

mendations on the ground that they deny to the Bantu inalienable and basic human rights, deny him any share in the government of the country, deny him the right to free assembly and collective bargaining, deny him free movement and civic protection, and deny him even domestic liberty. The Conference declared itself solidly in favour of a middle-course policy of inter-racial co-operation involving neither complete integration nor complete segregation. Why is this reasonable solution not envisaged by the author or by the Nationalist Government? To sum up: In so far as the author set out to substantiate the title of his book, he has succeeded. In so far as he has touched upon a theory of *Apartheid* that can be defended on practical and purely humanitarian grounds, he can claim some approval. But in so far as his object was to justify the practical policy of the present South African government *vis-à-vis* the Bantu, he has failed. This is not to say that the book is without interest or value. One can at least share the expressed hope of the publishers that it may have the effect of 'opening up the discussion of this vital problem on a more widely informed level'.

HILARY J. CARPENTER, O.P.

THE SANE SOCIETY. By Erich Fromm. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.)

The author of this book has come a very long way. Originally a convinced Freudian, he later began to see that orthodox psychoanalysis is a highly problematical, indeed, fantastic creed and tried to free himself from it. What he did, in company with a few other like-minded psychologists, was to re-interpret the Freudian terms and theorems in a purely sociological spirit and thus to get rid of the crude materialism and sexualism which mars the system of Freud himself. For instance, for Freud's assertion that the little boy feels strongly attached to his mother because she is to him an object of erotic desire, Fromm substituted the suggestion that this attachment was due to the fact that to the child the mother means security in a world where everything is apt to create anxiety. Thus sense was substituted for nonsense, reason for unreason, and a new point of view was won from which many layers of mental life could be examined with solid hope of sound insights. In an earlier book, *The Fear of Freedom*, Fromm presented us with one such exploration. Why do the masses follow leaders like Mussolini, Hitler, and all the rest? Because, so Fromm answered, the breakdown of the medieval order liberated man from old ties but failed to give him new ones, because he was freed *from* something, but not, as Fromm formulated it, *for* something. The vacuum in men's minds so created could be filled by any mountebank, and this is the tragedy of our age.

This was perhaps no profound analysis, but its salient point was certainly worth making. For this reason, it was with high hopes that one approached Fromm's new book, devoted not to a partial but to a comprehensive investigation of the modern situation. Unfortunately, the result is disappointing. Fromm is seriously concerned about our present discontents; his words flow from the pen of a true humanitarian; but in its analysis this book has little to offer. For Fromm has thrown himself into the arms of the Marxians. His basic account of the reasons for the malaise of this century and the last is essentially Marxist, only the bite of the Muscovites is replaced by a certain sentimentality. The concept which Fromm uses most is that of alienation, already wielded as a weapon by Marx himself. Man makes commodities and they, his creatures, come to dominate him; man makes political parties and they, his tools, get on to his shoulders and drive him about like a donkey; man creates a press for his information and it fills him up with lies; and so on and so forth. 'Things are in the saddle and ride mankind', said Emerson, and Fromm takes this word as his motto. It is also a summing-up of the analytical parts of the book.

The question is, of course, What is to be done? It is in the more practical and programmatic chapters that Fromm is most disappointing. We have become aliens to each other, we must learn again to behave like brothers. True! But sermonizing is not the job of the psychologist and sociologist. In so far as Fromm has any concrete proposals to make, they are hopelessly utopian. Production should not be carried on in huge soulless factories but in small face-to-face groups where the co-operators could come to know, to respect and to like each other; government should no longer be entrusted to a parliament which is far away both in spirit and in location and go instead to small neighbourhood units like the old-time village council; there should be a universal subsistence guarantee available not only for those who are old, sick or unemployed, but also, and that freely, to those who do not want to work for a time—for instance, those who fancy a new profession. This sort of thing is too hopelessly unrealistic to be taken seriously. And, indeed, if the question is asked where Fromm has got his inspiration, the answer obviously is: the early nineteenth-century Utopians, Owen, Fourier, Saint-Simon, Comte. (Comte's 'scientific religion of humanity' is there with all the other old lumber.) This will not do nowadays. But the worst is that Fromm is not even informed about the most elementary facts. On page 279 one can read that Britain has nationalized not only medicine, mining and the railways, but also banking and the chemical industry. Such blunders are quite unnecessary in any book.

That Fromm has nothing more helpful to say is in the last resort due to his unrealistic idea of man. He has never heard of original sin. He does not believe there is such a thing. Men are by nature rational, kindly, loving, etc. Give them half a chance, and they will turn the earth into heaven. When one reads these outpourings, one cannot help regretting that Fromm has moved so far away from Freud. For Freud, however fantastic his system may have been in other respects, at any rate knew man for what he was.

W. STARK

JUNIOR HERITAGE BOOKS: COSTUME. By James Laver. Illustrated by John Mansbridge. (Batsford; 8s. 6d.)

Anyone who knows the Batsford publications also knows that a new Batsford book requires no commendation from a reviewer to be assured of its worth. This book, though, is one of a new series. The description, *Junior Heritage*, could be misunderstood. It is not, in fact, just a children's book. The aim of the publishers is that the *Junior Heritage Series* should be comprehensible and attractive to younger readers and at the same time provide an ideal introduction to the various subjects for readers of any age. The first six volumes of this new series deal with Castles, Churches, Abbeys, the Monarchy, Houses, and Costume. This volume, on the development of English costume from Anglo-Saxon times to the twentieth century, certainly justifies this aim.

Mr James Laver describes in a masterly way nine hundred years, from 1000-1900, of English male and female dress. Mr John Mansbridge illustrates the detailed text with superb drawings, many of which are in brilliant colour. These, quite by themselves, provide a vivid and attractive lesson in social history and should capture the interest even of those who profess not to like history. Mr Laver and Mr Mansbridge prove, each in their own way, that history can be a fascinating subject and not just something that everybody has to do at school. The Dutch printers also deserve praise for their share in this distinguished Batsford book.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.

SIMON. By Elizabeth Hamilton. (André Deutsch; 10s. 6d.)

'This is a story about Simon. Simon as I knew him. It began on an evening in December. I was sitting in the lamplight, with the letter in front of me on the table.' These are the opening sentences of this delicate story of a young school-teacher's awakening love for a young man at sea. It takes place during the last war. Simon is an officer in the navy. Anna, the country schoolteacher, comes to know him because she has