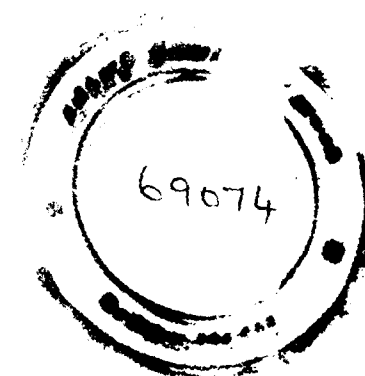


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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1939

NATIONAL ADVERTISEMENT

By SIR ARTHUR WILLERT

THE Prime Minister was asked in Parliament the other day whether the Government would "consider the desirability of establishing a special press and propaganda department" to supply "straight British news" abroad in order to combat the anti-British propaganda of "certain other countries". Laconic as ever, he answered that measures were being taken to organize British publicity upon a more extensive scale than in the past.

But are these measures as effective as they ought to be? We have always been bad advertisers as a nation. In the pre-war days this did not much matter. Bismarck might have taught the German Foreign Office to manipulate the press; the processes of the American democracy might have established an organized and mutually useful contact between the Government and press; we, the Americans and the French might 'show the flag' about the world and organize international exhibitions; the Kaiser might indulge in his peripatetic exhibitionism; but there was no organized large-scale national propaganda for us to compete with. Also our position was not seriously challenged.

Now things are very different. We are confronted by the most formidable rivals in our history. With our little island, over-industrialized and over-populated during our trade supremacy of the last century and with the purchasing power of the world grievously reduced, we are in the position of a Department Store which, after a long and prosperous monopoly in a rich community, finds its customers impoverished and its monopoly smashed by new and vigorous competitors. The directors of such a store would, if they were wise, look to the efficiency of their advertising almost as much as to the quality of their goods. Our competitors are doing this, Germany in

particular, as will be shown presently, is spending vast sums upon propaganda for advertising her trade and increasing her prestige. Propaganda, too, has become an essential part of military preparedness. It helped us to win the last war. In another war it would be even more important. And, like armaments, it must be organized in advance. If we are to get our case before the world during war, we must develop and consolidate publicity channels now. Other countries are doing it.

There are roughly six principal media of propaganda and national advertisement. They are the press, films, wireless, trade publicity, tourist propaganda and all the many activities which can be lumped together under the name of cultural propaganda.

For a free press such as ours to play its rôle in national propaganda three things are mainly needed—a good Foreign Office Press Bureau; politicians who will use this Bureau; and an adequate system for the distribution of British news abroad. About the first requisite I am not, perhaps, the person to offer an opinion, seeing that I used to be head of the Foreign Office News Department. But, having now watched its workings from a dispassionate distance for some years, I shall risk the opinion that, in spite of an inadequately small staff, it works well and can, when given the opportunity, fulfil efficiently its two chief functions. These functions are first, the emission of news and the giving of guidance as to the trends and purposes of British policy to our press and to the foreign Press; and, secondly, counter-propaganda, that is to say the protection of British policy from misinterpretation at home and abroad. Both in my time and since the Foreign Office has often been accused of undue reticence. In my time, at any rate, the accusation sometimes was justified. But it lay, I like to think, against the politicians rather than against the News Department. A press officer, timidly and negatively briefed by his political superiors, is no more good than a telephone with an inaudible voice at the far end of it. And British press officers are apt to be inadequately briefed.

I remember my amazement at the frank accessibility of those in charge of the State Department when I went to Washington

as a newspaper correspondent before the War. Even a callow junior like myself was able from time to time to have private audience of the Secretary of State—and to see him virtually every day in company with the other journalists assigned to “cover” foreign affairs. It was the same at the White House. My first sight of Theodore Roosevelt was when I was taken by my chief to be introduced to him. It was just before lunch. We were received, as journalists often were, while he was being shaved in his office. I can see him now tilted back in his chair, his eyes and spectacles flashing above the lather, his volubility unaffected either by it or by the deftly twinkling razor of the negro barber. I commented upon this accessibility to a veteran American correspondent. “Yes” he said, “the American democracy has got its servants well trained. It is very different, I know, with you.” I reported the whole of Gladstone’s Midlothian campaign and was never allowed even to shake hands with the great man”. Our public men still lag behind those of other countries in matters of organized publicity. In Paris the Prime Minister or Foreign Minister is almost as accessible to responsible journalists as the President or Foreign Minister in Washington. In London it is an event for the Prime Minister or the Foreign Minister to see the Press either *en masse* or separately. And when they do see the press they are as likely as not to help neither themselves nor the journalists. Of the various Foreign Ministers during my time at the Foreign Office—from 1921 to 1935—only one of them could be relied upon not to do more harm than good in his press interviews. He was the late Mr. Arthur Henderson. He alone of British Cabinet Officers with whom I have worked (I never worked with Mr. Lloyd George) was alertly and constructively publicity-conscious. He alone was consistently successful in his personal dealings with the press.

That same British modesty which renders self-advertisement so rare among our politicians can doubtless be made to account for our carelessness in regard to the organization and inspiration of State publicity. It is also obviously difficult for a school of statesmanship so long inculcated with the idea of the inevitable and automatic supremacy of Great Britain in world affairs to realize how things have changed in that respect and how

thoroughly the present precariousness of our position, both political and economic, justifies the growing demand for an adequate system of national advertisement.

Nowhere has the unhelpful indifference of "Whitehall" been more noticeable than in regard to the distribution of British news abroad. The principal agencies for this distribution are the British News Agencies. News Agencies are the huge organizations which have grown up in all countries for the collection of news and its distribution to the newspapers. There are two types of them, namely, the privately controlled commercial agencies and the agencies which are State-controlled or at least State-aided. Reuters—our leading agency in the foreign field—and the two big American agencies, the Associated Press and the United Press, are the principal commercial agencies. On the other side are the *Deutsche Nachrichten Büro* of Germany, *Stefani* of Italy, *Domei* of Japan, *Tass* of Russia and the State-aided, though not State-controlled, *Havas* of France. Here, in the United States and the big European countries, news distribution is to all intents and purposes in the hands of the local agencies. But in the outside world there is intense competition between the big agencies. This competition is not going well for us. Whereas the great agencies just enumerated are helped by their Governments, and the American agencies have the immense advantage of an enormous home market and, especially in regard to Latin America, of a favourable geographical position, Reuters and the other British agencies have to fight unaided. It is not, therefore, surprising that Reuters should be losing the monopoly which it had established in the old days for British news in the Far East and should be quite unable to compete with its rivals in South America. This is serious. If trade in the old days followed the flag, it now more and more follows the news. And what about our propaganda in war-time, if the news-channels have been pre-empted by other countries?

The next *media* of propaganda on my list were the films and the wireless. There also other countries have got ahead of us. So far as the film goes this may have been inevitable. The size of their home market helps the American film producers abroad as much as or more than it does the American news agencies;

and in Russia and the totalitarian countries production is State-aided. But one wonders if our often excellent news and educational films might not be doing better, were the Government more alertly behind them. In any case there seems no reason why, with the best of all broadcasting organizations at our disposal, we should not do more to meet the wireless propaganda of the totalitarian countries than we are doing. The modest foreign language programme, which recent events have forced the B.B.C. to introduce after years of procrastination, and its Empire Service are a feeble answer to the immense volume of wireless propaganda with which those countries ceaselessly encircle the world. As for trade and tourist propaganda, lack of correlation is still the chief handicap, though in recent years a central body (the Travel Association) has with some government assistance, done good work both at home and abroad, especially in the matter of visiting tourists.

So much, very briefly, for the bad side of the situation. There are also the beginnings, though only the beginnings, of a good side. There are, in the first place, the activities of the British Council. The British Council was started in 1934. It is a characteristic British institution. It is financed partly by the Government and partly by private subscriptions. It consists partly of Government officials and partly of non-official people with the appropriate special knowledge. Its chairman is non-official. The membership of its Executive Committee is non-party. A Conservative Chairman, Lord Lloyd of Dolobran, is balanced by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Alexander on the Labour side and by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader. The Council works on excellent lines both in co-ordinating existing agencies and in establishing new ones. It looks after cultural propaganda. It encourages and helps British Institutes abroad, Anglo-foreign societies and other such organizations. It founds or helps British lectureships abroad. It helps British schools abroad. It sends out British periodicals. It builds up British libraries. It arranges for the exchange of students and teachers with foreign countries. But its activities, though they have developed greatly in recent years, are still on far too small a scale, simply because the support it receives from the Government is inadequate.

This is best shown by comparative statistics. Last year our Government gave about £60,000 towards the expenses of the British Council; this year the sum is over £100,000. Perhaps as much more will be collected from private subscribers. To this £200,000 must be added the pittances which the Government spends upon encouraging tourists and so on. But even so, it is safe to say that we are spending less than £250,000 of public money on propaganda and national advertisement abroad. And what are the expenditures of other European countries? France and Italy, we know, spend more than a million sterling annually, and Germany, we suspect, spends at least £4,000,000.

British official niggardliness thus places the British Council at about as great a disadvantage in popularizing British culture abroad as the British News Agencies are in spreading British news. What then did Mr. Chamberlain mean when he spoke of the steps being taken for the more extensive organization of British publicity? He was presumably alluding to the work of a Committee set up about a year ago under the chairmanship of Sir Robert Vansittart, the Diplomatic Adviser of the Government, to consider and co-ordinate the efforts already being made to promote British publicity abroad. This prompts the hope that the results of the Committee's labours may soon begin to be apparent.

In the meantime on what lines ought our minds to be working? Ought the Government to be encouraged to establish a "special press and publicity department" or even a Propaganda Ministry such as exists in the totalitarian countries, which would take over and make completely official the work of the British Council, the Travel Association and other propaganda organizations? Ought Reuters' agency to be subsidized and brought under such a Ministry? Ought the propaganda activities of the films and of the B.B.C. to come under it also? The answer to these and similar questions is emphatically in the negative. Neither a subsidized news agency nor a central propaganda organization is compatible with our democracy. From subsidizing a news agency it is only a short step to controlling the intelligence it emits. The freedom of the press would be gravely menaced if the Government exercised that control over the news which Reuters and other British agencies give us.

As for a central propaganda Ministry, the objections to it are so obvious as to suggest that its advocates either have not thought things out or have a (probably unconscious) bias towards totalitarianism. A central propaganda Ministry would inevitably be used by the party in power to help it to stay in power. It would become an adjunct of its Chief Whips' office, kept up by the tax-payer. It can have a logical place only in a totalitarian State, or in a democracy which has temporarily jettisoned the freedom of the press and the other processes of popular government and has gone totalitarian in order to win a war.

The right lines for the organization of our Government policy at home and abroad are those of the machinery which we have gradually and instinctively set up since the War, namely, a publicity department for each Ministry and, for national propaganda abroad, a body like the British Council working closely with the Foreign Office News Department and with the other Government publicity departments. Especially if co-ordinated by some such authority as Sir Robert Vansittart's committee, there is no reason why such a system should not work well at home and abroad, provided that sufficient funds are at its disposal. Sufficient funds are, indeed, the first essential step for adequate British publicity.

Our politicians must realize that the days are over when publicity could be pushed into the background as an inevitable, but luckily subordinate, nuisance. They must realize that, if only on account of what other countries are doing, national publicity must be taken really seriously as an integral part of national policy. That means that the Treasury instead of being allowed to dole out each year a miserable £200,000, or even £300,000, for it, must be instructed to make the sum at least as much as is needed for the construction of a third-class war-vessel. Were even a million pounds to be available to the British Council and for the co-ordination and assistance of our other agencies of national publicity, then the problems glanced at in this article would have been advanced an effective stage towards solution.

THE 'PENAL REFORM' BILL

By MARGERY FRY

THE last quarter of a century has seen a number of ideas, till then almost unknown, gradually seeping through our penal administration. Ideas that are indeed, to no small extent, rivulets of that larger flood which has overwhelmed our whole estimate of human nature.

The notion of the human being as a kind of calculating machine, rationally predicting future probabilities from past experience, and acting, almost automatically, on the result of such calculations, has gone into the limbo appropriate to *a priori* theories. It was a convenient one for the penal lawyer or administrator: a certain quantity of suffering inflicted would produce, through memory or observation, enough apprehension to counteract the attraction of wrong doing. All that was required was to calculate the minimum punishment to produce the desired effect. Some such calculation, undoubtedly, was pre-supposed in our pre-War penology; but the *minimum* suffering was not always to be applied, since a further calculation was required to determine the needs of the moral sense of the community as vicarious vengeance. The offender was expected to react to punishment in a rational, not to say mechanical way. Yet the briefest introspection would have shown that no one is ever so purely reasonable.

To give up tobacco, to advance our bed-time, to spend no more than we ought on taxis or hats:—the smallest change in our habitual actions may be shown to be desirable by every calculation of enlightened self-interest, yet even people so educated and disciplined as the readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* will, if they are honest with themselves, admit that they act on such a calculation only after an effort of will of which "the lesser tribes without the Law" may well be incapable.

Laziness, dislike or lack of alternative ways of keeping

body and soul together, even pleasure in one's own skill*—all these are intelligible at the first glance. But modern psychology has also furnished us with a number of less obvious mechanisms hindering the simple reaction to motives of anticipation. The formation of habit may come from many causes: when once formed, habit, not only of action but of thought, has often a force more potent than the impulse from calculations of hope or fear. And amongst the habits of thought none is more important than a person's estimate of themselves, the form in which they are accustomed to appear to themselves. "I'm not a prostitute, dearie. I'm a *thief*" said a woman to me once, and evidently *saw* herself as a thief as naturally as anyone else might contemplate themselves in a more reputable professional capacity. Other people are so accustomed to regard themselves as "good" that it is possible for them to go a long way in duplicity without a twinge of conscience.

Now the inconvenience of his actions to the community is much the same, whatever the attitude of the law-breaker. But this question of his attitude becomes extremely important when we consider what should be the main aim of all penal administration, *viz.*, the maximum prevention of crime with the minimum interference with individual liberty. The "habitual criminal" is a confession of failure of such administration, and it is worth much expenditure of time, thought, and money to prevent his manufacture. I say advisedly "manufacture". There are, no doubt, some criminals born not made. Under whatever name they go—"moral imbeciles" is the term of modern law—they are more and more becoming recognized as pathological cases. Until mental science is far more advanced, the best that can be hoped for is to recognize them early if their "crimes" are of a dangerous nature, and to segregate them from the opportunities of anti-social action.

The fact that they do exist is a powerful argument in favour of centres where young offenders can be, for a continuous period, under expert observation. The new Bill provides for such

*Some years ago the authorities at Holloway Prison received at intervals a woman convicted of picking pockets. She lived for the most part a decent and respectable life, but every few months an irresistible desire for the sport—at which she excelled—drove her out into the street again, with a fresh conviction resulting.

centres, and it is much to be hoped that in future all young persons convicted of crimes likely to be symptoms of abnormality, such as acts of wanton cruelty, will be sent for diagnosis.*

Within recent years our courts have become much more alive to the need for enquiry into the mental condition of accused persons. This undoubtedly accounts to some extent for the large number of men and women who are sent to prison on remand or for trial before conviction but are not afterwards sent to prison on conviction (8,320 for the year 1937). One of the minor, but extremely useful provisions of the new Bill would allow the court, where they are satisfied that the offence for which a person is charged has been committed by him, but think that enquiry should be made into his mental condition, to remand him on bail with a condition that he should undergo a medical examination—if necessary residing for the purpose in an institution. This will relieve magistrates of the necessity of remanding to prison for these examinations, a practice which, though the examination is undoubtedly useful, is hardly in accordance with the principle that bail should only be refused where the accused is likely not to appear for trial.

But let us leave for the time being the question of abnormal offenders and return to consider those who are nearer to that norm of reason to which perhaps, in fact, none of us ever quite attains. It is with them that the present Bill is primarily concerned. If one can trace a main line of purpose running through its eighty sections, it may be said to be this: to prevent the casual offender from becoming the habitual, to keep the young delinquent from turning into the "Public Enemy". It is on these lines that the Bill is memorable, that it shows imagination and understanding unusual in criminal law, and a courage rare in any legislation at all. As such it may well be the starting-point of a new tactic in the fight against crime, not confined to our country alone.

To go through all the provisions of the Bill would be tedious but, taking as a clue its main theme, that prisons are more apt to

*A good many years ago a bench of magistrates had to try a youth for outrageous brutality to a hen. The idea of mental examination of offenders was then new, and the Clerk ruled that the Bench could not obtain such an examination. The youth was shortly afterwards found guilty of the murder of his aunt. Similar cases could be multiplied.

breed prisoners for the future than good citizens, we see that it is round this idea that many of its proposals must be grouped if we are to understand them rightly.

Probation is to be strengthened, though many people will feel that it has lost a very valuable element if, in the interests of legal logic, the provision by which the lower courts bind over on probation without a formal conviction is abandoned. The services which probation officers render to young persons who, without having committed offences, need "care or protection", are "beyond control", or truants, are to be made more efficacious by the possibility of contributions towards their maintenance by the probation committee. This would bring the treatment of these non-offenders into line with that of the offenders, and make possible in their case, too, the temporary expedient, so useful in many cases, of "boarding out".

In passing we may note that this should help to relieve the present intolerable pressure on the approved schools: a child may now have to stay in a remand home for several months waiting for a vacancy. Boarding out will certainly not supersede education in residential schools, but in some cases it is definitely more suitable. It is also more economical, costing about £40 per annum per child as opposed to £80 for his treatment in a school. But the former figure will certainly have to be increased if the method is widely used, since some kind of inspection will have to be introduced.

For the young offender who is not sent away from home a new form of penalty is provided on lines which have for some time past been tentatively discussed. "Compulsory Attendance Centres" (for ages 17-21) and "Juvenile Compulsory Attendance Centres" (for ages 14-16) may be provided, at which delinquents may be required to attend for "appropriate occupation and instruction" at times which will, so far as practicable, not interfere with school or working hours. This is, in fact, a new form of the old punishment of being "kept in". It may be used either instead of other modes of treatment, or in default of payment of a fine which has been ordered.

For years past the Prison Commissioners have drawn attention in their reports to the numbers of lads sent to prison—sometimes for very trivial offences indeed, such as begging or sleeping out

With the passing of the Money Payments Act this number has been diminishing, but the provision of these "Attendance Centres" should do away altogether with this class of imprisonment. The aim of the Centres—their name is too uninspired and clumsy to repeat in full—was well described by the Home Secretary in his speech in the debate on the second reading of the Bill:

The idea was that they would be ordered to attend those centres on a Saturday afternoon or in the evenings, that they would be deprived of their leisure, that they would not have the fun of going to a football match or film, and that they would be made to look rather ridiculous among the rest of their friends; and that, during their attendance at these centres, they would be made to do some useful job. The opportunity would be taken also to give them some kind of useful training. He imagined that the atmosphere would be—within, of course, more rigid rules—that of a well-run club or a well-run Borstal institution."

A still more constructive proposal is that for the foundation of "Howard Houses". The older boy or girl, between 16 and 21, who is slipping into criminal ways is often less a really vicious character than the victim of an unsatisfactory home. And a home may be very unsatisfactory even without being definitely "bad". Overcrowding, quarrelling, drunkenness, or perpetual nagging may make it intolerable: often there is a want of sympathy and understanding between parents and children which destroys all chance of real guidance at a difficult time of life. (Let us remember that relations are not always perfect at this stage even in the "best regulated families"!) Moreover, many boys and girls have either run away from home and utterly refuse to return, or are actually homeless. Those who have watched the attitude of some parents in the Children's Courts will find their sympathy often going to the side of youth. "So your son's job keeps him till 9 every night, even on Saturday. Do you think he's happy in it?" "'E's as 'appy as 'e needs ter be"—expresses an all too common relationship. In such cases, the stock phrase is "needs discipline"—one is more inclined to say "needs launching". Now "launching" is just what neither a prison nor a school nor a Borstal Institution can give. They are essentially dry-docks, shut off from the tides of life. And here it is that Howard Houses may prove themselves able to carry on the work which, on a small scale, privately-run hostels are already doing, and often doing very

well.* To them young offenders may be sent for six months. It is a form of "custody", but they will be expected to go out to ordinary work in the daytime, and to make a contribution towards their maintenance out of their wages. There is nothing to show whether non-offenders can also be received on a voluntary basis in these institutions. It might be a very good thing if they *could* go to them, as it would tend to prevent the dreaded "stigma" from descending upon their original inhabitants.

Here then are two new alternatives to be placed in the hands of magistrates dealing with young people, with the express intention of avoiding their imprisonment.

And, for further security, imprisonment (now possible in the case of very unruly individuals between 15 and 16) would be entirely forbidden in the case of anyone under 16, and allowed between 16 and 17 only upon a certificate of the Court as to the unruliness or depravity of the offender. Moreover, an offender between 17 and 21 could no longer be sent to prison by a Court of Summary Jurisdiction unless the Court had considered all possible alternatives and had come to the conclusion (for which the reason must be stated in the warrant of commitment) that none of them was appropriate. The Act would make possible at any later date an Order in Council altogether forbidding the imprisonment of minors by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.

Let us put this into actual figures, showing how many young people would have been affected by the provisions of the Bill. For the years 1935, 1936 and 1937 no young people under 16 have been sentenced to imprisonment: but the provision is useful as making illegal a practice already obsolete.

In these three years altogether 21 boys (and no girls) of 16 have had prison sentences which would under the new Bill have been illegal unless upon a certificate of unruliness or depravity.

In 1937 the number of young persons of the 17—21 age group sentenced to imprisonment by Summary Courts was 1,188. In these cases the new Bill would have made it compulsory for the Court to state its reasons for holding that

*The Bill also gives power to a Local Authority to contribute to the "enlarging and improving" of such hostels for probationers. Section 7.

no other method of dealing with the offender was appropriate. If the Order in Council which *may* be made had been actually in force, these 1,188 young persons would have been definitely excluded from prison.

Besides the Adolescents (a convenient name for the 17—21 group) thus sent to prison on conviction, 2,694 were during 1937 committed on remand or to await trial, and afterwards dealt with by some other method than imprisonment. If and when Remand Centres for persons from 17 up to 23 come into existence under the new Bill, the majority of this class would be saved the experience of prison.

Whilst the new law would not interfere with the power of the higher Courts to send adolescents to prison, it would undoubtedly tend to the use of other methods in their cases (numbering 166 in 1937). Thus the framers of the Bill envisage ultimately keeping practically all minors entirely out of prison—a most desirable object.

Let us see what is to become of them. As we have already noted, many of the adolescents now imprisoned are sent for minor offences. Last year 32% of the youths and 44% of the girls had not, so far as is known, been guilty of any offence before. Of the total 1,355 (between the ages of 16 and 21), 970, or over 71.5%, had sentences of 3 months or less. We may assume that most offenders of this type would be sent to Howard Houses, or dealt with as probationers. The authors of the Bill are frankly and rightly of opinion that for them prison is an unnecessary introduction to the life of adult crime. They also consider that for the more serious offenders a period of Borstal training offers a more hopeful method of treatment than the longer prison sentences now given. So far, many people will agree with them, but a real difference of opinion has already shown itself as to the right way of deciding which are the cases for Borstal.

Here let us note that there are two elements in the problem. We are not simply concerned with finding the young people in the community who would be improved by a Borstal training. They must also have broken the law, and they must, we suggest, have broken it in a manner serious enough to justify the State in taking to itself the right to interfere with their lives (as it

does *not* interfere with those of their contemporaries), for a period up to 4 years (3 years' detention and 1 year's supervision). If this latter condition does not obtain, you will have a sense of injustice (particularly as the offenders are mainly of the poorer classes) which is bound to militate against the success of their training, and so, incidentally, to prolong its actual length. To say this is not to bring any charge against the training itself. If you sent a man to Balliol or King's for 3 years against his will *and* against his sense of justice, the odds are he would get but little good out of it. Although to the devoted men and women who staff our Borstals their educational aspect is paramount, the element of punishment—of sentence—can never be absent.

Young men and women who for two or three years cannot dispose of their comings and goings, cannot make love or marry, cannot even be preparing for a home of their own, cannot earn more than a few pence a week, and cannot choose the company they must keep or the amusements they would follow, will inevitably ask "What have I done to be so singled out from my fellows?" And the law must be able to show just and adequate cause for what it has ordained.

Hitherto there have been fairly stiff defences against too light a use of Borstal detention. Most of these defences would be swept away by the new Bill, apparently as a sort of *quid pro quo* given to the Courts in exchange for their diminished powers of imprisonment. The proposed changes can best be studied in tabular form (noteworthy points in *italics*).

Present Conditions.

Proposed Conditions.
(Section 31)

- | | |
|---|---|
| (a) Previous conviction or term of probation during which offender has failed to observe a condition of his recognisance. | (a) <i>No previous offence necessary.</i> |
| (b) Conviction of an offence for which the penalty is at least a <i>month's imprisonment</i> without option of a fine. | (b) Conviction of <i>any</i> offence for which the Court has power to pass a sentence of imprisonment. |
| (c) <i>Criminal</i> habits or tendencies or association with bad characters. | (c) Character or habits making Borstal training expedient "with a view to his reformation and the prevention of crime." |
| (d) Sentence by a Court of Quarter Sessions or Assizes. | (d) Sentence by <i>any</i> Court (including those of Summary Jurisdiction) except in the case of offenders between 21 and 23. |

In all cases the sentence would be for a maximum period of 3 years, followed by a year's supervision, but the Prison Commissioners can order release at any time after 6 months. On the other hand, a Borstal inmate who proved incorrigible or of bad influence, might be transferred for the whole remainder of his sentence to prison.

The power to sentence to Borstal without any previous offence is in itself a very serious extension of the law; the lowering of the *class* of offence for which the sentence can be given (see *b*) makes it more so. A number of very trivial offences might come in under this change of qualification, *e.g.*, a host of "nuisances" under the Town Police Clauses Act, such as riding on the shafts of a cart which is in your care, or riding a horse upon the footway, or placing a line across the street or hanging clothes thereon, or lighting fireworks in the street, or wantonly disturbing an inhabitant by ringing a door bell! It is not implied that any Court would actually *give* three years' Borstal detention for a first offence of such a kind; they are quoted to show how dangerously wide the powers proposed are. In other countries the habit of shutting up for long periods people who are found to be a nuisance is growing all too common. We do not want to see in this country powers which might be used to rid a neighbourhood of any young men or women whose neighbours preferred their room to their company—perhaps for political reasons. Even the check that a larger and less local Court than that formed (at its minimum) by two Justices should be required to pass sentence would be brushed aside.

It is, moreover, doubtful whether mere "habits and character", without further definition, are susceptible of rigid proof within a Court of law—mere hearsay, or the *ipse dixit* of the police, would in practice have to be relied upon.

Altogether it is to be hoped—and the Home Secretary's speech lends colour to this hope—that further safeguards will be introduced in the third reading of the Bill. The suggestion that an appeal to the next convenient Assizes should be allowed, has been made, and has much to commend it. But, for this to be adequate, it should be made obligatory upon the Court in passing sentence to tell the young person of the right of appeal, and to grant unconditional legal aid.

The Bill is not wholly concerned with the out-of-prison policy. It also proposes a complete reorganization of the prison system. The whole control of Penal Institutions could by Order in Council be unified and rearranged. The abolition of penal servitude, hard labour, and prison "Divisions" would hardly do more than register the passing of these outworn distinctions, though the "political prisoner" (never recognized as such by English law!) could be placed under special rules.

Corporal punishment, except for prison offences, would pass away, and with it a source of a good deal of sadistic satisfaction amongst the readers of our less reputable papers, and of a vast sense of moral superiority amongst penal administrators of other countries, who never fail to cast flogging up against Britain as a set-off against our pretensions to humanity. Scotland is, apparently, to be allowed to cling to this relic of a more barbaric age.

The problem of the recidivist is met by two forms of detention, one new and the other a modification of the existing preventive detention. The offender whose age is between 21 and 30 who has twice been convicted of serious crimes may be sent to "Corrective Training" for a period of 2 to 4 years. The nature of this training is not explained.

If the offender is over 30 and of "criminal antecedents and mode of life", he may be sent for a similar term to preventive detention. In certain circumstances, the period for a third or fourth offence may be up to ten years.

Here again it may be hoped that Parliament will consider very carefully the qualifications for such a sentence. The community may hold itself entitled to segregate for long stretches of time offenders who have shown themselves to be habitually anti-social in their conduct; there is a limit to the damage they can be allowed to do. This is particularly the case with regard to offences of violence against the person. But a longer rope might be allowed where offences against property only are concerned. The "felonies" for which a sentence of 2 years can be given are of very varying gravity, and one would like to see a more careful definition of the actions which are to mark the species of habitual criminal. In the past—and even to-day—too many people have spent long years of

imprisonment for comparatively paltry crimes. It is worth great care to see that, while the new Bill provides for necessary protection, it does not fall back into this error.

Space will not allow of a full account of some of the most welcome and useful provisions of the Bill—the handing over of the care of lunatic offenders to the Board of Control, the power to grant temporary release to persons under detention, the entrusting to Courts of wide powers for obtaining medical reports and mental treatment of persons needing it (why not of physical treatment, too?), the counting of time on remand as part of sentence—all these are reforms which would be welcomed widely. Taken as a whole the Bill is a wise and constructive measure, and its passing is much to be desired. If in this article attention has been called to some of its defects, it is in the hope that in its final shape all parts of the new law may be fully worthy of the humane intentions of its sponsors.

GERMANY AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By ELIZABETH MONROE

ACCORDING to an imposing line of German statesmen, the Reich is well advised to concentrate attention upon Central Europe and not embark upon political adventures in more distant fields. Thus Frederick the Great: "A village on the frontier is worth a principality 280 miles away", or Bismarck: "For us colonial enterprises would be like silks and sables in Polish noble families, who for the rest have no shirts"; or even Herr Hitler, in *Mein Kampf*: "I freely acknowledge that, even in the period before the war, I should have held Germany to be wiser if, renouncing her absurd colonial policy, her commercial fleet and navy, she had set herself against Russia in alliance with England, and so gone over from a weak world-policy to a determined European policy of acquiring continental territory". But the Germany of 1938, striding from strength to strength, is turning her back on these outworn pronouncements. The octopus has begun to thrust its tentacles beyond the limits prescribed. Already entrenched as the leading Power on the Danube, she is putting in an appearance in the Mediterranean.

You meet her commercial travellers everywhere from Seville to Ankara or Cairo; and the fruits of their labours are to be seen in the trade returns of every Mediterranean State. In some countries you find them accompanied by technical experts—advisers to air transport companies, iron and steel foundries, and so on; as you travel, you are forced to the conclusion that Nazi strategists are calculating on the flag following trade.

From the commercial point of view, the emissaries have met with remarkable success. They have defeated their fellow competitors—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, or Italians—by offering better prices for Mediterranean wares; they have bought produce which Germany needs; they have sold any surplus (sometimes at a loss) to third States in exchange for other

needs, but they have shown a profit on the total transaction by charging high prices for the German goods with which they have contrived to pay their Mediterranean bills. By dint of tenacity, enterprise and Dr. Schacht's invention of the skilful device described above, they have risen to first place in Mediterranean trade. Nothing short of a table will serve to bring home the scale of their advance :—

PERCENTAGE OF TOTAL TRADE.					
<i>Imported from Germany.</i>			<i>Exported to Germany.</i>		
	1933	1937	1933	1937	
Italy	14.7	18.6	12.2	14.4	
Yugoslavia ..	13.2	32.6	13.9	21.5	
Greece	10.3	26.1	17.9	27.3	
Turkey	25.5	42.0	18.9	36.0	
Egypt	7.5	12.2	8.1	8.6	

The figures for all Spain—11.6 per cent. and 8.9 per cent. in 1933—are not available for 1937. Trade with Government Spain, of course, has fallen to nil, but the loss is probably more than offset by increased traffic with General Franco's ports.

Commercial profits can be calculated in Reichsmarks and percentages; the political or strategic return for these German labours is not so easy to assess. It cannot be set out as digestible food for the statistician. It can only be compiled for the less pernickety man who is ready to accept a little speculation. All the same, the reckoning is worth making, if only because it throws light on the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of expansion as a foreign policy.

Germany's Mediterranean activities are directed towards three points of the compass—into Spain, towards the Adriatic, and south-east along the famous line of the *Baghdadbahn*, whence her bagmen are radiating outwards to Egypt, Iraq and Iran. But in only one of the three can she be said to have registered clear political gain—in both the others new assets are, for the moment, offset by new liabilities. The unqualified success has been scored in Spain, though not in the way that is usually supposed by foreign partisans of the Spanish Left.

Because Italy and Germany are boon companions, and because the Italians run as a national establishment the ground organization of their air base at Majorca, the Englishman who follows form in Spain readily, and rather naturally, assumes that the Germans are installed in similar bases. He talks of them as

established in Spanish Morocco, the Canary Islands, or Rio de Oro. If he were right, the Imperial Powers would have every reason to feel unsafe, for such bases would command not only their Mediterranean communications but their Atlantic routes to Africa. Actually, his assumption appears, for the moment, to be unfounded. Germans in Spain are plentiful—but, subtler than the Italians, they have been at pains to behave as guests rather than as lodgers. They have simply advised and bought and sold, with the result that General Franco feels far more friendly to the *Führer* than to the Duce; in fact his relations with the former were, in November last, sufficiently intimate to prompt him to tow a prize captured in the North Sea into the port of Emden. The Germans in Spain, whether engaged upon reorganizing the Biscaya iron and steel industry (whose output they have increased to above pre-war level), or upon supplying mechanical equipment for the port of Bilbao, or upon buying cork or selling machine guns, have behaved, from all accounts, with the utmost decorum and propriety. Their principal aim seems to have been not the establishment of German bases but simply the creation of a trade supremacy which will enable them to make heavy purchases of Spanish raw materials in future years.

This process is in every way legitimate. They have sold quantities of war material to General Franco; he now owes them some £40 million.* But if he chooses to pay them by allowing them to develop old mines, to open new ones, and to enjoy first call on the resultant output, no foreign State can take exception to their tactics. The British, French or American mine-owner who is a familiar figure all over the mineral-bearing parts of Spain might lose some customers, but would otherwise be unaffected—and—beaten in open competition—could not complain. To do so, or to attempt to block German purchases, would merely provide the Reich with a fresh excuse for wanting colonies.

At the same time, Herr Hitler, by encouraging the presence of Germans in the peninsula, has already earned a handsome political, and strategic dividend. His apostles have secured him something far more tangible and more effective than Spanish

*200 million pesetas at 3.44 pesetas to the mark. He is said to have given a verbal promise not to devalue.

promises, whether of minerals or of hospitality for bombers and submarines in the event of general war. They did him valiant service in March and again in September, 1938, when the knowledge that there were Germans in the Peninsula scared France into hanging back, first, at the moment of the *Anschluss* and, later, during the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. The thought of war in the Pyrenees and in Morocco, of bombers over the mobilization channel from Algiers and over the war industries tucked away in south-western France, helped to silence French bidding at two important moments in the game of poker that Herr Hitler is conducting with the democracies.

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But whereas his Spanish balance-sheet shows a net profit, his Adriatic and south-eastern adventures, though successful, do not represent clear gain. In both places each step in his progress places a new strain upon the tenuous thread of the Rome-Berlin Axis—tenuous because, however noisy are Fascist and Nazi protestations of solidarity, the allies are strange partners because they seek supremacy in the same places. Germany has won on the Danube; the chief zone for competition is now South-Eastern Europe, involving the Eastern Mediterranean from Trieste to beyond the Bosphorus.

"What did we fight the War for", says the average Italian, "except to rid ourselves of Great-Power pressure on the North and the Adriatic". Now that Germany, looking down on him from the Brenner, is in a position to deflect the flow of trade from Central Europe which constitutes the livelihood of his port of Trieste, he is beginning to wonder whether he fought in vain.

"There was a young person of Smyrna,
Whose grandmother threatened to burn her;
So she seized on the cat
And said, 'Granny, burn that . . .'"

Germany, just as resourceful as any Smyrniot, is encouraging Italy to look west—to dream of Tunis, and to leave no time for thoughts of lost markets and weakened holds on Balkan merchants and statesmen.

But suppose the decoy did not work? Suppose France, backed by Great Britain, took a resolute stand in North Africa; then Italian thoughts, returning east, might make the bitter

discovery that a so-called ally had stolen a march upon Rome. That Germany is in a fine position to do precisely this is obvious even from the most cursory survey of the facts.

As long ago as 1926, Italians and Germans reached a so-called "Hamburg Understanding", whereby they would not compete with one another for the overseas trade of Central Europe. That of south Germany and the northern part of Czechoslovakia was to travel *via* the Rhine, Weser or Elbe to Hamburg and Bremen, that of southern Czechoslovakia and the upper Danubian countries to the former Austro-Hungarian outlet at Trieste. But the one-time prosperity of Trieste did not revive as planned. Signor Mussolini therefore determined to help it to do so, and there followed the famous Rome Protocols which he negotiated with Dollfuss's Austria and with Hungary in 1933. The offer of free zones and customs facilities stimulated Danubian exporters into trading southward; meantime the Italians were able to congratulate themselves on their acumen, for the trade of Trieste all but quadrupled between the signing of the Protocols and the beginning of 1937. On an average, Italy was responsible for one-third of the goods handled, Austria for another, the remaining third being bound either to or from other parts of Central Europe.

Immediately the *Anschluss* took place, a puff of chill wind struck the port. Where shippers had handled 90 thousand tons of goods in March, 1938, they handled 64 thousand only in April. Later, this serious drop proved to be but temporary. The volume of goods soared again thanks to the Italo-German agreement which was the outcome of Herr Hitler's visit to Rome, and the turnover for the first six months of the year was only slightly less than that for 1937. But the shippers of Trieste have had a fright, which even the special visit paid to them by the Duce on September 18 last has not dispelled. In the first public speech he had made since Northern Italy received her shock over Austria, he exhorted them, in the grand manner which serves to stir the more passionate south, to face the new situation and, undaunted, to overcome it. But: "How can I?" says the hard-headed northerner—when you visit him in the fastness of his office. "I am safe only so long as Germany wills. The moment her North Sea ports press for more trade, she can

invert my Viennese and Czech custom. Most of it lies within her borders; all of it within her orbit. She can turn off the tap as by a tap. And, mark you, the Rhine-Main-Danube canal is under construction. It is to be opened in 1943, and is to be fed by fifteen miles of new wharves and docks at Vienna. If such an expensive venture is to pay its way, it must be put to steady use". Before you leave him you can count upon witnessing that expressive shrug of the shoulders which indicates that the future, though perhaps not black, is chancy to a degree.

Thus Germany, if she appears on the Adriatic, can only do so if she is prepared to jettison the Italian alliance, and since this alliance is at present a diplomatic asset, she is unlikely to strike south, except in so far as she can do so through her commercial supremacy in Yugoslavia. Even here she treads on Italian toes—a fact which is glossed over in Rome, but which has not escaped notice in North Italy. For instance, *Il Piccolo*, Trieste's leading paper, published on several occasions last year the tell-tale percentages which reveal that Italian traders are losing ground to Germans in Yugoslavia. Not for nothing did the Duce make one of his rare pilgrimages on to foreign soil when he walked across the Yugoslav border last September; Italy must strive to keep abreast.

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In the south-east, where Germany's encroachment upon Italian aspirations is more remote, and less likely to be perceived by the ordinary Italian, she has been able to advance with less circumspection, with more aplomb. At the time when Rome decided to accept the *Anschluss*, and to welcome Herr Hitler's May visit, observers suggested that the allies had reached some sort of agreement on spheres of influence—that in return for Danubian supremacy the *Führer* had agreed to leave Rome a free hand in *Mare Nostrum*—but facts now coming to light indicate that no such plan was made, for nowhere has Germany displayed much forbearance. She has registered commercial gains in the Mediterranean as successfully and as openly as elsewhere, sometimes at the expense of Great Britain and France, but as often as not to the detriment of Italy.

She has not yet converted her trade advance into political capital, but the idea is obviously in her mind. She is unlikely

to be counting on the small countries of the Near East as allies in war; scantily armed as they are, they would prove as much a liability as an asset. But, once she is established as by far their best customer, she is in a position to buy their neutrality. Clearly, her *Drang nach Süd-Osten* is chiefly designed to provide her not only with peace-time markets but also with a much-needed war-time feed-pipe.

In securing this, however, political emissaries are now beginning to work in with her commercial travellers. As well as seeking contracts, German agents are working to weaken foreign Governments by stimulating discontent among Nazi factions or minority groups, sometimes—as in Czechoslovakia or Hungary—to bring into a power a Government amenable to German wishes, sometimes—as in Palestine or Syria—in order to weaken a third-Power rival. German agents, amply supplied with funds, support the Rumanian Iron Guard; German newspaper-men pay flattering attention to Arab aspirations, attend congresses to which no other European troubles to go, listen, sympathize and attract attention; German consulates in the Levant are increasing their personnel. It is hard to be specific about these activities; they are subtle, and defy definition, but no traveller in Balkan or Near Eastern countries can fail to hear tales of Nazi prowess—tales which are mere whispers in Egypt and Palestine, but which swell in a steady crescendo as he returns through Syria to Greece and Turkey and up towards the Danube and Central Europe.

But cash and propaganda, however affably distributed, are not enough, unaided, to enhance prestige. The reputation which Germany has earned in the Mediterranean by these painstaking means would be as nothing, were it not for the prestige accruing to her from two non-Mediterranean activities—the first, her anti-Jewish policy, the second, her success at Munich.

The Jews were never a popular people in South-Eastern Europe; nor have they succeeded in ingratiating themselves in Palestine, or in the Arab countries of the North African shore. Thus, except for Greece, which was little affected by the Dispersion of Jewry, and for Turkey and Egypt, who view their Jews as a commercial asset, every nation from Rumania to

Morocco cherishes a secret respect for the Nazis as the bold spirits who have done what it would like to do.

But even the renown which Germany has thus acquired is as nothing beside the advantages accruing to her from the Munich Agreement. It has given a stimulus to her reputation which is nothing short of prodigious. It is something more than a personal triumph for Herr Hitler; it has convinced all the small States of that area (1) that it is not worth their while to cross so determined a Power; (2) that Naziism is more effective than any other creed in international politics; and (3) that they are over-optimistic to count on help from Great Britain and France. In the Near East, which begins with the Balkans and ends at the Persian Gulf and the Sudan, nothing succeeds like success.

Whether Germany's advance into the Mediterranean will continue to be thus spectacular depends more than anything upon her capacity for exercising tact. Reference has already been made to one stumbling-block—her relations with Italy. But perhaps Italy could be bought off, or ignored. A second and more irremovable obstacle is the nationalism of foreign peoples. Turks or Egyptians, proud in their new independence, do not want to lose it in subservience to Germans; Arabs in Syria or Morocco are ready to accept Nazi help against their Western rulers, but do so in order to further their own ends, and not because they wish to exchange the French frying-pan for the German fire. An expansionist policy cuts both ways, and though Germany is just now inspiring awe in the Near East, she may find it replaced, once the first gasp of astonishment is over, by an antagonistic, obstructionist mood. It is just this awkward contingency that her policy of trade dominance is designed to avoid.

From the political point of view, therefore, Germany has scarcely appeared on the Mediterranean stage. She is discernible in the background of the Spanish scene, but she has not shown her might on the Adriatic, nor yet in the Aegean, where Greece and Turkey, despite her commercial supremacy and her bold tactics, still cherish a sentimental longing for a powerful Britain. But, though absent in flesh, she is present in spirit. Hanging spectre-like over the Pyrenees or Trieste, she can assume the rôle of Banquo's ghost; she can "displace the mirth, break the good meeting" whenever she feels inclined.

DR. NEGRIN'S THIRTEEN POINTS

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

AGREEMENT is now general that, the British Plan for the withdrawal of volunteers notwithstanding, the Spanish Civil War is going to be a prolonged struggle. While General Franco's formula for peace remains unconditional surrender and *vae victis*, the Republicans have the most imperious of reasons, primitive instinct, for their announced determination to resist to the last man. Their resistance has already belied all the prophets, even the dictators; it will be remembered when the history of human values in the twentieth century comes to be written.

The moment meanwhile is not inopportune to look beyond the cessation of hostilities. Franco may conceivably win the war. His various pronouncements on future policy engender doubts of his capacity to win the peace. After two-and-a-half years he controls perhaps two-thirds of the country, with a population of which large sections are indifferent and others, such as the Asturias and the Basque provinces, at least passively hostile. The Republicans have their own political dissensions; on the immediate issue they are united. They cannot all be exterminated on defeat, and Franco's gratuitous wounding in advance of their deepest susceptibilities—language, traditions, autonomy—leaves no shadow of hope that he can conciliate them.

As dictator he may drive opposition underground. He may even succeed over a number of years, as Hitler and Mussolini have succeeded, in keeping it there. But there is no comparison between the deep-rooted and historical nature of that opposition in Spain and in Germany and Italy. Nazism and Fascism began as the fortuitous emergence of one party out of several. The *patria chica*, the lesser fatherland, whether it imply language and autonomy, as with the Catalan, or respect for immemorial *fueros*

as the Basque, is to the Spaniard as the air he breathes. In due course the volcano must erupt, and the issue will be launched afresh.

It is thus the long view of the peace, much more than of the war, that matters. Lasting peace can only be a peace by consent, and the future will lie with that side which is the first to temper its intransigence and project a Spain in which the other, too, may live.

Nationalist policy admittedly lacks this element of constructive statesmanship towards the enemy. A dictator's prestige with difficulty admits of overtures. The Government, on the other hand, has always been bold to declare its conviction that, were the field cleared of foreigners, the issue could be composed straightway, and, acting on the belief, has drawn up a long-term programme whose 'Thirteen Points', announced by Dr. Negrin in Barcelona on May 1 last, carry the approval of all parties and trade union organizations in loyalist Spain. The programme is not that of a party. It is addressed to all Spaniards on both sides willing to co-operate in building a new and peaceful Spain. Scant attention has been paid to it in this country, and none at all, officially, in Nationalist Spain. Yet it represents the only possibility of agreement at present open to that unhappy country, and may conceivably prove of the greatest importance for its future.

For over and above questions of right and wrong history will set the fact, to be interpreted in terms of hundreds of thousands of human lives, that Barcelona was at all times ready to negotiate a peace, and Burgos never. It is incumbent on world opinion to keep that fact in the forefront of every discussion. On the 'Thirteen Points' the Government of Barcelona still takes its stand, and it may still be of service in clarifying the issue to summarize them afresh and consider their implications.

1. The absolute independence and territorial integrity of Spain.
2. The ejection of all foreign elements, alike military and economic, who since July, 1936, have invaded Spain and sought to dominate her economic life in their own interests.
3. A Republic of the people, based on the principles of pure democracy, with a strong executive power dependent at all times on the will of the people.
4. A national plebiscite, held immediately the war is over, without restrictions or limitations and with the fullest guarantees against

intimidation or reprisal, to determine the legal and social structure of the Republic.

5. Respect for regional liberties, without prejudice to Spanish unity and as the best means of welding the divers elements of the nation together.

6. The State shall guarantee to all its citizens their civil and social rights, liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religious belief and practice.

7. Subject to the supreme interests of the nation, property legitimately acquired shall be guaranteed by the State. Individual initiative shall be respected, but not such accumulation of wealth as would, by exploiting the citizen and infringing communal rights, endanger State control in the economic and social spheres.

8. Radical agrarian reform, to abolish semi-feudal ownership of the land in favour of a new democracy of peasant proprietors.

9. Advanced social legislation, based on the specific needs of Spanish life and economy, to guarantee the rights of the worker.

10. The cultural, physical and moral improvement of the nation shall be a primary concern of the State.

11. The Army, at the service of the nation, shall be free from all hegemony, bias or party, an instrument for the defence of the liberties and independence of the people.

12. The Spanish State reaffirms the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, and will continue to support the policy of the League of Nations, collective security and the general defence of peace.

13. A complete amnesty for all Spaniards willing to collaborate in the reconstruction and aggrandisement of Spain.

There are three aspects to the consideration of this programme of action; the measures following immediately on the cessation of fighting, whether by conciliation or by mutual exhaustion; the inducements it offers to Spaniards of good will but of opposed political persuasion to co-operate in the common weal; and its adequacy for the future of Spain, both materially, as a path to prosperity *via* the uprooting of abuses and the maximum exploitation of the nation's resources, and politically, in the steps taken to avert the possibility of another breakdown and to wean Spaniards from their traditional mode of settling disputes by appeal to arms. To several Articles (1, 7, 9, 10, possibly 2), the Nationalist can subscribe in principle forthwith.

Nos. 4 (plebiscite) and 13 (amnesty) would of themselves suffice to end hostilities but for totalitarian dreams of a *pax romana*. The duration of the war, while tempering dogmatism on the Government side, has only strengthened it in the Franco camp, where the measure of success in the field has been just sufficient to keep the Nationalist mind closed to any thought or possibility of bridging differences. Yet Franco's confidence in his claim to represent the majority of the nation might well

induce him to accept the proposals. Barcelona undertakes to abide by the results of the plebiscite, and thus offers him with peace tomorrow, should his claim be substantiated, what he hopes to achieve by war perhaps a year hence, an authoritarian, totalitarian State with himself as *caudillo*. Articles 3 and 5 are conditional on the Government's belief that the findings of the plebiscite would be very different. Franco has no use for democracy pure or impure ('We do not believe in the democratic, liberal *régime* . . .' runs a recent *credo*), and has sworn to destroy all regional liberties. But the readiness of the Government, and the present unreadiness of Franco, to put the matter to the test justifies their inclusion in the document as something more than a pious hope.

'Pure democracy', it may be conceded, is but a form of words. There is no such thing, and if there were, the aspiration would still be up against some very harsh Spanish realities. The Republic of 1931 also set out to achieve 'pure democracy', under the most favourable circumstances, and the Civil War was the result. But the idea behind the phrase is explicit enough to go on with. The Government shall derive power from the votes of the citizens, and the purging of the last two years is looked to as guarantee that the citizen henceforth will accept his responsibilities no less seriously than his rights and prevent another such relapse into chaos. The interpretation of democracy to mean that the majority, being supreme, is alone of consequence, *i.e.*, that a government elected on a 51% vote is entitled to disenfranchise the other 49%, underlies a large part of Spanish history since 1931. 'Pure' democracy may be expected not to repeat that mistake. It implies a party system, under which policy to be constructive must be based on maximum agreement between parties, not on maximum disagreement.

