



Blaðaúrklippur

Bjarni Benediktsson – Stjórnmal – Dómsmálaráðherra – Utanríkisráðherra – Blaðaúrklippur – Tíminn –
The New York Times - 1954

Tekið af vef Borgarskjalasafnsins

bjarnibenediktsson.is

Einkaskjalasafn nr. 360

Stjórnmalamaðurinn

Askja 2-14, Örk 10

©Borgarskjalasafn Reykjavíkur

The Business of a Diplomat

THE DIPLOMATS, 1919-1939. Edited by Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert. Illustrated. 683 pp. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$9.

By WILLIAM L. LANGER

FOLLOWING the success of the Bolshevik Revolution in November, 1917, Lenin and Trotsky fully intended to abolish the Russian foreign office and scrap diplomacy as an instrument for the conduct of international relations. Diplomacy for them was a function of the outworn capitalist system, altogether superfluous in the dawning age of the world revolution, when the revolutionaries of all countries would know how to deal simply and honestly among themselves.

It is worth recalling this fact not only for its bearing on the later development of Soviet foreign policy, but also because, in an extreme form, it reflects the discredit into which diplomacy had fallen as a result of the first World War among democratic nations as well as others. President Wilson's demand for "open diplomacy" met with an enthusiastic, world-wide response. This sprang from the general belief that the great catastrophe was due in no small part to the secret machinations of professional diplomats, playing the game of balance of power without reference to the desires and interests of the peoples they supposedly represented.

That this dislike and distrust of traditional diplomacy affected even the highest government circles in many countries is shown by the vogue, during the interwar period, of the "open door" policy between the first and second World Wars, of such negotiations through international organizations, as also by the policy of men like Wilson and Lloyd George, to say nothing of the later dictators, to by-pass their foreign offices and

foreign services both in the formulation and execution of national policy.

How far the deterioration of the concept of traditional diplomacy has gone was shockingly demonstrated during the recent hearings of Congressional committees investigating State Department personnel. Suggestions were then freely made that diplomats who reported unpalatable intelligence and advocated courses of action later held to be mistaken were to be regarded as suspect if not actually as disloyal.

Opponents of Charles E. Bohlen's confirmation as Ambassador to Soviet Russia even went so far as to maintain that foreign service officers involved in the implementation of the policy of one Administration thereby destroyed their usefulness to a succeeding regime with other notions. Obviously the general acceptance of such views would spell the ruin of the professional foreign service and sound the death knell of diplomacy as an instrument in international relations.

THIS fundamental issue is the one on which the present volume hinges. The editors and authors are concerned, according to the preface, with studying "the significance which traditional diplomacy possessed in a period in which its institutions were assailed from the democratic, as well as from the totalitarian side, but during which—and this must be emphasized—it continued to be employed by all powers as an instrument for attaining national objectives."

To this end, the editors enlisted an additional fifteen trained historians, almost all of them men with government experience, to examine and analyze the organization, procedures and influence of European foreign offices between the wars and to review the careers and contributions of selected states-

men and diplomats in a large variety of situations.

Though not intended to advance or defend any particular thesis, the editors were evidently themselves impressed by the unanimity of opinion that emerges from these many and often diverse essays. "If this book must have a thesis," they remark in the foreword, "this is it—it is dangerous to carry distrust of professional diplomacy to the point where you always insist upon doing what the professionals say must not be done and always refuse to do what they describe as necessary."

ACTUALLY the record of Lloyd George's "personal diplomacy," of Neville Chamberlain's well-intentioned bungling, of the "fascitization" of the Italian foreign service, of the suppression of the German Foreign Office through Ribbentrop's *Dienststelle*, and of the duality in the conduct of Soviet foreign policy, to mention only a few items, leads one to think that the old system, whatever its shortcomings, was infinitely superior to the newfangled procedures which, for the most part, rest on intuition and short-sighted expediency rather than on sound knowledge and careful planning.

