

V. 15 No. 9

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES LIBRARY

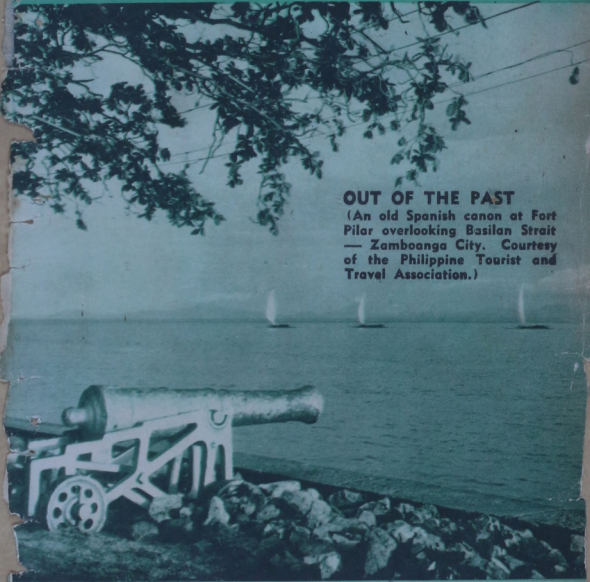


PANORAMA

OCT 2 1963



THE PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING



OUT OF THE PAST

(An old Spanish canon at Fort Pilar overlooking Basilan Strait — Zamboanga City. Courtesy of the Philippine Tourist and Travel Association.)

September, 1963

75 Centavos

Handwritten: 57/169

Tell Your Friends

about the *Panorama*,
the Philippines' most
versatile, most significant
magazine today.

Give them

a year's subscription — NOW!
they will appreciate it.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

..... 1 year for ₱8.50 2 years for ₱16.00

..... Foreign subscription: one year \$6.00 U.S.

Name

Street

City or Town Province

Enclosed is a check/money order for the amount specified above.

Please address all checks or money orders in favor of:

COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
Invernes St., Sta. Ano, Manila, Philippines

PANORAMA

THE PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE OF GOOD READING

Vol. XV

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

No. 9

WE FEAR THE WRONG THINGS

The Gospel everywhere hints that we fear the wrong things. One wonders if the same warning should not apply to our times. The majority of people today, if queried, would say that the atomic bomb was the greatest danger facing the world. But is there not something else in the world more dangerous still than nuclear warfare which can bring havoc to humanity? That one thing is hunger. "Hunger?" we ask. But this is because we know not its meaning. Ten thousand die of it a day. Our garbage collectors gather up in one day from our refuse cans enough food to feed six hundred million people for several days. We know little about it, but hunger is the ammunition for a future war; hunger is the arsenal in which is forged the swords which will cut down those who have full pantries, but who share not.

The revolution of the 20th century will be a peasant revolution. It will not come from those who live on the land, but in slums; not from those who work with tools, but from those who have no work. It will rise out of the depths of the cities, overwhelming all who refuse to see that hunger is something that either kills self, or in the end, kills others.. "Everywhere prices rise and hunger sits at the hearth of millions of people. Here is the match to light the flames of war." x x x The rich so often give to the rich, and it remains for those who have little to give to those who have nothing. All of us must awaken to the responsibilities that are on us toward the poor, wherever they be and be kind to them — not to prevent revolution, but to keep civil wars and strifes out of our own hearts. — *Bishop Fulton Sheen.*

■ A young journalist peers into the local scene from the long perspective of history.

OUR YOUTH AND THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION

ALFREDO R. ROCES

Revolution is a term applied to the overthrow of a government or a social system with another taking its place. The term unfinished revolution is new, first heard in a speech of President Macapagal last June 12. I have been asked to talk on this topic and I feel it is essential to state at the outset that I do not represent the present administration; what I have to say is not an official interpretation of the Liberal Party's unfinished revolution. I am not an apologist for the administration, neither am I a member of the opposite camp. I am a newspaper columnist who considers politics a source of amusing commentary. I turn my guns on whatever crosses my sight and I wish to retain this perspective, without political

color and with truth as my only interest.

Objective comment

Thus what I have to say about the unfinished revolution is a personal interpretation and does not carry the official imprimatur of the originator of this term. Neither is this talk the cynical brick-and-tomato-throwing opposition of those politically committed to pessimism about any program of the administration. What I propose to attempt is a serious and, as much as possible, objective comment about this term from a history and cultural context.

The revolution referred to is that which exploded in the late 1800's upon the premature discovery of the Katipunan. It is interesting to

point out what others have observed, that this was the first national uprising against a colonial power in Asia. But while most students recognize the political repercussions of such an armed desire for change, the desire for other changes in the social structure are seldom given their due importance. The revolution for one thing revealed two strong desires among Filipinos, aside from basic freedom and dignity, and these are opportunity for education and land. It was land that brought the first troubles between the rulers and Rizal's family. His tale of "Cabesang Tales" is the lament of those deprived of land.

Tragic history

Philippine history is tragic because each time the Filipino people reached a cultural level, wherein a maturity and flowering was in sight, a force outside itself nipped it in the bud. Thus our intellectuals who had been educated in the Spanish culture first found their talents needed to spark a national revolution and later found themselves with-

out anyone to leave a legacy to. The Americans had come, they had sunk the Spanish armada and, with the forces of Aguinaldo sweeping like a tide towards Manila, waited for reasons we perhaps can never really ascertain. Their mission to destroy the Spanish navy was accomplished and they watched the Filipinos fight their way to the Walled City of Manila. Soon American troops landed and assumed positions in front of the city. The Spaniards chose to surrender to the Americans after a mock battle. By right of conquest America claimed a foothold in the Philippines. Incidentally, Spain later contested the fact that Manila had surrendered to the Americans one day after the Treaty of Paris was signed, the peace treaty between Spain and the US, thus voiding the staged battle and the victory, on technicalities. Such is the way of history. We had little to say for ourselves.

Cultural gap

With the coming of the Americans there was a cultural gap created. The gene-

ration steeped in Spanish culture soon clashed with the younger generation who spoke English, drank Coca-Cola and danced boogie-woogie. It is the writer Nick Joaquin who has most poignantly written of this painful void between two generations, of revolucionarios who became useless old men instead of respected heroes, of poets who found there was no audience who read Spanish, and who had to turn to politics or business to survive. The unfinished revolution does not touch on these, rather it speaks of the many aspirations that died stillborn in the coming of the Yankees. Said General Aguinaldo when a clash between the US and the revolucionarios seemed inevitable, in his Otro Manifiesto del Sr. Presidente del Gobierno Revolucionario:

"My nation cannot remain indifferent in view of such a violent and aggressive seizure of a portion of its territory by a nation which has arrogated to itself the title: champion of oppressed nations. Thus it is that my government is disposed to

open hostilities if the American troops attempt to take forcible possession. I denounce these acts before the world in order that the conscience of mankind may pronounce its infallible verdict as to who are the oppressors of nations and the tormentors of mankind. Upon their hands be all the blood which may be shed."

Forgotten heroes

The bloodshed according to Leon Wolff in his book "Little Brown Brother" totaled 4,234 Americans dead and more than two thousand wounded at a cost of six hundred million dollars. Sixteen thousand Filipino rebels were killed, their corpses actually tallied by the Americans, and about 200,000 civilians dead of disease. The revolucionario turned from hero to a pathetic figure forgotten by the American-oriented generation and this is best expressed in the words of Apolnario Mabini, who after finally signing the oath of allegiance from his exile in Guam, said:

"After two long years of absence I am returning, so to speak, completely dis-

oriented and, what is worse, almost overcome by disease and sufferings. Nevertheless, I hope, after some time of rest and study, still to be of some use, unless I have returned to the Islands for the sole purpose of dying."

Three months later, at the age of 38, he died.

'Dimmed voices'

This was the unfinished revolution. The men who started it and who fought in it could have told us much about their aspirations. Some of what they had to say are available in documents, such as in the Malolos Constitution, but their voices have dimmed and been ignored. For we were learning about the three little pigs that went to market and the great American democracy. We were chewing gum, laughing at Charlie Chaplin and wearing coat and tie. We left Cervantes and took up Shakespeare, we no longer heaped praises on Magellan and Anda and instead talked about Lincoln and Washington and the cherry tree. In a little over 40 years we had forgotten the Filipino-American war, and, worse, we had

forgotten the Revolution. When the Japanese hordes came, the Americans had metamorphosed into allies, and after three painful years under the Japanese, the Americans returned as liberators. This caused even greater obsession with things American. They were the great golden gods. And what of the Revolution and the Katipunan? Aguinaldo still lives, an old veteran who saw our best boulevard named after Dewey — the admiral who raised the revolucionario's hopes of casting aside the Spanish yoke, only to dash it to the ground with the sudden desire of the Yankee to pick up the white man's burden. But today we are an independent nation. We have slowly and painfully looked long and hard at ourselves. And we desire to seek our roots, our neglected past.

The new concepts

It has been a strange twist of local history that those who have defied the conquerors and shut them out completely have slowly withered and died, while those who learned to take in the new ideas and the new cul-

ture managed to flourish. Thus, those who defied the Spanish regime and her culture still survive today only as cultural minorities. They are, for the most part, vanishing tribes. Only the Muslims remain strong and they are comparatively dis-oriented with the rest of contemporary Philippines. Those who fought the Americans, and tried to conserve the Spanish heritage are slowly withering away while those who learned to accept the new culture managed to prosper. But now we are independent and perhaps we should learn to adjust to the new concept of a young nation in Asia. Perhaps those who fail to see this and remain reactionary will find themselves bitterly lonely. Only time can tell. But the lesson of history is there.

The present trend is to reach back for our old ideals, to return to the values and aspirations of our forefathers who embodied our greatest moment as a people in the revolt of the Katipunan. And this is the unfinished revolution you hear about. In concrete terms there are

two points which President Macapagal underscored. These are land reform and a new concept of foreign affairs which will place us in our true geographic location which is Southeast Asia.

2 vital points

The unfinished revolution means a new look in our foreign affairs department in the sense that there will be greater interest regarding affairs in Asia. There will also be much effort towards getting to know our neighbors and much more importance stressed on Asian affairs. This we hope, of course is not at the sacrifice of losing Western military support which admittedly is vital to our security in this region at present. But it indicates that we now do not expect to live under the US patronage forever, and that we shall make efforts to strengthen our security on our own through allies and self-reliance in the distant but inevitable future. The unfinished revolution also seems to want to tackle the problem of land reform. In fact the bill towards such action, the Agricultural Land Reform Code which hopes to

abolish land tenancy, has just been signed. The merits or demerits of the bill I do not wish to discuss. Its implementation will also be something one must wait and see before giving comment. But its intentions are worthwhile. Land reform is not just a possible key to our economic plight; it has become the crying need of our present times. Every revolution in current history has tackled this problem of land reform. It just cannot be ignored in our present times. When Ben Bella took over Algeria from the French it was land reform he started at once, and it is the same in all emerging young nations. The Chinese lost the mainland and the lesson learned from it led to a land reform in Taiwan, their last island home. When Fidel Castro triumphed in the Cuban revolution, he immediately instituted land reform, an act which led to US enmity, for much of Cuban land was owned by US fruit and oil companies and hotel magnates. Unless we want to wait for a Fidel Castro to emerge in our country, one

who will push the entire nation towards communism with Russian nuclear rockets in our midst, we should look at our agricultural land system. We should awaken to current history.

Land reform

Land reform is necessary in the Philippines. But this is not enough. With land reform must go dedicated and graft-free government support to the tiller of the land, and likewise a strong educational program. Otherwise land reform will merely shuffle the ownership of lands without creating social progress, agricultural abundance, and economic stability. There should also be a system of just and speedy compensation for the landlords or a great injustice will have been committed. No amount of good intentions can justify an injustice. This, the unfinished revolution proposes to tackle. The coming years will be crucial. You should be aware of this for much of the future depends on the implementation of this program, its effectivity, equitable and just means,

and finally its desired effect which is the common good.
Graft remains

President Macapagal also mentioned a frontal attack on our economic problems through the removal of import controls. He claimed that graft and corruption was thus eliminated and that moral regeneration was on the way. But I feel it pertinent to point out that graft and corruption has remained. This time, instead of working for a license as in the days of control when wealth was assured through a dollar license, the greed for illegal wealth has shifted to our harbors. Now anyone can import anything provided he pays his taxes on it. The corruption has therefore shifted to the bringing in of goods without taxes or with a nominal amount of tax. Smuggling has become nationwide as never before. This aspect, which involves our law agents, should be looked into.

Search for soil

The unfinished revolution, to my thinking, is the crystallization of our various past,

vague aspirations. These were reflected in our nationalistic actions such as in the use of Pilipino and demand for a national language, street name changing, our so-called Filipino-first slogan and our research into our past. It is the inevitable evolution of the Filipino in search of his soul. He now finds himself more and more confronted with his problems. He must find solutions to them. No large power can be blamed for his ills. No large power can save him with foreign aid for his sufferings. No outside imperialist can now suffer the blame for our own indolence, or our own lack of morality. Our ancestors who fought for a united country free of oppressors have been rediscovered. They stand ready to judge us.

Challenge to youth

The future of this unfinished revolution belongs to you, the youth. It is hard to imagine that those of the pre-war American era will ever see the fruits of this. But you who belong to the true generation of an independent Philippines may at

last bring the Filipino race into full flower. God willing, there will be no outside force to nip your efforts in the bud. The land reform will be in your hands in its actual implementation. The moral regeneration is likewise in your hands. An awareness of Asia with a slight devaluation of everything imported and foreign, specially US, is needed. For we have adopted the bad with the good. In this sense, in being completely "westernized" we have betrayed those who fought the revolution. In neglecting our minority tribes, we have been traitors to our own race. In discriminately denuding our forests, we have defiled our own land. In succumbing to materialism and moral bankruptcy we have been traitors to ourselves.

Peaceful fight

You may ask, what have I to do with all these? The learned statesman, or if you are cynical, the politicians, have taken care of all these and they are cutting up the cake which I shall not see a share of. Allow me to repeat a thought once given by

Senator Manglapus: The men who fought in that unfinished revolution were young men. And they were not old intellectuals, they were young ordinary people like Bonifacio or better still like Emilio Jacinto who died at the age of 23. Bonifacio was 29 when he led the Katipunan. Antonio Luna was a general at 29. And Emilio Aguinaldo was the first President of the Philippines, after successful battles, at the age of 29. One who died for him, Gregorio del Pilar, was 24. Osmeña was Speaker of the House at 29, and so too Roxas. Jose Rizal wrote his novels in his late 20's and was killed at 35.