Dr. Negrín's programme bears witness to the substantial acceptance already won for this view among the parties of the Popular Front, whose divergence on one occasion was such as to threaten at times a civil war within a civil war. The genuineness of their conversion will be discredited by their enemies. The fact remains that Dr. Negrín, who, as a moderate, was given a week of power by the prophets, has held the

premiership now for eighteen months. Having won the extreme Left back towards the centre, he is in a more favourable position than any other man in Spain to attempt as much with the extreme Right. No Spaniard, whatever his conviction, stands to gain in the long run from intolerance. To observers of the Spanish scene that lesson emerges more clearly than any other from the experiences of the last seven years. It is accordingly most incumbent on those who set most store by social reform.

Franco, as yet, rejects the lesson *in toto*, and maintains his course towards a goal largely inspired by foreign models. His adherents subscribe to this in preference to anarchy. It does not follow that they would reject other, more liberal, alternatives. And not all are doctrinaires. To many, doubtless the majority, the war is a much more human and personal problem, a son on this side and a father on that, a family uprooted from its home and interests, deaths that have taken the meaning out of life, with, as background, the thought of foreigners hired to rain destruction on Spanish lives and soil that others may boast of effectives tried out under the most modern conditions of warfare. Such realities must eventually override the conception of a crusade in the name of Christianity and civilization against a horde of vandal 'Reds'. When they do they will predispose automatically in favour of mutual comprehension.

The holding of a plebiscite—under neutral auspices, if necessary—need create no insuperable difficulties, while, should a majority opt for a Fascist *régime*, further decisions will be taken out of their hands. Given a victory, on the other hand, for a representative, responsible type of government in terms of the traditional Spanish cult of individual dignity and respect, the formulation of a constitution immediately conjures up the darkest forebodings. Here, if anywhere, the leaders of the new Spain must show what they have learnt from recent history. It is with the formulation of a constitution that breakers may be seen ahead. Constitution-making has been a bad habit with the Spaniard for over a century, and the discarding of each, though of itself lessening respect for its successor, has not lessened the Spaniard's pathetic faith in the efficacy of documentary enactment. 'Spain is a democratic Republic of workers of all classes', ran Art. 1 of that of 1931. . . And behold

it was not so. And the Constitution of 1931 has now been torn to ribbons. The dogmatic incorporation in the nation's charter of ideas and ideals insufficiently related to Spanish fact has fathered many an upheaval.

Both sides agree in postulating far-reaching modifications of society. This is to the good. But there must be equal agreement that to lay such down in a constitution is to convert this, too, into a programme, and to impose rigidity where rigidity is the hall-mark of failure. Every dogma or prescription avoided in a constitution is worth a decade to its expectation of life, and every facility for modification incorporated another.

The constitution-makers, it may be, are ardent republicans. Art. 1: 'Spain is a Republic'. A day comes when the majority of Spaniards favour a restoration of the monarchy. 'Pure democracy' entitles their will to prevail. The constitution forbids. Deprived of constitutional means, they rebel, while a minority proclaims to the world the justice of its cause as defenders of the magna charta. Who are the democrats?

The republican form is not sacrosanct. Is the democratic? If a majority decides that representative government has been a failure and opts for a pattern that would set order and efficiency above 'rights', is it entitled to have its way? The answer must be yes—provided the decision has been freely and honestly arrived at and provided, further, that the new *régime* can offer adequate safeguards to minority opinion, and does nothing to prevent a later swing of opinion in another direction from equally peaceful realization.

The successful democratic constitution will be one that facilitates constitutional development, even though this should lead away from democracy. Measures directed specifically against dictatorship are at best negative. Positive action consists in so governing that dictatorship can never appear a desirable alternative. It is unnecessarily defeatist even now to assume that representative government can never work in Spain. If the causes of past failures are discoverable they can be remedied, or at the least mitigated. The organization and functions of the Civil Service, for instance, are a large part of the matter: the clear distinction between party and State is another, the necessity for honest finance a third, due checks on

hasty parliamentary decisions not backed by expert knowledge a fourth. The proposal in the draft constitution of 1931 for a second chamber was defeated by a catch vote in a half empty house. Such mistakes can be vital; they need not be allowed to recur.

The onus, needless to say, will lie equally on the opposition. It is a hard lesson for the Spaniard that opposition must be constructive. With its learning, the government will learn, too, to invite its collaboration, and revolution in politics may give way to evolution. The Civil War began with the assassination by government police of the leader of the opposition. This country pays the leader of the Opposition an official salary.

It will have been observed that the 'Thirteen Points' themselves are not free from dogma. Art. 5 commits the Government to respect for regional liberties in a federal *régime*. Yet here, if anywhere, it has all the weight of history and geography behind it. That the most Catholic region in Spain, the Basque provinces—Navarre alone dissenting—should have thrown in its lot with the 'Reds' in the present struggle is proof sufficient. Spain is the sum of its parts, and can only be prosperous and at peace in the measure of their prosperity and content. The rub to the Nationalists is that they have no case against regionalism. Could it be established that the Basque provinces were unprogressive, or ill administered, or ill-disposed towards Madrid, because of their 'Concierto Económico', their language and their usages, the suppression of these might form a legitimate plank of national policy. In fact the comparison with Castile is all to the advantage of the Basques. That Catalonia has on occasion followed obstructionist tactics towards Madrid is admitted. It has been a return in kind: Madrid began it four centuries ago, and has kept it up with a persistence worthy of a better cause. That Barcelona had been for decades a hotbed of social unrest and anarchist outrage is likewise admitted. That is a Catalan problem, and Madrid's handling of it has never been conspicuously successful. This notwithstanding, Catalonia has prospered, on Catalan initiative, till it is become the backbone of the Spanish economy.

But it is equally clear, and equally explicit in the same Article, that regionalism can never become separatism, unless

goaded to extremes by the folly of Madrid. The bogey the Nationalists would conjure up here is of their own imagining. Catalonia is as dependent on the rest of Spain for her markets as Madrid is on Bilbao for her heavy industries, and knows it. Some form of federal *régime* is now the only alternative to a unitarian dictatorship, and the paradox is a mild one for Spain that, whereas the latter is fraught with promise of discontent and ultimate disruption, the former offers the surest hope of the re-achievement of national unity in any real sense. The co-existence in Barcelona during the past year of the Central Government with the Generalitat has proved a valuable experience to this end. No such opportunity has ever arisen before for working out in sympathy rather than antipathy the problems and potentialities of this crucial aspect of Spain's future.

The fruits of that collaboration can already be seen in the programme. The voicing from Barcelona of such a respect for property, however qualified, as is evidenced in Art. 7 is in sharp contrast with the Catalan scene in the early months of the war. The social revolution is now understood in a sense to which any liberal might subscribe. 'Libertarian communism' is but a formula out of an already dim past, and even the C.N.T. accepts, with the principles of property and private initiative, that of ultimate State control in the economic and social spheres.

Three Articles out of thirteen—Nos. 7, 8 and 9—are given to the claims of labour. The proportion does not stress unduly the fundamental importance to social peace of goodwill and well-being in a sphere where fortunately Nationalist and Republican can profess to have much common ground. But once again enactment is not fulfilment. Especially as regards agrarian reform, failing which Spain will always have one foot in the Middle Ages, there is work for many years ahead, and the active collaboration of all patriotic Spaniards must first be assured. Justice for worker and peasant, it will be recalled, was already promised in 1931. It failed of achievement from the Government's failure to secure continuity for its policy. By wantonly provoking its opponents, as when it went out of its way to offend Catholic sentiment, it made inevitable its eventual downfall and the automatic reversal of its measures, and worker and peasant shared the penalty.

No problem, perhaps, is more stubborn or goes deeper than that of Army intervention in politics. Both Republics tried to solve it, as did the monarchy, and with each failure the tradition has gained strength. Were all other differences bridged tomorrow, Art. 11 would still be the crux. Franco is the Army and must sink or swim with it. It must be remembered equally that the Republican Army, with its political commissars, has come into being to defend not the nation but the Republic, and is as politically conscious as the other is class-conscious. With peace there cannot be two armies in the State. A solution would seem to offer in the disbandment of both. Partial loppings have always failed in the past, and complete disbandment, involving the rebuilding of an army from scratch has never before been possible. Now it will be. The whole nation has had experience in arms, and can be drawn on. The whole nation has got to find its civil feet again in a new society, and the hardship will be no greater for the erstwhile professional soldier than for other. It would be a heroic cauterizing of a grievous sore in the body politic. Failing such, the war may yet prove to have been fought in vain.

There remains, finally, foreign policy. Against Franco's recognition of his commitments to Germany and Italy, the Government pledges itself to remain loyal to the League of Nations, collective security and the general defence of peace. The value of the pledge is enhanced when we recall Barcelona's scant cause for gratitude to Geneva. Of the two policies, the one has in it seeds of deepest hatred for half the population, the other is neutral. Clearly the latter alone is feasible for a re-united Spain. Nor is it merely vital to the immediate interests of Spain, as it is to those of Britain and of France. It is the only sure guarantee that Spain is not to persist as another European storm-centre. Should it prevail, and Europe recover with time its political sanity, the two will not be unrelated.

THE MIND AND MOOD OF ITALY

BY SYLVIA SAUNDERS

THE conversation, as it always does between English and Italians nowadays, hovered round sanctions. The Grand Fascist Councillor put his country's point of view, and ended with the usual regret and anger at the lead Mr. Eden had given to sanctions. I suggested that not *all* those who wanted sanctions in England were rank imperialists using the League to keep Italy further out of Africa. Speaking of decency (as he did) why on earth hadn't Italy resigned from the League before launching a mighty attack upon a fellow member and one whom she had herself introduced into the League? "Don't speak to me of ideals," he laughed. "We can talk as one pirate to another, but not on any other footing". A gay prospect, I thought, for future Anglo-Italian relations. I asked whether there was any interest in Italy or only criticism for the British imperial system. "Indeed there is", he quickly said, "the world would be the poorer without it. We have always admired your way of doing things. But you should visit Libya and see our colonization there". I let the discussion drop, partly because I had just read a first-hand account of that colonization, and it has been as fierce as our present action in Palestine—and partly because the subject really close to this man's heart was the annual temporary migration of 50,000 Italian workers who go to German factories and fields because of labour shortage there. He said this was a real consolidation of the axis, and I believed him, for at a distance these two peoples have little affection for each other. It was the first time, he said, proudly that international labour contracts had been made for a category of workers and that one country employs the workers of another under exactly the same conditions as its own. The confederations of labour in these two countries know no frontiers. The

negotiate directly. To him this seemed the real socialist international. And later he sent me a book composed of facsimile letters from these Italian workers to prove, not that they thought so, too, (which is surely disputable) but that they had a good time and liked the Germans.

The National Socialist experiment cuts deeper into the economic life of Germany than the Fascist economy does in Italy. For example, Italy, like Germany is about to put a "people's car" (*Volkswagen*) on the market. It will cost 7000 lire (about £70) and may be bought on a lengthy hire purchase. The Fiat factory is making it; but in Germany it will cost £50, and the German Labour Front has set up the factories and owns them. That is the kind of German organization which the leaders of the Labour confederations in Italy admire; being former workers themselves they hope much from the new alliance. But they were the only people in Italy among whom I found any enthusiasm for the axis.

Any student acquainted with labour problems in this country and in France, must find it exceedingly difficult to appreciate labour organization in Italy. The whole system seems above all an efficient practical arrangement for a State that must be ready and tuned to war at the shortest notice. The workers' point of view is gauged by the syndicate officials from the workers' complaints coupled with *directives* from the central organizations. If the official is able and honest the result may be satisfactory. If he isn't, the result may be grim, and not easily altered for many a month.

As a leader of the Italian labour organization said to me: "In this *régime* great men and great scoundrels may come to the top". He himself, I thought, belonged to neither category, but he was hardworking beyond belief. I asked him if he ever had a holiday. "No, I haven't had one for two years. I work here from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day and often speak on Sundays". "Can't you train up a couple of assistants to take your place for a fortnight in the summer?" I asked. "Yes, that is the problem", he said thoughtfully. It seemed there was something wrong here, as though the fleet needed all hands on board all the time. Most of the ships' officers are loyal, and the fleet of state has weathered some bad storms lately, what

with Abyssinia, Spain and Munich. "*Quanti brutti momenti abbiamo passati da quando ci siamo visti!*"* was the way most conversations with friends began in Rome. "*Ma il Duce ci ha dato la pace*"† was the way they mostly ended in this autumn of 1938.

On Sunday, a "gerarch" took us out to the Pontine Marshes where the ex-service men of three wars, the European War, the Abyssinian and the Spanish campaigns, have been rewarded with farms and land varying from 10 to 50 acres. It is a revival of the old soldier settlements of Augustus. Round the two new towns of Sabaudia and Littoria (too hurriedly built, for most of the houses already need refacing) lie the little blue-washed farms for miles on the horizon, and the land which used to be derelict and full of mosquitoes lay harrowed and ready for spring sowing.

That evening some of the 10,000 legionaries from Spain arrived in Rome. I had to be at the station to meet a train and joined a group round them. They nearly all had two or more wound stripes on their khaki dungaree uniforms, and some had as many as four rows of ribbons above their breast pockets. Franco has been generous with medals—and then there were the Abyssinian ribbons. They said they had been fighting up to the last minute on the Ebro before entraining for Cadiz. They were legionaries, one felt, as Roman as the legions of Cæsar or Anthony 2000 years before. Perhaps the officers had ideas about the meaning of the campaign. These men seemed too tired to have any. My train arrived from Naples, and off it came many khaki clad figures in immensely long smooth khaki coats with brass buttons. "Colonial administrators" said a friend, "back on leave from the Empire". In a tailor's shop nearby was a whole new set of black and gold striped uniforms. "Didn't you know?" said the same friend, "next month the entire civil service is going into uniform". Then the only people not in uniform in Rome will be professional and business men and artists.

Our last night in Rome was spent with the only Jewish friends we have in Italy. They are Catholics, like so many Italian

*"We've passed through some bad moments since we last met!"

†"But the Duce has given us peace."

Jews, but their name is 'on the list' in an anti-Semitic book that is being sold on all Italian bookstalls.

The campaign against Jews is supported in Italy by only two henchmen so far. One is a fanatical gentleman, Signor Preziosi in his review '*La Vita Italiana*' which has been going for a long time, and the other is Telesio Interlandi, one of the editors of '*Il Tevere*,' a sensational mid-day Rome paper, who has now become editor of '*La difesa della Razza*' the new 'race' weekly. Half of this journal, which is slightly pornographic, is concerned with proving how inferior the Abyssinian tribes are, for there has been much trouble in race mixture in that country among Italian soldiers and native women. The other half is about Jews, and, like the *Vita Italiana*, it makes much use of the long-exploded decrees of the elders of Sion.

Relatively the campaign is much less fierce than in Germany because the Italian is a humanist, and Jews have never been outside the pale to him. Not a single anti-Jewish demonstration has taken place in Italy. Jewish shops are fully patronized, and the only anti-Jewish slogan in Rome appears on the wall of the German art institute in Rome whose well-known 'Aryan' director was recently dismissed for receiving a Jew at his house.

Signor Mussolini's categorical denials in recent years of the necessity for an anti-Jewish movement in Italy have left the Italians dumbfounded at the new movement. They don't understand it, and their reaction, especially that of the Church just now, is all sympathy for the 40,000 Jews of Italy. Mussolini changed round, it seems, first to please Hitler: to enable him to give Italy a 100% boost in German papers, secondly, to please the Arabs by not only being anti-Jewish but assigning a small portion of Abyssinia and not of Palestine to Jews. One recalls Mussolini's Tripoli speech last year offering himself as champion of the Mussulman world. Other reasons were to stem the tide of Jewish refugees from Germany, some of whom had already made inroads into the flower trade on the Italian Riviera; and because Jews do not make good Fascists, and it would perhaps be useful to weed them out from the party, the universities and the public life of Italy. Several hundreds have already been dismissed; their plight is serious.

The Grand Fascist Council which passed the Jewish decrees

last October is the supreme body, and indeed the only governing body in Italy to-day. It has about 20 members who are heads of all the chief departments of Italian life. Policy is thrashed out there months before it is given to the press. Signor Mussolini is certainly influenced by its deliberations and in turn influences every one of its members. It is generally known, for example, that the Council was largely in favour of accepting the Hoare-Laval agreement. Mussolini was not, but he did so (as he said himself later on). Within twenty-four hours, however, it had been rejected by a stormy and partisan house of Commons in London, which was a great blessing for Mussolini. More recently there was a scheme by a young Milanese poet-architect to erect the highest campanile in the world by Milan cathedral. He saw the Duce who agreed, though the cost would have been 50 million lire and the time 40 years to erect it. To the great relief of the Milanese the Council has turned it down, and no more is heard of the campanile.

Italy, like Germany, is full of rumours of atrocities here, graft there and risings somewhere else. Some are partly true, very many are exaggerated, and more still are quite false. There certainly were no anti-war demonstrations in Milan during the Crisis: all that happened was a sudden and unrehearsed exodus of workers to celebrate the Munich agreement as soon as the news got through. The papers kept that dark, but everyone in Milan knows it. Another sensation: that the King of Italy would abdicate if Italy were to fight with Germany was a red herring which not a soul in Italy, Fascist, Communist, Socialist or Liberal, will believe. Upon such rumours very false and misleading ideas of modern Italy are built up abroad.

Italy is strong and united as she has never been before. She is apprehensive perhaps of coming German claims in the Mediterranean, and to prepare for that, she would like real friendship with Great Britain. Ultimately her aims are for a share in the Suez canal, suzerainty in Tunis and the elimination of France as a first-class naval power in the Mediterranean; it is rankling to have the Franco-British naval threat always at her door. She would like to see Germany the beggar for once, and England as Italy's ally when the deal has to come off. Meanwhile she has become

empire-minded and ready for any enterprise that will lead to glory in "her sea". So many Italians have now travelled to Abyssinia, Spain and Germany that the foreigner on Italian soil now arouses little interest or amusement. Train conversations are much less frequent. Sixteen years of persistent propaganda make it possible to speak of *Italy* to-day, and no longer of this and that group, or the south and the north, or the Church and the Court. It is also unreal to speak of Mussolini as one thing and the Italian people as another, much as it would have been unreal to attempt to divide Cromwell from the Commonwealth. With all these changes, gone are the last vestiges of imitation of England, so common during the first sixty years of Italian unity, and the English tourist who 'loves Italy and pities the Italians' has become a comic figure.

The modern Italian is like his Roman ancestor, a bridge and road and house builder, a colonizer and a fighter in legions here and there. The artist who thrived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Florence, Siena, Pisa and the great city states must lie low in this age, for his poems find no publisher and his pictures no buyer. The whole people must bear with a deterioration of wool, cotton and silk, not to mention dearer and poorer bread and foodstuffs, longer hours and lower wages, for the sake of autarchy. And there is no alternative.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

By MICHAEL SADLEIR

THE American novel—taking the words quite literally to mean something indigenous, something that is unmistakably American and nothing else—is an astonishingly recent phenomenon.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, with the exception of Stephen Crane's two Bowery tales, the early novels of Theodore Dreiser, and the two or three books Frank Norris lived to write, it did not exist until after the World War. Previously the novel as written in America was an English-style novel about Americans and in an American setting. Consider the leading figures of the first two decades of the present century. Winston Churchill and Mary Johnston won fame by historical novels which, although about American history, were of the traditional kind; Edith Wharton and Gertrude Atherton wrote satire in the English manner on a society which happened to be American; Booth Tarkington was a regulation good story-teller of invention and power.

Naturally the novelists of the wide-open spaces: Jack London, Owen Wister, Stewart Edward White—had no direct counterparts in England, for they at least had themes exclusively American; but their books were English in pattern and structure.

The reasons for this state of affairs are of great interest, for they belong to the racial history of America and also the larger history of international affairs. Up to about 1890 the immigrant element in the population of the United States, though considerable, was degraded and culturally negligible. Literature and the arts were in the hands of New England, *i.e.*, of persons of British (including Irish) origin, imbued with British tradition. The centre of publishing was Boston, and appreciation of authorship followed the lines of inheritance. But between

1890 and 1914—and increasingly—miscellaneous Europeans poured into America, many of them persons of breeding and intelligence and a large number of them Jews. By 1900 New York had displaced Boston as the centre of book-appraisal and book-publishing; several new publishers of non-American origin launched translations of European books which found a widening market, and it was not long before recently-Americanized Europeans began to write books of their own. The displacement of traditional American (*i.e.* British style) literature by the new cosmopolitan American literature was very gradual. Indeed by 1914 it had only gone far enough to produce on both sides of the Atlantic a mood of stultification. In America, what had been an inferiority complex in a literary sense turned to a dull but helpless resentment against the persisting domination of English taste and technique. In Great Britain, the assumption that successful American fiction was a familiar dish with an agreeably unfamiliar flavour, became a complacent habit, and the public were not prepared to take any more trouble over a novel from America than over one of English origin.

Then came the War. In 1917 the United States found themselves hailed as the saviours of civilization; by the end of 1918 they were the unchallenged masters of the world, both financially and as a deciding factor in international policy. Consequently the ten years from 1919 to 1929 were, for Americans, the nearest thing to a Golden Age which modern history can show. Complete freedom from the dangers and quarrels of Europe; unbounded prosperity; suppliant nations crowding their ante-rooms—no wonder that the less thoughtful members of that vast, polyglot population concluded that the phrase "God's own country" was no figure of speech, was indeed almost an understatement.

The effect on literature of this glorious enthronement of America was four-fold. First, it swept away once for all authors' sense of inferiority toward Great Britain, and the long-gathering revolt against British influence broke out into a fierce determination to be American and nothing else. Second, it swept away the inferiority sense of non-Anglo-Saxon Americans towards those of purer pedigree. The universal

prosperity and optimism so stimulated the pride of every individual in being *American*, that the numerous emigrant strains became more closely welded than ever before and constituted a new super-national mixture. Literature, like everything else, was invaded by Germans, Poles, Italians, Jews, Scandinavians and so forth, as gaily and with as much certainty of conquest, as ever it had been practised by those of pure American strain. Third, the economic condition of the book-market chimed with the new self-sufficiency and confidence. Before the war success in the English market was the ideal (not always avowed) of the American writer. Now, however, the principal market—both from the point of view of author's pride and financial profit—was there on the spot in America. Instinctively authors wrote for that market; and, if the English did not like it, they could lump it.

Finally—and from quite a different angle—literature acquired freedom of subject, as well as release from traditional form and from long-standing inhibition. The apotheosis of America as a land of wealth, liberty and democratic ideals broke to pieces the puritan domination which had for decades enslaved the cities of the east and, through them (the centres of culture) the whole country. Just as emigrant strains from Europe broke into the writing monopoly of the Americans proper, so the same miscellaneous European mentality threw off the shackles of moral and religious repression. With the world at their feet and money to pay for any bit of it they wanted, the Americans went orgiastic; and the continuing farce of Prohibition—the last preposterous attempt to clamp unwelcome virtue on an unwilling population—merely stimulated their hatred of restrictions. Consequently the writer, finding himself free to write of anything and in any way he liked, lost no time in using his freedom to the utmost.

Now obviously the novel—which is *par excellence* the readiest means of self-expression for any period—reacted most vividly and quickly to the new conditions. Symbolic of the transformation was the enormous success of Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. This German-Pole had started novel-writing in 1900. His first story *Sister Carrie* was instantly suppressed by indignant moralists. His next appeared eleven years later, and from

1911 he made a slowly deepening impression on a small intelligent public, and incidentally had another novel withdrawn in 1915 on grounds of indecency. Yet in 1925, with *An American Tragedy*, the man who had been censored and vilified not many years before, became a national figure and a national seller. Freedom from Puritan control, and a theme utterly American in nature and feeling, matched with the new spirit and swept Dreiser into fame.

Sinclair Lewis was the next portent—with *Main Street*, *Babbitt* and *Martin Arrowsmith*. Lewis is the scientific dissector of American provincialism and humbug, and his novels are fictional *Middletowns*, case-histories of conventional communities, families, individuals.

Then came John dos Passos—pioneer of Left propaganda in fiction, also (more importantly) pioneer of a new technique. Dreiser and Lewis are in fundamentals 'straight' novelists. Their styles are utterly different; but they follow narrative and dialogue in a recognized way. Dos Passos, however, writes books like films—with cut-backs and composite flashes; he plays tricks with capital letters and punctuation; he interpolates what he calls "News Reels"—as though headlines and news photos were suddenly flicked into the middle of a story-film. But things move quickly in American writing, and dos Passos' revolutionary style has already been partnered by other newer techniques. A still younger generation—largely under the influence of Ernest Hemingway, whose handling of dialogue will ultimately prove more lastingly influential than his actual books—began to evolve that terse, tough, laconic, astonishingly swift way of writing, which is characteristic of the contemporary American novel and makes it (once one gets the taste for it) the kind of novel best worth reading.

These new techniques were not only applied to the ordinary and multiform lives of Americans during the Golden Decade. The sudden enrichment and release from provincial inhibitions of a huge, fundamentally lawless population produced a class of grandiose criminals—gangsters and racketeers. Novelists, like film-makers, jumped to the potentiality of crime as a theme for quickfire treatment; and the crime at their disposal was so vivid, so richly dramatic, that no other country could compete

with it. Hence such books as *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Fast One* and *Brain Guy*. Hence—in simpler technique—*Little Caesar* and the novels of Don Tracy.

Meantime national events again took a hand. In the winter of 1929 the brilliant façade of American prosperity fell into ruin almost overnight. The collapse was as dizzy as the rise had been. The effect on novel-writing of the plunge from héady affluence to misery and despair was an exact repetition of the effect of the post-war boom. It provided the novelist studying actuality with an entirely new and exciting repertoire of subject, character and emotion. One could triumph over fallen Mammon; or wring tragedy from the fate of a suddenly beggared middle-class; or urge the angry proletariat to violent action.

Put shortly—the end of the war gave the American novelist freedom, and a brilliant many-sided new America to discover and describe. Ten years later that America disappeared, and the novelist could start all over again, and discover a new one—tragic, shattered and sinister. It would be a “dumb” race indeed which could not profit by such an opportunity. And Americans—whatever else they may be—are not dumb.

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While on this vital subject of *material* for novel-writing, let us turn for a moment to Great Britain. We have had black patches of poverty and misery ever since the war ended. In 1926 we had two weeks of General Strike. In 1931 we were threatened with the State's financial collapse. But for various reasons none of these things came to dominate the lives and minds of the entire country sufficiently to set national imagination racing or national anger boiling. The horrors of the distressed areas have remained strangely local. The General Strike was never the danger (or the hope) which many excited people on both sides thought it was. It made no real appeal to the mass of people because it expressed a sectional and not a universal grievance. As for the slump of 1931—it side-stepped into compromise, and offers no comparison for catastrophe with the inflation period in Germany or the 1929 crash in America.

These statements will be hotly disputed by many of my countrymen. But surely the proof of their truth lies in the

very subject under discussion. The black areas of hopeless, workless poverty; the General Strike; the slump of 1931—no one of these has produced great art, even a great novel. Many novels have been written, at any rate on the first two of the three themes. Some of them are excellent works—deeply felt, and admirable in their sincerity or enthusiasm. But they have not succeeded in transcending the limits of regional suffering and partisan emotion. They remain local and ephemeral, because their impulse was local and ephemeral.

From the point of view of the British nation as a whole, the twenty years since 1918 have been a period of slow and uncertain recuperation, of careful balancing of opposites, of intricate compromise and gradual concealed revolution. Such a period is no breeding time for vital literature. Crisis makes art. During the war, when patriotic emotion and threat of disaster really had us in their grip, there blossomed a school of poets as unmistakably national and of their time as the Elizabethans. French painting around '48 and again after '70; the German novel of the first four terrible years of the Weimar Republic—these are three more examples of the power of fierce idealism, violent change, misery and terror to produce great art.

Then came the turn of America. First the feverish excitement of success, second the fury and alarm of catastrophe, released a hitherto imprisoned genius for American writing about America, and created the contemporary American novel. For the English novelist nothing comparable occurred. Into the bargain the nation was much nearer exhaustion than America, nearer than we ourselves realized. As a result, too many of our post-war novels are intricate, refined and fundamentally empty. All their skill and wit fail to give them much flavour for any palate which has tasted their transatlantic counterpart.

One other thing. Not only has the English novelist nothing to write about which had shaken his country till its teeth chattered, but he is also still hampered by the prudery and timidity of a puritan tradition. Forty years ago Stephen Crane declared: “English men aren't shocked as easily as we are. You can have an idea in England without being sent to

jail for it". It is time some English novelist returned the compliment. The British public, suffering as always from sexual repression, still hates half the truth about life, still prefers novels of escape, will still set in motion the machinery of censorship at any threat to the continuance of their pleasant unreal dreams. As against his American colleague the contemporary English novelist has, for this reason, no chance whatsoever.

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Why is the realization of the greater significance of American fiction not yet general in Great Britain? For three perfectly simple reasons :—

(1) the genuine American novel of to-day is to some extent a novel in a foreign language. It is not so inaccessible as a novel in French or German to a reader who knows no French or German, but it requires a certain effort and certain intelligence to grasp its formula. That effort and intelligence the mass of English novel-readers are not prepared to give. They still expect an American book to be an English book in fundamentals, and, being mentally extremely indolent, they resent finding it otherwise. Such recent American books as O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*; Foster's *American Dream*; Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* and *Of Mice and Men*; Fleming's *Siesta*; Fuchs' *Neptune Beach* and McCoy's *No Pockets in a Shroud* (to mention half-a-dozen more or less at random) ask for a little adaptability and perseverance before they yield the secret of their power, originality and humour. The average British novel-reader is not yet, so far as American novels are concerned, either adaptable or persevering.

I must here make plain that, when speaking of the language of the American novel being almost a foreign language, I am not referring to slang. American slang—that amazing blend of flexibility, quick-wittedness and humour—has for long had many "fans" in England and many would-be imitators.* Not so the prose style of the contemporary American novelist,

*Indeed, sometimes it is more keenly appreciated here than in America, for its very unfamiliarity gives it extra kick. This has been impressively exemplified during recent months by the popularity of Damon Runyon, whose Broadway tales seemed good magazine stuff to the Americans, but were recognized here for genius. In America there was too much writing sufficiently like Runyon's to give the latter a chance of the recognition he deserves.

which is something more subtly different from English prose than slang even pretends to be. In its punctuation is synthetized; phrases are telescoped; meanings implied rather than expressed. And it is this unmistakable but unparseable transformation of English into American, which makes so many English readers first uncomfortable and then hostile.

(2) Contemporary American fiction knows few taboos. Whatever happens is material for novel-writing; whatever is human is material for characterization; whatever words are used in talk are words for writing also. A lot of things happen and are human, a lot of words are used which are unpleasant and censurable. In consequence American novels deal with slum-conditions, crime, vice, perversion and cruelty as readily as with quiet rusticity or the humdrum respectability of the ordinary household, and use the language of street or bar-room in doing so.

In England novel-readers like polite books about nice things and pleasant people. They do not want to be told of misery and crime and wantonness. Partly they read for diversion, not in order to learn the world; partly they are genuinely shocked to see in print things which they realize dimly *do* happen, words which they know *are* used, but are better left untold, and unpeated.

Puritanism, therefore, *plus* a wish to be left unwrung, tends to frighten many novel-readers away from American novels, even those written in a straightforward (if rough) manner, and presenting no stylistic difficulties, no flash-backs and no complex sequences.

As examples of books which frighten by theme rather than technique, I would quote James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* and his other stories of squalor and degradation on Chicago's "South Side". Farrell is a straight writer, with some of the patient realism of Dreiser; but he transcribes the language of the street-corner hooligan, reveals the rottenness at the base of an industrial society, and puts us to shame by his descriptions of the way of life of a vast population which, while it continues, is a growing threat.

(3) There still survives in Britain, and to a surprising degree, a condescending prejudice against American literature. This

has nothing to do with difficulties of technique or unwelcome subject matter. It is an inheritance from the time when America was regarded as a remote, bad-mannered and altogether upstart place—very good at oil, and vast forests, and waterfalls, and railway accidents, and millionaires with huge cigars and funny shoes, but altogether negligible as a source of beauty or thought or taste. That this absurd hang-over from a long dead past affects a large section of the public is considerably the fault of the critics and of those authorities who cater to novel readers. American novels are not given an equal chance with English ones to impress themselves on the public mind or to be available in lending library or bookshop.

Certain reviewers will tackle a batch of American novels with a sort of arch abandon, as though the fact of them being American made them somehow homogeneous and slightly raffish. Others tend to ignore them altogether. All honour to the few who act differently. As for those persons who are responsible for choosing books for library circulation or bookshop display, they almost invariably discriminate against an American novel solely on the grounds of its origin. Up to a point they are justified in pleading that their public prefer the English product; but only to a point. The public is not obstinately wrong-headed, it is merely ignorant and lazy. It should be regarded as part of a librarian's and a bookseller's duty to dispel ignorance and fight against laziness. The present system panders to both.

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To claim for American fiction vitality and importance is not to claim for it perfection or, necessarily, the qualities which made for permanence in literature. Many American novels of the new school are overstrained, crude, needlessly tortuous in expression. Cases are not unknown of an adolescent abuse of sudden liberty—of deliberate aggressiveness of incident and language. But all the same they have vitality, and the importance inherent in all writing which is the genuine expression of a race and an age.

Admittedly, the blossoming in America of a truly American novel—challenging and fiercely individual—is not universally welcomed, even on the spot. Certainly the new fiction has a far wider public in the United States than in Britain; but

uneasy dislike of its outspokenness and impatience with its technique are still widely prevalent. Also by no means all modern American novels qualify as genuinely American. The old style continues, and finds readers by the hundred thousand. No better proof could be needed of the persistence—alike in America and England—of the taste of yesterday, than the phenomenal success of *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone with the Wind*. The former is an up-to-date *Tom Jones*; the latter, a purely traditional novel, telling a rousing and engrossing tale in an easy, straightforward manner, and containing little to which the strait-laced can object. Is it not then an ideal toward which all novelists should strive? Will not fiction of this kind persist, long after the revolutionaries and experimentalists of to-day have been forgotten? It is possible; but no "novel of escape", no tapestry-narrative however rich in colour and masterly in design, can possess the fundamental significance of books which, with all their faults, are the voices of a vital epoch in their country's history.

WANTED—A NATIONAL OPPOSITION

By J. T. MURPHY

AFTER the fateful days of 1938, British politics have become a maze of conflicting currents. Every democrat, of whatever shade of opinion, must be asking pertinent questions as to the future of the Government and the political parties. Will the Chamberlain Government remain much as it is, and run its normal course until it decides to face a general election, or will it be broadened to include the critics, in part or as a whole? Will the opposition forces form a *bloc*, having in view the formation of an alternative Government representing a People's Front?

According to constitutional procedure there is no need for the present Government to face a general election before 1940. Mr. Chamberlain has still the confidence of the great majority of his party and can marshal an overwhelming majority of the votes in the House of Commons on any issue. There is thus no internal crisis in his party of such dimensions as to force him to make an appeal to the country. The initiative still remains in his hands. Yet it cannot be denied that profound changes are taking place in the ranks of all parties which foreshadow the development of a crisis in British politics of the most decisive character. How soon this crisis will occur no one can accurately predict. Nor can we be certain as to the particular issue which will bring matters to a head.

Ever since the economic crisis of 1931, international questions have increasingly overshadowed domestic politics and largely obscured them. Especially has this been the case since the aggressor Powers of Europe and Asia took the offensive and began their wars for the re-division of the world's territory and markets. Nevertheless, it is essential, if we are to grasp the full nature of the crisis now looming immediately ahead, that we appreciate the indivisibility of foreign and home policy, economics and politics.

Whatever our views may be as to the ways and means whereby the Labour Government of 1929-31 was brought down and superseded by the so-called "National" Government, no one can dispute that from that date Britain began to sweep away its traditional liberal economic policy, to become an adherent of the policy of "economic nationalism". The "National" Government swiftly inaugurated the policy of tariffs, quotas, state subsidies, Ottawa agreements and the like. The wages of the industrial workers were drastically cut. The benefits and scales of relief of the unemployed were reduced. The economic position of the professional workers and the Army and Navy was heavily attacked. Under the plea of removing unemployment relief from politics, inroads were made into the powers of public representatives, and new principles were introduced into methods of government. The elective principle was removed from all bodies concerned with the administration of relief and the selective principle established in its stead. The central Unemployment Assistance Board was given complete control, selecting the members of its committees, local or national, and determining how much the recipients of relief should receive. From that time onwards members of Parliament have been precluded from discussing the administration of unemployment relief, except once a year, when the Minister of Labour reports on the work of the Unemployment Assistance Board. Municipal authorities have no further say in the matter whatsoever. Almost coincident with these innovations the Government armed itself with new drastic powers for the suppression of criticism and agitation. It pushed through a Sedition and Disaffection Act. It reorganized the police forces, politically sifted them and brought them under more centralized control.

All these things were done whilst the Labour and Liberal parties lay mutilated. But whatever else the founders of the "National" Government may have done they failed to make the government *national*. The Liberal Party was half in, half out. The Labour Party was entirely out, but for a small coterie of members of the Parliamentary Labour Party who clung to the three leaders MacDonald, Thomas and Snowden, who in turn, became leaders without a party and have since passed from the scene.

Although it appeared on the surface that this transformation of political relations did not signify any profound change in foreign policy, in that the Government proclaimed over and over again its adherence to the Covenant of the League of Nations, it must be clear to-day, on recalling the history of the intervening years, that what happened at Munich had its beginnings with the formation of the "National" Government in 1931. From that moment the re-orientation of British foreign policy began. This may not be clear at first sight, but it is impossible to pursue a policy of fierce competitive fighting in the field of economics and at the same time establish a *régime* of fraternal relations in politics. Once a nation begins to exclude the products of another country, and at the same time devises every kind of ways and means to get over or under the barriers erected by its competitors, the relations between Governments must also take on the form of intensified rivalry.

The exception to this can only be where a country is self-contained economically and not dependent on the world market for the disposal of its goods. Only one country, the U.S.S.R. which is so vast, and has a form of economy that absorbs its products as they are produced, can, in its relations with the rest of the world to-day, act independently of economic questions. In fact, in this case, the political relations determine the economic relations; trade follows fraternity.

In the rest of the world the relations arising from economic rivalry determine friendship. Hence it is that the advent of "economic nationalism" in a country such as ours brings with it political degeneration in international relations. It is the basis of "power politics", which have their own logic. Once "economic nationalism" becomes the dominating principle of a nation it *must* proceed along the path of centralizing economic power and increasing State regimentation of the national life, in order that the "nation" can compete more effectively with other nations. Britain was not the first to do this. It had less reason because of its greater material and market resources, but once it had reached the point of doing it, the character of the changes it inaugurated inevitably followed the same path as in other countries. We can see in the evolution of Germany, Italy and Japan, where this leads. The stages were

well defined—economic nationalism, political isolation and aggression to achieve world power.

For Britain "economic nationalism" must therefore have, as its corollary in foreign affairs, none other than the policy of national isolation, the abandonment of the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the substitution of the bargain counter of power politics, until the rivals for world power clash in the Armageddon of civilization. The moment this is understood it is not difficult to see the connection between the Government's policy at the Disarmament Conference of 1932, the cynical support of Sir John Simon for the Japanese invasion of China, the failure of the Economic Conference of 1933, the successive betrayals of Abyssinia, Austria, Spain and Czechoslovakia, the lip-service to the ideals of the League, the final abandonment of the Covenant, and the Government's policy of bilateral bargains with those who take the offensive.

Such great changes have not been carried through without a revulsion of feeling in the country. Each decisive step has met with an ever greater volume of protest. The Labour Party recovered from the loss of its former leaders. The Liberal Party finally crystallized its remnants into a party opposed to the policy of the Government, especially with regard to foreign policy. Great mass protests arose concerning the Government's policy as it was unfolded in relation to Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. The revolt has extended into the ranks of the Conservative Party, and some twenty of its members can no longer be relied upon to follow its leaders in the division lobbies of the House of Commons. A bye-election has been fought at Bridgwater since the crisis culminating in Munich, in which the Labour and Liberal Candidates withdrew in favour of the successful intervention of an independent opposition to the Government's candidate. Members of the Conservative Party also supported the independent. Although the Labour and Liberal headquarters, in similar circumstances at Oxford, sulked in the rear, the Government's candidate won in this Conservative stronghold by only 3,000 votes. The delegates of 122 Divisional Labour Parties meeting in conference, called on the Executive of the Labour Party, by an overwhelming majority, to take steps immediately to form a democratic front with a view to bringing

down the Chamberlain Government and the formation of a People's Government, pledged to restore Britain's adherence to the policy of collective security based upon the acceptance of the Covenant of the League. Nevertheless, these oppositional forces remain divided.

We are thus faced with a unique situation in which the opposition to the Government stretches from the Communist Party, through the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, to deep within the Conservative Party. All of them are saying they want this country to pursue the policy of collective security with France, and the U.S.S.R., the League of Nations and the U.S.A. All of them declare that they stand for the preservation of the democratic system in this country and denounce the trends of the "National" Government towards the corporate State. Spokesmen of these respective parties and groups repeat each other in the House of Commons and on the public platform. But, though these spokesmen agree that unless this country has a Government which will pursue the policy they almost uniformly propound, the fate of democracy, and even civilization itself is sealed, no concerted effort has yet been made by these leaders to bring the forces together, which alone can ensure that such a policy shall be pursued.

A strange mixture of fears and prejudices holds sway. The Labour Party Executive rejects every approach of the Communist Party with a bitterness and hatred more intense than Labour has ever displayed for the most hide-bound Tory, and this in spite of the fact that the communist-led Soviet Union has proved itself the most loyal adherent of the League of Nations, and without her support there can now be no effective combination to resist the march of the Fascist Powers. The majority of the Liberals are now willing to co-operate with both Tory and Labour, but even amongst these there are many who fear the result.

The dissident Tories led by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are in transition and do not know what to do. They and their followers have got to the stage when they refrain from voting with the Government on questions of foreign policy but not against it. Mr. Eden is calling for an all-in national government, national unity, extraordinary efforts, *etc.*, but it is difficult to

tell whether the "all-in" includes Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, whose policy in international affairs he opposes, or whether he really means he wants a new 'national government' based on an alternative policy to that of Mr. Chamberlain. That this group cannot indefinitely walk in the "no-man's land" of politics is certain.

But the biggest stumbling-block to the creation of an organized National Opposition or People's Front is the Labour leadership. It stubbornly holds to the view that the Labour Party can, within a measurable distance of time, achieve an independent majority, although neither bye-elections nor the recent municipal elections give any justification for this conclusion. The leaders appear to be stamped with the hall-mark of mediocrity. The Government does not feel them to be an alternative to themselves challenging them for power, nor do the members of the Labour Movement. This is not due to the lack of personal qualities. It would not require much brilliance to outshine the front bench of to-day, when it requires an effort of memory to remember who they are. The root of the trouble lies deep in the political views held by the leaders of Labour.

It cannot be an accident and a mere matter of weakness of character, however important that may be, that in every crisis the Labour leadership has failed to reap effectively from the revolt in public opinion against the course pursued by the Government. Ever since the Peace Ballot and its affirmation of loyalty to the League and its Covenant, each crisis has witnessed a surging mass of protest which has been allowed to subside. The scandal of the Hoare-Laval betrayal of Abyssinia and the League brought down the Foreign Secretary. Had the movement been effectively led and organized it would have most probably brought down the Government. It faded away and the Government remained. Nor can it be regarded as an accident that the leaders of the Labour Movement fell for the non-intervention policy of the Government in relation to Spain and that it took twelve months to convince them it was a fraud. Again, when the crisis in relation to Czechoslovakia reached its most fateful moment and Mr. Chamberlain went to Munich, the Labour leaders in Parliament ceased to be an opposition. And yet again Sir Walter Citrine could stand before the Blackpoc

Trades Union Congress, in the very midst of the crisis and ask "Does anyone imagine that these arms are to be used to help Germany to conquer Czechoslovakia?"

These are experiences which, in their sequence and character, could only arise from a leadership failing to grasp the character of the epoch of British policy begun in 1931 with the advent of the "National" Government, and to adjust its strategy and tactics accordingly. Assuming "continuity in foreign policy" the leaders of Labour have continued their rôle of "loyal Opposition" throughout a whole period in which the circumstances cried aloud for an Opposition that would reject no ally and stay its hand at nothing to bring defeat upon the Government. One could say, with eyes on the history of the German Social Democratic Party, that had the latter provided a chart of the course they had pursued in paving the way to the triumph of Hitler, the leaders of Labour in this country could not have followed the same disastrous course more faithfully.

Many words could be found in the speeches and manifestoes of the Labour Party to contradict what is here outlined. For example, Labour's most recent manifesto appears to repudiate the idea that its party is nothing more than a "loyal Opposition". It says: "Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues have, by their record, forfeited all claim to confidence. They have failed to build a stable peace. They have failed to give the country sound defences. They have failed to make us happy, prosperous and strong. They must be replaced by a government which can inspire and lead this democratic people in a crusade to mobilize its strength for the service of its ideals—that peace, justice and liberty shall be preserved". And there it ends.

The statement is true enough, but are we not justified in asking, as the Yanks would put it, "So what?" Does it say one word in response to the Liberal Party's manifesto which expresses its willingness to co-operate, or to the Communist Party's similarly expressed willingness to subordinate everything to the preservation of democracy, or in any way encourage the dissidents of the Conservative Party to look in some other direction than that of reforming the Chamberlain Government? Not one. It remains on the path of isolation from the other forces of democracy in exactly the same way that the Chamberlain

Government has isolated British democracy from world democracy.

Nor does it accept the indivisibility of home and foreign policy. Armaments will be discussed separate from the question of the purpose for which arms are to be used. The question of defence is presented as defence against an undefined enemy. "National Service" and "National Sacrifice" are acceptable by whomsoever introduced providing the one preserves the voluntary principle and the other is equitably distributed. Speech follows speech and manifesto is followed by manifesto, proclaiming high principles and noble ideals of international co-operation. Fierce criticisms and denunciations of the Government are accompanied by dread warnings of the wrath to come. But there is no mobilization of labour's forces, no seeking of allies, and thus no power behind the words, and the Labour Movement slowly drifts, full of mingled fear, pessimism and unhappiness, whilst the Chamberlain Government proceeds serenely on its way.

It is important that we estimate the alternative unfolding of the political drama. There is no evidence of such a sweeping increase of support for the Labour Party, that, assuming a general election this year, would secure for it a majority over all other parties. In recent municipal elections it has done little more than hold its own on the previous year's returns. Whatever the political barometer we use to measure the state of opinion, bye-elections or straw ballots, none of them points to the "swing of the pendulum" to the Labour Party alone.

A grim perspective opens out before us. Whatever the Chamberlain Government may do in the form of appeals for a "National Front" in order to secure the co-operation of the Labour Party and the Liberal Party, the differences which divide these parties from the Government on foreign policy preclude the entrance of these parties into the Government before war breaks out. Whichever issue the aggressor Powers may force to the forefront, whether it be the eastward march of the Germanic Empire, the question of the future of Spain, China or the colonies, the cleavage between the Government and the opposition parties is bound to grow sharper and prevent the absorption of the opposition into the Government. The

conservative critics can continue to play the *rôle* of critics, appeal for national unity, extensive and intensive war preparations, and prevent any splitting of the Conservative Party. Meanwhile the Chamberlain Government will be pursuing their policy of "appeasement" with Hitler and Mussolini and making bargains at the expense of democracy wherever they can be made, until the season's sale is exhausted and the rivals for world power stand ready for mutual extermination.

In such a consummation the democratic opposition would inevitably be drawn into the government of National Defence. The conservative critics would cease to be critics. Then, once again, the bulk of the oppositional forces would be swallowed, ideals and all, in the waging of a war the aims of which would be in flat contradiction to all their political aspirations which had inspired their criticism of the Government.

That the whole Labour Movement would follow this course can be ruled out of our calculations. On the contrary the "left" forces would split from it. But whether the split is large or small, the "left" forces will be insufficient to challenge the power of the Government and its allies, fastened, as the rest of the Labour Movement will be, to the engines of war. The economic and main political trends towards the corporate State would then be accelerated. All the mechanism of political oppression, which the war would inflame against any oppositions, and with which Fascist countries have made us familiar, would be put in operation. Such a perspective, inherent within the policy of the Chamberlain Government and the indecisiveness of the democratic opposition, is alarmingly near. A terrible responsibility falls upon those who permit this fate to come upon the people of Britain. Those who will that it shall not happen have to act, and act quickly.

THE PROBLEM OF IRISH UNITY

BY HAROLD C. BROWN

THE Irishman may be an amusing and agreeable fellow to meet with, to talk with, to drink with, but in politics he is a snake. The depth of his hatred for those who are opposed to him is something which only another Irishman can understand. From the cradle he has heard politics discussed with a bitterness which permits of no good word for the champions of the other cause. His side has been chosen for him before he reaches school age. By the time he is old enough to reason about national and international issues his prejudices are so strongly sown that detached reasoning cannot stand against them. These observations apply to the Irishman of both north and south. The only exceptions to them are men whose educational environment has provided a sense of humour and of reality, or those who have travelled sufficiently in foreign lands to realize the pettiness of the things they have fought about at home. Before Irish unity, apart from unity by force, can be regarded as a practical possibility, this political bitterness must be assuaged or bred out.

The majority of the people in Ireland desire unity. For sentimental reasons the nationalists of the south desire Eire to consist of the whole country and not only of twenty-six counties. The unionists of the south desire unity because they feel that with the representatives of Protestant Ulster in Dail Eireann they would have a *rôle* more in keeping with their wealth and character in national affairs. The Roman Catholics of the north desire unity because they share the nationalist aspirations of their co-religionists in the south and because they resent being ruled by a Protestant majority in Northern Ireland. The minority which opposes unity consists of the Northern Protestants, who are not nationalists but imperialists, and who believe that their ties with England are sentimentally

stronger and economically more useful than any ties with the south of Ireland could be.

Northern Ireland some day may be persuaded to come into Eire because it is a businesslike thing to do, but the economic arguments in favour of unity will have to be powerful if they are to submerge the political and religious arguments against it. During the last general election in Eire Mr. Cosgrave's party, Fine Gael, made one of its planks the proposition that the north should be attracted to the south by a high standard of living and economic inducements. Fianna Fail, on the other hand, was platitudinous rather than practical on the unity issue. Mr. Lemass, the Minister for Industry and Commerce, came nearest to a plan with the promise, repeated in nearly every speech that he made, that the Irish all over the world would be organized to force Great Britain's hand in the matter, but he said nothing whatever about the subjects of industry and commerce in relation to unity. All the Fianna Fail speakers insisted that the only man living who could solve the boundary problem was Mr. de Valera—which is a difficult thing to believe, in view of the undoubted fact that if Protestant Ulster had to vote among all the leading figures of the world Mr. de Valera would come out at the top of the poll as "Public Enemy No. 1".

