.

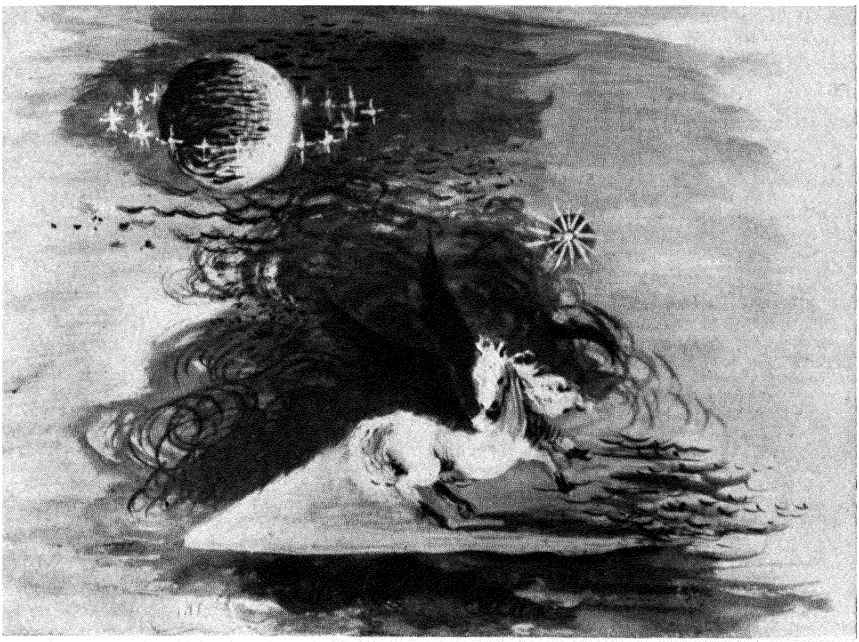
The advantages which British textiles still enjoy are frankly recognized by American writers. They are to be found in the quality and variety which they have to offer. It is in the higher-price goods made of high-quality material or in goods which excel by the variety of design and colour that British textiles can hold their own even on American markets. Actually, standardized bulk supplies, which constitute the fundamental

prerequisite of mechanization in industry, have not been accepted by the American public with complete satisfaction. Mr. Lewis C. Ord, who recently visited the United States with the special purpose of discovering the secrets of industrial standardization, tells us that the American people "wanted variety" and that "they would only drop their insistence on variety at a price. It was only by reducing the price of the standardized article so far below the price of variety that customers were won over."

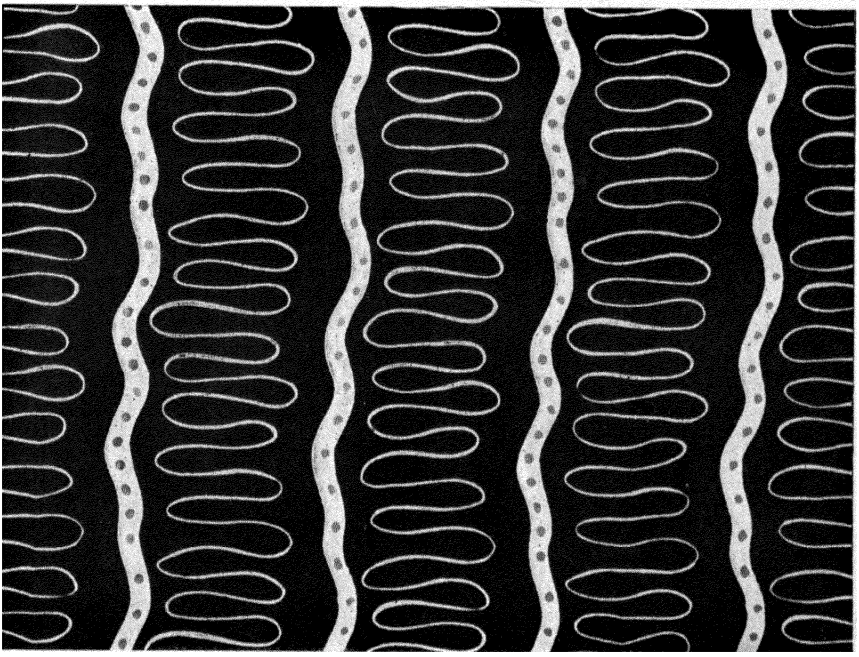
There can be no doubt that British textiles are in an advantageous position when competition is one of quality and variety as against cheap prices. When in 1928 the Committee of Industry and Trade published its famous Survey of the British textile industries it stated: "Between the fine and common qualities there is a wide range of goods, and the future of Lancashire will depend to a great extent on her ability to retain a large share of this trade." But what are the circumstances which explain why Britain has been able to follow successfully this well considered advice?

A fundamental reason is doubtless the high skill of the British workers. In large districts they are textile workers by tradition. "Skill in textile handling, plus a genius for intensity of effort and application to detail is theirs by inheritance", writes John Gililand of one important section of the British textile industries, linens. It may be argued that for automatic mass production such skill is not of fundamental importance. That immediately leads us to a second point. Mass production presupposes a certain uniformity or monotony of output. It succeeds in the U.S.A. because there manufacturers can concentrate behind tariff walls on supplying a population of 130 millions and inducing them to adopt a certain uniformity of style. British textiles, however, have to cater for world markets, and have a relatively much smaller home market than America.

To have adapted manufacturing technique to these varied requirements is one of the great achievements of British textiles. It explains why mechanization was less feasible than in other countries. The Report of the Cotton Mission to the U.S.A. has not ignored this point. The non-automatic British weaving practice as the Report explains is not altogether due

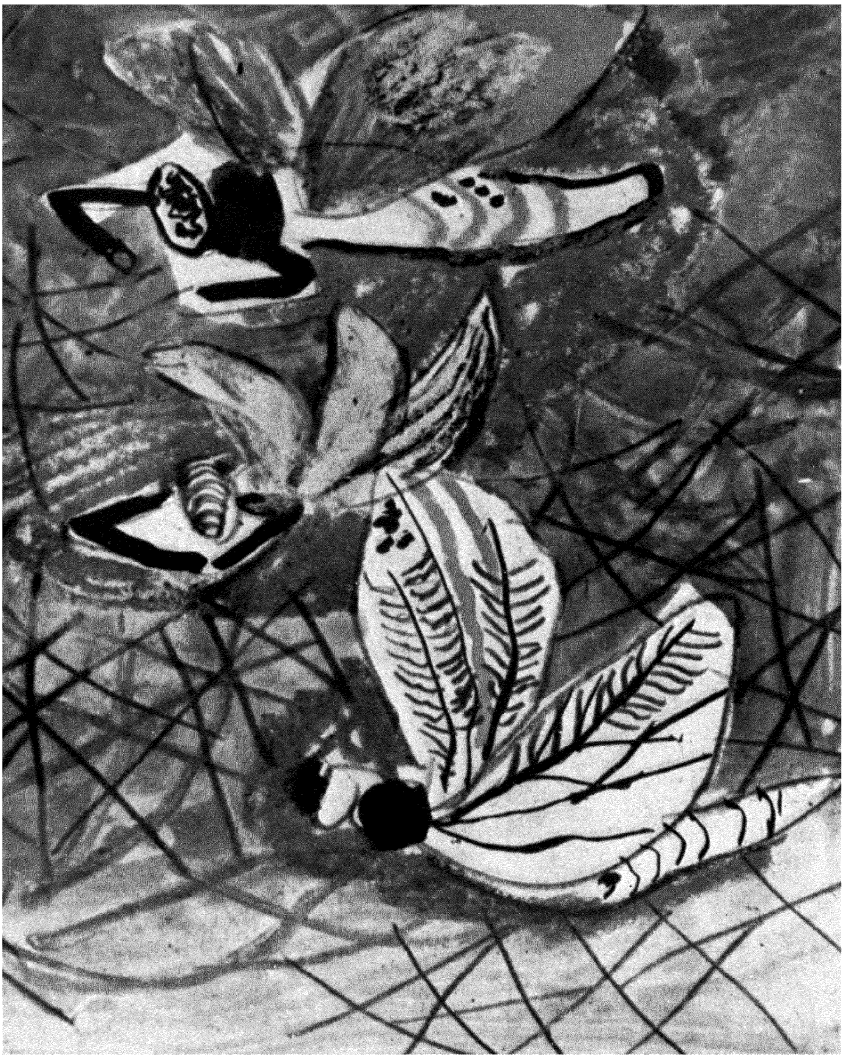


Cotton Board



Cotton Board

COTTON BOARD TEXTILES—*Above*, A MOTIF FOR FURNISHING DESIGNED BY HUGH STEVENSON



Cotton Board

FURNISHING MOTIF DESIGNED BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

to a lack of modern vision, but to the "variety of production", in particular to the "wider variety of cloth types which . . . are normally required of the British industry in catering for overseas markets". For this purpose also the Management of British textile mills had to be purposely educated. "It is very doubtful", so observes the Mission, "whether American management could equal the British for technical aptitude, taking advantage of the adaptability of equipment, and for spinning different cottons."

British variety in textiles has to take account of constantly changing fashions in all parts of the world. For example the British Colour Council has just taken steps to ascertain how far in Portugal there is a new trend to reduce the wearing of dark colours in favour of lighter and brighter shades. British textiles have to supply countries so different in their tastes, in regard to design, decoration, and colours, as Java, Sweden, the Argentine, and Turkey. There are ranges of which as much as 25 per cent. is sold to a particular country; others may be more evenly spread over a multiplicity of foreign customers.

The requirements of variety have been very fully met by British textile manufacturers and their agents. In the hosiery department of a British wholesale house would be found in normal times some 100 different numbers in silk, rayon, lisle, etc. Silk and rayon hosiery will be stocked in some 18 to 20 different colours. It was reported before the war that one wholesale house carried some 10,500 different pairs of stockings.

Design and colour have always been a special feature of British textiles. As *International Textiles*, a journal much devoted to the cause of British textiles in foreign markets, has lately pointed out, "furnishing fabrics manufactured in Britain have been known throughout the world for their design and colour, for the variety of patterns, and for that touch of tradition which conveys so much to people abroad". Tudor England was perhaps the most richly coloured age that civilization has seen. But let us not forget that the very nature of the British country lends itself to love of colour, however bleak some of the smoke-filled textile towns may be. "A journey through the Hebrides," so writes D. R. H. Williams, a Fellow of the Textile Institute and well-known textile manufacturer, "almost at any time of

the year, will show to the observant how the perfect colours of homespuns have originated." He mentions a letter he once received from a friend after a visit to a crofter woman in Ireland saying that all the dyes are "vegetable, blackberries, heather, bog-water and indigo, and unknown to herself, she was influenced in her colours by surrounding country". Let us not forget that the description "Harris tweed", so famous all over the world, comes from tweed woven by hand-looms in the cottages of the Outer Hebrides.

It is the demand for variety which has necessitated specialization in the British textiles industries, in spinning as well as in weaving. Blackburn and East Lancashire towns largely produce fabrics for the Indian market; Preston produces shirtings, sheetings, longcloths, fancy cloths, etc.; Burnley produces printing cloths; Oldham makes fustians. It seems that the specialization of taste has been followed by a specialization of the location of industry.

These are some of the secrets of British textiles. While the secrets of modern industry in general are linked up with the technique of mass production and standardization, those of the British textile industries and trades are founded on a skilful servicing of a world-wide variety of tastes and on an adaptation to swiftly moving demands of markets. No doubt much modernization and greater mechanization are required in many plants; but there is also a case for preserving that quality and variety of British textiles which in the coming days of peace will again add to their world-wide reputation.

THE P.E.N.

By HERMON OULD

THE International P.E.N.* was born in a Cornish cottage in 1921; its parent was the novelist and poet, C. A. Dawson Scott. Like most of her contemporaries, she had been overwhelmed by the misery and hate generated during the Great War and shared in the prevailing conviction that the horrors of 1914–18 must not be experienced again. She felt that what the world chiefly lacked was friendliness and tolerance, and the P.E.N. Club was a modest attempt to provide a vehicle for these virtues.

At first it was little more than a dining club: its members met monthly and entertained writers from abroad. But it differed from other dining clubs in being, from its inception, international in its scope. It was this aspect of the idea that attracted John Galsworthy, who became the first President. Galsworthy was then at the peak of his fame. Moreover, and this was of paramount importance, his fame was almost as great abroad as at home. There can be no doubt that the later growth of the P.E.N. was in great measure due to Galsworthy's enthusiasm, astuteness, kindliness, and idealism.

The idea of the P.E.N. quickly seized the imagination of writers in all parts of the world and centres were set up, one by one, in many capitals. When the Hitler war broke out there were nearly sixty centres and very few countries were outside the range of the international organization.

Starting with the year 1923 the P.E.N. has organized international congresses annually, at which not only the accustomed festivities and excursions have been enjoyed, but long sessions have been devoted to matters concerning literature and authorship. A full account of these congresses would provide an illuminating history of intellectual life, its fears and aspirations, during the past twenty years; and a glance at a list of the countries visited will be enough to assure the Good European that pitfalls of various kinds have beset the path of the pilgrims. Congresses have been held in London, New York, Paris, Berlin,

* Poets and Playwrights, Editors and Essayists, and Novelists. Membership is not restricted to these.

Brussels, Oslo, Vienna, Warsaw, The Hague and Amsterdam, Budapest, Dubrovnik, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Barcelona, Buenos Aires, Paris again, Prague, and again in London 1941.

In the first few years of its existence members of the P.E.N. were rarely called upon to raise their voices on behalf of any cause whatever, except the cause of friendliness: they were left in peace to enjoy themselves, entertaining their fellow writers and being entertained by them. Small squalls took place from time to time, of course. There was the episode when one member refused to sit down at the same table as Gerhart Hauptmann five years after the conclusion of the Great War; there was the episode when a prominent member withdrew his membership as a protest against the honouring of James Joyce. But such domestic squabbles were rare and not important. It was later, as members began to think of themselves not only as authors but as citizens, that the international organization became compelled to face new problems of fundamental importance; for if a man may be considered one day as a writer and the next day as a citizen, the day will inevitably dawn when he will be considered as writer and citizen in one; and a citizen with a powerful pen is no ordinary citizen.

It was perhaps in Brussels, in 1927, that the full potentiality of the P.E.N. was recognized for the first time; it was there, at any rate, that the need to formulate the principles behind our aims first asserted itself. It was Galsworthy who drafted them and they read as follows: (1) Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals. (2) In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion. (3) Members of the P.E.N. will at all times use what influence they have in favour of good understanding and mutual respect between nations.

These three principles have been incorporated in the Rules, and all members are required to subscribe to them.

From the beginning the P.E.N. has been aware of the danger of entering the political field, and its Rules state expressly that the association has nothing whatever to do with State or Party

politics and therefore cannot be used to serve their interests. But this does not mean, and never has meant, that the P.E.N. is indifferent to social conditions and keeps itself unspotted from the world; on the contrary, the P.E.N. expressly stands for humane conduct. What it does mean is that while individual members may, of course, hold any political views they like, so long as they are not inconsistent with their pledge to the P.E.N., the association as such cannot link itself with any political party, Left, Right, or Centre, or allow itself to be exploited in the interests of any political party.

This would appear to be a simple enough proposition, but so far is it from being generally understood that the P.E.N. is constantly attacked for being (*a*) too political and (*b*) not political enough. In answer to the first charge it may be said that the International P.E.N. has never identified itself with any political party or Government; and in answer to the second charge, it may be said that the International P.E.N. cannot, by its constitution, identify itself with any political party or Government: but what it may do is to consider whether any political action is in line with its own aims or runs counter to them and decide whether or not it can take profitable action. Thus, at the International Congress in Holland, in 1931, we supported the Disarmament Conference, and at the Congress in Yugoslavia, in 1933, we condemned the burning of the books by the Nazis.

It was, indeed, in 1933 that all the world knew how impossible it would be for men of goodwill to turn a blind eye to what was happening in Germany. At the Congress in Budapest, in 1932, Galsworthy had said: "Human life without friendliness is not worth having; and we are perhaps the most practical of mortals who seek the end that the great masses of mankind desire—a mild and genial air to breathe." This was the last congress Galsworthy ever attended; he died in January 1933, and at the next congress, five months later, the shadow of the Nazi doctrine had already begun to spread, and H. G. Wells had become the International President of the P.E.N.

The personalities of Galsworthy and Wells had little in common, but there was not much to choose between them in their attitude to the eternal human verities. Galsworthy would have avoided difficulties as eagerly as Wells would confront them,

but neither of them would budge once he was convinced. It was clear to Wells, as it would have been to Galsworthy, that the P.E.N. and the Nazi creed were incompatible; and it was no less clear that if the Nazi doctrine were triumphant in Germany the German P.E.N. (and there were flourishing centres in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and Cologne, with an Alemanisch centre in Freiburg in Breisgau) would first be made to toe the line (be *gleichgeschaltet*) and then expire. We all wrestled hard for the soul of the German P.E.N., but it was already damned when it refused to protest against the Burning of the Books and excluded Jews and Liberals from its membership, and by the autumn of 1933 it had ceased to exist.

The man and the hour were matched when H. G. Wells became International President. He fought unceasingly for the vital principles on which the P.E.N. was founded, and although he was far from depreciating the value of the social side of the institution, its dinners and receptions, its excursions and high jinks, he never tired of stressing the unique value of the P.E.N. as the mouthpiece of the leading writers of the world. "We of the P.E.N.", he said at a party given in 1936 to celebrate his seventieth birthday, "are united upon this fundamental thing: we stand for faith in the freely-thinking, freely-speaking, freely-writing mind. Never before was there so much need to assert that faith boldly and clearly.... Faced with uproar and violence of contemporary affairs, the P.E.N. in its own fashion maintains the concept of an intellectual and aesthetic world republic; it asserts its faith in the ultimate triumph of the free brotherhood of mankind."

Where does the P.E.N. stand to-day? The darkness which fell over Europe as the Nazi power spread extinguished temporarily not only the German and Austrian P.E.N. centres, but, one by one, the centres in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Roumania, Hungary, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania. In many cases temporary national centres were set up in England and continuity was thus maintained, but the task of patching up the broken mesh of the European network of the P.E.N. is before us. Already the Paris Centre has resumed its activities. In Britain there has been no diminution of energy. In spite of Blitzkrieg and flying bombs,

the London Centre has met regularly; has organized an International Congress at which 35 nations were represented, also a full-day conference devoted to post-war problems; and last year, when the flying bombs were at their most persistent, a conference lasting five days was held, under the presidency of E. M. Forster, to commemorate the Tercentenary of Milton's *Areopagitica*, when many of our most prominent philosophers, scientists, economists, and religious leaders joined with writers in discussing the place of spiritual and economic values in the post-war world.

Throughout the war, indeed since the Terror started in Europe, the P.E.N. has devoted much energy, time, and money to assisting refugee writers, and the London centre, at the request of the Home Office, set up a committee to give advice concerning the standing of refugee writers who had been or were liable to be interned.

Jules Romains succeeded H. G. Wells as International President in 1936 and he in turn was succeeded by a small war-time Presidential Committee in 1941. The Presidents of the English P.E.N. after H. G. Wells were J. B. Priestley (1936–37), Henry W. Nevinson (1937–38), Storm Jameson (1938–44), and Desmond MacCarthy (1944–).

Whatever the future holds for the P.E.N., it is unlikely to go back on its avowed aim: to promote and maintain friendship and intellectual co-operation between men of letters in the interests of literature, freedom of artistic expression, and international goodwill. It will probably concentrate its energies more than ever on the dissemination of good books, on the improvement in the status and qualifications of the translator, and above all on the need for closer and closer personal co-operation among writers. The unification of the world is bound to come in time, brought about by the greatly enhanced facilities for intercommunication, by wireless, by television, the cinema, books, travel. What the world has to decide is whether it will allow this unifying process to become a process of levelling down, crushing out differences, or whether it will insist on even greater scope for individuality, free development, for variety rather than uniformity. The world must make up its mind, and the mind of the world is largely in the care of its authors.

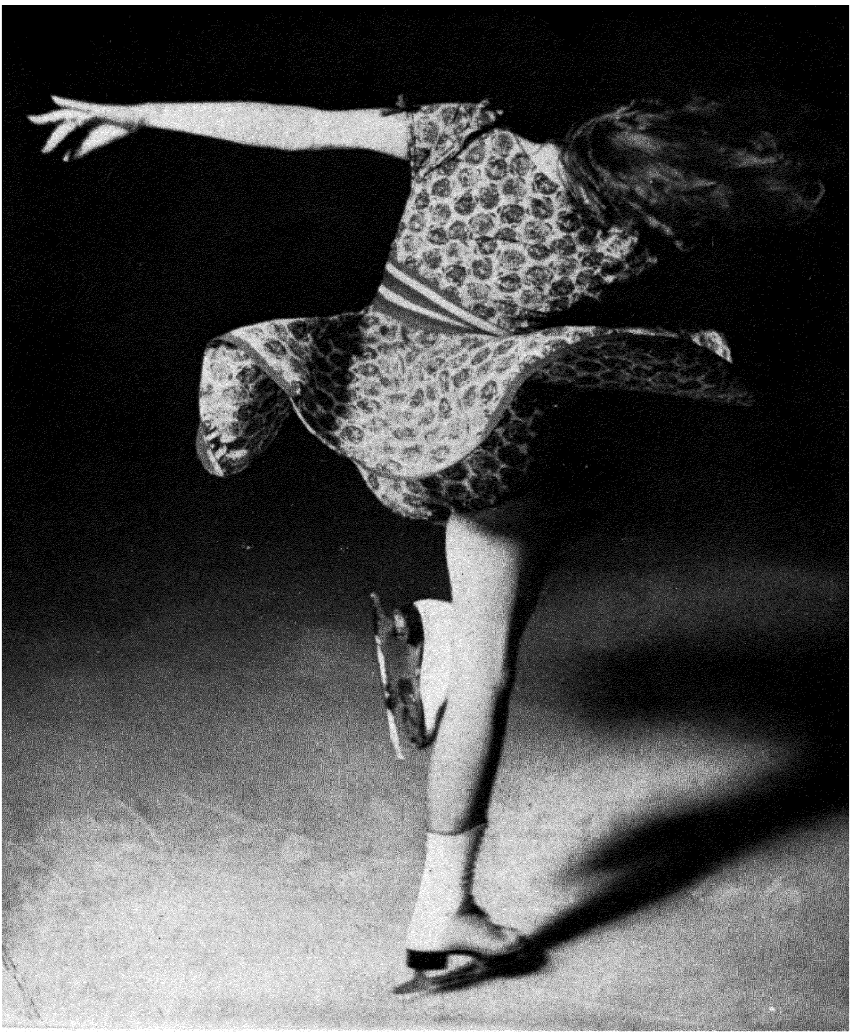
SKATING—AS USUAL

By DORIS W. HUTCHINGS

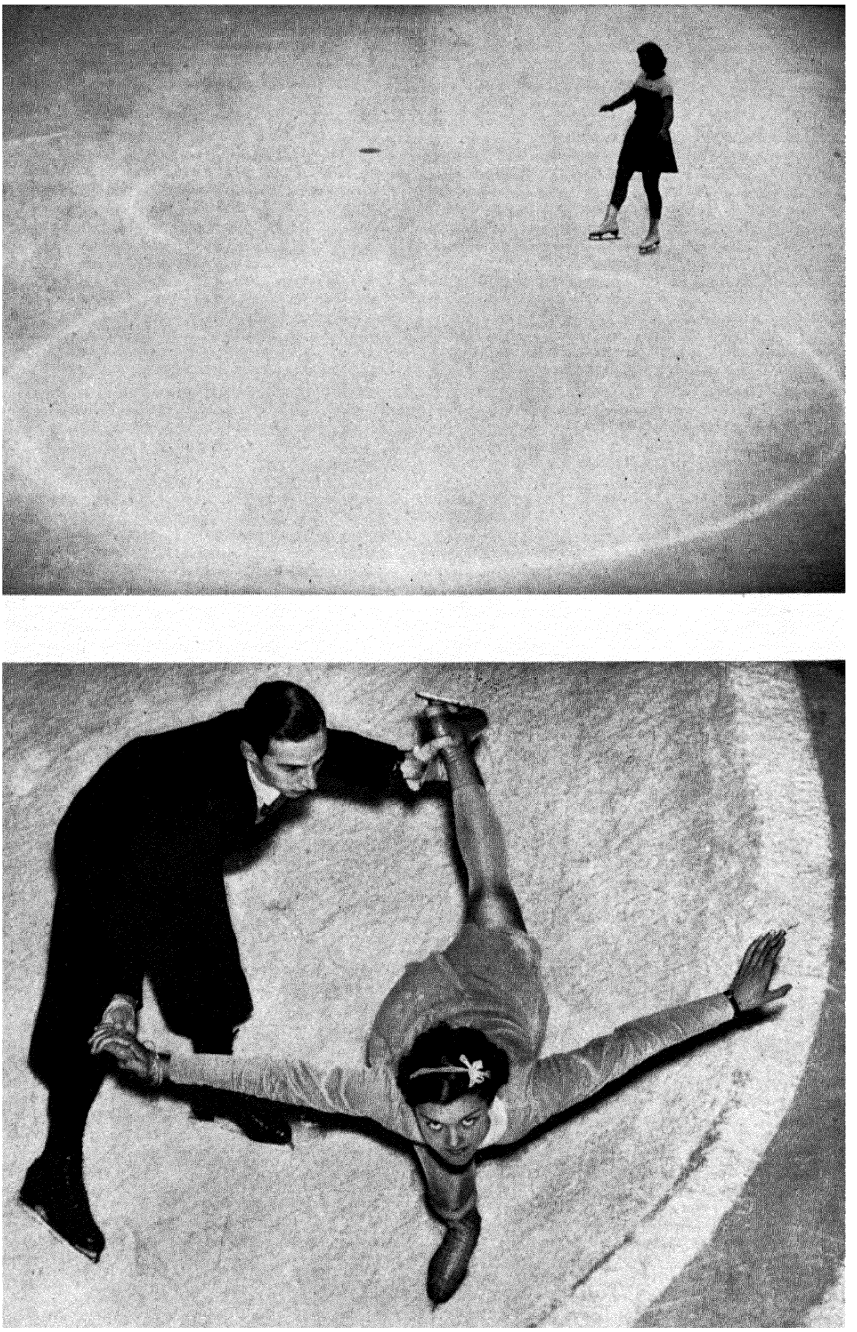
BACK in a very much scarred London after an absence of a few years, I wandered into a favourite pre-war haunt where the ice used to glisten and the laughter tinkle, expecting to find but a ghostly resemblance of what used to be. But what a sight for a lonely, war-weary, full-of-the-blues traveller! There were the bright lights, the music, the café, the busy professionals, the happy, swaying mass of humanity—all just as though it were but yesterday. True, the food and music were of a different variety, and most of the faces unfamiliar, but not even Hitler's toys, once raining down thick and fast, the early-to-bed buses, the extra working hours, could close the indoor ice-skating rinks, nor blunt the enthusiasm and spirit of gaiety within their walls.