You may of course argue that you have no ambitions to be a hero, much less the kind who dies at 23 or be killed at 35. Remember, however, that the unfinished revolution was started by young men like you. And there is one important aspect of this unfinished revolution today, and that is that it is a peaceful revolution. The final fruits are to be achieved without recourse to force or violence. You

will be revolucionarios in peace. There is, of course, still violence in Ilocos, in the piers, in Intramuros, and the world outside. In Vietnam, in Korea, in Alabama. That is precisely why you must join. To put an end to violence. All revolutions are desirous of a quick end. Revolutions cannot go on forever, it is a phase in which a change is introduced as a

reaction. The peaceful phase could be a happier alternative to another bloody bath for other reasons and other changes if our system fails today or in the future. — *(Address delivered at the Fifth Annual Junior Members' convention of the Children's Museum and Library, Inc., at the FEU auditorium, August, 1963.)*

LIVE WITHOUT PRINCIPLE

If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society, as most appear to do, I am sure that, for me, there would be nothing left worth living for. I trust that I shall never thus sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage. I wish to suggest that a man may be very industrious, and yet not spend his time well. There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting his living. All great enterprises are self-supporting. The poet, for instance, must sustain his body by his poetry, as a steam planing-mill feeds its boilers with the shavings it makes. *You must get your living by loving.* But as it is said, of the merchants that ninety-seven in a hundred fail, so the life of men generally, tried by this standard, is a failure, and bankruptcy may be surely prophesied. — *Henry David Thoreau.*

■ Painfully self-conscious, the Asians — especially Filipino — seem unready to treat Westerners as equals.

DO ASIANS HAVE AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

CARMEN GUERRERO-NAKPIL

Few statements about Asia-West relations can ever be wholly true or wholly false. Most of them must remain uneasy generalizations. Asians have neither race, colour, religion, ideology, language nor history in common; and the political grab-bag we know as the West is almost as diverse.

But two things do hold Asians together: the common experience of Western dominance and the fierce desire to be completely free of it. The diplomat from Bangkok, the Tokyo industrialist, the coolie in Hong Kong, the Manila lawyer, the teacher in Singapore, the Indonesian colonel and the Indian writer are bound — if by nothing else — by their awareness of the West. It may be outright hostility, well-reasoned dislike or, at the other ex-

treme, a sedulous and abject fondness. But it is always an obsession.

White Man's Bonus

Asians tend to exaggerate both their importance in the Western scheme and the place of the West in their own plans. This makes us painfully self-conscious and quite unready to treat Westerners as complete equals. Where does one find the *sang-froid* to treat an immensely rich uncle — uncle whose unwilling ward one has been for many years — exactly as one of the boys? One must either hurl a brick or kiss his hands.

Even that most recent achievement of Asian diplomacy, the Confederation of Malaysia, hailed everywhere as the final cutting-away of the Western apron-strings,

was not brought off without many a side-glance at London and Washington. One of the satisfactions derived from one's coming-of-age, it appears, is that of watching for any signs of discomfiture on the faces of one's erstwhile mentors.

Paradoxically enough, in Manila and other big Filipino cities, it is the social elite who show more signs of cultural insecurity vis-a-vis Westerners. By their behaviour they proclaim that they consider Americans and Europeans better managers for their business establishments, better guests at dinner and better husbands for their daughters than Asians.

White executives and employees command at least twice the salary given to a Filipino of equal ability and experience. The official reason is that the foreigner has a higher standard of living; but it does not fool anybody. A higher salary is simply the White Man's Bonus — a neat compensation for Kipling.

Manila landlords, offering houses or apartments to let in newspaper advertisements,

tack on the following announcement as a certification of quality: "For Americans and Europeans only." Visiting foreigners are lionized and feted within an inch of their lives: a white guest-of-honour is a status symbol, something like a TV aerial or the tail fins on a new American automobile.

Our middle classes and the people from the rural areas, less accustomed to foreigners, display a mixture of curiosity, awe and circumspect hostility. A sandalled, dark-glassed, barebacked American tourist strolling down a village street is a curiosity to be stared and gaped at and, from a safe distance, perhaps hooted at. After all, a white person is as outlandish and as rare in distant Filipino barrios as a polar bear.

Many Filipino women, like other Asians, are uncomfortable in the presence of white foreigners. I know several who will not go to a party if they are told beforehand that Americans are on the guest list; or finding them there unexpectedly, will try to avoid speaking with them. I do not think it is hostility or

racial prejudice so much as a feeling of unbridgeable distance. An American or a European is an utter, unknowable alien. But so would an African be. The fact is there hasn't been much of an opportunity to feel at home with foreigners. Even at the apogee of the Spanish regime or that of the American occupation, white foreigners never made up more than one percent of the entire population.

Light-Coloured Eyes

As in other parts of Asia, notably India, a fair skin, a sharp nose and light-coloured eyes are prized as attributes of beauty in the Philippines. The best proof is that a great majority of our film stars are Caucasians or Eurasians who have chosen Filipino screen names; and hair-and skin-bleaches are a popular article of trade. And why not? For centuries the ruling classes were white or half-white. And politics has shaped aesthetics.

The intellectual and cultural pupillage is even more marked. The most frequent and effective argument in any dispute begins with, "In

America . . ." or "Dr. A of USA says . . ." The cheapest, most tawdry item from an American department store is more precious than the finest Filipino handicraft.

Of course, for every provocation there are dozens of speeches and letters-to-the-editor denouncing "colonial mentality" and "inferiority complex." This ambivalence is particularly amusing in the question of inter-marriage. Sinibaldô de Mas (a kind of latter-day Machiavelli to the Spanish crown) recommended in 1842 that marriages between Spaniards and the natives of the Philippines be forbidden as a means of keeping the colony loyal and docile. When, despite official discouragement, these alliances occurred, they were socially disastrous for both parties.

Perhaps for that reason, many fine Filipino families still frown on marriage with whites; but many more, no less, consider such an alliance a welcome arrangement. It is quite common in Manila to hear of a father who is not on speaking terms with a daughter who has married an American. In a study of

Philippine social motives conducted on Manila factory workers, J. Bulatao cites a typical value judgment: "Marriage to a simple Filipino (although a 'financial blunder') is preferred to a foreign marriage . . . for the sake of cherishing things that are Filipino." Miscegeneration is unpatriotic! Yet people in coffee-shops will say of a rich, beautiful and talented Filipina: "Who can be worthy of her? She should marry an American!"

The contradictions can probably be resolved by remembering that some Filipinos have not got over the humdrum lessons of colonization ("Never trust a white man!") while others have been quick to learn the advantages of connections — another historical lesson, when you think of it.

Left-Handed Compliment..

The Indonesian attitudes are less complicated; or perhaps they only seem so because I know them less well. But one might say that, in general and despite a rather pugnacious nationalism, Indonesians take their former colonizers, the Dutch, quite

calmly. I have heard them describe their period of tutelage as "a blessing in disguise"; a left-handed compliment, since what they mean is: "At least we did not have our culture destroyed by colonizers like the Spaniards." Unlike Manilans, Indonesians treat their Eurasians with lofty contempt; and like Indians, they view Americans with humorous condescension.

The Japanese seem to be the most successful example of selective admiration of the West. Having got over their anti-social phase of isolation and conquest, they now appear to know just what they want from the West and what to discard. Of course in recent years, this discriminatory faculty has not been working as well as usual. The too-Westernized Tokyo teen-agers are every bit as absurd as the 'cowboys' and 'gangsters' in Manila. Still the Japanese seem to have developed a most level-headed, profitable and dignified way of dealing with Westerners.

Certainly the most curious thing about the Asian attitude in general is that most

every Asian will say more or less what I have been saying in these paragraphs without feeling that any of it applies to him personally. An Asian of any nationality will sit down with you and agree that fawning hospitality and craven diplomacy and double pay scales and intellectual subservience exist; but that he himself is an exception.

"Yes, I'm afraid we do retain," he will say in his best

objective manner, "an inferiority complex." Then, with lordly scorn, he will add, "Not that it goes for you or me."

I think that there are many more exceptions than we each individually suspect; but the wicked tale of our inadequacies and insecurities goes on ballooning over our heads, like a puff of smoke on a windless day. — *The Asia Magazine*, Sept. 1, 1963.

LIBERAL EDUCATION

Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility, nor is largeness and justness of view faith. Philosophy, however, enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. Liberal education makes not the Christian, not the Catholic, but the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life — these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge; they are the objects of a university; but still they are no guarantee for sanctity or even for consciousness, they attach to the man of the world, to the profligate, to the heartless — pleasant, alas, and attractive as he shows when decked out in them. — *Alfred North Whitehead*.

■ A British member of parliament reports on a journey with his wife to talk to students in European universities.

HEIRS TO THE NEW EUROPE

AIDAN CRAWLEY

No generation ever had such a tantalising future as that which is now passing through the universities of Europe. They are the first which can reasonably hope to live their lives without fighting a major war; they have the prospect of repairing the failure of the generation now ruling them and of building the first truly European community. At the same time they must enter an ideological struggle which has divided the whole world and threatens them with annihilation. The young men and women who throng the lecture halls from Berlin to Naples in numbers which overwhelm their instructors have the destiny of Europe and of the Western world in their hands.

My wife and I visited universities in France, Italy and Germany to try to find out

what these students feel and think. Everywhere we were struck with the apparent well-being, the good manners and, above all, the appearance of the young people. Beatniks seemed non-existent; no black stockings, no long hair or dirty fingernails.

But the students of France, whom one might have expected to aspire to European leadership in view of the attitude of their President, are the least interested. Although almost all of them are critical of General de Gaulle and, even when avowed Roman Catholics, tend to be Socialist, they have unconsciously absorbed the General's propaganda and are obsessed with the future, not of Europe, but of France.

There could scarcely be a more romantic setting for a university than the old once-

Roman city of Aix, which seems to grow out of the woods and hills and vineyards of Provence. The university buildings themselves are new and oppressively ugly; but once the lectures are over the students leave them in droves and head for the broad Avenue de Mirabeau.

It is there, in the cafes on the side-walks, in sunshine dappled by the plane trees overhead, that the real life of the university goes on. Occasionally you hear English or German voices, for among the 11,000 students 800 come from abroad — 300 of them belonging to an American Foundation. But most of the groups drinking coffee or "coke" were dark-complected and some, whose parents had recently come over from Algiers, were almost Arab in appearance.

The students were delightfully easy to talk to. None of the French students spoke English or any second language; few had been abroad or wanted to travel except to Africa; none would have voted for General de Gaulle. He was "old-fashioned," "a man of another century."

Yet although they would discuss at length who and what should come after him, in the same breath they would echo the General's "regret" that Britain's terms for entry into the Common Market had been too harsh. The government-controlled radio and television services had done their work.

The chief faculties at Aix are Letters and Law, and the usual student ambition is to become a civil servant or to practise law or medicine in a French city. It was the advantages or disadvantages of living in a particular part of France and not the possibility of living elsewhere that interested them. Those studying economics saw some point in the Common Market from France's point of view, but the idea of Europe as a Community had become quite unreal.

It somehow seemed right that the section of the University of France which is established at Grenoble should possess a nuclear reactor and be renowned for its faculty of science. There is nothing of the softness of Provence here; instead, the towering Alps hem in the university

so that the eye is inevitably carried upwards towards the space which the physicists are probing.

The Dean of the scientific faculty, who gave us lunch in the nineteenth-century chateau which the State has converted into a club for its employees, was a celebrated young professor who at once claimed to be living an international life; he admitted, however, that this was an eccentricity confined mainly to scientists. But unlike most professors on the Continent, he knew some of the students personally and offered to introduce us to them. "But I warn you," he said as we parted, "that if you criticize Karl Marx you will get nothing out of them."

Student life at Grenoble seemed more of a struggle than at Aix. Within a few minutes of talking to any group of students we found ourselves discussing the cost of living and the difficulty of paying for board, lodging and books on an allowance of less than £300 a year.

And the professor was right. As at most French universities the number of women students outnumber-

ed men, and a charming girl with a crucifix round her neck told us although she and her closest friends still went to church, they were all "true Socialists." Guy Mollet, the moderate leader of the French Socialist Party, was as much an object of derision as de Gaulle. In Grenoble we found definite hostility to the Common Market.

The only student organization of any kind was the Socialists' Student Union, and the president, a girl with fine brown eyes who was planning to be a teacher, poured scorn on the whole European idea. She admitted grudgingly that it might have raised the standard of living a little, but because it had at the same time strengthened the "capitalist-monopolists" it was not in the interests of France.

"Let us socialize France first," she said. "We can then think about Europe later."

And although in Paris we found sons and daughters of business men who took the opposite view, the interest in the Common Market was also purely economic. The

idea of a political union of Western Europe which M. Monnet and M. Schumann were advocating with such passion ten years ago, seems not to have touched these young people at all.

In Paris also we met the one undergraduate — he planned to become a banker — who was actively hostile. He was guarded in his replies to us, and afterwards the Frenchwoman who had introduced him told us that he said to her, "How can I talk frankly to those English people when everyone knows that England is our enemy and only wants to wreck all our plans?"

• • •

We had not been long in Milan before we realized that the Alps have now taken the place of the English Channel. In political terms, crossing from France into Italy is to go from an island on to the mainland. Already 2,500 of the 14,000 students at Milan University are learning English, and their interest in other countries — particularly Germany — is almost greater than in Italy itself.

Whether the students were

the sons of famous Italian families or young men and women whose parents had recently migrated from the south, Europe seemed their one great hope. The idea of Europe — not de Gaulle's Europe of nations but a strong federal Europe with a parliament directly elected by the people — is the answer not only to their dreams but to their domestic problems as well.

For Catholics the European Community is the best defence against Communism and the only cure for the unemployment which is still visible everywhere from Naples to Sicily. The Common Market is the beginning, not the fulfillment, of Italy's miracle; if prosperity is to spread downwards and the poverty of the South which has seemed eternal is really to disappear, then the Common Market itself must be expanded. Even the leaders of Italian Communism have deviated from the Moscow line far enough to recognize that Italy has benefited from the Treaty of Rome, and the young Communists are straying farther than their leaders.

The famous Pedrocchi cafe in Padua, where the hole made by the Austrian bullet which killed an Italian student in 1866 is framed in the wall, is still the meeting place for the students of Europe's second oldest university. As we sat talking to two or three, more and more drifted into the famous "White Room" until our circle must have numbered twenty.

They explained, in a mixture of German, French and English, that to them the new Europe was the natural extension of the *Risorgimento*. Italy had never become one nation; Italians must find their true expression in the European family. The Alps had not been a barrier under Austria; they did not think of them as a barrier now.