Fianna Fail is assured of five years of office, and neither Fine Gael nor Labour will oppose it in any plan which seems likely to lead to Irish unity. If any such plan is in being, the sooner Fianna Fail sets it in operation the better it will be for the cause that its members profess to have at heart. So far, nearly every step taken since the Free State was established in 1922 has helped to strengthen the border and increase the differences between people of the two Irish States. When those States came into being there were many links between north and south in non-political organizations, in sporting and cultural bodies. Steadily those links are being snapped, and in not one case has the southern part shown itself willing to make a temporary sacrifice in the interests of ultimate political unity. To those who have been in close touch with the severing of such links it is distressing to see reason replaced by propaganda in their treatment by speakers and writers in the south. Great Britain, which was completely out of the question when these

were made, is blamed for the making of them, and that helps to widen them, for no Englishman ever was so annoyed by an attack upon England as is the Ulsterman.

As things are, there is grave danger of two separate nationalities being evolved in Ireland. Racially the only blood common to both northern and southern stocks is that of the ancient Gael. In the south it has been strongly diluted by Danish, Norman and English impregnations. In the north it has been reduced to an imperceptible trickle by two thousand years of intercourse with the Scots. No border was necessary to indicate the existence of two distinct peoples in Ireland. Their essential differences of character and temperament, however, did not prevent their working together on many occasions in the past, principally in the years of the United Irishmen when both Presbyterian and Roman Catholic were the enemies of English rule. Now that they are portioned off, each section to go its own way pretty much as it chooses, whatever they had in common as residents upon the one island can only be preserved by co-operation between the two States. But what co-operation is possible between two peoples who have no common political aim, no common religion and whose interpretations of democratic government are as different as, say, those of Mr. Chamberlain and Stalin?

The rebellion of 1798, which is regarded as having demonstrated a unity of spirit between north and south, really marked the end of political co-operation between Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The rebellion had two centres, Wexford and Belfast. In the north the United Irishmen fought as patriots; in the south the rising was given a religious twist. Since then all the big political movements in the south of Ireland—Emancipation, Land Reform, Home Rule, Sinn Fein—have been Roman Catholic movements, although some of their greatest leaders and advocates have been Protestants. One hundred years ago, when England's treatment of Ireland was unfair and unfaithful, the Presbyterians of the north, formerly the allies of the Roman Catholics of the south, were drawing to the side of the government class—they had greater ties with the Protestant church than with Daniel O'Connell's party. While there might yet have been a possibility of many men of the north

taking sides with the south in a fight, the methods of subsequent campaigns, agrarian outrage and the boycott, for example, alienated the northern Protestant definitely and finally. The southern Protestant, always more tolerant and liberal, made efforts to understand the Roman Catholic or nationalist point of view; even to-day the majority of southern Protestants probably would prefer the company of the Catholics of the south to that of the Protestants of the north. Southern Protestants' stock had an aristocratic origin; northern Protestants are the descendants of farmers and industrialists.

With the development of industry in Ulster in the nineteenth century the difference between northerner and southerner became more marked. The injustices of the landlord system, which were the cause of the south's greatest discontent, were not felt so keenly in the north. The northerner felt that if the southerner would talk less and work more—like the Ulsterman, of course—he would have less time for thinking about his grievances. Gradually England lightened the yoke of her oppression, but while the northerner accepted each concession gratefully, the southerner was not satisfied with the piecemeal reforms and continued to agitate for more. So the two parts of the country gradually, and, in a sense, naturally, developed different mentalities, different sympathies. The more anti-English the south became, the more the north was drawn to the throne.

The Japanese regard for the Mikado as the son of heaven is no more remarkable than the Northern Ireland regard for the king. Whether he be George V., Edward VIII. or George VI., he is, in the Ulsterman's view, the most important person on earth. He is head of the system of government and no matter what happens to Lords or Commons he must remain at the head of whatever remains. In the south George VI. is a foreign king, with no place in the constitution and no authority in the State. When he appears in a motion picture news reel there must be no applause by loyalists in the audience or the film may be stolen. So strong is this feeling against the king of England that a few years ago, the biggest cinema in Ireland, the Savoy, Dublin, was wrecked by an organized party of men who objected to pictures of a British royal wedding appearing. The police did not interfere. No action by the Government followed.

In Northern Ireland nearly every house contains a Union Jack, which is flown every time there is an excuse for doing so. The Union Jack is regarded as the emblem of all that is right and decent and "British" in people and administration. The tricolour of Eire may be flown only as such. If it is flown as a republican banner it is liable to confiscation by the Royal Ulster Constabulary, and it must be a very nice matter to decide in which capacity the flag is being flown, though it would be a safe enough guess that anyone flying the tricolour in Northern Ireland *would* be a republican. If it is flown in close proximity to a Protestant district it may be removed before the police arrive. In Eire the Union Jack may be flown at the risk of the flyer. There was at least one case of a man being murdered for flying it, and since then the Union Jack has not been seen in Dublin. The police do not permit the flags of the British Legion, which have a small Union Jack in the corner, to be carried on the occasion of the Remembrance Day parades. Decorative schemes may include the flags of Mexico, Russia and Republican Spain, but the flag of Great Britain is taboo.

To the Englishman who takes kings and flags more or less for granted these Irish differences over such things may seem rather childish, but they must be childish people in Ireland for they can be infuriated by a flag and enraged by a song. The anthem of Eire, "A Soldier's Song", is a "rebel ditty" in the north; "God Save the King" is a party tune in the south.

However, the differences between northern and southern States do not end with kings and flags and anthems. There is the matter of the Gaelic language. In Eire, Gaelic is a compulsory subject in the schools. It occupies a status supposedly equal to but actually higher than English. It must be used in the courts if any of the parties to an action desires it. Examinations of many varying kinds require a knowledge of it. Entrance to the civil service or the teaching profession is impossible without it. The street names are in Irish as well as English, and notices in omnibuses, trains and on railway platforms must be partly in Gaelic. Now, the "Ulster" attitude to the study of Gaelic is that it is impracticable and wasteful of time. The rising generation of southerners is Gaelic-speaking; the rising generation of northerners is non-

Gaelic speaking. When Dail Eirean assembled after the recent general election three speeches had been made before a word of English was used, and the greater part of the proceedings on the first day were in Gaelic, a language which not more than one-third of the House understands. The reaction of an Ulster Protestant deputy in an All-Ireland parliament, understanding nothing of this Gaelic excursion, would be rather less patient than that of the non-understanding southerners who have become accustomed to it as part of the play.

The standards of living are different in north and south. In the north prices are the same as in England, and the range of goods obtainable is interesting and extensive. In the south prices are high. As a result of the tariff wall nearly every article in everyday use, from typewriter ribbons to saucepans, costs more than it does in Northern Ireland. Also there is a somewhat limited range from which to select. The southern workman is compensated for the higher prices he has to pay by the higher wages he receives, but the civil servant, clerk, policeman, journalist and shop-girl have to struggle along on wages which are in many cases slightly lower than those ruling in the north. For women, of course, the limited assortment of goods on offer in Eire is as great a hardship as their high prices, so that the shop windows of a Northern Ireland or English city hold a fascination for a visiting southern woman that is almost pathetic. The Government of Eire has announced its intention of continuing the tariff policy, so that the possibility of northern and southern prices being brought to the same level is remote.

The points of difference which have been mentioned are freely understood and freely discussed. There are others, of which, probably, very little is known in the north, and which are not popular subjects of conversation in the south. There is, for example, the censorship of books. The Catholic Truth Society and the Catholic Young Men's Society are believed to be the most active forces in bringing books whose "general tendency is immoral" to the notice of the censors. The number of banned books now must be some thousands, and while many of them possess neither literary nor artistic merit, so that there is no great loss to anyone in their being banned, the censors have been responsible for some palpable absurdities. The banning of

Bernard Shaw's "Black Girl in Search of God" is one of the best known examples. Recently a purely technical photographic journal was banned because it had contained nude studies. Films are more drastically censored than in Britain, but it must be confessed that the censor strives to maintain the logical sequence of the pictures and he hesitates to mutilate a scene because of some slight indelicacy. Divorce, in the absolute sense, is not permitted by law in Eire. The importation and sale of contraceptives is forbidden and the advocacy of birth control is illegal. In the north there is no censorship of books, there are no restrictions on birth control, and at present a bill to make divorce easier is under consideration.

These last examples are mentioned as indicating the ways in which the two Irish States are leaving each other. It is not suggested that they constitute any great hindrance to ultimate unity. While a number of Protestants, and some Roman Catholics also, regard the ban on contraceptives and the censorship of books as interference with the liberty of the subject, it is probably true that the majority of sincerely religious people in Northern Ireland would approve of everything that has been done in southern Ireland in these directions.

It is claimed that the two minorities in Ireland can play a great part in bringing about a united Ireland, the southern Protestants by persuading the northern Protestants that nothing but peace, love and harmony await them under the jurisdiction of Dublin, and the northern Roman Catholics by making it impossible for the Northern Parliament to carry on its work. While loving arms fold Ulster into the embrace of Eire, a vigorous boot will help Ulster on her way to that embrace. Ireland is a country of contradictions, and it would seem that method is to be used only as a last resort when everyone is tired of running round in circles.

When the Free State came into being the Protestants of the south took the practical view that the Free State had come to stay, that Britain had ceased to rule in the twenty-six counties, and that the wisest thing to do was behave as loyal citizens of the new *régime*. It would have been useless to form a political party of their own, for their only policy could have been loyalty to Great Britain, and that would have been interpreted as disloyalty

to the Free State. Accordingly, they tried to forget that they ever had been Unionists and they gave freely of their money, their help and their advice to Mr. Cosgrave in building up the new State. Incidentally, the practice which has developed in the last twelve months of referring to Protestant ex-Unionists, as though only Protestants had been Unionists, gives a false impression of the true position in Eire. It is impossible, of course, to quote figures, but it is a reasonable calculation that at least one-third of the Unionists in the south of Ireland were Roman Catholics; and when it is said that the Protestant minority loyally accepted Mr. Cosgrave's Government it is intended to convey that the Unionist Roman Catholics did the same. With the passing of years the Roman Catholics who were Unionists have been completely merged with the other Roman Catholics of the big parties, and the only thing which makes the Protestants a separate group is their religion. Of course there were, and are, "die-hards" who, while law-abiding and eminently desirable citizens in every other sense, cannot regard themselves as part of the southern State. It also seems to be the case that all but a fraction of the Protestants of the south will continue, as will their children, to regard themselves as loyal subjects of the king, no matter how loyal they may be to the State as well.

In the north the Roman Catholic minority refused to accept the Northern Government as their government. A strong section engaged in active rebellion against the government, and the majority pursued a policy of non-co-operation. It has become the fashion to compare and contrast the treatment of the southern minority by its Roman Catholic rulers with the treatment of the northern minority by its Protestant rulers, but the comparison is not complete unless one also compares the behaviour of the southern minority with that of the northern minority. As Mr. Cosgrave discovered during the Civil War in the south, rebellions cannot be crushed without desperate measures, and it is impossible to avoid that the medicine intended for the rebel should occasionally be given to the sympathizer with the rebel. The first tasks of both the Northern Government and the Free State Government were to stamp out armed resistance to their authority. In an already

embittered country the seeds of further bitterness were sown. As the exchanges between Fine Gael and Fianna Fail showed, on the first day of the new Dail, the fruits of those seeds still are flourishing, in Dublin as well as Belfast.

One of the measures adopted to stamp out the rebellion in the north was the Civil Authorities (Emergency Powers) Act, which enables swift and efficacious action to be taken against forces like the "Irish Republican Army". A similar measure was adopted in the south by an amendment of the Constitution. Devised for use against the I.R.A., the Free State measure was also used by Mr. De Valera when he came into office against the "Blue Shirts", and it was employed dramatically to effect the arrest and detention of General O'Duffy who, only a few months before, had been the chief of the Free State police. In the south the measure continued in existence until the new constitution was adopted at the end of 1937. In the north the necessity for the act continues, the I.R.A. still being an active force, in possession of secret dumps of arms and explosives which are brought to light from time to time. It is true that the Emergency Powers Act could be used against a man who had no association with the I.R.A., but it is a libel on the Northern Government to state that the Act is preserved for the purpose of punishing innocent people who could not be convicted under the ordinary law.

The northern minority is said to be oppressed in two other ways. The constituencies have been so arranged that the Unionists have more than their fair share of representation on local boards and in parliament. That is true. The Unionist defence is that in their view constituencies should be arranged according to their rateable valuation rather than according to their population. The other form of oppression is the attempt by the State to secure control of schools by regional committees. This has been resisted by the Roman Catholics, who insist that the control of their schools should be in the hands of the priests. Schools which have been transferred to the regional committees, on which the priests are entitled to representation, secure higher grants than schools which remain under private or Church control. Theorists in the science of democratic government will, no doubt, be able to form opinions of their own on both these forms of oppression.

Is there any hope of reconciling the Gaelic, republican and Roman Catholic State with the British, imperialistic and Protestant State? Can Northern Ireland be expected to become non-British and separatist, to abandon the Union Jack, the King and "God Save the King", to accept the higher prices which must follow incorporation in the tariff walls of Eire? No one who knows the north will hesitate to say, "No". Can Eire be expected to become less anti-British, to fly the Union Jack and sing "God Save the King", to abandon the republican ideal, to lower her tariffs and to moderate her Gaelic policy? No one who knows the south will think of saying, "Yes". Does hope for unity, then, lie only in the desperate suggestion that by breeding huge families Roman Catholics in the north eventually will so outnumber the Protestants as to be able to vote them into Eire?

Reference was made a few months ago in a letter to *The Times* to the agreement between the Governments of Eire and Northern Ireland for the representation of Ireland as a single cultural unit in the Congress of Historians at Zurich. This was hailed as a sort of happy omen for the future, and the writer went on to mention the fact that the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches in Ireland pay no regard to territorial boundaries while the Royal Irish Academy preserves a national rather than a State position. "From this small beginning we may fairly hope to see a steady growth of understanding which will lead ultimately to unity between Irishmen of all creeds and politics in honourable service to their native land". The fact that not one Irishman in every thousand has ever heard of the Congress of Historians and that not one in every ten thousand cares whether or not his country is represented in it, does not matter so much. There has, apparently, been this tiny piece of co-operation between the two States, and if there could be greater things north and south might be on their way to the sympathetic understanding of each other which must preface any political unity. Undoubtedly there is a certain cultural unity in the country. There is a certain sporting unity. The churches are united within themselves. But cultural, sporting and religious unity only remain so long as politics are rigorously excluded from culture, sport and church. The most miserable of all the

sporting divisions, in athletics, is almost entirely due to the insistence of the National Athletic and Cycling Association upon political aims and emblems. The new governing body of athletics in Eire, which has re-established friendly relations between northern and southern athletes, is being attacked continually in Dublin as partitionist, although it is healing the wound which the anti-partitionists created.

Englishmen, desirous that Ireland should be at peace and that the northern hare should frolic with the southern hound, are inclined to exaggerate the importance of historians fraternizing. The cause of there being two Irish States has less to do with the attitude of Irishmen to one another than it has with the attitude of Irishmen to England. If the people of Northern Ireland could be induced or persuaded to hate England as much as the people of Southern Ireland do, unity would be very close. If, on the other hand, the people of Southern Ireland could develop Northern Ireland's irrational love of England, unity would be a possibility—though not necessarily so close as if hate was the supreme emotion. So, if England wants Irish unity her best course would be to infuriate Ulster. Unfortunately an Ulster Protestant separatist party would make Fianna Fail's republicanism look red, white and blue in comparison; with it in power in Dublin, yet a third Constitution would be necessary for Eire!

The acquisition by Germany of those parts of Czechoslovakia which are claimed to contain majorities of German race and German sympathy, and the British Prime Minister's consent to the German plan, have been hailed by a section in Ireland as a reason why Mr. Chamberlain should initiate a scheme for the adjustment of the border between Eire and Northern Ireland. Irish politicians have a weakness for Continental precedents which seem to suit their own cases. In the early part of 1935 Northern Ireland was being described as "Ireland's Saar"; now it has become the "Irish Sudetenland!" A unity movement, successor to several others with similar titles, has been commenced by the Northern nationalists—perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the unity movement which has not ceased to exist since 1920 has adopted new arguments and taken on a new phase of activity—and all sorts of fancy plebiscite

schemes have been proposed. If there were a plebiscite by counties, Tyrone and Fermanagh might vote for their inclusion in the southern State. If there were a plebiscite by smaller areas, parts of Down, Armagh and Londonderry might show a majority in favour of government from Dublin, but substantial parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh would desire to remain under Belfast. For that reason the nationalists advocate a plebiscite by counties where it would suit them and by smaller areas where it would suit them, or, alternatively, a plebiscite in Counties Tyrone, Fermanagh, Londonderry and Armagh as a complete unit. It is doubtful if the nationalists themselves are serious in these proposals.

It has been stated that the Northern Council for Unity is in close touch with the Fianna Fail party led by Mr. De Valera. Soon after the Czechoslovakian crisis a secret meeting of the Fianna Fail party took place in Dublin, and it was rumoured that "partition" was one of the subjects discussed. In the same week Lord Craigavon, in the Northern Ireland House of Commons, declared that his Government's attitude to Irish unity was unchanged—Northern Ireland had taken its "plebiscite" in the last general election. A few days later, at meetings of republican extremists, speakers were promising to settle not only the problem of Irish unity but to break completely the "imperial connection" as soon as Britain was in the throes of the next war. If Eire were as strong as Germany and Britain were as weak as Czechoslovakia—and the Northern Ireland Unionists were less numerous—Mr. De Valera might be Herr Hitler, Mr. Chamberlain might be Dr. Benes and Mr. Cahir Healy might be Herr Henlein. Unfortunately, perhaps, for Czechoslovakia, fortunately, perhaps, for Europe, there was no Lord Craigavon in the Sudetenland. Northern nationalists and Fianna Fail want Britain to remove a geographical border while they neglect to take any step to remove the far greater border that exists between Irishmen's hearts.

BALTIC TRENDS

By ROBERT MACHRAY

SINCE the Munich Agreement the change in the balance of power to Germany's great advantage has had, as was only to be expected, a very definite effect on the high politics of the Baltic. That effect can be put into a single sentence: increased and more and more justified fear of German dominance on the part of most if not all of the other countries whose shores are washed by that sea. When the Memel elections on December 11 made headlines for the world Press, and suggested the speedy return of that troubled autonomous territory to Germany, the news possessed a deeper significance. In itself Memelland is but a small district with about 150,000 population, and therefore its acquisition by the Reich is relatively unimportant—and nothing like Austria or Czechoslovakia as a gain for Herr Hitler. The real meaning of the Nazi agitation in Memel is that it foreshadows the great German drive up the Eastern Baltic and German dominance in all that area. And with that dominance would go, as a matter of course, whenever Germany so willed it, the loss of the freedom of the Baltic to world shipping, as was the case during the Great War.

At present no fewer than nine States share, though very unequally, the Baltic coast. Apart from Germany, Soviet Russia and in less measure Poland, all the other States are small as regards population; Sweden, which has the largest, has upwards of six millions, while Estonia, with the least, has only one and a quarter millions. Danzig, to-day still nominally a Free City but practically German, can be left out of the account. Of the six small States of the Baltic not one is possessed of considerable military or naval strength in itself—a sufficient reason for their pursuing a pacific policy; but this does not mean that they do not cherish their national independence. The contrary is the case. Sensitively conscious of the German

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menace, they wish with all their hearts they could counter it. Even Sweden, long indifferent, is seriously perturbed. But the threat to her is not so immediate and direct as it is to the small States on the eastern side of the Baltic, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia.

Although the various Baltic peace settlements which were concluded in 1919-20 cost Germany the Danzig Corridor and Memel, they did not materially change for the worse the position that she had long held on that sea. It was Russia, her rival in that region, who was the chief sufferer, losing hundreds of miles of coast when Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, together with Finland, emerged as independent national States. And here it is proper to recall that none of them achieved their juridical status by virtue of Versailles but by treaties negotiated with Soviet Russia. Nor should it be forgotten that while in her struggle with the Reds Finland owed a great deal to German assistance, the three other States, in their wars of Independence, owed Germany nothing. Indeed, they had to overcome and expel Germans as well as Bolsheviks from their territories—a process expedited to some extent by British warships.

It is against those three States that the German drive in the Baltic is chiefly directed. Since Herr Hitler came to power they have been made aware of their danger by incessant and unscrupulous Nazi propaganda, founded on skilful economic penetration and the historic German connexion with Estonia and Latvia, as well as the Memel question with Lithuania. There has been no concealment of German aims; indeed, they have been as well advertised as were those concerning Austria and Czechoslovakia. As far back as 1934, when Hitler had nothing like the tremendous power he now wields, he refused to join Soviet Russia in a pact guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of the three States. If Hitler has since been silent respecting his Baltic policy, except about Lithuania, other Nazi leaders have given free utterance to the point of view. Foremost among them was and is the notorious Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, himself a "Balt.", i.e., a person of German descent born in the "Baltic Provinces"—now substantially synonymous with Estonia and Latvia.

In 1934, the year in which Hitler refused the Soviet Baltic

pact, the official Nazi calendar gave typical expression to the German attitude at that time by stating on one of its pages in large capitals, "The Baltic will soon be German again", the immediate reference being to the Eastern Baltic, particularly to Estonia and Latvia. The claim implicit in this Nazi pronouncement was preceded by two striking sentences; the first was that the "population of the Baltic is almost entirely German", and the second that "in 1920 the Peace Treaty of Versailles set up a foreign government over the Baltic people". Both statements are absolutely false, but together with the claim to the Baltic, they are still put forward and pressed by the Nazis.

What is historically true is that Germans were in possession of a large part of the Eastern Baltic area for several centuries, starting from the fifteenth, and that during that period a German landed nobility, later identified with the "Baltic Barons" was established with governing powers. This seigniorial rule, with but little change, lasted all through the Swedish and Russian occupations. Naturally this class warmly welcomed the German forces which overran the region in the Great War, and encouraged the German adventurers who after the Armistice in 1918 strove to retain it for Germany. It was not surprising that one of the first measures passed by the Governments of Estonia and Latvia after the foundation of the two republics expropriated the estates of their German aristocrats for the benefit of their respective indigenous landless peasantry. Most of the barons departed for Germany where their presence gives some point to the Nazi Baltic slogans.

What was in the German mind so far as the Eastern Baltic was concerned was plainly intimated by the Treaty of Brest Litovsk years before the Nazi *régime* came into existence. A recent book describes that treaty as "forgotten", but neither Germany nor the Baltic forgets it. Annulled by a proviso of the Armistice of 1918, it yet retains definite value as presenting a programme of German expansion in Europe. For example, "Ukraina" was taken from Soviet Russia by Germany. But also the Brest Litovsk Treaty gave Germany the whole of the Eastern Baltic up to the Gulf of Finland, as well as Finland, to dispose of as she pleased. At that time her pleasure was to

constitute a string of vassal States. Estonia and Latvia, as Livonia, figured by name in the treaty, but Lithuania was passed over, because she was then regarded as having already become altogether German, and partly at least by her own wish.

Leaving aside Memel and Memelland, Germany, however, can advance no such historic claims to the possession of Lithuania as those connected with Latvia and Estonia. The past of Lithuania was bound up with Poland and not with Germany. The partitions of Poland brought her within the orbit of Russia, whose defeat and collapse in the Great War made her the easy prey of Germany. The overthrow in turn of the Central Powers led to her regaining her independence, the Germans retiring from the country in 1919. Her next major contact with Germany came about through her seizure of Memel and its territory in 1923. Ten years later the Nazis were beginning to be active and troublesome in Memel, and the Memel question soon took its place among the difficulties of Europe deliberately exploited by Hitler.

Among other reasons the Nazi pressure on Lithuania induced that State in 1934 to sign the Baltic Pact with Estonia and Latvia, who had been joined for several years by a defensive alliance of a general character, and now were feeling something of that pressure too. The pact resulted in the formation of the Baltic Entente, one of whose main objects was to secure the acquisition and discussion of information of importance on hostile propaganda and intrigue with a view to appropriate action. Like other Ententes of the time, the Baltic Entente functions through conferences of the respective Foreign Ministers of the component States. But the course of events in Europe, notably the manifest decline of the League of Nations, so fatal to the hopes of small nations, has been against it, and on the whole it has not realized the expectations raised at its start. Perhaps it should be added that by the pact Estonia and Latvia expressly disinterested themselves respecting the Memel question and the Vilna controversy.

Vilna has had a good deal to answer for in the Eastern Baltic. In the early days when a Baltic League, based mainly on Poland, was mooted and came near success, it proved the stumbling-block which brought the promising project to nothing.

Yet Polish policy has consistently stood for the maintenance of the independence and territorial integrity of the Baltic States. Pilsudski, always proud of his Lithuanian descent, took the part of Lithuania against Germany over Memel, even after his ten-year peace pact with Hitler, and when Polish relations with Lithuania were actually anything but good. International developments in 1936-37 caused Poland to emphasize the idea of "neutrality" and commend it to several of the Baltic States as a policy she herself pursued. The upshot was that none of those States was willing to join forces with the big ideological blocks that divided the Continent, but there was some talk of their taking part with Poland in the formation of a kind of *cordon sanitaire* to help keeping the peace.

Not in itself by any means a bad thing, the opening of their common but long closed frontier in the spring of 1938 did not improve the relations of Lithuania and Poland to each other, since it was forced by a Polish ultimatum. But as that year of fate rolled on there was a significant change in the Baltic, as, of course, elsewhere, which began with Hitler's annexation of Austria and the persecution of her non-Nazis, and continued as the threat to Czechoslovakia became more and more pronounced. As it happened, I was making a tour of the Eastern Baltic from Danzig to Helsingfors last September when the crisis kept on growing in intensity till it reached its climax at Munich as the month was closing. From early in that month I found a feeling in the air that the destinies of the little nations, not excepting the Baltic States, were in the balance.

In Kaunas (Kovno) it was said that the liberal Great Powers should and would be just as interested in the independence of the small Baltic nations as in that of Czechoslovakia and the other small nations of Central and Eastern Europe. Till past the middle of September there, and in Riga and in Tallinn (Reval), the capitals of the Baltic Entente, the fervent hope if not precisely the confident belief, was expressed that England would stand firmly by Czechoslovakia. Somehow or other Mr. Chamberlain was figured as the champion of small nations—a rôle in which he certainly has never cast himself—and he was much applauded for his "courage in facing up to Hitler". The news of the mobilization of the British Fleet was received with

the utmost enthusiasm, as was a message recording the mobilization of the Czechoslovak Army. Two or three days of almost unbearable suspense followed, and then came Munich! If any illusion was left in the Baltic respecting the total defeat of the liberal Powers, it must have been quickly dissipated by what has since taken place concerning Czechoslovakia, who has completely lost her independence—a dreadful warning to all nations whether great or small.

The reaction of the States of the Baltic Entente to Munich was shown when in October the Government of Estonia proclaimed that country's neutrality, after the fashion of Belgium and Switzerland, in case of war. Two months later Latvia followed suit. But it was a safe bet that Memel would give Hitler the opportunity of making Lithuania the first of the three States to feel his triumphs. Indeed, hardly had the Munich Agreement been put through when Press dispatches announced that Germany had offered Lithuania a fifteen-year pact of non-aggression, but under conditions that would transform her into a German vassal State. It recalled the somewhat similar pact which Hitler had once offered to Czechoslovakia (though that was for twenty years) and which she had declined. Absorbed by the tragedy of Czechoslovakia, Europe, as a whole, paid no attention to Hitler's proposed deal with Lithuania.

Germany suspected that Lithuania had a secret treaty with Soviet Russia, and the first condition of the pact offered by Herr Hitler was that Lithuania should renounce any collaboration whatsoever with the Soviet Union, and base her entire foreign and internal policy on friendship with the Reich. The second condition was that Lithuania should export her agricultural produce exclusively to Germany, who in return would supply her with machinery and manufactured goods. If the first condition was aimed at Russia, the second chiefly applied to trade with Great Britain, who buys a large proportion of Lithuanian products, such as bacon, butter and other food-stuffs—for cash, too, and not by barter, as is the well-known method of exchange employed by Germany. Berlin denied, however, that the offer had been made, and it dropped out of sight. But soon reports were published of renewed Nazi activities in Memelland.

Beneath the surface the Nazis had never ceased their activities in the autonomous territory; now they came out into the open. For the nonce they contented themselves with demanding the lifting of the state of siege, or martial law, which the Lithuanian Government had imposed for the maintenance of peace and order. Though after Munich the continuance of the state of siege was as necessary as ever before, the Lithuanian Government felt it had no option but to yield. When on November 1, Antonas Smetona was elected, for a third term, President of Lithuania, Memelland ostentatiously abstained from voting, its leader stating that he hoped to restore tranquillity to the territory by increasing its police force and securing the help of its population, meaning thereby the local Nazis. Lithuania was simply boycotted.

The voting for a new Diet (*Landtag*) for the autonomous territory of the Memel Statute which took place last month shows that the Nazi Party has elected 25 out of 29 candidates, a gain of one vote on the previous election three years ago. The issue was simply Germanism or Lithuanianism; the Nazi leader, Dr. Neumann, has just been released after four years' penal servitude in a Lithuanian prison, and in himself typified the "return to the Reich." Approximately 59,000 voted the Nazi ticket against 9,300 for the Lithuanian. While it is certain that the vote will be interpreted as a demand and a sanction for reunion with Germany, the decision for *Anschluss* patently lies in Hitler's hands. It merely waits, however, on his convenience, nor is he likely, as things stand, to pay much attention to the protests of England and France, two of the four guarantors of the Memel statute, especially as the two other guarantors are Italy and Japan.

In Memelland not only Lithuania but also Latvia and Estonia see with fear the entering wedge of German domination of the Eastern Baltic. The watchful could scarcely be blind to the significance of the resignation in mid-November of Dr. Holsti, the distinguished Foreign Minister of Finland. The public was informed that he resigned because of ill-health, but the Helsingfors correspondent of *The Times* let the cat out of the bag by explaining that Germany was the real cause. Holsti's friendly attitude, it was said, to England, France and the United States had prejudiced him in official German eyes, and had

recently subjected him to vigorous German diplomatic attack. He was accused, besides, of having made (in a speech at a luncheon in Geneva during the League Assembly) objectionable remarks about Hitler, and though he denied the charge, he was told that he did not enjoy the confidence of the German Government. And so Holsti had to go!

While the Baltic and other little nations were digesting Holsti's forced resignation and its obvious implication, the Scandinavian States—Denmark, Sweden and Norway—were agitated by the disclosure in their midst of a vast and elaborate German spy organization. The first intimation came from Denmark, long scheduled for Nazi attack, and several Germans were arrested, documents seized revealing the extent and methods of these agents, both in that country and the two other States. Germans were also arrested in Sweden, where a special force of detectives was formed to deal with Nazi spies; and Norway took similar action. Next came a report of a speech by Herr Sandler, the Foreign Minister of Sweden, which throws light on a further development of the Nazi programme for all the small States of the Baltic.

Herr Sandler stated categorically that attempts were being made by Germany to carry through "Aryanization" beyond the German frontiers by influencing trade relations in other countries, and he spoke of Swedish firms trading with Germany who had been informed of the unsuitability of having non-Aryan employees. Further, Swedish subsidiary companies had been asked for information regarding employees and capitalization from the point of view of "Aryanization"; this had occurred, apparently, not only to subsidiaries registered in Germany as German undertakings, but also to the Swedish parent concerns. "Here" observed Herr Sandler, "the limits of propriety have undoubtedly been exceeded". Having noted that some Swedish firms had, unfortunately, complied with the German requests, he asked the whole business community of Sweden to co-operate in vindicating the principle that in their country Swedish law alone was acknowledged. He added, as well he might, "To meet impudence with submission is not the right method", though he must have been pretty certain that these words would entitle him to a high place in the German rogues' gallery, in which Lord Baldwin has been so recently installed.

Referring to Swedish relations with foreign countries, Herr Sandler, according to a Reuter message, went on to say that there was reason to expect a naval agreement between England and the Scandinavian States to be signed in the near future. This is interesting, but any other comment must wait till the aim and scope of the agreement are known. It may be pointed out, however, that, while Scandinavia holds in the Kattegat one of the two entrances to the Baltic—the other being the Kiel Canal, which is absolutely in German hands—Germany could close that entrance within a few hours, so great is her power in that sea. Next to Germany Soviet Russia is potentially strongest in the Baltic, but her share of its littoral is insignificant, and no one seems to know what is the value of her Fleet there or, for that matter, elsewhere. If not precisely a Great Power Poland is a great State; her Navy is growing, but is no match for that of Germany, whose armies are three or four times as large as those of Poland.

Mr. Munters, the young and energetic Foreign Minister of Latvia, spent some ten days last month here in England on a trade mission, but it cannot be supposed that he did not take occasion to touch on Baltic foreign affairs, perhaps even to discuss the German menace, more particularly to the States of the Baltic Entente, of which he is the Latvian representative; and also to say something about the freedom of the Baltic. He would doubtless be listened to with understanding and sympathy, and trade differences may be easily adjusted, but the other subjects have a different and less tractable character, as the consequences of Munich are, unescapably, what they are. Just lately the prospects of a Baltic bloc based on Poland, which Estonia and Latvia favoured, have improved in appearance by the drawing together of Lithuania and Poland under German pressure, but in reality Poland's turning to Soviet Russia can hardly please all the other Baltic States, though they are not afraid of her as they used to be. With good reason, it is Germany they fear. The plain truth about the Eastern Baltic States is that they are in what diplomats style a "difficult position". That is what was said by them about Czechoslovakia. I wish I could add, *absit omen!*

CHEF D'ORCHESTRE

BY GERALD WYNNE RUSHTON

IT was market-day in Prémoney. Lying in the great four-poster bed, in his room on the first floor of Madame Creille's very rum-tumbly old house, which for all its doddering appearance, stood so firmly at the corner of the Rue du Cornichon, M. Alphonse Cadol savoured, as one who tastes delicately with carefully guarded palate, the various noises that arose from the street below. The peculiarly thin squeak, penetrating to a degree, of French motor horns; the loud throaty grumble of the grotesquely massive and lumbering farm-tumbrils, drawn by deep-chested wide-flanked Percheron horses, patient and stolid as the earthy, stuggy drovers who so skilfully manœuvred them through the narrow old streets. The deeper rumble of lorries, and the clang of dick-dockety trams, and under, over, through it all, the staccato of footsteps some sharp and decided, some lingering and irresolute, some heavy with age, some skimming with youth, some light-hearted, some full of a certain *empressement*, some slow, measured with the pedantry of pride, all passing and repassing, a veritable cinematograph of sound to the man listening with love in the great bed.

For Alphonse Cadol loved Prémoney with the abiding love of one who, knowing all, can understand. There was not a stone in all its witching compact beauty of which he did not know the story. The old lovely Quai des Tilleuls, down by the river, bloomy with great limes, full of harsh shadows and patches of brilliant cold light ever since they had strung its length with the arc lights that had taken the place of the *lanternes*, so charitably intermittent, of former days. The Place Joseph Billard, with its flamboyant and beautifully bad statue of the little town's hero of the Revolution. The Cathedral, a lovely fourteenth-century dream, unfinished for lack of funds, now just a soaring swelling strength of sumptuous façade—and no behind to speak

of. Rather like a lion—Alphonse Cadol thought. Above all, the little Grande Place, so exquisitely proportioned by some miracle of design, or chance, that it had all the air of spacious liberality that characterizes the Place de la Concorde. Here, in this heart of the little town, as in the heart of an heraldic rose, the Prefecture, once upon a time the Archiepiscopal Palace, matched its early Renaissance glory with the Mansart magnificence of the Mairie, and the twelfth-century austerity and strength of the Halles.

The fourth petal of this rose of History was the line of high gabled houses, formerly heavy and opinionated with the propriety of private residence, now gay and hospitable with the gaiety of shops and cafés. In the middle of the row, most popular, most character-full, of all the cafés in Prémoney stood the Café Bouchartin, where M. Alphonse Cadol was *Chef d'Orchestre*. It was when he remembered this, that M. Cadol's heart failed him—that he felt like a man under sentence of death. For times were hard, and the proprietor of the Café Bouchartin was losing money, and had decided to dispense with the services of an orchestra—and install a panatrope-radio. To-day was the last day, the condemned Cadol reflected, that he would direct life in the Café Bouchartin.

For that, indeed, was what his position as *Chef d'Orchestre* had meant to him. Posed at his music-stand, his violin under his chin, he directed, with uplifted glancing bow, not so much the selection from "Tannhäuser," or "Bohème", or Chaminade incidental to the programme, as the whole gamut of emotions at that moment concentrated within earshot among the tables of the café. He had done that nearly every day for thirty-five years; and now he would do it no longer. Within a week's time he would be in Paris—second violin (he winced at the title) in the orchestra of a great restaurant of international reputation. He was grateful for the appointment, which he owed to the kindness of the proprietor of the Café Bouchartin, and which was the latter's tribute to the artist whom he could, unfortunately, no longer afford to employ. For times were changing, even here in Prémoney where so little appeared to change. Patrons were no longer the same; the leisure of the old days was gone; it, the proprietor felt, did not really matter to these hurly-burly types that sat at his tables, whether they

listened to a proper orchestra or a panatrophe, they showed no real appreciation; and with taxation what it was, and likely to rise still further, he felt that the change was justified. And M. Cadol, that veritable *philosophe sous les toits*, could not but agree with him. As Auguste, the cornet player had truly said, "The orchestra means nothing to these young people, it is just a noise that saves them from hearing the rattle of their own empty heads—the wireless can serve the same purpose just as well. They do not care"—with which bitter comment M. Cadol had, as far as music was concerned, agreed. It was, however, not the whole of his approach to their impending dissolution as an orchestra. That centred more round his new position as second violin in Paris. Oh he was lucky to get anything at all after all those years, and the pay was excellent, but—but—as he remarked to Mme. Creille, his landlady: "In Paris, Madame, my job will be too keep the wolf from the door. Here it is so much more than just that—it is a means of expression".

It was true. That was the whole heartbreaking worst of it. He was fifty-five years of age, and ever since he had entered the orchestra as a lad of twenty, he had given it all there was in him to give. He had never married. "I am married to the Café Bouchartin", he would say, "*et elle est une mariée très exigeante*". But if his *mariée* was that, she was also a constant joy to him. He was always fascinated by the same conflicting interests at the tables about him, he would study the faces of the clientèle, whether habitués or passing strangers, and if they failed him, which was rarely, his soul and what claim to the name of artist he possessed (and it was much) could feed on the intimate quality of the little Town. "*Prémoncy n'est pas une ville, elle est un moment intime, un tête-à-tête charmant et varié*"—M. Cadol would declare—and indeed he found it so. And now all that was over—and ahead lay Paris. He shivered, and pulled the bedclothes closer about him. Down in the street Père Blaudet's wagons were passing, rattling emptily homewards bound. There would be no *greniers d'abondance* in Paris, reflected M. Cadol—no cafés, they were all disappearing—but still he would have a job, a very good job, he would still be able to study humanity—and, in the moment he conceived the thought, knew it for a lie. His "feel" for those about him would be killed by the banks of

flowers between him and the smartly dressed crowd—so different anyhow from his beloved Prémonçais; and in any case there was the psychological difference between second violin and *chef d'Orchestre*. He decided to get up.

Down below, in the Rue du Cornichon, an Ilford boy of some twenty-odd English summers was buying picture postcards. Technically he had lost himself; actually he had found something that all his life long he was never to forget. A misunderstanding due to French that was more speculative than academic (it would never be colloquial) had landed him into the little town. He had really meant to go somewhere entirely different, and that sixty miles the other side of Paris, and had found himself off the map. But being the only son of his Mother—and she was England—he was making the most of his opportunities. For it was not likely he would be able to afford another holiday like this for a long time. He was not very well educated, and his social background was lower-middle class, but Harry Brown did what little reading he could find time for with an unconscious discrimination, and it was typical of him, as he wandered about Prémoncy this June morning, that he was thinking of "Eugénie Grandet" and M. le Président de Bonfors" and "Charles". He wondered if Mme. Creille's house was like the Maison Grandet inside, and whether the *salle* held fly-blackened gilt and upholstery patched out of recognition of the original designs from La Fontaine. The most common-place street thrilled him, with the great thrill of seeing something foreign for the first time. He looked at old houses and wondered what hidden wickedness they concealed. That they could house lives as orderly and ordinary, if somewhat differently orientated, as the lives of the citizens of Ilford would have been a cruel disappointment to him. They must be different. Had not Balzac's genius made them different for all time? Wasn't it that genius (albeit in translation) which had made him come abroad when the whole family wanted him to go to Great Yarmouth with the rest of them? That, and a sudden sense of something familiar, yet beyond his ken, in the halting broken English of a foreigner whom he had directed one day in the street. He never saw him again, but, just as the oyster coats with nacre some foreign substance introduced into the shell, so

to Harry the memory of the foreigner became empearled with fugitive and evanescent dreams of an existence holding just that difference from his own which was Romance. His family's astonishment when he announced his intention of going to France—and alone too—was only equalled by his mother's certainty that something was wrong. She was of the type that mentally selects the flowers for the day's dead when she gets up in the morning; and to her it was not natural or right to do anything that she herself did not feel positive about from sheer habit. It is true that his own generation did not find his decision very extraordinary; but their agreement with him was apt to take the form of heavy banter on the subject of Madmesels-from-Armenteurs, as if that was the only form of girl France provided.

The postcards were not very good ones, because Prémoney (thank Heaven!) is clean off the average tourist's sheep-track, so Harry decided to go back to the Grande Place; there was a shop there in which he thought he'd seen something better. He turned a corner and found himself in a long quiet cobbled street, one side of which was private houses, the other the high wall of a convent. Somewhere a bell tinkled, a little raucous sound echoing against the prim house fronts. He walked slowly along it, finding its difference to such a street at home full of the most unexpectedly moving charm. At the end of the street was a church, its soaring lines and crockets a little smudged by the years, its niches in the porch regal with the timelessness of saints and knights and kings. As he stood there taking in detail after detail, which fed the hungry brood of nestling aspirations awaking in his heart, the side door of the church opened. There came out two boys carrying fantastic-looking lighted lanterns on staves, one of whom also rang a little hand-bell at intervals. Behind them came an old clergyman (Harry knew he was a clergyman because he wore a surplice) with a sort of wide richly embroidered satin shawl about his shoulders which was folded about the hidden Object he carried. Behind the clergyman came a boy who held a large white umbrella over the priest's head. The little procession turned and disappeared down a side street—passers-by doffed hats and knelt; Harry, ignorant, mystified, thrilled by the little pageant, turned away wondering at a life in which such things happen.

The day wore on. The shadows lengthened unobtrusively over the little town, discovering from hour to hour, and angle to angle, old strengths new-coined with the patina of passing years, or relentlessly revealing the cruelty of some tactless modern building blatant with efficiency. Harry had *déjeuner* down on the Quai des Tilleuls, enjoying the, to him, unconventional atmosphere of a table on the pavement. The air was heavy with the scent of lime flowers, and the droning of a million bees at work was pleasant to the ear. It was here that he met Franz Schmitt. The German boy, more sophisticated and better educated than the Englishman, had spotted Harry at once for what he was—and, being nationally less shy than Harry, had made the first advances. Harry was delighted to find that Franz spoke English—and the two lads had spent the afternoon together. And so they came towards evening back to the Grande Place, to the Café Bouchartin.

The orchestra of the Café Bouchartin plays, during the summer months, in one of the two big windows on either side of the entrance. It can thus be heard and seen equally well by those patrons at the little tables on the pavement under the awning, and those at the long tables inside. Indeed, as M. Cadol had truly remarked, clients were well under the observing eye of his bâton. This evening the café was fairly full for so early an hour—it was but six o'clock; for all Prémoney knew it was the last day that Monsieur Cadol and his orchestra would play—and there was, in the air, not a little of the feeling of the last night of a great operatic season. And indeed it was with something of that feeling about it that M. Cadol had chosen the programme. There must be selections from "Carmen" and "Faust" for those hearts whose simplicity was ever green; and "Le Cygne" perhaps, and the "Invitation to the Waltz" out of which he could get every ounce of sentiment. He would give them "the Blue Danube" Waltz, too (the Duponts would like that, it matched their fifty-year old love affair). And for the music lovers of discrimination there would be Beethoven, and something of Scarlatti, and one of the Russians, the "Symphonie Pathétique" of Tchaikowsky, or Rimsky Korsakoff's "Czar Sultan", and Ravel's "Bolero". But he must remember, too, those easy hearts that would want a fox trot

or the latest tango from Paris; and he would play "A Waltz Dream", or "The Merry Widow" for those whose years remembered with avidity the sunny lilt of Lehar. And perhaps last of all he would play the "Allegro Scherzando" of Saint-Saëns because—because of something that happened to him a long long time ago, here in Prémoney. Not, if you like, a very *recherché* programme, M. Cadol reflected—but on this last afternoon he must try and be all things to all men.

All the old habitués were there. At their usual table he could see M. and Mme. Blom. *Un sale type, ce Blom*, as Alphonse Cadol, and indeed all Prémoney knew. His, now, the loose lip and sliding eye of lust; yet he had a certain air still. Cadol remembered him before he was dregged with dissipation, remembered the Pierre Blom of thirty years ago—a lad of promise—piecrust promise—with the same air of being a prince in disguise—ah well! thought Cadol as the band struck up the opening notes of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz", all women were incorrigible romantics; and that *soupeçon de mystère* had won him the costly security of being Mme. Blom's husband. Nothing else could explain so incongruous an acceptance on the part of the lady. Her hard eyes and bitter mouth were comment enough on their marriage. But she saw to it that he accompanied her everywhere—was it not her right?

There are some kinds of music, and waltzes are amongst them, which have achieved a minor immortality in the affections of man. As the band broke into the opening bars of the waltz proper of the "Invitation", Cadol knew without looking in their direction that the Duponts, husband and wife, were present. It was as if each phrase of the lilting melody were echoed by the placid happiness of their devotion. He presently looked towards them, and, as usual, found Marcel Dupont beating time with a podgy blackgloved hand, while Madame's beaming approval of her husband's following accuracy suggested that it was Marcel, and not Cadol, who was *Chef d'Orchestre*.

Beyond them are seated Eros and Psyche—but in this case it is a Psyche who knows. Jean Hébry and Rosalie Suchard are decorously accompanied by Rosalie's mother, full-bosomed, tight-laced, a lady who can see nothing with the best of her kind if needs be—*d'une discrétion incroyable*—yet, as she

observes with the sententiousness of her type, one is but young once—still *les convenances* must be observed. Three tall glasses of sickly looking grenadine stand in front of them; and under the table's friendly shelter Rosalie's hand has met Jean's. "*Comme elle est bête*", reflects Mme. Suchard as her gossip's eyes fasten on the bickering Bloms, "how stupid she is to drag that man about with her. I never asked my Etienne any questions—I was told no lies. Besides all men do it". She looked at her Rosalie and the latter's Jean, and at the Duponts, whom all the world knew for faithful, and decided that it made less trouble to expect the worst anyhow.

The band was playing "I wonder where my Baby is to-night", with just that difference observable in provincial French bands playing American jazz. It lacked the verve of Paul Whiteman, and suggested rather the attitude of Auguste, the cornet player who was thinking "*Ceci n'est pas la musique pour encourager les âmes, mais pour embêter la foule*". M. Cadol's eyes swept the crowd—and were suddenly arrested by *les amoureux*. Jacques Bovart, the young fool, and the most obvious cocotte, with a sort of monkey-like prettiness and a metallic chic that made if possible more brazen "*cette affaire*". She was not Prémonçaise reflected Cadol—none of the young sparks of Prémoney would have dared to bring their "*garces*" to the Café Bouchartin—not at this hour anyhow. He looked at this Mimi again and decided that she was Parisian; probably exploiting the provinces he reflected, and his gorge rose. Her thin artificial-satin clad shoulders were jiggling to the tune. 'I wonder where my baby is to-night', played the band—'I wonder where she's gone'—Jacques' fingers were playing with the curls under her ear—'And how she's getting on'—'*il est bon gosse*' she reflected, and wished they could dance—'I wonder why my baby doesn't write' reiterated the band. They were totally oblivious to the fact that the eyes of the whole café were on them. Somehow the cheap syncopated air seemed to underline and overscore their radiant impropriety. Jean Hébry, forced, by *les convenances* of the suitor, to behave with a decorum he was far from feeling, was envying Jacques Bovart the liberties his invidious position allowed him. Mme. Blom was infuriatedly conscious of her husband's thoughts. M. Dupont, that so

faithful husband who had never wavered in his allegiance to his Louise all his impeccable life—and, what is more, had never wanted to—was now, under Heaven only knew what obscure psychological compulsion, recalling gallantries in his own faraway youth. Mme. Dupont, who knew perfectly well that the said affairs had never existed, gently reminded him that all that was before he met her; thereby leaving him the flattering impression of being a retired Don Juan. Harry, whose moral background was largely Congregational, tinged with Y.M.C.A., was feeling shocked, but, not feeling sufficiently sure of himself to say so; he tried not to see the frankness only dreamt of in the philosophy of Ilford; but to Franz it was all grist to the intellectual mill, and he was ponderously (and Harry thought rather obscenely) explanatory on the subject. In a corner a young poet, watching Jacques and his Mimi, recalled idle lines from a time out-worn:—

“Et ils passeront, tous passeront
Comme passe même le jour
Etre mémoire tiède ou doux
D'une heure.”

and smiled, alone with the “hundred-sunned Phoenix” of his thoughts. At another table a poor unhappy fool was busy drowning his; glazed eyes indifferently expressing his indifference to the opinion of others, least of all to the horror of Mme. Blom whose face was a cash-register of her disapproval.