"The Diplomats" represents a really impressive achievement. Though a collaborative work, it is remarkably even and well-integrated. The authors, among them outstanding authorities like Gordon Craig, Hajo Holborn and Dexter Perkins, are all highly competent in their fields. Their contributions provide an admirable digest of vast quantities of recently revealed material and, more importantly, a clear exposition and keen analysis of the basic issues involved in any particular situation.

The writers one and all avoid involvement in the mass of

(Continued on Page 20)



Illustration from "Winston Churchill." Churchill riding with the hunt, in Kent, 1948.

Churchill in War and Peace

WINSTON CHURCHILL: The Era and the Man. By Virginia Cowles. Illustrated. 378 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$5.

THE WAR SPEECHES OF THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Compiled by Charles Eade. 3 vols. 1603 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$25 the set.

By DENIS BROGAN

WHEN Virginia Cowles told Sir Winston Churchill—it was before he was knighted—that she proposed "to write his biography, he growled good-naturedly: 'There's nothing much in that field left unploughed.'" It is a tribute to the man that the field yields so luxuriant and nourishing a crop. No doubt the result is due in great part to the fertility of the soil, but it is also due to the industry of the author.

What Miss Cowles has done is to produce a lively, shrewd and, in some ways, original study of the most versatile, vivacious and oldest of the great figures of the contemporary world. Sir Winston is firmly and adroitly painted against his background, but those readers who come to this book for a profound analysis of the sick world in which he was a leader and a savior will be disappointed. Yet Miss Cowles succeeds admirably in what she really set out to do: to make us see in him not merely the heroic figure of 1940-45, but the man who, just before

his finest hour, had apparently had two political careers killed under him and was unlikely to have another chance.

Perhaps the most novel and useful part of Miss Cowles' book is its account of the reasons why Churchill, like a jockey in the Grand National, has been dismounted so often. It was natural to attribute this series of fatalities to the dislike of mediocrities for genius, to a national torpor that preferred Bonar Law to Lloyd George (and Churchill), a Baldwin or a Chamberlain to a Churchill. American history, with its record of safe, available candidates and Presidents, casts some light on the problem. But the direct narrative of Miss Cowles casts more.

SHE makes it intelligible that Churchill should have inspired distrust and dislike. He was a man of genius, but as a boy and as a man he never proffered "the deprecatory cough of the minor poet," to quote Shaw on Shakespeare. More than that and, possibly, more important than that, he was a maverick as his father had been before him, and his father's fate—to be a maverick permanently out of office—was constantly before the young Winston.

He was elected to Parliament as a Conservative in 1900 at the age of 26, but broke with his party in 1904-05 over tariff reform and joined the Liberals. The controversy over free trade may seem meaningless to young

(Continued on Page 30)



Illustration from "The Diplomats, 1919-1939."

and Germany plan to take similar stands at a forthcoming Disarmament Conference. Left to right: Chancellor Brüning, German Foreign Minister Curtius and Italian Foreign Minister Grandi.

Mr. Brogan, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, is author of "The English People," "The American Problem" and other books.

When the East Conquered the West

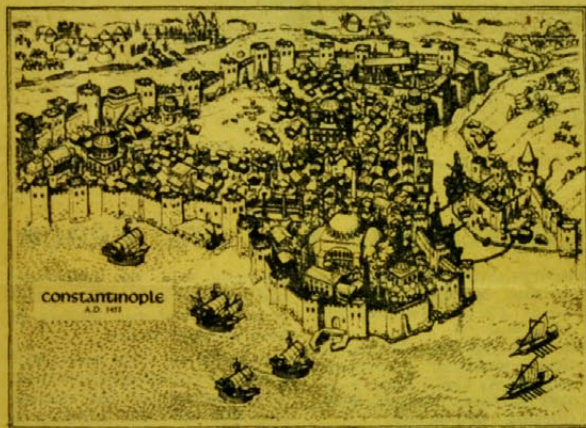
THE DARK ANGEL. By Mika Waltari. Translated from the Finnish by Naomi Walford. 374 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75.

By THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

FIVE hundred years ago Mohammed II, "a splendid wild beast," breached the walls of Constantinople with his mines, his battering rams, his great tower "protected by a three-fold covering of bull hide," and his enormous cannon. The men of the steppes then poured into the magnificent 1,000-year-old city.

It is a date written in large letters in our history books. Not long ago we were taught that it marked the beginning of the Renaissance. This was at least half true. There were precursors, the fleeing Greek scholars who carried with them the precious manuscripts of

A biographer and historian, Mr. Chubb has made the Middle Ages and the Renaissance his special fields.



From end-paper design for "The Dark Angel."

classical antiquity (for the same reason that fugitives from the Nazis used to smuggle out German cameras—i. e., to convert them to cash.) They did indeed spark the Revival of Learning. Today, however, we are concerned with the fall of Constantinople for quite another reason. In the long battle for the borderline of Europe, the taking of the mighty metropolis was one of the East's most notable victories over the West. And since the battle still rages, and since it is still—to use the words of Johann Grant, one of the characters in Mika Waltari's new novel, "The Dark Angel"—between "Europe and the freedom of the intellect" on one hand and "man's bondage" on the other, it was an event with a present and a terrifying significance. Here is something that took place when highly organized civilization met ruthless and unprincipled force. Here is something that could happen again.

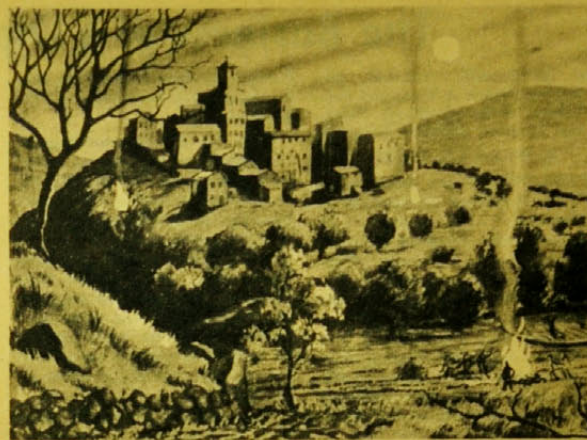
It is because it is connected with this cataclysm, because it deals with it ably and imaginatively, and not for its merits as a novel that "The Dark Angel" deserves and will probably get readers. Mika Waltari is said to regard it as another "Egyptian." It is assuredly not that. Nor, either in an array of unforgettable characters or of amazing adventures, does it measure up to those picaresque novels, "The Adventurer" and "The Wanderer," which have already delighted hundreds of thousands of readers with the incredible doings of Michael Furfoot and his fat Sancho Panza, Andy.

"THE DARK ANGEL" is basically the love story of Jean Angelos, who turns out to be the son of a deposed emperor and Anna Notaras, the sultry and beautiful daughter of Lucas Notaras, the Megadux, or Great Duke, who in history became, and in Mr. Waltari's novel becomes, an unsuccessful, because overcautious, quisling. Their doings are as lush a piece of hammock reading as you are likely to find, and on the whole as unreal.

When you move from this love story into the main current of what actually happened, the book is very different. Mohammed II; Giovanni Gistiniani, the huge Genoese captain; Johann Grant, the German artisan; Gennadios, the fanatic monk; and Constantine XIII—all the minor characters are well done. The account of the siege itself is an amazing battle piece.

Furthermore, Mr. Waltari's understanding of the interplay

(Continued on Page 20)



From jacket design by Jack Conroy for "The Moon and the Bonfires."

The Traveler Returns

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES. By Cesare Pavese. Translated from the Italian by Marianne Ceconi, with a Foreword by Paolo Milano. 206 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.

By FRANCES FRENAYE

CESARE PAVESE, who died in the summer of 1950 by his own hand, has long seemed to readers of the new Italian literature a young writer more worthy of note than many others tossed up by its post-war vogue. He had steeped himself in our books and wrote in an idiom which Italian critics termed, not always in compliment, "American" that is, when his imagination—trained in classical studies, did not play around memories of his Piedmontese childhood and youth in a gentler, reminiscent vein. Generous feelings inclined him to the extreme Leftist point of view (Pavese was, at one time, a Communist) embraced by so many European intellectuals, and the occasional obtuseness of a political theme, together with the elliptical quality of his style, seemed to present obstacles to translation.