Ever since the Common Market has been founded Italians have poured across the Alps, and although they do not assimilate easily with the French or Germans (or with any other of the northern races) they feel passionately that they have a right to work and settle among them.

All this the students echoed and re-echoed, yet every one of this particular group called himself a Communist and talked of the "alienation" of their souls which would take place when they left the university and began to work for a "capitalist-monopolist."

"Our labour is all we have to sell. It should not be bought by any individual," they asserted. However, when I asked how they proposed to effect their revolution they were shocked. "We do not agree with the Russians," they said. "We are sure we can win the co-operation of our people."

Their simple faith in the humanity of the State as an employer was tempered only by their dislike of Rome. They explained to us the virtues of the proposals for "structural reform" which would turn Italy itself into a federation of autonomous provinces, several of which would be Communist controlled.

One young writer complained that only "pornographic books could make money in Italy" and that neither a book nor a poem with-

out a Left-wing slant has much chance of being published: although not a Communist himself, he was prepared to accept a period of Communist rule as a "purge." But a professor pointed out that the authors to whom this young man was objecting could not really be described as pornographic, and the young Communists themselves dismissed the idea that corruption or decadence among the upper classes had anything to do with the increase of a million Communist votes at the last Italian election. Success was due simply to the force of Communist ideas.

Only one of those with whom we talked in Padua — and I took him to be their leader — had parents who were members of the Communist Party. The rest all came from Roman Catholic families, but said that they did not discuss their views at home.

"Our parents simply do not understand and it would be useless to try to make them."

But for all their zeal for Socialism, none of them was looking for a job at the

hands of the State; the majority of the little group in Padua were being trained as engineers and expected jobs in industry where high pay might to some extent compensate them for the indignities of private employment. The only student who intended to try for a job as a member of Professor Hallstein's European civil service was the son of an ancient and wealthy Italian family in Milan.

• • •

The impression that the northern passes of the Alps are less of a barrier than those between France and Italy is not purely subjective; in the most northerly Italian villages German is the common language and the church spires take on a faintly Byzantine look so that each village might have been transplanted from the Danube valley.

In Freiburg, the last university town we were to visit the narrow streets were festooned with branches of birch and the entrance to the thirteenth-century cathedral was paved with patterns of flowers in honour of the Feast of Corpus Christi. It was

too cold to sit in the square, but from seven o'clock, when the service of celebration finished and the bells were quiet, the cafes in the cathedral square filled with students. The young couple who came to our table were engaged to be married, she a physical training instructor, he studying to be a doctor. They longed to talk and we were soon caught up in all the yearnings and anxieties of the new Germany which seem only to increase with prosperity.

The next night the whole of a fraternity, twenty young men living in the same house, came to dine at the invitation of an old friend of ours who had himself been at Freiburg in the 1920s. These fraternities are neither clubs nor colleges, but simply houses, financed largely by past inmates, where students live together and run their own establishment. The twenty young men we met were a fascinating cross-section of modern German life.

Two impressions stood out after conversation lasting into the small hours. These young Germans are already

international in outlook. During the afternoon their host had taken me up to a platform on the mountain above the town and shown me the panorama of the Rhine valley with the mountains of the Vosges in the distance. "When I was a student," he said, "we never went into France. Those lovely mountains were closed to us." Today hundreds of students cross over into France every week-end and of those who came to dinner two had spent a year in the United States, two a year in England, a young woman who had just got her medical degree was soon leaving for Nigeria, and others had plans to work in Africa and the Middle East.

In their outlook on Europe they were not less enthusiastic than the young Italians, but far more practical. In spite of their admiration for President de Gaulle they had no interest in his vision of a Europe of the Nations; but in discussing a truly federal Europe they at once wanted to know just what powers the central government would have, how it would collect its taxes, through what insti-

tutions it would govern and in discussing a truly federal Europe they at once wanted to know how it would organize its civil service. And for the first time we ourselves were plied with questions. Was England really interested in Europe? Were the British afraid of being dragged into a war by Germany as they had been told? Were the British still suspicious of Germany?

As the evening wore on and we became more intimate, we were able to broach the subject of the war, and to ask what they were being taught about Hitler and what they thought of the inter-war years. All spoke nostalgically of the Weimar Republic and blamed its failure upon the Allies and the Treaty of Versailles; about the war itself they knew practically nothing.

Yet we learned from each student that Hitler was the great dividing line between them and their parents. For it seemed that each, at some time, had come to ask his parents the same question: how was it that they had allowed Hitler to do the things that he did. And although

they told us that their parents had tried to explain the power of the Gestapo and the psychological effect of terror, they had plainly been unable to exonerate themselves in the eyes of their children.

As we drove slowly across France to Brussels, sorting out our ideas, we could not help feeling deeply depressed. The dynamic has gone out of Europe. The vision which Sir Winston Churchill resuscitated in 1945 of the world's most talented peoples joining together to rekindle the flame of Western civilization, in alliance with, but not dependent upon, the United States — in opposition to Communism but also in the hope of being a catalyst which would bring understanding with the Communist world — is dying.

For all the enthusiasm of the young Italians and Germans, one could not feel that they alone would be able to revive it. We had been astonished to learn that however politically-minded they might be, no student in any of the three countries we had visited belonged as a full member to a political party.

These young people will not join the parties because they despise the politicians who lead them.

We realized, as we reflected, that not one student had proclaimed his intention of entering political life, and at Freiburg the young Germans had confessed that however strongly they held their views, they knew they would not have the slightest effect.

In Brussels the Community's liaison officer with universities and youth movements within the Common Market countries reflected our anxiety. He was relieved to know that we had found any interest in Europe at all. He said that few of the youth organizations still took Europe seriously; the young farmers in particular, and notably the French, were doing excellent work thrashing out in detail the harmonization of the price and support systems of their respective countries.

But when I suggested that all these youth officials would form the cadres of the new European community and would finally realize the European idea, he could do

no more than hope that I might be right.

Neither he nor any other politician or professor with whom we had talked could see any end to the pause in the evolution of Europe which General de Gaulle's rejection of Britain has brought about. And if the dilution of the Europe idea is to be prevented, if the enthusiasm of all the young Europeans outside France is to be harnessed before it evaporates, if the radicalism of the young French is to be given any other expression than a Socialism which would ally itself naturally with the Communists, then a new inspiration must be found.

As a French professor said to us, "It is useless preaching anti-Communism. Unless the philosophy of the individual can be vividly reclothed, liberalism in Europe will die." To the Continental liberal Britain is still the supreme example of that philosophy, and it is from Britain that the inspiration must come.

What hope is there that we can fulfill this role? To

do so we need to be bold. We need to speak in Europe, unflinchingly, of our political beliefs. We need to oppose at home and abroad all trends towards personal governments. We must take the

initiative in forming new and responsible political institutions in Europe; and we must *propose* a form of federal government and define its power. — *The London Times*, July 28, 1963.

THE WANT OF HAPPINESS

The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more it does regulate its own affairs, and govern itself; but so contrary is the practice of old governments to the reason of the case, that the expenses of them increase in the proportion they ought to diminish. x x x But how often is the natural propensity of society disturbed or destroyed by the operations of the government! When the latter, instead of being ingrafted on the principles of the former, assumes to exist for itself, and acts by partialities of favour and oppression, it becomes the cause of the mischiefs it ought it prevent. x x x Whatever the apparent cause of any riots may be, the real one is always want of happiness. It shows that something is wrong in the system of government that injures the felicity by which society is to be preserved. — *Thomas Paine*.

■ A member of the Manchester Education Committee of Britain reports on Soviet vocational schools.

INSIDE RUSSIA'S SCHOOLS

KATHLEEN OLLERENSHAW

An unimposing stone-faced building, a heavy door and then, just inside a dark entrance hall, a "shrine" . . . we were entering Vocational Technical School Number One in Moscow.

The "shrine," the director explained later, is the focal point of the school. It is lined with trophies and prize lists and topped by the ubiquitous portrait of Lenin. The Red Flag stands in the centre guarded by a privileged pupil.

A week later, as we went into the entrance hall of a new school in Leningrad, we were faced, on the wall, with an elaborately embossed "creed" — the code of conduct that pupils have to learn and recite.

In a place of honour in these same schools we saw a dozen or so photographs with citations displayed in a fram-

ed merit board. The photographs were of the schools' star pupils. The merit board was a feature of all the Russian schools we saw and a teacher whose record was outstanding was also included on one. Ubiquitous, too, was the list of laggards, pinned to school notice-boards for all to see.

Our interpreter unblushingly remarked, "They are given the works" — presumably by their fellow pupils.

The merit boards provide a strong incentive for teachers as well as for pupils. Teachers are paid a bonus for examination successes of the young people in their charge, and, in reverse, pupil's failures influence inspectors' reports on individual teachers to be demoted or even to lose their jobs.

These are some of the sym-

bols of the motive force of Soviet education. Here a religion — Marxism-Leninism — is combined with material incentives and a deeply embedded ideological fervour to form an education system that is skilfully tailored to meet the needs of the State.

The problems that beset us in Britain when attempting to plan manpower do not exist. In Russia it is simple: **THERE IS A PLAN.** This is known to everyone, displayed diagrammatically on public hoardings and given meaning as yearly targets are visibly met.

In a country where the demands of the State override everything, manpower planning — even with a population approaching 220 million — becomes merely a matter of logistics. State ownership and control over the purse make planning still more precise. Through careful streamlining of education and training, and by relating pay to education "grades," each branch of the economy receives (more or less exactly) the intended quota of recruits.

In theory, the fifteen separate Republics of the U.S.-

S.R. have full legislative powers: there are separate Ministries of Education. In practice, all schools, together with timetables, curricula, textbooks, teaching methods and standards, are controlled by the Ministry of Education in Moscow. For higher and specialized secondary education there is one central Ministry only.

Compulsory full-time education begins at seven. In 1958 Khrushchev recast the system, bringing a new emphasis to practical work in factories, mines, farms, building or public services as a required ingredient of all secondary education. The seven-year compulsory "incomplete secondary education" and the ten-year "complete secondary education" are now being replaced by eight-year and eleven-year courses. With certain exceptions students may not enter higher education until they have had one-and-a-half to two years' full-time employment — perhaps in office, farm or factory — as well as having a certificate of completed secondary education.

School classes are unstreamed, but promotion

each year is dependent on a pass mark and is not automatic with age. A recent development, now going strongly ahead, is in special schools for those who show exceptional academic talent. Places are competed for at about the age of twelve.

Exceptions are also made for those with special talent for art, music or ballet. "French schools" and "English schools" are also proving popular where selected children from the age of seven have all lessons in the chosen language.

At fifteen or sixteen about half of the pupils are siphoned off from the main stream of secondary education into vocational technical schools. These schools are directly associated with a particular enterprise — an automobile factory perhaps, a metal works or foundry, a collective farm, a hospital, a central post office. Their pupils are essentially craft apprentices undergoing compulsory training along with part-time education. Only a few, perhaps one in ten in the lowest ability ranges, go from the eight-year schools into jobs

for which no preparatory training is required or given.

In a vocational technical school specializing in communications which we visited in Moscow, boys and girls were together in ordinary lessons, but all the vocational study was in single-sex groups. The reason appeared to be that girls would not be able to lift heavy equipment: instruction in television repair work and cable-laying was therefore reserved for boys. To balance this, girls only were allowed to learn how to install and repair telephone exchanges. Strong boys were not to be "wasted" in training to do work that girls could do!

About half of all pupils in the vocational schools join evening courses in order to gain the certificate of completed secondary education. Yuri Gagarin was trained as a foundryman at a vocational technical school, studied simultaneously at evening classes, and earned himself a place in a specialized institute of higher education — and from there to the first manned sputnik. His portrait — a model for Soviet

youth — is in every vocational school.

This careful channelling of future craftsmen and technicians into distinct occupations is the foundation of the new economy. There is nothing haphazard; recruitment is not affected by booms and slumps, by adolescent fashions, parental preferences or other variable factors.

Children are expected to do a prodigious amount of homework and there is probably a good deal of overwork and strain. Pupils have to clean their own classrooms, workshops and equipment — even coming in on Sundays to scrub floors and clean windows — and are awarded merit marks for this. Participation in inventors clubs, hobby clubs and other out-of-school activities is virtually compulsory. Marks are gained for examination successes, for good behaviour, tidiness and good work in the clubs. All privileges depend on obtaining good marks and the children we saw appeared to be working keenly and to be full of normal high spirits out of school.

Whether those who are black-listed are teased, bul-

lied or merely sent to Coventry we could hardly ask. The education grade (on a six-point scale) determines admission to higher education and recruitment to all forms of employment. Although grades can be improved by part-time study at any age, wages depend on grades and, except in teaching, do not normally increase with length of service.

Higher up the ability scale recruitment to technical posts and semi-professional occupation (including nursing and most school teaching) is equally logical. There are teacher training "schools," schools for nurses, schools of art and design, and schools which train officeworkers and aspirants to other commercial or social work.

In Tbilisi I visited a school which trained girls (no boys) for the printing trade. The 250 girls were being taught to become compositors, typesetters, linotype operators, and printers — occupations which the unions in Britain restrict to men.

My visit to this school was unscheduled, made at my own request and alone. Unexpectedly, I was spared the

usual preliminary pep talk of prearranged visits and spared, too, the shadowing presence of "the party member" to whom we had become accustomed.

Refreshments (at 11 a.m.) were on the grand scale. This time there could be no hiding behind friends. The toasts — to Peace, to Friendship, to Women the World Over had to be taken "bottoms-up" in glass after glass of Georgian champagne punctuated with cognac. My memories of that school are as rosy as the blooms snatched from the vase and thrust into my arms as I left.

Some of these schools are "technicums," which rank higher than the vocational technical schools and provide completed secondary education together with technical or semi-professional training. Most recruit at seventeen or eighteen. Intending teachers have to do two years' teaching as part of their training.

The education in all technical schools is free and there are grants, but entrance is strictly competitive and by selection, and the numbers are controlled to meet plan-

ned needs. If recruitment for some occupation lags, grants are increased and other baits introduced.

A student trying to live on an un-supplemented basic grant, unless home-based or receiving some parental assistance, will have a tough time; the basic grant is sufficient for only the frugal existence.

Once the realms of higher education are reached, the controls which govern the precise allocation of professional manpower to meet the State plan are even more stringent. Places in higher education are restricted; there is competitive entry by grades; and differential grants between institutes of higher education and, more significantly, between subjects. Mathematicians, for instance, receive up to 50 per cent more than the basic monthly grant.