There was no standard pattern of skater; they were all shapes and sizes, fat and thin, strong and weak, young and old, coaxing their limbs into doing weird and wonderful things with the aid of a couple of blades and a crystal sheet of ice. There were Peter Pans of sixty summers doing graceful manœuvres. Fragile bits of loveliness, chary of breaking their necks, were standing at the barrier, waiting for some gallant He-man to come and rescue them. Some were not skating at all, but just sipping coffee, smoking, and discussing the serious business of whether a certain figure should be done on an inside or outside edge. There were streaks of lightning in gay pullovers, aiming to be future Red McCarthys, judging from their pell-mell journey in and out of the spinning figures of other skaters, and tiny tots, all arms and grim determination to get around.

Some were beginning the great adventure of skating to which there is no finale. Gingerly they started the first perilous, staggering trip round the rink, clutching frantically the friendly barrier or any passing coat-tail, blissfully oblivious of looking something like the latest cartoon. After some skidding they bravely ventured out into uncharted territory when it was bang! whew! ups! &c., &c. If there were not too many bits chipped out of their anatomy, or they were not carried home *via* stretcher, I predict all their spare time will be spent in



MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE CUTS A FIGURE ON THE ICE



Above, Miss Cecilia Colledge, and, *Below*, Miss Diana Jagger, AT PRACTICE

mastering the gentle art of skating. Then one day, hey presto! they will be in the middle of the floor, cutting intricate figures and generally messing up the ice. They will be gliding into the glorious enchantment of the dance, feeling the thrill of the beautiful long edges of the waltz, the sweeping flowing lines of the Blues. For skating fever will have got them. They will be practising for medals, competitions, cups, or just waiting for the bones to knit. Maybe they will remain just simple little rabbits, but they will always find it grand fun.

Experiments for producing artificial sheets of ice started as early as 1844. After that date, a number of experimental ice rinks were opened to the London public. In January 1927 the Ice Club was started at Westminster, being the first of the present-day ice rinks in London. By 1929 four other rinks had been constructed.

At that time skating was rather a luxurious, blue-blooded affair. People with plenty of time and money toyed with the idea of serious skating. They looked very smart, very expensively turned out, and enjoyed themselves in a correct sort of way, but there was something missing.

Gradually the prices of admission dropped. Boots and skates were hired out. Enterprising managers started the popular beginners' nights at still lower admission rates, and to their staff of expensive instructors and instructresses they added those well within the range of the every-day Tom, Dick, and Harry. Dance clubs, speed clubs, and figure sessions also came into being, all adding to the growing interest in this new and fascinating sport. Then, with very little warning, into an astonished public burst ice hockey, and by capturing the hearts of the sport-loving British people put indoor ice skating on the map of England for ever.

Of course, pessimists shook their heads and said it could not last. "Look at roller skating", they mumbled, and talked about backing "white elephants". But rinks sprang up like mushrooms all over the country—London, the Provinces, South Coast, Scotland; some with specially large arenas to hold the vast, excited crowds that flocked to the International hockey matches, each one being more modern and sumptuous than the last, having well-appointed dressing-rooms, writing-rooms,

lounge, restaurant, dress shop, bar, and so on. And at the outbreak of the present war, plans were ready for hundreds more, so great was the demand for this increasingly popular pastime that continued right through the four seasons.

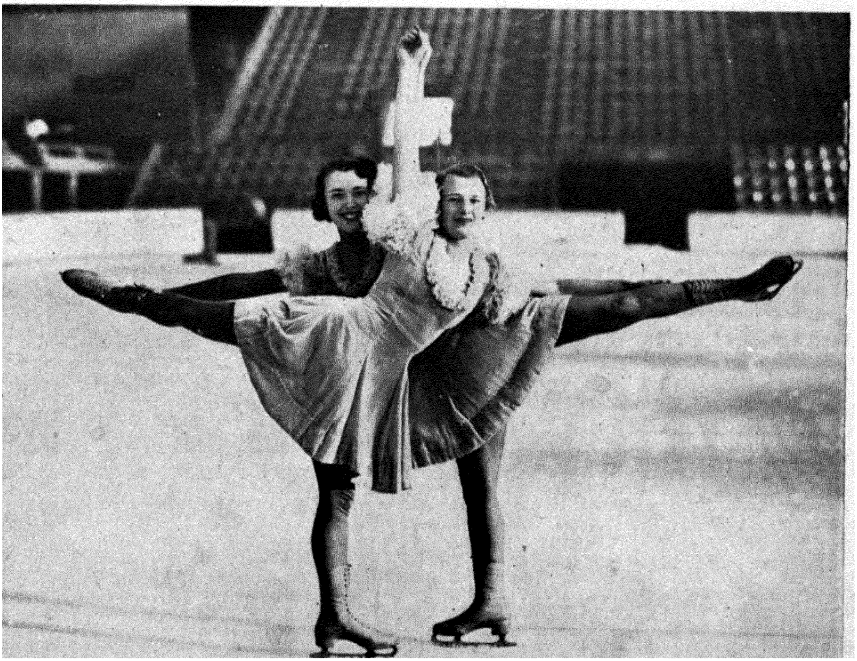
Many were the wonderful carnivals some of us will never forget—a rink packed to its utmost capacity with spectators; on the floor a moving kaleidoscope of colour as skaters twirled in and out; exhibitions full of beauty and rhythm, and swift, dashing feats of skill; and of coming away with a queer feeling that for a few hours we had been wafted to some other delightful world. There were also travelling ice shows with their own portable ice floors. But the crowning events of the year, especially when held in London, were always the British, European, and World Championships in figure and pair skating, at which skaters from all countries competed for the highest honour in the skating world.

I doubt whether there is any other sport that promotes quite such a thrill, such an intense, keyed-up sensation in competitors, judges, and spectators, as these ice championships. . . . The huge, silent crowd. The spotlight finding the lone figure on the ice. The judges ready to mark for style, timing, footwork, and general effect. The orchestra striking the first bars. . . . So many minutes of sheer, breathless wonder, and it is over. The applause booms out, and the crowd gets ready for the next performer.

For a long while, through lack of ice rinks, Britain had been at a disadvantage in these Championships, but when this was remedied, she soon produced World Champions. There must be few people to whom the names of our own Cecilia Colledge, Megan Taylor, Graham Sharp, and the late Freddie Tomlins, do not recall some never-to-be-forgotten evening.

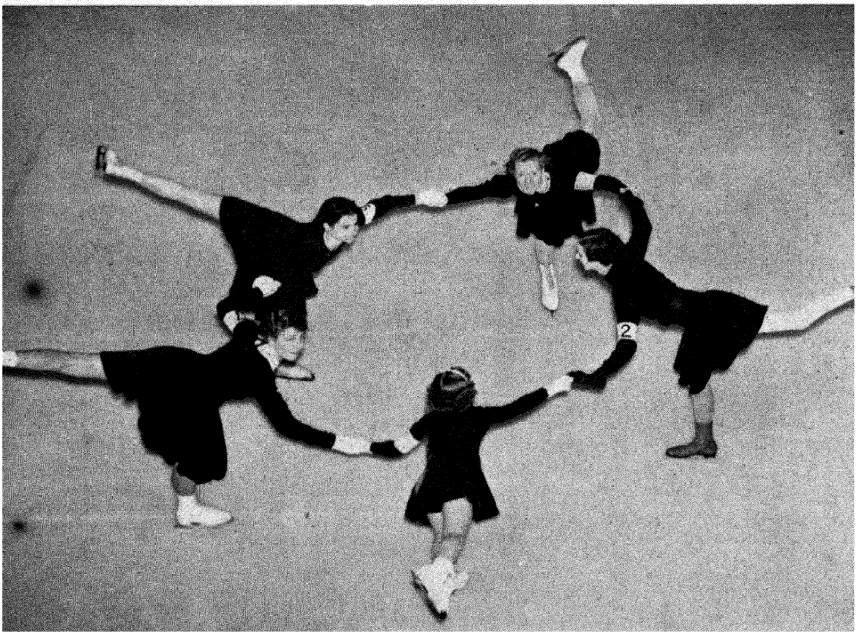
Nineteen-thirty-two saw the birth of the Civil Service Ice Skating Association. Affiliated to the National Skating Association, it is, after the Motoring Association, the largest body of its kind in the world. Starting with a membership of six, in a few years it reached the figure of well over 5,000. Its ambition was to train members into first-class skaters at a minimum cost, with special facilities for practising. The Association, through co-operation with Rink Managers, offered mem-





BALLETS ON THE ICE





MISS MEGAN TAYLOR JOINS IN A GAME OF ICE HOCKEY
Below, YOUNG FIGURE SKATERS

bers reduced fees, special figure patches, their own dancing sessions, branch clubs, competition cups, social visits to other rinks, and a yearly Winter Sports party to Switzerland. These amenities have, of course, been temporarily suspended, but the Association still functions.

Figure skating is the oldest branch of the sport. First practised seriously in England, the English style persists to this day as a separate branch of the art, although the freer, International style is the one adopted by most skaters.

Ice-hockey, once called Bandy, also had its humble beginnings in England in the days when skating was done on real outdoor ice. Carried to Switzerland by English visitors, taken up in a big way by Canadians and Americans, it eventually returned home to the everlasting delight of the Britisher.

Skaters from the Continent excel in the art of pair and free skating. They possess a certain abandon, coupled with a grace of movement, which takes an English skater a long time to acquire. Ice dancing, however, reached a higher standard in this country than anywhere else in the world, having progressed from the Waltz and Tenstep stage by the addition of many new dances invented in England, culminating in the advanced gyrations called the Rumba, Argentine Tango, Pasodoble, &c., and practised by the hopeful aspirants for the N.S.A. Gold Medal.

The latest venture in the skating sphere is on the films. Sonja Henje, World Champion for so many years, was at length caught in the hungry tentacles of Filmland, and now earns more than any woman in the world. Belita Jepson-Turner is another skating star who found the lure of the silver screen irresistible.

The ingredients for the making of a Champion seem to be a small fortune, devoted and interested parents, a natural skating gift, most of one's waking time, an ear for rhythm, an appreciation of the ballet, the limbs of a contortionist, perseverance, grit. But despite these necessities, despite the war, in the few London rinks not taken over for the war effort are hundreds of young skaters who hope one day to blaze down the Great White Way leaving behind a trail of honour and glory.

THEATRE

By IVOR BROWN

The distinguished season of repertory at the Haymarket Theatre had, for its concluding feature, a revival of *The Duchess of Malfi*, a Jacobean tragedy by Shakespeare's contemporary, John Webster. Webster is frequently regarded as the next in genius to Shakespeare, at least in tragedy, among the men working for that young, precocious, versatile, fiery-spirited institution, the English Theatre of 1600.

He has in recent years been the subject of a brilliant essay and a fine edition, both by men of King's College, Cambridge. The former was by the poet and soldier, Rupert Brooke, who was a keen actor in his student days. The latter was made by the historian, F. L. Lucas, who is also a poet and dramatist. It is interesting to notice that the present producer of *The Duchess of Malfi*, working with John Gielgud at the Haymarket Theatre, is another Cambridge man, George Rylands, a Fellow and Tutor of King's. He is a keen and gifted actor himself and directs first-rate presentations by undergraduates of old plays during the University terms.

Scholars and players

It is an excellent thing that the gulf between the professional stage and the scholar's study should be thus bridged. It has for long been an absurdity that editors of and lecturers on the English Classical drama should be so ignorant of the workaday, professional theatre, i.e. of the medium and the atmosphere for which those plays were written. For some years before the war a modest effort had been made to bring players and scholars together at monthly meetings in London of the Mermaid Society. This had dinners and discussions where such men as Dr. G. B. Harrison and other leading Shakespearean editors could pool their views with those of practising men of the theatre who had been specially associated with Shakespearean Companies at the "Old Vic", Stratford-upon-Avon, and elsewhere.

Now John Gielgud has carried this process a stage further by making leading Shakespeareans at Oxford and Cambridge his colleagues in presentation of the plays at the highest professional level. This will certainly widen and enrich the scholars' outlook on the plays while the scholars have certainly helped to improve the speaking of the lines. The productions at the Haymarket have consistently conveyed the fullest meaning of the words along with the appropriate melody of the rhythm.

Shakespeare's Contemporaries

It must often seem queer to a foreign student of English literature that the plays of Shakespeare's contemporaries are so rarely acted. If he reads what may be called the classics of English dramatis criticism, the essays of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Swinburne, he will find the highest, ever ecstatic, praise bestowed on Webster, Ford Chapman, Tourneur, and the others. The student discovers, too, that in his own time Shakespeare, though liked and admired was not regarded as pre-eminent. To his own age he was just a good member of the first team. Webster, in one of his prefaces speaks of him so. Ben Jonson was a far greater figure of his period. Yet the non Shakespearean drama is only rarely to be seen on the English stage. The "Old Vic" is our chief vehicle for such productions It has within recent years played the entire canon of Shakespeare's plays. But, for decades, not one of Jonson's!

To a Jacobean playgoer, that would have seemed preposterous, well-nigh incredible Jonson is from time to time represented by revivals of his two great, bitter, bustling comedies, *The Alchemist* and *Volpone* and the "Old Vic" team, which is now occupying the Playhouse at Liverpool, has given a modern-dress version of *The Alchemist*, a belated tribute to "rare Ben" Donald Wolfit, the actor-manager of a Company touring English Classics, has included both Ford and Jonson in his programme. Before the war there was a special society, the Phoenix, devoted to Sunday night and Monday afternoon revivals of Jacobean and Restoration drama; but its audience was limited and specialized. There was no "run" of the piece and the staging had to be very simple

and economical. The actors, doing this as a spare-time job, were, however keen, often under-rehearsed.

So there was a very strong case for including Webster's most famous play in the Haymarket season of Ancient and Modern Classics. I myself had twice seen *The Duchess of Malfi* before, but only in productions of an improvised and thrifty style. This time it was done in the grand manner, with carefully planned decoration, full rehearsal, and a first-rate cast. What did one conclude? That the best of Webster could certainly stand comparison with the least of Shakespeare, while the latter's best remains unapproached by any of his coevals. Webster's capacity for piling up horrors outran his judgment, but his genius in writing sour, cynical prose for his villains and sombre, lachrymose poetry for their victims was of a truly superb quality.

In Webster's Time

Nowadays the audience in a theatre is of a ratiocinative kind. It wants to be persuaded that A. might plausibly have done so and so. A. cannot (for us) kill B. almost without reason and then go eloquently mad with remorse in the high Jacobean manner. We must know why. We want logic as well as excitement. But in the drama of Webster's time nobody bothered so long as it was a good murder and a lurid madness. Reason was out of court. The cause of rage in the Duchess of Malfi's brothers remains obscure to us. They hounded and tortured the poor lady to her death and out of this came striking scenes and unforgettable speeches. That was what the Jacobeans wanted and Webster abundantly gave it them. I greatly enjoyed the revival, especially the admirable performance of Mr. Gielgud, Miss Ashcroft, and Mr. Cecil Trouncer. The last played the frank knave, Bosola, one of the greatest characters in English drama outside Shakespeare, and brought to him a wonderful resonance of voice and force of blunt villainy.

And now to turn to modern themes. Has the Play of Adventure a present or a future? As a boy I was brought up on Plays of Adventure. Lewis Waller was then the handsome hero, holding the place of a modern film-star, wildly applauded by "fans", perfect in devil-may-care romantic acting. But such pieces as he chose have been outmoded by the far greater resources of the cinema. One of Waller's most popular successes was *Monsieur Beaucaire*, all about hearts a-flame and breasts a-bleeding in the eighteenth-century Bath of the amorous duelling beaux. Now here would be a splendid case for Technicolour in all its glory. So too with all those Napoleonic dramas one used to see in those days. Boot-and-saddle plays they were called. The boots you saw and perhaps a glint of a saddle. But the horses scarcely ever, and if at all, stationary, except perhaps in some vast equestrian spectacle at Drury Lane or the Hippodrome. But the cinema, offering a close-up of gallops, escapes, and ambuscades, has made this kind of play seem petty and tedious among the limitations of the actors' stage.

"Desert Rats"

I was reminded of this by a play called *Desert Rats* by Captain Colin Morris (Adelphi Theatre). For boot-and-saddle here read jeep-and-tank. For this is the African Desert and the "rats" are adventurous patrols of the 8th Army, making a daring raid around and behind the enemy lines. The stage can offer "noises off" in abundance, but it cannot begin to show the real essence of the drama in this piece, which lies in moonlit dashes across miles of desert where the enemy may be anywhere. One can imagine a fine film, exploiting speed, secrecy, danger, and daring in the mileage of the moonlit sand.

To make this comment is not to write the play off. Captain Morris has done well enough with a tale of heroic endurance and of companions in arms crossed by bitter jealousy. Mr. Richard Greene leads a good company in vigorous, clamorous, unstinted acting. But the general point at issue does remain important for the future. The theatre will live on its projection of ideas and characters. The film is frightened of the former and can never, even with the most brilliant performer and philosophy, make character as vivid or as memorable as does a first-class performance in the flesh. The place of the theatre in the art and entertainment of even a highly mechanized tomorrow is assured. All it has to do is to cultivate its own strength and not compet

with the machinery of spectacle which it has not got and cannot have, except in quite elementary form.

Now "the play of adventure" thrives on machinery. This was recognized at "Old Drury" where the famous Victorian and Edwardian melodramas were judged very largely by their mechanical "effects", their tempests, earthquakes, horse-races, battles, cities on fire. But the arrival of the cinema made all this expensive toil seem pointless. Why laboriously stage an earthquake afresh every night when the cinema could do the job far better once and for all and simply repeat the result from its rolls of film?

The writing of *Journey's End* showed that it was possible to make a war-play which the film could not rival. It depended on character, intimacy, close contact, and a stationary scene which the stage could well provide. *Desert Rats* is full of speed and distance, which invite the camera. But it is a capable " play of adventure" too, as capable as its medium allows.

MUSIC—CHARLES DIBDIN

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

The bi-centenary of Charles Dibdin,[1] who was born near Southampton in 1745, deserves a modest celebration. For, although he was by no means a composer of importance, he is a characteristic figure in the history of English music. Sent as a boy to Winchester, where he sang in the choir and learnt the rudiments of music, he gravitated to London where he encountered Garrick and Bickerstaffe, who employed him at Covent Garden Theatre as a singer of small parts. In 1768 he transferred his services to Drury Lane as theatre-composer and poet. In this capacity he arranged the *pastiches*, which were fashionable at the time, putting together airs from various old operas and furnishing them with new words in order to give the resultant pot-pourri some kind of dramatic coherence.

The Ballad Opera

These pieces were in the tradition of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, but it must be said that Dibdin had neither Gay's pungent wit nor such a rich treasury of tunes as Pepusch drew upon. But he was in the authentic tradition of the Ballad Opera and, when he came to compose works of his own—or mainly his own, for even of *Lionel and Clarissa* produced at Covent Garden in 1767 and revived in our own day he claims to have composed only two-thirds—he belongs to the line of which Gilbert and Sullivan are the greatest masters. It is a line that has not died out, as is sometimes imagined, though it makes nowadays only a fitful appearance and has unhappily lost in Walter Leigh, who was killed in the North African campaign, one who might well have restored its former glories. His *The Pride of the Regiment* was a modern and more sophisticated example of the ballad opera with music as sparkling as anything that Sullivan wrote.

After a time Dibdin tired of the theatre—or possibly the theatre tired of him, for he seems, to judge from his inordinately long account of his *Professional Life* to have been touchy, vain, and quarrelsome. In 1788, therefore, he struck out in a new direction. He hired a room in King Street, Covent Garden, and entertained his audience with a "medley monodrame"—a series of songs and recitations which he wrote, composed, and accompanied himself. It was at these entertainments that he produced the innumerable ballads about sailors, with which his name is particularly associated. The first performance of *The Whim of the Moment*, as his first entertainment was called, attracted an audience of only sixteen persons; but it soon caught on and the most popular number proved to be *Poor Jack*, which made its publisher's fortune. Thereafter Dibdin became his own publisher.

The Lyceum

As his popularity grew the singer moved to the Lyceum where he entertained his audience with *The Oddities*, *The Wags*, *The Quizzes* and, more topical title, *Britons strike Home*. For these table entertainments were produced in the time of England's great danger during years comparable with those through which we have just passed. It was a time when Englishmen,

[1] 1745–1814.

and particularly the middle classes who formed Dibdin's audience, were acutely conscious of the importance of sea-power, and Nelson was their particular hero. Hence the popularity of *Poor Jack* and its hundred successors, of which *Tom Bowling* is the most famous. Yet *Tom Bowling*, though a moving song, is not really typical of Dibdin; it was the outcome of a deeper emotional experience than usual, having been composed on the death of his elder brother, who was a sea-captain.

Dibdin's Sailors

Generally Dibdin's sailors are simple, honest fellows. He does not often subscribe to the "wife-in-every-port" view; usually it is Poll or Kitty who is faithless. Here is his summing up of the type:

> To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
> Nor unmanly nor mean nor a railer,
> He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
> And this is your true English sailor.

For Dibdin and his genteel audience the press-gang did not exist. Indeed it has been said that Dibdin's songs did more than all the press-gang's violence to recruit men for the Navy. Nor need we doubt the general truth of his portrait. It is recognizably the same attractive figure that the nephew of Nelson's Captain Hardy drew in Bob Loveday in *The Trumpet Major*. And we see plenty of his descendants about to-day.