It is sadly ironical that Pavese should be translated into English only after his untimely death, but the fact is that in this book, where sheer poetry prevails over debatable ideas, he achieved for the first time a synthesis of their conflict. He must have been aware of this when he declared himself unwilling to write anything further.

The story is told in the first person, and "the moon and the bonfires," which are the narrator's most vivid memories of his youth in the Piedmontese countryside, stand for the fertilization of the land popularly believed to be due to their action. The narrator started life as a founding and farm boy, but was driven by restlessness and ambition to emigrate illegally to America. When the book opens he has made the proverbial "traveler's return," and come, full of middle age and dollars and nostalgia, to find out whether he really wants to settle down in the surroundings of his

A free-lance critic, Miss Frenaye is a translator of many French and Italian novels.

childhood. America's only virtue lay for him in the fact that there "everyone was a bastard"—that is, as rootless as himself—and yet we see him impelled to hand on to the ragged and underfed little boy, in whom he perceives his own life being lived over, the idea that he, too, must some day escape from the oppression of the Old World valley.

Interwoven in a series of throwbacks, with this theme is the valley's most poignant story, that of the rich family to which the narrator had been apprenticed as a boy. His childhood friend, Nuto, the stay-at-home village carpenter (prototype of the "good revolutionary" who blames the world's injustice upon the unequal distribution of wealth), serves as a foil for narrator, and as they about the familiar country we have gradually revealed us the story of the rich family's ruin. The daughters' house, who to the farm had been unapproachable even when he saw them themselves away upon suitors, had come to And the youngest beautiful, for the years of his cherished past had been served as a poor apprentice unhappy

And the youngest beautiful, for the years of his cherished past had been served as a poor apprentice unhappy

THE return, a familiar novel-renewed in this new form at the time of the would not downfall. But, spiritually his imagination America with the bleakness of modern human rather tragedy and economy of words of compassion that rare true convey to us people with into

Heart Throbs in a Pajama Factory

7½ CENTS. By Richard Bissell. 245 pp. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50.

By JOHN BROOKS

SID SOROKIN, the hero of Mr. Bissell's second novel, comes from Chicago to be superintendent of the Sleep Tite pajama plant in Junction City, Iowa, which manufactures The Nite Wear for Men of Bedroom Discrimination and markets its product in every state of the union except New York. He fixes himself up in a modern apartment at the bottom of a cliff beside the Mississippi; he spends his time at the plant fending off the factory's reaction-minded owner on the one hand and a militant union on the other, and meanwhile striving to get out Sleep Tite's Lovers-on-Parade line.

Sid falls in love with a girl named Babe Williams, who works at Sleep Tite; then, when he is presented with a union demand for a seven-and-a-half-cents-an-hour wage increase,

Mr. Brooks, author of "The Big Wheel," is at work on his second novel.

he finds himself caught between his duty as management and his devotion to Babe, who is a ringleader in the wage demand and related showdown. The difference of opinion and status results in a partial breach between Sid and Babe, which in turn results in some high jinks on Sid's part with the local heiress, who lives on top of Sid's cliff. Everything shakes down in the end.

TWO years ago Mr. Bissell burst on the literary scene with "A Stretch on the River," a bawdy, bolsterous and, on the whole, highly admirable account of a boy's adventures on a Mississippi towboat. That book was so strong and fresh that it could afford to be picaresque and plotless. But in "7½ Cents," for all Mr. Bissell's first-hand knowledge of the garment trade as practiced in Dubuque, the material will stand up by itself only just so long; and Mr. Bissell, realizing this, has invented a story which is silly and banal.