The arts people appear to see nothing unfair in this. "Why should the scientists not be paid more?" a girl studying languages in Leningrad told me. "Their talent is not given to everyone and we need them."

Among the few students permitted to proceed directly to higher education from school without time spent in employment, the majority are mathematicians and physicists; the Russian planners are too rational to waste available mathematical ability in routine production.

The universities have no monopoly of prestige in Russia as they have here. Only one-sixth of higher education graduates are the products of universities as such, and of these one-half are mathematicians or pure and applied scientists. All the major technologies — as also agriculture, medicine, architecture, most advanced foreign languages courses, training for social planners, economists or accountants — are provided in separate, specialized institutes.

Polytechnics which provide high-level courses in metallurgy, engineering, building, applied science and applied mathematics are increasing in number, but the greater part of higher education even in Moscow is still given in specialized institutes analogous to our College of Aeronautics at Cranfield, to

the Institute of Food Technology at Weybridge or to the Royal College of Art.

Britain's shortage of university places for qualified applicants is mirrored in Russia, but more sharply. In the U.S.S.R. there are three applicants for every full-time vacancy in institutes of higher education including universities — and in Russia this is accepted as reasonable. Only half of all higher education students are on full-time courses: of the rest, about three-quarters are studying through correspondence courses run by the universities and institutes themselves, and one-quarter at evening classes four nights a week.

We asked a senior official of the State Committee on the Co-ordination of Research and Development in Moscow in which areas they intended to expand higher education most notably. "To increase part-time evening and correspondence extension courses still further," he told us.

Correspondence courses are a highly developed and important feature of Soviet education. No particular virtue

appears to be attached to having been 'exposed to the atmosphere of university life,' but then no university life as we know it at its best exists in Russia. Exposure to factory or office life, allied with continued study and instruction, is regarded as more valuable.

All correspondence students go to a parent institute on paid leave for four weeks during the summer vacation for practical work in workshops and laboratories. This means that higher education establishments (and vocational schools) are far more heavily used than equivalent buildings in Britain. "Alternating-shift" courses, evening classes, a five-and-a-half-day week throughout term and correspondence students in during vacations means that buldings, apart from a four-week break in August, are in almost continuous use.

All teaching appointments in Russia are subject to review every five years. An army of inspectors is ready to descend without warning on any lecture or classroom. Teachers have no freedom to experiment with syllabuses or methods,

but they are given real incentive (promotion or cash) to make suggestions for improvements.

In Moscow we visited a centre for scientific and technical education where methods study is done and visual aids are devised. We interrupted a group of teachers who had come in for a refresher course from local schools (where there is shift working in the schools this is simple to arrange). Although we were many times assured that there is no shortage of teachers (and no shortage of money for education) and all classes in the vocational schools we visited had twenty-four or fewer pupils, many teachers double-bank with evening or other teaching in order to augment their incomes.

Women hold many posts of high administrative and professional responsibility in education and outside it, but not in the same numbers as men. Opportunities for women, as indeed for all sections of the community, are genuinely equal, but there are, as in this country, marked sex preferences between subjects.

Biology laboratories will commonly be filled with women only: physics laboratories with men. Only one in five mathematicians and physicists at Moscow State University are women, but four out of five of all higher education students reading economics and more than two-thirds of those reading medicine are women.

The professional women whom we met were well-dressed generally with severe hair styles, but with lipstick, nail varnish and high-heeled shoes. The head of an engineering training department of a vocational school in Moscow was positively fancily dressed, with frills, curls and stiletto heels that seemed a danger as she picked her way between closely-aligned milling machines — though perhaps this was in honour of our visit.

The girls in the workshops wore their regulation bandeaux but, defying safety, most of them allowed fringes to have full play. In classrooms, lectures and offices bouffant hair styles, pretty dresses and fashionable shoes are usual — something that is difficult to square with the

poor quality of goods in the shops; but one explanation may be that more girls are taking up home dress-making and, of course, there is a black market.

Even the newest buildings are not up to our standards. Although some administrative rooms are very grand (particularly when in a converted palace or stately home); the working conditions in some of the institutes are terrible. Workshops, laboratories, libraries are good, very fully equipped and heavily used, but lighting everywhere is beneath our requirements and sanitary arrangements are atrocious. But then neither lighting nor plumbing are priorities — their turn will no doubt come.

The system is so openly based on selection by competition, on marks, grades, payment by results and other material incentives that the Western visitor tends to be irritated after only a short time. What happens to those who go to the wall of whom we are told nothing? What is the suicide rate? — another forbidden question.

But material incentive is

not the whole of it. There is also a genuine thirst for knowledge and an enthusiasm for education that cannot fail to impress. A very real seriousness of purpose is evident everywhere.

The wholly rational approach to planning, the straightforward answers given to our often naive questions, befogged as we Britons are by traditions, conventions and vested interests, came as a series of shocks. And, in the end, the questions remain.

Can tight controls and the concentration of directive talent in the centre — appropriate when Russia was educationally an undeveloped country — continue indefinitely? There are already attempts to liberalize the sys-

tem and to delegate more powers to the separate Republics. Is this compatible with Communism? Can they resolve the tensions between local initiative and central control? (For that matter, can we in Britain?)

In Russia, at the slightest sign of recalcitrance or deviation from a currently approved party line, the brakes can be clapped on, the process reserved. The future development of the Soviet educational system — which, within its limits, seems at present to work with undoubted efficiency — is, like everything else in the U.S.S.R. dependent on the evolution of ideological Communism itself. — *The London Times*, August 11, 1963.

Those who give their votes before they hear the debate, and have weighed the reasons on all sides, are not capable of doing. To prepare such an assembly as this, and endeavour to set up the declared abettors of his own will, for the true representatives of the people, and the lawmakers of the society, is certainly as great a breach of trust, and as perfect a declaration of a design to subvert the government, as is possible to be met with. — *John Locke*.

■ Is it: Prosperity for the Soviet Union first — and good luck to the rest of the comrades?

THE SHATTERED MONOLITH

EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Fifteen years ago the Western World deployed itself to meet a very real menace. This was the menace of Russia under Stalin, but it was called, confusingly, the Communist challenge.

When Stalin died, in 1953, that menace died with him — but it has taken 10 years for this fact to be brought home to us. Three years later Stalin and Stalinism were denounced by Khrushchev, who, at the same time, rejected Lenin's teaching about the inevitability of war and violent revolution. At that point the international Communist movement, which had been held together only by Muscovite single-mindedness, began to fall apart at the seams.

The idea of the Communist monolith was always a simplification. It distorted, perhaps stultified, political thinking in the West for a

show every sign of oversimplifying the Sino-Soviet quarrel as we once oversimplified the Communist menace itself. Already people who, until a few months ago, refused to believe that there was a rupture of any kind are busily dividing the Communist world into pro-Russian and pro-Chinese factions, and totting up the scores: the French Communists, we are told, are 100 per cent pro-Russians; the Malaysians, 100 per cent pro-Chinese, the Brazilians, all 50,000 of them, 50 per cent pro-Chinese, and 50 per cent pro-Russian. And so on.

Private aims

The assumption underlying these statistics appears to be that the pro-Russian and pro-Chinese parties, or factions, are being used as passive instruments for the

furtherance of the aims of Moscow and Peking. In fact, long before the Sino-Soviet quarrel began, at least some of the fraternal parties were using Moscow to further their own private aims; now they are using both Moscow and Peking.

One simple example, to set the tone. The Rumanian comrades have lately been making inviting gestures in the direction of China, which is a long way, and defiant gestures in the direction of Russia, which is just across the border. Nobody in his senses would believe for one moment that Mr. Gheorghiu Dej and his colleagues, desperately trying to make the Rumanian economy work, are eager to join with the Chinese in a militant revolutionary crusade, conducted in the teeth of Soviet disapproval, to shatter the last bastions of imperialism and capture Asia, Africa, Latin America for the cause.

Like all Eastern or Central European Communists, the Rumanians want, and need, a quiet life, not a nuclear holocaust. They are not interested in the outer world,

except as an outlet for trade. Their object in appearing to flirt with Peking has no other purpose than to warn the Russians of the present limits of Moscow's authority.

The Communist world, they are saying in effect, is not what it was. This is no time for you, Nikita Sergeievich, to start bulldozing our legitimate national aspirations. You could do this once upon a time because you had all power; we lay in your shadow, and there was nowhere else for us to go. Now there is somewhere else for us to go.

Moscow lost its virtue as the headquarters of a coherent and disciplined international movement when, with the death of Stalin, it lost the will and the strength to conduct itself imperially. When it comes to imposing an alien system on weak neighbors, there is no stable halfway house between ruthless discipline and chaos. The public defection of China from the Muscovite cause (in which she was never seriously joined) merely highlights chaos.

The first thing the West has to do is to start looking

at the world as it is and to think of it in terms of peoples, races, nations (ancient and newly emergent) instead of in terms of blocs. Communism means one thing in Italy, another in East Germany, another in Poland, another in Sweden; something quite else in Indonesia, in Venezuela, in Syria.

Stalin ruled by rigid discipline. In the interests of the Soviet Union, Russian power and Russian gold were used to subvert idealists, rebels and intellectual thugs all over the world and to discipline them into fifth columnists active in the cause of Moscow. Those who queried Stalin's orders or produced ideas of their own were expelled from the brotherhood, killed.

Of course the idea of international Communism, of the dynamic of world revolution, existed. It burned with a smoky flame in innumerable souls, some noble, some envious, some power-seeking, some merely destructive, all conspiratorial by nature. Some of these were Russians, a rapidly decreasing band; but Stalin and his

functionaries were not among them.

This is not to say that their way of thinking was not heavily conditioned by ideas received from Lenin. It was. But the ends to which they applied this way of thinking were not Leninist ends; their assumption of absolute power inside the Soviet Union was facilitated by the almost schizoid dualism of Russian people.

Lenin himself was driven by dreams of international brotherhood — until, with the responsibilities and harassments of power upon him, he was forced increasingly to identify himself with Russian ends and to adapt himself to Russian, as distinct from Marxist, methods. But the dream was real enough, and for a long time it had nothing to do with nationalism or Russian power. All the peoples of the world were to advance on lines evoked in a clearcut historical formula, involving violent revolution and the temporary dictatorship of the proletariat. After that (here the vision was hazy, but all the more exciting for it) they were to dwell together in

concord, according to their different national habits, each for each and all for all. In this dream, which did not last long in the Soviet Union, there was indeed a Communist menace — not a Russian menace as later, under Stalin, but a world-wide series of linked internal menaces to the then ruling classes of all lands.

Seamier side

The Leninist dream still lingers on in some quarters (not Russia; not, one would say, China; and not noticeably among the leading cadres of the 89 fraternal parties), but it does not cut much ice. The remarkable thing is that it survived Stalin at all.

Khrushchev discourses upon it with warmth, enthusiasm and, sometimes, wit. "We shall bury you!" he cheerfully exclaims. But this prophecy is full of semantic pitfalls. Who are "we"? And who are "you"? If by "you" Khrushchev means a whole range of entrepreneurs, from the late Mr. Rachman up to quite a height, symbolizing the seamier side of what we optimistically call the capitalist system, then how

right he is: but then "we" includes all the rest of us.

If by "we" he means the Soviet bloc — the Warsaw Pact Powers — and "you" the Western Alliance, then he is asking for trouble and he knows it. But if he means by "we" Moscow Communism and by "you" everything against it, then the West has an imposing new comrade in arms disposing of 650 million souls, increasing at the rate of 30 million a year.

It is more to the point to ask what Khrushchev means by Communism, and only he can supply the answer. His statements, as so far delivered do not take us very far. Lenin's apocalyptic dream appears in his mind to have been reduced to the quest for material abundance, leisure, and culture to fill in time: the kind of thing British Prime Ministers are rebuked for in the leader-pages of *The Times*. A menace to the higher values it may well be; but it is not what we mean by the Communist menace, or even the Russian menace.

Nor is it what many of the fraternal parties mean by

Communism. The Chinese have shown themselves especially bitter and contemptuous of Khrushchev's unexpressed slogan: Prosperity for the Soviet Union first — and good luck to the rest of the comrades! And Chinese criticism here is sharply echoed by poor, weak and aspiring people who inhabit backward areas over the greater part of the globe.

No Rome

Not for them the dream of "catching up with America": many of them would settle for a loaf of bread. The spectacle of Khrushchev presiding comfortably over one of the "have" Powers, and arranging the world to fit in with his personal prosperity drive, does not appeal. To the have-nots, Chinese methods seem to have more to offer. But this is not to say that the fraternal comrades wish to exchange regimentation in the interests of Soviet prosperity and power for regimentation in the interest of Chinese imperial ambitions.

If the Communist monolith never really existed, the current image of two rival

Communist Romes is equally misleading. There is now no Rome at all.

The focus of interest has shifted from Moscow and Peking to the individual fraternal parties all over the world, with more to come. Each has to be studied in the context of its own historical and geographical setting and tackled accordingly. But we know little about them.

For example, we know that the Brazilian party which, though small, used to be so brilliantly organized under that most intelligent and perceptive of Communist leaders, Prestes, is now split right down the middle. We know that his rival, Grabois, is leading a militant, pro-Chinese wing, which has now captured half the party, on a rapidly anti-American ticket.

But we do not know to what extent Grabois is a fanatic, a convinced believer in Mao's Road, recoiling in righteous indignation from the sophisticated gradualism of Prestes and looking for support from the angry, the impatient, the desperate who see their only hope in violent action soon or whether he is using China as a stalk-

ing-horse in a personal bid to steal power from Prestes.

If it comes to that, we do not know whether Prestes himself, so skilfully arguing Khrushchev's line, regards the Russian comrades as the guardians of the true faith, or as Gringo barbarians useful to Brazilian or Latin-American Communism because they have money to burn and an armament that frightens the Americans. The gentleness and sophistication of Prestes's speech at the Moscow conference of November, 1960, warmly supporting Khrushchev against the Chinese, was in itself a reproach to the crudity of Russian methods.

At the same meeting, Jesu Faria of Venezuela, who also supported the Russians, nevertheless indicated clearly that his respect for Khrushchev stopped well this side of idolatry. He supported Moscow because he thought Khrushchev's policies more intelligent in the atomic age than Mao's, and particularly because the Chinese had been actively engaged in trying to undermine his own authority over the Venezuelan party (oil again?). But he thought

that many of the speakers at that meeting had been altogether too uncritical of the Soviet comrades, who he said, had themselves committed many errors. He hoped that the Russians would be clever enough in future to devise a system that would put an end to inter-party quarrelling and prevent future schisms.