The band was playing *O cessate di piagarmi*, and happy in the clarity and grace of Scarlatti, Alphonse Cadol became conscious that his audience, like his orchestra, were at the end of his directing bow. The warm damascened quality of the aria was gathering them together, making a sweet unity in the alchemy of emotion. He was aware now of a gathering of personalities into a design, the glancing bow in his hand became a divining rod, quivering to the patterning of life about him, a pattern that held, and shifted, and held again the Englishry of Harry, the *temperamentroll Drangsal of Franz*, the realism *de la vraie souche* of his fellows, the Bloms, the Duponts, the Jeans, Rosalies, Jacques, Mimis, the very waiters—all this he felt flowing together in the crucible of his command. And those about him at the little tables felt it too—talk dropped imperceptibly in key, guttered and went out, like candles dowsed

in a great draught from an opening door. The waiters, this last day, paid the compliment of a defter more silent service, to his artistry. The last lovely bars floated out over their heads, and the aria ended. There was a moment's satisfying silence, to be shattered by the applause of the cocotte, less a tribute to his genius so much as a frantic effort to restore her own shaken equilibrium. His lip curled; till he saw the truth in her frightened monkey's eyes.

The calls of “Encore” were incessant, and he decided what it would be, while some newcomers were giving their orders. Yes—he would play them his own “Roman de la Rose”; he could trust his orchestra, and the occasion fitted. Not, he reflected with the honesty of the true artist, a piece of the greatest music, but bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, soul of his soul. And as the opening *allegro* rippled out, full of the laughing movement of young foals in a meadow, he knew the spell was still on his audience—and he settled down unconsciously to the joy of enriching his *chef d'œuvre* from the sensitive to and fro of personality about him. For it was the last time—and he must give them something to remember, when he would be no longer there. The orchestra was playing the *adagio* movement now, a deeper current was flowing. And so, selecting a look here, an expression there, a haunting revelation of eyes off their guard, a fleeting smile of lips mobile with happiness, his regard swept out beyond them, out into the Grande Place embracing the Prefecture, the Mairie, the ages-old Halles, conscious of a renewal of life, conscious of a sense of immemorial types magnificent in their very commonplaceness, coming and going, here, under the serene, understanding gaze of the Mansart roof, of François Premier decoration, familiarly the same. And those about him opened blossom by blossom to the sun of this melody, that, in cadenza after cadenza, filled the whole world of that moment. Spell-bound, knit by his magic into one brilliant whole, yet wholly and so brilliantly themselves, each for the most part saw life pulsing with personal possibilities, something greatly to be dared—and therefore greatly to be done. To Harry came resolve, swift and instinctive as a swallow's flight, to win a shyly-dreamed-of scholarship at Oxford and, thereby, mount Pegasus-like to the great Helicon of English Literature. To

Franz, subconsciously sick with the sickness of his humiliated Fatherland, came passionate decision to see Germania Resurgens with—laugh who will!—if needs be, him, Franz Schmitt at the helm. Jean Hébry, aviator, saw the aeroplane of his dreams a *fait accompli* for France. Rosalie did not see the aeroplane—he had not told her of that—she saw only a home and children, his children and hers—a *sostenuto* in the great French Family tradition; Alphonse Cadol caught the look in her eyes as she glanced at her Jean. It was the look of a Madonna. Jacques, that harum-scarum painter, had forgotten his Mimi, he was busy with a brush; not a very scholarly brush—a little angry with tradition maybe, yet too honest not to know its worth; full, too, of strength, and Hogarthian contempt for his subject, yet withal a strange understanding love. Oh he would paint—he would make pigment speak. Like Goya he would jeer at mankind his whole life long—but they would know him at the last for the artist he knew himself to be. And they would love him, as—damn them!—he loved them. Mimi—that poor fleeting incident in Jacques' life—a sort of amoral grace-note—Cadol reflected, as the long slow bars of the third movement opened—Mimi too had seen that look in Rosalie's eyes; and all her tawdry little heart had cried out in vulgar derision, and then crept back into its own twilight, wounded by its own vulgarity, hating, with the longing of despair, the quiet uneventful happy certitude of a Rosalie's home as contrasted with the mocking faces of her patrons of a night.

To the Bloms, as to one other among the tables, the spell was full of a horrible might-have-been which they were, it would seem, incapable of mending. Playing, at moments, at them—as it were, trying to bring them a sense of unity—Cadol saw them as they saw themselves, a couple united in a bond composed of every warring element conceivable, yet holding intact their marriage from motives of pride, of self-torture, of despair—and yet—and yet not so far *poena damni* that they could not see the rainbow of repentance, and the gleam of hope beyond. But, to Cadol, in the pattern they were scars—yet, as in life scars so often are, part of the pattern in the end. Marcel and Louise Dupont were sitting hand in hand. Just like Jean and Rosalie had been; but were not now. Both Louise

and Marcel were softly crying, unheeding, listening as it were to a *Nunc Dimittis* of their own great love. The poor besotted drunk was frightened of the music, and strove to shut his heart and brain to its clamour with another *petite verre*. And the poet was far away on some sun and shadow marbled beach *où les mouettes criaient dans une extase vivante*.

On and on swept the music, mounting ever mounting, in a crescendo of delight, the whole frustrated passion of Alphonse Cadol's life pouring through every note, as through so many sluices. This was his supreme moment, his swan song, never again, he knew, would he play like this—he was glad now he was going—anything more was anti-climax—they would remember—this his name would pass—hallowed, crowned, in music. And then, as one who suddenly sees an abyss at his feet, he caught the look in the stranger's eyes. He was not (Cadol was certain) a Prémonçais. Some stranger from Beauvais he thought—moral flotsam, perhaps, for there was something unnameable about him—perhaps jetsam was where he belonged.

He was drinking a bock. The high thick glass curved slenderly upwards, as if eager to hold the foamy crown of froth on the cool amber liquid. He stared at its evanescent whiteness—it looked for all the world like clouds seen from above—the firmament in a tumbler—and St. Augustine couldn't get the sea into a shell—well, of course he couldn't. Yet here he had the firma—what a fool he was! And roused himself to look about him—sitting still, still and watchful. The music flowed over him unheeded, almost unheard. Gradually it rose, filling the horizon of his mind with long dancing shadows of questing movements, interrogation-marks of sheer sound. What did they want—those two old people in the corner there—crying—holding hands—it was absurd to cry—he'd never cried—even as a little boy—it had been his pride not to cry—or had he been too frightened—he'd always been frightened except when near fire—there was something so lovely, like a flower about fire—flowers such as never were in any garden, except Madelon's. Madelon—it was a long time since he had seen her—he wondered why—there was something in the way—was it the music? It couldn't be that—it was gaily pretty, it reminded him of—? He suddenly saw a face—a long-ago face looking at him—Raoul's

whom he had falsely accused—they had found it out afterwards and he'd been expelled from the Army—no it was from school he'd been expelled, not the Army, though they'd treated him badly there. Court-martial—imprisonment. They said he was a bad soldier. He, a bad soldier—it was impossible. They didn't understand. It was the weight of his Field Marshal's bâton had started it—that and Madelon's letter. She wouldn't marry him because—because what? Because he wasn't a stuffed dummy—because he was flesh and blood. They were all like that—dancing shadows—he hated them—they didn't understand—they thought they were alive—but they were dead—dead as Lisette. Lisette? Who was she. That wasn't Lisette looking at him—that was the Mother of God—gentle—tender—just such another as Madelon. What was the Madonna doing here—he must find out. Who was that man with her? What right had he—was there anyone else here?

He looked stealthily round. He must be careful—they mustn't notice him—that fellow over there—a Boche, obviously—by God it was the sniper who nearly got him at Riamont in '15—he was with an Englishman—he hated Englishmen, they'd turned him out of England, the damned hypocrites—he never knew who had informed against him—probably the very man—yes it was this man—he was in league with the Boche—and there was Lisette—but he'd left Lisette—dead. He'd killed her in the wood—the wood with the tall trees, the wood he had never been able to get out of all his life—but he was free now—and nobody knew except—except who? What was this noise all about him? Somebody knew—it was—it must be the shadows—the damned shadows—what was that air? tum-tum-tum-ti-tum—it was pretty—like—what was it like? If he sat very still he would know—something was slipping somewhere—it had been like that in the wood with Lisette—just before—Tum-tum-tum-ti-tum—it wasn't so nice now—it was laughing now—mocking laughter—what right had they to mock—who were these *canaille*—he would show them his field-marshal's baton—that would stop their laughter, the fools. Tum-te-tum Tum—would it never stop—it was making everybody laugh at him—where was his baton—Napoleon's baton—he fumbled in his pocket—that damned noise again—Tum Tum Tum Ti Tum—

they were all laughing now—the tables even—it was the notes—millions of notes—Tum Ti Tum—Tum Ti Tum—if he could only stop the notes—there would be peace in the world. That was it at last—music was the cause of it all—music—Tum Tum—the laughter—the phalanx of ringing notes—His baton—Tum Tum—he would use his bâton—that would stop it—He looked up—straight into the eyes of the conductor—and fired! . . .

M. le Chef d'Orchestre was dying. He lay propped up in the arms of Auguste, the cornet-player, on the floor. Somebody had sent for the ambulance—but he was fast slipping away. Around stood his orchestra, and the waiters, and M. Bouchartin. A little way off lingered Harry and Franz held by a passionate compulsion of unwillingness to desert one they felt—they knew not why—they loved. Nearer at hand was Rosalie, who, sensing the end, had sent a waiter hotfoot for Monsieur le Curé, Jean stood by her, his arm about her; and Jacques too—but Mimi and the Bloms, birds of a feather, had run in terror. Mme. Dupont knelt beside the dying man trying to staunch the blood with a napkin, Marcel in anxious support. Outside, Gendarmes had taken charge of the madman; he had made no effort to get away after firing the shot, but had collapsed in his chair, and just sat there staring stupidly at his overturned bock.

Alphonse Cadol opened his eyes. It was good, he thought dreamily, to see his *chers types* about him. He was curiously content. His eyes met Auguste's, swimming with tears, "Do not grieve, *mon vieux*", he murmured gently, "It is the last day—" a sudden welling of blood choked him and he coughed—then, "life was over for me anyhow", he went on, "It is better thus. Paris!" he shook a suddenly weary head, "*Ah non! c'est une oubliette, ça*—" His eyes mistily traversed the fast fading faces and looked beyond to the sunlight and the gathered ages in the Grande Place, "You will none of you", he whispered, "forget me now"—and was gone.

OCTAVIA HILL: TWO PHASES

By W. THOMSON HILL.

OCTAVIA Hill's centenary coincided with that of John Morley's. (She was born on December 3, 1838, and died on August 13, 1912). With her emerges another phase of that many-sided nineteenth century whose ideals are now so out of fashion. No useful comparison can be made between two such different careers. Both built their lives on a belief in a settled order, a continued progress of which they had seen the sturdy beginnings, and an opportunity indefinitely widening for further advance. This opportunity came to John Morley chiefly through political reflection, writing and action. Octavia Hill saw it as a call to personal service. Neither could have apprehended an attack on civilized society itself, unless through elements in it which remained dangerous only as long as they were ignorant.

Octavia Hill's part in the progress of her century is chiefly remembered in connection with the housing of the poor, of which her first published account appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of November, 1866, under the title "Cottage Property in London". Her pioneer work has lasted. Its very success has obscured her memory. She anticipated the problems of post-war housing. No student of housing conditions in any country can afford at the present day to be ignorant of her methods, which are being applied, under her name, not only here but in Holland, Sweden, Germany, South Africa and the United States. The problems she stated remain as relevant as when she worked and wrote. Her first eager acceptance of Ruskin's loan; her early experience with three terrible courts in Marylebone; the astonishing results of her methods of personal management, combining business efficiency with tact and sympathy; her courage in tackling roughs and slum landlords nearly as rough, the growth of her reputation until

she was able to persuade Parliament to pass the first Artisans' Dwellings Act and was given the management of a vast area of South London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—the story of all this makes as lively and stimulating reading as adventure farther afield.

But let me deal here rather with two aspects of her career of which little has been written; the struggle for open spaces and the beginning of cadet corps and of physical training for poor boys.

Octavia Hill's interest in outdoor recreation dated from her first housing experiments. In looking round for her second court in Marylebone—the ironically named Paradise Place (it was a slum landlords' Paradise)—she insisted on getting a tiny plot of land and turning it into a playground and garden. It is believed that she was among the first to employ the phrase "open spaces", and definitely, the name and idea of a London Green Belt was hers. Speaking to her sister Gertrude (afterwards Mrs. Lewes) just before an enforced holiday in 1878, she said, "I am confident my work in the houses will not suffer from my absence, but my open spaces will miss me"*.

In 1873 she threw herself into her first public effort to acquire a large open space. The area was then known as Swiss Cottage Fields. At this time the limit of building north of Swiss Cottage Station was Belsize Lane. It was still a lane, with few houses; beyond were fields crossed by footpaths where Octavia had taken children from Marylebone to gather daisies; and beyond that open country. If these fields could be kept free from building, and other unoccupied land acquired, it would be possible to make a continuous belt of green joining up with the meadows (not yet threatened) beneath Parliament Hill Fields. Here was a place "which must be a blessing to hundreds now, and hundreds yet to come".

The aspiration was recorded in a letter of Octavia's on August 3, 1873. A fortnight later the scheme was dead. It collapsed at a moment when Octavia and her colleagues were ready to give a guarantee for the whole purchase money within a week. The site is now covered by Fitzjohn's Avenue and a network of suburban roads.

*Private information.

This initial failure stimulated her, as always. "Please God, if I live" she wrote on August 21, "I will see something efficient done, if power of mine, first or second-hand, can do it". As an immediate result she joined forces with the Commons Preservation Society, of which she remained one of the most active members to the end of her life. Far in the future the National Trust was born in the same resolve.

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In the eighteen-sixties and seventies the whole of the existing London Commons were threatened, and some were beginning to disappear. New railways occupied the same position between 1840 and 1870 that arterial roads do now. It was taken for granted that since railways were synonymous with progress every obstacle must give way to them. If anyone will take a map of Greater London and note the railways intersecting such spaces as Wandsworth, Tooting and Barnes Commons, he will see the havoc that has been made. Epping Forest was threatened, as well as Hampstead Heath and the inner commons. Nothing but a determined and continued struggle could have saved them.

The aggression, which included wholesale building, was encouraged in London by the ambiguous state of the law of commons, and throughout the country by a long series of Enclosure Acts passed in the interest of agriculture. The assertion that the English commons represent the ancient folkland cannot be accepted without qualification. Yet the feudal claim of the lord of the manor, expressed at its highest in the Statute of Merton of 1235, still unrepealed, forbade an assertion of ownership complete and absolute in the sense applying to other forms of property. A method of procedure by Act of Parliament had therefore been adopted during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Enclosure Acts provided for the surrender of commoners' rights after local enquiry (usually an illusory protection). Common and woodland was enclosed after centuries of unimpeded use by the villagers; new farming land or coverts were created. It is reckoned that between 1709 and 1869, 4,770,890 acres of common or forest land were transferred under Enclosure Acts to private ownership.*

*Sir Robert Hunter: The movements for the inclosure and preservation of open lands, 1897.

Some compensation, however nominal, was given to the rural cottager by the Enclosure Commissioners. There was no intention of driving him off the land. But the inversion of the argument for the cottagers' protection had an ugly aspect. Could any such claim be made on behalf of the commoners of Greater London? Was it to be contended that the householders round Clapham Common wanted to keep cows or donkeys? Could wheat be made to grow on Turnham Green? It was urged, therefore, that the London Commons, useless for their original purpose, should be made to serve a useful modern need. They should be enclosed and developed as building sites.

The challenge in the end proved dangerous to those who made it. It was true that the use of unenclosed spaces in and near London had ceased for agricultural uses. They were the more needed for recreation. However obvious now, recognition of the fact was confined to the very few. Foremost among them was Octavia Hill.

A simultaneous attack was made by lords of the manor on all the London commons—exercising what they were advised were their legal rights under the Statute of Merton, and stimulated since the formation of the Commons Preservation Society and a Parliamentary enquiry by fears of legislation. A house was begun on Hampstead Heath. Three miles of fencing were erected on Berkhamstead Common. A thousand acres of Epping Forest were enclosed. At Plumstead and Tooting claims were advanced which would have extinguished public rights for ever. These and other attacks were successfully resisted by the Commons Preservation Society. Commoners' rights were established against encroachment; and thousands of acres, including the noble inheritance of Epping Forest, were restored to public use.*

Octavia Hill enlarged the idea of protecting threatened suburban commons into a comprehensive movement for open spaces in town and country. In 1877 she published three vigorous papers (with other essays) under the title "Our Common Land". These asserted, against a hostile or indifferent public opinion, the increasing need, in a changing England, not only for resisting urban encroachment but for extending

*For detailed story see Lord Eversley's "Commons, Forests and Footpaths," 1911.

opportunities for access to the country, preserving village greens and rural footpaths—all her advocacy informed by a passionate love of natural beauty and her belief that the same instinct stirred in her countrymen of every class. Her description of one of the first Bank Holidays may be read to-day as a plea for open-air popular amusement written in a day when the great public was uneducated, unknown and feared. It was widely supposed then that mass holidays made for mass drunkenness.

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Larks were rising from rural commons. There were London sparrows, too, with a chirrup for a song. Octavia was moved by the human city sparrows. She could be cheerful and active, like them, amid the smoke and fog. She turned a gruesome topic into a topic for a drawing-room meeting, talked about disused graveyards, and set another reform in motion.

Could anything be more melancholy than a neglected London churchyard? A few mouldering tombs, their inscriptions moss-grown, their stones aslant, the names of their dead forgotten, remained of all those once raised to memories now buried indeed. An alien world surrounded them. Tall warehouses blocked them in. The dead were once parishioners of this place. They lived, worked, married and died within a little walk. If any man had stayed to spell out some dim memorial he might read a story as simple as that told by a village grave. But here were no new names. None was left to carry on the tale. Offices stood where homes had been. The Sunday congregation came from afar, or came not at all; and often the very church had gone.

Octavia Hill put forward a then daring suggestion. Could not the old graveyards, no longer needed for interments, be turned into playgrounds and public gardens full of flowers? She urged this reform in a paper read before the National Health Society in May, 1877. It is the first public advocacy of the subject known to the writer.

Between 1879 and 1894 the Open Spaces Committee of the Kyrle Society (founded in 1875 by Octavia's sister Miranda) devoted itself to the protection and improvement of disused churchyards, square gardens and other small spaces—an object then untouched by any other body—as well as the

acquisition of notable beauty spots such as Burnham Beeches. The list of drab corners of London turned in these years into green spots is a long one; it contains such significant names as Cross Bones Burial Ground, Southwark, the site of Horsemonger Lane Gaol and "the Postmen's Park" Aldersgate. Octavia also employed this committee, whose headquarters were at her own home in Marylebone, as the mouthpiece of her wider ambitions. She worked hard as a member of the Kent and Surrey Committee of the Commons Preservation Society. Late in life she tramped many miles of footpath with her indefatigable friend Miss Harriet Yorke, tiring out far younger guests or commandeering them for tracking rights of way which occasionally led, to their dismay, past the windows of some large house. It required less courage to face the owner than to shirk her commands.

With the help of these and other organizations, often acting alone with the help of money she begged, Octavia Hill added to the national store of open fields, footpaths and open spaces. The names are far too numerous to quote; one is almost safe in assuming that she had some, or the leading part, in every important one, as well as in scores of little known parks or playgrounds round London secured during the later part of her life. One only can be mentioned, namely the extension of Hampstead Heath and the purchase of Parliament Hill and the Fields surrounding it. This struggle lasted for ten years; the result seemed as often in jeopardy as European appeasement. But for this effort the Heath south of the Spaniards Road would have consisted only of a narrow strip running down the side of the Vale of Health to the Hampstead Ponds. Victorian villas had already crept near towards the side of Parliament Hill. This summit and all the fields surrounding it, up to Highgate Ponds, must soon have grown bricks and mortar too.

The National Trust is her final and lasting achievement. Three portraits hang in the council room of the Trust. That of Octavia Hill is in the centre; on either side are those of Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley. These three are the acknowledged and undoubted founders; they co-operated in the foundation of the Trust; the idea came to them separately.

An outline of the scheme adopted, and the actual name, were

discussed in an unpublished correspondence* between Octavia and Sir Robert Hunter in February 1885, ten years before the Trust came into being. Both had experienced the need of some permanent body to hold gifts of land and administer them in the public interest. Mr. Hunter, as he then was, advocated the formation of a company under the Joint Stock Companies' Acts in a paper read in September 1884, to the annual congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Birmingham. These two had worked closely together in all the open space work, and again faced the old obstacle in a proposal for acquiring Sayes Court, Deptford. Mr. Hunter sent Octavia a copy of his circular about "the new Company". She at once demurred to the project of a company, and wrote (Feb. 10, 1885): "A short expressive name is difficult to find . . . What do you think of 'The Commons and Gardens Trust'—and then printing in small letters 'for accepting, holding and purchasing open spaces for the people in town and country' ? . . ."

On the top of this letter Sir Robert Hunter has pencilled " ? ' National Trust '—R.H."

A group of wooded summits near Westerham and Sevenoaks, with sudden views across the Kentish Weald as lovely as any in Southern England, was among the early acquisitions of the Trust, by Octavia Hill's exertions; and she lies buried at the foot of one of them, Mariner's Hill, the unimpeded view from which she lived to see finally secured. Memorials of her direct work for the National Trust exist in 16 English and Welsh counties—these were the acquisitions made during her lifetime—and beyond these in precious sites from the Farne Islands to Land's End, since given "for ever and for all".

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On a May morning of 1889 Octavia Hill paid a visit to Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief, at the Ranger's Lodge at Blackheath lent him by Queen Victoria. Her brother-in-law, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, the military historian, accompanied her. The object was to enlist Lord Wolseley's interest on behalf of a cadet corps to be formed in connection with her social settlement at Red Cross Hall, Southwark, in a back street near London Bridge Station.

*Summarized here by permission of Miss Dorothy M. Hunter and Miss E. W. L. Hunter, whose copyright is reserved.

The result was an inaugural meeting at Red Cross Hall on May 30 at which Lord Wolseley presided and the successful launch of an experiment which has had consequences far beyond her day.

Although the Boer War was near, England had not begun to envisage war as an affair of the inhabitants at large. Very far from this, the Volunteer movement was struggling against public derision and official neglect. Nineteenth-century England was still dominated by ideas derived ultimately from 1815. Public opinion had not been affected by the rise of Prussia. There was an intense dislike of "militarism", and this included a sincere dislike of any form of military training outside the ranks of the professional army. Boy scouts were still in the future. Moreover, outdoor camps, and indeed healthy recreation for working boys of any kind, were unknown novelties.

Octavia Hill's impulse in the direction of cadet corps started from her personal knowledge of the lives of London working lads. She had seen them roaming the streets in the evenings without occupation or healthy outlet for animal spirits. Gymnasium classes had been started at Red Cross Hall. Something more was needed. Her interest was stimulated by an article written by Sir Frederick Maurice under the title "*The Zeitgeist* under Drill"* The article pointed to new facts brought out by recent wars. The Prussian armies which had swept across France were no longer the professional soldiers of Frederick the Great. They were drawn from every class and station. The new tactics, allowing for initiative and intelligence in every rank, were very different from the old parade-ground stuff. As a corporate body a modern army both expressed and stimulated the desire for national unity. It called for full development of mind and body, and developed a power of healthy intelligent work which it might not be easy to compete.

Military arguments appealed less to Octavia than those which set out the social value of discipline and organized exercise. She saw before most of her contemporaries the difference between a national army and that of a despotic sovereign—in that the discipline is self-imposed—and between a blind obedience and

*Reprinted by the present Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice in his biography of his father, 1913.

one that is joyful and intelligent.

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Cadet corps were not wholly new. One had been established by the London Rifle Brigade in 1859; and it flourished (but apparently in isolation) for several years. The idea to which Octavia Hill first gave vigorous life came from Toynbee Hall, where Francis Fletcher Vane originated the plan of a cadet company. Its command soon fell on H. W. Nevinston—"in the hope (as he has written in "Changes and Chances") of ensuring some small measure of benefit to the enfeebled and undersized youth of Shadwell. In 1888 a boys' club was established in two rooms over a forge in Red Cross Street, Southwark, by Mr. W. Ingham Brooke, who had been a Toynbee Hall worker. He was so impressed by the results of the East End cadet corps that he decided to form one as part of his Southwark Club. He enlisted the help of Octavia Hill.

She was not apt to lend her name to anything she did not thoroughly approve, nor to anything that she was unable to supervise personally. The article to which reference has been made indicates the process of her conversion.* Her active interest began with the organization of the meeting under Lord Wolseley's chairmanship and lasted till the end of her life. Her last letter in a long correspondence with Lt.-Col. L. W. Bennett, honorary treasurer of the battalion and its commander from 1919 to 1926, is dated June 2, 1912, two months before her death, and discusses in detail the draft report of the year.

Four companies were soon recruited, and in October, 1890, the Southwark corps was recognized officially as the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, with precedence over every other cadet unit in the Army. This precedence has been recognized up to the present day. The battalion remained for some time the focus and headquarters of the cadet movement in London. Other corps were gradually formed under its example and units established near the lads' own homes.

Of equal importance was Octavia Hill's decision, early in the movement, to bring in the public schools. Some big schools were already supporting missions in poor districts when at the end

*Quoted by permission of Sir Frederick Maurice, who directed the writer's attention to it as the source of her inspiration.

of 1890 Octavia enlarged the idea out of which the O.T.C.'s were to spring. The first school to help was Stonehouse. Eton, Haileybury and Harrow came early to the help of cadet companies in Hackney, Stepney and North Kensington, Oxford House to one in Bethnal Green. Haileybury keeps up its connection with the battalion to the present day by supporting Stepney club and company; Sherborne and Westminster support Southwark and Battersea.

The corps had a good record in South Africa (recorded by a tablet in Southwark Cathedral) but difficulties came with peace. The War Office was alternatively helpful and indifferent. "Do they really want to kill the movement?" Octavia wrote to Col. Bennett in the summer of 1910; "I wonder what happens to your August camps". It was left to a woman to fight for the existence of an organization to which the War Office was to turn for help on another summer day four years ahead.

When that day came, and its fellows, the public school (O.T.C.) side of the cadet movement supplied officers, and the working boy cadets N.C.O.'s and Privates—eagerly sought after to train Kitchener's Army recruits. The Southwark battalion sent into active service over 70 of its officers, of whom up to 1917 nine had been killed, reported missing or died of wounds—no complete list of the services and casualties of all ranks, nor of the decorations earned up to 1918, has been kept.

Octavia Hill had passed on two years before the call to arms.

EBB AND FLOW

By STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is good at taking decisions and acting upon them : that is something to be thankful for, in a world not abounding in matter for thanksgiving.

Rightly or wrongly, he decided against an attempt to introduce

An the compulsory obligation to military service in
Experiment peace time, which would have involved recasting
in Freedom the Government so as to make it truly national.

As a consequence of that decision, he has endeavoured to give the people in Europe which is least organized for military purposes such rudiments of organization as were possible without invoking the power to compel ; and a skilled administrator has rapidly produced a scheme. Everybody is told what they can do in an emergency, and everybody is asked to declare a willingness to do it. But everybody is free not to declare. Let us be quite clear what that freedom means. It means that you decide to preserve the privilege of the shirker. Also, no doubt, to respect the conscience of the conscientious objector ; but that is a small matter, though not unimportant ; if smallpox became a serious menace to the community, there would be short shrift for conscientious objectors to vaccination. But we are not without experience ; we know that the privilege of the crank will be claimed by only a few ; the privilege of the shirker will be utilized by hundreds of thousands—not a few of them disguising their quality as cranks.

This matters the less because it appears to be agreed on all hands that if war comes compulsion will be introduced at once ; and Sir John Anderson's experiment is welcomed, in so far as it is welcomed, because there is hope that it may provide an immediate framework for the application of universal service under discipline. It may, in short, do to be going on with. But if Mr. Chamberlain's pledge, which binds the party in power

for the duration of the present parliament, were to be given a further extension, then I think that the cause of democracy would be lost, so far as the Tory party could lose it ; and that it could only be saved if those who were against the privilege of the shirker came boldly out with a declaration for that degree of compulsion which is essential to preserve democratic liberty. What is done universally in France and in Switzerland is not done because the French or the Swiss like it ; it is done to preserve their freedom ; and they respect themselves for doing it. Hitherto, the English have respected themselves for leaving it undone.

Frankly, in 1914 I was of the opinion that a nation which could defend itself on the voluntary principle had reason to be

The Virtue proud ; and nothing in a long life has impressed
of me so profoundly as the voluntary response of
Discipline Great Britain. In Ireland, where I belonged,

there were special difficulties and complications, but I was proud to do my utmost in inducing men to volunteer. Four years of experience in Ireland and in England, in Parliament and in the trenches, left me with one fixed determination, that I would never again for any consideration take part in a volunteer recruiting movement. All the fineness, all the heroism were outweighed by the wastefulness, the absurdities, the indecencies and the incompetence of it all. In France there was as much fineness and as much heroism, though every man there, soldier or civilian, was acting under orders as a matter of course. Democracy meant discipline ; it meant equality, comradeship ; it also meant fraternity. Everybody in France at one period in his life has been equal before the sergeant-major, and in the course of that equality, comradeships have been formed that cut across all the barriers of class distinction. In the last resort it comes back to the question of equality and of the sergeant-major. People in these islands—in Ireland just as much as in Great Britain—have in their bones a feeling that the man who comes under orders loses personal dignity. Yet the French have not this sensibility—though, unless French novelists give us misleading human documents, the sergeant-major in France is no more invariably polite than his opposite number in the British army. It does a man no harm to be shouted at, even

to be shouted at impolitely ; but so long as the individual citizen is left to choose for himself, a great many will say, ' I do not choose to accept a position in which other men will have the right to shout at me in a voice of authority '. But once everybody is in the same boat, once the citizen is clear about his obligation as a citizen, there is an end of fuss ; and as it seems to me, the community has a better right to respect itself. During the crisis of last September, a friend of mine who is on the reserve of officers was in France and came straight home. In France he saw everybody serious, but no fuss ; everybody was under orders and knew what to do. In England, he found everybody running about and asking, ' What am I to do ? ' Whether there was panic or not (opinions vary on this) a community in such a state stands perilously near to panic. Evacuation did not have to be carried out, but it had to be projected. That must mean, for London, shifting out about two millions of non-combatants and distributing them over an area occupied by about four millions. Could this be carried out with any hope of efficiency unless everyone in the entire community was under orders ? Unless every man could be mobilized as a soldier with the duty to accept orders, carry out orders and transmit orders. Everybody who was in the trenches knew what it was to be shot at by an unseen enemy whom you could not reach ; that was nine-tenths of the job, and not pleasant, but men stood up to it with surprisingly little nerve strain because of the supporting fabric, the armature of a common discipline. If another war comes to England, the whole community will have sometimes to face what the men in trenches faced daily, and the ordeal will be incredibly lessened if all are doing what they are told to do. They need and are entitled to the support of discipline.

It is amazing that a man of Sir Edward Grigg's experience should talk of reluctance to abandon "our tradition". Behaviour that was traditional while the Channel was unpassable for enemies becomes imbecile when the rampart can be crossed from the sky. As things are, it looks black enough for democracy. In France where the organization for defence is carried to the last limit compatible with democratic freedom, the trade unions have

Democracy's Dangers

set up their claim against the interests of the nation, and have been overborne by the military organization—as was right : but the employers also seem to have pressed the claims of their own separate interest far beyond what the interest of the nation demanded. Yet one thing is sure. Any challenge to the soil of France would bring the nation together, ready as a fighting unit. In England there is nothing but a diversity of views. The Government, admitting that a compulsory register would be necessary in time of war as the basis for universal compulsory service, refuse to make the framework ready in time of peace. The Labour party, so far as one can understand, declare that they are ready to resist compulsion so long as private property in industrial enterprises is allowed to exist ; and they claim the right to say that trade unions shall limit employment in necessary munitions work to accepted members of the unions—which means in practice that the unions, not the State, shall decide the rate of output. Certainly Lord Baldwin was well justified when he said that democracy was a difficult form of government to work : and the deadly danger is that difficulties in its working may delay the speed of rearmament till the dictatorships have got so far ahead with their preparation that they can order the democracies to cease their attempt to get level. Yet, as things are, France is further on the road to defend freedom ; and England will lag behind inevitably, so long as England refuses to accept the democratic principle of equal compulsion for all citizens to take their part in defence.

Meanwhile the combined manoeuvres of those Powers which regard democracy with contempt and aversion have been significant. Herr von Ribbentrop has come to Paris, carrying a promise of peace. The visit was timed, to put it moderately, without any careful regard for the convenience of those to whom it was paid ; for there was a considerable chance of some ill-advised demonstration which might be regarded in England as disloyal to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. However, though the French authorities must have been very glad to speed their parting guest, the French democracy showed its educated intelligence, and will attach the appropriate value to Germany's assurances.

But at the same time Italy by various methods is setting up a

claim against France for the cession of various territories. If the claims were admitted, a strong precedent would have been established in accordance with which Alsace and Lorraine should go back to Germany. Naturally, the French refuse to consider these demands, whether they be unofficial, as they are to-day, or official, as they would become if the least support for them were shown by England. Chance of such support may seem unlikely, but what happened in Czechoslovakia last September seemed just as unlikely last May.

Munich may be seen by the future historian a turning-point for good in European affairs, but at this moment one thing is clear; Munich has greatly extended the area of Jew-baiting. In Prague "non-Aryan" professors are being invited to retire "on holiday"—with promise of full pay; the lesson has been only half learnt in what was Masaryk's country, but progress in it will be rapid. British opinion is resolute against handing over the control of Africans to German authority; and Mr. MacDonald has declared the idea to be outside practical politics. One may hope that British opinion will be equally firm against the cession to Germany or Italy of any territory where Jews have found a refuge. Already it seems that Italy's imitation of German methods—half-hearted and faltering though it be—has caused many "non-Aryan" Italians in Tunisia to take out French citizenship; and so the percentage of officially Italian persons in that colony is lessening in proportion to the French.

The other Italian demands, for a share in control of the Suez canal and for ownership of the rail from Djibouti are in a different category. Since the Abyssinian empire of Italy is now recognized, it seems hard that other Powers should hold the keys of access to it; and these are facilities of high commercial value, which Italy might well be allowed to purchase at a suitable price. That, however, is not what she proposes. She demands from the democracies a "spirit of sacrifice". The Latin genius, proud of its realism, should understand that conveniences have to be paid for. But before any steps were taken to consult Italy's convenience, it should be a condition that Italy withdraw her troops and her equipment from Spain. If they form so inconsiderable a part of the Nationalist forces as some observers have represented, General Franco will hardly

miss them; and democratic sentiment will be relieved—which is important; for dictators cannot be allowed a monopoly of "ideology".

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Mr. John Rothenstein in his "Life and Death of Conder" gives a study of a typical figure in the group among which Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley were the outstanding personages. Curiously enough the same period saw Kipling's greatest activity and influence. Conder was an odd product to have come from one of those oversea dominions which Kipling so loudly celebrated—mothers of "men who could shoot and could ride"—neither of which accomplishments Conder would seem to have possessed. Australian-bred he was, though by actual birth a Londoner, but first and last a townsman: and when he came "home" to Europe, Paris was his natural abode. All that is best in his work is of French inspiration, and the countryside of his special affection was about the Seine, from Vétheuil to Monet's Giverny. The group in which he lived was one of biting wits, but there was nothing incisive in Conder's talent; everything that came from him was steeped in a charming langour, full of sensuous attraction. He wore himself out quickly, in the usual ways, but since he worked incessantly, he has left a full representation of his delicate effeminate fancy. The new Director of the Tate Gallery does not write so well as his distinguished father, who was one of Conder's closest intimates; but he has had access to his father's records and memories, and pronounces judicially, as a modern, on a way of art almost incredibly unlike the modern vision with its insistence on stark bone.

Another modern is Mr. Louis MacNeice—poet and journalist; and he offers us for this Christmas a thing for which I have a weakness—a poet's prose. But this is the prose of a modern poet, whose verse is extremely unlike Musset's for instance; but the prose bears the same relation to poetry as Musset's does to the famous "*Nuits*". The book calls itself "Zoo"; not only the Regent's Park comes into it, but Dublin and Clifton and (at great length) Paris are passed in review. Being a journalist, Mr. MacNeice knows that readers like odd scraps of information, and he gives them: how many tons of hay the

elephants in Regent's Park consume, how many thousand herring and whiting go to feed the sea lions, and a deal more of the same sort, with personal gossip paragraphs about the tastes and habits of the various animals. But being a poet, he writes first to amuse himself—to express his own sensations and ideas : for instance—

"Many people take to animals to escape from human beings ; but often, it turns out, because they find the animals so human. Others, of whom I am one, find animals a delightful change just because they are not human and never can be. They are extraordinary and beautiful phenomena—things which move about on legs (in many cases at least) as we do, but which are for ever essentially different from us. . . .

When we talk about them, of course, we often have to speak *as if* they were human because the words with which we must describe them are tainted with humanity. Many of their actions are superficially so like ours that we can only describe them in terms of our own actions. The first great thing that we obviously have in common with animals is the impulse to go on living. But it is quite a different thing for a creature with Reason to want to live from what it is for a creature without it. That is why human beings can commit suicide and animals can't".

I hasten to add that this passage, with its hint of metaphysics, is most incompletely representative of a book which contains reflections on Home Rule, architecture, cricket at Lords, the teaching of Greek and a dozen other matters, as well as what is naturally suggested by the title. Mr. MacNeice's comment on the animals is helped out by Miss Nancy Sharp's drawings, some of which are admirably expressive. The book gives one the pleasant feeling that writing it was great fun.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE

By GEORGE CATLIN

AN AFRICAN SURVEY, by Lord Hailey
Oxford University Press. 21s.

The British neglect of the Colonial Empire is an abomination that smells to heaven. Much of this empire is a dictatorship, of which the dictator is the British electorate. That electorate is so notoriously indifferent that it is a source of worry to his friends when a Member of Parliament devotes much attention to colonial issues. He will lose votes. Already the day of reckoning is coming. Not only is Germany demanding the return of her colonies, but responsible voices in America are suggesting that the handing over of the West Indies would be better for all concerned.

The guilt lies with the British voter, the irresponsible democratic sovereign, not with the British administrator. Lord Hailey's *African Survey*, itself the work of a distinguished administrator, is a monument recording opportunities lost or not yet utilized. It is the most effective study by far since Dr. Raymond Buell's. Supported by the African Research Committee, under Lord Lothian, Lord Hailey has done a work which he here surveys in a book of nearly 2,000 pages—a work which reviews the problems of all Africa south of the Sahara, British, French, Belgian and Portuguese, problems physical, economic, ethnologic and governmental. Each layer of problems presupposes and is conditioned by one more fundamental until we reach the soil itself, and such issues as those of soil-erosion.

If this great primitive continent is to be developed without wastage, and without more than the misery of the European industrial revolution, there must be a planned co-ordination between the physical development and the economic, and between the economic and the governmental. In the Sudan, as in Fiji, in the Katanga, and in some abortive projects in S. Africa, such co-ordination has been attempted. For the rest, it has been too conspicuous by its absence—and this, as touching production and marketing, more so in the British colonies than in the French. The lack has been due, in part, to want of finances, in part, to want of ideas. Lord Hailey's book is a massive plea for this co-ordinated development.

'The task of guiding the social and material development of Africa gives rise to problems which cannot be solved by the application of routine knowledge . . . This study must be pursued in the field of the social as well as in that of the physical sciences. But for this purpose assistance is required from the Imperial Government'.

The policy of material development combined with promoting health organization, this is recognized—by the Belgians. The issue of local government for the de-tribalized native : "it is a problem which so far has engaged more attention in the Union and the Belgian Congo than in the British colonies". The necessity for stimulating the cultivation of subsistence crops—"the Belgian government may

be said to have taken the lead in the study of questions of this type". There is the need for scientific research—in which the Germans did excellent work. "The British Government has hitherto given less support to institutions devoted to the study of African languages than, for instance, has the German Government". Rhodes is dead, very dead.

The issue of destiny in the world to-day is between Fascism, Communism and some Middle Way. The chief asset of Marxist Communism is the working example of Soviet Russia. The credit of Russia lies neither in her political executions nor in her pitiful begging children, but in the opening up and industrialization of the great Siberian Middle East. To that there is no parallel save in the opening up of the Middle West which "made" America. The rapidity of that development has been due to plan. Plansters in Britain usually forget the legitimate interests of the small man and his liberties. In a primitive continent, in transition in the inevitable process of opening-up, public plan may be the best possible protection of the native from private exploitation. There is one sole area in the world where, by co-ordination of scientific and geologic research, of transport, of mining and crops, of sanitation, of population movements, a result more startling may be attained even than in Soviet Russia, a result that can put Germany and Italy, avid for colonies, in the shade. That area—this imperial cloak of cloth-of-gold about us—is the British Colonial Empire, a section of a Commonwealth that controls a quarter of the world. Mr. Neville Chamberlain might reflect that this is opportunity—including opportunity for our own unemployed engineers and steel industry—beyond the dreams of Joseph. Lord Hailey, as an administrator, should know well that by preference we are a nation that chooses to do nothing—a nation that, if God is just, deserves to lose. Perhaps Lord Hailey will succeed in dynamiting this nation into action.

KARL MARX, by C. J. S. Sprigge. Duckworth "Great Lives" Series. 2s.

Mr. Sprigge has performed something of a *tour de force* in compressing within the narrow limits of this excellent little series the detailed and complicated story of Marx's life, his sufferings, his achievements, his one friendship and his innumerable hates. Externally, the first half of his career was adventurous and sometimes almost romantic. The second half, after his arrival in England, was dull, sometimes sordid, but never exciting. The biographer is therefore tempted to give the lion's share of his space to the earlier years; and the later part of his life, which was far more important and richer in achievement, receives more summary treatment. In particular, one would have welcomed a fuller presentation of his rôle in the history of the First International—his most effective practical contribution to the cause of the proletariat.

Probably the most interesting personal factor in Marx's life, as well as the most fully documented, is his friendship with Engels. Mr. Sprigge sums up this curiously one-sided, yet well-balanced, relationship as well as anyone has done. "Marx had no doubt whatever but that mental superiority conferred on him the title to leadership; Engels was drawn not so much to leadership as to pioneerdom. Marx would suffer nobody above him, Engels, nobody in front of him". But, Engels, though he had the ambitions and tastes of a pioneer, was not an original thinker so much as a systematizer. He did his pioneering with other men's ideas; and this was the real secret of his perfect harmony with Marx. Engels was also a glutton for work. Mr. Sprigge is probably wrong in thinking that Engels' willingness to write articles at £2 a time for the *New York Tribune* (they appeared over Marx's signature) is a sign that Engels too was hard pressed for money. It was the sort of job that Engels did for the sheer love of it. He had none of

Marx's impatience of harness and routine.

Another episode of great psychological interest in Marx's career was his relationship to Lassalle, the most brilliant and most active figure in the German workers' movement of his time. The clash between Marx and Lassalle was both temperamental and political. It was the clash between the student and the rhetorician; between the matter-of-fact realist and the flamboyant idealist; between the respectable "assimilated" Jew of the Rhineland and the pushing, ostentatious Jew from Breslau, only one step removed from some East European ghetto; between the first international socialist and the first German national socialist. Mr. Sprigge, who scarcely does justice to Lassalle's lasting importance, has not space enough to develop this antagonism as it deserves; for it is important both for the biographer of Marx and for the historian of nineteenth century socialism. It is arguable that the tradition which prevailed in German social democracy was, in the long run, the tradition of Lassalle rather than of Marx. The rift between Marx and Bakunin is also passed over without much examination of what lay behind it.

It is hardly fair to blame Mr. Sprigge for these omissions; for if the purpose of the series is to accumulate within the space available the maximum amount of information about the lives of the heroes selected for inclusion in it, it is difficult to see how the job could have been better done. One can only question whether this is, after all, the right way to approach the life of one whose chief importance and influence were the products not of his actions, but of his thought. And even within these limits, there seems to be some disproportion of treatment. Four or five pages are devoted to a summary of *The Communist Manifesto*. But no such summary is attempted of Marx's other major writings; nor is there any estimate of his work as a whole.

E. H. CARR.

WILD COUNTRY, by F. Fraser Darling. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

WILD ANIMALS IN BRITAIN, by Frances Pitt. Batsford. 8s. 6d.

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES, by F. J. Drake-Carnell. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

It was typical of Dr. Darling, who in his capacity as a field biologist has been responsible for some provocative research on bird and animal behaviour, to confess in his Preface that although he has had to use a hide for much of his serious camera work "the best and sunniest months of the year are no time to be cooped up in a stuffy little wigwam: one should be out in the sun". For Dr. Darling is a sentient man as well as a precise scientist, and his present book is as much the play of the one as it is the work of the other. He calls it a scrap-book; and certainly it is the fruit of moments of relaxation with a camera; but such a scrap-book, personal, illuminating, delightful, may well teach the amateur more than many a high-falutin text-book.

The trouble with the modern naturalist's reaction to the sentimentality of some of his predecessors is that it has caused him to become merely factual, a bloodless compiler of data. But observation without interpretation is a barren enjoyment in the end. Dr. Darling hints at his own attitude when he writes: "People will care more for animals if they understand them better; and I believe that stalking with a camera has immense possibilities for the increase of a humane outlook". His own book may well be cited as an instance.

Unlike most scrap-books, "Wild Country" has a theme, and its theme is the wild life and natural beauty of Dr. Darling's lonely island in the North-West Highlands. Eilean a' Chleirich lives in these easy notes, these speaking photographs; and whether they are of the common sandpiper, whose return heralds the reluctant approach of spring, or of the bog cotton, from which the old country

people used to make their mattresses, the Manx shearwater, which would amuse itself by tobogganing down the slopes of Dr. Darling's tent, or of Old Tawny, the scarred and regal bull seal that has haunted the outer waters for many years, all are informed with the author's own humane outlook.

Inevitably, such a writer has something pertinent to say about killing for fun. "If we realize that, as human beings capable of thought and reason, we have no moral excuse for killing for fun, we may learn to have a respect for life itself, to protect and control where such action is necessary, and to give animals their place ungrudgingly in the economy of nature". And lest this be brushed aside as soft-heartedness and muddle-headedness, let it be added at once that Dr. Darling admits the justifiability of deer-stalking (whilst at the same time wishing that "the animal could have been maintained wild with less cruelty to the human population of the glens of those days") and, further, puts in a strong plea for the use in shooting of the telescopic sight.

Miss Pitt, on the other hand, is apparently a keen follower of the Hunt. This is perhaps the more surprising when her extraordinary deftness in the taming of wild animals is remembered. There seems to be hardly a major animal mentioned in this embracing and well illustrated book that has not at some time been singled out for domestic appreciation. Such a close view of animal life, it would be thought, must inevitably lead to the cultivation of that "humane outlook" applauded by Dr. Darling; and one cannot help wondering what precisely Miss Pitt's reactions must be as she comes in at the kill or watches the primitive "blooding" of the novice.

All of which is not meant to suggest *Wild Animals in Britain* does not fulfil its intention "to provide the naturalist with a reliable guide to the identification of the beasts he may come across during his country rambles". Presumably the "naturalist" here referred to is the amateur, since

necessarily such a book cannot do much more than cover the barest facts. These facts, however, have been attractively presented, in a manner refreshingly remote from the usual academic approach. The illustrations, too, really do illuminate (though not so brilliantly as Dr. Darling's) and help to make this book a useful addition to the inadequate literature on the mammals of the British Isles.

The "blooding" ceremony, mentioned above, finds no place in Mr. Drake-Carnell's admirable survey of old English ceremonies and traditions; but here again space could hardly allow room for all the instances with which the island teems. One omission there is, however, that is rather surprising. The inspiring customs that accompanied, and in some places, particularly in East Anglia, still accompany corn harvest have here dwindled to a casual reference to the Harvest Thanksgiving. Straw necks and dollies; horkey; rick ornaments; gleanings bells—these are among the most interesting of all our country rites and ceremonies and should surely have been included in such a book. Not that Mr. Drake-Carnell concentrates on the countryside: three chapters have to suffice to cover this aspect, the remaining chapters being devoted to Royal and Parliamentary ceremonies, ceremonies of the Law, the City of London, and the Army, Ecclesiastical ceremonies and "curious tenure". It will be seen at once that the field is immense, and it says much for Mr. Drake-Carnell's conciseness that he has covered the ground so adequately. The thorny question of origins is not avoided and the illustrations have been particularly well chosen.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDER, by Richard S. Lambert. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

It would be difficult to imagine a more interesting or entertaining subject for biography than the life of William Whiteley, and Mr. Lambert can feel

well satisfied with the result of his undertaking. Concentrating, in the main, on the various episodes which marked the milestones of a long and very colourful career, Mr. Lambert, nevertheless, finds time to paint in the background of working conditions throughout the nineteenth century in the big and little shops of London. Long hours, oppressive regulations amounting almost to slavery make the picture a grim one, and although Whiteley was usually up with the leaders in making improvements, he could claim no honour as a pioneer, while the vastness of his enterprise brought staff problems of unusual magnitude. Whiteley, who sometimes got into trouble from his readiness to act as arbiter in domestic disputes, was a patriarch ruling his family of assistants, and not a few of his customers, with a rod of iron and a bland smile which did not conceal his intense ambition.

Born in 1831, Whiteley was apprenticed to a firm of drapers in Wakefield. He visited the Great Exhibition in 1851 and conceived his plan of building a vast emporium to supply everything from a pin to an elephant. He was sufficiently a child of his age to add to his business knowledge and acumen the moral aphorism of "add your conscience to your capital", but a better motto was "ladies, it shall be done". He turned Westbourne Grove from Bankruptcy Avenue, in 1863, into one of the wealthiest parts of London in ten years. He gave the impression that he was willing and able to buy up and under-sell all competitors. But the hostility of the Paddington Vestry and his fellow shop-keepers did not last for ever, since, in the long run, he was the means of introducing good business into what had been a bad and poverty stricken district. Whiteley, however, was concerned only with the furtherance of his own concerns, and dressing his shop windows—in more ways than one.