Dibdin's music was on a level with his verses; it served its purpose well enough. He rarely coined a memorable phase ("the right little, tight little island" is not his, but his son Thomas's) and he rarely wrote a tune as good even as *Tom Bowling*. One has only to think of *Rule Britannia* to see by how much Arne could surpass him—and in parenthesis let it be remarked that the first line of the chorus is too often misquoted, thereby altering what is intended as an exhortation into a boast. Indeed Dibdin's songs should not be separated from their performer any more than Harry Lauder's or Albert Chevalier's or George Grossmith's, who in a different age and before various audiences practised the same art.

Let us note, therefore, what his appearance and manner were through a contemporary eye:

> A handsome man, of middle size, with an open, pleasing countenance and a very gentleman-like address. . . . His manner of speaking was easy and colloquial; and his air was more that of a person entertaining a party of friends, than of a performer to a public audience. . . . His voice was a Barytone of no great power or compass, but of a sweet and mellow quality. He sang with simplicity, without any attempt at ambitious ornament, but with a great deal of taste and expression; and being a poet, as well as a musician, he was particularly attentive to a clear utterance of the words.

He was, in fact, the born music-hall artist, though before its time, able to get at once on intimate terms with his audience and to exercise upon it the power of what seems to have been, despite blots upon his private life, a pleasing personality.

Sadler's Wells Ballet

The Sadler's Wells Ballet has returned to London after a tour in France and Belgium, where they performed for the men on active service and were enthusiastically received by the public in Paris, Brussels, and Ghent. The company had intended to proceed to South America, but the shipping space was not available, and their tour has had to be postponed.

The company has been strengthened on the male side by the return, on their release from the forces, of Harold Turner and Michael Somes. Turner is one of the best dancers of light roles such as Harlequin in Fokine's *Carnaval*, in which he made his reappearance. No other dancer since Idzikovsky has given to the character such an air of impudent charm coupled with elegance, swiftness, and precision of movement. Somes appeared as Pierrot in the same ballet and succeeded in conveying the pathos of the part which too many interpreters have missed.

In the meantime a number of the younger dancers have developed into accomplished artists, notable among them being Margaret Dale, who gave an excellent performance as Columbine to Turner's Harlequin, Pauline Clayden, who conveyed perfectly the adolescent excitement of a girl at her first ball as Papillon, and Gordon Hamilton, who is on the way to becoming a master of the same light style as Turner. These dancers may be regarded as the third generation of the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, and their proficiency is a remarkable tribute to the School's ability to maintain a high standard and the great traditions of the Ballet even under the adverse conditions of war-time.

ART—BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS

By PHILIP HENDY

The surrender of the Germans turned the European war suddenly into history. The present was no longer so urgent, so all-engulfing that it was the only period of time. The past and the future came close up to it again on either side, making it the small thing that it is. This was one of the many agreeable sensations when the National Gallery in London within ten days of V. Day reopened two rooms hung with some of its finest "old masters". There, in the stained and battered present, was the past again, at its most serene and beautiful. The unity of time was restored.

The unity of place returns piecemeal. Paris had hardly been liberated before the Directors of the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery were there, meeting their French colleagues. They were followed by the Art Director of C.E.M.A., Mr. Philip James, bent on forming the Exhibition of French Book Illustration, which, after opening in the National Gallery just before the end of the war in Europe, is now touring the provinces in somewhat reduced form. This exhibition is the first fruit of cultural co-operation between the two countries, the first official expression of the homage which Britain has long been willing to pay to the art of France. It is also the happiest possible demonstration of other unities which were in danger of being interrupted or forgotten: the interdependence of all the arts and their triumph over time and place.

Here are painters and sculptors reinforcing the imagery of poets, musicians, and gastronomes. These books have all been illustrated by Frenchmen or by artists working in France during the last fifty years; but their texts are not only by modern French authors—who are probably in a minority—but by the classic writers of ancient Greece and Rome and Israel, of England and Russia and France. Here is a French sculptor, Aristide Maillol, illustrating for a German publisher, the Cranach Press at Weimar, the translation by an English scholar, J. H. Mason, of the Eclogues of the Latin poet Vergil.

The illustration of books is as old as books themselves. In China writing and painting have always been the same. One writes there with a brush; and the Chinese characters are pictographs, to be translated into words with considered breadth of fancy, according to the reader's will. The picto-graph is beautiful not only in its meaning but in itself. One does not only read; one looks. And out of the calligraphy of writing flows the calligraphy of painting, done in the same medium with the same brush.

Writing and Painting

In Europe, the home of specialization, thought and vision were never so united. Writing was done with the pen; but, so long as books were written by hand, the writer was willing enough to relieve the monotony of his task by embellishing his letters with ornament, and the painter was soon called in to supplement the images invoked by the author's word with the actual images of his brush. Until printing had been invented and reading popularized, painting was at least as important a way of imparting information as writing. So printing itself was not the invention of the typographer, but of the illustrator. The first things printed were woodcuts, which told the popular stories to those who could not read. It was natural enough that, when type had been invented, the early printed books should have printed illustrations. Together type and woodblocks made the beauty of the book. The European mind may never have been quite so subtly visual as the Chinese; but visual it was, until the nineteenth century. The book had to be an expression not only of interesting ideas or information but a beautiful object in itself.

In the ugly books of the nineteenth century one can see the whole vicious circle of the machine age. Mechanical type-setting multiplies by thousands the number of books; there will never be time to read them all. There is still less time to look outside them or to notice how ugly things are getting.

Since the fall of the book as an object was lower there than elsewhere the attempt at reform began in England, as it did with the other evils of industrialization. The Book Beautiful was high among the aims of

William Morris; for he was a poet before he was a craftsman. He was a moralist moreover before he was a poet. He was never a painter. So the products of the Kelmscott Press were superb examples of earnest craftsmanship; but they are not well illustrated. As in the early printed books, type and decoration and illustration are all one; but the illustration is only a part of the overloaded craftsmanship. It is cold and lifeless, bound by the traditionalism which made Morris insist on the ancient wood-block process.

The French Illustrators

The French are painters before they are poets; they are artists before they are craftsmen; and they are moralists last of all. That is to say, they are willing to acknowledge and examine every kind of life if it yields either human interest or visual beauty. To these artists the book is primarily an opportunity for still more graphic art. They will illustrate any type of book, moral or immoral, provided it yields opportunities for imagery. They will use any process, the lithography castigated by Ruskin or even the modern collotype, if it gives them greater freedom. For the most part they have had nothing to do with the designing of the type. They have been preoccupied with their own imagery, or with its source in life itself. These books show how all French life belongs to art. De Segonzac illustrates not only Vergil's *Georgics* but H. J. Laroche's anthology of kitchen recipes and T. Bernard's book on boxing. Each is an equally fit subject for a sumptuous volume; and it is hard to say which are the more beautiful illustrations: those to Vergil, with their southern brilliance of light and earthy savour, in such good harmony with the subject of the text, or those to the kitchen book, with their succulent shadow and luxuriant plenty of form.

The Diaghileff of the illustrated book in France, the man who showed a sureness of judgment parallel with the great Russian ballet-promoter's in picking out the best artists and the best technicians, was Ambroise Vollard. His own best contribution to literature is in scurrilous pamphlets, like the *Réincarnations du Père Ubu* which he got Rouault to illustrate with his bitter, hieratic clowning:—*Aie, aie!* says Père Ubu, *le joueur du colin maillard qui me marche sur les pieds!* His autobiography, "Recollections of a (quite unscrupulous) Picture-Dealer", shows a very different type of man from William Morris; but it was he, with the boldness of his enterprises, who was the principal founder of the greatest movement in book illustration since the invention of printing. There are twenty-five books or collections of prints either published or initiated by him represented in the exhibition, and they include most of the greatest which were published in the years before his death.

How far he was in advance of his time is shown by the fact that his first two publications, albums of lithographs by men like Cézanne and Lautrec, Renoir and Sisley, did not sell at 100 francs a volume, while a simple lithograph from them, Lautrec's brilliant *Partie de Campagne* in the exhibition, has been sold for 1,500, and by the comparative failure of his first published books with Bonnard's warmly, domestically human lithographs for Verlaine's *Parallèlement* (1900) and Longus' *Daphnis et Chloë* (1902). He made his position by the skilful woodcuts of Emile Bernard and Maurice Denis; but what he will be remembered by is the superb undertakings of his last years. The exhibition includes two of the hundred fabulous gouaches which Chagall did for the *Fables* of La Fontaine. These proved too richly coloured to be reproduced, and de Segonzac's etchings for the *Georgics*, initiated by Vollard, are not published yet.

After his death, before the war, the movement went on, even through the German occupation. Picasso's huge aquatints to Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle*, begun seven years before, were issued in 1942; Rouault's sonorous collotype illustrations to his own *Divertissement* in 1943. The aquatints are perfectly keyed to Buffon's stately, downright prose: *Le coq est un oiseau pesant, dont la demarche est grave et lente. . . .* They vary in their rich pattern of tone according to the character of the animals they represent—the spider, the wasp or the lizard sharp with spattered blacks, the wolf slyly shadowy, with vaguer grey. They all have the fire of Picasso's transcendent imagination. The exhibition is a good illustration of the versatility of the great men of contemporary Paris. Like the great artists of the Italian Renaissance, they too have ideas to spare from their masterpieces.

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

With the coming of peace in Western Europe audiences in Britain are said to be interested only in feature films which have nothing to do with the War. When the sense of a terrible national urgency moved Britain in the earlier years of the War, the film industry responded by making a magnificent series of pictures which reflected this spirit without false emotion or sentimental heroics. Films like *Next of Kin*, *San Demetrio London*, *Nine Men*, *We Dive at Dawn*, *Millions Like Us*, and *The Way Ahead* have been unequalled in British cinema. Without any satisfactory tradition of British feature filmcraft in the pre-war years the industry has proved that our films can equal in technical skill and human content the product of the chief film-producing countries of the world.

This reputation has been built up by films which reflected a tension and an excitement common to all the Allied nations. It now remains for the industry to develop this reputation in themes which are the natural stories of peacetime. The final stages of the conflict with Japan will be difficult for British studios to reproduce with any accuracy, and it seems likely, record films and documentaries apart, that American studios will make most of the features about the War in the Far East.

Social Themes

Typical British life has been said to be too uneventful and emotionally dull to make exciting cinema, and this has been given as the explanation for pre-war attempts to make entertainment before the War out of the more striking and glamorous figures in history or merely out of dramatic stories which bore no relation to normal British life and character. There were some fine exceptions to this, films which reflected our social problems and difficulties, like *The Stars Look Down* (Carol Reed's film taken from A. J. Cronin's novel of the Welsh coalfields), *The Edge of the World* (Michael Powell's film of the depopulation of the Scottish island of Foula), and *Love on the Dole* (John Baxter's film of unemployment in Lancashire). These showed that there were stories about British life which had strong emotional content and high entertainment value. It is, of course, a fallacy to think that we are slow or dull compared with French or American people. Wherever there are human beings there are action and character and emotional feeling. And of such most effective cinema is made.

Future Films

In view of these reflections on the future of British feature films it is interesting to look over the plans announced by our Studios for the next year or so. It used to be said that British films, excepting the documentaries, almost never showed the British countryside. The new films, and the films to come, are taking their cameras all over Britain. The recent picture from British National Studios *Strawberry Roan* is set in Wiltshire, the beautiful southern county of England. Another British National film *Loyal Heart* will be a story of sheep farming in Cumberland, the northern English county of mountains and lakes and crags. *Great Day* from R.K.O. Radio British contains some beautiful photography of English countryside. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger who made *The Canterbury Tale* are setting their next film in the Scottish island of Mull. It is called *I Know Where I'm Going* and will show the change that comes over a girl when she leaves the industrial Midlands of England to go to this remote northern island. Ealing Studios have completed a film called *Painted Boats* made about barge life on the Midland canals and waterways. These studios have also finished *Johnny Frenchman* with the distinguished French actress Françoise Rosay. This was made at the seaside village of Megavissey in Cornwall; part of the action takes place on the Breton coast, and for this purpose the inns and houses on the harbour were painted with French signs. The story is about the traditional rivalry between the Breton and Cornish fisherfolk.

Two unusual films take the scene farther away still. It has been obvious that the neglect of our own native scenery has meant also the neglect of the magnificent backgrounds to be found in the Dominions and Colonies of the British Empire. It is true that a few units had brought back sequences

from African forests to be used as scenic material for home-made studio films. But few enough films went directly to the life of these great communities with their astonishing variety of race and climate, character and colour. Nor did they make feature films of their own, apart from a very few in Australia and a large output in India of film stories suitable only from a commercial point of view for showing to Indian audiences. Since the War, however, native film units have developed their information sources, most notably in Canada under John Grierson, but also in India, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Now two Empire subjects are being covered by British studios. The first is Ealing Studios' production *Outlanders*. Harry Watt, famous as the director of the Crown Film Unit's documentary of the R.A.F. bombing raid on Germany, *Target for Tonight*, has been sent to Australia to make a film of the great cattle trek from the North at the time it was threatened by the Japanese. Herds of cattle make excellent material for films, as so many American pictures have shown, as well as the beautiful ten-year-old film *Hortobagy*, a story of the horse and cattle breeders of the great Hungarian plain, made by George Hoellering, revealed when it was recently exhibited in London.

The other Empire film is *Men of Two Worlds*, directed by Thorold Dickinson for Two Cities Studios. This has been shot in East Africa. Its theme is the struggle of men with modern ideas against the reactionary pride and superstition of tribal society. This same theme is in *Hortobagy* just as it was the basis of that remarkable American film of Mexican village life, called *The Forgotten Village*. It is a theme common to the whole world now that communications have shortened, and the application of scientific discovery is no longer remote from the less developed communities of the world.

The famous melodrama of murder in Victorian Brighton, *Pink String and Sealing Wax*, is being filmed by Ealing Studios; Sydney Box, a British independent producer, has announced adaptations of *Musical Chairs* and *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. David Lean's production in technicolor of *Blithe Spirit* by Noel Coward is already released and will be reviewed next month. These will all be box-office films as will the romantic stories in which Gainsborough Studios and Associated British Picture Corporation specialize. Gainsborough Studios have already released *Madonna of the Seven Moons*, a romantic enough tale set in Italy about a woman with a split personality who periodically runs away from her wealthy and kindly husband to become the passionate lover of a dark and handsome thief. The same Studios are making a life of Pagannini with the title of *The Magic Bow*. Associated British have announced *I Live in Grosvenor Square*, which, like *Waterloo Road*, reviewed in April, deals with the romantic problems arising from the War situation. In the new picture a British officer and an American officer are both in love with the same British girl.

From the Classics

Films from novels of classic rank are also in the production announcements. Gainsborough hope to produce a version of Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* in colour. Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* will be filmed by Ealing Studios made by the distinguished former director of documentary, Cavalcanti. Sir Alexander Korda's advance publicity for post-war films to be made in association with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer includes Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives Tale*, and Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

Films with unusual stories are *A Place of One's Own*, a ghost story from Gainsborough Studios with the theme of the psychic power of a house over the people who live in it; a composite film from Ealing of four supernatural tales, one of which will be by H. G. Wells; *They came over in the Mayflower*, a film of the Pilgrim Fathers, and *Love and William Shakespeare*, both from Sydney Box's Studios; and a modern version of Hogarth's picture series *The Rake's Progress*, a life of Karl Marx called *The Red Prophet* and *The Sleeping Sword*, a film about the British Industrial Revolution, all three from Individual Pictures.

Everyone still waits for Gabriel Pascal's *Caesar and Cleopatra*; when that is at last ready, Mr. Pascal intends to continue his work of filming Shaw's plays with *The Doctor's Dilemma* and *St. Joan*.

The promise for British feature films in the months ahead is therefore considerable.

NEW LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE AGE

By J. DOVER WILSON

POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE. *By* John Palmer. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

This is a most interesting book. It is not without faults, faults arising from ignorance of the political atmosphere of Shakespeare's day. But that only seriously affects one or at the most two of the seven chapters, and the others are first-rate. Their author, as the blurb on the dust-cover tells us, was not only a leading English dramatic critic but for seventeen years in London, Paris, Geneva and elsewhere in a position to observe, at close quarters and from behind the scenes, the major political characters who trod the stage of international affairs between the two wars. The fruits of this last experience are to be seen on every page of the book; and that is what makes it such exciting and on the whole such convincing reading.

> The problems and situations [runs the introduction] that have confronted public men for the last thousand years have changed but little. Nor have the various types of public men who deal successfully or unsuccessfully with these problems and situations greatly altered. The political characters of Shakespeare may not be immediately recognizable in the public men of to-day. They have changed their names, and their environment has been superficially transformed. But in their essential qualities, dispositions and conduct they remain the same. The expedients to which they resort, the devices by which they recommend themselves to public favour, the motives by which they are governed, the principles which they profess, even the language which they use to glorify or extenuate their behaviour, can be matched from history at any period or in any place and never more aptly than from our own contemporary records. A politician can find no better handbook to success than the political plays of Shakespeare. Here he can study the flaws of character and errors in policy or practice which may ruin his career. Here, too, he can examine and assess the qualities and habits of mind to be emulated. He will find no better instruction anywhere upon his personal deportment and manner of speech; upon the gentle art of making friends and removing enemies; upon the adjustment of means to ends and of private conscience to public necessity.

The principal politicians in Shakespeare selected for study are Marcus Brutus, Richard III, Richard II, Henry of Monmouth, and Coriolanus, while a "conclusion" contains observations on King John and the Bastard. These are illumined at every point by the beam of the author's political experience at Geneva, Paris, and London. Take this, for example, from the beginning of the essay on Richard III:

> There have been brief Augustan interludes in the history of the world when it might have seemed a libel upon our civilization to present Richard Crookback as a political character. The bloody dog is dead. Such was his epitaph. Richard achieved political eminence by killing—or, as we have recently learnt to say, by liquidating— those who stood in his way. He secured the support of his principal confederates by involving them in his own sinister performances and promising them a share of the loot. He obtained the consent of his subjects by a carefully rehearsed and grotesque parody of a popular election. On coming to power he destroyed the man who had helped him half-way to the crown and drove into rebellion the man who had put it on his head. To include such persons in a gallery of political portraits seems a little hard upon a deserving section of the community remarkable not so long ago for nothing worse than what Dr. Johnson described as a "strong, natural, sterling insignificance". Few to-day, however, would fail to recognize in Richard a typical and recurrent example of the political leader.

As for the two confederates who help him to his seat:

> Both pay the penalty which invariably overtakes the public person who goes into power politics with moral reservations.

Richard III, in short, has "been too readily dismissed as a figment of the full-blooded Elizabethan stage". Sometime a paradox, the time now gives it proof.

In Bolingbroke we have a gangster of a different and more subtle type. Directed by "the secret, unsleeping treachery of one who plays instinctively for his own hand",

> he is that most dangerous of all climbing politicians, the man who will go further than his rivals because he never allows himself to know where he is going. Every step in his progress towards the throne is dictated by circum-

stances and he never permits himself to have a purpose till it is more than half fulfilled. From first to last his friends and enemies alike are always more clearly aware of his intentions than the man himself.

And in Edmund, Duke of York, uncle to Bolingbroke and Richard II, is a public figure fortunately more familiar to the English scene.

Shakespeare found him in the chronicles in the shape of a man who loved hunting and good cheer and avoided the council chamber —just the kind of person in fact to provide a contrast in temperament with Richard and in ability with Bolingbroke. York has no refinement of understanding and no political ambition. He is a sturdy, honest, well-meaning man, prompt with sensible advice but easily flustered, shrewd enough to see what's coming but not clever or resolute enough to prevent it. He stands for the average gentleman amateur in public life, as true to his friends and as firm in his principles as the times allow. Normally he makes the best of a bad business —which is usually not so bad after all, either for himself or for the nation. Such men are loyal to a government as long as it has legal or traditional status and the means to enforce it. With every appearance of probity and devotion—by no means wholly assumed—they contrive to find themselves in the long run sturdily swimming with the tide.

But it is the Roman plays which bring us closest perhaps to the world of modern politics; for they show us how well Shakespeare understood mass-psychology and the proletarian politician. Brutus addressing the crowd in *Julius Caesar* is the liberal-minded intellectual "who assumes that men in the mass are governed by reason", who "ignores the conscious self-interest or, what is even more potent, the irrational impulse of the crowd", and "who believes that it is only necessary to prove, for example, that war is unprofitable or a policy intellectually absurd in order to bring everlasting peace to the nations and Utopia to the individual". And in the tribunes of *Coriolanus*, unjustly held up to obloquy by all critics since Dr. Johnson, we have two labour leaders.

They are the natural products of a class war in the commonwealth. They use their wits to defend the interests of the popular party and to remove from power a declared enemy of the people. They have neither the wish, training, nor ability to disguise the quality or intention of their activities. In working for their party they do not claim to be working disinterestedly for the nation. In resorting to the lawful and customary tricks of the political trade they neglect the noble postures and impressive mimicries adopted by persons with a longer experience of public life and of the deportment which public life requires.

I have quoted enough to show the value and interest of the book for our time. But, writing this review on V.E. day, I cannot forbear adding a brief passage of dialogue from *Coriolanus* itself which Palmer picks out as the profoundest observation in the play. It concludes a lively discussion by the serving-men of Aufidius on the comparative merits of Peace and War. "Peace", says the First Serving-man, "makes men hate each other." "Reason", replies the Third, "because they then less need one another." These words might well be writ large upon the walls of the conference-hall at San Francisco—and of the House of Commons.

SEEN FROM A UNIVERSITY

By PROFESSOR D. W. BROGAN

THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AT A UNIVERSITY. *By* E. L. Woodward. *Oxford University Press.* 2*s.*

There can be little dispute as to the importance of the theme treated by Professor Woodward in his inaugural lecture. When the Montague Burton chair of International Relations was founded, the League of Nations was still a going concern and the threat of a new and more destructive and barbarous world war the nightmare of a handful of Cassandras. Professor Woodward takes over from Sir Alfred Zimmern in an iron age, indeed. Victory is at hand, but there is as yet little sign of that euphoria that accompanied the Armistice of 1918 and, we may hope, little sign of that careless optimism that permitted the fruits of victory to turn rotten over-night.

The role of an academic teacher of contemporary history and politics is a dangerous trade, as the new professor fully knows. But he has his advantages. "The greatest possession of a university professor is time." Under war-time conditions, when university

teachers have been forced to do many things besides their jobs, in some cases anything but their jobs, this asset has been lost sight of. And with time, the professor can do work that no politician, publicist, or official can do; he can think, he can refuse to make up his mind prematurely, he can, if his judgment and learning run well in harness, help to inform a public opinion that is more anxious to be well-informed than it was, but not at all conscious of the effort of industry and objectivity which this laudable ambition calls for.

On the other hand, there is an academic bias, imported more or less legitimately from the natural sciences, in favour of a kind of objectivity that reduces the social sciences to verbalism or the equivalent of stamp collecting, the collection being one of natural "facts". Professor Woodward is not taken in by such pleas for evasion of the duty of his calling. He is not and does not intend to be a kind of systematic botanist of international politics. "There is no need to be afraid of this question 'what should be' as a subject of academic inquiry."

Lastly, the professor is "free". He is not told in advance to what end his argument must come; he is not a provider of briefs, a counsel permanently engaged by his Government to make the best of a bad cause or even of a good cause. We have learned what it has meant to Germany to lose one of the few, if inadequate, liberal traditions of that politically backward country, *Lernfreiheit*. We must keep ours, not be taken in by our own official story or by its opposite, the official story of the other side. Truth will not, by itself, make us free or safe, but it will make freedom and safety easier—but only if the universities, even in these marginal subjects, treasure truth for its own sake. The theme of this admirable lecture is of importance for all citizens and of somewhat chastening educational value for Professor Woodward's colleagues. And in nothing is this lecture more valuable than in recalling what we all so easily forget, our common European heritage which we have neglected although, unlike Germany, we have not positively betrayed it.