Exasperation

These remarks were a foretaste of more to come. The Cuban adventure last autumn did not at all redound to Khrushchev's credit. If the Chinese had been more subtle and had made at least some attempt to present their invasion of India as anything but old-fashioned power-politics, had disguised their eagerness to do a *Real-politik* deal with Pakistan, had shown more concern for the fraternal comrades in S.E. Asia and less for Chinese nationals in that area, and had resisted the temptation to boast of their contempt for the nuclear threat, which frightens most comrades, like all of us, out of their wits, they might have made much more headway.

It is probably not too much to say that, for a whole variety of reasons, the general feeling among Communists in most countries about Russia and China is "A plague on both your houses!" Dismay, exasperation, sometimes contempt, are felt by many Communist leaders who were not privileged to be born Russian or Chinese in the face of the imbecilities and crudities displayed by the heirs of Ivan the Terrible and Confucius.

In purely practical terms this quarrel, or the way it has been conducted, has alienated fellow-travellers and the eager members of "front" organizations all over the world, has bored to distraction the faithful who are trying to get on with the march towards the millennium, has caused neophytes in darkest Africa to raise their eyebrows. In intellectual terms, it has plumbed depths of mental squalor which make the flesh of the more intelligent Communists creep. In political terms it has indicated that the senior partners of the Socialist camp are more interested in their own power

struggle than in the future of the movement.

In the last resort, and for the time being, Russia will win when it comes to commanding the allegiance of the party as a whole. She has the money, the power and the prestige. It has yet to be proved that Mao's solicitude for the weaker brethren is any deeper than Khrushchev's: it is easy to appear solicitous when you have nothing much to give.

Khrushchev, though an inferior dialectician to Mao and his worshippers has much more good sense. He is closer to the age we live in, and he is being dragged ever closer by the demands of fraternal comrades, such as Togliatti of Italy, who actually live in it.

With his very vivid sense of the calamitous nature of nuclear war (no doubt the Chinese are just as afraid but they dare not say so), he appeals directly to all those good comrades who do not want to be blown up. On a lower level, he is beloved by many smaller parties, who know that their only hope of survival is to lie low for sometime to come.

He is one, also, with those parties who either rule or inhabit countries with comparatively advanced economies, which, though they may diligently beaver away (as in Britain) to make things difficult for their present masters, would nevertheless prefer to live as destructive minorities in a comfortable land than inherit a ruin. More than this, Russia really has the last word, if she cares to say it, with parties which would naturally gravitate, one would say, to China: she has, for example, more to give to Laos (if she cares to give it) than the Chinese.

But what does it all amount to? And where is the central leadership on the march to revolution? Khrushchev may reassure himself with Leninist slogans, but knows very well that for the foreseeable future he is interested above all in consolidating Soviet power and security, avoiding war, and augmenting the prosperity of his country. There is no dynamism here.

Warnings

China cannot begin to pretend to leadership of a world

that embraces Europe and North America. Other parties, though they may value Moscow's support, have their own problems. When the Swedish Communist leader, Hagberg, announces to the Moscow Conference that the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat is outdated and that Swedish Communists are determined to cooperate with the Swedish Social Democrats, whom they see as a true workers' party, the writing is on the wall (this was a secret speech among Communists, not an essay in propaganda).

When Mr. Gollan, of London, at the same meeting, reads the Chinese a lecture explaining that they have no conception of British ways and true appreciation of the strength of the British Labour movement, he is also warning the Russians.

As for Italy, Togliatti and Longo are already far out in a deeply heretical move towards "reformism." They are meeting with opposition within their own party, but it is not at all clear whether the "Chinese" wings in Padua and elsewhere are motivated by admiration for Mao

or dislike of Signor Togliatti. These uncertainties are legion. The only certain thing is that the proper way to approach the Communist menace is to pay less attention to Russia and China and a great deal more to the problems of the separate countries of the "Socialist

camp" and to the discontents in our own midst. Each country that feels it can produce a better solution than the Communist solution should strain itself to the utmost to *prove* that it can — and help, even at a sacrifice, the weaker brethren. — *The Observer*, July 28, 1963.

LESS DEMOCRACY?

Carl L. Becker writes that one of the conditions essential to the success of democracy is a measure of economic security. "Democracy does not flourish in communities on the verge of destitution. In ancient and medieval times democratic government appeared for the most part in cities, the centers of prosperity. In modern times democratic institutions have, generally speaking, been most successful in new countries, where the conditions of life have been easy for the people. Democracy is in some sense an economic luxury, and it may be said that in modern times it has been a function of the development of new and potentially rich countries, or of the industrial revolution which suddenly dowered Europe with unaccustomed wealth. Now that prosperity is disappearing round every next corner, democracy works less well than it did."

- It is astonishing the way people today allow themselves to be misled by brands, labels, and marks, including diplomas.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY LABELS

What's in a name? The answer, of course, is — a lot! We know what Shakespeare thought: "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." The label was not important; the reality was what mattered. But today a rose by any other name would fetch a different price. It would be a different commodity. The reality matters little: it is the label that sells.

When I was a boy in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, I used to be sent to a shop across the street. It sold everything: mustard, starch, boot-polish, cough mixture, mops, string, seal ing-wax, pit-socks, and thick pink bloomers which dangled down from a criss-cross of lines over the counter. I would ask for a loaf of bread, a pound of butter, a bar of soap — just that. Nowadays, the shiny chromium supermarket deals with all this. The shelves carry dozens of

differently packaged kinds of bread: all sort of butters and margarines — all of which taste different, in spite of the fact that most of us cannot tell one from the other. Manufacturers brand their products: it is a monopolist's trick: cornering a market, giving a commodity a brand-image, a label, so impressive as to make it seem unique. "Don't ask for soap — ask for Joe Soap: the softest soap on the market!"

This cult of being wedded to the label rather than the reality has spread from products to people. Montaigne said long ago that we ought not to judge men by the kinds of shirts they wear. But we are more sophisticated than that. Not by shirts only, but by accents, educational backgrounds, examination qualifications, income-brackets, occupations, do we separate man from man. Of course we all believe that at bottom — wherever that may

be — a man's a man for a that: that is, so long as he is well-labelled about where he has come from and where he is going; so long as he has his credentials. We cannot feel really happy until we have everything labelled.

We all come into the world the same way, and in our first naked, crying humanity there is not much to distinguish us. My elder son was born in hospital, and I remember when I first went to see him I was taken into a room full of shelves of babies in aluminium baskets. They were all so much alike they had to have little labels of tape tied round their wrists to identify them. The first label — the family name: and it decides so much. Romeo and Juliet, for example, died because of the family labels they wore.

After this, the process of ticketing really goes to work. Human infants, innocent of what is happening, are labelled for their roles in society. They are "male". They are "Negroes", "Jews", "Europeans" and think what limitations, humiliations, and tragedies may stem from these labels. They are "working

class", "middle class" or "aristocracy", and the whole of their personal lives will be profoundly affected by whichever label is stuck upon their "I.Q.", by some examination, by some school, and this will largely determine their earnings, their security, their opportunities for happiness and fulfillment for the rest of their lives. What is frightening is that these labels are so inadequate.

"Male and female created He them." But this is a gross over-simplification. It should properly read: "Male and female, and the long-s e r i e s-o f-graduations-i-n-between, created He them." It is the same, in this connection, with labels "natural" and "normal" and "unnatural" and "abnormal". Sexual attributes called "natural" and "abnormal" are those with which nature has endowed the minority. Making the unnatural natural, and the abnormal normal, really boils down, unless we exercise great care, to forcing the minority to fit in with the majority — a repugnant and indefensible ethical principle.

But we do not only label children. We label adults, too — and our label is more often than not a judgement. When we call people “wild-cat strikers”, “employers”, “Roman Catholics”, “homosexuals”, “criminals,” we think we are saying something about them as persons, but we are really judging categories.

Society could not go on without some labelling; but in our more complicated and wealthier society, falseness is not only more possible — it also pays. We are nearer to having equal opportunity to be unequal, and we are set at one another's throats by those who stand to gain from our snobbishness. We are so stuck up with false labels as to miss real qualities of living, like one of those touring motorists whose windows and wind-screens are so gummed up with ostention that he cannot see where he is going.

It is even old-fashioned now to speak of “keeping up with the Joneses” which has been defined as spending money you don't have on things you don't want, to impress people you don't

like. Now, we have to do all we can to be superior to them. If they get a 1961 car, we must exchange our 1959 for a 1962. If Mr. Jones is a “chief clerk”, I must call myself an “office manager.” In our highly specialized society, our occupation is a very important label. We love to try and corner a career. We love “differentials.” In the social sciences, for example, I may stand little chance of promotion unless I stake out a particular specialism — a “field” — for myself. I may be interested in sociology, but that is not enough: I must specialize in educational sociology, or industrial sociology, some field. I may study the social life of Biggleswater, a village with fifty peasants, five pigs, a pub-cum-post office. I “do research” on it. Then I publish my thesis and a few articles, and I can claim to be a “rural sociologist.” Since there may be only two other “rural sociologists” in the country, I may become an “authority”, an “expert.” And if I am sufficiently narrow-minded to persist in all this, I may become one of the ‘names’ in my field. My

own "name," even may become a "label." I have arrived. My future is secure.

But since many people are competing for 'fields' they are sensitive to boundaries. Chaps with SOCIOLOGY written across their chests and chaps with PSYCHOLOGY written across theirs are continually abusing each other, each claiming that the other's field is bogus. We must preserve our own professional distinctiveness, and so other people must be limited to their labels. But this is not peculiar to social scientists. It is the same everywhere.

We fit in with labels so much that we come to believe them. We really believe that if we are solicitors or executives in bowler hats and umbrellas we are superior to manual workers with shirt-sleeves and overalls. We really believe if we are middle-class housewives who drive round to the shops in cars and get our goods on account, that we are superior to the working class housewives from the council estate who walk — and pay cash. We become the labels

we wear. If we are not careful, we shall end up like a real and pathetic member of the Jones family whose plight is recorded on his gravestone:

Sacred to the memory of
Tammias Jones,

Who was born a man, and
died a grocer.

Between cradle and grave, Tammias had lost his humanity. Born an unspoiled human being, he died a bit of social machinery, a mere device for weighing sugar and tea. He had lost himself in fulfilling a social role.

Just as we come into the world by the same entrance, we leave it by the same exit. Equal in our way of birth, we are equal also in death. We cannot take our labels with us. The pity is that we have to spoil our lives between these two great levelers with so much that is bogus, unpleasant, and unjust. What can we do about it? I was much impressed, in a recent programme on open prisons, by a prison governor, who, when speaking of the people in her prison, would use the word "inmates," or indeed any

word other than "prisoners." She refused, as she said, "to put a prisoner label on women who come to this place." And why? Because it stood in the way of their regarding themselves as human beings; and stood in the way of other people treating them as human beings.

If we are sick of labels, then, there is one simple

thing, at least, that we can do — stop using them.

A man, whether black, white, working class, upper class, Christian, Muslim, atheist, Jew, American, Russian, intelligent, unintelligent, criminal, or virtuous — is a man, for a' that, and it is about time we acted as though we really believed it.
— R. Fletcher, *The Listener*.

THE NEED IS GOVERNMENT

Government is the thing. Law is the thing. Not brotherhood, not international cooperation, not security councils, that can stop war only by waging it. Where do human rights arise, anyway — security against the thief, the murderer, the footpad? In brotherly love? Not at all. It lies in government. Where does control lie — control of smoking in the theater, of nuclear energy in the planet? Control lies in government, because government is people. Where there are no laws, there is no law enforcement. Where there are no courts, there is no justice. — *E. B. White*.

■ An exposé of trickery, venomous subtlety and complete lack of ethics at the top—shades of Stonehill?

BUSINESS VERSUS BUSINESS

The collapse of ethics in our time nowhere is more devastatingly expressed than in the utter lack of principle at the top. The knifing and in-fighting among Organization Men would have done credit to the conspirators at the court of Caligula. A business magazine, *Modern Office Procedures*, asked its readers: "Is it possible for a man to move up through the ranks of management solely by honest, decent methods?" An overwhelming majority answer: "No!"

The nature of this internecine war of businessmen ranges from almost wholesale throat-cutting in the scramble up the ladder to the executive suite to all kinds of espionage, bribery and connivery in the attempt to filch a rival's trade secrets. In both areas, in an atmosphere of intense combativeness in which only the end result is important, almost anything and everything goes.

The battle for the heights of corporate power leads to the kind of suave, Organization Man throat-cutting that is as lethal to careers as the lash of a jungle cat's extended claws to a beast of prey. Norman Jaspán has pointed out repeatedly that the atmosphere in the executive suite inevitably seeps down and affects all the lower levels of business. In this connection, probably no conduct has a more widespread or deleterious effect on employee morale than the spectacle of the bosses stabbing each other in the back with gangland professionalism. Yet, as Jaspán has noted, such back-stabbing and throat-cutting comprises "a rite being practiced by thousands of executives in hundreds of businesses."

It is a rite so widely practiced, indeed, that *The Wall Street Journal* last year became concerned about it and conducted a survey to dis-

cover just how prevalent is this ungentlemanly mayhem. In interviews with fifty executives in twelve cities, it discovered an unlovely lot. The trickery ranged from the spiking of a rival's drink just before an important meeting (thus guaranteeing that he would disgrace himself), to more complicated and really Machiavellian plotting against a competitor.

The vice president of one Eastern corporation, facing a rival for power in a rising new executive, went to the trouble of plugging the carburetor of his rival's automobile. This made the new man late for his first executive meeting and started him off under a lowering, black cloud. In another instance, an elevator company executive waited for a colleague's pet project to flop; then he submitted to his boss a file of memos — carefully back-dated to indicate he had opposed the venture all along. Almost as telling as these examples was the unconsciously revealing remark of the executive of a Southwest oil company. After faithfully denying that there was any throat-cutting in his business,

he turned around and commented ruefully: "Of course, some people in this company will do just anything to get ahead."

This attitude that a man is justified in doing "just anything to get ahead" spells, of course, the death knell of ethics. Such an atmosphere, as Jaspan has noted, "forms a natural breeding ground for white-collar crime. Its chief elements consist of trickery, venomous subtlety and complete lack of ethics."

The Amorous Executive

All three elements were illustrated by a case that ties together back-stabbings in the executive suite and industrial espionage — a new, multi-million-dollar postwar industry. This case involved three partners who were sharing in the lush profits of a multi-million-dollar business. One of the partners was a fine business executive well liked and capable. The other two had no reason to be dissatisfied with him, except that they began to figure that if they could find a way to eliminate him they could gobble up his share of the profits.

