

tentialism, simply Philistine. But what kind of Philistinism is it that calls Hermann Hesse a "minor German novelist"?

The three essays in the final section, harmlessly entitled "Examinations," seem a trifle diffuse. Furthermore, they do not compose a strong conclusion to the book. They do share, however, an implicit theme: the role of amateurism in modern society. Mr. Macdonald clearly sees the advantages of informed amateurism in his essay on British journalism, and he also sees the dangers to amateurism in his essays on the American cults of "factualism" and "howtoism." He ends thus: "This would be good discipline for Americans, just to look at things once in a while without touching them, using them, converting them . . . The artist's vision, not the hunter's."

This is a fine expression of the attitude the author himself has struck. Without being systematic or really original, "Against the American Grain" proves itself an urbane, independent, and perceptive work, kind to those qualities of imagination and sensibility



without which no culture can endure. Its genuine intolerance of sham, in high or low places, can serve to brace our sagging judgments and to keep our minds on the stretch.

**FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1011**

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1011 will be found in the next issue.

AVRASV DJSS QWH UGH-
XKJGN XKUX'B RGV XR
U YWBXROVP.

BJGYSUJP SVDJB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1010

Every great advance in science has issued from a new audacity of imagination.

—JOHN DEWEY.

. . . AND THE BRITISH

The Court on the Carpet

"Anatomy of Britain," by Anthony Sampson (Harper. 662 pp. \$6.95), exposes, by means of superficially lighthearted sketches of the Establishment, the stultifying effect of continuing social snobbery in England. J. H. Plumb, historian and biographer, teaches English history at Cambridge University.

By J. H. PLUMB

WOULD you like to know who supplies Queen Elizabeth II with bagpipes? Or dog biscuits? Would you be fascinated to learn that she costs Britain less than two large firms spend on advertising detergents? And dukes—who could resist such titbits of information as that they average 1.5 wives apiece; that two are nearly broke; that Northumberland is related to a quarter of the rest; that Devonshire, Macmillan's nephew, having paid £2½ million in death duties, can still afford to live in four large houses, one with 111 rooms? And if the dukes pall, there are 523 barons—a quaint and fascinating assortment.

And after the peers come the clubs, those curious sepulchral caverns dotted about St. James's Palace, where the upper-class English males live out their ritual and taboo. And so, on to the Court, to Parliament, to the Church, to public schools (private schools to you), to judges, admirals, generals, press barons, on and on and on through the complex jungles of the British Establishment, at times regaled with morsels of gossip, occasionally stuffed with an impressive range of fascinating facts, and frequently enlivened by short, slick vignettes of all the leading men of influence and power.

Mr. Sampson does it all effortlessly, painlessly, and with the lightest of touches. I defy anyone not to be enthralled by this book, or to try to stop reading it. This is one of the most cunning pieces of journalism that has appeared for a generation. It makes its prototypes, John Gunther's famous books, look uninformed and dull.

But what is Mr. Sampson's real purpose? Is it to entertain, or, sinisterly, to make Britain's horrifying Establishment seem cosy and familiar and, therefore, harmless? It would be a mistake



to think so. His intention is very serious—to display the crippling nature of Britain's social structure in the new world of scientific technology and high-powered industrial capitalism.

Although Britain originated the Industrial Revolution, British society did its best, and still does, to ignore the consequences. Although the new men of science and industry may come from grammar schools and provincial universities, or even technical colleges, the manipulators of power rarely do. High Civil Servants, Cabinet ministers, judges, bishops, bankers, and directors of commercial enterprises all tend to come from established families, trained at boarding schools and Oxford or Cambridge, and all largely ignorant of the new needs of industrial activity or of the kind of life lived in industrial towns. This class has not only clung to the trappings of feudalism with the dedication of a Magna Carta baron, defying ancient institutions merely because they are old; it has also created a deeply distrustful attitude to all change. The result is constant frustration for the new managerial class and for industrial enterprise. Much of the opposition to the European Common Market and much of the British distaste for the American way of life is derived from this subconscious hatred of industrialization that exists amongst Britain's governing classes.

The roots of the trouble lie deeper than Mr. Sampson thinks. When Britain became really affluent in the nineteenth century, there already existed a traditional pattern of life for rich men—landed estates, hunting, shooting, fishing, the London season, titles, Parliament, the Court, and a few professions that were regarded as gentlemanly. So there was an obvious target for the new rich; and naturally they went after the baronial Joneses, sent their sons to boarding schools, bought estates as far

from their factories as they could, put their daughters on horses, and even went fox-hunting themselves.