A CLEVER WRITER

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. *By* Aldous Huxley. *Chatto.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Aldous Huxley is undoubtedly among the cleverest of living writers. That is both his good and his bad fortune. Without this cleverness we should have been deprived of the exquisite bantering of his earlier novels with their cynicism so lightly worn as to leave no sting and with mellifluous sentences which were not so studied as to be tiresome. And in the twenties, when he shone in this vein, the gentle mocking of life which had become the vogue was still fresh enough to have the charm of novelty. But to-day, when he has become so serious, so intent upon eternal verities, his cleverness is still with him, like a thing of the flesh impeding his progress along the mystic way, on which, as preacher, he would lead us, but from which, as artist, he wilfully strays. In this book the artist generally gets the upper hand, but in doing so is constrained to make wry faces at the serious matters which are his theme.

What indeed is his theme? It consists of several diverse parts, quite skilfully fitted together. We might think of it as a comedy: a youth of seventeen, devoted to the writing of modern poetry, sets his heart on the acquisition of a dress suit which, when it is all but in his grasp, he loses through the telling of a lie. Or we may think of it as another kind of comedy, very Huxleian, in which this same youth, boasting of an exquisite, voluptuous, and wholly imaginary lover, is violently seduced by a real woman whose charms conceal an unbelievable obscenity.

But these are strands interwoven to give outlets for Mr. Huxley's cleverness. More central is the story of Eustace, Sebastian's uncle, who, if Mr. Huxley had been Walter Pater, might have been the subject of a *Marius the Epicurean*, but, since the author is Mr. Huxley, has turned into a very naughty kind of Marius who, on principle, and in sheer protest against the evil of being good, pursues women and wine and the "cult of decorous behaviour", and justifies himself wittily in argument and charmingly in action by being sympathetic and good-natured to

everyone. Uncle Eustace, dying after the most exhilarating conversation and the best of all dinners, creeps back into the story as a disembodied spirit, seeking to keep at bay the intrusive light, the pestering spirit, by fleeting luxurious recollections of flesh and blood. We watch the epicurean spirit of Eustace valiantly seeking to defend his temporality against the assaults of eternity. And finally there is the saint, Bruno Rontini, who achieved his good by "loving God selflessly every moment of every day".

The world, the flesh, and the devil, and their opposite, eternity—that is Mr. Huxley's theme. At the back of it are the same ideas which informed his *Grey Eminence*, where in the person of Father Joseph we were shown the conflict between the mystic and the man of the world. In both books Mr. Huxley appears to be espousing the cause of God and Eternity, but how he delights in the Devil and his fleeting allurements—the *fascinatio nugacitatis*, the "magic of triviality" —"the being spellbound by mere footling"! And how merciless he is to people like Sebastian's father—"a great desk-tidier, a great mountain-climber, a great account-maker, a great botanizer and bird-watcher, a great letter-answerer, a great socialist, a great four-mile-an-hour walker, teetotaller and non-smoker, a great report-reader and statistics-knower, a great everything, in short, that was tiresome, efficient, meritorious, healthful, social-minded".

Confronted with memories of a world thus peopled, no wonder the ghost of Eustace found the whole universe laughing with him, "laughing cosmically at the cosmic joke of its own self-frustration, guffawing from pole to pole at the world-wide, age-old slapstick of disaster following on the heels of good intentions". Obsessed by the spectacle of the Rabelaisian absurdity of the human race Mr. Huxley cannot express himself without ribaldry and constant resort to schoolboyish naughty talk, and, disconcertingly, the next moment asks us to survey the scene with the mystical serenity of the saint. He is so divine in his doctrines, so mundane in his cleverness. It is a dazzling incongruous mixture of a world, earnestly surveyed by the saint, yet one in which the devil is talking Scripture. There is no need to decide on whose side Mr. Huxley is—which he esteems, and which he really likes. But anyway, how clever!

THE SITWELL FAMILY

By JANET ADAM SMITH

LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! *By* Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

For twenty-five years the three Sitwells have been a permanent and entertaining feature of the English literary scene—Edith with her poetry and criticism, Osbert with his novels and satires, Sacheverell with his poetry and his studies of the Gothic and baroque, the romantic and the strange. They have always emphasized the family link, and each of the three counted the other two as his warmest admirers. But few of their readers were more than dimly aware of their further family background. Now Sir Osbert Sitwell, baronet of Renishaw, lifts the curtain on that branch of the English aristocracy which has so strangely produced three remarkable writers in one generation.

The Sitwell family, whose ancestry can be traced back to 1301, was allied to half the most distinguished houses in England. Among his ancestors Sir Osbert can count (even though in the tenth generation they number 1,024, not the 1,424 he calculates) George IV's favourite Lady Conyngham, several Dukes of Beaufort, the only sister o the Duke of Wellington, a sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, Francis Bacon, and Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton. He himself was born in 1892, in what seems now a literally golden age, when a man could be pitied on inheriting an estate of "only £40,000 a year". In his skilful hands, the life of a great English country-house unfolds —the heroic planning ("Let that hill be removed!"; "I don't propose to do much here; just a sheet of water and a line of statues"); the large hospitality; the chorus of visiting female relatives, with their horror of bats and literature; the racy talk of the butler's pantry.

Renishaw is in Derbyshire, not far from Chatsworth, Hardwick, and other famous and noble houses. Its outward appearance

—on one side, "a stout-built, machicolated screen", on the other, purely romantic—is beautifully conveyed both by the text and by the drawings specially made by John Piper for this book. It is also not far from mines and furnaces; and Sir Osbert's memorable account of its woods and lawns at night, lit up by the glowing slag-heaps three miles away, will give fresh understanding to many readers of Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell's poetry. The outstanding feature of the book, however, is its gallery of portraits: Sir George Sitwell, the writer's father, done with affection and irony; his valet Henry Moat, writer of incomparable letters; Sargent, the painter, at work on "The Sitwell Family" in 1900, whistling to keep the flagging attention of Osbert and little Sachie; the pious grandmother Lady Sitwell and the worldly grandfather Lord Londesborough. The author's brother and sister appear briefly, as children; no doubt full-length portraits of them will appear in a later volume of Sir Osbert's memories.

MENANDER IN ENGLISH

THE ARBITRATION: THE EPITREPONTES OF MENANDER. Translated and completed by Gilbert Murray. *Allen & Unwin.* 5*s.*

This is really an amusing book, which translations of comedies are apt not to be. But Dr. Murray has so pleasantly managed this that it reads like some strange version of *Twelfth Night*—not in plot or poetry but in romance and suspension of disbelief; the characters have the same kind of life-like fantasy. The slave girl Habrotonon is at least a sketch of a noble figure; the intrigues are credible; and the rustics attractive. Menander, one feels, must have been a much better writer than one has ever believed.

Few, besides Dr. Murray, are in a position to offer an opinion on his development of the whole from the fragments of the play which is all he had to work on. What one can judge is his management of the whole—whether it is in one kind or not. It quite certainly is, and it is a kind of which perhaps, even in the world's great literature, we have not a very great deal. It is humanism at its best. Dr. Murray speaks in the Introduction of that "philosophy of life, ironic and yet tender, which seems to express the mind of the sensitive and highly civilized society in which Menander lived. It needed some fortitude in a fourth-century Athenian to keep his head and his temper in a war-ridden world." There is much encouragement in this—if only we had dramatists of a comparable genius. Wit, yes; but the tenderness is lacking. Meanwhile, it would be delightful to see this acted.

CHARLES WILLIAMS

SOUTHEY

SOUTHEY. *By* Jack Simmons. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It may not be a true saying that every celebrity gets the biographer he deserves, but the present would seem to be a case to justify it. Mr. Jack Simmons is a careful, painstaking, and sober student of his subject, who has compiled Southey's life from the familiar sources with the added advantage of unpublished letters. He has given, to use his own words, "respectful attention" to Southey's political views, dealt mainly with his personal life, and briefly with his merits as a writer. The work is a sound, conservative biography on traditional lines.

Yet perhaps a man of any standing has a right sometimes to get more than he deserves. How is it that, as Mr. Simmons notes, Wordsworth and Coleridge have received so much attention lately, and Southey, the third Lakeland figure, none at all? The obvious answer is that Southey was not genuinely a poet, either by temperament or in imaginative power. This is not merely to say that his prose is better than his verse, but that his outlook was constrained, his Toryism stronger than his will to freedom, and all his judgments based on a restricted moral view.

Mr. Simmons suggests that he deliberately held his poetic talent in check to avoid over-excitement and to earn his living. This would imply a spiritual tragedy of frustration, of which in fact there are few signs. To the orthodox Southey Blake was a madman, Shelley a mine of pernicious doctrines, Charlotte Brontë's place was in the kitchen; and his own greatest triumph lay in Governmental recognition rather than pioneering. To be confronted in middle-age with his republican drama of *Wat Tyler* was no pleasanter than to be parodied by Byron. At this time the word pantisocracy and the

name Coleridge would have been equally unwelcome. He had perhaps acquired too much commonsense. If he declined to be a salaried writer it was on account of convenience rather than conviction. The Laureateship (not noticeably green from the dull brows of Pye) was accepted as a financial proposition, and as such proved disappointing.

One might continue the depressing catalogue. Here is the Southey we have always seen, and Mr. Simmons gives him to us again a little amplified. He is content to do so, describing his mode of life as "one of the most even, admirable careers English literature can show". This is perilously near a damning with faint praise. Has Southey indeed nothing more to offer? What of those strange dreams of his, so much at odds with his enclosed existence? Mr. Simmons, tossing them negligently into the hypothetical lap of a psychiatrist, makes no attempt to tackle them. Again, what corner of this solemnly ordered mind wrought fantasy in the shapes of the Three Bears?

It may be Southey would not vote for an inquiry. If so, Mr. Simmons has been respectful to his subject's wishes, leaving him as he would like to be, with all the doors secured against a possible draught.

SYLVA NORMAN

OUR HERITAGE OF WILD NATURE. *By* A. G. Tansley. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Awareness of danger to the rural charm of England is widespread, so is the good will to defeat that danger, but there is too little of the expert knowledge of wild life and country things which can show best how it can be faced. Professor Tansley's book will help to make up this deficiency. It is a plea for organized nature conservation, concisely packed with facts about forestry, the management of grass land, game preservation, and the balance of wild life, and makes no attempt to answer economic argument by mere sentiment. The many photographs are engaging, but this is not just another picture book calling for admiration of vanishing beauty.

BIRD PORTRAITURE. *By* C. F. Tunnicliffe. *The Studio.* 15*s.*

Describes the delights of bird watching and



By C. F. TUNNICLIFFE, *from "Bird Portraiture."*

bird sketching with infectious gusto. As a guide to the would-be bird portraitist Mr. Tunnicliffe is full of practical hints, and insists on the need for first-hand study of his subjects in their haunts. Many of his own drawings and paintings are here reproduced, some of them in colour. They show great variety of treatment, from the patterned, almost Chinese, delicacy of a pheasant in the rain, to the violence of the hooded crow.

A HIGHLAND YEAR. *By* Seton Gordon. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Seton Gordon has here collected, in twelve chapters devoted to each month of the year, a number of his observations on the wild life of the Highlands, on which he is one of our chief authorities. There are careful and sensitive descriptions of the birds that haunt the hills of the high Cairngorms or the sea-lochs of the west coast. There are notes on the salmon-fishing in Dee and Garry, on the vagaries of the Highland climate, on the flowers of hill and glen—and on the Loch Ness Monster. Mr. Gordon writes not as a detached observer, but as a man who walks the hills in all weathers, who knows the best reaches of a burn for trout, whose heart, as well as his scientific interest, is in the Highlands. There are many pages describing the life of the Highlander, his hard struggle against soil and climate; and

in several passages Mr. Gordon deals with the art of the bagpipes and its most distinguished exponents in Scotland to-day.

MAQUIS. *By* George Millar. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A first-hand account of the French *maquis* by an English officer who was dropped by parachute to join them just before the invasion and fought with them until liberation. A handful of men in the mountains, armed only with what could be dropped from the air, they successfully defied the efficiency and military might of the Germans, blowing up railway points and turntables under the very noses of their guards. The village of Vieilley helped the *maquis* to an extent that called down threats of destruction from the Gestapo, fortunately never executed. Haycarts were used for collecting parachuted weapons and arms concealed in the communal rubbish dump. Mr. Millar gives a vivid picture of his comrades-in-arms, youths of twenty or seasoned soldiers of the Colonial Army, whose dash and self-reliance made the wildest enterprises possible.

THE QUEEN THANKS SIR HOWARD. *By* Mary Howard McClintock. *Murray.* 18*s.*

In 1858 young Captain Howard Elphinstone, who had won the Victoria Cross at Sebastopol, gave up a highly promising career in the Army to become Governor to the Duke of Connaught, then seven years old. Later, he became Comptroller of the Duke's Household, and remained, in all, the Royal Family's intimate friend and confidant for 30 years. His tact and intelligence have been inherited by his daughter; she has shown much discernment in producing a lively, agreeable volume of the right length. It has the unlooked-for quality of freshness in its presentation of rather uncommon views of Queen Victoria and her children.

POST HASTE. *By* Ivor Halstead. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A vivid account of that great public service, the Post Office, and of its vast war-time developments. In partnership with the Army it maintains communications between those at home and units moving from hemisphere to hemisphere. In 1941 airgraphs were introduced, and a year later a million of these miniature letters were passing to and from the United Kingdom in each direction every week. Many post offices and telephone exchanges were casualities during the blitz, yet letters were delivered in the face of every obstacle.

BATTLE FOR HEALTH. *By* Stephen Taylor. *Nicholson & Watson.* 5*s.*

A lively and sensible bid for the active co-operation of the man in the street in solving present-day health problems. Facts about diseases and their treatment are related to social conditions. The Government health scheme is explained, and the way in which it will make it possible for patients to seek treatment early without fear of the economic consequences. Photographs and charts bring out the significance of the statistics.

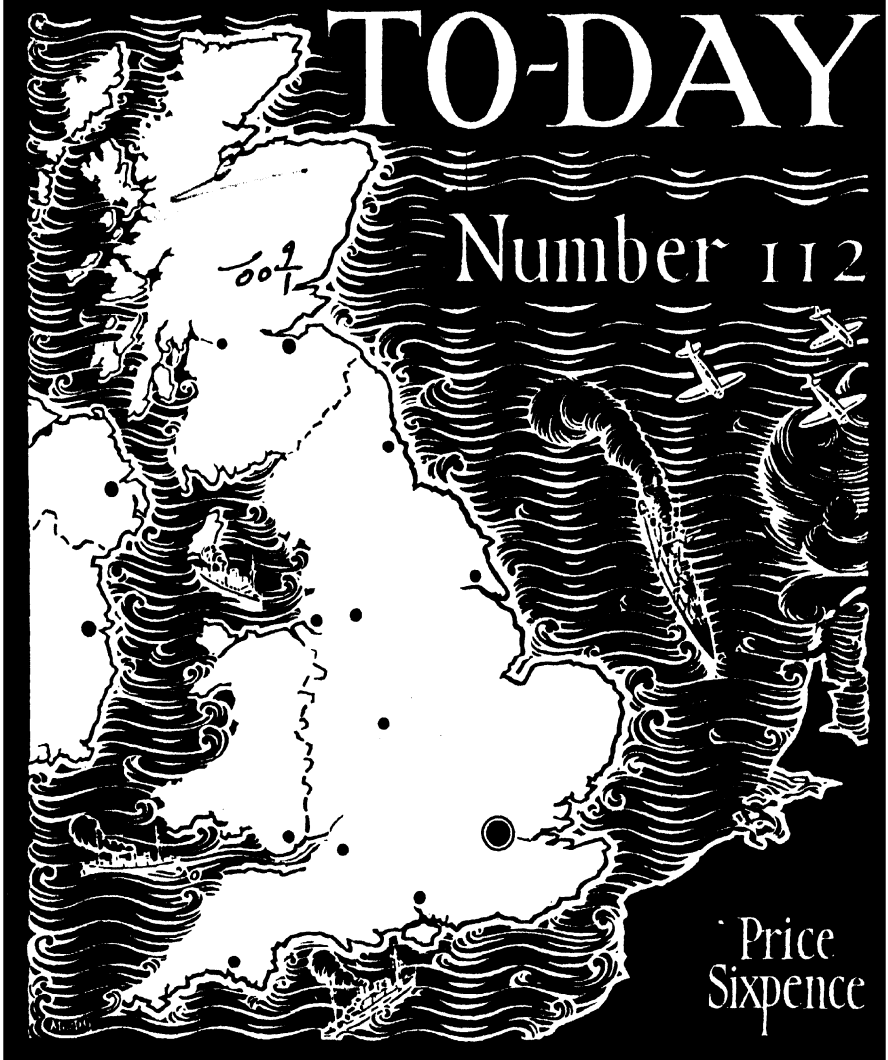
WHITE OF MERGEN. *By* Maurice Collis. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The career of the English adventurer Samuel White amid the riches and dangers of seventeenth-century Siam is the very stuff of drama. In turning it into a play Mr. Collis takes full advantage of White's hair-breadth escapes in dealing with the corrupt and mysterious Siamese Court, and with the East India Company supported by the British Government, both of which he contrives to outwit. The oriental splendours of the setting are a magnificent opportunity for the stage designer. A play that asks to be acted.

THE FATES ARE LAUGHING. By W. P. Crozier. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

After the work of editing the *Manchester Guardian* was done—at home during the day and at the office till near midnight—W. P. Crozier relaxed. Between midnight and three o'clock in the morning his mind returned to the Rome of the early Empire, weaving into the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula and "Uncle" Claudius, the supposedly weak-witted scholar whom the Praetorians made Emperor, a story at once human, historically credible and beguiling. Readers will taste again with delight that suptly flavoured irony which was the distinguishing characteristic of "The Letters of Pontius Pilate" and will be left in no doubt that there was in the scholar and the man of affairs a novelist of quality.

BRITAIN TO-DAY



AUGUST 1945

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Great Britain and Western Europe . . . B. IFOR EVANS
Youth and the Community . . . J. F. WOLFENDEN
In the Factory . . . . . N. A. HOWELL-EVERSON
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BRITAIN TO-DAY

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WHITE PAPERS

SOMETHING new has been introduced into British politics during the war. It is called a "White Paper". There have been hundreds of White Papers before, presented by Ministers to Parliament "by Command of His Majesty", but nothing quite of the nature of the series of documents which have become famous during the last two years. Each of them has been a part of a broad, all-embracing programme of reconstruction to which a Government, in the midst of a great war, has pledged itself. Each of them is an undertaking which avowedly comes into the open with the promise of a new era, a promise to be fulfilled by subsequent legislation.

Thus the White Paper on Education: "The Government's purpose in putting forward the reforms described in this Paper is to secure for children a happier childhood and a better start in life; to ensure a fuller measure of education and opportunity for young people and to provide means for all of developing the various talents with which they are endowed and so enriching the inheritance of the country whose citizens they are." Similarly in the White Papers on Social Insurance, Employment, and a National Health Service free to all, the Government in each case declared an ideal of social service which it accepted, and a programme for realizing it which was to be made good by legislation. "The Government", says the White Paper on National Health, "want these proposals to be freely examined and discussed. They will welcome constructive criticism of them in the hope that the legislative proposals which they will be submitting to Parliament may follow quickly and may be largely agreed."

A very brief consideration of these remarkable documents should make it clear that they have introduced something startlingly novel into British political procedure, something which may have far-reaching effects in the future. It is perhaps permissible to suggest that they are likely to afford another example of the process by which great changes, starting from events whose significance was not realized at the first, have gradually assumed high importance in British political life. The Cabinet system, the Party system, and the institution of Prime Minister were not deliberately invented. It was only gradually discovered that they existed and that they were performing indispensable functions in the State. And so it may be in the case of the White Papers.

Here has been discovered a way of taking the whole nation into the confidence of the Government, enabling it to take some such part in the discussion and moulding of a Government measure as has previously been reserved for Parliament. It has been found that a new and invigorating activity could be added to democratic practice by interposing, between general announcements of Government policy and the submission of a Bill to Parliament, another stage of discussion, consideration, and collaboration—the White Paper stage. At this stage the measure is in effect referred to a committee of the whole nation. Public opinion is invited to take a hand in the drafting of the Government's Bill. Such an idea may seem exaggerated and fantastic. But it has been applied in a practical way, and it has worked.

The White Papers were the outcome of a powerful feeling which swept over the nation early in the war that in these days of destruction and cataclysmic changes preparations ought to be made for post-war reconstruction, and that they ought to be made before the war was ended. That was the atmosphere which prevailed. That was the unmistakable state of mind of the nation. Thinkers and experts began declaring their views. The rank and file in camps and factories eagerly discussed plans for reshaping the condition of Britain. Members of Parliament asked ceaseless questions, and the Government, in spite of the preoccupations of war, saw that here was a matter which ranked only second to the war itself in order of priority.

How was it to satisfy this insistent, clamorous demand for

something which had to be not simply a general picture of a reformed Britain, but a practical, precise scheme complete in all its parts, one which the Government pledged its word to implement if it remained in power? The Government, it should be remembered, was a National one, and therefore any scheme it might adopt as a matter of policy had the approval of leaders of all parties. It discovered a mode of action.

Take the case of education. This subject was already under exhaustive examination by the Government long before the clamour about reconstruction had begun. The Board of Education had been quietly making its inquiries among local education authorities, headmasters and other teachers, leaders of denominations, school inspectors, and all who were concerned with education; and finally it completed its plan for the radical reconstruction of the system from top to bottom, putting it on the broadest possible democratic basis. The normal subsequent procedure would have been that, after some general statements of policy by the Prime Minister or the President of the Board of Education, a Bill would have been drafted and introduced into the House of Commons, and then, after a debate on the Second Reading, the House would have proceeded in Committee to discuss it clause by clause. At this stage the Bill would be amended and probably improved under close scrutiny before assuming its final shape.

But in this case a procedure was adopted which had the effect of subjecting the scheme to preliminary criticism by the country as a whole. Instead of preparing a Bill for Parliament, and indeed before any time had been arranged for Parliamentary legislation, the Government produced a White Paper setting forth in detail, in clear language, a statement of the educational position, and of its considered policy of reform. This contained everything that might be in a Bill, and more. Although ostensibly presented to the Houses of Parliament, which had the opportunity of discussing it, it was in fact addressed to the whole nation. Immediately it became a subject of discussion in the Press and on the platform. Interested parties communicated their views to the Government. With some of them the Minister concerned had interviews. The result was that the project was subjected to a sort of "Committee" stage, the

committee being the whole nation, and the Minister, without departing in the least from general policy, was able to accept many improvements suggested before the time had come for drafting the Bill. Here, in a broad sense, was a preliminary stage of legislation in which the proposed measure was scrutinized by the country before it was submitted to the final scrutiny of Parliament.

The procedure in the case of Social Security was somewhat different, for in the first place Sir William Beveridge was appointed by the Government to conduct an inquiry, with the aid of officials, into the whole problem, and to make recommendations. The Beveridge Report was the outcome. With this report before it, the Government proceeded to make further inquiries, and finally embodied its policy in a White Paper. This, like the White Paper on National Health and a Policy for Employment, still awaits legislation. But all of these have been before the public for discussion and approval, and Ministers—as in the case of education—have been sounding experts and listening to competent critics, with a view to making such adjustments as may seem desirable before Bills are drafted for Parliament.

Now though only one of these four great measures has actually become law during the war with Germany, all of them have passed through the difficult processes which must precede legislation. These grand statements of policy stand on record as announcements of reform declared by the Government to be desirable, possible, and necessary. The statesmen who sponsored them have staked their credit on converting them into Acts of Parliament. For a Government and Parliament over-burdened with pressing duties the White Paper has proved an instrument for fixing in advance programmes of national reform as far as this possibly can be done short of actual legislation. The use of these White Papers has had two results. In the first place, they have mapped out clearly the future course of social reconstruction. Secondly, they have provided a means of consulting public opinion and inviting the nation to collaborate with Government and Parliament in the work of major legislation. This may turn out to be a constitutional innovation adding something of incalculable value to democratic procedure.