Thus motivated, they adopted a common tactic of today, hiring detectives to "get" something on their partner. They had no idea what they might get; almost anything that could be used for leverage would do. Taking the quickest route to the source of secrets, the hired investigators promptly wire-tapped the unsuspecting victim's home and office phones. The result was a great disappointment. No black and nefarious and usable tidbit of information came over the wires. Desperate, the two partners instructed the detectives to bug their pal's own private office.

Nothing could be easier. A minute gadget — a wall-socket microphone — was installed, and this faithfully monitored every conversation that was held in the office. Included was the chit-chat between the executive and his private secretary. The pair, the wall microphone revealed, were in the habit of staying late several nights each week — and it wasn't just business that kept them.

Armed with the irrefutable records of executive-

suite dalliance the two conniving partners at once dropped their mask of friendship and lowered the boom on their onetime pal. "Resign," they told him bluntly, "or we'll play these records to your wife and children." The indiscreet partner, whose own office walls had concealed the ears that were his undoing, had no choice. He resigned within the week.

The downfall of the amorous executive represents little more than a minor incident in the new and growing field of industrial espionage, or IE, as business calls it. IE itself is Big Business today. It keeps literally thousands of detectives in bread and butter, trying to filch industrial secrets that may be worth millions, and it keeps another army of thousands of counterespionage agents actively trying to thwart their designs. So important and so sensitive has the whole issue become that the protectors have a society, the American Society for Industrial Security, and when it held a convention last fall, some 2,490 members from chapters in fifty-eight cities attended.

In this new war between the forces of IE and counter-IE, no trick is considered too low; nothing that succeeds is beyond the pale of ethics. Time was when such industrial spying was a gentlemanly game played over a cocktail at a Madison Avenue bar. Rivals would try to pump information out of one another; each knew, of course, what the others were trying to do, and the whole affair had a somewhat sporting aspect. But today all the fantantastic gadgets of the twentieth century are used as weapons. The wire tap, the minute microphone planted in the padding of the executive chair, the spying airplane, the searching of waste baskets by hired detectives, the bribing of engineers and key employees, the deliberate baiting of a rival with a seductive Mata Hari — all of these are accepted techniques that are being practiced today on a phenomenal and ever-increasing scale.

Stealing Formulas

The most coveted loot in this game of fraud and deceit consists of the new discoveries, the new processes,

that are being developed constantly by American industry through the expenditure of nearly \$20 billion annually on research. In a typical case last October, a federal grand jury indicted eight men in an international drug pirate ring for the theft of secret formulas from the heavily guarded Lederle Laboratories at Pearl River, N. Y. Two former employees of Lederle, using their passes to get by the protective screen, had entered the labs at night, ostensibly to work, and had stolen research data and bacteriological cultures. Down the drain, according to Lederle, went work on new antibiotics it had taken a decade and more than \$10 million to develop.

When the stakes are so high, no trick is ignored that may lead to financial advantage. On one occasion the board of directors of a multi-million-dollar East Coast corporation held a secret meeting in the president's office to discuss new plans and processes. They were unaware that they were under the constant observation of a little man stationed on the roof of an apart-

ment building half a block away. Through binoculars the observer, an expert lip reader, kept his eyes focused on the president's lips, and as the corporate president talked, the spy dictated into a handy tape recorder every word that he said.

The depths to which businesses will stoop in this anything-goes world of IE are illustrated by some of the cases in the files of Harvey G. Wolfe, of Los Angeles, who heads his own industrial counterespionage firm. Favorite methods Wolfe has uncovered include the planting of agents in sensitive jobs, the purchase of employees already on the payroll, the use of listening and recording devices, the liberal exploitation of sex and, in some extreme cases, the blackmailing of executives.

The Sex Trap

Planning a coup, IE agents study minutely the executive dossier of their target. Wolfe says: "They find out whether he likes blondes or brunettes. What kind of liquor the man drinks. And the agent — blonde or brunette — is told to be sure she has

plenty of it when she entertains him. She's told to be friendly — make herself attractive, and develop this man."

One oil company executive, thoroughly scouted in this fashion, fell all unsuspecting trap. The setting was a lonely road; the props, a racy sports car, a flat tire — and a beautiful girl, fashioned and tailored to the executive's taste, standing helplessly beside it. Before the executive had stopped playing gentleman by changing the tire, he was hooked — and his company's secrets were ready to take wing into the ears of a competitor.

Of all Wolfe's cases, one stands out unforgettably in his mind. The head of a large construction firm was being constantly underbid by a competitor. If he bid \$300,000 on a project, his rival bid \$285,000; if his figure was \$100,000 on a job, his rival bid \$95,000 — and got the contract. This happened so often that the construction executive realized there must be a leak.

Wolfe assigned one of his best agents to the case. The

investigator worked diligently for weeks. Every suspect person and situation in the construction firm's setup was checked and cleared. Baffled, the investigator reported to Wolfe: "We've investigated everybody but our client." Reluctant though he was, Wolfe decided they had no choice but to bug his own client's home. "The client had a beautiful two-story Tudor-type home," Wolfe recalls. "We managed to get four of our miniature broadcasting stations into the house. We found what we wanted."

The electronic eavesdroppers revealed that before every job on which he bid, the construction man's wife asked him, just casually of course, what his bid was going to be. Naturally, he told her:

"We had recording of five such instances, but we wanted more before going to the client," Wolfe says. "We put a tail on the wife — twenty-four hours a day."

It wasn't long before the husband left town on a business trip. The wife dutifully drove him to the airport, kissed him goodbye. Then she drove to a hotel and met a man — her husband's competitor. Watching the pair, Wolfe's detectives established that every time the husband left home, his wife and his competitor spent the time playing house together.

Wolfe hesitated to tell the husband of his sordid discovery, but of course he had to. "We showed him the movies and played the recordings," Wolfe says.

He was, he recalls, prepared for almost any reaction but the one he got. The husband merely watched, grunted and said: "Well, I guess we plugged that leak, didn't we?"

Then he wrote out a check for Wolfe, with a fat bonus. — Fred J. Gook in the *Corrupt Society*, *The Nation*, June 1-8, 1963.

- The bird known as *tabon* in the Philippines lays its eggs under earth mounds.

A RARE PHILIPPINE BIRD

VALENTIN C. LOYOJA

The *tabon* is an inscrutable creature. This bird would rather walk than fly. It considers building aerial nests impractical. Yet, this non-conformist denizen of the avian kingdom has been heaped with honors. A cave in Quezon, Palawan, where a skull cap of a proto-Malay was found has been named after this megapode (big feet).

The *tabon's* unconventional ways were obviously remembered in the scientific investigation of the cave, hence the name *Tabon* cave. The *tabon* belongs to the family *megapodiidae*. It is otherwise known as mound builder because instead of building nests of twigs, leaves and other common nest-building materials it buries its eggs deep in the ground and covers it with a mound of sand. Taking its heat

from the ground, *tabon* eggs hatch by themselves. Somehow, the young emerges from the mound of earth all the way from its deep hole, a ponderous and uncanny accomplishment for a creature that had just broken out of its shell.

Under a special permit, anyone can be allowed to gather *tabon* eggs from May 16 to June 30 every year. The bag limit is 300 eggs per licensed hunter per season.

The whole *tabon* mound is literally a heap of fun. Covered by the heap of soil, dead leaves and twigs in a small area are the eggs. They are so cleverly concealed, each egg in a hole of its own, that the location is anybody's guess. Whereas in an Easter egg hunt a wide area of ground and a variety of hiding places are used, look-

ing for a tabon egg is confined to one tiny spot. The search, however, could be more laborious and difficult.

There are no leads to follow in finding the eggs once the tabon mound is found. One has just to start digging, taking care that the eggs do not get broken by the digging instrument. Sometimes an egg hunter would work for an hour without finding an egg. If he is lucky, he may find up to 10 in that time, each find punctuated by loud exclamations for a tabon egg is indeed a trophy worth its weight in fun and delicacy. One mound may yield up to 20 eggs.

A tabon egg is about three inches long, bigger than a goose egg. The size of the egg is a parody, for the tabon egg layer is no bigger than a native hen, sometimes smaller.

The tabon is both a clever and a stupid bird. It is clever in that it can hide its egg skillfully in the sand. But even if its mound has been thoroughly searched by egg hunters it still has no sense enough to look for another hiding spot; it insists,

maybe for convenience, in laying its eggs in the same mound.

Asked the best time for tabon-egg hunting, a native of Samar observed that the tabon usually lays its egg during the taguil-aw or low morning tides. Why this is so is a reason best known only to nature which hides most of its top secrets. At any rate, natives of places where the tabon bird is found experience more fruitful hunts during the low morning tides.

Apparently, there are numerous islands in the whole Philippine archipelago where the tabon is found. Considering the fact that this now venerated bird is not much of a flyer (it is heavy for its wings) it is surprising why it inhabits even tiny isolated islands. On islets of Palawan that are so tiny they are not even indicated on most maps, I found tabon mounds — and diggings by egg hunters. On an islet of the Polillo group of eastern Quezon province, the geographical opposite of Palawan, I also found tabon mounds and diggings by egg hunters.

The parent birds are not easily seen. An egg hunter may spend years at the sport without seeing the tabon that lays the great pinkish eggs, for, unlike the high flyers, the tabon with its brown color that easily blends with the ground and the dead leaves and the fallen twigs and branches are shy and, obviously, do not consider personal appearances to humans a healthy activity.

Catching an adult tabon is not as easy as it is thought to be. Some may be caught by traps, but according to trappers tabon catches are exceptions rather than the rule.

The laws of this country frown at those who try to catch the tabon that lay the

eggs. Catching adult tabon is prohibited.

Besides the distinct honor given to the tabon by the anthropologists who worked in the now famous Tabon cave of Palawan, some honors have been bestowed on this unique bird in the past. Some barrios and sitios of the Philippines have, according to travelers, been named Tabon. In the Cebu, Bohol and other Cebuan speaking regions, one who sports the color of a typical brown Filipino is called *tabonon* (equivalent to *kayumanggi* in Tagalog). A woman referred to as *tabonon* is complimented, for she is not only the color of the typical Filipina but carries the grace and the Maria Clara shyness of the venerable tabon bird. — *Manila Bulletin*.

The broadest and most prevalent error requires the most disinterested virtue, to sustain it. The slight reproach to which the virtue of patriotism is commonly liable, the noble are more likely to incur. Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support, are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters, and so frequently the most serious obstacles to reform. — *Thoreau*.

- In Harlem, one is conscious not of color but of poverty, low wages, unemployment, the poorly fed.

NEW YORK'S BERLIN WALL

V. S. PRITCHETT

East of Fifth Avenue at 96th Street is New York's Berlin Wall. In one block one steps north from the moneyed quiet of the Upper East Side, the Belgravia and Mayfair of the city, and from the crest of the small hill at Park Avenue or Madison one looks down on 'the vale of Harlem, jumping in the pure flame of the August heat or sunk like a mud flat in the intolerable damp days of hot cloud. For the first time in New York one sees expanses of sky; no skyscrapers slice it into strips; for the first time the city looks spacious. Even the phalanxes of newish, high red-brick apartment blocks that stand for a mile or more between the littered streets and proletarian playgrounds along Madison, rising like fortifications and model prisons, have broad sky between them. At the Park Avenue hill the railway

tracks shoot out from under the flower-beds of the respectable quarters, and the miles of blatant steel blind the eye, as they cut their way through the rusting fire-escapes of the tenements. Forbidden country. Most of my American friends said: 'Don't go there now. There is too much tension. And it is worse in the heat.' Just as they tell you not to go in Central Park at night. My European friends, not having the built-in American instinct for drama, said 'Ali nonsense'.

The European who crosses 96th Street at once feels at home. The foreignness does it — we are all foreigners in Europe — and also the liveliness of the streets. Activity is the principle of white New York; living is the business of Harlem. Strictly one is not immediately in Harlem but in Puerto Rico. The

coffee faces at the crowded slum windows, the huge family groups sitting thin-legged and tattered on doorsteps, the men playing dominoes on the pavements, the barber who looks like a large fly in his grubby shop, shout Spanish. The ads on the walls are Spanish; South American music prances out of doorways. And no one can keep his fingers still. Half-asleep at the door the old man or the young drums on a tin or on his knee. The empty hours of life are filled with drum taps on imaginary drums. In the corner of a playground where youths are playing baseball, four others are huddled secretly in a corner over a man who actually has a real drum and deftly palms and knuckles it. They are so close to one another that their faces nearly touch, their eyes glance at one another recording exquisite recognitions as they listen. Nearby someone fields the ball in the game and as he does so two or three of those drum notes catch his ear. He throws the ball in and then turns and buckles his knees into a grotesque dance that

seizes him like some unavoidable locomotor ataxia. Under the arches at Park Avenue one arrives in the middle of the raucous Puerto Rican market. A madman goes screaming through the crowd of women who are tearing at cotton dresses on the stalls: '*Cristo vivo; muerte No!*' he shouts. No one notices him.

There are Italian, even Spanish and Jewish Harlems — the big shops on 125th Street are Jewish and there is anti-semitism among the Negroes — 'They take their money out the community' — speaking as if Harlem were a nation; but so do many rich Negroes. The place is money-minded and has its class system. 125th Street is the Main Street of Negro Harlem. Few white faces, but every kind of Negro face; no one stares. Suddenly blackness becomes your norm; you begin to feel the furnace heat has burned your face off and that you too are black. In a quarter of an hour you do not notice colour at all. You notice individuals, whereas in the rest of the city people look the same. You notice gait and

stance, for some Negroes walk superbly and stand in a manner that suggests standing is an art in itself. They are people in their pride, not going any where, but hanging about, forever restless on their feet, skipping along circling, idle. Children play round your legs. An audience on very fire-escape is part of the show in the street below. Every other shop is blaring out radio tunes; in every doorway, arguments, small dramas. Transistors everywhere. A Cadillac full of men and girls crawls by; they are all laughing. In a way the adults seem to be at play, like the children racing round the playgrounds. A white taxidriver who dropped me at 135th Street one day, said angrily 'haven't got anything' against them but they're not regular people' and said he wanted to head for the East Side Highway and 'get out of it'. One sees his point; he had seen not colour but poverty, unemployment, low wages, the poorly fed; he was afraid and he had cringed before gaiety.