It would be nice to be able to say that, by forgetting the plot, one can enjoy "7½ Cents"

for the things that made "A Stretch on the River" so good: convincing regional detail and dialogue and a lusty, innocently irreverent view of life—also, no doubt, regional to a degree. But in "7½ Cents"—a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for June—the dialect grows monotonous, the humor tasteless and flat, the irreverence calculated. When Sid speaks of doing something "for laffs," one remembers what E. B. White pointed out about Petroleum V. Nasby, the frontier humorist: that spelling office "offis" in dialogue is pure affectation, since both spellings are pronounced the same. Finally, in one of the mottoes with which he begins each chapter, Mr. Bissell gives himself away—he quotes from "A Stretch on the River."

So here is an author who, in his second novel, is imitating himself. If he doesn't stop doing so immediately it will be the reading public's loss as well as his own, for he is a man whose best lines not unreasonably suggest comparison to Mark Twain and Ring Lardner.

Tíminn

Miðvikud. 20. jan.

„Velferðin“ í baráttusætinu

Í Vísí í gær er sagt frá því, að Bjarni Benediktsson menntamálaráðherra hafi nýlega látið svo ummælt á fundi Sjálfstæðismanna, að það væri raunverulega enginn maður, sem væri í baráttusætinu hjá Sjálfstæðisflokknum í bæjarstjórnarkosningunum í Reykjavík, heldur væri það sjálf velferð höfuðstaðarins.

Þótt Bjarni Benediktsson sé ekki ógreindur, er hann ekki að sama skapi varfærinn. Hið mikla ofurkapp hans fer oft með hann í gönur. Svo er það í þetta sinn. Það er ekki aðeins, að hann láti hér uppi álit sitt á Jóhanni Hafstein, en það hefir lengi verið vitað, að Bjarni teldi hann smámenni, sem ætti tengdum alla upphæð sína að þakka. Þessu til viðbótar, lætur Bjarni Benediktsson það svo fram, að hann telur Sjálfstæðis-

K

Afbrot Bárðar.

Upplýsingar inn birtí í gær, brask Bárðar efsta mannsins á varnarflokksins v stjórnarkosningarn vik, hafa vakið hlýgli. Þær sýna sanna, svo að ekki ve deilt, að Bárður hef að nota aðstöðu hann hafði sem starfsmaður, til stunda verzlunarbrá sjálfan sig.

Það er slík misopinberum trúnað er málgagn Þjóðva íns, Frjáls þjóð, he einna harðlegast. D Bárð sýnir hins vegar, ustumönnum Þjóð flokksins ferst sízt mikið. Einn af sto flokksins og miðstjór um hefir gengið lan að misnota hina opinbe stöðu sína. Og þessum hefir flokkurinn sý hinn mesta trúnað Bárður var f hans í höfuðst i vor og efs hans í kosning

Látið aldrei farast fyrir að tilkynna aðsetursskipti!

Samkvæmt lögum nr. 73/1952 eru **allir**, sem skipta um aðsetur — innan sveitarfélags, milli sveitarfélaga og milli Íslands og útlanda — **skyldir** til að tilkynna það innan 7 daga frá því, að þeir verða tilkynningarskyldir, að viðlögðum sektum.

HÚSRÁÐENDUR OG HÚSEIGENDUR eru í ábyrgð fyrir því, að tilkynningarskyldu sé fullnægt. Þeim ber að tilkynna, **annars vegar** þá, sem setjast að í húsnæði á þeirra vegum, **hins vegar** þá, sem fara utan til tilkynningarskyldrar dvalar þar.

Til þess að auðvelda spjaldskrárstarfið, eru menn beðnir um að tilgreina **stað íbúðar í húsi** í aðseturstilkynningum, eins og nánar er gerð grein fyrir á eyðublaðinu.

Aðseturstilkynningar afhendast **Manntalsskrifstofunni**, Austurstræti 10, eða **lögregluvarðstofunni** (opin allan sólarhringinn). Eyðublöð undir tilkynningar fást hjá þessum aðilum og hjá Hagstofunni. Allar upplýsingar greiðlega veittar.

F. h. allsherjarspjaldskrárinnar

HAGSTOFA ÍSLANDS