THE EDITOR

THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

1. THE ARISTOCRACY

By A. L. ROWSE

[*This will be followed by an article on the Middle Classes, by R. A. Scott-James, and an article on the Manual Working Classes, by Dr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall.*]

OUTSIDE Great Britain there is probably a better understanding of the part played by the aristocratic element in our polity than there is at home. For one thing, we take it for granted, along with all the work and devotion to public duty—perhaps in these days a little too easily for granted. For another, with the emphasis there is on democracy in the contemporary world, we are apt to be apologetic about it, if we think of it at all. We need not be. It is an element in our public life of which we have reason, in all fairness, to be proud.

I remember an interesting discussion with a young American officer in the train earlier in the war. He was all against the House of Lords and its influence in our political life. He seemed to think that the country was governed by it. I explained that it did not bother us, for in fact it had hardly any political power at all; the country was governed by the Cabinet resting upon a majority in the House of Commons. This did not console him. He raised the question of its social influence. I said that this was declining, and though I was not a Conservative myself, I thought it was to be regretted. Was it not better to set store by standards of birth and an inherited tradition of public duty than to make money the sole standard of your society? Better an old peerage than a society run by millionaires. I am afraid I did not convince, though he promised to think over what I had said without prejudice.

In fact, English society, like most others in the contemporary world, is in process of rapid change—ours perhaps more than most. And in fact, too, the most powerful influence in the modern British State, as in almost every other, is that of money,

—the power of capital, balanced on the other side by that of labour. But this influence has been moderated and good standards of public responsibility set by the values of an earlier aristocratic society into whose heritage the moneyed class gradually entered, into which it married, a society with which it was anxious to stand well and whose code it substantially adopted. I do not mean that the moneyed class in Great Britain is not actuated by public interest—it is to a remarkable degree. But in general, an unrestrained money power is not a good thing in a community: one has only to think of Guizot's somewhat superfluous recommendation to the society of the July Monarchy, "Enrichissez-vous", and its dénouement in the Revolution of 1848, or the financial corruption of the Second Empire—the society depicted in Daudet's *Le Nabab*—and the crash of 1870.

The influence of the aristocratic element in English life to-day is vastly greater than its power—indeed it has very little direct power at all. But its influence is extraordinarily pervasive. And that already indicates that there must be something compelling about it: it exerts the subtle and hardly conscious compulsion of an ideal. Those of us with ordinary common-or-garden standards in our daily life pay it the tribute of recognizing a better. Quite extensively, if patchily, all through the nation it moulds our conduct. For in the first place, the aristocratic element means a strong, an instinctive tradition of public duty; and that means, in the second place, work—unpaid, unprofessional public work.

It is astonishing to observe in English public life the effect these standards have had. Historians will tell you how the Justices of the Peace—usually the local squires—have been the pillars of local government in England throughout the centuries. It is most interesting to watch the new representatives of the working class joining them in their work: often the figures of the Trade Union bureaucracy side by side with what remains of the old squirearchy. They get on very well together. Do they not share something of the same tradition, the innate feeling for public responsibility?

Perhaps the most important way in which the aristocratic influence has been irradiated through English life is through the Public Schools. It is true that the Public Schools, after their

great expansion in the Victorian era, are now in bulk much more middle-class than they are aristocratic. But a core of continuity from the pre-Victorian world remains—one can see it in such schools as Eton, Harrow, Westminster—and it is that element from the past that has set the standard. Looked at objectively—in the way that few English people can from the inside, for it is the air they breathe—it is extraordinary what an influence the concept of public duty exerts upon all passing through those schools—and they provide much of the leadership in the national life. But it does not stop with the Public Schools. In this century it has extended itself all over the nation with the extension of secondary education. For it must not be forgotten that the secondary schools were built up as far as possible in the image of the Public Schools, and to exemplify their standards and ideals. So that it is not surprising to find a new service like the R.A.F. in this war, officered more by men from the new secondary schools, exemplifying a no less absolute devotion to public duty than the older services with their more Public School traditions.

The truth is that the old tradition is pervasive of the best in English life: it is the secret bond knitting our society together. There is no external compulsion in it: the secret of its effectiveness is that it is voluntary, but it is an influence we all feel. As the wisest of contemporary observers of English life, Santayana, says: "The truth is the British do not wish to be well led. They are all individualistic and aristocratic at heart, and want no leaders in ultimate things; the inner man must be his own guide."

Courage in high policy, bound up with the inherited sense of the State, is a thing we specifically owe to the aristocratic element. It carries with it the tradition of the State as such, the sense of its place in the world and its responsibilities. The tradition is incarnate in the names of Churchills and Cecils—what historic struggles for the liberties of Europe they bring back: the twenty years' struggle against Philip II, the decades of conflict with Louis XIV, the steady diplomatic course with Bismarck ending in the Anglo-French Entente, the long struggle against the aggressive career of modern Germany.

The English aristocracy has certainly paid the price for its

courage. It is true to say that its losses in the war have been higher relatively than that of any other class. It is not that it forms a military caste, as in Germany; for we are not a militarist nation. It is just that owing to their position in society, the old families all over the country are much to the fore in the recruitment of officers. They suffered a terrible toll in the last war; and again in this, losses have fallen hardest on them. "Now that we are doing all this for you," said Mr. Willkie to a great English lady at the beginning of Lend-Lease, "what are you going to do for us?" "Look at *The Times*", she replied, "and every day you will see 'only son . . . only son killed'." Three years later her own son fell in Normandy. Some of these old families, bearers of famous names, have been completely extinguished. The oldest of Cornish families, the Arundells, going back to the twelfth century, have come to an end, with the loss of Lord Arundell of Wardour in this war.

And yet many of these families have gone on doing their duty by the land—and even the landscape—they have so long inhabited. Contrary to popular belief, they have a tradition of hard work, particularly in local government. People abroad are apt to be misled by the picture of aristocratic life presented in some contemporary English literature, in the decadent novels of Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh for example, in the literature of the thirties with its false values and febrile, brittle, disgruntled tone. It is the business of the historian to give a truer perspective. And the truth is that the war has brought out the best, the illimitable sense of public duty, the unwearying drudgery in public work, among these families.

It is from them that the Lords Lieutenants of the English counties are chiefly drawn, and in war-time that office has been no sinecure: by custom and tradition the head of county society, the representative of the Crown and accorded precedence as such, the Lord Lieutenant has come to be a Jack-of-all-trades, the focus of innumerable social activities. Such is the way of English life: when direct power has gone its place is no less effectively taken by indirect influence. Very efficient, economical of energy, and altogether less contentious.

Nor must we omit to consider, if quite inadequately, what many would consider the most obvious function of an aristo-

cracy, as patron and protector of culture, of literature and the arts. It is one of the most remarkable achievements of this country in these years that it has kept the continuity of its culture unbroken and a going concern, in spite of the harassing strain of the war. In this the aristocracy has very properly been much to the fore. Perhaps we may be permitted to mention the example of the Queen herself, who amid the insistent pressure of a hard-working life has returned with great distinction to an older tradition of the Royal Family—to the Prince Consort, George IV, and further back to the Stuarts—in the encouragement of contemporary art. Or we may take such a family as the Sitwells, to whom we owe it that the young William Walton had the leisure to compose his early works of genius.

The Sitwells afford a rare case of an old family who are not only patrons of the arts, but distinguished practitioners, since in this generation they have produced three gifted writers. In general, an aristocracy is apt to be a consumer rather than a producer of the arts, and far and away the greatest number of artists and writers come from the middle class. They are the *creators* in art and literature. But perhaps it may be due to the accent of the age, something in it which makes us feel that we must justify ourselves by the work we do, that members of old families, some of which have never contributed much to literature before, are contributing more in actual writing than at any time in the last century. Their names are much more prominent in contemporary literature: one has only to think of such names as Lord David Cecil, Lord Berners, Lord Dunsany; among poets, Miss Sackville-West, Lady Dorothy Wellesley. A leading figure in contemporary philosophical thought in this country is a Russell. Certainly our first historian is a Trevelyan—a family very eighteenth-century Whig in its tradition, though we have to go back to the fifteenth century for its first emergence from obscure Cornwall upon the public scene.

In short, the contribution of this element to our society, both indirect and direct, is of the highest importance; it sets the best standards both in public life and in culture; above all, it is vigorous, tough, vivid, sound, and not in the least decadent. And we should be infinitely the poorer without it.

GREAT BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE

By B. IFOR EVANS

FOR six years the countries of Western Europe have been separated. Never since the unity which Christendom established has there been an isolation so absolute and so complete. The consequences of this tragic and unique situation have still to be explored, for we live numbly as yet in a world whose degree of disintegration we have not fully comprehended. But it is abundantly clear to anyone who has lived in England during these war years that out of these tragic conditions there has grown up among the English a deeper consciousness than ever before of the unity and interdependence of Western civilization. Englishmen have known for six years an enforced spiritual isolation and have become grateful for those contacts with the rest of Western Europe which before the war were so natural that they were taken for granted.

The painful truth is that to-day no country in Western Europe has even an elementary knowledge of what is happening beyond its own boundaries. Some have little true understanding of what is taking place even within their own national territories. The knowledge even of the simplest things, of which writers are alive or dead, of what books have been written, what plays performed, has been lost in the desperate absence of communication. The interchange of ideas and of books has suffered even more severely and between some countries has been in complete abeyance. Even between Great Britain and France, where before the war the exchange of books and ideas was so genial and thorough, there has grown up a profound ignorance imposed by the long years of separation. I can still recall my surprise, after a lecture I had given a few months ago in Paris at the Sorbonne, on hearing a French Professor ask: "And is Mr. de la Mare still alive, and Mrs. Virginia Woolf?"

In default of any true conception of Western Europe as it exists to-day many have fallen back upon an image of the civilization which they knew in pre-war days. Such a delusion is understandable, for travel has been impossible and the earlier, visual memories are tenacious. Yet nothing could be more

deceptive. France, it is true, has produced new authors, and very many new poets, during the years of the Occupation, and their work has a fresh quality which should make any confusion of it with the past inexcusable. For European countries, apart from France, our knowledge in Great Britain is still wofully incomplete.

In England it may be difficult to recall any outstanding new writers who have been produced by the war years. The tasks of total war seem to leave little leisure for the creative writer. But there has developed in Great Britain a new climate of ideas. Those who fail to realize this will fail completely to understand the mental and spiritual life of England as it exists to-day. On its domestic side it has revealed itself in a deeper and more far-seeing social consciousness and in a more profound conception of the national community as such. It is an England more conscious of the depths to which evil can reduce human life, more resolute of purpose, more realistic in judgments, and less sentimental. It is an England sufficiently different from that of 1939 to make the works of some of the pre-war writers seem like a mirage of another epoch. Fortunately there will be published a chronicle and criticism of the works that have been published in the war years and the circulation of pamphlets such as this in English and in other European languages should prove most valuable. It may be hoped that some similar account will be prepared of what has been written in other countries. Such volumes might become the primers of the new understanding.

The crisis in Western civilization gives the whole task of cultural relations an importance which it has never before possessed. At the same time those relations must be studied with a greater care and circumspection than was previously necessary. As an essential prelude to the achievement of all this, it is proper that men of goodwill in all Western European countries should realize that nothing less is at stake than the very existence and continuance of our civilization. That faith in the individual man, in the decencies of his social, and of his political relations, in the enduring beauty of the arts, and in the possibility of graciousness in human life, all this may be forgotten, even as a memory, if Western civilization is not maintained.

Great Britain can address herself to discover what is her special role in this task. In the first place, though physically isolated from the Continent of Europe, Great Britain during the war years has had the advantage of the prolonged stay within her shores of distinguished representatives of all the occupied countries. The importance of this has been profound. It has made many men and women in Great Britain more aware than at any time within living memory of their common heritage with Europe. We, in England, have endured a peaceful and profitable cultural occupation in the war years, and it has established in our hearts and minds the conception of Western Europe as a community with common spiritual origins. Great Britain is therefore more adequately prepared than at any period in recent times to take her share in the development of the European idea. This collaboration of the war years has led to certain concrete proposals such as the Conference of Inter-Allied Ministers, and the Association of University Professors of the Allied Countries. Valuable as both these proposals are they must obviously be regarded as tentative until the Governments and Authorities in the various European countries have been able thoroughly to digest them.

It is undoubtedly true that during the war years Great Britain has herself developed a greater assurance, and a truer conception of her own national ideal. This will render the tasks of association with Europe less ambiguous for her than during the unhappy period of divided purposes of the pre-war years. Great Britain suffered, but most fortunately for herself she has not suffered an occupation, and that has absolved her from the tragic and complicated problems which have temporarily so exhausted the spiritual energies of some European countries. Among younger minds in Great Britain there is a clear determination to use this new-found confidence, not in a sterile and self-gratifying contemplation of the past, but in seeking in collaboration with other countries the restoration of the common culture of Western Europe.

In the political and economic fields it is evident that many difficulties lie ahead. Their solution may yet cause periods of crisis among the European nations themselves, even among those who have the closest associations. The political future

holds incalculable elements and the world in which its problems must be resolved is bruised, super-sensitive, and distempered. It is all the more essential that the fundamental basis of Western European culture should be cherished by all who know its value and should be preserved from the arena of possible political dissension. This is the great task for men of good faith in Western Europe to-day. Above all is essential the preservation of that conception of the supreme value of the individual man, derived by Europe from Christianity, but so accepted and diffused that it has become a possible conception for humanity everywhere and of whatever creed.

In more normal times it may well be that the function of cultural agencies in any country would be to interpret the best and most enduring which that people has produced. This remains a valuable activity. There is a reassurance for any people to know that they have a long and valuable cultural inheritance, and their present can only be seen in proper perspective against the background of such an historical past. At the same time the present critical conditions impose a different task, at once more complex and more valuable. Rather than the discovery and the emphasis on what is best in the national tradition, there should be the exploration of what the common European inheritance possesses. For England above all is this important, for England, by the very fact that its internal problems are momentarily less severe than those of other European countries, can serve Europe by being one of the prime participators, and the depository for the European idea. By this nothing of a grandiose nature is implied, for the tasks are simple and direct: to seek out and give security to European writers and help them to discover a calm atmosphere in which to think and work; to provide facilities for translation, and contact, and for the circulation of ideas.

In all that has been written here, there is no suggestion that an exclusiveness in Western European culture should be maintained. The world into which we are moving so painfully and so rapidly is one that will depend on a world-wide cultural understanding. The last six years have shown that humanity has developed the machines for universal material contact while remaining mentally and spiritually parochial. Our aeroplanes

belong to the twentieth century and our minds to the Dark Ages, and the tragedy of the modern world lies in that contrast. How its solution can be achieved is a matter which would necessitate a philosophical discussion, including some reflections on human nature itself. Whatever may be the conclusions of such reflections it is at least clear that Western Europe has its own contribution to make and an important one. It is for that reason that the quest for the rediscovery of that civilization is the crucial task of this age.

POEM

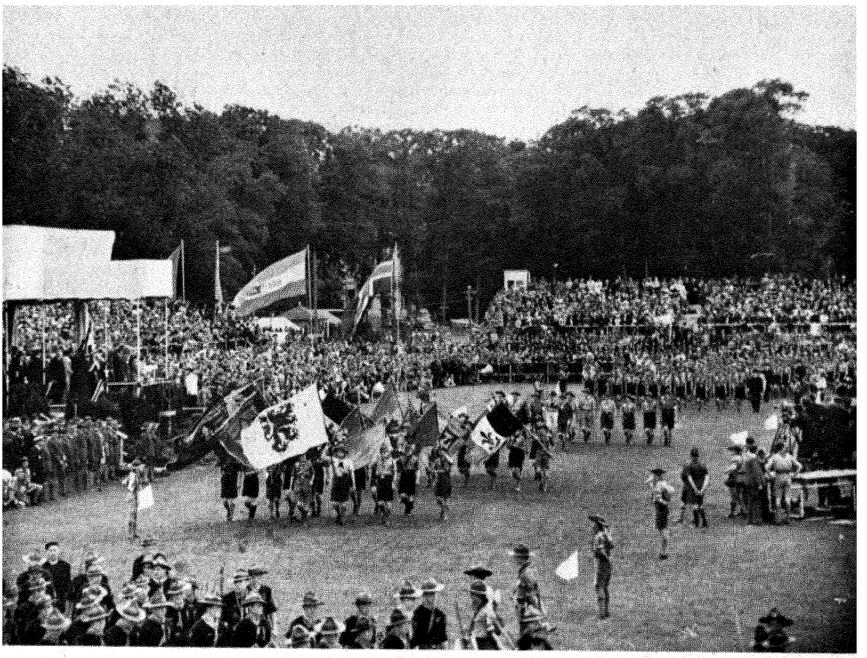
By C. S. LEWIS

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES WILLIAMS

Your death sounds a strange bugle call, friend, and all becomes hard
To see plainly, describe truly. This new light imposes change,
Re-adjusts all a life's landscape as it thrusts down its probe from the sky
To re-arrange shadows, to change meadows, to erect hills and deepen vales;
I can't see the old contours; the slant alters. It's a bolder world
Than I once thought. I wince, caught in the shrill winds that dance on this ridge.
Is it the first sting of a world's waning, the great Winter? Or the cold of Spring?

I have lost now the one only friend wise enough to advise,
To touch deftly such problems. I am left asking. Concerning your death
With what friend now would it help much to spend words, unless it were you?

Magdalen College,
Oxford.





Boy Scouts
Above: A Jamboree in Holland





GIRL GUIDES

Signalling from an Ambulance Ship on the river Thames, and in Camp

YOUTH AND THE COMMUNITY

By J. F. WOLFENDEN

Headmaster of Shrewsbury School

IN Great Britain we have no Youth Movement. Instead, we have dozens and dozens of organizations and associations active in the field of Youth work, each with its own distinctive ideals, interests and techniques.

No doubt there are attractions about the unified and centralized Youth Movement. Control is easier, administration is tidier, and there is an appeal to young people in the notion of belonging to an all-embracing national movement. But it is the British way rather to encourage diversity than to impose uniformity; and there is no doubt that much of the vigour of these separate organizations would be lost if they found themselves absorbed into a single undifferentiated whole. Further, not all young people have the same interests. And we believe that young men and young women should be encouraged in a legitimate diversity of interests and enthusiasms rather than confined to any one set of prescribed activities. That is why we find the Government, through the Ministry of Education, supporting such widely different bodies as the Young Farmers' Clubs and the Girl Guides or the Air Training Corps and the Co-operative Youth Clubs.

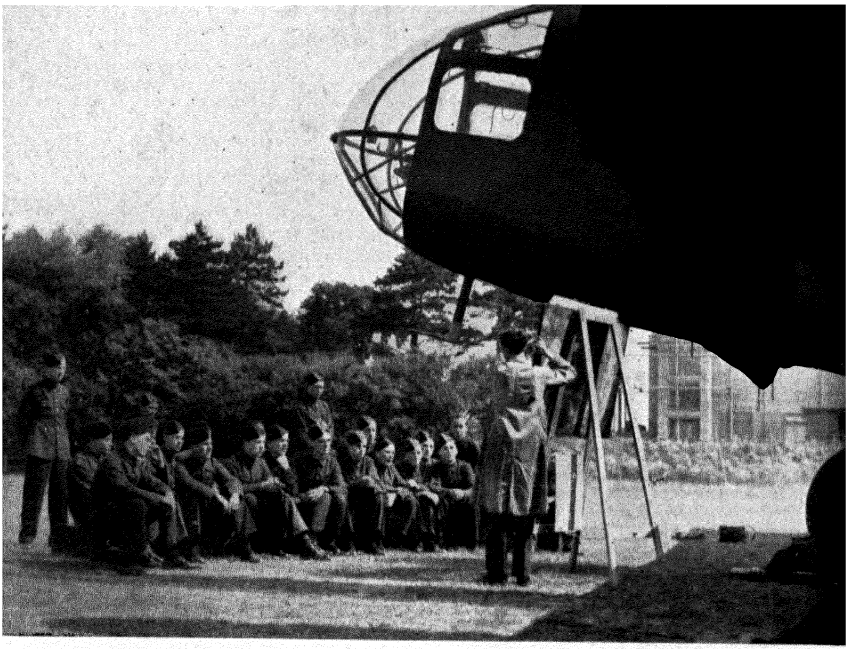
Broadly speaking it may be said that these many and varied organizations fall into three main groups. First, in time and in honour, come what are generically called "the voluntary organizations". For the past half-century such bodies as the Boys' Brigade and the Boy Scouts (with the corresponding associations for girls) have been active and flourishing. And on them has fallen, until recent years, the greater part of the burden of this work. They received, until lately, no financial or personal assistance from authority, either national or local: they depended on voluntary service and voluntary funds. It is true that by the beginning of the war the burden had proved too heavy for them to carry alone. But no developments, present or future, should be allowed to take from them the credit they have in the past magnificently earned. It is not surprising that with their limited resources, of personnel, equipment, and finance, they were not

able to carry this burden alone. Rather the surprising thing is that with so little assistance from the State they have been able to do as much as they have.

The second group is the direct offspring of the State's intervention in the field of Youth work. The beginning of the war brought the breaking-up of families, the black-out, and devastating interference with ordinary education. Consequently the decision was taken, as the first air-raid sirens were sounding, that the welfare of young people, apart altogether from their work or their schooling, was a matter of national importance and must be a concern of the State.

As so often happens in Britain, this did not mean that the State would take over the whole business and administer it from the centre. Rather, as our way is, the State entered into partnership with the existing voluntary bodies. Local education authorities were exhorted by the Board of Education to give all the help they could to the voluntary organizations, and then, if it should turn out that provision was still incomplete, to enter this field themselves as, so to speak, retail providers. Hence has sprung up the great body of Youth Clubs sponsored by the local education authorities, working side by side with the Scouts, Guides, Brigades, and other previously existing voluntary organizations. They are by now firmly established, and they grow daily in number and influence.

The third main group is composed of the uniformed pre-Service Corps which are administered, financed, and controlled by the three Service Departments. There were, before the war, Sea Cadets, Army Cadets, and Air Defence Cadets. But the war has seen such a vast growth in their numbers that they have acquired an entirely new importance. In details of administration they differ from each other, but they have a common purpose and an especial relevance in time of war; for their main objective is to ensure that the boys who volunteer to join them shall be better fitted for service with the Forces when their time comes to join the Navy, the Army, or the Royal Air Force. Their appeal has been very strong, and in their ranks tens of thousands of boys have learnt, with enthusiasm and enjoyment, those lessons which flow from membership of a keen and disciplined Corps.





Above: Air Training Corps Camp.—*Below*: A Young Farmers' Club



THE ANNIVERSARY PARADE OF THE BOYS' BRIGADE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

That, in outline, is the present picture. Each single member of these three main groups has its particular place in the whole; and there can be no doubt about the variety of the interests encouraged when it is remembered that it ranges from the Girls' Friendly Society to the Welsh League of Youth, or from the Young Men's Christian Association to the Women's Junior Air Corps. How does this Youth work itself fit in to the wider picture of the national life? And what are the developments which the future is likely to bring?

For the first time it has been explicitly recognized that the community as a whole, acting through the machinery of the State, has a duty towards its young men and young women, and that that obligation is not discharged merely by an insistence on a minimum number of years of schooling. What young people do in their leisure time is now a national concern. Whether this is to be regarded as an extension of the meaning of "education" or as a first instalment of a comprehensive system of "social services" does not very much matter, especially as the boundary between the two is becoming daily more difficult to draw. The point is that the community can no longer feel content simply to wash its hands of all responsibility for young people outside the hours of school or work.

In their early days many of the voluntary organizations necessarily spent much of their time in what was almost a "first-aid" service. They had to rescue boys and girls from surroundings of squalor and danger and teach them the elements of life in a community. And, indeed, the Board of Education's policy in 1939 was to some extent a preventive one, to save young people from the consequences of the disruption their lives inevitably suffered from the coming of war. But if that policy had to start from the rather negative standpoint of "keeping them off the streets" it very quickly became possible for a much more positive approach to be made, combining all that was best in the older organizations with the new and vigorous contribution of the pre-Service Cadet Corps.

