anything. This approach to sociology basically accepts a philosophic and religious relativism as its basic dogma. If this assumption were true, the conclusions reached in the book could well be regarded as the latest contributions to human wisdom on social relations; but if the assumption be false, then maybe it is high time our sociologists supplemented their studies on the nature of society with a little leaven from elsewhere. Maybe there is no social or economic solution to social and economic problems.

DANIEL WOOLGAR, O.P.

THE FEAR OF FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. (Kegan Paul; 15s.)

Dr. Fromm's book has a rather uncertain status: it sets out to be a frontier patrol on the borderlines of sociology and psychology, and thereby raises many important questions of method. Man is not for him as for Freud the sum of his biological drives; but neither is he a metaphysical animal, although he has an inherent trend to strive for justice and truth. If then we ask 'Why?' Dr. Fromm disallows the question. There is no why, it happens solely as the result of historical evolution that human nature has this justicewards and truthwards ordained dynamism which society brings to full realisation. Not only—as there is with Freud—is there no dichotomy between man and society, but man is primarily for society and not society for man. On this rather rickety foundation Dr. Fromm builds an imposing socio-psychological thesis.

The thesis roughly is this. In the process of evolution, Renaissance man broke away from the primary ties of family, manorial authority, occupation, Church authority, etc., of the pre-individualistic world and looked for freedom *to* express his individual self and at the same time found freedom *from* a setting that gave him reassurance and social security. His task in modern times is to recover that reassurance, not by returning to the old ties, but by orienting and rooting himself in the world in other ways than those characteristic of his pre-individualistic existence.

In mediaeval times 'a person was identical with his role in society; he was a peasant, an artisan, a knight, and not an individual who happened to have this or that occupation' (although we may interject that a doctor, e.g., nowadays is more than ever the doctor, not the human being, but the specialist). In modern capitalist society 'there ceased to be a fixed place in the economic order which could be considered a natural, an unquestionable one. The individual was left alone; everything depended on his own effort, not on the security of his traditional status' (p. 50). But man *needs* to be related to the external world, to belong; his aloneness drives him into neuroses, the characteristic disease of our civilisation. The individual's psychological and moral autarchy offers no principle of adjustment with society, because its true issue is anarchism.

Dr. Fromm proceeds with an interesting analysis of the reflection in Lutheran and Calvinistic theology of the new psychological trends. As the new middle class was helpless in face of the new economic forces, so was Lutheran man confronting his God. Man was enslaved by Capital as the elect by Calvin's God. In place of the Church, man had a masochistic notion of Duty, and conscience, from the voice of reason and God, became the voice of God shut off from reason and human reasonableness, the voice of a slave-driving and scrupulous unreason. Work was divided off from art, authority from responsibility. To adapt the Nietzschean phrase, the Reformation was resolved to find the world evil and ugly and it made it evil and ugly.

How evil and how ugly, Dr. Fromm goes on to show by examining some of the commoner neuroses. There is the neurotic who feels himself on the edge of an abyss, cut off from primary ties, disoriented from the comforting group security of pre-individualistic times, a tiny nucleus of freedom spinning in a bleak unfriendly void like the electron in Heisenberg's physics. Or there is the man who feels himself crushed to death under the supra-personal system, like the modern white-collar worker under the bureaucratic modern apparatus, fleeing like some terror-stricken Mickey Mouse or insignificant Little Man before the Wrath to Come. Escape he must, whether masochistically by throwing off the burden of freedom on to some totalitarian authority or sadistically by dominating a group and compelling it into some purposive 'integration' (which is the contrary of true community and disintegrates whatever community there is): Fromm calls it symbiosis—a good word, but a bad name for this particular sort of escapism.

There are some noteworthy asides in this argument: indulgences and capitalism (61); fallacy of romantic love directed to *the* one is said to be a sado-masochistic attachment, but true love for one person implies love for man as such; freedoms we don't sufficiently believe in (90); resentfulness of the middle classes (81; cf. Scheler); emotional unreality (211); the simplism of pseudo thinking and the specialist's despair of ever coming to a decision in the face of cosmic complexity (215); the different 'I's' (219); work and spontaneity (225).

Dr. Fromm states the problem clearly; he can hardly be said to solve it. He won't have metaphysics at any price, yet owes a clear debt to modern German philosophy, especially Karl Jaspers. 'The quest for freedom,' he asserts, 'is not a metaphysical force and cannot be explained by natural law; it is the necessary result of the process of individuation and the growth of culture' (206). Yet if granted, why 'necessary'? Perhaps if Dr. Fromm had asked this question his work would not tail off so unconvincingly into suggestions for the improvement of education, a planned economy and at the same time increased decentralisation. Man is matter and spirit

one substance, person and individual, with local and temporal attachments and a supra-temporal calling. His freedom is not the product of an accident of history, but of his rational (and metaphysical) nature; and its setting is in history, in the nation, in the local group, and not in a spiritual vacuum like the Lutheran grace. He is a citizen of his family before he is a citizen of the world, whereas —in spite of carefully erected safeguards—Dr. Fromm is really a Hobbesian and believes not in the common good but in the Leviathan, in society prior to man and not man to society.

JOHN DURKAN.

THE LAND AND LIFE. By Montague Fordham. (Routledge; 4s.)

Those land-minded persons who hope to die of hope are increasingly hopeful in seeing that books on the land, like this book of Mr. Fordham's, have now become almost a glut on the market.

A paragraph from *The Land and Life* may summarise one of the main aims of this hopeful glut:—

> 'We will take first the relation of the countryside to towns, and consider the problem from the point of view of the industrial worker.
>
> '*It is the industrial workers who have been both the main sufferers from the agricultural depression, and also often, curiously enough, the most active opponents . . . of a policy of agricultural restoration.* Moreover, it is all-important to secure support from the towns, for initiative in social and political action has come in the main from the towns' (p. 38).

In other words, our way of laying the land question before industrialised townsfolk must now be supplemented. It used to be said: 'Life on the land is good for those on the land.' Now we must add, 'Life on the land is good for those in the towns; because the more people leave the town for the land, the cheaper will be living in the towns.'

The opposition of the industrialised townees to a landward movement was never natural to these islanders. Probably no people in the world are more desirous or capable of living up to their native verse, 'When Adam delved and Eve span,' than are the people of these islands.

Let me prove it by a recent statement about the people of St. Pancras Borough, where I am now writing. But those who may read what I am writing should know that the slums of St. Pancras are almost the worst in England.

The *Hampstead and Highgate Express* of February 5th printed this heartening paragraph:—

> 'No good purpose would be served by an Allotment Propaganda Campaign in St. Pancras, *as there is now a waiting list of applicants for plots* for which no more land is available'!