Yet Whiteley must be admired for his business sense and courage. He was

frightened of no man—nor of the *Bayswater Chronicle*—and he stood up to five big fires with amazing fortitude. At the age of 75 he was still active and still controlling in large part the company which managed Whiteley's. But in his own stores in January, 1907, he was murdered by Horace Rayner, who claimed to be Whiteley's illegitimate son.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

GERMANY AND A LIGHTNING WAR, by Fritz Sternberg. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

This is an important book, considering the times in which we live, and it is well that the English reading public should have access to it in translation, for the subject matter with which it deals lies very near home. Briefly, it is a close and studious examination of present day Germany's war potential as compared with those both of her probable enemies and likely friends, and in this consideration it deals with the alternative possibilities of a world war from the outset of hostilities or of a war which, originally confined to Europe, shall eventually embroil mankind. Dr. Sternberg is amply protected against a charge of loose thinking or speech at hazard, for the conclusions which he comes to, and the arguments throughout, are based entirely on quotations from a German source, comprising articles from a censored Press, from military publications, as well as the inspired utterances of various well-known men who are interpreting the Nazi policy. The book makes clear the vital need of Germany for a quick decision in the war which looms ahead, showing that neither her military nor her economic machine is calculated to withstand the strain of protracted operations, and that in her preparation processes, which now consume her energy, she is so devising them. In the author's opinion, however, nothing is less likely than that a lightning stroke would give her victory, whatever the forces in alliance ranged on her side or arrayed against her. In Soviet Russia, for instance,

which has otherwise made enormous industrial strides since Czarist days and is now well organized for military production, Germany would encounter a geographic punching-ball and waste the precision of her carefully contrived mechanism for war on a vast territorial expanse with no particular vulnerability about it. In the west, on the other hand, she would come up against a re-armed France able, as well as she, to wage warfare in accordance with the most modern technique and quite powerful enough, on that account, to resist effectually a military walk-over. A strong point is made of the fact that compulsory military service was not re-introduced in Germany until 1935, and that, in consequence, the classes of the years 1901-1913 have not as yet been called up and have received no training. Something under 2,000,000 men of military age are thus involved, and, although this gap can be narrowed by intensive effort during the next few years, it cannot be filled altogether. Germany, it appears, will still forever have 20 per cent. of her armed requirement short of self-sufficiency, and always a woeful lack of oil and ore. Moreover, owing to her scheme of preparation she will enter on a war at very nearly a peak point of production and with little prospect of increase, for war's effort must cause it gradually to decline. Her potential enemies, on the other hand, the democratic States, being predominantly on peace-time bases of production, will have room to turn about in and quickly develop their industrial activities. But it will be on her home front, the author thinks, that Germany may be weakest, for he makes the reader aware of much repressed and hidden opposition to National Socialism in the country. This will find a ready outlet when Germany goes to war, for all her manpower will have to be impressed, and large elements of it, permeating the military and labour ranks, will then be able to voice their disaffection and wonder what they are fighting for. To combat this a reign of terror will ensue, and with regard to such a policy of

harsh restraint the author is convinced that the army will disagree. The book brings comfort to those who are apt to be mesmerized by Germany's display of power, for it prophesies that when her first blows are spent without avail she will crumble as she did before.

L. E. O. CHARLTON.

LETTERS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Selected and edited by Dr. Kurt Jägow and translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. *John Murray.* 18s.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT, by Hector Bolitho. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 12s. 6d.

"When all is considered", writes Dr. Jägow in his Preface, "it is in essence due to the merits of the German prince . . . that to-day the British monarchy is able to command the power, prestige, and internal strength, required by the British Empire to hold together its self-governing members, and to take rank as a World Power". That an editor of his letters should pitch the claims of the Prince Consort rather high is quite natural, and does nothing to detract from the opportunity, which consideration of these two volumes offers, of re-assessing Albert's character and his influence on public affairs. Queen Victoria, we know, was at her worst when questions of general principle cut across her personal preferences. And in learning to distinguish between Melbourne and Peel in their capacities as more or less agreeable personal advisers and in their capacities as leaders of great political parties with the right, in certain circumstances, to form governments, she was greatly influenced by her husband, who was at his best on such occasions. It is going too far to assert that without Albert she would never have learnt this lesson, and therefore that he saved the Monarchy; and her different relationships with Disraeli, Gladstone and Salisbury after his death show that Victoria never altogether understood the implications of constitutional monarchy and cabinet government.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Mr. Bolitho's book is the way in which he makes and develops the point that Albert, while he undoubtedly cured Victoria of her early priggishness and made her very happy, also curbed her spontaneity. In so far as the two achieved a true harmony it was due to her subordination to his views, and the tragedy, which it is possible to read between the lines of his letters, is that he never found in her the intellectual companionship for which he craved. The Prince was above all an intellectual, and, as Dr. Jägow suggests, it was probably a sense of frustration which drove him to overwork and so exhaust himself. "The donkey in Carisbrook", he writes to the Princess Royal in 1860, "is my true counterpart. He, too, would rather munch thistles in the Castle Moat, than turn round in the wheel at the Castle Well; and small are the thanks he gets for his labour." Poor Albert chose the treadmill because, being human, he could not enjoy the thistles alone.

His letters reveal Albert as an affectionate husband, a devoted but over-anxious father, a careful and humane student of affairs; they throw light on his courage, his unselfishness, his faith and his fundamental and unquestionable goodness. They also go far to justify the suspicion which the narrow-minded, ignorant, prejudiced Victorian middle classes entertained towards him, based though this was on entirely wrong reasons. They were entitled to distrust him, not because he would write to the king of Prussia as "one German prince speaking to another", but because of the academic cast of his mind and the personal and political misunderstandings into which this led him. In Dr. Jägow's volume letters to German relations and friends predominate, and in his misreading of the German situation all his defects appear. Knowing, as he did, Prussian history, the methods by which Prussia's power had been established, and the subordination of her middle classes to a military aristocracy, he was yet able to

look to her "one central authority, capable of defending law and liberty" as being the great hope for Germany, and to complain naively that she was seeking to Prussianize Germany instead of Germanizing herself. His superior knowledge and intellect were able to override the surer instincts of his wife and her Ministers.

That his lack of realism was due to lack of humour is an explanation acceptable to English minds. There is some evidence in support of it in his letters:—

"The day following we had our *bal costumé* of the Charles II. period, which went off really very brilliantly and transported us quite into his times. Yesterday I presided at the Jubilee Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. . . ."

He could devote immense care to a subject and entirely misunderstand it. Thus in a long disquisition to his daughter on constitutional monarchy we find him recommending that the Sovereign should fix the principles of policy, leaving only responsibility for their execution to his ministers—and this only a year or two before Bagehot published his classic work on the Constitution. In short, both the letters and Mr. Bolitho's interesting, if rather slight, book, give us the same picture, of a man who took his knowledge of life from books rather than from the original.

W. T. WELLS

LAST STORIES, by Mary Butts. *Brendin Publishing Co.* 5s.

NINE YEARS IS A LONG TIME, by Norah Hoult. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1938, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

After the Great War the clock stopped shortly after midnight, and a nightmare life prevailed. Walking in the Waste Land, wearing the bottoms of your trousers rolled and muttering to yourself or your straw-filled neighbour were the chief recreations. For there was

still a deathly hang-over, and those black post-war years were, for some, just crammed full of nothing but despair. Some groped about, vaguely communicating with their spiritually dumb neighbours, searching for some way out. Their salvation lay in bringing about a new Life or in leaving the world with a whimper. If you were not constantly attending your own funeral you would often find yourself following someone else's. It was a period epitomized by those two novels Johan Rabener's *Condemned To Live*, and Louis Ferdinand Céline's *Journey To The End of the Night*.

These last thirteen stories of Mary Butts are about people who have suffered the effects of this period of desolation—people whose struggle to achieve a spiritual, moral or intellectual integrity after the shattering effects of the war. For the most part they do not seem to get past a vain and cruel conflict with themselves. In the story *From Altar to Chimney-Piece* there is just such a character. Since the war he had never achieved full life again.

"They castrated me," he used to tell himself. "I'm just alive, but only just. I can't use all myself. Like a man who plays clock-golf perfectly, but not on the links. There must be a million or so like me." Mary Butts constantly poses the question—'How can these people get back?' That they get back is imperative, for, occasionally, one glimpses potentialities, great human potentialities, in these frustrated middle-class people that could bring about a great and real Civilization.

Of Norah Hoult one can say that her concern is a world of poor, pleasant and prudent puppets. If she is gossiping in idiomatic Irish about how some Tinkers dumped a corpse in an unpaid-for coffin there's an end to it. She will tell a story just for the telling of it and she is at home anywhere. From a drawing-room full of children, brimming with happiness, she will take you for a session with a roomful of bored, conventional adults. This jump is no mean feat—from Tinkers to Toddlers,

then away to a room supercharged with inhibitions—but it seems easy enough to Norah Hoult. I admire Norah Hoult as an artist who performs wonders on the flying trapeze.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien states in the foreword to his annual fare that "inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past," and that this state of affairs will continue as long as we fail to exercise greater artistic discrimination. The stories, then, which Mr. O'Brien has selected, render life "imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form." I feel the same might easily be said of a Stilton dressed to death by Messrs. Fortnum & Mason. However, Mr. E. J. O'Brien has succeeded in compiling a good representative standard of English and American short stories. Mulk Raj Anand has a story *On The Border*, one of the finest in the English section. Describing the annihilation of an Indian village, the terror of a woman searching among the flames for her child, Raj Anand, achieves a great deal more than "organic substance"—he indicts that imperialist inhumanity which expresses itself in the bombing of working-class or slave communities. Elizabeth Bowen, H. E. Bates, James Hanley and many other established authors are well represented. The American section, however, will be, to many, a Strangers' Gallery. This introduction is extremely valuable. Incidentally, William Saroyan and James Thurber are among those who are not present.

Max Wood.

JAPAN THE HUNGRY GUEST, by G. C. Allen. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

IMPERIAL JAPAN, by A. Morgan Young. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

These two books form a good complement to each other, full of interest for general readers and indispensable for students of the internal throes, prime cause of so much external misery, through which Japan is passing.

Professor Allen's book is the more impressive because he has the deepest affection for the Japanese people, among whom he made many friends during his years as a professor at Nagoya. When he left Japan in 1925 Liberalism was in the ascendant, Karl Marx was read and discussed as freely as any other social writer. When he returned in 1936 Liberalism had been trodden underfoot, press and platform resounded with bombast about Japan's imperial destiny, an Osaka manufacturer was afraid to give him information on economic facts without getting the Army's permission; and, symptomatically of the new spirit, a movement had begun to change the name of "Japan" to "Nippon" for foreign use, as it was "held to be derogatory for the country to be known abroad by a name derived from the Chinese pronunciation of the characters in which the Japanese wrote the name of their country".

The chapter entitled "Japan into Nippon" is particularly interesting, showing the struggle between Liberalism and the Army which culminated in the frightful mutiny in Tokyo on February 26, 1936, which, as Professor Allen says, "could never have occurred in a country in which acts of violence directed against unpopular persons were frowned upon by public opinion". The subsequent quarrels between Army and Diet were perhaps chiefly remarkable for the success of the Social Democrat candidates at the spring election of 1938—a party without organization, liable to have its meetings suppressed by the police at any moment and in a country where trade unions are forbidden. The background of this ominous fact is well shown in Professor Allen's fine chapters on economic conditions and the life of the working-classes. It is worth recalling that Belgium, with a greater density of population, supports her people on a higher standard of living than Japan, where indeed the standard is steadily declining.

Professor Allen hopes that the last impression of his readers will not be

"of the Japanese in their capacity as empire-builders, in which they reveal their worst qualities". Let the readers turn back to his earlier chapters in which he so charmingly describes the graces and merits of the Japanese people. But the plain fact is that they are going through nothing less than a dangerous revolution, the outcome of which fills their friends with alarm.

Mr. Morgan Young was for 14 years editor of the "Japan Chronicle", well known as an accurately informed and unflinching critic of the shortcomings of Japanese life. This book is a continuation of his former history of Emperor Taisho's reign, and it throws a lurid light on the Japanese *descensus Averno* since the movement towards Liberalism born of the Washington Conference and sedulously fostered by the high-minded Baron Shidehara. It is not possible to appreciate what is happening in Japan to-day unless one realizes that the Meiji Restoration was no true revolution. Feudalism merely changed its form, not its reality. The power once wielded by statesmen of the first rank—all dead except the aged Saionji—has been seized by a group of military fanatics, allied with a tyrannous bureaucracy and the most detestable police in the world. Mr. Morgan Young's description (unfortunately not to be doubted) of the savage treatment of those merely suspected of radical thought makes one's gorge rise. In contrast, a financier who swindles the public out of millions escapes with a nominal sentence, and political assassins are hailed as national heroes. At the trial of the murderers of Mr. Inouye and Baron Dan, the prosecutor himself is found making excuses for them, and one of the judges actually had to retire because the murderers complained that he had insulted them.

It is well to remember that there is another side to Japanese character, and there are other men of standing very different from those who now traduce her. How and when they will regain their influence is a crucial question, for Japan, and for the world.

O. M. GREEN.

HUMAN NEEDS IN MODERN SOCIETY
by B. T. Reynolds and R. G. Coulson.
Cape. 10s. 6d.

POLITICS AND MORALITY, by Don Luigi Sturzo. *Burns, Oates and Washbourne*. 7s. 6d.

The title of the first of these two books indicates what the authors believe to be the most important one among the many contributions they have to make; namely, a long discussion, in rather abstract terms, of the basis needs of human personality and the social means for their satisfaction. I am inclined to think, however, that the real value of this interesting and stimulating account does not lie at all in the authors' attempts at improving psychological and sociological theory. The first part, dealing with human needs in general, contains no more than a slight modification and popularization of MacDougall's psychology, and few psychologists will agree with so one-sided an approach to so vast a subject. Neither can the second part, called "a society in transition" and dealing with the social maladjustments of our time, claim much originality. It is the third part, called, quite misleadingly, "human needs and society to-day", which must attract the attention of all those concerned in any way with social welfare work. For this third part contains a detailed account of a very humble but very interesting experience.

Both the authors had been army officers dissatisfied with a peacetime officer's job, had both resigned service with the forces and had both, after many attempts at finding some humanly satisfactory occupation, joined hands in an effort at running unemployed classes on somewhat unusual lines. What the method really was, it is difficult to describe in a few words, for, again, the idea behind the experience is not very original. It is the practical success of the idea which makes the book so interesting. The experiment consisted, in the main, in gradually transforming classes into discussions, discussions into

absolutely informal conversations and conversations into entirely frank talks about every problem which might be important to the men concerned. The key to the authors' success obviously was this absolutely disinterested frankness, their "following the argument whithersoever it leads". There is nothing staggering in that precept, but those who know something about popular education will appreciate the enormous difficulties which beset any effort of putting it into practice. How the authors did it, must be read in their own pages.

The final result, it seems, was a gradual disappearance of the barriers of shyness and prejudice which separated the members of their group from one another, and notably the two one-time officers from their unemployed friends. The authors describe what happened as the creation of a "wider self" in the men. They have no doubt that this widening and intensification of human contacts, and this breaking down of human barriers, led to an improvement of the general standard of the members of the group which, among other things, made it easier for them to find jobs. It is not so much the material fact of unemployment, the authors conclude, which is the chief misery of the unemployed, but their lack of real human contact, and of real understanding between members of different classes. This they regard as the chief evil of present-day society. Here many people will heartily agree. There may be legitimate doubts with regard to the possibility of extending such an experiment so as to make it an agent of profound social change. The authors believe in such a possibility, but it would seem that their success is due not so much to the perfection of their recipes but to their personal qualities. But the creation of a new spirit of community is important, even within the narrowest boundaries, and wherever it happens something of the original Christian community has been created again, as the authors point out.

The problem Reynolds and Coulson approach from the angle of a small group, Don Luigi Sturzo, former leader of the democratic catholic party (Popolari) in Italy, approaches from the angle of statesmanship. How can the religious values of catholicism be maintained in the modern body politic? And in what sense does this body need a religious substructure in order to exist? For Don Sturzo, democracy and religion belong essentially together. For him, the anti-clericalism of most continental democracies was one chief reason of their breakdown. Democracy, in his view, can only exist where the eternal values taught by religion are respected. The core of democracy is the respect of the human personality, or more simply of the individual human soul. Therefore, for Don Sturzo, democracy is closely related to those mediæval societies which, while based upon a definite social hierarchy, respected every individual in its particular sphere.

Starting from these assumptions, Don Sturzo, in terms often recalling the formulæ of F. A. Voigt's *Unto Cæsar* concludes to the absolute incompatibility between every form of Christianity and any form of the totalitarian State. For the totalitarian State denies the value of the individual soul and *must* be anti-Christian.

This collection of articles written at various times, but all in the same spirit, deeply steeped in both modern political wisdom and in all the intellectual refinements of catholic moral theology, ought to be serious matter for reflexion to all those catholics who, in order to fight "red" bolshevism, accept the brown and black bolshevism of the various fascist brands. Don Sturzo's book is filled with an undertone of deep complaint about these tendencies so strong in present-day catholicism; tendencies which, while protecting the formal integrity of the catholic church—and not even that very successfully—sacrifice the substance of every basic item of Christianity.

F. BORKEAU.

STORY OF A LAKE, by Negley Farson. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

AFTER THE DEATH OF DON JUAN, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

NOAH PANDRE'S VILLAGE, by Salman Schneour. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

SNAKE IN THE GRASS, by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

Negley Farson is a well-known journalist whose autobiography, *The Way of a Transgressor*, has been one of the principal successes in the recent flood of foreign correspondent memoirs. In *Story of a Lake* he makes his *début* as a novelist. This is a large, rambling, incoherent story of the life and loves of a foreign correspondent, and inevitably the plot is confused and distorted by invasions from Mr. Farson's autobiography. The hero may be fictitious in essence, but there are many occasions when he withdraws and leaves the stage to the author. These journalistic interpolations are never dull, and the best of them—notably, a

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survey of American industrial problems—are of more worth than anything else in the book. Nevertheless, *Story of a Lake* professes to be a novel, and in terms of fiction these journalistic asides are an encumbrance. The fusion of fiction and autobiography is one of the hardest problems a novelist can face; Mr. Farson's headlong attempt produces a massive example of incompetence. The opening section is so muddled that the best course is to begin reading at Part 2. From this point Mr. Farson begins to get a grip on the structure of his story. The chief characters are interesting material: although Mr. Farson can make no satisfactory conclusion about them, he does preserve some of their real-life vitality. Perhaps because they are ambiguous, imperfectly understood, blurred with garish and hysterical colouring, they suggest one of Hollywood's romantic agonies on a modern theme. For all his ineptitude as a novelist, Mr. Farson has the good journalist's flair for roughing out a couple of sketches which Mr. Clark Gable and Miss Katherine Hepburn can glamourize for us later.

Miss Warner's *After The Death of Don Juan* is a windfall for the reader who wants something 'different'. Its wit and its ingenious plot are well out of the run of current fiction. Miss Warner has written a sequel to the Don Juan legend, beginning immediately after Juan's supposed descent into Hell. Doña Ana, whose murdered father handed Juan over to the devils, travels with her husband to Juan's father with the professed intention of breaking the sad news. Her theatrical and lachrymose piety, her husband's petty dullness, and the dilettante irony of Juan's father are all drawn with a delicately shaded wit. Miss Warner plays a dangerous game which might easily degenerate into burlesque, but she has the sureness of touch which will delight anyone with an eye for unobtrusive skill. The world of fine manners is deftly satirized, without the characters being robbed of their essential humanity. At the same time,

the repercussions of Juan's life on his father's peasants is gradually revealed: his extravagance deprives their holdings of the irrigation that is needed, and behind Juan is the amiable fecklessness of his father and a whole order of irresponsibility. The return of Juan focuses the deeper passions which have been veiled by the façade of polite comedy, and the story ends in an abortive peasant rising.

The theme has obvious analogies with modern Spain, but even in the climax Miss Warner is not pulled off her course by propagandist sympathies.

Noah Pandre's Village takes us to another kind of rustic community, a predominantly Jewish village in White Russia. This is a society without sophistication, and the sketches of village characters have the pristine freshness of folk-balladry. Mr. Schneour writes with humour and affectionate understanding of 'the little man', the itinerant bookseller, the ferryman, the coachman, the knacker. These quiet sketches are in the best tradition of regional fiction, evoking the life and spirit of a particular community. *Noah Pandre's Village* is, within its limits, a very genuine achievement—somewhat reminiscent of Knud Hamsun's novels, though in a lighter vein. Mr. Schneour has the gift of entering into each one of the characters, sharing their interest in every detail of the articles they use and the scenes they inhabit. He speaks with a quiet voice, but I think he will make himself heard above the din of much rowdier novels.

In my judgment Martin Armstrong's *Snake in the Grass* has the weary precision of a professional writer manufacturing books as a routine occupation. It is a commonplace chronicle of a family building up a carpet-making business, a study of character in the factory, at home and in public affairs. Mr. Armstrong's style is as smooth and flat as a coin which by constant use has lost the sharp and vivid outline of its design.

A. DESMOND HAWKINS.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The British Government's recent statements with regard to assistance for this country's export trade reveal an unwilling but necessary appreciation of the connexion between commerce and prestige. But, prestige, we are slowly realizing, can no longer be left to take care of itself. And, little by little, England is equipping itself to meet, in the sphere of "propaganda", too, the formidable challenge of rival countries completely free from our inhibitions. Following on the article 'Publicity by Stealth' by Montgomery Belgion which we published last year, we are fortunate to be able to include this month a personal contribution by a distinguished public servant who has long been associated with this work. The name of Sir Arthur Willert is familiar to our readers. After twelve years' service with *The Times*—he was Chief Correspondent in U.S.A. during the World War, with an interval as Secretary in Washington of the British War Mission and as Washington Representative of the Ministry of Information—he was drafted into the Foreign Office and was for many years its Press Officer and head of its News Department. Since his retirement from that post he has made a considerable position for himself as writer and lecturer on matters of foreign policy and national publicity.

In its task of mobilization of the nation for twentieth-century service, Mr. Chamberlain's Government still

reveals a lamentable lack of 'drive'. Hence British politics are still in a state of flux—or perhaps 'surge' is the more appropriate term, since the clamour for a National Opposition resounds with still greater force. The case is briefly stated by J. T. Murphy, who writes from a long-standing inside knowledge of the Labour Party and the trade unions. He is one of the growing number of men of progressive thought who appreciate the need for lifting the vehicle of British politics out of the old ruts.

One measure which must, however, redound greatly to the credit of the present Government, is Sir Samuel Hoare's Criminal Justice Bill. We have asked one of England's leading experts on this subject of penal reform, Margery Fry to contribute a commentary on the Bill. Margery Fry has had a remarkable career of public service—as Warden of University House, Birmingham, 1904—14, then after war service with the Quakers, as Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, 1916—31, as Member of various Government Commissions—and is still gathering laurels. She was appointed in 1937, for example a Governor of the B.B.C. But her main sphere of work has always been that of penal reform, following in the footsteps of her distinguished grandmother, to whom Sir Samuel Hoare is also related.

Octavia Hill, another distinguished woman of an earlier generation, is the

subject of a centenary article from a cousin—the only surviving relative, apparently, bearing the same name. W. Thomson Hill has been gathering material for a biography of Octavia Hill, and he is able to give us an authoritative contribution on two lesser-known aspects of her work. It is fitting that *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, which published so much of her earlier papers, should include this worthy tribute.

If we have given prominence this month to articles of 'domestic' import, it is not that the international arena presents any more convincing picture of 'peace on earth and goodwill towards men'. In Italy, whither Mr. Chamberlain will shortly be making his way, the mood, as depicted by Sylvia Saunders is certainly not encouraging. The author was formerly a correspondent in Italy for the *Manchester Guardian* and, by periodical visits, keeps up her lively interest in that country's dynamic development.

Elizabeth Monroe, who sketches on a broader canvas German aspirations in the Mediterranean area, has scarcely any need of introduction. For many years she has been a principal member of the Information Department of Chatham House (Royal Institute of International Affairs), and her recent book 'The Mediterranean in Politics' has, rightly, earned general commendation. She was among the contributors to the recent important series of broadcast talks on the Mediterranean in the National programme.

The article on Dr. Negrin's Thirteen Points is perhaps more timely than most people realize. When they were

first proclaimed last May they did not get the attention they deserved in England or in France, where minds were prepared for an early Franco victory. Subsequent events have effectively confuted that idea, and any one who has recently visited Government Spain must realize that the principles and practice of the Negrin régime are such as to appeal to all patriotic Spaniards, who are appalled at the ravages of foreign intervention. W. C. Atkinson is an old contributor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. He is Professor of Spanish at the University of Glasgow, and wrote a very good little historical primer on Spain two or three years ago.

Robert Machray is another old friend. His first-hand account of developments in the Baltic region confirms the general impression that the German colossus already effectively dominates Europe. People who talk lightly of this seem to forget that Britain is in Europe.

The affairs of Europe have overshadowed all else in recent months. But readers of newspapers may recollect the sudden flare-up of 'the Irish question' in the form of pronouncements from Mr. De Valera and Lord Craigavon at the end of October. Harold Brown, a Dublin journalist, provides an admirable conspectus of the eternal problem of Irish Unity.

The paper on the American Novel by Michael Sadleir is based on an address to the English Speaking Union some months ago. The author is, of course, the son of Sir Michael Sadler. He is well known as author, critic and publisher, and has been a Director of Constables since 1920.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

No doubt it will be remembered that last month there appeared on the inside back cover of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* an appeal for the Middlesex Hospital, built by the generosity of the public, but now lacking in the necessary funds for maintenance. Could anything be more tormenting? The hospital was rebuilt in 1935 and greatly enlarged. There are now 602 beds open, as opposed to about 400 in 1924. There is space for the opening of another 100 beds if and when funds are available. The Hospital is poorly endowed, receiving approximately £26,000 per annum, or one seventh of its annual expenditure. For the rest the Hospital must rely on the generosity of the public and on the contributions which the patients, often out of very restricted incomes, can afford to make towards their treatment. Each in-patient costs £5 4s. per week, although the maximum of economy consistent with efficiency is practised. This cost is due in part to the great cost of maintaining such departments as the X-Ray Diagnostic, where over 50,000 films are taken in a year, and the Meyerstein Institute of Radio-Therapy, by the installation of which the Hospital can claim to possess a unit for the treatment of cancer by radium and X-Rays second to none in Europe. To readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* it should be a privilege to give whatever they can to the great cause for which the Middlesex Hospital is working. We have used the word *generosity*, when referring to the public, but there is little question that where the work of hospitals is concerned, and especially in this case where there is cancer to be fought, it is not a question of generosity but one of urgent need.

* * * * *

The Exhibition of Scottish Art opens at the Royal Academy on January 6. His Majesty the King has consented to lend a number of works to the exhibition in addition to a collection of Scottish weapons. Many other important collectors have lent important works, including the Earl of Strathmore who lends from Glamis a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen's grandmother, Frances Dora Countess of Strathmore, by Robert Herdman. George Jamesone, Scotland's earliest native painter, will be represented by seven works including a self-portrait in which he is shown wearing his hat. Charles I. granted Jamesone the privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence when he painted the King's portrait and thereafter he wore his hat in all company. The exhibition will be worth much more than a fashionable visit.

* * * * *

Major Charles Van der Byl of Wappenham House, Towcester, founded the Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign in 1929, and it has now encircled the world. He was a personal friend of Grey Owl, and they had agreed to help each other in their work of protecting the creatures of the wild. Major Van der Byl says that he cannot understand how any woman can be induced to wear these skins after listening to Grey Owl or reading his books,

and he advises anyone, who has not done so, to read *Pilgrims of the Wild*. Major Van der Byl continues to send out free leaflets at the rate of well over a thousand a week. These contain a White list of furs which have not been obtained by torture and may therefore be worn with a fairly clear conscience. He asks for help in his campaign.

* * * * *

" There is still time to see the " Babes in the Wood ", a political pantomime at the Unity Theatre. The robbers, of course, are Hit and Muss, the wicked uncle—equally of course—Mr. Neville Chamberlain, but it is the weakness of the English character, or possibly its greatness, that it sees the funny side even of power-politics. Sincerity is the corner stone of all Unity theatre productions but even Mr. Chamberlain could not fail to be amused by his living caricature, who struts about the stage carrying his umbrella and assuring the children that everything will be all right this time. The production is splendidly entertaining from start to finish, the chorus singing excellent, and some of the individual performances and the individual songs first-rate.

* * * * *

Your attention is drawn to the " Special Peace Number " of *The Aryan Path*, which is regarded as a contribution by the Editors of that paper to the solution of the many problems which must be dealt with for the establishment and maintenance of world peace. The contents include, " The Foundations of European Peace " by Sir Norman Angell; " Right Economics for World Peace ", by Richard B. Gregg; " Educating for Peace: Community of Blood or Community of Thought? " by H. N. Brailsford; " Organizing for Peace: Free Trade and Disarmament " by C. E. M. Joad; and " The Churches and World Peace: The Betrayal of Christ " by Gerald Bullett. Other contributors are Hamilton Fyfe, Stella Gibbons, Hermon Ould, James Truslow Adams, Cecil Roth, Kwaja Ahmad Abbas, William Harrison and Dr. L. P. Jacks.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1939

PROBLEMS OF THE SPECIAL AREAS

BY SIR GEORGE GILLET

IF the Special Areas are not nearly so much in the " news " as they were two years ago, this is partly due to the foreign situation, but also, perhaps, to the fact that some improvements have taken place in the areas since that date; and furthermore, because the vast majority of people in the country have realized that no wholly satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been evolved. The experience of the Labour Government indicated that " relief works " would in any case only touch the fringe of the problem; even the great re-armament programme still leaves us with not far short of two million unemployed. The solution of the problem of the " areas " is all a part of the greater problem and will only be finally solved when the larger question of how to provide work for all is answered.

Meanwhile the areas have their own special difficulties; they suffered more than other parts of the country in the great depression because they were districts largely dependent on one or two industries, coal and iron. Ever since the great coal dispute of 1926 the coal trade has been endeavouring to recover from the injury the conflict inflicted upon it. But recovery was largely prevented by the swift developments in the use of oil, by the desire of other nations to increase and develop their own coal supplies, and, from a labour point of view, by the increased use of machinery, which is all the time making it harder for the unemployed miner to find a new job.

Unlike most industries the coal trade has developed communities of people, living often in small towns and villages, with coal as the central interest round which the life of all the inhabitants moves. Then one day the mine closes, it cannot pay its way or it is worked out, and at once the life of the community comes to a standstill. If this had happened fifty

years ago, before the unemployment insurance scheme and public assistance provided allowances on which it is possible for a man and his family to exist, the people would have been compelled to move away or starve. But now our social services just make life possible, and so on the Welsh hills, along the coast of Cumberland and in the wide open spaces of Durham are to be found these communities of men and women living their starved lives and hoping that some day the mine may re-open or work may be provided for them in some other way.

There can be no doubt whatever that in England, Wales and Scotland the work of the Commissioners' Departments during the last four years has helped in many ways to relieve the strain. When Sir Malcolm Stewart started he was quick to see not only the economic and moral effect which prolonged unemployment has on those who unfortunately suffer from it, but also the difficult position in which the local authorities were placed in carrying out the duties imposed upon them to maintain their public health services. They obviously lost much revenue and as often as not found it hard to put into effect works urgently necessary on grounds of public health. He was, therefore, able to assist local authorities by grants from the Special Areas Fund for such important duties as sewerage works, water supplies, assistance to hospitals, maternity and child welfare centres, etc., and that work has been continued, so that up to date we have paid or promised a sum exceeding £5,000,000 for this work alone.

Anyone with an intimate knowledge of the areas, and of South Wales in particular, will know how much the lives of the people in the scattered communities depend upon the social life which they themselves create. In South Wales, for example, it is well known that the churches and chapels were in times of prosperity the central point of the social life of each small community, and in this Special Area alone the churches, exclusive of the Church of Wales and the Roman Catholic Church, have debts amounting to £400,000 and find it difficult to pay the interest on those debts. It will thus be seen how much, in at least one aspect of the people's lives, prolonged unemployment has had serious effect. It has, however, been possible to assist by grants in the formation of clubs for men, women, boys and girls, in the establishment and assistance of social and educational

settlements and in providing school camps. From my own knowledge of social work in London I am convinced that the Fund has been able to give valuable help in the maintenance of morale amongst the people in these areas.

But I do not propose to dwell upon these sides of the Commissioners' work, important as they are, but rather on the larger aspects of the problems the areas have presented. The first is the question of "Location of Industry." Already as the result of Sir Malcolm Stewart's representations, a Royal Commission has been appointed to report on this question. But events have not waited for that report, and the crisis of last September opened the eyes of many people to the folly of extending the area of Greater London in the way it has been expanding during the post-war years. The crisis has, at any rate, produced one good result—and may have done what no Government would have attempted to do, namely, stressed the need for the restriction of the growth of Greater London. When once that becomes a fact the chances of the Special Areas receiving new industries will be very much increased. Whether the Royal Commission will suggest that the Government takes powers to give it some voice in deciding where factories are to be placed it is impossible now to say, but there is another side of the problem and that concerns the right of an industry to move away from the place where it is established. In big centres like London and Birmingham the removal of even a large industry does not prejudice the whole life of a community, but in a small town it has disastrous results. Schools and hospitals and other amenities of life have been provided by the local authorities only to be left upon their hands, probably with the debts they have incurred in providing the buildings, whilst the rates the large works were paying also come to an end. On the other hand the place to which the works are removed may be in the country and then the local authorities are expected to provide these very facilities which have been left behind at the former place. All this can be done to-day without the community having any say in the matter, and the reason for the removal may only be because the firm think that in the new place extra profits can be made, perhaps by reduction of costs. For large industries permission to move the works should have to be obtained from

some Government Department who should be authorized to hold a public enquiry, if objection is raised, before giving their decision. It will probably be found that the enormous strain on industry of trying to hold its own with the great dictator States, where the State exercises more and more control, will compel the smaller industries of this country to accept certain measures of State control, and amongst others it may be found desirable for the community to indicate where industrial development shall take place. This country will not be rich enough to afford the luxury of discarding towns and villages; it will have to see, when one industry passes, whether it is not possible for others to take its place before it finally pronounces its doom on a district.

As already stated, the problem of the unemployed is really a national question; pensions cannot be provided for persons living in areas of acute unemployment and be denied to unemployed, say, in London or Preston—provided pensions are considered as one way of meeting the difficulty. But the areas can provide useful information as to how the unemployed persons are standing up under the strain of long unemployment and how far our relief measures are meeting their needs. After all, measured in the life of a nation, the Unemployment Insurance Acts, and the Unemployment Assistance Board, with the relief they are providing, are fairly new ventures in our social life. Millions are expended on the relief of unemployment for which nothing is asked in return. There can be no doubt that, except in the case of an older man or a sick man, this kind of assistance can only be justified where it is being provided for a short period in order to tide a man or woman over the few weeks that may elapse between the loss of a job and the finding of another. This is the intention of the original insurance scheme, and it performs a very valuable social function.

When the weeks pass into months and then into years the problem presents a different aspect. This is what has happened to so many men in the areas, unfortunately to too many young men. From leaving school they have had little or no chance of work. Is it to be wondered at that such circumstances, in some cases, encourage slackness and lack of enterprise? The wonder rather is that in so many cases the young man surmounts the

difficulty. But it cannot be denied that circumstances are making it very hard for a lad to prevent himself drifting and becoming inclined to accept life upon the "dole." It is a factor the Government will have to face. After all, if our industry cannot carry all the workmen we have in the country, then we should attempt to see how far it is possible, first to take the older men and the unfit men out of the market, secondly to try and see how late we can make it before the young lad or girl enters industry. In the third place the increased number of women in industry requires careful consideration. The majority of industries now being introduced into the areas come under the heading of "light" industries. As such they are less susceptible to fluctuation in trade than the heavy industries on which in the past the Areas almost entirely depended, and it was therefore felt desirable to cater largely for this special class of industry. But light industries mean women and juvenile labour. In July, 1937, the Ministry of Labour published figures showing the number and percentage of males and females aged 16 to 64 years insured against unemployment in Great Britain. It is an interesting fact that the two Divisions of the country showing the lowest percentage of women's labour were Wales with 11.7% and the Northern Division with 15%, against the figure for the whole country of 27.2%. So it is clearly the right line under present circumstances to provide these new factories and estates; even if numbers of women and juveniles are employed they are also giving work to hundreds of men.

But the crisis, if it helped us to realize the danger of a Greater London, has also shown that there is a great deal of work that requires doing. In my last report I have pointed out what useful work has been done by the schools, in the way of school camps. The money has been provided from the Commissioners' funds and in some places permanent wooden huts have been erected for the use of the children. This idea, as Lord Portal has already suggested to the Home Office, should be enlarged. Holiday resorts will be required and also, if war unfortunately should break out, accommodation for the children from London and elsewhere will be wanted. Why cannot we get some of these young unemployed men to work on these jobs? Just as the big road contractor takes labourers about with him to do the work,

so organized groups from the Areas might be taken to construct this accommodation.

There may be other work which requires doing, for which use might well be made of the unemployed of the Areas. They should be given a chance because one of the difficulties of living for long on State assistance is that the scale cannot be other than a bare subsistence. If it is only required, as I have already stated, to carry a man over a few weeks it may be sufficient for that purpose. The recipient can do without certain articles for a short time, he may buy no new clothes, but he cannot do without these things for years. That is why even temporary work is hailed with so much pleasure. For a time more money comes into the home, and some of the wants can be supplied.

Meanwhile, whatever may be done on these lines, the main work of my Department must be to build factories, develop the Trading Estates and try to induce industry to go to the Areas. Already two Trading Estates have been established. The small industrialist seeking a site for a new factory is attracted to the admirable facilities provided so freely on Estates like Trafford Park and Slough where, among other advantages, he is able to obtain suitable factory premises on lease and is perhaps repelled from the Special Areas by the lack of such facilities. Private enterprise has hitherto refrained from establishing such Estates in the Areas. Two companies, not operating for profit, have been established and financed from the Special Areas Fund to acquire suitable sites and equip them with the necessary facilities to erect buildings for letting on short lease at fair rentals; thus there is no direct subsidy to industry. The Boards of Directors (which include a representative of the Government) serve in a voluntary capacity. It has been said by one well qualified to speak on such subjects that those responsible for a Trading Estate Company should not be unduly depressed if development is slow. It took the Trafford Park Estate many years before they were able to show results, and that Company has been nearly forty years reaching its present satisfactory position. It would, therefore, be foolish to expect immediate and spectacular results from the Estates in the Special Areas; nevertheless the outlook is distinctly encouraging. The Team Valley Training Estate, which is 700 acres in extent

was started in June, 1936. At the moment 103 factories have been erected and tenants obtained for a further 18. On the Treforest Trading Estate, near Cardiff, which is only 300 acres in extent and was started in December, 1936, 42 factories have been built and tenants obtained for a further 15. Nearly 3,000 workers are already employed in the factories on both these Estates, and many hundreds of men have been employed, since their inception, on the development work. The West Cumberland Development Company has powers to erect factories in that area and a start has just been made with two at Maryport, one at Millom, two at Cleator and one at Whitehaven.

The North East Trading Estates Company and the South Wales Trading Estates Company also undertake on behalf of the Commissioner the erection of factories outside the Estates proper, and in the North Eastern area eight are now in production at Tynemouth, St. Helen Auckland and Sunderland. In the South Wales area sites have been cleared and factories erected at Llantarnam, Cwmbran, Cyfarthfa, Ynyswen, Porth, Pontypool and Dowlais.

It must strike any student of social affairs how unusual a thing it is for a Government Department to be carrying on active business building factories and, through its inducements, giving relief in the payment of rent, rates and taxes. Yet this is what is being done, and it corresponds with an unusual demand from men of other countries desiring to come and establish industries in this land. Probably never since the days when the Huguenots, flying from France under the persecution of Louis XIV, came and established their industries here, have we seen such an invasion. Hundreds of applications have been received by my Department, many no doubt of little value, but other cases well worthy of consideration, and already some have started work and are giving employment to British men and women. I call to mind one case of a former Austrian firm carrying on an export trade to that country which is now operating from a town in one of the Special Areas.

* * * * *

So many parts of England are being spoiled to-day, that it makes one wonder what England will be like in fifty years time. When I first visited the Special Areas soon after my appointment

they seemed to suffer from some very bad eyesores. Merthyr with its terrible unemployment figures had at one end of the town the Cyfarthfa site, an untidy reminder of a great past; at the other end of the town in Dowlais were all the ruins of the Guest Keen works upon a larger area of land. Sights such as these must all add to the depression resting upon a town; certainly it had that effect upon me. I suppose if no Commissioner's Department had been in existence these ruins would still remain. But my powers allowed me to clear them, and to-day a factory is nearly finished building at Cyfarthfa, whilst Dowlais has had a large area cleared with already one or two factories built upon it.

On the banks of the Tyne, with the help of the Tyne Commissioners, a number of unsightly ruins are being removed and a large area of ground in Gateshead is being purchased and tidied up ready for new houses and factories. To a smaller extent similar work is being done in Cumberland, all work that badly required doing, work too that will make the place more attractive to go to. Another eyesore that has been prevented rather than removed is Maryport Harbour. For some time the sea has been slowly undermining it, whilst the Company owning the harbour had no funds to make good the damage already done. Money has now been provided to repair the harbour. No more depressing outlook for a town could be provided than a ruined harbour being gradually washed away by the sea. There must be many parts of the country where work of this kind must sadly require doing, but it is doubtful whether any authority has power to spend money in this way.

Another interesting experiment is in the provision of houses to relieve the acute overcrowding problem in the Areas. Owing to the fact that the payment of the Exchequer subsidy in respect of houses built by the authorities themselves is conditional upon the local authority making a contribution from their rates, many of them have found it difficult, owing to their straitened financial circumstances, to comply with this condition and so obtain the advantage of the subsidy. The North Eastern Housing Association has therefore been set up by the Commissioner to build houses to accommodate families displaced as the result of action taken by an authority to eradicate slums or to abate

overcrowding, and houses so built attract the normal Exchequer subsidy. Through this assistance 4175 houses have already been built in the North Eastern Special Area and the total programme involves the construction of 14,160 houses in the North East and 1,780 in the West Cumberland special area. The erection of the 16,940 houses will involve a total expenditure of nearly 8½ million pounds.

The work of the Commissioner's Department has been made possible by the help given by numbers of people who serve on Trading Estate Boards, on Development Councils, the Housing Association, the Land Settlement Association, and in many other ways. Help of this kind, combined with the excellent work of the staff of the Department, has made it possible to do what has been and is being done. It is quite a unique experiment but at any rate it illustrates how a special difficulty can be tackled on democratic lines.

THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT

BY RONALD CARTLAND, M.P.

AT the present time we in this country find ourselves more concerned with the maintenance than with the progress of Democracy. Gradually a spirit of defeatism has become engendered in our people, not so much by the vaunted triumphs of four-year plans and gigantic armaments, as by the persistent suspicion that in the modern world our methods are old-fashioned, that Parliament, in particular, is behind the times and that the democracies must always be outmatched by the ruthless, relentless competition in peace or war of those who are opposed to them.

It is not only a difference of purpose, and of will-power—on which the writer published some observations in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* last August. The whole British system, our traditional way of life, is on trial. The theory, once almost universally accepted, that the individual has rights has been banished not from one country but from many. And the organization of Government, keyed to a pitch so far unknown, has been employed to make that banishment absolute. Formerly, nations at least paid lip-service to the code of decent treatment for men and nations. Boys and girls are now being taught that such decency is democratic and despicable.

Great Britain's first need is the security of her national existence. And national existence few people would measure to-day solely in numbers of men and guns, or in statistics of trade, but in immeasurable ways of life and unanalysable traits of character. National security in the last resort depends on the individual, not because he can carry a rifle or work a lathe, but because he is the epitome of his country.

It follows, therefore, that, confronted with the challenge of the Fascist Powers, the citizens of a democratic State must have first of all a clearly-defined and understood purpose which

they will accept as the foundation for their country's motives.

Have we at the moment any such generally accepted and recognized purpose, on which men of all parties—and of none—unite? Meaningless platitudes about Democracy, interpreted according to taste, are not enough. On certain occasions, in times of crisis, a national will is revealed, but for the most part positive belief is displaced by negative emotion, easily raised, changeable and most insidious of all the positive virtues.

Those who are concerned with public affairs, and particularly those in whose hands temporarily the control of the country lies, would do well to focus attention on the machinery by which the policy of Governments is put into operation. In some countries to-day, indeed, organization has become a policy. Certainly, the method by which policy is translated into action is, nowadays, as important as the policy itself. No Government in England, since the War, appears to have had a full realization of speed, in conception, decision or execution. Yet speed to-day is the most powerful item in the behaviour both of men and Governments. How often in the last few years have indecision and procrastination been the charge brought and proved against those responsible for governing the country? Are there not innumerable examples of conflicting policies being pursued at the same time? Of violent efforts having to be made to overcome long neglect? Of irreparable damage done through lack of foresight and forethought?

As the avoidance of waste, human and material, is the lesson of nineteenth-century England, so the development of energy properly controlled and organized, is the lesson of the twentieth. Broadly speaking, there are two aspects of human progress: the progress made in scientific and industrial development, and the progress made outside the realms of Science and Industry. A large margin divides the two: the former has outrun the latter. We are continually in the position of trying to make re-adjustments to reap the benefit of scientific and industrial progress. Frequently, indeed, that progress, because of our failure to advance in other directions, proves not to be the boon eagerly sought for.

If we are to correct the tendency, we must discover where the fault lies. It is foolish to patch with sticking-plaster if a major

operation is the real remedy. Is Parliament to blame? It is the authority of the nation. Has the Parliamentary system outlived its usefulness? Profound changes have certainly taken place in the character and duties of Parliament and of Members since the start of the present century. The growth of the Labour Party, and its close relationship with the Trade Unions, has led to what might fairly be called Trade Union delegacy in the House of Commons. The growth of employers' organizations, and large-scale enterprises, has led them to seek means whereby their views and interests shall be voiced in Parliament. Universal suffrage, with the resultant huge electorates, has made it impossible for a Member to speak to his constituents personally, and thereby has encouraged the power of the party caucus. Social legislation has increased the burden of a Member's work so that probably half his time is occupied with constituents' personal cases and complaints. The general result appears to be that, coupled with the increase in technical and complicated legislation, the House has lost its corporate sense. The man who has views is thought less well-of than the man who has experience, and he is regarded almost as an interloper in debate. Specialists are in demand. Yet a body of specialists is exactly what the House of Commons ought not to be.

More serious is the stricture to be made on the way in which the Executive conducts its business. The habit of dealing with immediate needs, instead of seeking for ultimate causes, has become normal practice. The next election is at the back of Government's mind all the time; 'always put off till tomorrow what may cause trouble to-day' is accepted as good sense and sound morality. A nation of sleeping dogs has come to be regarded as the highest tribute to a democratic Government. This is a charge which might rightly be brought against Parliament as a whole, were it not for the relationship of Parliament to the Cabinet. Due to modern complexity of legislation and administration, the House of Commons, except on rare instances, is the servant of the Cabinet. True, the Cabinet must always bear in mind "the nature of the brute", but in general and particularly since 1931, the Executive has had a free hand.

Methods of legislation have changed, too. The post-War trickle of Orders and Rules issued from the Privy Council and Government Departments has become a stream. They exceed the number of Acts in any year by about three to one. Parliament has not the time to check these Orders: only the more vicious perhaps may result in public and, eventually, Parliamentary attention. As Lord Hewart has said: "We do not want a vast army of anonymous officials, hidden from view, above the law, and administering a topsy-turvy system whereby the servants of the public would become its masters". Yet, while many people deplore what is happening, nothing is done: Ministers adopt the attitude of least resistance and the weapons for injustice and tyranny happily accumulate. In recent years, a shadow Parliament has grown up through the creation of a number of Boards and Statutory Bodies with wide powers, divorced from all Parliamentary and juridical control. At a time when foreign countries tend to increase the sphere of political control, we lessen the responsibility of Parliament more and more. Not necessarily on that ground would one challenge the Import Duties Advisory Committee, the Unemployment Insurance Committee, the Marketing Boards and so on. Unfortunately, this new development in administration seems quite haphazard; these extra-Parliamentary bodies are confronted with questions of public policy which they are quite unable and have no right to determine. They have either to pursue their own policy, irrespective of Parliament's actions in other spheres, or await some decision from Parliament which may be directly contrary to their previous intentions.

The present Government organization largely originated to meet the widening in the functions of the State which followed on the Industrial Revolution. In the last thirty years, Departments have been added, either as the result of some great legislative change, or to cope with some pressing need. There has been improvisation and little co-ordination: although there have been Committees to report on the matter, there has been no re-organization.

A Committee of the Ministry of Reconstruction on the Machinery of Government, for instance, presided over by

Lord Haldane, made a survey of the whole administrative field in 1917 to 1918. They reported in December, 1918. Their proposals have been ignored or forgotten. In 1921, Sir Eric Geddes' Committee on National Expenditure, made another survey, though the field was viewed only through financial spectacles : likewise Sir George May's Committee in 1931.

But on no occasion has any Government set its hand to reform of the machine. To-day it is an urgent and essential problem ; if we are to keep our place in the world, we must provide ourselves with an efficient instrument capable of devising and enforcing policy.

* * * * *

The Haldane Committee laid down the main functions of the Cabinet as follows :—

- (a) the final determination of the policy to be submitted to Parliament ;
- (b) the supreme control of the national executive in accordance with the policy prescribed by Parliament ; and
- (c) the continuous co-ordination and de-limitation of the activities of the several Departments of State.

They went on to suggest that the Cabinet should be small in number, preferably ten, or at most twelve, Ministers.

On the question of the formulation of policy they said :—

" We have come to the conclusion, after surveying what came before us, that in the sphere of civil Government the duty of investigation and thought, a preliminary to action, might with great advantage be more definitely recognized. It appears to us that adequate provision has not been made in the past to the organized acquisition of facts and information, and for the systematic application of thought, as preliminary to the settlement of policy and its subsequent administration ".

Mr. Amery, who for many years had made a study of this problem and has thought as deeply and written as authoritatively as anyone on the subject, from his own long experience bears out the Committee's contention. He complains, surely with justice, that a Cabinet consisting of a score of over-worked Departmental Ministers is quite incapable of either thinking out a definite policy or of securing its effective and consistent execution. He, too, favours a smaller Cabinet : he suggests six members as its maximum. In the recent crisis, last September, the day-to-day decisions were taken by an Inner Cabinet of four. But three of them were Departmental Chiefs. Mr. Amery would have no Departmental duties attached to this Higher Cabinet.

There is no doubt that such a Cabinet will eventually come into existence, if only because of the remorseless pressure of events, particularly those which have their origin overseas.

A newly elected Prime Minister, with courage to face his expectant and disappointed colleagues, could do it and give his administration immense advantages from the start, and his successors would call him blessed!