Much is said and written to-day about education for citizenship. It is not easy to define at all clearly what that phrase means. But it is possible to say that in these Youth activities is to be found the best possible apprenticeship for those who are

growing up towards the duties and obligations of an adult citizen in a democracy. One Youth organization differs from another in its technique, its particular emphasis, the age-range of its members. But all of them provide opportunities for learning the lessons of tolerance, personal initiative, and collective responsibility. Whether in a Scout troop, or in a Mixed Club, or in the Girls' Training Corps, or in Young Farmers' Clubs, the members have come together, voluntarily and of their own free will, to form a community of contemporaries with a definite common purpose. They learn, by talking and acting together, that the welfare of the community depends on the positive contribution made to its life by each member of it. And, conversely, they find their own personalities enriched and invigorated by their membership of the whole. They begin to understand, on a small scale, the problems and opportunities which will come to them later on. And if they have a sympathetic leader, who is wise enough to interfere as little as possible, they could have no better training-ground.

What of the future? One thing is certain, that this Youth work, in all its variations, will increase more and more. This sort of thing has definitely come to stay. The young people themselves will demand it; and as they grow up they will see to it that their younger brothers and sisters enjoy wider opportunities than they themselves have had.

Second, it is certain that there will be a closer and closer connexion between activities of this kind and the expanded system of public education which we expect to result from the Butler Act. One of the most important innovations in that Act is the creation of the County Colleges, where all boys and girls will go for part-time education after the end of their full-time schooling up to the age of eighteen. Plainly there will grow up round the County Colleges all those "out-of-school" activities which are the mark of any healthy School community; and there are some who expect that the County Colleges will in the future increasingly take the place which has been occupied in the past by the Youth organizations we have been considering.

A more probable development is that the County Colleges will not supersede the existing organizations but will rather provide those facilities (swimming-bath, gymnasium, concert-

hall) which the voluntary organizations themselves cannot afford. If the County College becomes the physical focus for some of the activities of all the organizations it will serve a more valuable purpose than if it tries to do the whole job itself. At the same time, the longer and more varied education which the new secondary schools will provide will release the Youth organizations from many of the too "schooly" jobs they have had to do in the past and will also produce a demand for more and more Youth activities of a higher and higher quality.

Thirdly, there must be devised some way of fitting these Youth organizations on to the machinery for that compulsory national service which we must expect for many years to come. Inside that compulsory framework a place should be found for voluntary activities of all kinds, undertaken for purposes of recreation in leisure-time.

Above all the adult community must more and more learn to appreciate these Youth activities for what they are, a genuine training-ground for adult citizenship. It is a mistake to separate young people from the life of the whole community of which they are a part, to treat the years of adolescence as a period which can be cut out of the life of an individual or of the community and treated in isolation from the years which come before and after. Those years are part—a crucially important part—of an organic growth. And if they are properly spent we have the chance of bringing into being what neither this country nor any other has yet experienced, an intelligent, responsible, and happy democracy.

IN THE FACTORY

I

A STUDY OF INDUSTRIAL PARTNERSHIP

By N. A. HOWELL-EVERSON

AMONGST the outstanding British discoveries of the war years—and more important than most to the future of society—has been the discovery of a common interest in the progress of industry, shared by Management and Managed, which may, in certain circumstances, transcend the special interests of either. Both groups were determined that the war must be won, and recognizing that it was substantially a war of the workshops, both were prepared to forgo cherished privileges and hard-won rights in order that the common purpose should be achieved.

There is nothing actually novel in the idea that employees, as well as owners and managers, have an inherent interest in the businesses in which their lives are spent—over and above the contents of their pay-packets. Since the days of Robert Owen there have always been high-principled employers to assert that labour is something more than a mere commodity—to be obtained, when required, at the lowest possible price, and ruthlessly discarded when done with. Their alternative approach however, has usually developed along the lines of a broad Victorian philanthropy—amenities, welfare, pensions: less frequently, profit-sharing. With notable exceptions, their attitude towards their employees, although more benevolent, was no less autocratic than that of their more reactionary brethren.

But the days of Benevolent Autocracy have passed, or are passing. The special discovery of our time is the practical value and essential "workability" of industrial democracy; which finds its present expression in the five to six thousand joint consultative bodies which are to-day so characteristic of British industry at factory level.

The operation of these bodies, infinitely varied as they are in constitution and scope, marks a real departure from traditional industrial practice; and while they may owe something to the

experiments of far-seeing pioneers of the past, and certainly owe much to the Whitley Council conception, they do strike out along a new line, designed to meet the special conditions of this present age. Fundamentally, they do not exist for the redress of grievances (for which, in most industries, other machinery is available), but to enable employees of all grades to make a more positive contribution to the prosperity of the industries to which they belong.

The British genius for natural evolution has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that these Councils and Committees—representative, at a conservative estimate, of some two million industrial employees—have come into being with the very minimum of State direction, or even of State suggestion. In a few instances—the Pit Production Committees of the mining industry and the Joint Production Committees of the Royal Ordnance factories—the Government has acted as a benevolent godparent, or even in some obscure midwifery capacity. But in general they have been an entirely natural growth, originating in the need of Managements to replace effectively that "personal contact" which cannot be maintained in large industrial units, and in the anxiety of employees, during the dark days of Dunkirk, to make a more full-blooded contribution to essential production.

What neither group realized at the outset, and what is perhaps not generally recognized even to-day, is that this spontaneous growth has initiated an industrial revolution as far-reaching as that which was heralded by the advent of the steam-engine. Industry has taken a path from which there can be no turning back. The problems of Peace will call for the same unity of effort as has been demanded by the exigencies of war, and this will only be achieved by an equal unity of purpose. And because industrial autocracy has failed to create this essential unity, industrial democracy has come to stay.

Stated in a single phrase, this new conception involves one general principle—that the employee, not *despite*, but *because of* the fact that he is an employee, has a right to be heard in the conduct of the enterprise in which he is investing, if not his capital, at least his life. It asserts that he is entitled to know something about the way it is being conducted, and that he has

the clear duty to bring forward suggestions and to express criticisms with the object of ensuring that it shall be conducted better. That is the conception: the machinery of joint consultation is the means by which his voice is heard.

In the differing circumstances of dissimilar industries there is room for wide variations in practice. Fundamentally, joint consultation involves the periodic meeting of representatives of Management with freely elected representatives of employees to discuss problems of common interest to both, in conditions of complete equality. Such bodies vary enormously both in composition and in constitution. In some instances the representation of the two groups is numerically equal; in others, employee representation predominates. Some Councils are limited, on the employee side, to operative workers: others include representation of technical and clerical grades.

So also, of these, some bodies range over the entire field of the activities of the enterprise, while others are limited to particular subjects. The standard constitution of the Joint Production Committees set up as a result of the Engineering Trades Agreement of March, 1942, limits discussion to production issues. The wider terms of reference of Works Councils set up independently of that agreement permit discussion of such questions as education, apprenticeship schemes, accident prevention, hygiene, general amenities. There are Councils which quite usefully quit their particular parish pump, and exchange views on national questions and economic and social issues. The elements common to all are that the participants meet on equal terms, that the employees can express their views freely, and that the Managements "tell" the employees all that can properly be told about the activities of the enterprise in which they are both concerned.

It may be well to preface any further comment by making it clear that the introduction of this machinery, in whatsoever form, does not, and cannot, interfere with the ultimate responsibility of Management to manage. So long as the law hold Higher Management responsible for its undertakings—including the undertaking to pay wages—that Management cannot be deprived of the final word in everything that is done. It follows, then, that the voice of the employee is of necessity advisory.

Except to the theorists of pure collectivism this basis is generally acceptable, and provides a framework within which much valuable work can be, and is being, done. The special war-time experience of the Joint Production Committees set up in the munitions industries have amply proved the merits of joint consultation on production issues. Industrialists have been astonished at their employees' quick grasp of essentials, their inexhaustible capacity for devising expedients to overcome bottle-necks; and their fertility of suggestion for mastering circumstantial difficulties. In those fortunate industrial units where joint consultation has been developed on less restricted lines, the same fertility and ingenuity has been displayed in grappling with difficulties in a wider field.

But above and beyond all this is a psychological issue of great importance. The average employee of to-day is of far higher intellectual capacity than his predecessor of 50 years ago, and this fact not only gives additional value to his contribution when it is invited, but multiplies the peril to Industry when it is not. Every instance of actual or seeming incompetence or injustice imposed by an unwise or ill-informed Management creates a fury of frustration in the minds of those whom they employ. The industrialists who, in the earlier stages of the war, were sufficiently vocal about the incompetence and injustice of bureaucracy should sympathize with that fury. And if the practice of joint consultation served no other end whatever, it would be well justified by the fact that it is the only means by which misunderstandings can be cleared up, rumours dissipated, and prejudices removed: the only basis on which different viewpoints can be harmonized and integrated.

Although this development is as yet representative of only a minority of British industry, there is ample evidence to warrant confidence in its continued growth. Apart from the steady but continuous increase in the number of Councils and Committees operating, it is to be remarked that the large industrial trade unions, like the A.E.U. and the Transport Workers, who have participated in the benefits of joint consultation in war-time, are clamant in their demands for its continuance in peace; that the more important Management associations and federations (Institute of Industrial Administration, Confederation of

Management Associations, Institute of Labour Management, &c.) are making this subject an important theme in their conferences and congresses; and that a considerable number of the leading industrialists of the country have boldly and openly confessed their faith in this new orientation of industrial relationships.

Besides these directly encouraging portents, there is also much indirect evidence of an awakening to the realities of the new conditions in this field, even amongst enterprises which have not yet seen their way to accept the full implications of joint consultation. There is a growing readiness on both sides to face up to the objective consideration of such subjects as training (of entrants, and for supervisors), apprenticeship schemes, superannuation, profit-sharing, the administration of discipline, and internal publicity and propaganda. This is as it should be, for industrial democracy means more than the enunciation of a principle, and the golden age is not to be achieved by the utterance of a few pious platitudes and the establishment of a Works Council. It is a dynamic conception which, commencing with the idea of a common purpose and a common understanding, results in forward moves in many directions. And therein lies the hope for the future.

And how will the industrial shape of things to come finally emerge? In a world of such rapid change it would be dangerous to dogmatize, but the probabilities point not so much to a fundamental change in the basic structure of industry as to a development—equally fundamental—in its method. It is, at lowest, not altogether unreasonable to foresee a gradual fulfilment of Mary Follett's prediction of an "integrated" industry: in which the employee will in some way participate in the actual control of the business in those fields where his knowledge and experience make such participation valuable: where the "law of the circumstances" rather than the whim of the Management will determine both policy and practice; above all where Management, as the term is at present understood, will at long last revert from its present status, as the taskmaster of Labour, to become the accepted "Leader" in an integrated effort for the benefit of the common man, whose century it will be.

CRICKET

"OUR BEAUTIFUL, DIFFICULT ENGLISH GAME"

By CLIFFORD BAX

A FEW years ago I used sometimes to accompany a lady to Bertrand's famous fencing Academy in order to watch her engage in what fencers call "a fight". It was all very quick and dazzling. Now and again the umpire would call out "A hit on the left" or of course "on the right", and after a short time the two combatants drew apart and I would be quite uncertain whether my friend had won or lost.

For me therefore the spectacle was more curious than absorbing, and I feel pretty sure that to most women and to all foreigners "our beautiful, difficult English game of cricket" must be equally unsatisfactory and bewildering. Is it even possible to convey to such persons, living as they do in outer darkness, anything of the charm which the game holds for at least half the male population of the British Empire? I fear that this is a feat beyond the skill of any advocate. I shall never forget the confident scorn with which my friend Mr. Edmund Dulac, who was born at (I think) Toulouse, informed his dinner-guests that "cricket is a stupid game". How different from his compatriot, the great Sarah Bernhardt, who, according to Mr. James Agate, watched a cricket-match for more than an hour and then observed tactfully "I adore this football—it is so English!"

If I were to attempt an impossible task I should begin by advancing the fact that cricket has rightly been called "the Summer Game". Did I hear you murmur "And so is lawn-tennis"? If so, I shall reply that it is practicable to play a match at lawn-tennis indoors when all the pipes are freezing but that you cannot find a room big enough for a game of cricket. Our game depends mightily on the sun. Indeed, a game played in leaden weather and with the contestants in sweaters is a travesty of cricket's intention; and so, you see, we do mostly associate our memories of bat and ball with warm, long, limb-loosening days.

Then, too, we see it as a part of our youth, perhaps of a youth which is far behind us, and consequently it reminds us of good

health, eager new friendships, and high spirits. Furthermore, cricket carries us—the more often if we are but humble practitioners—away from bricks and lamp-posts, away through drowsy villages to the fields, the trees, and the wild-flowers of the countryside. I might know and love England a good deal less than I do if I had not travelled by train, car, brake, or bicycle (with a heavy cricket-bag balanced on the handlebars) to Bowlers Green in Surrey, Fordham in Kent, Lacock in Wiltshire, and, in a word, to dozens of pretty little meadows, usually with an ancient church in the background, where we challenged the local enthusiasts light-heartedly but with the right keenness of the games-player.

I should also try to convince the Unsympathetic Lady or the Bewildered Foreigner that we relish in our game precisely those aspects which seem to them both pointless and wearisome. "Half the time", one of them might exclaim, "you cricketers are mere onlookers, marooned in your so-called Pavilion: and for much of the other half you stand about waiting for a ball which never flies to you in what you call, I fancy, the fielding?" Yes—but we delight in the fielding, nor should any man believe that the ball invariably flies to someone else. No—each of us has to be almost literally "on his toes" for what may be a long vigil; and there is all the joy of a discobolus in shying that hard little ball at the wicket with such accuracy and speed that we may win the game for our side. Or when we are fielding on the rim of the green mown meadow there can be instants of electrical tenseness when we watch the ball go soaring sunwards and with such a flight that, if we judge its parabola rightly, it ought to end its long fall in the cup of our own two hands. Those boundary catches are, as St. Paul might have said if he had been born with pads on, a glory of the sun, but there is also a glory of the moon and that comes when, with well-concealed astonishment, we hold a slip-catch with one hand, close to the earth.

Cricket is, I believe, the most sociable of all sports. Eleven friends go forth to do battle with eleven temporary foemen. How strange it is to conceive that we are bored as we loll in our deck-chairs before the enemies' pavilion. . . . No, no, we have striven hard, all of us together with one purpose, and have

finally learned how many runs we must make if we are to go home victorious, and so when our own two prime champions march forth greaved and gloved to the fearsome arena they go surrounded invisibly by our hopes, good wishes, and cricket-ing-prayers.

You may chatter to me about ice-hockey. I know that it is not merely exciting but also perhaps the fastest game ever invented. You may protest that football, a wild rushing contest which is over in ninety minutes (correct me if I am wrong), is better suited than three-day or even than one-day cricket to the temper of our time; but I assure you most solemnly that the very leisureliness of cricket is the secret of half its charm. How so? Because when you are not actively engaged in the battle but, on the contrary, are smoking your pipe or cigarette while your first two heroes defend those queer little wickets, then—believe me—then does the cricketer make some of his lifelong friends. Why, cricket has brought me a larger number of staunch friends than I have won by my own craft of writing. There may be footballers who founded long friendships though I do not see how they could have had the time for it, and perhaps there are even a few ice-hockey Davids and Jonathans, though I cannot imagine them.

The future of cricket depends entirely on women. Women have been threatening it for a quarter of a century. If the girls of England, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, and parts of India itself should absolutely insist on having male partners not only in life nor only at the Palais de Danse but also at lawn-tennis, it will be more and more difficult for eleven young men to find another eleven young men with whom to disport themselves monastically: for although the Women's Test Match at Kennington Oval proved how skilfully women can play our game it is nevertheless characteristically a man's amusement. For my part, I do not believe that a woman should play any hard-ball game. They are (at their best) "delicate creatures".

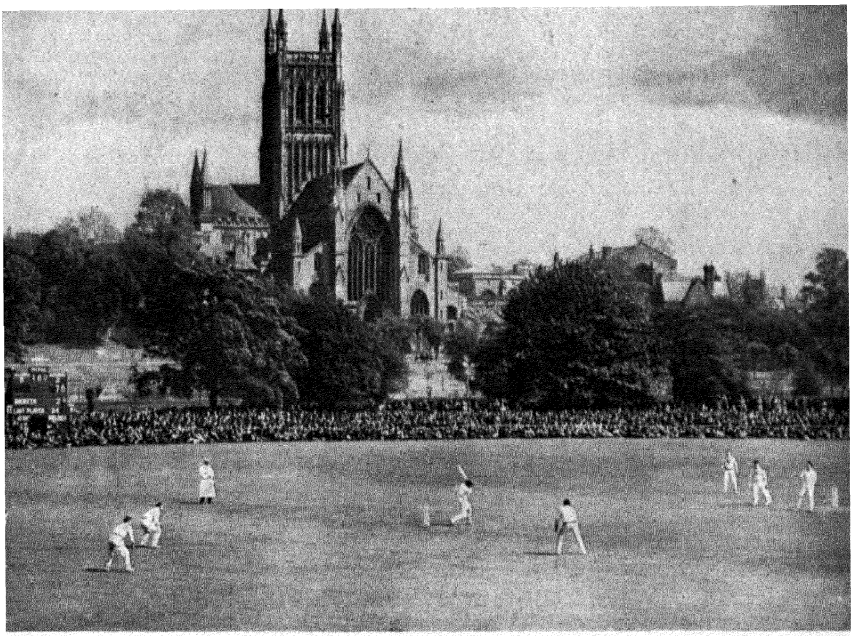
However, Australia will no more abandon cricket than a Scottish sceptic will part with his Bible. Cricket is to a true Australian his secondary religion. A benighted foreigner would not feel passionately about the grim problem of "body-line

bowling", but I seize this opportunity of recording my opinion that Woodfull and his men were wholly in the right. All the same, Australians play this game in so fierce and uncompromising a spirit that it was surprising to find them so angry when a Scotsman showed them the likeness of "total" cricket. I agree with Crisp, the fine South African fast-bowler, that it is a pity when the fun goes out of what is essentially a boyish game.

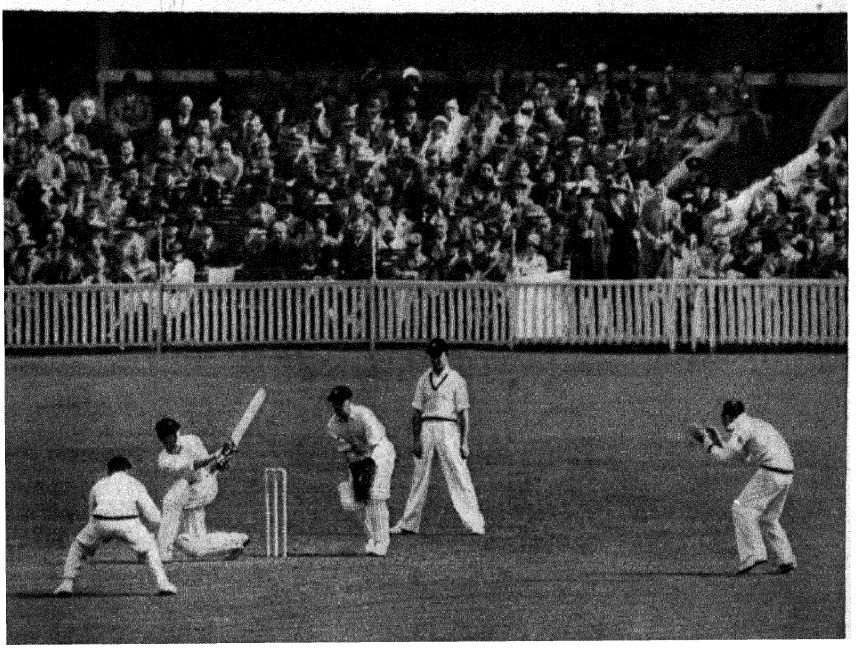
I wish our doughtiest opponents, the Australians, knew what a joy and relaxation it was to us old cricketers—and quite as much to innumerable small fry—when, a little time ago, the coming of peace in Europe suddenly turned a war-time match into another Battle of the Antipodes. That Victory-in-Europe match became—overnight, as it were—almost like one of the old Test-Matches; and how the huge crowd entered into the holiday-spirit of the occasion. . . . It was a fine sight to watch Pepper winning the game against the clock, and there cannot have been an Englishman at Lord's that evening who did not give thanks that Australia was not robbed of a triumph by the lack of a few more minutes. I believe that the umpires would have stretched a point and have allowed a couple of illegitimate overs.

Some decades ago it seemed possible that cricket might attract other nations than our own. In the 'eighties there were really good cricket-clubs in Philadelphia and they continued until a fairly recent date. Then rather suddenly the Americans, I am told, lost interest in the game and took to golf instead. There were also at one time good players in Denmark and Holland, though it seems unlikely that their associations still exist. Again, my brother once with the utmost surprise came across (that is the right phrase) a game of cricket being played at Corfu. Possibly the players were British?

But why does cricket not attract the foreigner? Most men probably play games with the purpose of getting some intensive exercise in a short time. Golf hardly supplies either of these conditions, and even now some of us are slightly shocked when we find young men addressing themselves to the sport of the middle-aged: but of all games cricket must be by far the longest that has ever been devised. Indeed, it ceases to be a true pastime when it actually drags its slow length along for ten days, as

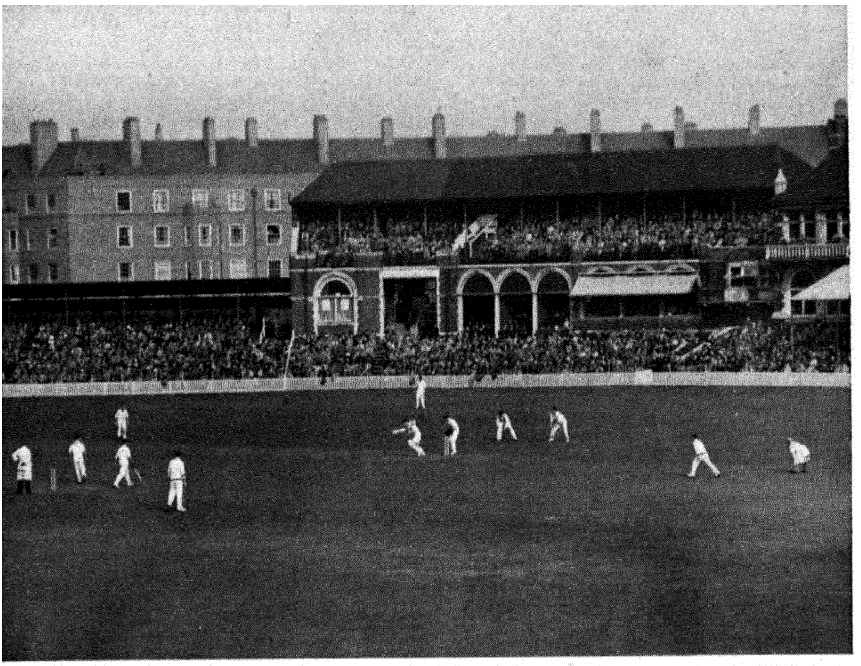


The Time

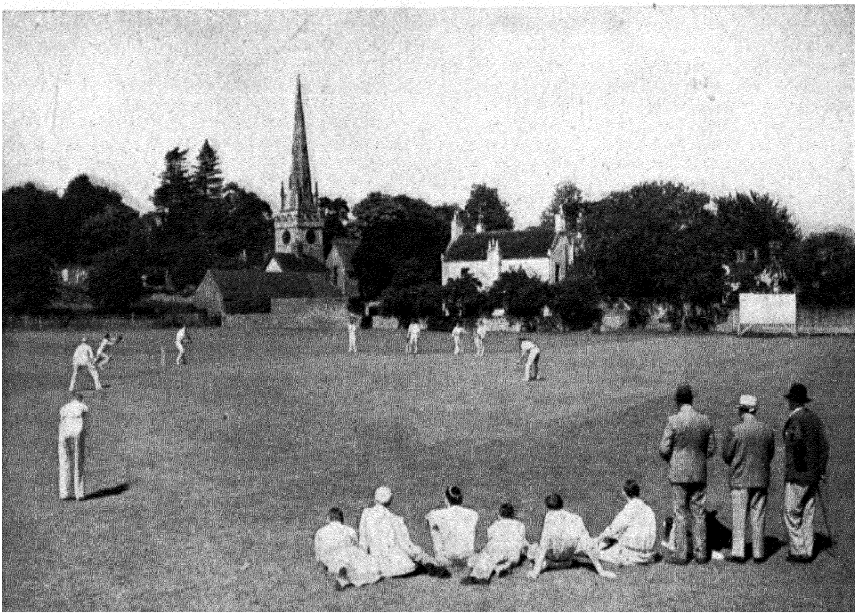


Above: AUSTRALIANS *v.* WORCESTER AT WORCESTER

Below: HUTTON BATTING FOR ENGLAND AGAINST AUSTRALIA AT THE OVAL



The Times



The Times

TEST MATCH AT THE OVAL AND (*Below*) VILLAGE CRICKET

happened not long ago in South Africa. Only by limiting the time of play can cricket retain its original sparkle.