The unpleasant sight is the white cops. They stand in pairs, flexing their arms,

twirling their batons as if getting ready for a crack, talking to each other but to no one else — and, by Harlem standards, overfed. The well-fed are policing those who do not feed so well. One recognizes them too, not by colour, but by the innate stillness of bullies. James Baldwin, who has said something like this, does not exaggerate. After Birmingham the cops know even more how they are hated. They have their troubles. For there is that mysterious thing called tension. One night when the heat sat on one's chest like an elephant. I went up to 125th Street and, at various places, someone had turned on the fire-hydrants which were spouting water onto the cars and buses. At one corner several hundred Negroes were sitting on doorsteps, looking out of windows, grinning with happiness at a lonely cop who was trying to turn the water off. He failed. Three hours later buses were still being soaked. At the terminal when I got on the bus a Negro girl got on too, but got off at once when she saw the driver closing the windows

and mopping his seat. One saw a moment of fear which the Negro easily conveys by his quick eyes, quickly covered by politeness. She got off. She smelt trouble. She said nervously: 'I'll wait for my husband.'

There is a group of writers called the Harlem Writers Workshop. The organizer, John H. Clarke, edits a monthly review called *Freedomways*, which has just produced an interesting Harlem number. He invited me to a writer's meeting in one of the huge apartment forts for middle-income people. They are modern; and once you are out of the lift into the long corridors where people are slotted, the noise of television is violent. The walls are thin and there is no air-conditioning. About 16 of us sat sweating in a pretty book-lined room, talking about Rhodesia, Kenya, South Africa and Notting Hill Gate. One or two of the writers had been published in England and asked whether the English boom in the Negro novel was over. They suspected it was. They knew the race question was an economic one: lower wages than

white people, higher rents, poor schools kept poor — the Negro is the permanent, sweated immigrant. But the mood of the group was dangerously elated. 'This year everything will be settled,' they insisted (except the judicious Mr. Clarke who comes from Alabama and does not think things are going to be as simple as that: *Freedomways* is warning them that their struggle will be long). 'Or else,' shouted one laughing young man who hopped to his feet and danced about shooting an imaginary gun like a child playing cops and robbers. Everyone laughed at him but no one approved. Black Muslim racism, the notion of the Negro state and the return to Africa are rejected — otherwise their diagnosis is considered acceptable. They are the best-organized Negro group.

The Workshop included John O'Killens whose novels *Young Blood* and *Then We Heard the Thunder* have been published in this country, a dramatist and an established Jamaican writer; and the tendency is broadly one of the commitment to the

Negroes' social struggle. They are not by any means the only Harlem writers. Ralph Ellison is aloof from them — he lives just outside Harlem in an apartment looking down on the Hudson and he believes a writer needs a discipline more exacting than loyalty to a racial group and that there is more to Negro humanity than can be seen by limiting it to its political and social situation. In the present excitement the view is unfashionable, but Ellison is the most impressive Negro writer I have met.

Harlem is a city in itself and contains all that a city has. It has a third of New York's million Negroes; it is the capital of the race. It has its rich, its middling people, its sedate streets where the well-off professional people live, its fantastic property speculators, its money-making churches run like businesses — like a good many church organizations in white New York. The churches bought real estate to house their congregations. Differences between white and black do not touch the fundamental American traits:

there is chiefly the grim difference of status. And then, the Negro has escaped standardization by living below the surface of American life. The Negro is proud to have moved into what, 60 years ago, was a comfortable white suburb, against all the opposition and chicanery of the established. Grave, academically inclined Mr. Clarke took me to see the vast Schomburg collection of books on Africa and the African Negro in the public library where students were working late. It has a fine bust of the first Negro actor to play Othello. There are a couple of blocks on Seventh Avenue which are historic for the Harlem Negro. They are the first property bought by a group who slaved to pay off the high-rate mortgages. These heroes of the ethnic property war — which has been basic in New York life in every generation, as one national group pushes another out, in pursuit of the thoroughly American desire for self-improvement — were known by the formidable moral name of The Strivers. The street is called Strivers' Row and is one of the most

sedate in the whole city and has some of the best brownstones — the top status symbol of all.

The small bookshops of Harlem, stacked in disorderly fashion from floor to ceiling with new and second-hand books, are centres of local agitation. They have a natural connection with the street-corner meeting outside where the speakers range from the cranks and peculiars to the serious politicians. Go into a shop and in two minutes you are asked for your views on Rhodesia and Kenya; all the sensational and serious literature of the Negro revolt in the whole world is there. The Negro loves talk. There is always a group, perhaps behind a curtain or a door, talking politics. One might be among pre-revolutionary Russian exiles, but without Marx. 'A white commnuist is a liar,' someone said, 'and a black one is a fool.' In one shop you see the painted banners that are carried in protest meetings — lurid pictures of police dogs jumping at the throats of children in Birmingham or comic drawings of Southern Gentlemen.

The word is everything in Harlem. The long word or the book word beautifully uttered by the man driving his cab or talking in his shop; the rambling or the inciting word of the street meeting; the Biblical or inflaming word of the unctuous ranting preacher. These people have the gift of tongues which is scarcer among American whites; indeed conversation is commoner there than in white New York. On Sunday mornings in Harlem the word rules. Roars as of murder come from upper rooms over the cleaner's or the grocer's: it is a preacher in a one-room chapel creaming the name of Jesus, in paroxysms about Emmanuel. I found myself one wet Sunday at the notorious Abyssinian Baptist church which has a sweet-machine and a Credit Funeral Office in its entrance, swinging hand in hand with my two neighbors, singing 'Down by the Riverside'. Their hats were like gardens. They put the Communion crumb neatly on a little handkerchief on their knees. They drank the cocktail glass of red liquid which

tasted of vaseline and red currant. And several women in the congregation screamed 'Emmanuel' and 'Oh, Jesus' and fell into convulsions. Groans came from the men. Sobs and sighs from the quieter women. And when we came to sing 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen', chorus after chorus, the emotion did not seem too

much and expressed something fundamental about the race, its loneliness and suffering. I don't know how many men and women I shook hands with at the end; no one *seemed* to notice that I was the only white person in the church. But I bet they did. — *New Statesman*, August 16, 1963.

Why a University?

The justification for a university is that it preserves the connection between knowledge and the zest for life, by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning. The university imparts information, but it imparts it imaginatively. At least, this is the function which it should perform for society. A university which fails in this respect has no reason for existence. — *Alfred North Whitehead*.

■ Famed Hollywood actor reports on his impressions after a visit to Moscow film festival.

RUSSIAN LOVE-HATE

PETER USTINOV

It is impossible not to have pre-conceived ideas about Russia. The literature swarms with extraordinary characters; a lady in black proclaiming to a roomful of deaf ears that she is in mourning for her life; an aged man reflecting *with* wonder on a rumour that they have stretched a string from Moscow to some provincial town, although ignorant of the reasons behind such a remarkable technical feat; a mystic illuminated by some inner radiance freely confessing to a crime he did not commit.

The picture is further clouded by the images of the cosmonauts proudly striding down an endless red carpet on an air-strip flecked with puddles, to embrace eventually the jubilant Mr. Khrushchev amid a sea of flowers and enough rhythmic

clapping to gratify a battalion of flamenco dancers.

I was conscious of all this before I went, and yet it seems to me in retrospect that the apparently massive contradictions do form a fairly convincing equation. First of all, those aspects of Soviet society which tend to irritate or even scare the visitor — the complicated bureaucracy governing meal tickets, travel permits and those ladies who sit like sentinels on every floor of your hotel checking the goings out and comings in, meeting your smile with a challenging, penetrating stare — all these, far from being sinister inventions of the Soviet State to ensure its internal security, are in fact aspects of the Tsarist regime which the Revolution never succeeded in sweeping away.

It was the Russian Empire

which, to its eternal discredit, invented the visa. The idea of withdrawing a passport to prevent the free movement of a suspect character emanated from St. Petersburg, and has since been endorsed by countries boasting of their freedom. The patience of the Russian, his seeming passivity, and his discipline in a queue are qualities formed by a sense of immensity in which time has no meaning, and in which travel only leads to further horizons.

The love-hate relationship of the Soviet State with its own history is, I am sure, a more compelling emotional engagement than mere distrust of Capitalism or fear of the West. Not far from the anti-God museums are laboratories painstakingly restoring ancient Russian icons. The atheist guide at the Hermitage will tell you in the greatest detail the biblical stories illustrated by some Italian master. The hail of St. George in the Kremlin, where the Soviet hosts are in the habit of entertaining guests of the Government, is still adorned with proud two-headed eagles, and the walls are covered with battle

honours dedicated to those regiments who found terrestrial glory in the service of a now hated Tsar against a more hated enemy.

Russia, any Russia, has a pervading perfume from which there is no escape for those who were born to recognize it. The lady on Leningrad Airport comes to mind, a lady with a Stateless passport, emotionally telling me that she found it almost impossible to leave. "It is my country, and yet it is not." The old lady encountered casually in a dacha who had come home after forty-six years of tidy exile in Geneva with the express intention of ending her days on this demanding soil. In answer to the official questionnaire, "What is the purpose of your visit to the Soviet Union?" she had replied, "To die." The taxi driver, engaged in a heated argument with a client, who played his trump card, "ya, Russki cholavek" ("I'm a Russian man"), which expressed everything and nothing, but which silenced the client.

Naturally there are certain evident results of the fear of the West which are manifest

in a curious imbalance of the economy. There are Sputniks galore, and yet no adequate tooth paste. Air transport is efficient and comfortable, and yet the most hardened party fanatic will counsel against the purchase of a Soviet fountain pen. "Buy one in Helsinki," I was told. Yet, face to face with this gigantic experiment, I felt it was inelegant to carp about the lack of creature comforts to which we have become accustomed.

It is perhaps our way to concentrate on the well-being of the individual even to the point of permitting self-indulgence in times of affluence. It is their way to concentrate on things in which the community may take pride — space exploration, the hydrofoils and water skiers on the Moscow canal, the extraordinary emphasis on the education of children in community centres.

Their mistrust of the foreigner is far from being unnatural. What is more remarkable in the light of their history is the extravagant hospitality they reserve

for the visitor of goodwill. After a long history of invasions, the Russian desire to pad her frontiers with buffer States and satellites is in reality an almost landlocked nation's historical equivalent of Britain's island complex about far-flung naval bases and the ruling of the waves.

Communism may be an international creed, but no mere letter of the law has ever succeeded in changing the character of a people. Communism in Russia is essentially Russian, and whereas it may share its monotonous slogans with other Communist Parties and influence them as regards policy, it, in its turn, cannot remain entirely impervious to the influences of Polish, Czech or even French and Italian thought and art.

Just as any deviation in the Western bloc brings an American ambassador-at-large or even Mr. Kennedy hurrying to the scene to mend the rift, so any flutter in the Eastern heart-beat has Mr. Khrushchev rushing hither and thither with the flowers and handclaps. It is not easy to be a Great Power, locked for

better or for worse in a position of extremity.

The British can afford to be avuncular in their advice, the French can afford their almost daily declarations of independence, the Cubans can afford to yell cold-bloodedly in a public place like a calculating child: the Americans cannot afford to slap it for fear of being thought cruel by the passers-by, nor can they be too stern with us in Western Europe because of our geographical position and our somewhat frayed sensibilities. The position of the Russians is very similar: Mr. Gomulka may speak some peremptory words about the need for realism in the arts, but the Polish mind is too tempted by experiment and adventure to pay much heed. Others likewise go their independent ways, and Russian artists watch with fascination.

Now that the Chinese have reached about the year 1919 in their revolutionary development, with far more dangerous toys at their imminent disposal than were available then, and with the hope of war as the only solution to their desperate birth con-

trol problem, even the emancipation of the Soviet artist is assured within the loosening corset of Socialist theory.

The victory of Fellini's film "8 1/2" at the Moscow film festival at the very moment of the breakdown of the Sino-Russian talks is more significant than may be imagined. It had already been violently attacked by several Soviet critics. Khrushchev himself had recently spoken out against any hint of the unrealistic. And yet "8 1/2" had won the Grand Prix.

This victory was interpreted by certain organs of the Western Press as an attempt to encourage Italy's large Communist Party, but I believe the truth to be much more exciting and much less devious. The best man won, as he was bound to against the kind of opposition he had. Russian intellectuals will be arguing about the decision for months to come. So much the better. Many people think they are not allowed to argue.

At a banquet I had cause to say that in my opinion we all have far more to learn from one another than we

have to teach one another. After a momentary pause, this remark was greeted with rapturous applause by the Soviet guests. It was not just politeness. The world is shrinking by the minute, and with the improvement in communications, they are slowly losing their sense of immensity and of timelessness, just as we are adapting ourselves to the fact that a

few miles of sea is less of a barrier today than was a moat in the Middle Ages.

I suspect men of goodwill already recognize that their well-being is our well-being, and vice versa. As to those whose positions of authority preclude the exercise of mere goodwill, it will take the Chinese to bring the lesson home. — *The London Times*, July 28, 1963.

KNOWLEDGE FOR ITS OWN SAKE

Cicero, in enumerating the various heads of mental excellence, lays down the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, as the first of them. "This pertains most of all to human nature," he says "for we are all of us drawn to the pursuit of knowledge; in which to excel we consider excellent, whereas to mistake, to err, to be ignorant, to be deceived, is both an evil and a disgrace."

■ It took 35 years for a university degree, but this disabled man says it was well worth it.

DOING IT THE HARD WAY

As a boy in London, Canada, in the 1920s, I often looked across the River Thames at the buildings of the University of Western Ontario, and watched the comings and goings of the young people who were fortunate enough to spend several years of their lives studying within its walls. You lucky students, I thought; I would have given half of any years of life remaining to me to be able to go to university and study for a degree in geography or history.

Later, in my home town of Manchester, the same pattern repeated itself. This time it was the students attending lectures at Manchester University at whom I gazed enviously.

I never got to university. Instead, I started work at a greengrocer's shop and spent my time delivering orders, cleaning fish, and scrubbing floors. My wage rose to 15 shillings a week. Other

young men who were not so lucky spent their time waiting for work at the labour exchange. These were the 1930s with over 2m. men unemployed. Maybe the Blackshirts marching along Oxford Road were right, and one should exclaim with them — to Hell with culture!

* * *

How to get a better education? That question puzzled me for years. Books could be borrowed from the public library. Newspapers given by customers to wrap up fish could be read first. Free Saturday lectures were available at Manchester University. On a borrowed bicycle one could ride along Kingsway or Stockport Road to study geology in Derbyshire or archaeology in Cheshire. It got you away from the stifling wilderness of the housing estates. But it was not enough!

It seemed to me that if one could not get an education

by going to university and studying for a degree in geography, then one could learn something about the subject by starting off with a pack on one's back and a few pounds in one's pockets, to tramp and work one's way across foreign countries. Let the world be your university. So I started off.