What of the Cabinet's staff? The Haldane Committee, as long ago as 1918, envisaged a Ministry of Intelligence and Research. Mr. George Catlin in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* eighteen months ago argued for a body which would be available for consultation by the Government on issues of " long-distance " research. Such a technical staff as he envisaged would not speak on matters of policy—that would still be the province of Ministers. Its sole injunction would be to tell the truth, to report on facts. There has been wide support of the idea of an Economic General Staff. There is to-day in existence the Economic Advisory Council and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, but we are still a long way from that thinking staff or Ministry of Research, which both the Haldane Committee and Mr. Catlin had in mind and which would appear to be essential, if Ministers are to watch the trends of the time and govern this country by any other than empirical methods.

Even in statistics we are woefully lacking. No business could be successfully conducted if its records and progress charts were as antiquated as most of the information on which Government has to draw.

There is, of course, the Committee of Imperial Defence ; but a Cabinet has to consider and take decisions on things far less tangible and far more inflammable than defence. And it is strategy in the wider sense which tends to be sadly neglected.

Within the last twelve months, three major problems have confronted the Government and still require solution. If they could not have been forestalled, at least diagnosis could have been undertaken and before they became acute we could have had the possible remedies prescribed.

Our export trade is facing novel methods of competition. Firms are now competing not against foreign firms, but against nations. An economic war, in which individuals, however

enthusiastic and painstaking, fight a well-armed, disciplined foe with unlimited resources, can have but one result. There is wide agricultural distress. Proposals are made in desperation for a Royal Commission. But immediate measures are required. And soil fertility, afforestation, crop rotation and the economics of the industry on the right solution of which agriculture's future depends, are subjects for long study. That industrial location is a problem is now generally recognized, but that the creation of distressed areas was inevitable was foretold in 1924, when the symptoms were already apparent owing to lack of foresight in earlier years.

The extraordinary achievements of scientific research should encourage us. How much have we received for so little spent! The Government seem strangely reluctant to acknowledge in tangible form what is, after all, National benefit. But the best tribute to scientific research would be an extension of its methods to other and wider spheres. Scientists themselves, not the most politically-minded of men, are convinced of the need for close co-operation between science and politics.

Yet even if reforms on these suggested lines were accomplished, there would remain for overhaul Parliament and the organization of Government Departments.

To-day, the House of Commons has resigned its place as watch-dog of the public purse. "Estimates" have ceased to be what their name implies. Discussion centres on how to spend, never on how much. The only check to expenditure is the Treasury. It occupies a commanding position. But Treasury policy may not be national policy, and Government Departments may suffer from a form of malnutrition. One wonders whether much of the criticism recently directed against the Service Ministries—and those in charge of Civil Defence—should not be more properly levelled against Treasury Chambers. This, by no means exonerates Parliament, which appears no longer to have the aptitude to direct public funds to the Nation's best advantage. The control of finance by Parliament, let it ever be remembered, is the basis of the Parliamentary system.

The pressure on Ministers and Members may be held partly to account. The time-table is over-crowded, and Ministers are forced to devote much of their time to resisting criticism rather

than to expounding policy. Departments are in the position of being always on the defensive. Back-bench Members are burdened with work much of which is outside their true Parliamentary duties, but which because they are Members they feel obliged to do. The claims of vast electorates, of public functions, with the popular idea of an M.P. engendered by the Press and numerous philanthropic bodies, incline them to concentrate on criticism and objections to some specific proposal. It has been suggested that one remedy which must be put into operation without delay or dislocation is the extension and adaptation of the system of Standing Committees. Responsible to Parliament, they would be able to survey the work of the Departments with greater precision and regularity than is done nowadays by the whole House at the time of the annual estimates. In the case of Foreign Affairs, Imperial Affairs and Finance, smaller Committees, whose proceedings would be secret, might be instituted. Sir Arthur Salter has urged, in particular, the setting up of a Foreign Affairs Committee, arguing that no one without a knowledge of the defence position could properly come to a judgment on the situation last September. Composed of a number of well-tried and universally respected Members of the House, of all parties, the back-bencher would be able to seek guidance, as at present he is unable to do. Machinery existing in France and the United States encourages the belief that some such development is possible here: it would be bound, of course, to have a far-reaching effect on the party system.

In the last issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, Sir Arthur Willert wrote on the need for national advertisement. The medium which he would use was the type of work now so admirably performed by the British council, considerably expanded. But such activities are for foreign consumption. At home, a Ministry of Information might serve the very useful purpose of making known Government services, and of relieving Members of Parliament of being regarded (and having to act) as Social Service Encyclopædias. It might undertake the propaganda which has become now an inevitable part of any new Government scheme. How welcome a ready-made organization would have proved to successive Ministers of Transport, to Sir John Anderson and Defence Ministers in urgent need of recruits!

A re-organization of Government Departments, and their co-ordination with the Statutory Bodies and the various extra-Parliamentary Boards, involves little more than re-planning according to function.

The key to the situation is the Cabinet. Much more depends on its reform than the creation of an efficient machine to expound and execute national policy. That is very necessary. But it is the inefficiency and lack of national effort which is regarded as a symptom of the democracies' decadence. Tired, over-worked men, employing outworn machinery, can never give to a country the leadership it requires. By overhauling the machinery of the State we may at last give leadership its chance. And without leadership Democracy is doomed.

LABOUR AND THE FASCIST SPECTRE

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

FROM the welter of hysterical emotionalism, propagandist lies and political manœuvres known as the "Munich Crisis", one main fact emerged. Conservative statesmanship had won the most spectacular triumph of the century. Four years ago, it was faced by a Peace Movement of such dimensions that it could not have contemplated fighting any war whatever. The Labour leaders had threatened a general strike to prevent war; the Peace Ballot had shown that, on the side of peace, there were more people than had ever voted for any political party; and a Tory Premier had to confess that the state of the country, under this inspiration from the Left, was such that he dared not even advocate rearmament without the certainty of defeat at the polls.

By September, 1938, all that was changed. The Trade Unions' enthusiasm for armaments outran even that of the armament firms; the "International Peace Campaign" urged a policy amounting to a world war with an energy that was frightening; the mantle of imperialistic militarism had fallen from the shoulders of the old *Morning Post* on to those of the *Daily Herald*, which wore it, if not with dignity, at least with delight; Labour leaders like Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. A. V. Alexander grew lyrical about the duty of protecting the Empire; Mr. Attlee made a speech which, substituting 'gallant little Belgium' for 'democratic little Czechoslovakia', might have been delivered by a nice recruiting-sergeant in October, 1914; and a puzzled Government found itself in the position of being popularly acclaimed as the 'Peace Party'.

Seldom can there have been so complete a *volte-face*.

But equally disturbing was the effect in the Labour Party itself. As a rule, the internal discussion is between the advanced Socialists, represented in the popular mind by Sir Stafford

Cripps, and the non-Socialist trade unions led by Citrine and Bevin, affectionately known as "the Laurel and Hardy of Transport House". The issues between the two sections are often debated with sufficient vehemence to cause the Press to refer to a 'split' in the Labour Party. But the crisis brought them together in a unanimity which was as sudden as it was surprising. Sir Stafford's organ, *The Tribune*, was no less militant than the *Daily Herald*, the Trade Unions' vehicle. Mr. Gollancz's Left Book Club whooped into the fray with its variegated following of near-intellectuals and Communists, unsure of everything but that Soviet Russia was the earthly paradise. So there remained no organ of 'Left' views to voice the opinions of the rank-and-file Socialists who remained true to their principles—who refused to be enthusiastic about a war to defend British Imperialism, even when represented as on behalf of 'democratic little Czechoslovakia'.

The Crisis produced, moreover, such a crop of experts as can surely never have been seen before in England. In any pub. you could meet half-a-dozen men, otherwise undistinguished, who knew the exact strength of the Russian Air Force, the inner mind of Hitler, the reactions of the German people, the secret policy of Mussolini and the ramifications of the Versailles Treaty. (They always called it the Versailles Treaty, though the one in question was that of St. Germain.) In the clubs, men pontificated at greater length but with even less intelligence on matters of which they knew nothing whatever. And deeper and deeper gloom descended on the genuine Socialists who, while having every sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, wondered why, with ten million people in England existing at starvation level, thousands of pounds should be sent to the Czechs and not a farthing to our own distressed areas.

Something, they thought, seemed to have gone very wrong with official policy. A peace movement had, apparently, been transformed into a war party overnight. "Official" Labour found its spiritual leader in Mr. Duff Cooper, whom for years every shade of Labour opinion had been denouncing with unparalleled fury as an arch-reactionary. The Labour leaders, realizing the extent of the party's revolt against them, dared not

call that special conference of the Labour Movement which was insistently demanded from every quarter.

Meanwhile the Conservative Government smiled contentedly, having achieved the apparently impossible feat of gaining Opposition support for an unlimited armaments programme.

How had it been done? How was it that the Labour Movement which, since 1920, had been clamouring for justice for the Sudeten Germans suddenly announced that it was prepared to risk Armageddon to prevent it? The answer, elusive at first, suddenly crystallized. It had been done by one word "Fascism". "Fascism" had become a propaganda swear-word, the exact equivalent of the war-time "Hun". It was so charged with emotional associations that it could hardly be used in argument any longer. The accusation "Fascist" had—from the opposite angle—all the irrational hatred of the Jew-baiter's "Dirty Jew!" It was possible to stampede the Left into any war or indeed any policy whatever, provided it were represented as an 'anti-Fascist' crusade.

The reason for this was not far to seek. 'Fascism is the organized expression of the capitalists to stick at nothing in order to stay in power'. This, *ex cathedra*, had become the Left view. To question it, in Left circles, was to be dismissed as certainly a fool and probably a knave. "How can we even reason with men", cries Mr. John Strachey, "who do not grasp this most basic of all facts of the world situation to-day?"

This belief and this belief alone was, it gradually became clear, the sole reason for the extraordinary behaviour of the official Left during the crisis. They were convinced that in fighting the German people they were fighting Fascism and, therefore, capitalism. Had the Bruening Government demanded the return of the Sudeten areas, Labour would have done its best to ensure that the British Prime Minister arranged their surrender more quickly than in fact he did. Had the German Republic demanded Tanganyika, and a Tory Imperialist Premier showed signs of refusing it, Labour might well have risked a general strike. But return either to German Fascism *i.e.* (aggressive capitalism)? Better go to war and exterminate Western civilization altogether.

That 'basic fact', must, one felt, be extremely well-

authenticated to lead to such stubborn conclusions. Consequently it was with some surprise that, on looking into the matter, one found that it was not a fact at all; that there was not a shred of evidence to prove it; and that it was merely an assumption based on a belief in the infallibility of Karl Marx.

Marx predicted a final struggle of disintegrating capitalism; what, in fact, happened was the appearance of Fascism. Therefore Fascism is the final struggle of disintegrating capitalism. That is the argument. There is no other and there never has been.

Here, then, was a singular flaw in Socialist thought. Had it been a matter of mere intellectual debate, it would not have mattered overmuch. But its consequences were not confined to theoretical speculations. They had brought the world to the very edge of war. A movement which, after 1918, had said—and meant—“Never again!” had been fooled by it.

The parallel with the years of the Great War was uncomfortable. After 1918 every man and woman of the Left thought that experience had brought wisdom. Never again would they believe atrocity stories or be stirred by hatred of the ‘Hun’ and similar mythological figures. Never again would a ‘Hang the Kaiser’ election sweep the country. And twenty years later the official leaders of Labour fell, without any exception but Mr. Lansbury, for precisely the same propaganda. And all because of an unthinking and inaccurate identification of ‘Fascism’ with ‘capitalist aggression’, on the basis of the infallibility of Karl Marx.

To quote Mr. John Strachey again :

“It is quite untrue as is sometimes alleged, that the Fascists are simply a gang of criminals ruling Germany for their own benefit. They are a gang of criminals, but they are ruling Germany on behalf of and in the interests of the German capitalist and landowning class. Nor could the Nazis ever have got power, nor could they hold it for a month, if they ceased to represent the interests of this owning class”.

The difficulty is to prove or disprove this assertion. Facts and figures, in so far as they are available at all, are immediately repudiated by one side or the other as propagandist inventions. Nor is there room in a short general article such as this for detailed analysis. But it is notable that the more intelligent Socialist writers, such as R. H. S. Crossman, are fast abandoning

the nonsense of the “Capitalism’s Last Ditch” theory of Fascism; and I may be allowed, perhaps, two quotations from sources which cannot possibly be accused of bias in favour of Fascism. One is from the *News Chronicle* and the other from the *Daily Herald*.

A Correspondent of the former, analysing the present opposition to Fascism in Germany, wrote :

“Among the former ‘haves’—the old aristocracy, the former ‘upper classes’, whose standard of wealth and whose power has dwindled so greatly—there is a growing desire for a return to the ‘good old times’. Many of them would welcome a war—believing that a war would probably restore the military caste to power right away and that a lost war would certainly destroy the Nazi party, with its socialist policy of destroying class and making great extremes of wealth increasingly difficult; and secure a return of the system under which they at least would be prosperous and powerful again”.

The same writer points out that

“some of the most intelligent of the young people of the working class support them (the Nazis) because of their socialism, which is far deeper and more real than is often realized in England”.

And this is from the *Daily Herald*’s picture of the capitalist’s position under Fascism :

In Nazi Germany, with certain important exceptions, dividends over 6% may not be paid; and profits over and above that level have to be subscribed to Government bonds. In Italy and Japan, too, the big capitalist, individual or corporation, is virtually compelled to accept the Government’s new bonds in return for cash profits.

Secondly, in all three countries, the capitalist is forbidden to convert his fortune into the currency and securities of a foreign country, ‘to take his money abroad’. Worse still, he is compelled to hand over the foreign securities he already holds in return for his own Government bonds.

So this is the capitalist’s position under a Fascist government. He keeps his paper claims to wealth, mostly by compulsion, in his own Government bonds, and he draws his income from them—but for how long? And how much are a Fascist’s paper promises worth? Neither he nor the Government knows. And that aching question makes the big capitalists feel secretly much less happy under Fascism than they doubtless expected when they helped it into power.

No one could pretend that these were pictures of the Socialist Commonwealth, but they might well pass for sketches of the transition stage through which—even on the Marxist admission—society will have to pass on its way there. And they certainly suggest that, under Fascism, a far greater measure of practical socialism is being achieved than was noticeable in this country, even under its Labour administrations.

The Fascist's conception of himself as the destroyer of capitalism seems, thus, to be far nearer the truth than his opponent's caricature of him as its ruthless supporter. And the practical danger that faces the Labour Party to-day is a failure to realize that the main body of recruits to fascism is from the *Left*; that they are gained by the very arguments which we socialists are using to try to convert them to socialism; and that as long as we persist in assuming that 'fascism' is capitalist tyranny and 'democracy' socialist freedom—instead of 'fascism' being *socialist* tyranny and 'democracy' *capitalist* 'freedom'—political alignments will remain in a state of chaos which must eventually lead to disaster and war.

Why, then, should the idea of Fascism as a capitalist, anti-socialist force have gained such currency? Because, mainly, of the German persecution of the Jews and suppression of the Trade Unions. Here, again, there is a failure of logic in the popular Left view. And the initial mistake of identifying Fascism with capitalism is hardly less disastrous than the secondary one of equating Socialism with Semitism and Trade Unionism.

To take the Jewish problem first.

In the first place, there is nothing exclusively 'Fascist' in the persecution of the Jews. That unfortunate race has been persecuted by every nation which has harboured it from the time of Moses onwards. We ourselves have a most unhappy record in that respect. Russia has an even worse one: France, at the time of the Dreyfus case, was not a shining example of tolerance; and the memory of what the Jews suffered in Spain still lingers in the mind of anyone acquainted with history. Anti-semitism in Germany is no more the work of 'Fascists' (if words mean anything) than the Pharaoh of the Exodus was a 'Fascist'. It is a pathological outburst of mass-sadism directed against a time-honoured scapegoat. That these manifestations have taken place under the Nazi *régime* and have been to a certain extent encouraged by it is true, but in our just horror at racial persecution and our indignant contempt for those who countenance it, we tend to overlook that what sub-stratum of reason there is in anti-semitism has nothing to do with race at all.

For the second thing to be remembered is that, as Marx himself said, "anti-semitism is the socialism of the stupid man". Where the politically educated says 'capitalist', the stupid man says 'Jew'. Where the enlightened socialist inveighs against monopolies, the irrational one sees a Jewish conspiracy. And the reason for this is twofold. In his individual experience (and this seems to have been particularly true of Germany) the capitalist often is the Jew; and the Jew, for centuries, has been the accepted symbol of money-power.

Undoubtedly it was the persecution of the Jews which, in the first place, swung world opinion against Fascism. Emotional horror, not reasoned objection, was the factor which made many British socialists clamour for international justice for Germany before Hitler came to power and, immediately afterwards, shout even more loudly for a policy perpetuating the injustice of Versailles. The arguments advanced for the change: 'These thugs are not fit to govern' or 'The Nazis do not really represent Germany' were obviously little more than rationalizations of an instinctive revulsion.

The effect, however, was undoubted. From that moment "Fascism" ceased, to the ordinary man, to have any political meaning at all. It became an epithet interchangeable with "tyrant", "torturer" or "mass murderer". History suddenly teemed with "Fascists" from Herod the Great to Catherine de' Medici. Even literature was not safe, when a Fellow of All Souls discovered that Christopher Marlowe was "Fascist-minded".

Thus did the anti-semitism of Fascism provide its own nemesis. By making cool argument out of the question, it ensured a simplification of the problem which was a falsification. None the less, if it is still possible to disentangle threads which seem to have become hopelessly intertwined, it will be found that the anti-semitism of Fascism, far from being the same as anti-socialism, is, in essence, possibly only "the socialism of the stupid man".

But what of the attack on the Trade Unions?

Here again, two points must be borne in mind. The first is that the structure of the Labour Party in England has no parallel elsewhere. Herr Egon Wertheimer, writing in 1929, said;

"The foreign Socialist, undertaking a study of the British Labour Party, is met by the surprising fact that its organization completely departs in every way from all that he has hitherto thought desirable and necessary. Accustomed to a solidly organized party rising like a pyramid on the units of the local branches, the interlocking organizational basis of the Labour Party and Trade Unions in Great Britain comes as a complete reversal of all his ideas. On the Continent the various Socialist parties have for the most part been built up along the lines of individual membership and owe their main strength to the small local groups . . . On the Continent it is at least theoretically possible that the Trade Unions could be crushed without inflicting vital injury to the political movement".

When, a few years later, the Trade Unions were crushed in Germany, British Socialists—arguing from their own eccentric system—immediately assumed that socialism also was crushed. This deduction they confirmed to their own satisfaction by pointing to the triumph of 'Fascism', (which, of course, they identified with capitalist aggression). It did not occur to them then—nor has yet—that to the ordinary German socialist Fascism might be merely socialism freed from Trade Union tyranny.

The second point is that, here in England, the Trade Unions are not Socialist. As *The Observer* so correctly observed in a recent issue "a prosperous and efficient trade unionism is among the truly conservative forces of the nation". This merely confirmed what Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Transport House 'boss', had already admitted: "There are thousands of our people paying the political levy who are not conscious Socialists. We have got to acknowledge it. They are not tied to the political party in the same sense that the individual member is . . . and the leaders of the Trade Union movement have a very difficult task in keeping the political consciousness of their membership up to concert pitch". And in England Fascism itself started by Sir Oswald Mosley being driven out of the Labour Party by the Trade Union block vote because he persisted in advocating a plan which, according to the Labour Party Executive, implied too great a measure of socialism to be practical for a minority government.

It seems then that anti-Trade Unionism does not necessarily imply anti-Socialism, and that Fascism, however inimical it may be to Trade Unionists and Jews, is not, on that account, any less a species of socialism. Indeed, it might be argued that, since Jewish finance and the Trade Unions are both pro-capitalist

forces, Fascist opposition to them is a further proof that it is exactly what it says it is—a method of destroying capitalism more quickly and efficiently than can be effected by a parliamentary Labour movement.

The reason that I personally am a socialist and not a fascist is that the two distinguishing characteristics of fascism—government by corporations and national self-sufficiency—seem to me to be undesirable, unnecessary and impractical. Consequently I am far less likely ever to 'go fascist' than those of my colleagues who hate fascism without having troubled to examine it. But at the same time, I fully realize that socialism has far more in common with fascism, both in its motive and in the end it desires, than it has with democratic Conservatism (which is merely a mask for plutocratic tyranny) or with the Whig branch of Liberalism.

The real genius of capitalism in its struggle for survival is that it has set its two enemies, socialism and fascism, at each other's throats. It has divided to rule. And nowhere has the manoeuvre been exhibited with such startling simplicity as during the present fateful days. A Conservative Government (the white, if not the last, hope of world capitalism), seeing in a strong fascist (i.e., *socialist*) Germany a threat to British Imperialism is calling for a war to crush it. All it needs is a breathing-space in which it may conscript the nation and rearm to the hilt. The one difficulty standing in the way of its plans might be a socialist and progressive movement, which until a few years ago resisted rearmament, repudiated conscription, agitated against imperialism and put peace in the forefront of its programme. Without the co-operation of this movement, its war plans will fail. But it has had one astonishing piece of luck. The anti-capitalist movement in Germany has attacked, in pursuit of its socialistic policy, the Jews and the Trade Unions; and in England the main propaganda organs of Labour—the *Daily Herald* and the Left Book Club—are controlled by Trade Unionists and Jews. There is thus no need for anti-German propaganda from the Conservative side, since it is provided with a steady consistency by the scribes of English socialism.

MEDICINE AND RELIGION*

BY LORD HORDER

ON the first sabbath after the crisis last autumn, as I "listened in" to the strains of "O, God our help in ages past . . ."—that sonorous and stately hymn—I could not help asking myself the question, 'but when are we going to begin to help God?' I hope that does not sound blasphemous. Is there not something just a little craven, and just a little childish, in the haste, and in the regularity, with which we fly to this invocation, both when we are in serious trouble which a little more vision and a little more moral integrity might have avoided, as well as when, by the skin of our teeth, we find ourselves effecting a temporary escape from an immeasurable calamity?

Again and again we exhibit this same mean and childish behaviour when we are faced with the threat of bodily disease or accident, as also when we are faced with the threat of sudden and serious disaster to our country.

The familiar maxim "God helps those who help themselves" is so trite that its real significance is often overlooked. But I believe sincerely that the health of the body politic and national security are closely related with the themes of Medicine and Religion. And I have the impression that the relation of the one to the other, their interaction, has eluded the minds of many of my fellow-men to-day. To illustrate what I mean I may perhaps quote from a letter which Miss Edith Sitwell has preserved in her recent book on Queen Victoria.

This letter was written in 1847 to the Presbytery of the city of Edinburgh on behalf of Lord Palmerston, in reply to a request that he would, as Prime Minister, order a day for a national fast in the face of a spreading epidemic of cholera.

*Based on an Inaugural Address given at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh on October 11th, 1938.

"Sir" (the letter reads)

"I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to state that there can be no doubt that manifestations of humble resignation to the Divine Will, and sincere acknowledgments of human unworthiness, are never more appropriate than when it has pleased Providence to inflict mankind with some severe visitation; but it does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment.

"The Maker of the Universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet on which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or neglect of these laws. One of these laws connects health with the absence of those gruesome exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposing substances, whether animal or vegetable; and these same laws render sickness the almost inevitable consequence of exposure to those noxious influences. But it has at the same time pleased Providence to place it within the power of man to make such arrangements as will prevent or disperse such exhalations as to render them harmless, and it is the duty of man to attend to these laws of nature and to exert the faculties which Providence has thus given to man for his own welfare. Lord Palmerston would suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue, to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval that will elapse between the present time and the beginning of next spring in planning and executing measures by which those portions of their towns and cities which are inhabited by the poorest classes, and which, from the nature of things must most need purification and improvement, may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence to be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, then is the time to invoke a blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"HENRY FITZROY".

It is not so much of specific manifestations of medicine and religion that I wish to write. Let me step back and look at the subject broadly and philosophically. First of all there is the important matter of definitions; that is not nearly so difficult in the case of Medicine as it is in the case of Religion. I can accept the dictionary definition of Medicine as being the "science and art concerned with the alleviation and prevention of disease and with the restoration and preservation of health". We have come to regard "prevention" of disease and "preservation" of health as of greater value than the "cure" of disease and the "restoration" of health, but the dictionary definition is at all events historically accurate.

When we consider Religion the choice of a satisfactory

definition is not at all easy. It is not until I come to the fifth in the list given in the Oxford Dictionary that I read one which seems to me to embrace the facts as we meet them in actual life. I certainly do not mean by Religion "a state of life bound by monastic laws"; nor "a particular system of faith and worship"; nor even the "exercise or practice of rites or observances implying a belief in, reverence for, and desire to please, a Divine ruling power". But I do think that Religion may be defined as the "recognition of a higher unseen power controlling destiny and a personal or general acceptance of this feeling as a standard of spiritual or practical life".

Medicine, be it noted, is more than Science. It is Art also, and if we use the word Art in this connection in its widest and best sense—to express skill in the application of Science—it is clear that there is a very definite point of contact between Medicine and Religion. Not only is there no opposition between them, but they can—and should—be made complementary to each other in relation to both the bodily and the spiritual portion of man's life.

For the whole of man, and not merely a part of him, is concerned—or may be—in Medicine, whether this be preventive or curative. And this whole includes his spirituality or his religious temperament.

As Medicine should take Religion into account, so Religion must be willing to be helped by Medicine. For Religion is not fixed and immutable as God is, it is man's conception and realization of God, and this grows and changes with the development of man's nature.

But, though the functions of doctor and priest overlap, this does not mean that they can, with equal success, do each other's work. It means rather that the doctor must be priest in his attitude towards his patient's spirit, and the priest must be doctor in his attitude towards his patient's body. The good doctor will not merely tolerate, still less discourage, the flight, the expansion of his patient's spirit, he will provide the sympathetic atmosphere which makes this easy. And the good priest will restrain himself from thinking that it is a more wonderful thing to attempt to bring about the cure or alleviation of a bodily disease in a supernatural, than in a natural, manner.

For such temptation does exist, has always existed, and will continue to exist so long as magic holds its spell over us.

Spiritual diseases, it is true, can only be cured by spiritual means. Again, the term "spiritual healing" is justified, if it is intended to cover the healing of mental sickness by mental treatment. But in its actual everyday use it refers to neither of these. It refers to the curing, or alleviating, of organic bodily diseases by spiritual agencies.

To advance that the power of the mind over the body is great, and to say that the power of the spirit over both may be even greater—the implication being that spiritual healing operates somewhere in the realm of these two well-known facts is to confuse the issue. Proof that the issue is confused, though not deliberately, is given by the existence of "spiritual healers" who, though no doubt good men and women, are often neither doctors nor priests. The visits of such a person to a very ill patient are not infrequently sandwiched between those of the priest and the doctor.

Spiritual healers are said to possess a special "gift" of healing; that is their claim, a claim which is frequently recognized by what is sometimes called "organized Religion", but which is not recognized by organized Medicine.

To put the position more bluntly, Medicine regards these folk askance, places them with those who talk about "magnetic" and "psychic" powers, and finds it difficult to avoid the term charlatan in speaking of them.

This would perhaps not be very important, were it not that some priests become intrigued by a desire to emulate the alleged successes of the spiritual healer. In my own judgment this is a pity because, by endeavouring to do so, they step down from that high plane upon which their mission is so clear and so successful. I know that they feel they have not only authority, but also an injunction, to do this very work, but this does not change my view that such action is a disservice to their calling.

The alleged successes of spiritual healers fall into three classes, and only three: cases of mental instability, cases of hysterical paralysis, and cases in which pain is lessened or banished.

One who was perhaps the most popular exponent of the "laying on of hands" in recent years, in writing of his experience

says that "the healing of disease, *like the original source of disease*, lies in the spiritual sphere". This attributing of bodily disease to maladjustment of the spirit is, of course, allied to the basis of Christian Science. He goes on to say that, since some physicians pray for their patients, it is just as reasonable for some priests (though he himself was not a priest) to treat bodily ills. But in the list of his successes which follows these and other comments on this particular subject there is not one which convinces the intelligent reader that the disease which was cured or alleviated was a bodily ailment rather than an ailment of the mind or of the spirit.

Most of the cases which he cites were cases of mental illness; one was a drink addict and one was clearly a case of hysterical paralysis. "I am led", he says in one place, "to believe that the divine power can heal all disease and kill the life of . . . germs". The article concludes by a testimonial from "all the archbishops and bishops of the Church of Australia". Says the testimonial, "There are facts of physical healing, complete or partial, immediate or incipient—facts observed, unquestioned, which for our purpose need no more precise definition". But it is just that "more precise definition" which clear thinking demands. Summing up the position the signatories say of the patients thus treated: "Their spirit has been healed of its fear and anxiety", a conclusion with which we may entirely agree.

It will be noticed that in none of these cases is the accepted definition of spiritual healing fulfilled. The treatment of mental disease is through the mind. The basis of the treatment of hysteria is healthy suggestion, so applied as to counter the morbid suggestion which causes the trouble. As for pain, that "worst of ills," I must not stay to discuss its physiology or its psychology; suffice it to remind you that both its degrees, and our tolerance of it, are influenced greatly by the mind and still more by the spirit.

I like that salutary, if bluff, answer that St. Augustine, when old and ill, gave to the man who brought his son to be healed; that if he had any power to cure the sick he would first use it on himself.

It seems to me very improbable that either the doctor or the

priest is conferring real benefit if he chooses a method of treatment which tends to bolster ignorance or superstition in his patient's mind. The doctor, whilst never forgetting that "man does not live by bread alone", is bound to be guided in his efforts by Science to a greater degree than is the priest; yet the priest should, I think, on his part, understand and accept all that Science teaches which can be of service to the Spirit of Man—and himself be a ready medium for transmitting it.

If this be allowed, then to visit the sick room, to don a vestment and to pray may be helpful. But to make certain movements between the patient's body and the open window to indicate the casting out of the evil spirit of cancer or pneumonia are not justified, even if the patient holds such an archaic view of pathology or because he feels better in his mind after the rite is over.

In these matters there are alternative methods of achieving results which do not prostitute reason but which do redound to the glory of God.

Is it a miracle that the patient wants and the doctor or the priest itches to perform? Then does not Science teem with miracles, with mechanisms that lead to infinite wonder? And in the realm of the Spirit is not a miracle that one man is able, by sheer weight of his personality and love for his fellow-man, to put courage and patience and hope into him?

In the early stages of man's history the greater part of Medicine was Magic—the sorcerer's art—and the greater part of Religion was superstition—the exploitation of fear or of ignorance. Mankind is outgrowing these primitive ideas, and if our patients show a tendency to drift back to them we shall help them best by stabbing their spirits "wide awake".

For we should recognize, I think, that there is as yet no universal spirit in mankind but only a desire, a passion if you will, to approximate to the Spirit of God. There is no totalitarianism of souls. For that reason I am dubious of the ultimate value to humanity of the so-called Oxford Group.

One man's conception of God's relation, and man's relation, to the Universe, may be as simple as the first chapter of Genesis; another's may be as complicated as the philosophy of Rudolf Steiner. What matters is his passion, and this it is, like the

lust of the body to live, that the priest must cherish and support.

* * * *

It is of interest to note the relation of Medicine to Religion through the ages. Although we have evidence that in Egyptian times, as early as the sixteenth century B.C., the physician, priest and magician were three separate persons, the tendency in later eras, as in savage races to-day, was to confuse, or to amalgamate, Medicine and Religion. The resultant exponent of both was the magician or sorcerer. Medicine-men were used to drive away rain, for example, by throwing fire-sticks in the air and shouting. When unprincipled they worked on the fears and credulity of the community and were often both rich and powerful in consequence, developing into gods and kings.

This tendency to confuse Religion and Medicine reappears whenever civilization sinks into the primeval slough of violence. In the contemporary world it is seen in modern "faith-healing", Christian Science, and a number of cults and groups. Both disease and its cure come once more to be regarded as "God-given". Only as man gains (or recovers) his spiritual balance does he bear the burden of his own follies and his own negligence sturdily and with dignity.

It was not until Hellenism broke upon the world that we see Medicine and Religion proceeding hand in hand, both being inspired by that simplicity which characterized Greek philosophy and Greek life. In their Religion it is true the Greeks were pagan, "suckled in a creed outworn", but they endowed their gods with all the best qualities of which they themselves were capable. The clarity of their thought allowed the advance of Science and Religion side by side. The Hippocratic school based its tenets solely upon observation, and so, for the first time, laid a true foundation for Medicine. And, though Greek religion was a philosophy rather than a religion as we understand it to-day, Socrates' one aim was to find a basis for the moral and practical life. And to this aim he owes that unique character and personality with which history credits him.

Plato, as we know, strained his philosophy to its utmost to reach an idea of God. His ideal was to identify the super-idea "God" with the good—good in itself and *our* good—and so the Greeks moved a long way towards the immutable God by

loving ever more purely the beautiful, the good and the true.

In this quest they did actually succeed in arriving at an intuition of God that outswept mere philosophy and thus prepared the western world for Christianity. The body was to them a lovely and a noble thing, well deserving of their care. This attitude towards the body made Medicine a pursuit to be highly regarded.

In their Medicine the Greeks achieved a 'Hygiene', perhaps for the first time in the world's history. They were helped thereto by the ideal of man as a harmonious being who might be balanced physically and spiritually, who might be both beautiful and noble. Greek hygiene was, however, a personal hygiene, and it was restricted in its influence to the cultured class. Sociology had yet two thousand years to wait, and Public Health, as we understand it, is a very modern affair.

But the Greeks did succeed in linking up their search for truth and their love of the simplicities of life with a scientific method applied to Medicine. And they did also succeed in effecting so close a union between metaphysics, morals and Religion that though, as already remarked, this union was still only a philosophy, it was a philosophy which had as its object teaching a man to live well and to think rightly about God, the world and himself. And so simple and so thorough was the Greek mind that this philosophy was able to take them further than Religion succeeded in taking some civilizations that followed them.

Plato records that one of the Egyptian priests, who was of a very great age, said: "O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children, and there was never an old man who was a Hellene". Solon in return asked him what he meant. "I mean to say, he replied, that in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition; nor any science which is hoary with age".

This Greek ideal, which I have so briefly sketched, received a severe check during the early Christian era. The body was at first distrusted and, later, scorned. The Church took over the scant records of medical lore and jealously guarded them, not only from use outside but against expansion inside. Through

the long Dark Ages all efforts to add to the corpus of knowledge were frowned upon and their authors severely punished.

With the Renaissance came the re-birth of Science, first in the field of astronomy, and then in anatomy. Medicine was not slow to follow, freeing itself, after a struggle, from the trammels of an ecclesiasticism which sought for a long time to keep control of all knowledge; knowledge was power, and too much knowledge of the body by others was thought to weaken the power of the Church over the soul.

Even to-day all that is not past. A considerable section of the Christian Church still refuses to yield on the subject of biological control of the body, fearing lest it might sacrifice to some degree its influence over the spirit. The past three decades, however, have seen an immense increase in our knowledge of the science of the mind. This science is proving to be of great service alike to Medicine and Religion. In the realm of the mind there exists a common field for action by both doctor and priest, the body and the spirit receiving help along their different yet parallel paths.

By relinquishing the idea of the mind as a transcendental unit the priest does not cease his interest in it. He will prove a better curer of sick souls if he understands a good deal about man's mind, since the spirit has its temporary home there. He will acquire this knowledge but he will not, if he be wise, allow it to usurp the place of Religion in his treatment of the spirit. He will still preach the Kingdom of God and leave the doctor to help the patient resolve his mental complexes.

The claims of the new psychology are, at least, exaggerated. For, after all, mental and spiritual health, just like bodily health, connotes an eventual integration, not a temporary disintegration, and it may well be that it is here that Religion comes in. Psycho-analysis can often free the mind from obstacles to its own vital process, but it cannot make it healthy—that is its own business.

Religion, then, as I conceive it, is an influence of a positive sort, possessing dynamic force, which is not to say that I regard it as being mere Positivism, or Sociology touched by emotion. But I am "left cold", as the saying is, by all cults, and even by all knowledge, that cannot, and is not, translated into terms

of behaviour. Consequently I have not dealt here with religious beliefs which remain divorced from conduct. These "hang like dust about the brain or dry like raindrops on the stones".

And so also when I speak of Medicine, the pragmatist in the doctor takes cognizance only of that part of knowledge that can be used for the healing of the patient—the rest, as Broussais remarked, belongs to the naturalist.

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Slowly—too slowly—but, I trust, surely, Medicine is beginning to realize that, though research is good, though all this rapid accumulation of knowledge is good, new forms of medical service are required. "Health and disease are no longer matters for private concern. The invalid is useless to his community. He becomes a burden to it". Moreover, though the economic problem is largely with the statesman, it is with the physician too. He can tell the fit how to keep fit, and he can tell the near-to-fit how to be quite fit. His power is greater, and wider than ever it was, but he must serve the whole of society, not merely the few who fall by the way-side.

Surely the same call comes to Religion? We hear of "moral rearmament", and not too soon. Passion has gone out of our ideals, and we no longer live as those whose "chief acquaintance is above". Why is this? Romanticists among us would like to turn back to the "good old days" before there came the machines and engines to which their craven souls attribute all our woes. We dare not turn back, if we could.

There are competing tendencies amongst the teachers of Religion to-day as there always have been, between isolated detachment and active social service. Both are necessary for spiritual health, but I suggest that the present need is, especially, in the direction of social service, just as it is in the realm of Medicine.

Cannot we, together, recapture that serenity, that simplicity of the Greeks, that unself-conscious mood in which both body and soul were encouraged to function to their full? Their plea was "not for a life of perverse disputings or busy proselytizing, but only that men and women should look at one another with a clear and steadfast eye, and march forward along the paths they chose with firm step and erect front".

POLAND'S PROBLEMS IN 1939.

BY STEFAN LITAUER

POLAND at the end of 1938 could look back with satisfaction to the settlement of two major problems: Polish Lithuanian relations were restored to a healthy condition, Teschen Silesia returned to Poland.

The most typical embodiment of Polish—Lithuanian affinity was the maker of modern Poland, Marshal Josef Pilsudski, himself a Pole of Lithuanian origin, by whom the removal of the artificial barrier which for twenty years hermetically sealed the Lithuanian frontier against Poland was most ardently desired. The maintenance of her influence among the Baltic countries is one of the corner-stones of Poland's policy, which aims at keeping the balance between her two powerful neighbours—Germany and Russia. Without the collaboration of the Baltic States, whose interest is similar to that of Poland, the policy of maintaining the balance would be upset. A Lithuania that submits to Germany or Russia disturbs that balance and thus endangers the peace in Eastern Europe. But a Lithuania which alongside of Latvia and Estonia collaborates with Poland in preserving neutrality between Germany and Russia contributes towards the stabilization of peace. From the economic point of view, the resumption of relations between Poland and Lithuania is of considerable value as regards transport and communications. It is especially important to Poland that she should be able to float her timber down the Niemen river to Memel, the main port for the export of timber from the vast forests in the Polish hinterland, bordering on Lithuania. To follow up the political, economic and cultural relations with her northern neighbour will no doubt be one of the main objects of Poland's policy in 1939.

The return of Teschen Silesia presents a different problem. Politically speaking, the incorporation of that comparatively

small area inhabited mostly by Poles is not of such great importance; though morally, of course, the return of an age-old Polish province to the motherland was very gratifying to the Polish nation. But the real significance of the incorporation of Teschen Silesia with Poland lies in its economic value: it considerably increased the economic wealth of Poland and was a valuable addition to the Polish industry in Upper Silesia. These economic gains, however, imply also economic liabilities. The Polish Government must endeavour not only to maintain the present economic output of Teschen Silesia, but also to increase its equipment and to strengthen its economic position generally. Hence there arose the need to look for new markets for the products of the heavy industries of that district. This accounts for the initiative which the Polish Government has recently taken to enter into closer economic relations with the Soviet Union, which can provide an important outlet for the industrial production of Teschen Silesia.

Poland entered the year 1939 with two weighty problems still to be resolved: the question of the Jews and the destiny of the Ukrainians. Both are really problems of internal politics though each of them interlocks with foreign affairs.

The Jewish question in Poland has assumed a magnitude which transcends the scope of a purely internal problem. Not only has Poland among all countries the highest percentage of Jews in the whole world, but the social and economic structure of Jewry in Poland is so unnatural and unsound that, overcrowded as she is, Poland has to suffer from the burden of the consequences of that problem more than any other country. The Jews constitute 10 per cent. of the total population of 35 millions in Poland to-day, but the number of $3\frac{1}{2}$ million Jews living in Poland is not evenly spread over the territory of the Republic, in the same proportion. 75 per cent. of the Jews live in towns and are a typically urban population, which compared with Poland's total *urban* population constitutes nearly 28 per cent. The large cities like Warsaw, Lodz, Lwow, Krakow and Wilno are overcrowded with Jews. In Warsaw alone, as against a Polish population of approximately 800,000, there is a Yiddish-speaking population of 340,000. In Lodz the Polish-speaking population number 357,000 and the Yiddish-speaking 192,000;

in Lwow 200,000 use Polish as their language and 90,000 Yiddish.

The vast majority of the Jews in Poland have remained a foreign element. The growing Jewish nationalism was a check even to that limited process of assimilation which was going on previously. During the years from 1921 to 1931 the Jewish factor in Poland underwent a colossal change. While at the census in 1921 out of a total of 2,849,000 persons of the Jewish faith, 2,111,000 declared themselves as Jews not only by race but also by national consciousness and as speaking Yiddish, whereas 738,000 regarded themselves as Poles and gave Polish as their mother tongue; at the census in 1931, out of a total of 3,114,000 persons of the Jewish faith, 2,733,000 declared themselves as Jews by national consciousness and as speaking Yiddish, whereas only 381,000 regarded themselves as Poles. This process has gathered speed during the last few years. To-day not more than 200,000 Jews regard themselves as Poles. Thus a bare 6 per cent. of the Jews in Poland are united with the Polish nation in their hearts and thoughts, and 94 per cent. forming a body of over 3 million people, regard themselves as an alien element. Herein lies the fundamental difference between the Jewish question in Poland and in Germany. In Poland 94 per cent. of the Jews are an alien element, whereas in Germany the great majority of the Jews, probably not less than 90 per cent., represented a thoroughly German element, if not by race, then in their sentiments, culture and language. The touchstone for this is Palestine: 80 per cent. of the immigrants since the Balfour declaration have been Jews from Poland, whilst the Jews from Germany form only a negligible percentage.

If it be admitted that the Jewish question has transcended the bounds of a domestic problem and has assumed international importance, this is true in the case of the Jews in Poland rather than the Jews in Germany. To recognize the Jewish problem in Germany as an international problem is to put a premium on the persecution and forcible expulsion of Jews. On the contrary, to treat the Jewish problem in Poland as one of international interest is but to realize the existence of a state of affairs, which if not solved may lead to grave consequences. If

therefore international committees are now busy trying to organize Jewish emigration for settlement overseas, they should look for suitable material in Poland, where there has always been an adequate supply of emigrants suited for pioneer work, which demands so much energy and sacrifice. The organization of a large-scale emigration of Polish Jews for settlement in overseas countries, and in particular in Palestine, is just as important to the Jews as it is to the Poles, and the Polish Government will certainly have to devote to it much of its time and attention in 1939.

The problem of the Ukrainians is not new to the Polish Government. It has weighed on the political structure of Poland ever since she re-emerged as an independent State twenty years ago. Nobody would deny that the failure to find so far a solution satisfactory to the two sides concerned does not reflect much credit on Polish Governments. Painful as it is, this has to be admitted frankly. But this is not the place to analyse the causes of this state of affairs or to argue who is the villain. No doubt both sides are to blame. Certainly it is not yet too late for a satisfactory solution of this thorny problem. An essential condition is that it must be detached from all influences coming from outside Poland. The problem of the Ukrainians in Poland is a domestic affair, and anyone who has its solution at heart should bear this in mind. This must be especially realized by the numerous friends of the Ukrainians in Great Britain. Above all, it should be recognized that the territory inhabited by the Ukrainian population forms an organic and inseparable part of Poland. Its ethnographically mixed character is the reason why this region must remain within the Polish State. This mixed character renders any attempt at creating an independent State out of the territories belonging now to Poland impracticable. A small Ukrainian State, consisting of the three voyevodships, those of Lwow, Stanislawow and Tarnopol, known as Eastern Galicia, and sometimes erroneously referred to as the Polish Ukraine, which would be governed by the Ukrainians and have a Polish irredentist element, is inconceivable. Such a morbid growth on the living organism of a Polish State of 30 millions, which would remain after deducting the population of this region, is impossible.

It is interesting to compare the actual population figures in this region. The official statistics for 1931 show the following distribution according to the mother tongue : There were in the

Stanislawow voyevodship	1,016,000	Ukrainians, i.e.	66 per cent.
Tarnopol	1,191,100	"	45.5 "
Lwow	1,067,200	"	34.1 "
making a total of	3,274,300	Ukrainians.	

In that region the membership of the Greek Catholic Church is synonymous with Ukrainian nationality. In 1931 there were in these three voyevodships 2,336,200 Greek Catholics. The negligible difference of a bare 62,000 thus roughly corroborates the language statistics. But even if we take the number of Greek Catholics in Eastern Galicia as a basis to compute the number of Ukrainians in Poland, and allow further for the natural increase of the population during the intervening seven years, the number of Ukrainians living in Eastern Galicia cannot exceed now 3,600,000.

If we take the Polish element in 1931, there lived in the

Stanislawow voyevodship	246,000	Poles, i.e.	16 per cent.
Tarnopol	586,000	"	36.7 "
Lwow	1,448,000	"	46.3 "

Finally there are the Jews, who form about 15 per cent. of the population in each of the three voyevodships. As they are, however, a predominantly urban population, they form about thirty per cent. of the inhabitants of the towns.

Apart from Eastern Galicia the Ukrainian element lives also in the Volhynnia voyevodship where they number 1,426,900, that is 68.4 per cent. of the total inhabitants of that province. If we take into account the natural increase of the population, the highest number of Ukrainians in Volhynnia does not exceed now 1,600,000. But there is an essential difference between the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia and those in Volhynnia. The former are Greek Catholics, the latter belong to the Russian Orthodox Church. The Greek Catholic denomination helped to awaken the national consciousness of the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia, and their attachment to their Church is very similar to the attachment of Ulster to the Protestant faith. Actually, as the Greek Catholic faith is only a variation of the Roman Catholic faith—and recognizes the authority of the Pope in Rome, the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia are, in regard to

religion, much nearer to the Poles than to the Ukrainians in Volhynnia who, like the 35 millions of Ukrainians in the Soviet Union, profess the Russian Orthodox religion.

Certainly, it would reflect on the national consciousness of the Ukrainians in Poland if at a time when the principles of self-determination find a ready ear in the international forum, they did not put forward their own demands. But those self-appointed guardians who attribute everything to German intrigues do an ill service to the Ukrainian movement in Poland. To scare Europe with the bugbear of a Ukrainian war is nothing but irresponsible demagogism, especially when the folk-group purporting to be the nucleus of the Ukrainian movement is an artificial creation, a $\frac{1}{4}$ -million Ruthenian woodcutters, to whom the word "Ukraine" has never conveyed any meaning at all—living in a small mountainous area pompously described as Carpathian Ukraine, only because certain interested forces have let loose in Chust a few scores of agitators who are in their pay. A national movement that could lead to the creation of an independent Ukraine could start only in Kieff, the capital of the ethnographic Ukraine. All attempts at creating an artificial Ukraine by hetmans and generals like Skoropadski, Popoff, Razumovsky and the like are wanton actions, which unnecessarily scare an anxious Europe. As regards Kieff and the Ukraine proper, there is little evidence that national consciousness has matured to such an extent that the idea of an independent Ukraine could soon materialize. In any case there can be no doubt that Poland will not allow herself to be dragged into any Ukrainian adventure. Poland has had the experience of the Petlura movement, which failed to show that the Ukrainian people were ripe to attain independent nationhood. Neither will Poland tolerate any intrigues coming from an artificial creation like the Carpathian Ukraine, which, being unable to radiate towards the Ukraine proper, where it can find no basis whatever, makes efforts to penetrate over the Carpathian mountains into Eastern Galicia.

Polish policy will therefore tend in 1939, as it did in 1938, and perhaps even more so, to maintain the balance between Germany and Russia, to be on good terms with both States and not to do anything that could commit Poland onesidedly to Moscow or Berlin.

RUTHENIA TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

WHEN the subtle, and sometimes too subtle, Colonel Beck went down to see King Carol about the future of Ruthenia (alias Podkarpatská Rus, the eastern wedge of Czechoslovakia) he offered to Rumania seventeen Ruthenian villages if she would support the Poles and the Hungarians in their demand to have a common frontier. Very much to his credit Carol declined, and Beck's subsequent bait, that Hungary would make no further Transylvanian propaganda, was equally ineffective. There are four Rumanian villages in the south-east of Ruthenia; Carol had no wish to acquire non-Rumanian villages, and he emphatically had no wish to take advantage of his old friend and ally, Czechoslovakia, in her hour of distress. Moreover, the Czechs during the last twenty years have administered Ruthenia in such an admirable way, what time they have lifted the Ruthenes out of the primeval condition in which Hungary left them for a thousand years, that the vast majority of the inhabitants desired to remain in the Czechoslovak Republic. But when the Foreign Ministers of Germany and Italy sat in judgment on Ruthenia the Ruthenes were merely told of the decision. When Count Ciano demanded that Uzhorod*, Mukachevo and much else should be allotted to Hungary, Herr von Ribbentrop pointed out that this was

*By the ludicrous and totally unjust allocation of Uzhorod to Hungary this town has been ruined. The population has suddenly decreased from 33,000 to about 21,000, and even the enthusiasm of the Hungarian minority has evaporated. They were accustomed to the civilized Czechs, whereas the Hungarians have made no attempt to conciliate the people. Out of many deplorable incidents which have occurred I have only space for one. A party of officers were at the Korona, the chief hotel. One of them took out a cigarette and Belagyi, the head waiter, whom I have known for years, lit him a match. "I don't take a light from a Jew!" exclaimed the officer and kicked him so severely that he broke his leg. Belagyi, who by the way is not a Jew, is now lying in hospital. I am sorry that I have not yet heard that the officer (who was not drunk at the time) has been cashiered. "You may rest assured," said Admiral Horthy, the Regent, when on November 11 last he rode into the regional territory on his white charger, "that the sympathy and affection of the whole Hungarian nation will guarantee you a higher standard of life as well as the free development of your culture".

excessive and not in accordance with the German proposal that the division should be ethnical. Ciano threatened to go back to Rome. Had not Italy backed the Germans in the Sudeten region where the ethnical principle was frequently ignored if a coal mine or a railway junction happened to attract the cupidity of the Nazis? And, so that the precious Rome-Berlin axis should not be broken, Ribbentrop was obliged to agree to a good deal of injustice in Ruthenia.