There are, however, certain fanciful adornments which I should dearly love to see. The umpire who by tradition wears the charmless white coat of a house-painter together with any old hat which he picked off his hat-stand at home might with great advantage be attired at the Club's expense in some splendid livery like a Victorian footman—knee-breeches, I suggest, a scarlet coat braided with gold, and tricorn hat. Since he is there as a judge of fair play he should undoubtedly wear the big white curly wig of a judge. And then there are those dismal, sordid groundsmen who, creeping out in the rain with their wicket-protecting contraption, add to our depression by their humdrum costume and their air of dejection. How much gayer a match would be if they were as brightly tricked out as the picadors at a bull-fight. Yes, and if cricket had been invented by the Spaniards, every match would begin with a procession round the arena of gorgeous umpires, groundsmen, scorers, and card-of-the-match boys to the accompaniment of challenging fanfares. We are reputed to have a taste and a talent for pageantry, but we certainly do not apply them to our sports nor, I fear, will Mr. Christopherson and Sir Pelham Warner decide to gratify my fancy when next I go to Lord's.

THEATRE

By IVOR BROWN

THE theatre of New York, which sets the pace for, but is by no means the same as, the theatre of the U.S.A., has always seemed to me a curious mixture. In many ways it is more sophisticated than ours; in many ways it is far simpler. That is a paradox which can easily be explained.

In its notions of fun the sophistication is plainly evident. The English have a boundless appetite for quite simple knock-about and old farcical situations. They will never tire of the spectacle of a little man (for preference Mr. Robertson Hare) remarking very solemnly, "This is not to be endured", while some vulgar sons of riot remove his trousers. That would scarcely do in New York. They have more adult notions of absurdity there; they like the ridiculous to be less usual, more fantastical. A triumphant New York farce, say *Three Men on a Horse*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, or *The Man who came to Dinner*, has not only a racing tempo of accumulating absurdity. It is mentally something, while a farce can perfectly well succeed over here which is mentally nothing. A flat full of doors leading into bedrooms and of ladies popping in and out of the doors, while the men pop in and out of trouble, has sufficed for many a gigantic run with vast profits in England.

While I cede to the U.S.A. a mental superiority in the theatre of laughter, I claim for Britain a mental superiority in the theatre of mind. America has never had a Shaw or anybody like him. Sherwood and O'Neill have been their best of late. Thornton Wilder? Well, we recently saw *The Skin of Your Teeth* in the Provinces and in London at the Phoenix Theatre. This won the Pulitzer Prize in America. It has an enormous theme, the agelong suffering of mankind, which it treats in a mood of jocose fantasy.

That seems to me typical of the difference between our two theatres. The American method of treating a vast and tremendous theme, the burden of Adam, is frankly and lightly theatrical. It dresses a cosmic subject in the pantaloons of the comedian. When Bernard Shaw handled very much the same subject, in *Back to Methuselah*, he paid it the compliment of a philosopher's approach. To the theatre he conceded a joke or two and the pleasant spectacle of the Garden of Eden complete with serpent. To his public he looked for a sufficiency of the serious intelligence which will listen to an argument without a lot of toys and tinklings to distract the attention and ease the strain. The American, Thornton Wilder, dare not do that, he has to clown it continuously, lest his public yawn. Sophisticated his public may be, but philosophy is not for them unless it be well concealed in irrelevant tomfoolery.

Wilder and Shaw

Now I am not saying that Bernard Shaw is right and Thornton Wilder wrong. After all, the theatre is a theatre, not a lecture-room: the stage is a stage, not a dais. It can fairly be asked why some of Mr. Shaw's plays should be staged at all. They are discussions which might as well be read quietly at home. (And economically too. For less than the price of a good theatre-seat, tenable for three hours, you can buy a book and keep it for life.) Why should actors, it can be protested, take the trouble to learn these thousands of Shavian words and then recite them? Such plays involve very little acting and a great deal of memorizing. So the argument may run and it certainly has some validity. The Discussion Drama, practised by the Fabian Socialist Reformer Dramatists, such as Shaw and Barker, had carried discussion so far that there was scarcely any drama left. On the other hand these writers did pay the theatre the respect due to the vehicle of high thought which it has often been. Indeed, with the Ancient Greeks the theatre began its life in a state no less exalted. It was then half temple, half forum.

Wilder in *The Skin of Your Teeth* has used the Expressionist Method made familiar by the German Left Wing dramatists of a quarter of a century ago. In this the characters are types and not individuals (i.e. the Engineer, not a Tom Smith, who happens to be an engineer; Mr. Zero, not a Mr. Jenkins, who happens to be a nobody). The stage is turned into a Crazy Pavement where anything can happen in that general



Peggy Delius

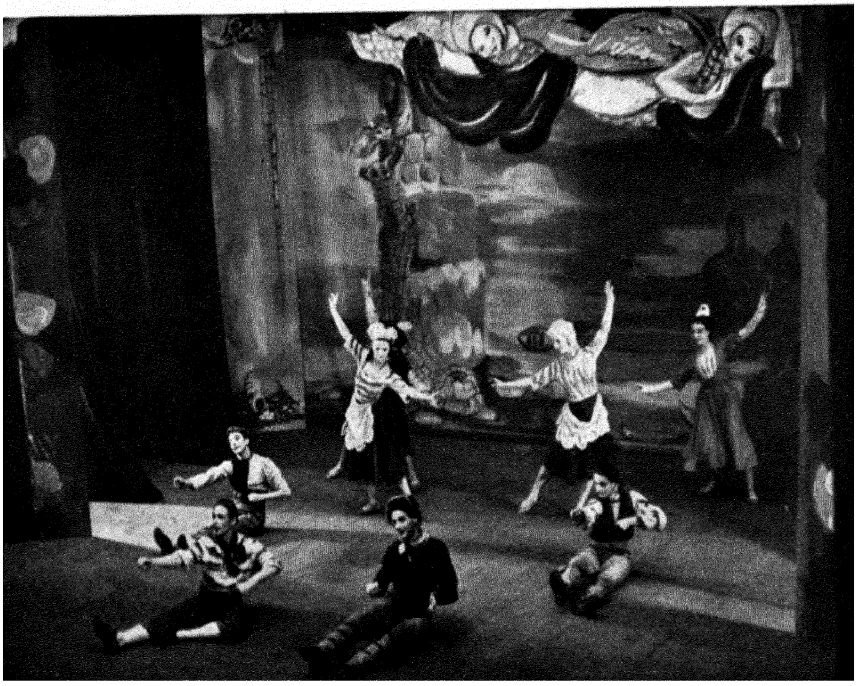


Peggy Delius

BALLET RAMBERT—THE FUGITIVE



Peggy Delius



BALLET RAMBERT—SIMPLE SYMPHONY

mad-house atmosphere. Scenery is formal and collapsible, and acting emphatic, athletic, rhetorical, whimsical, anything that is not realistic. In this way Wilder drove home his point that the life of man is "nasty, brutish, and short", as Thomas Hobbes observed of old, and his security precarious. When Nature is not freezing or scorching or flooding him, he is busily engaged in cutting his own throat in a war: yet somehow he survives, plods on, rebuilds from ruins of his own or Nature's making, and puts up a general show of gallant indestructibility, if not of high intelligence.

Shaw, handling such a theme, adorned it with his own wit and wisdom and his superb use of words. Wilder sought public favour by letting the actors dance a jig all over the place and convey his philosophic intentions by antic and grimace. This has its advantage from the point of view of sheer entertainment, especially if so enchanting a figure as Miss Vivien Leigh can be found to grace the revels. This was far the liveliest and most amusing of her performances so far. Beatrice Lillie could hardly have bettered the impersonation of the American housemaid who is the interpretress and impish commentator of the proceedings. What Shaw and Edith Evans once made profound, Wilder and Vivien Leigh turned to a frenzied charade. As I said at the start, the American stage jests with more intelligence than ours: of intelligence itself it is shy. Philosophy is only admitted if it consents to stand on its head and play a fanfare on the penny whistle.

Does our English drama make sufficient use of English history? In Shakespeare's time it certainly exploited the kings and chronicles to the full. And there was a day when sentimental plays about the Stuarts were widely popular. The Four Georges have attracted little theatrical attention, but two of them, Nos. 3 and 4, appeared in Mr. William Lipscomb's piece *The Gay Pavilion* (Piccadilly Theatre). This was a welcome change.

I had always supposed that George III, "Farmer George", was rather dull and stupid until he became insane and impossible and that George IV was dashing and artistic, until he became a sodden and swollen debauchee. But in this picture of the House of Hanover George III was played with such fire by Frederick Valk as to set the stage ablaze during his one, too brief, appearance, while the Prince, subsequently the Regent, was turned into such a nice, quiet, young man, the worthy lover of a more than worthy mistress, Maria Fitzherbert, that the balance was entirely altered. It was the young Prince's love-story, but it became very nearly George III's play, though the irascible, domineering old gentleman only appeared in one act.

The object of the piece was to persuade us that the Regent, before the Regency, was married, and happily married, to an excellent woman, Mrs. Fitzherbert, that she left him for his own good, and that this really turned out to be his bad, since he far preferred brandy to the royal lady fetched from Germany to be his wife and found his ruinous consolation in the former. It is hard to make a good play, unless it be frankly a tragedy, of men who go down hill, which is one reason why Bonnie Prince Charlie has never been the subject of a great full-length Scottish play. Mr. Lipscomb's romantic picture of the young Prince George and his Maria yielded further evidence of this difficulty. But I enjoyed my history lesson, even if its history was not beyond dispute. Mr. Valk's George III was such tremendous company and the settings and costumes of the 1780's are bound to be a pleasure in themselves.

BALLET RAMBERT.—Madame Rambert's company recently added two new ballets to its repertory. "The Fugitive" has choreography by Andree Howard, decor by Hugh Stevenson, and music by Leonard Salzedo. It tells the story of a political outlaw loved by two sisters, and betrayed by the one he rejects. Walter Gore takes the part of the fugitive, Joan McClelland that of the elder sister and Sally Gilmour that of the younger. The principal dancers in "Simple Symphony"—choreography by Walter Gore, decor by Ronald Wilson, music by Benjamin Britten—are Sally Gilmour, Elizabeth Schooling, Walter Gore and Michael Bayston.

ART—IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By PHILIP HENDY

NONE of the great national museums of art in London escaped damage from the German air-raids. Each of them covers many acres of ground, and, with their central positions, it is only surprising that none has suffered damage conspicuous from the outside. As it is, however, it may be many years before any of them can be restored to full working capacity. Meanwhile, the depleted staffs have been busy since V-Day, and before, with the work of returning as much as possible of their collections to the undamaged portions of the buildings.

A gallery hung only with paintings is more easily dismantled or rehung than a hall filled with diverse objects in glass cases; so that the National Gallery has won the race. Within ten days of V-Day two of its rooms were clothed again with a selection of its finest old paintings, brought out of their romantic hiding-place, a cave in a remote Welsh mountain side. Inside the old mine had been built a complete store-house, walled and roofed, with artificial light and heating and conditioned air. It was served by a railway of its own; so that the pictures could be brought without jarring from the nearest permanent way. All the possessions of the National Gallery have been there, except a few of the comparatively small and delicate, which were hung in the private gallery of one of the Trustees, at his country house.

Bernard Shaw once suggested in a lecture that the best way to persuade humanity to accept Christian doctrine as a rule of life was to bury the Bible for a century or so; so that the New Testament could be rediscovered as a really *new* testament by some generation who had not inherited it as a matter of course and grown up too familiar with it to notice the divergence between its teaching and their practice. Something of this kind has happened to the nation with its inheritance of art. Instead of the vague bewilderment formerly to be seen in the faces of so many visitors to the National Gallery, a look of joyous expectancy was in those who came during the first few weeks of its reopening. They looked more like guests entering the dining-room of a host who is famous for the quality of his hospitality.

The fare offered by those first two rooms is not only good. It is in balanced variety, and it is not in so great a quantity as to nauseate the palate beforehand by the thought of having to swallow more than it is possible to digest. In Britain the national treasure of art is more concentrated than in any other great country, and the public collections in London are so vast that they are inclined to overwhelm the visitor. There is virtue in the necessity of bringing them back piecemeal.

The Nations mix

The National Gallery must have by far the most representative collection of pictures in the world; and the fifty pictures which have been hung in these first two rooms illustrate all the great schools of European painting and all the centuries from the fifteenth to the nineteenth. Since only two rooms were at their disposal, the nations have been obliged to mix together; so that there are opportunities for comparison which are not usually available owing to the almost universal but not unquestionable custom of hanging pictures according to their nationality. In the National Gallery now one can see Titian confronted by Rubens, Rubens flanked on either side by El Greco, and Velasquez and Rembrandt in the same room. There are no discords; but the character of each of them appears all the stronger.

Another good result of the enforced withdrawal of the pictures was the opportunity given for a thorough cleaning of a great number; enough, one hopes, to stifle the outcry which has usually arisen in the past from the more conservative and, it may as well be stated, the more ignorant section of the public when a single picture has been cleaned. In a room full of pictures in the usual rather brown condition of the National Gallery collection one cleaned picture looks startling; but four or five clean pictures may prove enough to turn the tables. It must be confessed that Titian's

Bacchus and Ariadne, which used to look the most highly coloured picture in the Gallery, looks very brown now, and Velasquez' head and shoulders of *King Philip IV*, which used to look one of the most brilliant in its nuances, now looks very dull.

The English have a particular duty to restore pictures to their original colours because they have in the past been particularly guilty of subduing them with stained varnishes. The noblemen of the later eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries for whom old pictures were imported in such vast quantities liked them to look old and mellow, whatever their original colours.

Old Masters cleaned

The picture whose cleaning is one of the greatest revelations of the present exhibition is Rubens' *Judgment of Paris*. One of the largest pictures so far returned, it hangs in the centre of one wall, a wall which would therefore dominate the room even if the pictures by El Greco on either side of it were not also clean. El Greco's *Agony in the Garden* was cleaned when it entered the National Gallery in 1919. His *Christ driving the Traders from the Temple* has been cleaned during the war, and is another revelation. It is a third to see pictures by El Greco and Rubens side by side, almost exactly as they came from the easels of the painters.

It is not so certain that *The Agony in the Garden* ever actually rested upon El Greco's easel. It looks none the better in comparison for the cleaning of the other two. Though the design is both exciting and magnanimous with his fervid imagination, the execution is mechanical, the surface hard and lifeless. The version in the Sachs collection in New York is infinitely more inspired in its painting.

Between El Greco's *Christ driving the Traders from the Temple* and Rubens' *Judgment of Paris* the comparison is not one of quality but of character. Here are paintings by two of the greatest men, each of whom learned a great part of his art from Venice, belonging equally to the Baroque movement, each searching for the unity of design which was its goal through the rhythmic movement which was its characteristic method. One however came to Venice from Crete, and remained in the Mediterranean world; the other came from northern Antwerp, and returned there. Their vision is as far apart as the countries of their birth, and their technique —always with the greatest painters an evolution from their vision—is just as different.

El Greco's is generally considered a mature picture, painted when he had spent more years in his adopted Spain than he had spent in Italy; but he has returned to a design of his Venetian period and in doing so has adopted a more than usually Venetian way of painting. His picture is designed, like those of Titian, in masses of pure, strong colour, which is intensified in all the shadows and forms a resplendent mosaic, luminous as jewellery or as stained glass, but arbitrary in so far as the values are comparatively little affected by the behaviour of the light. Beside El Greco's other design, it appears realistic enough; but beside Rubens' it seems abstract and expressionistic, so that one understands why El Greco had to wait until very recent times to be admitted into the company of the world's greatest artists.

Landscape and Light

It is Rubens who has moulded the vision of the intervening centuries. The landscape of his *Judgment of Paris* is territory reclaimed. The desire to have every picture looking like a Rembrandt led not only to a general browning of the varnishes, but to an additional darkening of the surroundings to the principal figures. Previously the three competing goddesses have been seen only as a vignette among the shadows of evening. Now they are again on the spacious, sun-illumined earth; and one recognizes in their wide scene a forecast of the landscapes of Constable and the "Impressionists".

Not only is the landscape real, but the figures belong to it, are bathed in its light; and, again, in the colours with which they are modelled one finds the knowledge of complementary hues already attained by Rubens' observant eye and realistic vision. Most of the colourist painters have modelled flesh by mauve shadows contrasting with the creamy whites; but only a mildly yellow varnish is enough to neutralize the mauve. It is a veritable sunset which has been uncovered with the luscious realism of Juno's back.

RECENT FILMS

By ROGER MANVELL

THERE is no announcement yet about the future organization of the Government-sponsored documentary film. The use of this branch of the film as a medium of public statement by Government Departments during the war has met with outstanding success in Britain.* It is obvious from examples elsewhere, not only in Russia and Canada, but also in Germany as we have all learnt to our cost, that the film should become a part of the permanent system of public information. Few people here wish to see it go after hostilities are over, but there is considerable speculation as to how administrative machinery can be devised which will protect a public film service from abuse in the hands of a powerful party Government.

Documentary films are now entering upon the problem of explanation of Government policy in such matters as housing and education. The Scottish Office has made a film explaining its housing policy, both for temporary and more permanent buildings. A recent film produced by the Government's Crown Film Unit is *Children's Charter*, on the new Education Act which became law on April 1st of this year and which is designed not merely to alter the local administration of our educational system, but also to extend the privileges of what is called here secondary education to all children. Hitherto only about one-tenth of our children for a variety of reasons, mostly economic, received the chances of the more advanced courses of study possible in secondary schools, which take children from the age of eleven and give them educational facilities to as late as eighteen or nineteen years of age. Even in these secondary schools many children were unable to stay after the official school-leaving age of fourteen had been reached.

* I have just received the latest figures for the Ministry of Information's mobile film unit service which gives film exhibitions of Government releases in factory canteens, village halls, in fact in any place where there is accommodation and an audience. An average of 1,250 shows is given each week to audiences which average about 170 people.

Children's Charter, directed by Gerry Bryant, endeavours in twenty minutes to explain two things, first how with the raising of the school-leaving age all children shall now have some form of secondary education provided for them, and second how the academic tradition of secondary education is to be widened to meet the varying aptitudes which children develop.

Technically, the film is one of simple explanation only, made in a variety of schools and classrooms. Its aim is to cover as many school activities as possible to emphasize variety of curriculum. The effect is therefore both rather academic and rather disjointed. Audiences familiar with educational methods will realize the significance of what is being done by the few shots shown. But at such a time what is needed, not merely for Britain, but for the rest of the world, is a film which will make the significance of a living educational system apparent to all, for most of us were brought up at a time when education was conducted as a routine training which it was the legal convention to undergo until we were old enough for useful employment.

Making Education real

Few people realize the intense need for universal education at such a time as this when the world has to face its problems of reorganization once more. The educational system must be made more real, more geared to the complex system of wheels which make up the machinery of social organization. The film comes nearest to revealing this in its closing sequences which deal with the system which is to be put into operation for the part-time education of adolescents after they have entered employment. Here it does show in the few moments it has left how the activities of these continuation schools will help young people to grasp the elementary principles of civilized life, and the opportunities to experiment together in the organization of social activities.

I was recently given the opportunity of seeing once more *The Stars Look Down* by its

producer, Mr. I. Goldsmith, who with his director Carol Reed overcame many difficulties in getting this brilliant adaptation of a section of A. J. Cronin's novel finished at the beginning of the War. It is just the type of film which our post-war plans for film production should envisage, and in all probability will not. For it brings straight on to the screen the very problems in which a section of the community, our miners, were then involved. Immediate social issues are usually barred from our feature films, such as the current controversy over the public or private ownership of the mines. Though they fill our newspapers and our mouths they must not normally be shown on our screens, which must remain faithful to the entertainment needs of a public ever anxious to avoid reality in its leisure hours.

The escapist argument so common in discussions of the film is an important one. All people, however intent on their work and its significance to society, require escape from their problems and need day-dreams of the desirable visions of unreality. It is however important that the values suggested by these day-dreams should be sound; whether they are immediately practicable of application on to daily existence does not then much matter. Too much glamour in films is false glamour, inducing values which if practicable would in any case be undesirable. Admitting therefore that healthily escapist films and plays and books and ballet and pictures are desirable and even necessary to civilized living, it is absurd to go to the other extreme, pressed so hard by the film industry, that no film dealing seriously and sincerely with controversial social issues can be financially successful.

The Grapes of Wrath, it is pointed out, was not a financially successful film, though it was a successful novel. Substantially fewer millions of readers are required to make an outstanding best-seller than are needed to make a financially successful film. If, however, as in *The Stars Look Down*, the problems are presented dramatically with full attention to the technique of putting across a story without loss to the theme behind it, films about people's daily lives at once possess entertainment value. *The Stars Look Down* was a success with the public in spite of the gloomy forecasts by the trade and it was successful because it was good art. The people who played the chief parts in it are all well known, Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, Emlyn Williams, and Nancy Price. The director, Carol Reed, has made some of our best recent pictures, such as *Gaslight*, *Kipps*, and especially *The Way Ahead*. I hope that *The Stars Look Down* will be reissued now to our cinemas, as well as abroad, like John Baxter's films on British working-class life, *Love on the Dole* and *The Common Touch*, which are now being re-shown here.

"Blithe Spirit"

A new British film with very high entertainment value is *Blithe Spirit*, directed by David Lean for Two Cities Films and photographed in Technicolor by Ronald Neame. It is, of course, taken from Noel Coward's play, and made by the same producers as Coward's *This Happy Breed*, which was reviewed last January.

Noel Coward is essentially a man of the theatre, and a good dramatist depends on two things most of all for success, satisfactory situations and satisfactory dialogue for his characters. The film also requires this sense of situation, but the art of screen dialogue is more reticent than that of the stage. A film adapted from a famous dramatist with a pronounced and well-known style (whether it be Shakespeare, Shaw, or Coward) is bound in honour to retain as much of the stage dialogue as possible, or otherwise one of the most essential qualities of the original script will be lost. Screen adaptations of dramatists who concentrate mainly on situation are always the easiest to adapt to the visual medium of the screen.

David Lean is developing a happy technique in solving the difficult problem of retaining Coward's dialogue whilst at the same time keeping the visual narration of the film apt and striking. This is largely done by carefully planned timing and variety of shots. It is also achieved by the beauty of the Technicolor photography. In this film colour is definitely exploited as part of the situation itself, for the ghost of the novelist's wife returns to plague him in a beautiful shade of yellowy green. Kay Hammond plays this vision of lazy loveliness in her exasperatingly charming manner. She portrays a completely useless woman with

sufficient sense of humour to exploit her sensuality with poise and artistry. The other acting success of the film is that of Margaret Rutherford, who plays the eccentric, hearty, middle-aged, efficiently inefficient medium with a rare brilliance of attack. These parts offer greater character-acting values than those of the novelist and his second wife, excellently done by Rex Harrison and Constance Cummings.

I have often wondered why *Blithe Spirit* is not in what some people call extremely bad taste, and I have decided it is because the joke is always in the hands of the ghosts. The state of being dead gives these people their chance to go on being themselves whilst having particular privileges in their dealing with the living. And the comedy of the situation is finally assisted by the natural technique of the film, because miracles can happen convincingly on the screen without the machinery creaking, whether it be the whirlwinds of ghostly entry or the sudden blank space whenever the living wife looks for the dead one to whom her husband is talking.