It was all natural enough. Social snobbery is the inevitable outcome of affluence in a deeply stratified society. What in America goes into competitive snobbery about culture or visible display of wealth, in Britain goes into a violent competitive expenditure for social status. And it still goes on. Boarding school places are so much in demand among parents who never went to one that sons now have to be entered before they are born. Fox-hunting has never been more popular, although most hunters' parents scarcely knew one end of a horse from the other. Coming-out dances for daughters have reached new heights of fatuous extravagance. Country cottages are at such a premium in Southern England that there is an appalling housing crisis for agricultural laborers. Even stately homes are now in demand.

Like their ancestors, those who have become rich as a result of the scientific and technological revolution seem eager to remove themselves with all possible speed from the sources of their wealth. And yet, to do so is, nationally speaking, suicidal. Already too much talent in Britain is withdrawn from productivity, because industry is not regarded as gentlemanly.

It is unlikely that anything short of a social revolution can break this stranglehold of the past. How weird and comic a people we must seem to others! Mr. Sampson's excellent portrayal of Britain disguises nothing of our oddity. His book makes wonderful, if gloomy, reading for a native.

A Change In The Weather

By Robert Necker

AT 2 a.m. windy spring slept
the cat yawned the rain wet lightly
the black hair of Betty
raindrops crept
about the wrists of the dark leaves.

Now leaves are dark as
a nun's grave shoes. And full of
witches' veins. The cat
is dead of summer.
Now is the season that shivers in loneli-
ness nearing humped winter.

Hurt the leaves autumn rain rip all
the leaves. Let them
fall. Wind
be the death of leaves which saw me
lose Elizabeth.

No Party to Appeasement

"The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon: Facing the Dictators" (Houghton Mifflin. 746 pp. \$7.50), chronologically precedes the British statesman's earlier volume of autobiography, "Full Circle," and covers the fateful years 1923-1938. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago.

By JOHN CLIVE

THIS is how Winston Churchill looked back on Anthony Eden's resignation as Foreign Secretary in 1938 in his history of the Second World War:

From midnight till dawn I lay in my bed consumed by emotions of sorrow and fear. There seemed one strong young figure standing up against long, dismal, drawling tides of drift and surrender, of wrong measurements and feeble impulses . . . he seemed to me at this moment to embody the life-hope of the British nation. . . . Now he was gone.

The present volume of memoirs describes those tides of drift and surrender from the point of view of one who was not prepared to float along with them. Whatever history's final verdict on Eden will turn out to be—and we now tend to think of him mainly in connection with the ill-fated Suez operation—the record of his diplomacy in the years when Hitler and Mussolini were able to consolidate their power should assure him a place among the few who were into the game the dictators were playing.

Eden was initially willing to give them the benefit of the doubt, until he realized that international agreements were to them no more than scraps of paper. From then on he tried valiantly to convince the successive British governments in which he served that gangsterism in international affairs could only be countered by firmness and strength. For concession and compromise would only be met by ever more intemperate demands. Once again we see unfolded here the melancholy tale of the failures of the Thirties: failure of disarmament conferences, failure to enforce effective sanctions against Italy during the Abyssinian war, failure to stop German remilitarization of the



—Blau (Pix).

Anthony Eden—"the road to Munich might well have been avoided."

Rhineland, failure of "non-intervention" during the Spanish Civil War, failure to take adequate action against Japanese aggressive policies in the Far East, and, above all, failure of the great democracies in Europe and America to act in concert, to negotiate from strength rather than from weakness.

It would be a mistake to imagine that it was the ineptitude of British foreign policy alone that was mainly responsible for these failures. That responsibility must be borne by many people in many countries. But there can be no doubt about the fact that had Baldwin and Chamberlain been more receptive to Eden's prescient advice, the road to Munich might well have been avoided.

Not that Eden was free from error. He should never have consented to the appointment of Sir Neville Henderson as British Ambassador to Berlin, where he spent his time making excuses for the Nazis. Nor should he have tolerated Lord Halifax's ill-timed visit to Berchtesgaden in 1937, which achieved nothing but a loss of dignity for Britain. Again, after the then British Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, acting without the knowledge of the Cabinet, joined Pierre Laval in 1935 in signing away half of Haile Selassie's Abyssinian territory to Italy, Eden should have