In five years I made two trips to the Arctic and two to Africa, visited most of Europe. I worked as deck-hand on the Finnish four-masted barque *Herzogin Cecilie*, witnessed the outbreak of the Spanish civil war, stowed away on a ship bound for Spitzbergen, walked to the Oasis of Tafilet in the Sahara, to study the architecture of desert castles. I worked as seaman, cook, gold-miner, clerk, guide. Sometimes I feasted, sometimes I starved. I learned some geography.

I came back from Africa to spend a year at Fircroft College, Bournville, studying economics, philosophy, geography, and history. This college's function is to provide men who left school at an early age with the opportu-

nity of improving their education. My year at Fircroft opened new horizons, for as well as learning subjects I mixed with men of my own kind. Afterwards, lectures organized by the Workers Educational Association helped to fill in gaps in my knowledge.

• • •

During the Second World War I worked on farms in various parts of England and Wales. I had been born crippled and the Army did not want a lame man. Archaeology became my chief study. The war over, I studied for the Diploma in Archaeology, attending lectures at London University by Professor Gordon Childe, Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, and others. I felt I was getting somewhere at last, but my money ran out and I had to quit. Married now, with a wife and small daughter to care for, my ambition revived to go to university and study for a degree. Interviewed by Professor A. V. Williamson, of the Department of Geography, Leeds University, I learnt that it was considered almost impossible for a man approaching 40, with a family

to maintain, to go to university.

While undergoing the two-year courses for teachers at Sheffield Training College, I discovered several third-year students were studying for degrees by means of correspondence courses. They could sit the examinations as external students of London University. London was an examining university; attendance at lectures was not compulsory, and students could study wherever they happened to be. London University students were to be found in isolated places thousands of miles from England.

Embarked upon my career as a teacher, my spare time was spent in preparing to pass the university entrance examinations. I began by passing the examination for the Diploma in Geography. Correspondence courses got me through this. I had no G.C.E. passes to show (having been educated in Canada years before), and the university refused to recognize my Certificate in Education which teachers gained by two years' study and passing examinations; they made me

sit the G.C.E. examination and pass at Advanced level. I was ill at examination time, so a year was wasted before I could sit the exam: I passed.

The final examination for the degree of B.Sc. (Economics) was in two parts. Part One consisted of eight papers, all of which had to be taken on the same occasion, and the student was allowed to be weak in only one paper, otherwise he had to sit the whole eight papers again. Part Two consisted of five papers. Men who had gained this degree by part-time study estimated it could be accomplished in seven years.

The weekly lessons provided by the correspondence school with which I enrolled varied in quality, but on the whole were very good. They consisted of lesson notes — often very copious — a weekly test, and model answers to the previous week's test. The answers to the weekly test were sent to one's personal tutor to be corrected, and returned with his comments. Some tutor skimmed their corrections, but generally speaking the staff did appear to take an interest in

the student's work. Some tutors proved to be the authors of the textbooks one was studying. Some proved quite friendly, scribbling personal notes of encouragement.

* * *

Another four years of part-time study caused me to despair of ever gaining a degree by means of correspondence courses. The human contact, the ability to ask questions and receive individual answers are lacking. To sit down at a pile of lessons and textbooks, evening after evening, after a tiring day's work at school, becomes more and more difficult as the years go by. The feeling that one is a fool to go on trying becomes more and more pronounced. There is no *time* for social contact with one's wife and family, or with friends. Eventually they begin to lose patience with you.

A second attempt to get a place as a student at Leeds University proved unsuccessful. This time it was Prof. R. S. Dickenson who told me that a middle-aged man with a family to maintain did not stand a chance. Was there no hope at all for men in my

position? External students of London University could attend lectures for the B.Sc. (Economics) degree at the Institute of Technology, in Bradford. I decided to take a year off from teaching and attend lectures there three days a week. It meant a 20-mile journey each way from the Yorkshire village in which we lived, but it was worth it. The lecturers were first-class and very helpful. When I sat the examination for Part One I passed seven papers, and was referred in the eighth. This paper, Principles of Economics, I had to sit three times before passing.

Although I investigated every possible channel of official assistance to students, for funds to maintain myself and my family during that year of study, no help was forthcoming. We had to rely on savings and gifts from charitable organization; much of my success is due to the fact that I have the best wife in the world. Part Two was comparatively easy, by means of correspondence courses, and evening lectures at the College of Commerce, Manchester.

So I got my degree at the age of 50, or 35 years after the idea first came to me that I had a brain good enough for a university education, if only I had the opportunity.

How much did it cost? About £150, which includes fees for correspondence courses, books, maps, postage, tuition at the various colleges, fees for courses in field-geography. Plus the loss of a year's salary as a teacher. Also, it would be ungenerous to omit mention of the assistance given by such organizations as the West Riding County Library, Cheshire County Library, in loaning the expensive textbooks need-

ed; without their ready cooperation the costs of one's studies would be much increased. My thanks go out to them.

Was it worth it? Very definitely Yes. As a disabled man I now possess a higher qualification to a different type of teaching post, should future circumstances require me to give up my present job. Also, there has been the sheer delight of learning, of following a group of closely related subjects to a higher level. And lastly, I have proved to my own satisfaction that I could do it. — "J. H. L.", *The London Times*, Educational Supplement, May 24, 1963.

GOOD GOVERNMENT

A wise and frugal government (which) shall restrain men from injuring on another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government. — *Thomas Jefferson.*

■ Population explosion stirs ferment among U.S. Catholics on family planning.

BIRTH CONTROL BATTLE

GEORGE BARRETT

The subject of birth control, long regarded by members of the Roman Catholic Church as a dangerously sensitive issue to discuss, is today stirring a profound ferment in the Catholic community in the United States.

Until fairly recently, parish approbation customarily has been reserved — for the big Catholic family. Mothers with plans to limit the number of their children have often faced parish censure.

But new trends in living, new discoveries in medicine and science, and increased exchanges with non-Catholic groups have raised fundamental challenges to the traditional Catholic attitudes and customs; consequently, throughout the Catholic world, increasing numbers of theologians, demographers, moral philosophers and sociologists are pursuing a

close, and frequently bold, re-examination of many aspects of birth control. One development in this expanding Catholic inquiry is the establishment of a population study centre at Georgetown University, a Catholic institution in Washington.

The birth-control issue has been stirred by many forces, but the population explosion, probably more than any other single development, has focused widening Catholic attention on the subject. There are other factors that have plunged areas of the Catholic world into ferment over birth control. For example, in the Catholic Press, and in public and private dialogues, Catholics speak with candour these days of the membership "leakage from Church." Cardinal Suenens, Primate of Belgium, who is a leader of the "progressive" group in Rome's

Sacred College of Cardinals, has bluntly asked "whether many people, baptised as infants, do not fall away from the Church because of birth control."

Birth control has become a problem for many Catholics who faithfully attend Mass. Parish priests report that many Catholics have had to be denied the sacraments because they insist on using artificial contraceptives. Parishioners who cannot afford to have more children, who are afraid to rely on the present rhythm system, are making choices that disturb them and disturb their pastors. They continue to go to church — but they go in guilt.

When the questioner tries to find out why there has been an apparent upsurge in the spirit of inquiry into birth control matters, the answer is always the same, and even the words are very close:

"It's John."

"Credit John."

Or, simply and affectionately:

"John."

While the late Pope John

XXIII has not been identified with any strong position on the birth control and population problem, his historic role as the most "tradition-shattering figure ever to occupy the Chair of Peter" (the description is by "The Pilot," the Catholic newspaper in Boston) has inspired those in the Church who are seeking reforms, including reforms in Church attitudes on birth control. Some say that Pope John cleared the way for the re-examination of the sensitive issue when he convoked the Ecumenical Council.

A woman physician in Belgium, a Catholic mother of five, has reported that she wrote to the Vatican about her confusions over the Church's official insistence that it is moral to practice birth prevention through rhythm but sinful to use artificial contraceptives. In her appeal for clarification from the forthcoming Council, she wrote that "in each case the intention is precisely the same." and commented that "God will not be deceived." She has quoted a reply from the Palace of the Holy Office stating that "the

question is under consideration and will certainly be dealt with at the Council." Many bishops were "well informed of the difficulties," according to the Vatican reply, "so much so that the decision of the Council will certainly be sought as a result."

In Puerto Rico, too, the birth control question is paramount. Behind the pastel walls of the Government offices in San Juan, overlooking the sun-baked court and the palm trees see-sawing in slow motion, the Health Department spokesman talked guardedly about "Catholic doctors" who, he said, were still bitterly fighting birth control in Puerto Rico. He noted that the Caribbean Commonwealth had set up one of the most extensive systems of public and private birth control clinics in the world, to help reduce a fertility rate that has made Puerto Rico one of the most densely-packed areas on this globe.

At one village clinic the medical director discusses the whole range of artificial contraceptives — all of them banned by the Catholic Church — and says that they

have been a boon for some of the poverty-ridden parents who wish desperately to have no more children. But the devices are not good enough, he adds; they are "too sophisticated" for the uneducated and therefore too unreliable. He speaks of sterilization, a birth control measure particularly condemned by the Catholic Church but widely practiced in Puerto Rico.

"Only sterilization really works," he says. "After six or seven children these people come in here and they agree that sterilization is what they really want." "But what about the Catholic doctors?" the director is asked. "Isn't it true that the Catholic doctors in Government health clinics discourage all these birth control services?" The medical director looks up. There is a quick frown and then a quick grin: "What do you mean, Catholic doctors? You're in Puerto Rico. We're all Catholic doctors!"

The Government's network of health centres has long been the target of the Catholic hierarchy. One parish priest draped the belfry of his church in black strips for mourning when the birth

control programme reached his community. An agreement, however, has just been reached between Church and Government under which Catholics may now go to the centres without incurring condemnation by the Church.

No formal pronouncement has been made, nor will it be made out of fear that an official public declaration may jeopardize the programme, but the agreement calls for the Department of Health to disseminate full information on the Church-approved rhythm system of birth control. (Up to now, most of the personnel in the island's health centres have been reluctant to prescribe the rhythm method, which they consider complicated and unreliable.)

In exchange for offering a full and fair presentation of all methods of birth control, and leaving it to each applicant to make the specific choice, the Department of Health understands that the Catholic hierarchy will cease blanket attacks against the Government's programme.

A few weeks ago an eminent priest-theologian of the Catholic Church directed

some words of his own to another "heretic" — Dr. John Rock, a pioneer in the development of the oral contraceptive pill and Catholic author of the new book "The Time Has Come." The book, published by Alfred A. Knopf, has shocked many Catholics by advocacy of birth control methods challenged by the Church and by insistence that the Catholic Church has changed major doctrines in the past and can do so now on the issue of birth control. Dr. Rock has been attacked as a "maverick Catholic," a "mischief maker," a "Catholic renegade."

"Tell John," said the priest theologian softly, "that there are things I can't put into my writing but please remind him of Cardinal Newman; tell him, 'please, that when things get rough to take courage, to remember the Newmans of the Catholic Church; tell him to remember that there have been others before him in our Church who have also had to live *sub luce maligna* — for a while."

Lay Catholics have traditionally avoided debate on the

birth control question, but letters to Dr. Rock, most of them from readers who are sympathetic and many of them from grateful Catholics, give evidence of a new spirit of inquiry and challenge:

From a surgeon in Beverly Hills, California — "Your stand is the most heartening thing that has come out of our Roman Catholic faith for years." A terse note from Chattanooga, Tenn. — "Be assured that the hopes and

prayers of many Catholic parents are behind you." And from a Catholic mother of four (a fifth expected), in Worcester, Mass. — "God forgive me, but I would terminate this pregnancy if I could. I hope and pray that you are able to go ahead with your work. I can't eat or sleep, and I cry all the time. I pray God to help us both." — *This article has been extracted from a series which appeared in the New York Times.*

KNOWLEDGE AND FISH

Knowledge does not keep any better than fish. You may be dealing with knowledge of the old species; with some old truths; but somehow or other it must come to the students, as it were, just drawn out of the sea and with the freshness of its immediate importance. — *Alfred North Whitehead.*

MULL THIS OVER

Vanity

We have to have a devilish amount of vanity to believe that what comes out of our brain is more valuable than what we see around us. Imagination does not take us very far, whereas the world is so immense. — *Renoir, the painter.*

Girls

Every year the young girls come into flower on the beaches. They have only one season. The following year they are replaced by other flower-like faces, which, the previous season, still belonged to little girls. For the man who looks at them, they are yearly waves whose weight and splendor break into foam over the yellow beach. — *Albert Camus, the novelist.*

Superior man

I tell my white friends: "You expect me to know more than you with less education, to survive with fewer political rights, to live better with less economic opportunity." That's not the specification for an inferior man. That's the specification for a superior man. — *Charles D. Saxon, American Negro.*

Beauty and fear

The American author and editor Christian Bovee wrote: "There is great beauty in going through life without anxiety or fear. Half our fears are baseless, and the other half discreditable."

If everyone in the world would suddenly stop being fearful, what peace and freedom there would be!

Attention: All organization heads and members!

Help your club raise funds painlessly . . .

Join the *Panorama* "Fund-Raising by Subscriptions"
plan today!

The PANORAMA FUND-RAISING BY SUBSCRIPTIONS PLAN will get you, your friends, and your relatives a year's subscription to *Panorama*.

The *Panorama* is easy to sell. It practically sells itself, which means more money for your organization.

The terms of the PANORAMA FUND-RAISING BY SUBSCRIPTIONS PLAN are as follows:

- (1) Any accredited organization in the Philippines can take advantage of the PLAN.
- (2) The organization will use its facilities to sell subscriptions to *Panorama*.
- (3) For every subscription sold the organization will get ₱1.00. The more subscriptions the organization sells, the more money it gets.

Contents

We Fear The Wrong Things	1
Our Youth and the Unfinished Revolution <i>Alfredo R. Roces</i>	2
Do Asians have an Inferiority Complex? <i>Carmen Guerrero Nakpil</i>	11
Heirs to the New Europe <i>Aidan Crawley</i>	16
Inside Russia's Schools <i>Kathleen Ollerenshaw</i>	26
The Shattered Monolith <i>Edward Cranshaw</i>	35
Don't be Fooled by Labels	44
Business versus Business	49
A Rare Philippine Bird <i>Valentin Loyola</i>	55
New York's Berlin Wall <i>V. S. Pritchett</i>	58
Russian Love-Hate . <i>Peter Ustinov</i>	65
Doing It the Hard Way	70
Birth Control Battle <i>George Barrett</i>	75