MUSIC—A NEW ENGLISH OPERA

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE Sadler's Wells Opera Company has returned to its own theatre, from which it had been exiled since 7th September 1940, that memorable date in the history of London. The occasion was celebrated by the production of Benjamin Britten's first opera, *Peter Grimes*. The composer has taken his subject from George Crabbe's poem, "The Borough", which is a series of character-studies of the poet's fellow-citizens at Aldeburgh in Suffolk, which is also Britten's native county.

The librettist, Mr. Montagu Slater, has taken a number of the characters drawn by Crabbe in isolation and allowed them to react upon one another. He has not always been faithful to his original. The central figure of the drama, for instance, is Peter Grimes, a fisherman, whom Crabbe describes in his Preface as "one untouched by pity, unstung by remorse, and uncorrected by shame". In Mr. Slater's preface he has become "visionary, ambitious, impetuous, and frustrated". We are asked to sympathize with him as a rebel against a society that is callous and insensitive. Unfortunately frustration in Grimes produces a cruelty that is itself more insensitive than the Public Opinion with which he is in conflict. The man is, to be plain, a bully and causes by neglect the deaths of two apprentices.

Public Opinion is represented in the opera by a rich assortment of characters ranging in the social scale from the rector, the mayor, and a tattling widow to the hostess of the inn and her equivocal "nieces". These figures are worked into the dramatic scheme with considerable deftness; and, though in reading the libretto one is reminded of the celebrities in Max Beerbohm's "Savonarola Brown", who pass across the scene "making remarks highly characteristic of themselves", this triteness is less perceptible in the theatre, if only because much of the detail inevitably gets lost in the music. Two characters stand apart from the rest: Captain Balstrode, a retired merchant seaman, who keeps on an even keel amid the gusts of rumour and the storms of mob passions; and Ellen Orford, a widowed schoolmistress who befriends Grimes and tries to rehabilitate him in his own eyes and the world's.

The drama consists of a Prologue and three acts. In the Prologue the inhabitants of the Borough are assembled at the inquest on Grimes's first apprentice, which results in an "open" verdict. It is an effective Dickensian scene and serves admirably as an exposition of the dramatic situation and to introduce all the important characters convincingly. At the end Grimes and Ellen Orford are left alone and have a duet, unaccompanied, which is one of the most beautiful things in the opera—a fine piece of two-part writing and most moving in its very restraint of feeling.

The intermezzo for orchestra which follows is a seascape of remarkable vividness

which prepares us for the scene in the fishing-town with the folk singing as they mend and stack their nets. A storm rises and the crowd seeks shelter in the inn, where after a stormy interlude the next scene takes place. This provides an opportunity for a robust genre-scene in which the songs and brawls of the folk, some scared, some drunk, compete with the storm outside. At the climax of a rousing "catch" sung by the whole company, Ellen enters with Grimes's new apprentice whom she has fetched from a neighbouring town.

The second act opens in the square before the church on a Sunday, and during the first part of the scene the prayers and canticles and hymns of the morning service serve as the accompaniment to the voices of the protagonists on the stage—first Ellen, who discovers that Grimes has ill-treated the boy, and then Peter, whom she reproaches with his brutality. The quarrel has been overheard and the public conscience is aroused by the scandal of Grimes's conduct. The townsfolk, led by mayor and rector, go to investigate the state of affairs at Grimes's hut. The interval before we reach the next scene is filled by a grim but effective movement in the form of a passacaglia.

In the hut Grimes bids the terrified lad prepare to go to sea. For a moment he tries to comfort the boy, but, seeing the crowd approaching up the hill, he accuses him of telling Ellen of his cruelty and in a fit of rage drives him out of the back door of the hut, where a landslide, the result of the storm, has made the descent to the shore dangerous. The boy is seen to lose his foothold and falls. Peter rushes after him, and the townsfolk find nothing but a neat and empty hut. Only Captain Balstrode thinks to look down the cliff.

A few nights later there is a dance in progress in the town-hall and the music of the band behind the scenes provides the accompaniment to the first part of the scene. Ellen has found the boy's jersey and shows it to Balstrode. When this becomes known, a hue and cry for Grimes is started. After an interlude Grimes appears on the empty scene, now quite mad, and when Ellen and Balstrode find him they put him in his boat and tell him to sail out and let her sink. Dawn breaks, the searchers return, and the fisherfolk set to work on their nets singing their chorus, and on this the curtain finally falls.

On the whole the libretto is well constructed with clear-cut situations and ample opportunities for extended ensembles and choral movements. There are also some effective miniature scenes that provide the contrast of lyricism or comedy to the rather grim drama. Notable among these moments is a little quartet for women's voices sung after the rest have marched off to Grimes's home in the second act. The opening scene of the third act is a splendid piece of musical craftsmanship with the dance-music providing a background to the flittings of the characters between the inn and the town-hall. This scene strikes a note of sinister comedy which is exactly right in the dramatic context.

Only the final scene fails to be effective—and as it is the climax of the opera, it is an important fault. Not only is it night, but a sea-fog is supposed to have descended. Moreover, it is sung *sotto voce* and has no musical accompaniment save the mournful note of a distant fog-horn sounded at regular intervals. As it is impossible to see what is happening and very difficult to hear what is being sung, the scene is perilously anticlimactic. One hopes the composer will revise the opera in the light of the experience of seeing it staged.

This is Britten's only serious miscalculation. Everywhere else he shows a mature grasp of the essentials of operatic craftsmanship, a branch of music in which too few English composers have shown much skill. His handling of the chorus, for which he writes with real mastery, and of the orchestra is brilliant. On the constructive side he is, perhaps in danger of overworking the device of *ostinato*, but like Puccini, he certainly puts it to good dramatic purpose. Moreover the score is enriched with an astonishing wealth of musical invention.

Indeed, whatever its faults, *Peter Grimes* proves that England now possesses a composer capable of writing opera on the grand scale and in a style that is original without being too difficult for an ordinary audience to comprehend. There seems to be no limit to what a talent of this order might accomplish, given the will to learn from mistakes and to concentrate on the essentials of bold design and broad vocal melody.

NEW LITERATURE

THE REAL GERMANY

By Ivor Thomas, M.P.

BONES OF CONTENTION. *By* Lord Vansittart. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Vansittart here dots the i's and crosses the t's of his previous books on the German question. "Personally I do not regard these chapters as controversial", he says affably, but he has no illusions that they will not be so taken. From the technical point of view the best essay in the book is that in which he pursues "the luxury of a quotation from Tacitus", which he permitted himself in "Black Record". This quotation led to an attack on him as a racialist who wished to exterminate all Germans. With delicate irony he proceeds to give a long series of quotations from Caesar, Seneca, Pausanias, Appian, and many other classical writers to the effect that "the Germans as a race are eager for war", "war is their sole occupation", "the Germans are the most warlike of the barbarians of Europe", showing "intolerable arrogance", and so on. Biology, he blandly affirms, has nothing to do with the case; it is pure literary coincidence.

Here Lord Vansittart wields the rapier, but his weapon is more commonly the sledge-hammer. It descends with special force on the German Churches and the German refugees. Many of those who conceded the general truth of Lord Vansittart's arraignment of the German nation felt that the Churches, at least, had put up a good resistance to Hitler. He now seeks to implicate the Churches also in the guilt of the German nation. It may be conceded that many Christians in Germany were unashamed supporters of the régime, that the Lutheran Church has for historical reasons always tended to be a branch of the War Office, that the resistance to Nazism did not rise to the heroic heights demanded by the Gospel, and that such resistance as there was sometimes sprang from the special interests of the Churches rather than from the promptings of international and civic morality. But Lord Vansittart does not tell the full story. The name of Cardinal Faulhaber does not appear to be mentioned; nor are the currency trials: and it is hardly sufficient to dismiss Pastor Niemöller as "a vehement and bellicose nationalist". Since he wrote Pastor Niemöller has been rescued, and has given an impressive testimony to the depth of the corruption of the German people; but presumably Lord Vansittart is unable to use it because he regards the heroic pastor not as a victim, but as a minister, of that corruption.

In pointing out the German menace in season and out of season Lord Vansittart has rendered as much public service as any man of his generation. It would be a pity to spoil it by exaggeration; and there is abundant evidence to show that the British people prefer under- to over-statement. The danger of the attempt to portray the German record as one of unmitigated blackness is that when the passions of war die and the few brighter features become visible the average man will swing to the other extreme. Because Niemoller is shown to be more than "a vehement and bellicose nationalist" the man-in-the-street may come to feel that Goering was not so black as he was painted; and then the trouble will start over again.

The same criticism may be made of Lord Vansittart's attack on the German refugees. The policy of many of the refugees is to restore a republic of the Weimar type, and Lord Vansittart has a strong case in arguing that such a policy is undesirable because Weimar republicanism would prove no barrier to the resurgence of German nationalism. But he goes too far in dubbing the refugees as "pan-Germans" and "fifth columnists". In this case many of the refugees are intimately known by the readers of *Bones of Contention,* and because they are known not to be fifth columnists there is danger that discredit may be thrown on the whole book; and that is a serious danger, for whatever may be the errors of "Vansittartism" the opposite errors are much graver.

This is a question of how to present a case. Lord Vansittart obviously believes that it is his business to throw mud, not bouquets, at

the German people, and that if enough mud is thrown some will stick. He may point to the great hardening of British opinion towards Germany as proof of the soundness of his methods. But without any belittling of his contribution this hardening can probably be traced rather to the length of the war and the revelation of German crimes; and the important question is not what the British people think about the Germans now, but what they will think in twenty years' time.

When Lord Vansittart discards the mantle of propagandist and puts on that of diplomatic adviser he is completely convincing. There is, for example, an admirable statement of twelve peace terms for Germany. If he can get agreement on this policy the work of a lifetime will be crowned with success. Among other material the book includes the clever presentation of his views made by Lord Vansittart to a trade union audience, and a mordant analysis of Lord Maugham's defence of Munich. The German question must necessarily involve thought for Germany's neighbours. He writes as contemptuously as any Frenchman about the ill hour symbolized by "nous Philippe Pétain" and he makes a strong plea for the rebuilding of France as a buttress of European society; and he writes also a noble apologia for the Poles, who have suffered more from German brutality than any other nation.

THE POETRY OF RUTH PITTER

By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THE BRIDGE. POEMS 1939–1944. *By* Ruth Pitter. *Cresset Press.* 5*s.*

Perhaps it should not be said of these poems that they are not war poems. There is tragedy that lies in the background, and though not all of it is war—it could not be with Miss Pitter—none the less I do not think that dark background could have appeared as it does without the war. She is concerned immediately with small ordinary things, the things that have been ordinary at almost any period of the world's history, though for her they have their appearance here and now, with a reality which is poignant because it is magically related to so many worlds of experience.

And if we were to say that this is not a war book, in the same way we might say that she is not a modern poet. She belongs to no clique. She follows no modern fashion. Yet though some of her poems assume a form that was within the range of poetry long ago, yet no poems with just this sort of significance could have been written before to-day. She is very intensely alive, in this world, and sees this, the contemporary world, through its own eyes. But she is out of it. She stands apart. She inhabits a region of her own; and if it has not been as extensively communicated through her writings to the reading public as it might have been, that is perhaps because she belongs to no recognizable school, has no trumpeters, and has not been at pains to assert herself.

She writes very lovely poetry, and, I say deliberately, such as no other known and fully active living writer in England can equal. It is authentic, unmistakable poetry, distilled in experience, projected in language fashioned with exquisite tact and metrical mastery. It has substance, and form; hardness, and fragility; grit, with tenderness and delicacy. She writes in this book again and again about natural things—birds, flowers, grasses, trees and water—water especially—

Water in rain, water in dew at evening
Falling through clear air, stealing through clean grasses,
Dwelling in darkness in our Mother's body,
In secret springs welling and murmuring through her,
Gathering in brooks and lapsing into rivers,
Rolling magnificent down glorious tideways
Deep for the mighty hulls, clean for the salmon,
Pouring predestined to unfathomed ocean.

But she is aware of water polluted, "turbid water", water defiled by "fiery rain" falling, by "fear and horror", on which none the less the swan rides "proud and immaculate as winter ermine". Proud, defiant things, like the swan, the captive crow with "his monstrous hate", or the fox

The delicate fox on soft and savage feet

or the big ship coming home with the tide up the estuary, are subjects in which she delights. But equally dear to her are the obscure grasses, or the small plant, "Love's pilgrim and poor suppliant", which

> With a leaf like a small hand
> Signals to you from the sand;
> With a flower like a blue eye
> Propounds love's dreadful mystery.

But at every moment in these poems, while she is describing so intimately the intense life of objects in nature, the reader is aware of the fact that their significance is derived from another life, more passionate, more complex, more unbearable, if it were allowed to have the last word. But with Miss Pitter the poignancy and terror of human life are never allowed to have the last word. Where some would despair, and others would meet despair with mockery, her muse defeats it with beauty; the "miraculous soul" has its "secret joy within", and derives unfailing sustenance from without.

> Yes; for the birds were like my dream,
> And the leaves on the tree.

This is not escapism. It is a diversion of life from what is real and unsatisfying to what is satisfying and not less real. But perhaps it is not even a diversion, for one feels here that, even when she is writing simply of the smallest object, she is dealing with a world in which all things are interrelated, where the beauty of a flower challenges comparison with the horror of a massacre, where even in the midst of war things cannot lose their values; it seems that for her what Coleridge called "the beautiful and permanent forms of nature" have their validity none the less because a war is raging over Europe, or because, as related in one grim poem, a crowd of frustrated factory girls may be gloating over the wreaths at a funeral. For them, revelling in the occasion, "the soul can go for a ride with the rich young dead". Miss Pitter can be bitter and hard. She fears nothing, and shirks nothing, but triumphantly puts terror and ugliness in their place, and moves on "into the far secret places" where she discovers beauty and peace, or at least moments of peace. She brings in her own "coloured glass" to "exorcise unlove". Capable, as one might suppose, of the grimmest pessimism and the darkest irony, she emerges amazingly as an optimist—perhaps because she has the persistence to pursue poetry and the poetic vision to the end, ever, as she so admirably puts it,

> Shaping the wonder to a word.

Here at least is one poet who in the years of war has known the war experience and felt it, yet has been writing poetry which, without excluding that experience, transcends it, continuing to be attentive to things of perennial import, and expressing them in strong, simple and perfect verse.

THE LITERARY EPIC

By CHARLES WILLIAMS*

FROM VIRGIL TO MILTON. *By* C. M. Bowra. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Dr. Bowra's book, though it masquerades charmingly as a study of the "literary" epic, is in fact much more like a study in the development of the European consciousness. Any serious investigation of great poetry must, to some extent, be so, but much more an examination of the interior relationships which certain great poems have to each other, of their varying impulse and impetus, and of their implicit or explicit doctrine. It must be done with learning, intelligence, and sensitiveness; what we have of those qualities may well profit from Dr. Bowra's.

The fundamental artistic change was, one might almost say, the substitution of the ordinary man for the extraordinary. This is not to say that the figures of these literary epics are presented as ordinary figures. They are not; they are ideal. But their idealness consisted in qualities which ordinary men might—and indeed must—possess. The change in hero is accompanied, is indeed part of, a change of style. Dr. Bowra points

* Who has died since this review was written. Commemorated on page 14.

out the difference between the "authentic" and the "literary" epic—the one composed to be heard, the other to be read. The great sweep of the first corresponded to the tragic greatness of the hero in his own individual daring; the more complex sensibilities of the second to his more responsible relationships. "Of course, Homer has his magical phrases, and Virgil his broad effects, but the distinction stands", Dr. Bowra says of the style, and we might say the same of the heroes. Achilles may be compassionate, and Aeneas ruthless, but broadly the distinction stands. Dangers to Aeneas are dangers to Rome; this is because Aeneas is to found the City. "Virgil revealed a new field both for glory and sacrifice." It might, of old, have been necessary to die gloriously for one's own honour; it is always necessary to die daily—and even perhaps dully—for the daily salvation of the City.

As Virgil proclaimed a City and an Empire, so Camoes in the *Os Lusiados* proclaimed a nation and an Empire. Where Virgil's ostensible theme was the founding, the theme of both Camoes and Tasso was the expansion. Portugal was, for Camoes, equated "with Christianity and the classical tradition". Both of these had to be within the poem. His deities are Roman; Venus and Bacchus are at war over the civilizing voyages of Vasco da Gama. Camoes knew all about the spiritual dangers of such exploring zeal, but he decided it was, in spite of all, worth the risks. His beneficent gods are therefore "symbols of the activities of the one supreme God". Jupiter in the *Aeneid* had been almost the servant of Fate, but Jupiter in the *Os Lusiados* is an image of Divine Providence. The divine authority had been more particularly delegated to Rome in Dante than ever in Virgil; and for Camoes Portugal is providentially called. But Providence is in the poem, and the poem is more complex because of it.

In Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* the mission has become a crusade. The relationship of the visible and the invisible has become not only a more spiritually intense but a more artistically intense thing. Thus the baptism of the pagan Corinda is a real poetic solution of the relationship, even in death, of her and the Christian Tancredi. The poetic consciousness has been extended. Virgil may have been the greater—even the much greater—poet, but he was so in a more limited range of possibilities. "The old standards of prowess have a new meaning in his (Tasso's) Crusaders." It was certainly true, as Dante saw, that Virgil could not pass into Paradise; he could not know beatitude.

It would be perhaps an overstatement to say that Milton did. But he finished the great change that Virgil began. "Before him the best literary epic had been predominantly secular; he made it theological. . . . The old themes are introduced in all their traditional dignity, but in Milton's hands they take on a different significance and contribute to a different end." All mankind—in Adam—is the hero; the dreadful choice is everywhere. Aeneas tempted by Dido and Adam by Eve have a different kind of decision to make. God as Himself is within the poem—"the intellectual love of God" is the theme, its ruin and its redemption. Milton was poetically less than Virgil; he was the poetic son of Virgil. But his epic was the final climax of Virgil's.

THE FALSE NATIONALISM

By Sir Ernest Barker

NATIONALISM AND AFTER. *By* E. H. Carr. *Macmillan.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The reviewer is old (he was born in 1874), and his ideas—which he cannot discard, because they are part of his being—are probably old-fashioned, and possibly outmoded. But it is best for him to be honest and to confess that, while he does homage to the power, the realism, and the sweep of Professor Carr's argument, and while he is far from quarrelling with the constructive suggestions of the second half of his book, he sees the world through very different spectacles. The author moves, on the whole, in a dark and melancholy world, and his very consolations are dark. Power and economics are his lodestars; and the spiritual forces which animated an older generation (have they really ceased to animate this generation?) appear as quenched stars, or

The volume contains a prose passage by Shelley, a picturesque word from Peacock (one of the best of these letter-writers) some galloping verse by Hogg at the age of eighteen, and a number of letters from Mary to this hero written after Shelley's death. These for the most part are variants on her well-known subject matter: financial dealings with Sir Timothy, Medwin's Byron Conversations, and visits to the Opera. Mr. Scott has included full-page portraits of Shelley, Hogg, and Mary, all of them familiar.

SYLVA NORMAN

THIS RUGGED CHIEF

STALIN, 1879–1944. *By* J. T. Murphy. Introduction by Sir Stafford Cripps. *Lane.* 15*s.*

Mr. Murphy has had personal experience of Soviet Russia since the Revolution and intimate contact with the leading revolutionaries. His timely biography of Marshal Stalin —though that of a confessed champion and intense admirer—is more authoritative than any account of Stalin so far published in English. He has chosen to tell the story in constant relation to the story of the Revolution, which moulded Stalin's life as much as he in turn moulded the course of Russian communism. The result is an admirably clear and convincing account of one of the most dramatic careers of all history.

The Georgian cobbler's son, who after years of study and dangerous revolutionary activity found the inspiration of his life in Lenin, inevitably devoted himself to the continuation and salvation of Lenin's work. His role in the Revolution as Lenin's colleague is here emphasized without any temptation, to which so many Stalinist admirers have succumbed, to minimize the role of Trotsky. The meaning of the long dispute between Stalin and Trotsky is analysed with fairness and discrimination: the rivalries are discussed in purely ideological and political terms. On very recent events, such as the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the Finnish War and the clamour for a "Second Front", the book is more sketchy and naturally more controversial. But despite the faults inherent in a biography written so near to the events it describes by an enthusiastic disciple, here is a work of great value to international understanding and of immediate interest to every responsible citizen of the "United Nations".

DAVID THOMSON

FIFTY YEARS AGO

LARK RISE TO CANDLEFORD. *By* Flora Thomson. Wood Engravings by Julie Neild. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

When the first of the three books, here bound together as a trilogy, appeared just before the war it made its mark. Perhaps it struck truly at a generation uneasily aware that Progress had outrun Peace, and so we turned from crisis and conference to a quiet world in which life was harder but, as it seems, happier. Laura, the eldest of the children in an Oxfordshire cottage, fifty-odd years ago, had few books, few pleasures as we count pleasures; yet she



From "Lark Rise to Candleford". By FLORA THOMPSON, *with wood engravings by* JULIE NEILD. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

could delight in a flock of starlings going homeward and raindrops on bare twigs, and know that "whatever happened to her, this, and thousands of other such small lively sights would remain and people would come suddenly upon them and be glad". She was born intelligent, of proud, working stock, and at fourteen she went as an assistant in a village post-office. Her backward look is serenely objective: a calm remembering of things seen, thought and felt, of persons and events—the village Feast, the games and songs, the poverty that could not destroy life's gusto, the happiness that was to be had freely. The integrity of her statement is what makes her books memorable, with their clear, quiet picture of a past that, on the edge of change, was still deeply rooted in the earth. It is authentic England, fifty years ago.

MARY CROSBIE

THE COMMODORE. *By* C. S. Forester. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The chronicles of Captain (now Commodore, now Sir) Horatio Hornblower, R.N., mount up by this time to a good many volumes, and the portrait of the bleak, shrewd sailor has become the fullest in all Mr. Forester's long gallery. The author is well established now; but the public was strangely slow to appreciate his quality, with the result that some of his earliest books are still suitable for recommendation. The luck he deserved came to him partly by chance, for he had concentrated on the struggle against Napoleon which has gained remarkable topicality of late. In the new novel, a worthy continuation of the series, we are at 1812 and Hornblower has left the Mediterranean for the Baltic, for Pillau, for endless skirting of territorial waters. By the end of the book our hero is a very sick man indeed; but we shall be surprised, as well as disappointed, if he does not see the war through.

THE EIGHTH CHAMPION OF CHRISTENDOM. *By* Edith Pargeter. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here is one of the most sensitive works of imagination about ordinary men and women, involved in the cruelties and complexities of war, that has appeared. The eighth champion fights, as a soldier in the B.E.F., virtually for the survival of Christendom. From easy, pre-war village life and early, hopeful days in France events take him into the carnage of Belgium, through France again in retreat and then, after a period of sanctuary under the Germans' very eyes, back to England. The scenes of action are graphic, convincingly related to the characters involved and to the temper of the times. But the novelist's finest skill is revealed in development of the soldier's mind and in the portrait of a Frenchwoman, whose self-sacrifice awakens him to new values in his personal world.

THREE MEN IN NEW SUITS. *By* J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Priestley evidently remembers how it felt to be demobilized at the end of the last war, and the things that happened subsequently to thwart hopes and ideals created by the comradeship of war are much in his mind. The problem facing society to-day is, as he sees it, not how to produce a few brilliantly gifted individuals or how to procure for one class the utmost luxury and refinement, but how to use mankind's power of working together for the benefit of the largest possible common human denominator. One of the minor problems of life, which Mr. Priestley cannot be said to have solved, is how to make good a novel burdened with such a heavy weight of exposition. Most of his admirers would surely have preferred to study his views in an essay or a tract. In this novel the characters tend to become puppets existing to convey the author's anxious feeling that the politicians are once more going to throw away what the soldiers have fought for.

A FUGUE IN TIME. *By* Rumer Godden. *Michael Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The theme is a London house and its life for a hundred years with the same family. The story moves from period to period, from Victorian parties to ambulance-driving in the blitz, with apparent insouciance. Gradually a pattern emerges as we see enacted before us moments in the house crucial in the lives of its inmates. Miss Godden has a sensitive ear for their echoes through time which influence a later generation. But her real hero is the tall London house, full of favourite niches and well-polished wood, whose daily life she describes with sensuous precision.