Even so the Hungarian Government is not satisfied. They have not obtained the whole of Ruthenia nor the common frontier with the Poles. And so the shop-windows of Budapest are displaying a coloured map with inscriptions in several languages, to the effect that in Northern Hungary some 3,700,000 Hungarians, Slovaks and Ruthenes had groaned under the oppressive Czech rule. A certain amount of licence must always be permitted to those who deal in propaganda, but if one asserts the exact opposite of the truth one should remember that there are such things as boomerangs.

Here are a few details: prior to the war there was only one school in the whole of Ruthenia in which half the instruction was given in the Ruthene language, now there are Ruthene schools all over the province, and the Teachers' Institute at Uzhorod, presided over until last autumn by Mgr. Volosin (now Prime Minister of Ruthenia) was unable, when I went through it two years ago, to take more than another 45 out of 147 candidates. There are boys who think it oppressive that they are required to become literate, and perhaps that is one of the reasons why Budapest denounces the Czechs. Under the Hungarian *régime* the population was encouraged, or at any rate not discouraged, in the matter of vile spirits. They drank, and their health deteriorated. Under the Czechs these spirits were not forbidden, as human nature yearns for forbidden fruit; they were made more expensive, while good beer was everywhere made available. Do the Hungarians argue that to make those spirits more expensive was an oppressive regulation? Again, the swamps of the low country had not been drained before the arrival of the Czechs, and I am sure the mosquitoes consider this extremely oppressive. There was a terrible scarcity of hospitals in Ruthenia before the war, so that their establishment by the

Czechs seemed to the people very strange ; they were at first as frightened of being carried off to a hospital as were Londoners 800 years ago when they rarely emerged from St. Bartholomew's except in a coffin. No doubt for a time the Ruthene peasants thought it oppressive that they should be driven away in a Czech ambulance. Before the war Uzhorod and Mukachevo were large, dirty villages ; now they have been embellished beyond recognition, and many splendid buildings have arisen. But it was said of Sir John Vanbrugh when he built Blenheim that he laid a heavy burden on the earth beneath it, and so the Hungarians complain that the earth of Ruthenia is oppressed.

Practically all the Ruthenes would have preferred to remain in Czechoslovakia, which gave them not only bridges and roads and schools of every description but a measure of autonomy. A council of eighteen members was honestly and secretly elected, so that the German minority was represented by two and the Hungarian by three members. Once a month it met at Uzhorod. . . Yet here and there a Ruthene was, apparently for personal reasons, no friend of the Czechs ; and unfortunately, when the Czechs had their hands more than full with the Sudeten question, two of those self-seeking Ruthenes were appointed by Prague to be Ministers. One of them, Dr. Brody, is alleged to have immediately sold himself to the Hungarians for a cheque of two million pengoes (about £80,000) which he rather amateurishly tried to negotiate, with the result that he was imprisoned, but at the New Year was amnestied to please the Hungarian Government. Let him be judged by his own conscience. A writer in the *Danubian Review*, an official Hungarian organ, complained that poor Brody "has been rewarded with a bed in the hospital of the Pankrác prison in Prague for his brave fight for Ruthenian self-determination". Then there is Stephen Fencik, who now addresses the world from the radio station in Budapest, proclaiming "to President Roosevelt and also the heads of all the European Great Powers" that he represents the Ruthenes of America and that the Ruthenian people desire to join Hungary, provided they receive (which of course they will not) full autonomy. When I met this man in Uzhorod, his native place, he made upon me a lamentable impression ; nor was he liked by the United States authorities who expelled him from that

country. Another foreign supporter of the Hungarian claim to Ruthenia—Mr. C. A. Macartney—says that the export of timber from Ruthenia to Hungary has gravely diminished since the War. I found, on the contrary, that it has largely increased, and this I ascertained at Rachov, the headquarters of the eastern Ruthenian forests. And now that Germany will appropriate most of Austria's timber Hungary will be more than ever dependent on Ruthenia. More recently the author of *Hungary and her Successors* has dissociated himself from those whom he calls the extreme Nationalists of Budapest who believe that economic stress will bring back Ruthenia to the Hungarian fold. "These calculations", says Mr. Macartney, "are probably mistaken". There need be no economic stress, for the forests are of tremendous value. Owing to them there is no unemployment in Ruthenia, and in addition a cellulose factory may be built in the province.

The rulers of Hungary have affirmed that they are convinced of the devotion of the Ruthenes. But in order to make sure Hungary was employing propaganda in the autumn of 1938, the propaganda of revolution and bomb. Armed bands of Hungarians were constantly crossing the frontier, and many of them were incarcerated by the Czechoslovak police. On December 31 last 370 of these irregulars were handed back to the Hungarian authorities. . . . A peculiar kind of propaganda has also of late been employed by the Poles who have been sending detachments of soldiers, led by an officer, to seize the Ruthene forest workers in the vicinity of the frontier, then to drag them across the frontier and with menaces compel them to assert that they wish for the absorption of Ruthenia by Poland or Hungary. That is the way in which self-determination is understood by the Poles! Since they do not hesitate to transact this kind of business while clad in their military uniforms and do not seem to think that the uniform is thereby disgraced, they have evidently no very high opinion of the repute which that uniform enjoys in the world.

The Poles, of course, are not merely impelled by their affection for the Magyars. Some years ago Mr. F. A. Voigt wrote a memorable series of articles in the *Manchester Guardian* on the treatment of the Ukrainians in the south-east of Poland. It

would seem that these brutal methods have been practically discarded, but that the four or five million Ukrainians in Poland do not feel as if they were in Paradise; and it will be irksome for the Polish Government that this minority should perceive another Ukrainian population (for the Ruthenes are Ukrainians) living in much happier circumstances than themselves.

That the Ruthenes are Ukrainians was made palpable early in 1919 at Jasina close to the Polish frontier. The Jasina Republic was established; it hoped to be the Piedmont of Great Ukraina. For a time everything went well, more than well, seeing that the Finance Minister—*o si sic omnes*—who was a Jew called Mr. Rath, ran the State perfectly and levied no taxes. (He derived the necessary income from the sale of timber). But the dream of Great Ukraina had to be abandoned when an overwhelming number of that people found themselves in the embrace of Russia and Poland.

And there is another who for years has been dreaming of Great Ukraina, the author of *Mein Kampf*. At this moment there are in Chust, the village capital, and in the rest of the small territory of Ruthenia no less than forty Germans, under a Consul-General and a Secretary who till now was in their Prague Legation. They are doing their utmost, backed up by all kinds of arguments, financial and others, to make the Ruthenes long for this Great Ukraina, and no doubt a supply of emissaries is being sent into Poland and Russia. Who can tell whether Colonel Beck has not been too late in turning to Moscow?

STORM OVER EAST ANGLIA

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

PROSPERITY does not care to associate with the rank and file of farmers; she selects a few who combine three-decker brains and first-class land with abundant capital, content to dwell with them and be their love. For the rank and file, prosperity is a name. Rules, regulations, subsidies, restrictions are the outward and visible signs of the Government's interest, but alas! farmers cannot live by forms alone, and subsidies, though very considerable, have not brought adequate relief.

In the olden days when trouble came to the farmers they could pass the worst of it on to those who worked for them. The writer can remember when a labourer's wage was ten shillings a week, with deductions for bad weather, almost unlimited hours and no half holidays. Agricultural Wages Boards have dispelled that nightmare, while Old Age Pensions and unemployment benefit have wrought changes that only those who are growing old can estimate. There is another side indeed to this record of improvement. "I work as hard as my two men do," said a small farmer to the writer not very long ago, "but while they take thirty-three shillings a piece, there isn't as much left over for me."

We have had recurrent crises since the Corn Production Act was killed shortly after birth, and they are apparently destined to be perennial, for no Government dares consider large-scale production. Professor Stapledon went far to present the country with many millions of additional acres when he pointed out that our hill land can be cultivated up to the 1,500-foot level. The Government presented him with a knighthood by way of acknowledgment, but those acres remain uncultivated.

We have two million unemployed, and there is under-nourishment on what might be called a national scale. But we

are told that, if we produced all the food we need, we should die of starvation. Apparently there are higher considerations than barren acres and empty stomachs.

The position of successive Governments has not suffered very much change. One and all have been out to buy food in the cheapest markets abroad, while proclaiming an affectionate regard for home producers: the fellows have votes.

* * * * *

But our farmers are on the move. On February 1st East Anglian husbandmen threaten to stage a great protest parade in the streets of London. Why, at the time of writing, do they propose to leave their tranquil countryside, their yet unspoilt counties, to visit the Metropolis, "now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire"? What are their grievances—and still more to the point what is their voting strength? Have they or have they not been able to see themselves as small cogs in a vast machine that has to survey creation from the stratosphere to the Antipodes?

That their plight is desperate, and their grievances real, may be gathered from the fact that in the past months, good growing land (subject to tithe) has been sold in Suffolk for less than five pounds an acre, while the Forestry Commission is planting with trees land that has raised, and could still raise, excellent crops, and must now be lost so far as food production is concerned.

It may be that many of the farmer's troubles are due to the transitional period through which we are passing. Remember, he is a blunt man, concerned with growing corn, or producing milk or beef. He finds to-day all manner of conditions unheard-of five and twenty years ago. He cannot readily understand that the restrictions are the price which he pays for a measure of protection that can only benefit the best farmers, while touching the rank and file very lightly and giving nothing to the hand-to-mouth, rule-of-thumb men. They are folk who deserve better luck; simple livers, hard workers, content with a little, and ready to work for it.

The farmers of Essex and East Anglia have very definite grievances. This year has seen yields well above the average of wheat, barley, oats and mixed corn. East Anglia barley growers have averaged 18 cwt. to the acre against 14 cwt. in

1937. Wheatgrowers have raised rather more than a ton an acre against 16 cwt. in 1937. They have their subsidy, and are not dissatisfied. But the growers of barley declare that the Government imported upwards of 100,000 additional tons during the four summer months of 1938, when it was reasonably clear that the British crop would be exceptional and that not far short of a million acres were sown. Consequently, while the market price is said to have slumped by a pound a quarter, many farmers have found their crop unsaleable. The Government's grant-in-aid is now £1 per acre of the farmer's barley acreage, if he does not claim for his wheat.

Representatives of the Government declare that the country subscribes fifteen millions a year to subsidizing the farm. Indignant East Anglians reply that, in spite of this, the offer of something less than half a million pounds in aid of barley growers is very paltry in view of the enormous sum collected by the Governments from beer.

The low price of sheep is another serious blow to East Anglia, and sugar beet is expected to average no more than seven tons to the acre—not much more than half the yield in certain countries where soil or method appears to be better than ours. Another point raised by the angry farmers of East Anglia is that upwards of 3,000,000 acres have been lost to the plough in the past twenty years, while the ranks of agricultural workers, whole and part time, have been reduced by 100,000 since 1930.

The waters of East Anglia are very troubled, perhaps that is why certain adventurous elements are fishing in them. Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex farmers at least, would appear to hold the opinion that the National Government and its Minister of Agriculture have failed to do their duty, and should not be supported any more.

They put forward many suggestions, among them a Government subsidy of a pound a week for every worker employed, such worker's money to be raised to £2 a week. They ask that the forces of the Crown should be supplied with English meat, that any subsidy on barley should not exclude the subsidy on wheat, that only English barley should be used for malting, provided that the samples are good; and generally that

production should be on a paying basis, stimulated rather than restrained.

It is reasonably clear that not even a march on London will avail to obtain these concessions, but a revolt throughout arable England against the Government would certainly prove embarrassing to an administration of limited popularity that is not in a state to suffer further shocks.

Perhaps farming can be helped in less direct fashion. There are many unpopular ways in which the position of the industry might be improved. For example, it should be possible to take from the distributor a part of the profits that he extracts from handling the produce of the farm.

It is said by those who have worked the figures out that the five hundred million pounds worth of goods produced at home and abroad for the English market costs nearly seven hundred million pounds more by the time it reaches the consumer; that the distributor of milk, for example, gets twice as much as the farmer who consigns it to the depots. In short it is held, by the vulgar at least, that the price of beef soars far too high above the price of bullock and of cows—and that during the slump in the price of sheep the butcher should have shown less consideration in keeping the news from customers. They at least have been allowed to pay as though sheep were in enormous demand, and very hard to come by; people say that the distributor exercises his ingenuity by robbing the producer and the consumer in turn. Certain Commissions have come to conclusions that do not run counter to these beliefs, but we are assured by the middlemen themselves that they are of inestimable value to the community and worth even more than they cost! Who shall decide when experts disagree so fundamentally?

Impatient producers are apt to forget that the countless intermediaries are men, brothers and voters. If they do forget, no Government will do so. One milker may collect sufficient milk for three retailers to distribute, but each distributor has to live—or at least is of that opinion.

In his new book "A Policy for British Agriculture," Lord Addison writes: "Our natural advantages are so great that the present distresses of agriculture must indicate serious follies

or mistakes in the system we live under." This sentence is worth pondering, for while politicians are many, statesmen are few, and Lord Addison is a statesman of proved ability in many spheres of public life; he has also looked at Agriculture from Downing Street. "Agriculture is more than a group of industries," he says, "it is a life."

Writing before any definite action has been taken, and before the result of the Norfolk by-election is known, it is safe to predict that no march on London—even with the support of outside elements—will do very much for agriculture; the industry can hardly be well served in this fashion. What is wanted, and not only in East Anglia, is a defined and stable policy that would enable the country to ascertain the Government's considered opinion and wishes. And that policy must be based on the answers to the following questions: What proportion of the country's food are the farmers expected to raise (*a*) in normal times (*b*) in seasons of crisis? What steps are proposed to throw Nature out of her stride in the event of emergencies, for which her normal paces are too slow? What agricultural population does the Government wish to retain on the land? How many million acres is it content to leave (*a*) derelict, (*b*) extensively farmed? How much is to be intensively cultivated? What crops does it wish to see produced (*a*) abundantly, (*b*) sparingly, (*c*) not at all? Is it prepared to guarantee that necessary crops, properly grown, are not produced at a loss, by reason of sudden imports? What is the proper balance (in the Government's opinion) between farm and country, industry and food production?

These are simple questions enough, but it may be doubted whether there is any direct and unequivocal answer to them. Without an answer, how is the farmer to know where he stands?

There would be no need for alarums, and still less for mid-winter excursions, if the Government would proclaim a policy that was definite and free from circumlocution. "There never has been a *national* policy for agriculture," says Lord Addison. "Agriculture is always at the bottom of the agenda when the Cabinet meets," said another Minister to the writer. No action from the top has availed to bring producer and consumer together. Middlemen have increased from one million to two and over in fifteen years; in three years of the beef subsidy Government

spent 10½ millions, of which only four reached the producer; our milk is said to be the dearest in Europe.

These are the farmers' proper grievances. The pigeons that swoop down on the crops at this season are less numerous than the middlemen who lie in wait for them. The plight of the farmers of East Anglia is a part of the plight of agriculture in England. It cannot be cured by association with black shirts, on the one hand, or red flags on the other. It arises from lack of an ordered policy that all who farm may understand.

Only optimists can expect an agricultural policy to proceed from the hastily summoned inter-departmental committee, as Athene issued from the brain of Zeus. Some temporary expedients sufficient to quell the East Anglia revolt and to safeguard forthcoming elections may be announced in an interim statement when the House re-assembles on January 31st, but it is only by deciding how far the land and the people can be brought together, in short by answering the questions set out on a previous page that the farmer will know where he stands. Proposals that merely meet impending crisis can be of no lasting validity or worth. What we need most in this country is to divorce agriculture from politics and reach a planned production by common consent. When this principle has been established all the details can be worked out and all the anomalies removed at leisure. The disease from which our agriculture is suffering is deep-seated, and the remedy must be far-reaching. A little improvement in prices may avail to keep the wolf from the farmer's door, but it will not keep that door on its hinges. In other words you cannot cure a landslide by the aid of a bottle of patent medicine, even if it be prescribed by the most skilled practitioners in Downing Street and Whitehall Place.

EDUCATION AND SCHOOLING

By L. W. CLARKE

“OF a great part of the learning now in fashion in the schools of Europe . . . a gentleman may in good measure be unfurnished with, without any great disparagement to himself or prejudice to his affairs”. What Locke wrote in 1693 is still true in 1939; and, though we may have very strong feelings about what is now being taught in various parts of the Continent, if we substitute “Great Britain” for “Europe”, the truth remains. It is a historic occasion when some appreciation of the essential difference between education and schooling is shown by an august official body, as is the case with the Consultative Committee on Secondary Education which has lately issued its report.

Secondary Education as it exists to-day in this country is of quite recent growth, although its origins lie very far back. The description “secondary” as applied to schools strictly denotes, of course, all those schools which are offering an education, of whatever type, beyond the primary stage; but in common usage, the term is now used mainly with reference to the day-schools maintained by Local Authorities offering a post-primary education, and which, a few decades ago, were frequently known as “High Schools”. The great majority of these schools have come into being since the Education Act of 1902. Such of them as were founded before the passing of this Act, have, with very few exceptions, passed under State and Local Government control since that time. The Act of 1902 was an inevitable sequel to the previous Education Act of 1870, by which the State assumed control of Elementary Education in this country. It was natural that many parents wished their children's education to continue beyond the stage possible in elementary schools, but the opportunities for such further education were few. ‘Public School’ costs were in most cases prohibitive, and,

although Endowed Grammar Schools existed in many places, their accommodation was limited. In the last thirty years of the nineteenth century the new "High Schools" began to appear, usually as a result of private initiative. Eventually the State recognized that these schools were fulfilling a need and assumed its rightful responsibility in the matter by giving authority to Counties and County Boroughs to spend money on education "other than elementary". The impetus which this 1902 Act has given to Secondary Education may be judged from the fact that in 1904 the number of schools qualified for grant under the Act, in England and Wales, was 575, while to-day the number is just short of 1400.

When these schools came into being, the question as to what they should teach was not long debated. The model was there and the model was copied. The nine great Public Schools and their younger brethren had long been offering an education with the classical languages as its basis; this curriculum, into which there had filtered comparatively recently some mathematics and science, was adopted, and the secondary schools proceeded to give a "liberal" education. In fact, they laid the foundations for the eventual entry of all their pupils into a University—although very few of the pupils intended to take a University course and only some three to four per cent. have ever done so. The great majority of secondary school pupils, who leave the school when they are between the ages of 16 and 17, become insurance officials, stockbrokers' clerks, bank clerks, civil servants, local government officers, and the like; yet all receive a school training appropriate only to the potential university student. Quite naturally, and with very little detriment to themselves, they forget most of what they have been taught a few months after leaving school.

Aristotle defined a liberal education as one suitable for free men. He would not allow its curriculum to contain any subject from which mercenary advantage could be gained. All knowledge from which material profit could be obtained he classed as the illiberal arts, and regarded as suitable only for serfs. Though it has changed in detail, our present curriculum is basically that regarded as ideal by the Greeks; but our modern boy and girl have to take their places in a very material

and very mercenary world, and the time for a change in educational outlook is long overdue.

With the vast increase in the extent of teaching at the secondary stage, it cannot be denied that very great improvements in the methods of teaching have resulted. With few exceptions, each subject is taught by a specialist who is highly competent to teach in that subject. But the system is not without its evils. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that specialist teachers are apt to take a narrow view, and to "push" their own subjects up to, and often beyond, the receptive capacities of their pupils. Nevertheless, a small but increasing number of the younger secondary school teachers, who prefer to regard themselves primarily as educators, and only by force of circumstances as teachers of particular subjects, have been trying to interpret the word "liberal" in its more modern sense, and to divorce it from its root-meaning. They have tried to teach their subject, whatever it may be, so that it will have some bearing on the future life of their pupils. This can be done, and is done, not necessarily with any vocational bias, but so that the information given may form part of the knowledge of any man or woman in a shape which can be remembered—and is worth remembering. To put it shortly, they are trying to educate for citizenship.

That these individualists have not been alone in the opinions they have formed is now adequately shown by the Spens Report. We are at last given *carte blanche* to teach the child and not the subject; and between those two radically different approaches to the same task lies all the difference between instruction and education. It has been said that it does not matter what you teach a boy so long as he dislikes it. No statement was ever more fallacious; but it is true that it does not matter what you teach a boy, you can make him like it—provided that you teach it for the sake of the boy and not for the sake of the subject.

Adherents of the present system warn us that a serious danger is inherent in our new doctrine; namely, that we cannot, by practising it, ensure an "ordered knowledge" in the minds of our pupils. To that it may be answered at once that our objective is different from theirs. We recognize from the

start that we are out to teach children of whom the majority will terminate their formal education at 16 or 17. We contend that a more scattered knowledge which can be put to real use is of far more value than a complete knowledge of the mere elements. The roots of a tree are of little value without the stem and branch, and one can enjoy the fruits even if one isn't quite sure how they grew. If the object were that formerly assumed, to prepare students for a subsequent University course, then certainly the subjective method may be adopted—provided that the pupils who are to be taught in this way have been specially selected, and have the avowed purpose of going to a University. The small percentage of pupils who will eventually proceed to a University may suffer very slightly if all pupils are taught by the scheme advocated; but only very slightly, as they will have two years' teaching after the age of 16 for the proper co-ordination of knowledge in the subjects they choose. Moreover, the disadvantage to the subjects of their choice will be more than compensated by the broader outlook they will obtain. Too often one finds that the young graduate has regarded his subject merely as a means to an examination and a degree, and is almost oblivious of its wider associations.

The underlying principle in secondary teaching hitherto has been the training of the faculties. It is assumed that every child has certain latent faculties which can be discovered and exercised by the subjects which he is taught. Thus, for instance, Geometry has been taught mainly in its theoretical aspect, as a subject which is built up on rigorous logic, providing a training in deductive reasoning. Perhaps a little of the deductive method here learned is transferred by the pupil, and later by the man or woman, to problems in life entirely unconnected with the subject in which it was acquired, but to what extent it is impossible to discover. There is, in fact, evidence to show that schoolboy Geometry receives more assistance from the logic of everyday affairs than it gives to it. Why not, then, teach Geometry for its practical value? It matters little to the builder or architect whether he can prove that the opposite sides of a parallelogram are equal, but it does matter enormously to him that they are equal. It matters almost as much to the future inhabitant of the house that they will between them

build. No building can be erected, no piece of machinery made, in fact no constructional work of any sort be done without a very considerable knowledge of the practical side of Geometry; yet few children are brought into contact with the directly useful aspect of the work they do in this subject. Science teaching, also, tends to obscure the hundreds of everyday examples of the application of simple scientific facts. Many a schoolboy and ex-schoolboy who once was taught all about convection currents, hasn't the least idea how the hot-water system in his own house works, or why it works. Let the idea of convection currents be incidental to the hot-water system, and the boy will never forget them; but if the hot-water system gets, at best, a mere mention as an application of convection currents, both will be forgotten. Of late years the School Certificate Examinations have introduced papers in General Science, in which questions are asked on the bearing of simple scientific facts on common phenomena, but it is a revealing fact that in many schools these papers are regarded rather contemptuously, and if used at all, only the weaker candidates are entered for them.

The most lamentable case of failure in our present system of formal teaching is to be found in the realm of English Literature. The "set-book" system at present imposed upon the curriculum by the examinations is damnable. In the words of a certain professor of English, "The only way to enjoy English Literature is to wallow in it". The schoolboy is encouraged merely to sip and is then systematically frightened off, not by the feast itself, but by the seasoning. Who could view *The Merchant of Venice* with anything but loathing after studying it in minute detail for a whole year and then being asked such questions as "Estimate the characters of either Gratiano or Jessica, and say how much each contributes to the plot"? The Spens Report recommends the total abolition of the set-book system for examination purposes. Let us hope that this will be among the first of its recommendations to be carried into effect. In English Literature more than in any other subject, have the teachers themselves perceived the inadequacy of the formal teaching which they must perforce give, as the Play Reading Societies and Literary Societies which exist in many schools testify—often, incidentally, under the supervision of teachers whose

speciality is not Literature. The enthusiasm displayed by the pupils in and for these societies indicate fully that here is where most of the valuable contact with Literature is obtained. The work now carried on by these societies should become the major part of the English curriculum, and not be left merely to be done as extras after school hours. In case the barrier of expense should be erected against the children "wallowing" thoroughly, let it be remembered that many Education Authorities already pay the cost of books for pupils in their schools. Instead of, as at present, buying vast numbers of *Richard II.* for every school in their areas (because *Richard II.* happens to be the "set-book" for the year, and is scrapped after it), let them buy dozens of sets of different books and run a library system—each set remaining in a school for as long as required and then being exchanged for another set. The cost will certainly be no more than is the case now.

In what I have written here so far I have made no mention of Secondary Education in Scotland. The organization of all Scottish education is separate from that of England and Wales, and there are considerable differences in the conditions obtaining. A larger proportion of Scottish children proceed to post-primary schools than is the case south of the Border (thanks, in some measure, to Carnegie). About 24 per cent. of Scottish children receive secondary education as compared with about 16 per cent. in England and Wales. The type of education given in the Scottish Academies and the requirements of the Scottish Leaving Certificate, indicate an even greater adherence to the traditional classical education than in England. The Scot has a great reverence for "schooling" whether that schooling is at the same time educating or not. If there is no provision in the district for his son to "get Latin", the Scotsman soon voices his discontent; the impression seems to be that a superficial knowledge of the elements of Latin is a mark of culture, irrespective of whether the boy or girl can make any use of it at all. Latin is gradually assuming its rightful place in English secondary schools. It has until recently been taught as a means of reading the classical authors, and probably there is no school subject in which the end is more remote. No child by the age of sixteen can hope to acquire sufficient Latin to derive any

profit from reading the Latin authors. It so happens, that when taught for this purpose, the subject stops short at the school leaving age, and the pupil's time spent on learning the elements has been largely wasted. If taught to show its vast influence on English Literature, both in word derivation and in classical allusion, and, by means of Roman History, to show the great effect of Roman civilization upon our own, then the value of Latin is evident. Scottish school mathematics, too, is taught even more from the faculty-training point of view than in English schools. Euclid's form of geometrical proposition has been considerably watered down for the English boy, but the departure from Euclid is much less pronounced in Scotland, insomuch that the writer of text-books who hopes for a sale to Scottish schools must include a special appendix, or publish a separate Scottish edition.

In case it should appear that my criticism of the training given in our secondary schools is entirely destructive, let me say at once that they are providing a vast amount of real and good education. At present, though, a good deal of the education, as opposed to instruction, is proceeding out of school hours through the many external activities arranged by the teachers for the benefit of the children. The Spens Report opens the way for the methods and atmosphere of these activities to find a place in the classroom. Let us hope that the principles it advocates will be rapidly adopted. There is still time to save this country from a blind subservience to mere schooling.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK—A Story

BY MARGHANITA LASKI

IN the smoky good-fellowship of the Three Feathers, Mr. Bilkins was happy. This is the Life, he said to himself, as he lifted his pewter mug to his lips, comfortably aware that the Morris was waiting to take him to Ipswich and eventually to Le Nid at Norbiton. This is the Life, he repeated, meaning the self-conscious descent from the Commercial Room to the Bar, to the darts, to the mingling with the yokels and 'back to the earth'. There's not many men in my line, thought Mr. Bilkins with gratification, who'd think to step into the Taproom and see a bit of Life.

"What's yours, Mr. Bilkins"? said Josiah Pennyfeather who owned the inn and realized that these commercial gents liked to throw their money round a bit if they were treated as 'one of the chaps'.

"Out of the barrel for me, old boy", said Mr. Bilkins with grateful pleasure. "Don't often taste draught like this. I wish I could get it in Town".

Suddenly a horse stood beside Mr. Bilkins; a slightly disreputable, knee-knocking brown horse.

For a moment there was silence in the bar.

Then "'Oo brought that in"? shouted Josiah Pennyfeather.

The horse gave a broken unhappy neigh and nuzzled its head into Mr. Bilkins' elbow.

The silence broke into confused uproar. Everyone was talking, pointing, screaming at Mr. Bilkins, who stood isolated with the horse beside the bar.

"Take yer 'orse out of 'ere!" shouted Josiah Pennyfeather, now completely beyond control. "Ought to know better than to go bringing a norse into a respectable bar"!

The horse was still nuzzling Mr. Bilkins' elbow. With a shudder he edged away from it. "It's not my horse"! he screamed, "It's not my horse"!

As if to belie his words the horse sidled up to him again.

"Well, it ain't no one else's", said Josiah, breathing heavily. "You take it out of 'ere and yerself too. I wish you'd never come barging into what *was* a respectable bar".

Behind the bar stood a carthorse, a sleek enormous carthorse, its massy rump pressing creakingly into the gimcrack wood.

Someone laughed hysterically.

Slowly the bar shattered, fell in pieces to the ground.

"'Tis Farmer Barton's Suffolk Punch", said a voice.

Indignant disclaimers shouted, no, that it wasn't—that wasn't Farmer Barton's Nell.

The carthorse neighed triumphantly.

* * * * *

"Can't you see, dear"? asked Lady Brakewaitte plaintively, "that your father and I are only acting for your good?"

"No", said Moira sullenly.

Lady Brakewaitte sighed. "I don't want to spoil your fun", she said gently, "but surely you want men to respect you, not to look on you like they do at that fast Swinton girl".

Moira thought longingly of Peggy Swinton, and said defiantly, "Men don't not respect her".

"You must allow *me* to be the best judge of that", said Lady Brakewaitte with dignity. "In any case, it's no use your arguing, I've made up my mind. Not half an inch lower shall that neck be cut; and I wish you'd try to co-operate with us instead of always fighting us".

Suddenly she screamed shrilly "Who brought that horse in here"?

* * * * *

"Ooo, how I love you", breathed Hector.

"And Margie loves her Lollipop", whispered his wife.

"And Margie won't let it make any difference to her loving her Lollipop"?

"How could Margie let it make any difference when her Lollipop gave it her"?

He kissed her tenderly and whispered "I wish we could be sure it would be a He".

Beside the bed stood a little long-legged shivering colt.

* * * * *

According to the *Daily Mail* next morning there was scarcely a home in England in which one or more horses had not miraculously appeared during the night. *The Times* was more restrained; beyond a two-line report of an unconfirmed rumour it made no mention of the occurrence.

The evening papers carried shrieking posters "Horses Stampede In French Chamber", "Horses Cross Frontier: Official", and, more locally, "Marylebone Horse Jumps Statue", "Beverley Nichols says: Why Horses"? and "Horse Adopted by Frinton Family".

By the next morning it was impossible to doubt that something very extraordinary was going on.

By the day after the Horse Manifestations had become an International Problem.

For horses were appearing everywhere and all the time. Reports came in of liners, horse-crammed from poop to stern, of horses appearing amazingly in Board-meetings, 'buses and trams. There seemed no place in all the world free from the sudden appearance of horses. For the first time in his life the Man in the Street could actually see what the papers were talking about.

It was left to a Swiss Professor to make the discovery that the horses invariably seemed to be the result of a wish verbally expressed. After this, pandemonium broke loose. The occasion demanded, of course, a learned letter to *The Times*.

To the Editor of *The Times*.

Dear Sir,

This morning, while performing my customary ablutions, I inadvertently expressed a wish that I have neither space nor inclination to enlarge upon in your hospitable columns. I may, however, remark that immediately afterwards I found in the bath in proximity to my left knee a *Hippocampus* or, as it is popularly known, a Sea-Horse. Closer examination of this creature convinced me that it was of the species known as *Solenognathus*, hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the coasts of China and Australia and habitually attaining a length of nearly two feet. The *Hippocampus* in question measured exactly seventeen and one half inches. I wonder if any of your readers have had a similar experience?

May I further trespass upon your kindness and recall the old Lancashire folk-rhyme,

'T'oss bin rampin' in t'ay, lääd,
'T'oss bin gaudin' an' freckit'.

I should be grateful if any of your readers could supply me with variants of this.

The Rectory,
Shaw-cum-Hardy.

Yours, etc.,

T. MURPLES (B.A. Liverpool).

* * *

One by one, more or less creakingly, the Governments of the world began to act. In Germany citizens were urged to wish horses for all they were worth, fine upstanding Aryan horses that would give Germany equine preponderance over the rest of the world. England and France, and after a period of doubt and apprehension the remaining States of Central and South-Eastern Europe, passed laws forbidding under pain of stringent punishments—it was rumoured that Rumania applied the death-penalty—any man, woman or child to make a wish.

At this the Vatican stepped in. It was obvious, pronounced His Holiness in an Encyclical, that the horse was the direct production of man and therefore in some measure contained man's immortal soul. Thus the artificial prevention of horse-appearance, he concluded, was tantamount to the murder of an immortal soul that might have been a race-course winner, and so was a sin against the Almighty.

There were other protests against this legislation. In England the Communists proclaimed that the appearance of the horse denoted the Urge of Nature to Communism, the Natural Law that all men were equal and now could be equal in horse-ownership. Unfortunately this theory was exploded by the publication of a report of the Soviet Horse, which described it as a five-toed animal and an obvious throwback to the original Prehistoric Horse.

But legislation could not prevent the production of horses. Man's centuries of wishing had produced a habit so deeply ingrained that some swore it was an instinct. Few will forget that terrible morning when it seemed that the Law of Averages broke down, and all the horses in London that day appeared simultaneously in Praed Street, Paddington. Indescribable scenes of carnage and slaughter were the inevitable result.

"But how", men asked, "can we be expected to refrain from wishing, when even in Parliament horses occasionally appear"? For there were few who disbelieved the rumour, assiduously put about by the Opposition, that horses had been known to manifest themselves in Cabinet meetings, and that one Minister, as a result of too great equine fecundity, had been requested to hand in his resignation.

Then there was the scandal of Lady Rumpleton, the celebrated feminist M.P., who stated publicly that she wished that men would eschew swearing and strong drink and bring their wages home to their wives. It was quarter of an hour before the chairman of the meeting could reach her through the confusion of clothes-horses with which she was suddenly surrounded.

And few will forget that day when the Prime Minister, speaking before a crowded House, expressed the wish that England should stand by her obligations—and produced only a Shetland pony. After this, the interconnection of character and type of horse was held to be established.

Julius Rumblebottom, Managing Director of Incorporated Industries, was the first to make a practical application of this principle. Prospective employees were led to a slaughterhouse where stood a horse-expert from Tattersall's. Here the candidate was asked to make a wish. The horse-expert then pronounced on the quality of the animal produced, which was immediately slaughtered and burnt. The Managing Director told the Press that this system gave excellent results, though rejected candidates were apt to complain that the surroundings made them nervous, and that they had produced far better horses at home.

“And so”, said the Voice, “this cotton pod that once blew over Indian fields is transformed by British enterprise into the finished shirt you see here before you. Wouldn't your wife like to see you in that one”?

From coy geniality the Voice returned to the gently instructive. “Talking of shirts”, it continued amiably, “here is Miss Hetty Lingfield who can put her shirt—pardon me, chemise—on a horse that is sure to romp home a winner. Here you see her with Fiddly Dan, her wish-horse that was unanimously chosen to represent Great Britain at the World Wish-Horse Congress to be held at Pasadena. Good luck, Hetty”.

“Talking of congresses”, went on the Voice, “these monkeys . . .”

To many people the worst aspect of the whole business manifested itself in the various Horse Cults. In England these

took a comparatively harmless turn. Societies, mostly composed of undergraduates, were formed, whose members sat on straw in a darkened stable, chanting:

‘Two things I know about the horse
And one of them is rather coarse’.

over and over again till they fell on the straw in exhaustion. Only the High Ostler was said to know what the coarse thing was. As the society soon got into arrears with its straw gill, it didn't last long enough for the secret to pass to the Acting Ostler, in which case it could have been confidentially expected to get around.

These childish societies had, however, little in common with the grotesque obscenities practised under the name of Horse Cults in Berlin and the Far East. One of the more mentionable was, perhaps, that of Allahabad; the so-called worshippers built a circular stable of reinforced concrete, stood inside and proceeded to wish, wishing until trampled to death by the products of their excessive desires. The British Government went so far as to sit on an International Commission to stop this self-immolation, but little was actually done.

* * * * *

It was about this time that a young Cambridge scientist, working in conjunction with a distinguished Oxford philologist and an anthropologist from London, produced what was undeniably the only reasonable explanation of the phenomenon. Their work published in an obscure journal under the title *Some Notes on Equine Variability* caused little stir. Yet so lucid and valid was their explanation that I feel some account of it should be given.

Briefly, it was as follows: the phenomenon, they pointed out, began exactly at the winter equinox. Now *equinox*—here the philologist stepped in—has traditionally been taken as meaning ‘equal night’. He, however, adduced a new explanation, namely, that the word originally was *equine-nox* or ‘Horse-night’. He recalled, as an indication that similar phrases were not unknown, that line in Marlowe's ‘Doctor Faustus’, *O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!* Mind you, all three added, this proves nothing. But a careful collation of minute details—odd lines from the Bible like Isaiah ii., 7, *their land is also full of horses*—odd

facts from Sir James Frazer's 'Golden Bough', such as that both Lycurgus and Hippolytus were said to have been torn to pieces by horses, while among the Ewe-speaking people of the South Coast of Africa the King is not allowed to see any horse—these and other such details did seem to establish the fact that in the dim dark ages there had been a period on earth, a period that again coincided with the winter equinox, when such a horse-plague had previously been experienced. This being so, added the scientist, it was all a question of time and atmospheric disturbances. He ended on a note of hope, pointing out that, of fifty wish-horses he had personally examined at Saffron Walden during the past three months, there was undoubtedly a tendency among the later ones to be less virile, more lacking in stamina. He was chary of drawing conclusions from this group-test, but the scientific world was cheered.

Events rapidly began to prove him right. For a period of six months the wish-horses began to deviate strangely from the normal. Winged horses, known as Pegasuses or Pegasi, appeared. There came wooden horses with pegs in their backs, like that one spoken of by Chaucer in the Squire's Tale. Horses appeared that stood upright on solid bottoms like the knights on a chess-board. And, most interesting of all, came a crop of centaurs, male and female, unfortunately able to speak the human tongue and demand admittance to the Savoy Hotel.

And so, thank God, slowly but surely, the plague died down. Came a day when Man, open-eyed and wondering, dared to wish again, and the world, fearfully at first, began to resume its normal ways. But for a long time there was a great stench.

THE COLONIZATION OF LIBYA.

By HERBERT BAILEY.

I RECENTLY had the opportunity of going to Libya to see the transport, arrival, and settlement at their new farmsteads of 20,000 colonists, the first contingent of 100,000, who, during the next five years will embark upon a new life far from the places where they were born. This vast and comprehensive plan of settlement has far more significance than that of finding a new outlet for Italy's landless people. It is not only an experiment in mass emigration, but also a demonstration of Italy's determination to assert her Imperial destiny, to justify her claims to *Mare Nostrum*, and to provide a garrison which will defend Libya against potential foes from within and without.

Every art and device of propaganda was summoned to give to the colonists a sense that they were worthy descendants of the men from old Rome who had gone beyond the seas to found new settlements and to instil into them a feeling that, although they were being transported to the sands of Africa, they were not really leaving Italy. A few days before the first contingent left it was officially announced that Libya had become one of the provinces of Italy.

There was no compulsion for anybody to go. Indeed the Italian authorities were overwhelmed with applications from peasants who were attracted by the scheme, and those who were chosen had to survive a severe test to make sure that they were really capable of ensuring success for Mussolini's plan. Dictatorship cannot afford spectacular failure.

The basis of the scheme was family emigration. All the families had to be of real peasant stock, and each family had to consist of at least eight persons. I discovered on the voyage when talking to these emigrants, that the leaders of these families were in most cases young men of between twenty-one and

thirty-five years of age, all ardent Fascists, who saw in Libya a great future for themselves where they would realize every Italian peasant's dream of owning his own piece of land. These young men collected their complete families—great-grandmothers of nearly 90, sisters who had worked in shops in industrial cities, fathers who had become too old to be active Fascists or even belong to the party, babies in arms, and even expectant mothers—so they could qualify for a place in the colonization scheme. The older people were puzzled and bewildered by this sudden uprooting of their lives but to the young Fascists it was the beginning of a great adventure for which they were most grateful to Mussolini.

It was not enough, however, to be an ardent and faithful Fascist. Every member of the family had to pass three health tests. They had to be not only generally fit but to be free of tubercular and trachoma infections. All of them had to be of unimpeachable morality. They had to be politically sound, *i.e.*, they believed in the Fascist *régime*, and most of them had to be members of one or another of the various Fascist organizations. The illiterate were excluded from any participation in the scheme.

From the time that we left Genoa until the colonists entered their new homes, we lived in an unreal world of intensive propaganda. One of the leading industries of Italy must be the manufacture of the national flag, for it certainly required ten flags to every colonist to incite and stimulate their patriotism. Bands were aboard each of the ships with the exception of the flagship, the "Vulcania", which carried Marshal Balbo, the guests and officials, and through the long journey, these bands played the many and various Fascist anthems and marches. Every emigrant bore an emblem of Fascism, a coloured scarf, a headdress or a badge, or uniform. The assembled colonists were exhorted at every convenient moment to remember the great destiny which awaited them, and how it would redound to the glory and prestige of Fascist Italy. The portrait of the Duce was everywhere; the slogans were few, but monotonously repetitive. In the Bay of Gatea our nine shiploads consisting of 1,400 families from the North of Italy were joined by another six ships which brought with them the colonists from Central

and Southern Italy. Stretched out in line we anchored while Mussolini, aboard the cruiser "Trieste" and wearing the uniform of a Marshal of Empire, reviewed this modern Armada to the organized cheering of crews and emigrants and the strains of *Giovanezza* . . . played by the bands. There was no great need, however, to organize the colonists' enthusiasm. They had long caught the fever of propaganda.

For me there was something emotional and pathetic in the spectacle of these colonists, many of them with furrowed faces that told of many years of toil on the land, leaving their native country never to see it again. The old men and women would die in Africa. Their graves would mark the beginning of a new habitation, while the young and the yet unborn would become Libyans. But there was no outward display of emotion on their part. Their expressions were no different from those to be found with a London family going from the Tower Bridge to Margate for the day.

When we reached Tripoli, the first port of call, the propaganda became even greater. It was not enough that they should survey a beautiful port, clean, free of beggars, and exhibiting every worth-while phase of African life, but they were invited to see the unveiling by Marshal Balbo of a statue of Mussolini as the Defender of Islam. They did not notice, of course, that the horse in the statue seemed to be rearing as if it had just seen a snake, or that Mussolini, with what appeared to be a scroll in one hand and a sword in the other, already had his hands full. This was a joke of mine which, despite the reverence which all Italian officials have for Il Duce, was much appreciated. Arabs and Sudanese fought to see the ceremony. Puccini's beautiful *Hymn to Rome* was played by massed bands as a solemn interlude between the various Fascist anthems in marching strain dedicated to every branch of Fascist life and activity. Free food, drink, cigarettes, visits to the theatres and cinemas were provided, and to dispel any sense of loneliness, Italian soldiers, priests and officials, mingled with the colonists.

When the families were put into Army lorries at Tripoli and Bengazi, and taken to their new homes, they found flags, bands, slogans and pictures of Mussolini awaiting them along the entire route. They also saw much to their surprise, Arabs, wearing

their finest raiment with their tribal flags, paraded in the villages to give them welcome amid shouts of "Viva Il Duce" "Viva Il Imperatore". The Arabs produced a weird collection of musical instruments to give an African touch to the reception. Thus the sense of Empire, the feeling that they were important emissaries of a new Italy, was not only suggested by sight and sound, but drilled into them.

I do not know what their inmost emotions were when the next morning they surveyed the clean new white buildings, the livestock, and the ploughed fields amid the sand, which in time would be their own, under an African sun. I only know that in conversation with them they revealed the liveliest enthusiasm mixed with pride in Mussolini. I heard one complaint. A young girl who had worked in a shoe shop in Milan was convinced that she would never see her favourite American film stars on the screen again! Colonists were provided with food and necessities for a few days which could be replenished at the village co-operative stores, and, of course, they all carried a portrait of Mussolini and the inevitable Italian flag.

Not only were the farmsteads completely new, but entire villages with most modern facilities, including a church, school, hospital, town hall, lecture and cinema room, stores and telegraph and post office, had been built. All that the colonist was asked to do was to work hard and believe in Mussolini. The farmsteads were close enough to banish loneliness and to give a sense of community. The colonists were so distributed that neighbours came from different parts of Italy. The Duce was determined that no clan feeling should persist in Libya.

The organization for the transport, landing and settlement of the colonists worked with a smoothness of which I had thought the Italians were incapable. The Army and a regiment of officials took charge. Where the journey from the coast took too long to be completed in one day, camps were built of Army tents, and every care and attention was given to the welfare and happiness of the emigrants.

Marshal Balbo made it his duty to visit every one of the villages, and personally to greet as many colonists as was possible. Mussolini could not have selected a better man. The Marshal has an ease of manner and a lack of any patronizing

sense which gave him an identity of spirit with the emigrants. He looks what he is, a bearded buccaneer, a product of the modern aviation school. He is thorough, disdains any flattery or subservience, flies his own aeroplane everywhere, has inexhaustible energy and a talent for giving and receiving friendship. He is not of the type of which political intriguers are made. He never forgets that he actually marched on Rome—and he must know how popular he became among the Italian people after he flew his massed squadrons to South America and Chicago. He also appears to know precisely why he is in Libya.

He has imbued all his officials with something of his own character. I was astonished when I saw the colonial efficiency of the Italians in Libya, the vast irrigation schemes, the miles of excellent roads, the agricultural research work, and the energy and desire for achievement. Fascism really does seem to produce a better type of man for the colonies than it does for Italy.

Such in outline, without too much burden of detail, is the story of the first 20,000. To those of us who came from countries blessed with a democratic form of government, it appeared at first sight to be a demonstration of what Dictatorships could achieve by planning, organization, propaganda, and a ruthless pursuit of what they considered to be an ideal.

When I examined the whole scheme and talked quite freely with Italian officials, who were frank on every subject except Mussolini and his high policies, it became apparent that colonization was not the only object which the Duce had in mind. It is difficult to place the many factors which enter into the colonization scheme in a precise order of importance, but there is no doubt of one thing; the fact that Italy is sending white men and women as emigrants to Libya, while France is dependent upon black troops from Africa to ensure the defence of the mother-country, has given the Italians a sense of superiority over the French, and strengthened their belief that the French are a decadent race, unworthy to hold the colonies they possess. It is easy to imagine what a weapon Italian propaganda has in its hands merely by drawing attention to this contrast.

The demand for Tunis does not to Italians seem unreasonable, nor in time will the demand for all of France's African possessions. Mussolini has encouraged and is still encouraging the Italians to recall the Roman conquests. In ten years he will be an old man. If his dreams are to be realized, he must act quickly and strike swiftly. Time is his greatest enemy. In five years he will have 100,000 colonists in Libya and of these at least 20,000 men will be able-bodied, young, and capable of bearing arms. The arms are already there, for this future garrison of Libya. Mussolini has not forgotten that in 1915 the Italians were compelled to withdraw troops from Libya to fight against the Austrians. The rebellious Arabs, encouraged by the Turks, approached almost to the gates of Tripoli, and the reconquest of Libya was one of the most difficult and prolonged tasks which the Italian army undertook after the War. Mussolini is determined that never again shall Italy be found in such a plight.

Were a settlement of Italian peasant families in Libya to be merely a scheme for providing for the future of Italy's landless people, it is obvious that the whole of the colonists would be concentrated in Eastern Libya around Cyrene, where there is soil which is, apparently rich and well watered from the plateau known as the Gebel, and where the remains of Roman farms still stand. The Romans grew wheat long after the Greeks had gone, and the possibilities of colonization and development in this area transcend anything which can be found in the Tripoli area of Western Libya. Expensive schemes of irrigation have been necessary in the Western sector. It is true that veterans of the Tripoli war have managed to obtain a comparatively fruitful living from the scrub and sand. I was astonished in seeing what could be achieved. But it was frankly admitted by the Italians that, since colonization was linked with the garrisoning of Libya, it was necessary to distribute the colonists over those areas vital for the defence of the country. There was, therefore, a real meaning in the slogans pasted up throughout Libya which read "Every Colonist is a soldier at the command of the Duce" "Mussolini is invincible. Wherever he leads us there is victory". "Colonists. Mussolini wants to transform the Libyan desert into a blossoming garden. Obey his

commands". It is under this direction and these exhortations that the colonists will spend the next twenty years of their lives.

With all the provisions that have been made for taking care of the aged and the sick, the mortality rate in Libya should not be high. On the other hand the birth-rate will undoubtedly be high. The propaganda on behalf of *demografica*—or the intensive production of population—has been most active, and in selecting the emigrants this consideration has been very much in the mind of Mussolini. The segregation of the sexes during the voyage to Libya, a segregation which parted husbands and wives who had never been apart since they were married and which lasted in most cases for at least eleven days, had the dual purpose of facilitating the shipment of the emigrants and of satisfying the needs of *demografica*! We estimated that there will be at least 1,000 Libyan Italians born before the second contingent arrives.

There is one problem, particularly in Eastern Libya, which is likely to arise and for which Italians have apparently made every provision. The Arabs have been compelled to abandon the higher districts of the Gebel to make room for the Italians. Marshal Balbo has given to these Arabs an inalienable reserve of land and improvements in watering facilities over a vast zone extending from the borders of Egypt to the south of Bengazi Province, and thence through Agedabia in the Sirte Province to the South of the Gebel. Here, not only will the existence of the 800,000 heads of livestock be assured, but it is hoped to increase the flocks to twice that number. By the free concession of land and subsidies the Arabs will be able to develop the new territories in which they are placed, and already two arab villages, one of which I visited with Marshal Balbo, have nearly reached the completion of their construction. Every village will have a mosque, the Mudir's headquarters, school, cafe and market, but whereas these new Arab farms will cost only £320 each, the Italian farms will cost as much as £1,850 each. There is not much differentiation in the system by which the Italian Government will be repaid at least two thirds of this investment, but it is easy to foresee that when the Arabs see Mussolini's dream of a "blossoming garden" coming true, and the soil

which they have neglected for years proving most abundant, a similar situation will arise to that which exists in Palestine to-day. The lazy and parsimonious Arab will think he has been cheated. Even this has been foreseen by Mussolini and Marshal Balbo. The Italians have their own way of dealing with rebellious Arabs. Graziani's name will long endure in Libya. The Arabs I saw were enthusiastic admirers of Marshal Balbo and of the Italians, but, as a safeguard, these Arabs who have been moved from the comparatively rich lands of the Gebel are in a position where rebellion could be made most ineffective. The Italians occupy the high lands.

