

# ONE WORLD OR NONE?

## Full Text of Corwin's First New Zealand Broadcast

I AM in New Zealand on the last leg of a world flight which is already longer in miles than the circumference of the earth. I have come to this country by way of Newfoundland, and the British Isles, Scandinavia, Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Egypt, Persia, India, China, Japan, the Philippines and Australia.

The faces I have seen in these places and the words I have heard, the flashing impressions and the long thoughts, these I could only suggest to you in the next few minutes—suggest them as a man tracing a small-scale map might point to a range of mountains in brown, or to oceans in blue. I have talked to partisans and prime ministers, with black marketeers and red soldiers; I have spoken with spokesmen who spoke for their parties, and spoken with parties who spoke for themselves; I have seen peaceful demonstrations and bloody riots; dined with Fascists, and Communists, and Social Democrats; been blessed by the Pope in the Vatican and toasted by a Burgomeister in Copenhagen, and insulted by a sergeant in Manila; I have picked my way among the corpses of murdered Hindus and Moslems in the streets of Calcutta; I have met miners in their mines, and farmers in their farms; and a Supreme Commander at his Headquarters in Tokio. I have been to No. 10 Downing Street; and talked to the premiers and prime ministers and foreign ministers of a dozen countries. I have talked to bearers and housewives, and a prince, and a number of coolies.

### Elated and Dismayed

And by all that has happened, and the places I have been, by the faces I have seen, and the words I have heard, I have been alternately encouraged and disheartened, elated and dismayed, cast up and then cast down, I have come to realise that the way to "one world" is not as easy as the way around it; for the rubble of war lies many times across the going, and blood is still wet on the pavements.

There have been many twists, and turns, and side excursions in my trip. Perhaps my thinking has taken on somewhat the shape of my travelling; in any case, what I have to say to-night may resemble the contour of my travels, in that I will zig-zag, twist, turn and make side excursions on the subject of one world. But let me start at the beginning.

A few months ago, in New York, some people gathered to honour the memory of Wendell Willkie, an American whose greatness lay in his concept of a single world. Mr. Willkie was a leader of the Republican Party, the party opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's party, but the character of that particular meeting, like Mr. Willkie's concept of

the world, was entirely non-partisan. The main business of that evening was the establishment, by award, of a memorial to Mr. Willkie, in the form of an annual flight around the world, patterned after his famous trip of 1942.

It was my good fortune to receive that award. The donors, largely liberal members of Mr. Willkie's party, knew very well that I had campaigned in opposition to them. They knew that I had supported Mr. Roosevelt. But Willkie's followers had long before emerged from the narrow counsels of partisanship, having realised that peace, like freedom, is above any single party, State, or religion, and is or should be the creation and concern of all.

Now, from what little I know of New Zealanders, I'm sure that most of you, likewise regardless of party, are agreed on the desirability of one world. The question is how to achieve that desire. For between the conception and the realisation lies a vast no man's land of conflicting information, propaganda, philosophy, economy, and general hash.

### "Hasty Mourners"

The hasty mourners and viewers-with-alarm cry that we shall never make it in time. Some of my best friends are hasty mourners, and on various occasions I have heard them make arbitrary statements as to the length of time before life on the planet shall expire in a series of uranium blasts. These predictions range from 10 years, given us by a magazine editor, through five years left us by a book critic, down to two years, which is all that was being allowed by a famous radio commentator in the week I left America. The public resignation of these men is of course solemn and moving, but it is worth noticing that one of them recently bought a new house, another is expecting to become a father in December, and a third has put some hard-earned money in government bonds which take 12 years to mature.

### Quest for a Plan

I happen to believe there is nothing to be gained by despair and everything to be gained by getting out and working for the better world we talk so much about. I would have more respect for the alarmists if, after blowing the siren so shrilly, they would only suggest some kind of procedure. They all warn that we must learn the lessons of 1,000 years in the next five, but they don't say what lessons, and they offer no particular course of study. Nobody, least of all I, wants to minimise the trouble we've seen, and the spot we're in, and nobody regards the atom bomb as a rather large fire-cracker—but the fact is that we are not auditioning for an epitaph just now. We're looking for a plan.

Let me return to my starting point. Obviously the question to-day is how to achieve the One World of Wendell Willkie's and our desire. Not the Why, but the How. The method, the manner, the technique.



Now we have seen, in the recurring patterns of history, that tyranny has never wanted for techniques. The Pharaohs of Ancient Egypt had the know-how. They knew how to keep a whole people in slavery and ignorance. It took a combination of God and Moses, seven plagues, and the drying of the Red Sea to beat that technique. Always, the virulence and staying power of tyrannies have been in direct proportion to the effectiveness of their techniques. Certainly Philip of Macedonia had more than a strong personality. He had the phalanx. Caesar had more than a Roman nose. He had strategy, both in the field of politics and of battle. It took wholesale treachery to beat him. Hitler had enough techniques to conquer the world. If he had stuck more to his techniques and less to his intuition, we might to-day be all dead or conquered.

Well then, if tyranny has employed superb techniques, why then haven't democracy, peace, unity and freedom? Why doesn't such a universally attractive idea as One World enjoy superb technicians?

The answer is that it has done, and that in growing measure it will continue to do. But in the past the technicians of social good have been too few, the support of them too shallow, their lives, alas, too brief, their effect too sporadic.

There have been many exponents of One World. Among statesmen, there were such as Benjamin Franklin, whose internationalism was as clear and deeply felt as any since his time; there have been leaders of widely varying political and philosophical complexion, from Confucius to Lincoln and beyond. Wendell Willkie's concept, being up to

date as of 1942, and being based upon a modern world in the throes of a modern war, turned out to be the most graphic, compelling and penetrating concept of One World yet advanced.

### Charter for the World

Now let's examine the phenomenon of the grip which Mr. Willkie's phrase took on the United States—a grip which not even the expected post-war resurgence of professional isolationism, not even the hysterical anti-Russian crusade has been able to shake. Why, let's ask, have the words One World become so soon a part of our language, why have these words helped transform the attitude of an American people traditionally disinterested in foreign affairs?

In the first place the phrase makes no local stops. It describes a credo not intended for a group of powers, but for all the world. It goes beyond an Atlantic Charter, a Pacific Charter, an Asiatic Charter. It makes universal common sense; it makes the same intelligent and appealing sound as a phrase like Bread and Peace. But it means more. For without One World, there can never be enough bread or any lasting peace.

I have said that what we sorely need in the massive task of securing the freedoms is a technique . . . the technique of translating the logic and truth of One World to all peoples. There are various approaches. The most obvious ones are the constructive use of radio, press and film. Another is the exchange of cultures. A third is the exchange of students. A fourth is a peace prize, like the Nobel Award. A fifth is the kind of mission which brings me before you to-night. But of these many approaches,