In this article I have purposely not entered into a full detailed account of the Italian colonization of Libya. There are aspects of the settlement which would be of great interest to agricultural experts and problems of administration, which might well be studied closely by the Colonial Office. I was—and am still—concerned with the international, political and military significance. The demand for Tunis is no idle cry. The dream of *Mare Nostrum* will long persist. Mussolini is not colonizing Libya merely to aid his landless peasants, any more than he is fighting on the side of Franco to give his troops experience of modern warfare.

To make the Mediterranean a truly Italian sea, in conformity with the policy of *Mare Nostrum*, is one of the ambitions which he cherishes with utmost tenacity. It must remain one of the principal causes of European unrest while Mussolini lives and endures.

ITALY AND HER JEWS

BY CECIL ROTH

ROMAN Jewry is by a long way the oldest in Europe, and indeed in the western world as a whole. From the second century B.C., the Eternal City had its Eternal Jewish Community.

It was not long before the original tiny settlement developed on a larger scale. When Cicero defended the corrupt proconsul Flaccus in 59 B.C.E., on a charge of extortion, he professed to be overawed by the number of Jews who had crowded into the court room—an obvious exaggeration, but testimony none the less to their numbers in Rome than to the tranquillity which they enjoyed. Julius Cæsar (like all wise dictators of the past, from Alexander to Napoleon) recognized their qualities, treated them with benignity, and was in consequence mourned by them whole-heartedly, as the contemporary accounts accentuate. But it was after his day that the community attained its great development. In all the wars in Palestine and the Near East, Jews were captured and brought back home in triumph. They refused to surrender their identity: and their brethren regarded it as a fundamental religious duty to ransom them. Hence a large proportion recovered their liberty and remained behind as free settlers in the land to which they had been brought as captives. These are the ancestors of the main body of Italian Jewry of to-day. The descendants of this primitive Jewish group have peopled the Italian peninsula for upwards of 1500 years. To stigmatize such a group as 'strangers', and to treat them as aliens, is a travesty of history itself. Of the Italians of to-day only the Italian Jews can affirm, with any probability of verisimilitude, that they represent an ethnic strain which was in Rome under the Cæsars, and are still undiluted and unchanged. Who, then, are the strangers?

All Italian Jews have not quite so remote an ancestry in the country. Italian Jewry, too, had its vicissitudes. In the

period which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, it witnessed dark days. But it was reinforced, during the course of the Middle Ages and after, from other sources. When the Jews were expelled from France in the fourteenth century, numbers of them crossed the Alps and settled in Piedmont, where the three communities of Asti, Fossano, and Moncalvo (known to students of Hebrew literature after their initial letters, AFM) preserved until our own day the old French liturgy. During the course of the persecutions in Germany from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, a number of fugitives settled in the various cities of Lombardy and the adjacent area in the North. On the Expulsion of the Jews from Spain in 1492, some of the exiles found shelter in Italy, where they were reinforced subsequently, down to the seventeenth century, by their Marrano brethren fleeing from the fires of the Inquisition. But, after that period, immigration stopped, until the twentieth century. The *newcomers* in the historic Jewish community of Italy have been established there for three centuries—longer than the *oldest* Jewish settlers in England or in America.

Why was Italy able to receive these successive waves? The reason is that there was never in Italy any strong anti-Jewish feeling, such as disgraced other countries. The Italian, perhaps because of his nearness to Rome, is naturally a tolerant being—or was, until our own day. Hence Italy is the only country of the world in which, though Jews have constantly been present, their history has not been written in letters of blood. The record of physical martyrdom of Italian Jewry is relatively inconsiderable, and even in those few cases which may be cited foreign influence was as often as not responsible. On the threshold of the nineteenth century, but only then, the reaction against the French Revolution brought about a series of veritable pogroms in Central Italy—almost the only episodes of the sort in the whole of Italian Jewish history. It was the armies of the French Revolution, we may remember, which broke down the Ghetto gates and first permitted the Jews to come out to enjoy the privileges of other men.

The Jews threw themselves heart and soul into the *Risorgimento*. In every one of the forlorn hopes and gallant

fight: in each popular uprising against the German tyrants; among the idealists who gathered round Mazzini and the dare-devil patriots who followed Garibaldi they were prominent out of all proportion to their numbers in the country. Cavour, the architect of Italian unity, was ably seconded by his devoted Secretary, Isaac Artom—a Jew. There were eight Jews among Garibaldi's Thousand, bravest of the brave, though the Jews numbered only about one-tenth of one per cent. of the Italian population. The most noble episode of the whole *Risorgimento* was perhaps the momentary restoration of Venetian independence in 1848-9, which was led by the half-Jew, Daniel Manin, seconded by many of his Jewish kindred, including the two Rabbis of the city. It is no exaggeration, but a plain statement of fact, that of all the elements of the Italian population they did most, dared most and lost most—far above what might have been expected from their numbers—to lay the basis of United Italy.

In Italy, the emancipation of the Jew, under Victor Emanuel I. was far more than a matter of legal enactment; it was a social reality. Here the question of xenophobia, of dislike of the stranger, did not enter into account. Jews had been living in the country from time immemorial; they spoke the same language and lived much the same social life as their neighbours; the most recent arrivals among them had been there for four or five centuries. Hence, once religious disabilities were abolished, the Jew was accepted as an Italian like any other, except that he attended (or did not attend) his synagogue, or 'Temple', on Saturday, whereas his neighbour attended, or did not attend, Church on Sunday. And the Jews threw themselves into Italian life with a zest and a completeness which perhaps never had any parallel in history—even more whole-heartedly than in Germany, for the surviving discriminations which drove so many outstanding German Jews to baptism or ruined their careers were completely unknown here. They played an enormous part in Italian cultural life. Ernesto Nathan, member of an Anglo-Jewish family which had befriended Mazzini in exile, was perpetually re-elected Mayor of Rome—in part because of his striking resemblance to the great Italian patriot. One of the many outstanding Jewish generals, (General Graziani, the

conqueror of Abyssinia, was said to be among this number; for the name is a characteristically Jewish one, even though his immediate antecedents may not have been Jewish) was Giuseppe Ottolenghi, Minister of War in 1902-3, and one of the tutors of the children of the present King, who, until Mussolini went mad, shewed on a score of occasions that there was nothing anti-Semitic in his mentality. Other Jews attained still higher distinction. Luigi Luzzatti, that prophet-like figure who 'spiritualized the power of gold' was Prime Minister in 1909-11, and incidentally was responsible for Italy's high-minded refusal after the war to collaborate in bringing the ex-Kaiser to trial, on the grounds that there must be no punishment without law. Sidney Sonnino, Premier in 1906-7 and Foreign Minister after Italy entered the War, was one of the few Italian statesmen of the Liberal era respected even by Fascism; he was a half-Jew. And similarly, in every other aspect of Italian life—art and letters, politics and journalism, music and teaching, philosophy and exploration, business and philanthropy—Jews played in that glorious half-century a share out of all proportion to their numbers. This Italy then regarded rightly as a tribute of love and devotion from her oldest yet youngest children—not, as at present, as a 'menace'. An Italian statistician calculated, without any shadow of malice, that persons of eminence in the Jewish community were proportionately fifteen times more numerous than those in the general body of the population, holding a clear lead in every field save the hereditary nobility and the Church.

In the process, unfortunately, their Jewish loyalties suffered. It was not, as in Germany, that they had to submit to baptism as a price of advancement, but that they were so completely accepted by the general population that, in an age of secularism and religious indifference, their Judiasm tended to be forgotten. Italy became a byword among Jews for assimilation. A land which had once been famous for its high level of Hebrew culture was sunk in indifference. The exquisite mediæval synagogues, or the grandiose modern 'Temples' such as those of Florence and Turin built as monuments of Jewish emancipation, were in large measure abandoned. Inter-marriage became rife. The small towns, hitherto the centres of some of the most famous

of the century-old communities, gradually lost their Jews, who migrated to the larger centres, where they tended to surrender their individuality. Moreover, as though this were not enough, the increasing well-being sapped the Jewish vitality from the demographic point of view.

While Italian Jewry has been culturally important, it has never been numerically significant. The reason for this is plain. The treatment of the Jew in Italy has always been relatively benevolent. There was never, as in other countries, violent persecution, with its fatal consequences of mass-emigration or wholesale murder, in which Germany enjoyed so unenviable a pre-eminence. There was, on the other hand, the unremitting attraction of a Roman Catholic environment, reinforced during many centuries by the deadly pressure of the Ghetto system. Accordingly, there has been a continuous procession of Italian Jews from the Synagogue to the Church; and this is clearly a principal reason (though not the solitary one) for the virtual constancy of the figures of the Italian Jewish population. Statistics which I have brought together with some care over a long period shew that no less than 1,195 Jews were baptized (whether by fair means or by foul) in Rome alone between 1634 and 1700—a ratio exceeded elsewhere, for example at Ferrara where, in a community which did not exceed 1500 or 2000 souls, the number of baptisms in a single decade at the close of the seventeenth century was 68, or an average of seven each year. In the face of these figures and this obstinate refusal of Italian Jewry to increase its numbers in proportion to the rest of the population, it is simply untrue to say that the Jews of Italy are unassimilable—one of the excuses which are made for the present reaction. The fact is that they have been assimilated during the entire course of the past twenty centuries perpetually and (from the Jewish point of view) far too completely. There can indeed be very few, among the urban population of the country at least, in whose veins there runs no Jewish blood. And, what with this and with the demographic decadence which has been indicated above, there is every indication that left to themselves the Jews of Italy (outside Rome) would solve whatever 'problem' fanatics believe them to possess, within a couple of generations, by simply ceasing to exist.

During the War of 1915—8, Italy's handful of Jews played a valiant part. There were no less than eleven Jewish generals commanding in the field. There were upwards of a thousand citations for gallantry. A large number of young men, who could be ill-spared from that dwindling community, fell on the field of battle: and in every Italian synagogue there are Rolls of Honour, only too crowded with names (that in Rome was unveiled by the King of Italy himself). And it was not only in the field that Jews worked for the Greater Italy. The community of Trieste had distinguished itself for a century and a half for its devoted attachment to the mother-country: and in the generation before the war Salvatore Barzilai, son of the Secretary of the local synagogue, kept alive the flame of irridentism, and was known in Italian politics as 'Deputy for Trieste'. When in 1917 the Italian armies were overwhelmed at Caporetto, the Jews of Trieste were thrown into mourning. In the deepest secret, a congregational fast was proclaimed, which was observed with the traditional prayers and formalities (This detail has never, I believe, been published hitherto).

Twenty-two years later, the community is regarded in a different light; and the new voice of Rome proclaims that Trieste's 5,000 Jews constitute a 'problem' for Italy. New times, new views, it is true; but it is hardly necessary to be so ungrateful withal.

It has been suggested above that the fundamental cause for the decay in the cohesion of Italian Jewry was the whole-hearted manner in which the Italian Jews had been received into Italian life. It is necessary to revert to this point for a moment. Of all the countries of the world, there was none in which anti-Semitism was so completely dead. It was not only that the Jew did not suffer from discrimination or enmity or antagonism. There was not even the slightest shadow of self-consciousness on the one side, or lifting of the eyebrows disdainfully on the other. The Italian Jew was simply (when he retained his religious allegiance) 'an Italian of the Jewish persuasion' in the best sense of the phrase. From 1920 onwards, the present writer paid annual visits to Italy, varying in length from twelve months downwards. He travelled throughout the length and breadth of the country. He intermingled with all

sorts and conditions of men—from the aristocracy to the pedlar, from University Professors to shoeblacks. He never made any attempt to conceal his faith and origin—indeed, in a country so crowded with memorials of the Jewish past as Italy, he could not help reverting to this matter above all. And, in the entire course of this score of years, he never once encountered the shadow of anti-Jewish feeling or prejudice. Anti-Semitism in Italy was entirely non-existent.

In the early years of Fascism, Signor Mussolini's Jewish Community Law definitely improved the already favourable status of the Italian Jews as a corporate body ('I realize how favourable it must be to you because of the way in which the priests are grumbling', he is reported to have said). And, when a provincial paper idly raised the Ritual Murder question in connexion with an historical anniversary of many centuries before, it was a message from the Palazzo Venezia which enjoined it to retract.

In his public statements on Anti-Semitism, moreover, at that time, Mussolini set a model for statesmen to follow. A few months after the March on Rome, he received Angelo Sacerdoti, the Chief Rabbi of the city, with whom he was on terms of the warmest personal friendship, and whose premature death in 1935 was therefore so heavy a blow to Italian Jewry, and informed him that Fascism had never sought to follow an anti-Semitic policy and deplored that anti-Jewish organizations abroad should attempt to exploit the Fascist idea in this despicable manner. This was the first of a whole series of similar statements, which would form if collected quite a little volume. At the time of the rise of the Nazi party to power, he shewed the native common-sense which underlies his pugnacious personality, and even his pose as an ancient Roman, in an interview with Emil Ludwig. 'Do you believe', asked the latter, 'that Racial unity is a necessary guarantee for vigorous nationalist aspirations? Are you not exposed to the danger that the apologists of Fascism will talk the same nonsense about the Latin races as northern pedants have talked about the 'noble blonds', and thereby increase rival pugnacities?'

Not only were the Jews accepted as Italians by Mussolini, but they served, as it were, as pivots for the establishment of the

Italian and Fascist idea abroad. It was by the Duce's direct intervention that a Rabbinical College (closed down by the government in 1938!) was established in Rhodes, in order to turn out Italian-trained Rabbis for the Near East. A special enquiry was set on foot to establish the fact that the Jews of Malta during the Middle Ages were Italians, as an additional argument for the Fascist claims on the possession of that island in the twentieth century. Throughout the Levant, Jews of Italian descent, or with even a scantier claim to Italian citizenship, were organized to act as a centre of Italian influence (incidentally, they streamed to Italy to enlist at the time of the Abyssinian War). The Government in Rome took a personal interest in seeing that the community of Alexandria should be provided with an Italian-speaking Rabbi who should continue its quasi-Italian traditions; and the eager apostles of Italianism who tried to organize the Italian colony in Tunis, so as to prevent it from becoming Gallicized (a strange thought to-day) were, only too frequently Jews.

But, in the face of all this, and of what he himself formerly considered to be elementary justice and commonsense, the Duce has decided to launch a 'racialist' campaign in Italy; and the Jews are, of course, the first victims. Apologists point out that the process, compared with the German model, is a comparatively mild one. But it is premature to say this. German anti-semitism has been in the saddle for nearly six years, Italian for only as many months. What has happened in that brief period is unbelievable: yet still the decrees come on in steady succession. What the next five and a half years will bring no man knows. Will it include physical violence? Those who have sauntered happily through the mediæval streets of Florence, who have stood beneath the Arch of Titus in Rome, who have floated down the Venetian canals by moonlight, will say 'Of course not—not in that happy, friendly country'. But the example of violence, as of injustice, is infectious; and he would be a bold man who will affirm that even Italy is safe from the basest manifestations of the new anti-Semitism which Germany so zealously inculcates.

The first victims of Italian anti-semitism were the University Professors, according to the terms of an edict published on

September 5th. The list of victims appeared in the Italian press on October 13th, and comprised some of the most eminent names in Italian scholarship—Mario Donati, the great surgeon. Giorgio del Vecchio, formerly Rector of the University of Rome; Alessandro della Seta, the eminent archæologist; Tullio Levi Civita, the greatest of Italian mathematicians. Some branches of study seem to be completely denuded—the study of physiology for example, in which it is said that twenty out of twenty-one of the University chairs were filled at one time by Jews (how this even if true, can have any political significance, or be said to constitute a menace to Italian life, is a matter on which the present writer is not qualified to pass an opinion). In pure mathematics and physics—both equally non-political subjects—matters were similar. An analysis of the names of the victims is instructive. Of the first 96, exactly one-half the total belong to the oldest stratum of Italian Jewry—the families settled in classical Rome two thousand or at the very least fifteen hundred years ago, by comparison with whom the Mussolinis and Cianos are impertinent newcomers into the Italian scheme of life. 45 of the remainder are descended from families who settled in the country in the Middle Ages, from the thirteenth century to the sixteenth. Precisely three out of the 96 are what may be termed newcomers—members of families which arrived during the past hundred years. What a peril to the purity of Italian cultural life!

But it is not only the University Professors who have been dismissed. School-teachers and civil servants, journalists and academicians, lawyers and physicians, have joined them. Jewish property is being expropriated. Jewish shops are being removed from the main streets, no fresh licences to open businesses are being granted to Jews, Jews are being forbidden to own more than a minute quantity of land (as though to give point to the old anti-semitic reproach that the Jew is no farmer!) They are no longer to be admitted to the Fascist party, in which many figured valiantly from the beginning: and, since the card of membership is requisite in application for almost any job, this means that every normal avenue of employment will be closed to them. Intermarriage is forbidden by law, as strictly as in Germany, notwithstanding the protests of the Pope. Worst of

all, the foreign Jews, who formerly received positive encouragement at every turn, particularly as regards study at the Universities, are expelled from the country almost without exception—a worse extravagance than has taken place thus far in Germany itself.

Jewish savants, who were elected to the various academies not long since in recognition of their services to Italian culture, have had their names struck off the rolls. And this is only the beginning. There are various exemptions at the moment, in favour of those who served in Italy's wars and their immediate posterity. But there were exemptions once in Germany, too: and the children in any case are to be denied ordinary educational facilities and herded into Ghetto schools, which in the tiny communities dotted about the Peninsula will in many cases be farcical.

What is the reason for all this? Is it to curry favour with the Arabs? Is it to please Herr Hitler? Is it because Signor Mussolini has his eye on the Jewish property, in the hope of relieving his financial straits? All of these considerations doubtless enter into the question; but none by itself is sufficient to explain this astonishing *volte-face*. The chief reason is, it seems to me, pre-eminently a psychological one. The Italian people dislike the Germans for their present arrogance and past brutalities, from which in the past century they, too, suffered, when the northern part of the country lay under the Austrian heel. The persecution of the Jews in Germany was hailed in Italy with horror; public sympathy was outspoken, from the lowest to the highest ranks of the Fascist hierarchy. This state of public opinion did not accord with the ideology of the Rome-Berlin axis. Not only Germany, but German policy in every detail, has become respectable in Italy; and the two national ideologies must be made to correspond in every detail, even at the cost of swallowing the racial absurdity. But signs are not lacking that to most decent-minded Italians, the diet is highly unpalatable.

JAPAN AND THE INSTINCT TO EXPAND

By R. T. BARRETT

SINCE the days of city states on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates an instinct to swarm and to expand at the expense of neighbours has gripped the human hives called nations, at certain periods of their history. With some races the eruptions are recurrent; with others a single period of brilliance is followed by eclipse.

Expansion usually follows a struggle for internal consolidation, as in the instances of Rome under the early Cæsars, Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, England in the seventeenth century, in the first half of the eighteenth century and again in mid-Victorian times. Natural vigour and pugnacity, having accomplished all that is required at home, now seek new worlds to conquer. The desire to trade, to travel and to spread the national culture grips the mind of an enterprising and fighting stock. Overpopulation may be a factor in impelling Japanese expansion to-day but it had nothing to do with imperial enterprises of Europe previous to the nineteenth century; nor can this desire for overseas possessions be found in such densely peopled lands as Java, India, Egypt and China. Even Great Britain seems to have entered the stage of national evolution in which new commitments are not desired.

In Japan the urge to expand and to conquer has been gathering strength since the great revolution of the Meiji Age, when Japan emerged out of isolation and feudalism. Japanese are active in the Philippine Islands, the East Indies, the Pacific Islands, but it is against China that their main effort is directed. There is nothing mysterious about this imperialistic instinct. The Japanese nobility see in these ambitions a source of power for themselves, as leaders of a great nation and as viceroys of her possessions. They hope to satisfy the demands of the commercial classes for trade and of the lower orders for work and for land.

The commercial classes have followed the flag somewhat reluctantly, seeing dangers and temporary losses ahead; the lower orders have been swayed by hopes of better conditions at home or of a new life overseas. In a country where patriotism is a national religion the constant thwarting of Japanese ambitions, and past failures to secure what have been regarded as the rightful fruits of victory have raised the pressure of nationalistic ardour to dangerous levels. In 1895 the Powers intervened to moderate the terms imposed by Japan upon a beaten China; in 1904 the Treaty of Portsmouth, after the magnificent victory over Russia, was a bitter disappointment to the mob who knew nothing of national exhaustion; in 1915 the Japanese government withdrew the Twenty-one demands aiming at domination of China, when to the people the coast looked clear for conquest of the mainland Republic; at the Versailles Peace Conference Japan got nothing but some Pacific Islands; in 1932 she retreated from Shanghai. No wonder patriotic circles are demanding that this time Japan's strength shall be used to the full and that her statesmen take courage from Herr Hitler's defiance of the democratic countries.

These patriotic elements are now in control, and let there be no doubt as to their intentions. Prince Konoye, as Prime Minister of Japan, declared that Japan will never surrender an inch of the territory which she has conquered. In a recent pronouncement Prince Konoye said: "The key to the solution of how to dispose of China is now in the hands of Japan. What Japan sincerely demands is not the destruction of China but the rise and prosperity of China, not the conquest of China, but co-operation with China". He declares that Japan is second to no nation in appreciating the racial aspirations of China, but "the realization of this ideal has been thwarted by the policy of the Kuomintang Government". Prince Konoye knows, and he realizes that we know, that China's racial aspirations were expressed only by the Kuomintang. What he is demanding is the complete and abject obedience of the Chinese people. In his own words—Japan is going to beat China to her knees. Then the two nations are to co-operate in the way that Japan dictates. The Chinese are, in the political, economic and cultural aspects of life, to accept Japan's commands. They are to take the

position of a helot race, and that is what a million armed Japanese are in China, killing Chinese people, to enforce. "Foreign Powers should have a clear understanding of the new situation unfolding in East Asia. We mean to co-operate with Germany and Italy in creating a new world order". If foreign Powers will accept Japan's policy they may be allowed to have such share in this rebuilding of China as Japan cares to toss to them. The *Japan Advertiser* and the *Tokyo Kokumin Shimbun* in commenting on this statement speak of a Japanese Monroe Doctrine for East Asia, "to which the Powers are expected to subscribe". From the beginning of "the incident" Japan's aim has been the overthrow of the Chiang Kai-shek Government. Could there be any plainer definition of conquest than the overthrow of a well-established national government, especially when conquests have been followed by setting up puppet régimes, staffed by aged nonentities, who go in terror of their lives.

Prince Konoye, and the leading statesmen of Japan have issued warnings that a long war lies ahead of Japan and the taking of Hankow will not be the end. On June 26 the War Minister, General Itagaki, reminded the nation that: "It is necessary for the Japanese to make up their minds to continue hostilities for ten or twenty years, if necessary" and he spoke of the possibility of national mobilization: "We shall march into the remotest parts of China," he concluded. Mr. Ikeda, Minister of Finance, adds his forecast of "various inconveniences to the national life," and "it is premature for the people to hope for a lightening of the burden at the present time". The controlled press of Japan is full to overflowing of plans for conquest and economic exploitation in which the wishes and the property rights of the Chinese people have no more place than if they were cattle. The Japanese Ambassador to Rome has said clearly that Japan's object is to make of China a "second Manchukuo, whose organization will take ten years", and this discreet diplomat further adds that British predominance in the Far East is ended for ever.

There is no doubt about Japan's intentions. The purpose of this article is now to examine the origins of this grandiose ambition and the chances of its achieving success. The basic cause of this outburst of crude aggression is the hammering of a

group of warlike clans into a nation. Over many centuries clan has fought clan in Japan, as in mediæval Scotland. Then, in the middle of last century, under the Meiji Emperor, the clans were rallied round the mysterious "prisoner of Kyoto", now manifested as Emperor and God. To resist foreign encroachments a national concentration-point was necessary and it was found in the person of the Emperor. Ancient legends of the divine origin of the Emperor and the land of Japan were resuscitated, and became part of the new educational curriculum. The Isles of Japan were begotten by the Gods. Jimmo, the first Emperor, was son of the Sun Goddess! His descendant, in an unbroken line, occupies the throne of Japan. The country had been divinely protected. The winds had destroyed the armadas of the great Kublai Khan, when he threw his might against Japan. The Gods were calling the people of Japan to arise from a long sleep, to put on the armour of western militarism and, as children of the Sun, to conquer and rule the world.

Having such conceptions in their minds it is impossible not to admire the patience, the humility, the loyalty to their leaders with which the Japanese people set about the modernization of their country. In their confidence in a great destiny they accepted the assured swagger of the Western peoples; they fought the inferiority complex arising not only from this tutelage but from the consciousness that their traditional culture was Chinese in origins, and the new knowledge was European. Despite such misgivings they felt that Japanese ways and traditions had an inherent greatness, above those of both their old and their new mentors.

Ethnologically the Japanese are a mixture of Chinese and Malays. They have the patient endurance and the clan loyalty of the Chinese. Their mentality has also, like the Chinese, a telepathic quality, which subordinates the individual to the clan and family, and, in Japan gives a unique and formidable cohesion to the whole nation. What may be called the herd instinct is developed to a degree incomprehensible to the Western mind.

Blending with these qualities is the warlike fire of the Malay, and the berserk tendency to run amok, under stress of emotion has not been eliminated. No one would claim that the

Japanese are a continent people, and beneath the outward masks of immobility and self-control, signs of sadism are often manifest. This is evidenced not only in the ruthless ferocity of the campaign in China, but by the normal prevalence of suicide, the national institution of hara-kiri, and the martial tradition of death before surrender. Yet another source of the contending instincts which torment Japanese mentality is the instability of the ground beneath their feet. Japan is the land of typhoons, of volcanoes and of perpetual earthquake. The lash of the forces of destruction, and the recurrent quiver of the soil on which they have stood for centuries have scarred the imagination and the subconscious ego of this people, filling them with uneasiness and fear.

As if these were not burdens enough this highly-strung people has passed during the last seventy years through a political, social and economic revolution which in Europe came of natural growth over a period of four centuries. The nobility, the samurai (their faithful henchmen), the timid merchant class and the rude peasantry have seen their static civilization change from a feudalism of the land to a feudalism of the factory. Patriotism has become nation-wide, martial activity a matter of world strategy, in place of the little battles between the armoured warriors of a class that jealously preserved the monopoly of bearing arms. Those of the samurai who could not be absorbed into the Army, Navy, Police and bureaucracy, have had to beat their swords into pens, and become the business executives of a nobility that turned to industry and commerce. The merchants' class has gained in wealth and status, but the peasantry has remained essentially the same—families working little patches of land according to traditional methods; for there has been no agricultural revolution in Japan.

During the changes the feudal nobility was determined to maintain its place. The motives were not wholly selfish, for they saw in the continued pyramid structure of society, with the Emperor at the apex, Japan's only sure way of ordered evolution into the status of a great power. They were at an advantage over the noble orders of Europe in having the services of the samurai at their command. By drawing this highly disciplined order of chivalry into the process of modernization, they were

able to prevent the emergence of a bourgeois class, demanding political power and economic privileges ; they could keep control of the lower orders, even while admitting them to the privilege of bearing arms in the Emperor's service.

Democratic principles made progress in Japan during the early years of the present century, when English ideas influenced the country. The collapse of the imperial *régimes* of Russia, Austria and Germany demonstrated, however, to the Japanese nobility, that no aristocratic system was safe. The process of subordinating the Diet was begun, its members, and its parties, coming under the sway of the great feudal houses, as in the eighteenth century the Commons in England came under the Whig families. At the present time the Diet has no more power than the German Reichstag.

Industry has been controlled in Japan with the same ends in view—the maintenance of the social and political order. Because it was realized that factories can be dangerous centres of agitation and unrest, they have been largely staffed with women. Japanese women are trained to be docile. They are indentured by their menfolk, in return for a lump sum, and they no doubt find consolation in the regular hours, the communal life and the pay of the factory. Industry has been mainly concentrated upon textiles and light goods, suitable for female labour. Furthermore, home industries, in which the peasant sets his family to work at looms rented from large concerns, and upon materials supplied from the same source, also prove a safeguard against the rise of a turbulent population in the manufacturing towns.

Despite these shifts the social structure of Japan is not stable. The anomaly of twentieth-century industry alongside primitive agriculture produces curious stresses. The Army is largely recruited from the peasants, and the peasants are living on standards of Oriental poverty. They, and their sons in the army, are therefore resentful against big business. In its turn big business has viewed the political usurpation of the Army and Navy with alarm. It accepted the offer of the loot of China with reluctance. As traders they saw that to take the sword to your customer is bad business ; as patriots, and members of a fighting race, they could see the menace of a China that was

putting her house in order and developing her armaments. They realized that in a few years all hope of conquering China would pass. There were other sources of uneasiness. Western ideas continued to seep into Japan, *via* the press, the cinema, the tourists. Women were restive. Young people were restive. Communism was at work deep down among the poorer orders. The Army was out of hand, as shown by the uprising of February, 1936, when Ministers of the Crown were murdered, a part of Tokyo seized, and the rebels lightly punished owing to popular sympathy. In the world beyond, Japanese immigrants were excluded and tariffs raised against Japanese goods. Unemployment among men was increasing. The factories could not absorb them, and there were too many for the land. Unless something were done the unemployed would menace the security of the state.

War and the conquest of China were seen as the solvents of Japan's troubles, political and economic. Even if the rapid success achieved in Manchuria were not repeated Japan could settle down to a long war. The country grows all the food it needs. Exports could pay for imports of raw materials. The army would absorb the surplus man-power, and would carve out places for its men in China. Gradually China would be brought under control and then its resources would be tapped and taken to Japan—the coal and iron of the north and round Hankow, the cotton of Shantung and oil which prospectors would be sure to find ! As the war proceeded pockets of land in the eastern plain of China, and near Hankow, could be cleared of aborigines and populated by the Japanese conquerors. The Chinese trading class, always materialistic, would soon come to heel. Their business would pass through the Customs, whose revenues are paid into Japanese banks, and are at the disposal of Japan. If the Chinese needed cotton cloth (and what else can they wear ?) and certain European goods to which they are becoming accustomed, they would have to buy them from Japanese sources. So the great age of " peaceful co-operation " would slowly dawn, under the iron tutelage of the garrisons of occupation.

Japan, in the flood tide of her power, and in the grip of her expanding instinct, calculates that she can in time overwhelm

China, as the Manchus and the Mongols overwhelmed the country. The question is whether Japan has the inherent greatness to accomplish this task, in the teeth of opposition from the Western Powers and from China?

No Western Power is likely to put the matter to the arbitration of war. Germany and Italy have been offered a share in the process of "co-operation with China". Neither Power has any roots in the Far East. Their trade tentacles can at any time be cut. Russia is too busy slaughtering her own officers to be a menace. Britain and America are the imponderables. America will not fight for China. But if the Open Door be closed embargoes might be put upon Japanese silk, and Japan relies upon that trade to buy oil, armaments and raw materials. The simple announcement recently made that a new rayon process for silk stockings has been discovered in America, and will reduce the demand for real silk, must have given Japan cause for thought. America has more trade with China than any other country, and she will not lightly abandon it. With her liberalism and her money she is not a welcome colleague. Great Britain holds Hong Kong, the gateway to South China. As long as she is there China cannot be made watertight against British trade and British notions. Japan may need money from Britain. She intends to be no more than a borrower, but already the British Government has declined that rôle. The British Empire is a great source of Japanese trade. It buys Japanese goods, it sells ores and rubber. If driven too far Britain might prove an awkward antagonist. Raiders from Singapore would be dangerous on lines of communication. Hitler, however, inspires Japanese imperialists with a new will to dare and to dare. There is always a chance that the British Empire may fall to pieces or be pulled down by a coalition of totalitarian Powers. Then who shall stand in the way of Japan's lordship over Asia?

Such are the people who have launched the greatest campaign of conquest in the history of the world. They are attempting to plant their heels upon the necks of one quarter of the human race by one war. Their plan is simple. They will hold the railways, the ports and rivers. They will work the mines and factories, they will keep out foreign help. "War is a matter of

communications and of key positions". Japan holds all of these. "Sea power proves decisive in a long war". The military maxims are on the side of Japan, though Napoleon said: "numbers win in the end". Under modern conditions no easy generalizations about the task of swallowing a country the size of China and of the indestructibility of the soul of a great nation will provide an answer to the upshot of the war in China. Crops must be sown and reaped or the people will perish and the Japanese, nothing loath, will inherit the land. Handicrafts must go on, and trade must pass through Japanese hands. Can the Chinese pit their ill-armed, rudely organized guerrillas against an iron militarism?

There are two types of conquerors, the permanent and the ephemeral. Of which kind is Japan? Has she the nature only of Tamerlane and Attila, the destroyers, or is there any Roman quality in her imperialism? Thirteen years ago, when the Chinese civil wars showed no sign of ever ending, if Japan had marched into the country she might have taken control of the Government and been welcomed by a war-weary land. Since then Nanking's achievements have shown that virtue has not gone out of the Chinese people. They could have rebuilt their country, as they rebuilt Canton, turning it from a welter of disorder and squalor into a modern city. The burning of Canton was an act of significant hatred and determination. Japan has inspired a loathing in Chinese hearts so deep that not in this generation will she be accepted as benefactor. In their mingling of good humour and ruthlessness, their contrasts of fecklessness and thrift, their ingenuity and their gallantry in irregular warfare, their long memories and power of hate, the peasants of Eire and the peasants of China have something in common. An Ireland of two million square miles and of four hundred million active resisters is the gauge of Japan's task.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

I WONDER if anyone in these times gives a thought to that much debated question of War-guilt. At any rate the Germans have not forgotten it, and probably Herr Hitler thinks of a day when the representatives of those Powers that dictated the terms of Versailles will write down at his dictation a solemn assurance that Russia, **German Power** —and Will France, England and Belgium nefariously plunged Europe into bloodshed. Italy's feelings, and America's, may for the time be spared; but Herr Hitler will then have done something to prove how peaceful and civilized the German power is and has been.

Here is how we stand. Great Britain is hurriedly spending untold millions to give some protection for her people against the day when Germany may decide to bomb London and other great cities to bits. France is either doing the same, or is deciding to concentrate her effort on the power to make reprisals. But nobody now pretends to doubt that Germany has the power and the will to inflict wholesale destruction, if it be thought necessary for Germany's interests. That power has only come to Germany within the last seven or eight years; it grew from secret beginnings but even five years ago its growth could have been checked. Why was it not checked? Pilsudski proposed to France to stamp it out when Poland and France could have done the thing, perhaps even against the will of Europe, certainly with Europe's acquiescence. But the idea was never seriously considered. Even in the French army, to say nothing of the democracy at large, there was a genuine horror of the idea of war. There was also the feeling that such a step would be condemned by the League of Nations; above all, that it would be condemned by England. British opinion had always resented what it called the "hegemony of France";

it had regarded as immoral France's persistent resolution to maintain her military strength, and her refusal to follow the British example. And many accomplished brains in England distinguished themselves by proving that there was not and that there never had been any special development in Germany of the will to war.

At the present moment it is plain to all that, unless the democracies alter their attitude, there is an end of liberty.

"**Your Life** Whoever has the mastery of the air and the will **or** to inflict destruction can issue orders to the world. **Your Liberty!**" Those orders will be for the suppression of liberty, just as if it were foot-and-mouth disease and for the same reason; it is contagious. This is not to say that the Germans are slaves, but merely that they are Spartans. Every Spartan was ready to die for the honour of Sparta, which might be called its freedom. The whole fabric of Herr Hitler's power rests on a moral crusade, his preaching of the martial virtues. Since 1918 the value of these virtues has been questioned in the democracies, and that is why we are in danger of a choice between our lives and our liberties.

With the exception of a small part of the community, democracies are prepared to accept the martial virtues in time of war. But two great nations in Europe have decided to live permanently on a war-footing, and this has given them a start which all the resources of all the democracies can hardly hope to overtake. We know now that last September Mr. Chamberlain saw no choice but to submit, and the general judgment is that he acted as a wise man. Nobody can deny, however, that subsequent events have formed a humiliating commentary on the episode. Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier undertook to guarantee the liberty of Czechoslovakia and to give it a fairly-drawn boundary. What have England and France had to say in the drawing of that boundary? What can they do towards protecting it? Whatever protection Czechoslovakia gets to-day—and she needs it—must come from Germany. The memory of Mr. Chamberlain's pledge is only recalled for derision.

Those who approve Mr. Chamberlain with best reason argue that he has gained time. They say that England is now a

hundred per cent. better protected against air attack than in September ; or rather, that she is only half as unprotected. But nobody pretends that there is not danger ; nobody believes that we are in sight of a time when England can be equal to Germany in air strength ; or of a time when England and France combined can be equal to Italy and Germany. Nobody denies that the existence of two Great Powers in Europe organized strictly in accordance with the martial virtues is a danger to democracy. They on their part do not conceal that the practice of democracy is, if not a danger, at least an offence to them. Those who venture on criticism of the dictators are described in the dictatorial press as "war-mongers": anybody is a war-monger who resists even intellectually the advance of States organized on the martial pattern.

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There is a notable difference between the reactions of democracy in France and in England. France has felt challenged by Italy and has answered. M. Daladier's progress through Corsica to Tunis showed that the dictatorships have no monopoly of demonstrations. Even in the discussion of financial problems—when French discipline is weakest—France has shown willingness to assume the martial virtue of disciplined obedience, and M. Reynaud, a courageous man, has been well followed. In England on the other hand there is no such scene of gladly accepted leadership. Probably a great part of his supporters must have learnt with relief that on their way to Rome Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax were to take counsel with the French. There is a deep-seated fear lest the result of this further pilgrimage may be a new crop of humiliations. Nor is there yet any general assurance that the necessary measures have been taken to give the greatest possible protection from those dangers before which last September Mr. Chamberlain felt bound to recoil.

In the middle of these unwelcome thoughts came President Roosevelt's bold speech which clearly indicated his view that America cannot be indifferent to the course of events in Europe. There was something like a promise of help for those who should resist the aggressions of dictatorship. England, ever since the

war, has been looking for help from the United States, and has never got it, except in the enunciation of moral principles—such as the Briand-Kellogg pact. It would be rash to count on those measures "short of war" by which Mr. Roosevelt indicated that aggression might be curbed ; though it is a sign of change that a President of the United States should approach so near to the heresy of accepting solidarity with Europe. But the interest and the value of the President's speech lay in his frank recognition of one superiority which the dictatorships can claim. They leave no man idle. Nobody under their rule need fear the long search for bread-winning employment. M. Reynaud, having the instinct for leadership, told France plainly that they cannot keep pace with Germany if Frenchmen only work forty hours and Germans sixty ; and the attempt of the Trade Unions to overthrow M. Reynaud and his policy resulted in a serious defeat for the Unions and in the rupture of the *Front Populaire*. But that happened in a democracy which accepts the idea of universal military service—and by that acceptance is organized to deal with any attempt of one section in the nation to blackmail the rest.

In England organization of democracy has been more humane than in the United States ; it is a less grim matter to be out of work. But the moral of President Roosevelt's speech is not that better provision should be made for those who are unemployed, but that provision should be made to find work for them. The United States has its own problems. But in England, now fully engaged in an armaments race where it is matter of life and death to be left behind, is it conceivable that the country can keep pace with Germany and still maintain two million workers idle ? If war came to-morrow, the thing would not bear discussion ; there would be conscription of man-power. Is it reasonable that there should not be conscription, while the necessity for protection is urgent, and two million workers are being paid for doing nothing?

An immense deal of unproductive work has to be carried through ; for instance, the building of granaries on a scale that would make England less nervous when Germany proposes to increase her fleet of submarines ; the digging of shelters, and generally the work that in war-time would be carried out under

direction of the Royal Engineers. Politically, there is great difficulty in getting this done by a democracy, as it is done under the dictatorships. Trade union interests are in the way, and one of the things which democracy should be most concerned to preserve is precisely the trade union principle. Yet if a call were made for the whole manhood of England to turn out in their shirt-sleeves and dig shelters for the women and children, I do not think opposition would come from organized labour, provided that compulsion were impartially applied to all.

America is not in sight of this necessity, but its existence cannot be denied in Great Britain. I am told that last September likely casualties from air attack were estimated at half a million in London alone. That staggering figure may justify the surrender at Munich ; but does it justify the avoidance of decisive action since ? Is it, seriously, impossible in face of such a danger, and in face of the threat to sea communications, to find work for the unemployed ? But you cannot employ them in this way unless you are prepared to send young gentlemen who wear an old school tie to shift clay or run concrete alongside of the two million.

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This symbol of the old school tie makes difficulties for democracy. We are told that throughout North America

The Ties of (in Canada as well as the United States), Mr. **the Common-** Chamberlain's action at Munich is believed to have **wealth** been largely influenced by a desire to keep clear of Russia ; yet it appears that throughout the English-speaking world Russia is counted a supporter of democracy. In a valuable book on "Australia's Foreign Policy", issued by the Australian Institute of Political Science, it is repeatedly stated by representatives of the Labour interest that Australian Labour would resist any military action which it believed to be directed against Russia. The implication is that, if Mr. Chamberlain's Government were taken to be deliberately excluding Russia from participation in the general defence of democracy, this would not be calculated to consolidate the British Commonwealth. Certainly Russia is not democratically governed ; yet after all, are the wharf-workers in Australia so far wrong ? Stalin is a dictator, and ruthless ; yet there is probably more freedom, and

more sense of freedom in Russia under Stalin than existed in Russia under the most amiable of the Czars. But under Hitler there is certainly less freedom, and more denial of justice, than under the Kaisers. The danger to liberty in Europe lies in the dictatorships which commend themselves to fashionable circles.

That book on Australia throws much light on the way in which the Dominions regard one another. Nationality among Canadians, and South Africans, and among the Irish tends to divergence far more than in Australia or New Zealand. Ireland is perhaps the most divergent. On the other hand Ireland is most closely bound of all to Great Britain by ties of commercial interest and by considerations of safety. Great stress is laid on the necessity for reinforcing these ties by Mr. W. S. Armour in his book "Ulster, Ireland, Britain : a Forgotten Trust". I should like to feel that Mr. Armour was helpful, but cannot. He has persuaded himself that the whole trouble lies in a small ring of selfish vested interests in the north-eastern corner. I wish it were so ; but far wider spread are the consequences of a conquest which took the form of confiscation, and followed a theological division. The Protestant cottiers in Donegal have almost without exception the same attitude to Catholics as Protestant business men in Belfast. They regard themselves as Irishmen ; they regard these others as Irishmen of an inferior breed, morally and intellectually. It is about as reasonable as the German belief in their Aryan qualities and about as easy to reason with. But Mr. Armour should realize that he makes union difficult when he divides the "settlers" from the "true Irish nation". This is what Mr. de Valera does when he affirms that the native speech of Irishmen is Gaelic, and distorts education to make Gaelic what it never was. Ulstermen will think many times before they entrust the regulation of their very extensive commerce to a parliament which is dominated by Mr. de Valera, in view merely of his commercial policy. But when they find Mr. de Valera adopting as a chief aim of the State what they regard as nonsense, and as distasteful nonsense, then prejudice is greatly increased.

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If there were room in these pages, how much I should like to

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Incomparable Baltic". There is probably no other man writing **Belloc** in English whose mind is so curiously stored, for he combines immense reading and very wide travel with a faculty for visualizing countries in bulk that is most rare not only among readers but among travellers. Towns are as much living creations to him as trees; indeed more so, for I have met no trace in him of a botanist, and he is too skilled an essayist not to utilize all his interests. It seems almost an impertinence at this time of day to remark that in the technical craft of writing he has very few equals either in prose or in verse. Yet I have never seen it remarked that, though he has written some of the best poetry of our time, and continues to write it ever with increasing mastery, his prose keeps strictly to its own tradition; it has never the exuberance or the over-elaboration commonly found when a poet goes outside his own special medium. But it is none the less temperamental for that; it shifts in mood and tone like good talk; and Mr. Belloc in talk or in writing is not chary of self-assertion. He is what Dr. Johnson meant when he said he liked a good hater; and as for what he loves, from wine to poetry, we are left in no doubt. Dr. Johnson himself was not more dogmatic. Those who have had convictions which happen to disagree with Mr. Belloc's had better not read this book, unless, like Boswell, they positively enjoy being intellectually knocked down. As to the topical interest of a book dealing with regions which are only too likely to be much heard about, I should quote for instance the observations on Dantzic and the new port of Gdynia which has developed so rapidly—for a very simple seafaring reason of geography, which no writer before Mr. Belloc had ever brought to my notice. Still, that instance gives no idea of his range. The book has charming illustrations by Mr. E. L. Warre—one of which goes far to confute Mr. Belloc's opinion that the new Town Hall of Stockholm is an unpleasing piece of architecture. But then Mr. Belloc thinks little of modern architecture and misses few occasions for saying so. More power to him.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN LONDON
by Chiang Yee. *Country & Life*.
10s. 6d.

THE SPIRIT OF INDIA, by W. J. Grant. *Batsford*. 10s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAIN WAY. An anthology in prose and verse, collected by R. L. G. Irving. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

THE GOLDEN ROAD. An anthology of travel, selected and arranged by Arthur Stanley. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

ATLANTIC CIRCLE, by Lord Moyne. *Blackie*. 18s.

A most versatile artist is Mr. Chiang Yee. Not only does he paint and draw exquisite pictures but he also composes poems in the Chinese manner and he writes a very charming book. His command of English may be judged from this passage, taken at random: 'The upper layer of the mist was very thin and of a greyish-green colour which turned into purple when it met the edge of the sunset'. It will be seen that he does not find it necessary to write in the humorously broken English of Yoshio Markino, from whom, I believe, it was demanded by his public even after he had lived here long enough to write and speak it very well. Mr. Chiang Yee is now as much at home in England as his friend Mr. S. I. Hsiung, the author of 'Lady Precious Stream', who is a mighty solver of English crossword puzzles. This book discourses most pleasantly of many

things, including Chinese crabs and a certain method of cooking them. The result, we are told, is indescribably perfect, for Li Li-Wen the great dramatist has written a book on food in which he says he can describe the beauty and flavour of any food except these fresh-water crabs. Another product of his native land that fills Mr. Chiang Yee with nostalgia is the beloved winter-plum blossom. Once in England he wrote two lines about it:

Not a flower in all this sea-country
is my choice,

I only hope to have the winter-plum
drift into my dreams.

He is so observant and so accurate that one regrets his remarks about Washington's statue in front of the National Gallery. 'They put his statue quite apart from others and made it rather smaller than the rest of them. That, I thought, was an indication that the English mind was not always broad enough.' Actually the statue was presented by America, and its site, looking over Trafalgar Square, is very honourable. It is interesting that Mr. Yee cannot endure the smell of mutton; an English lady of my acquaintance, whose childhood was spent in China, once asked a Chinese whether we in the mass had not for them a disagreeable smell. 'Yes', he said, 'you smell of mutton'. However, Mr. Yee appreciates not merely us but, more or less, our climate. You must read his

chapters on London fog, London in snow, winter in London and all his shrewd and amusing digressions. Also, if you happen to live in Cromwell Road you will discover, to your astonishment, that Mr. Yee considers it the second finest street in London.

The illustrations in Mr. Grant's book are superb. There is no other word for it. And the various essays by Mr. Grant are of great interest. One need not go all the way with him when he says that Mr. Gandhi knows 'that in the Indian religious philosophy there is more wisdom than in a millennium of John Locke and David Hume.' Gandhi, says Mr. Grant, wants to free India from the British, because he condemns the British attitude to life. But Mr. Grant admits that 'if British guidance and protection are removed India would fall a prey to some other nation. Gandhi's crusade on behalf of the millions of untouchables should have been praised by Mr. Grant, but he himself is weak on this point, endeavouring to excuse the barbarous treatment of the untouchables on the ground that their habits are unhygienic. Is he aware that the Chief Justice of Travancore is an untouchable, who until a couple of years ago was not permitted to enter the State temples? To say that 'few cottages in England can claim the same standard of order and tidiness as that which obtains within the humblest dwelling in the Indian jungle' is absurd. But I acknowledge that a floor composed of stamped-in cow-dung is rather hygienic.

To people of the plains it will seem extraordinary that it has been possible to compile an anthology of more than 650 pages on the ascent of mountains. How can such a collection, they will ask, avoid monotony? But to the

devotees this treasure house of mountaineering 'shop' will obviously prove most fascinating. Among the contributors are Achille Ratti (Pope Pius XI.), C. E. Montague, Leslie Stephen, Freshfield, Goethe and A. D. Godley, who tells us of the mountain climbers:

They will dine on mule and marmot,
and of mutton made of goats,
They will face the various horrors of
Helvetian table d'hôtes . . .

The Golden Road is the kind of book it is good to read in bed or on one's travels. In both those circumstances it is pleasant to follow the journeys of other folk and here we have every possible sort of journey. Mr. Stanley provides 600 delightful pages for a mere 7s. 6d. Take one section alone, that which is entitled 'Visitors' Book'. Here we find an account of the Lord Mayor's Show written by a Pomeranian traveller in 1584; the garlanded fire-engines at the head of the procession flung water on the crowd to keep them back. A French *abbé* in 1737 tells of a friend who had an encounter with Turpin the highwayman on the road to Newmarket. The next day they met at the races, had a bet which Turpin lost and honourably paid, after which he expressed his sorrow that the trifling affair of the previous day did not permit them to drink together . . . This book can be recommended without the least reservation.

The trouble about Lord Moyne's book *Atlantic Circle* is that he excites our interest in many a place, so that we want to have an entire book about it. However, in some he lingers for quite a time. Thus his account of life among the Eskimos is full and most informative. The journey to Greenland and thence to Labrador fills a landsman

like myself with shudders. We have read elsewhere of the horrors of the negro King Henri Christophe of Haiti—one would like to know what Ludwig of Bavaria thought of his fantastic castle—but of the Bay Islands we have hitherto known nothing. This expedition was not merely a modern 'Grand Tour'; it had various scientific objects, each member of the party had his or her special interest and occupation, and the detailed examination of the material brought back is now being carried out by the staff of the British Museum (Natural History). The ordinary reader will be grateful for this interesting, unassuming account; Lord Moyne is evidently as imperturbable as the Englishman of Continental tradition, and equally imperturbable, with flickers of humour, is his style of writing.

H.B.

HISTORY OF THE FILM—Maurice Bardeche and Robert Brasillach. Translated and edited by Iris Barry. *George Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

In forty years the cinema has seen more changes than have the other arts in four hundred years. From the silent films of the Brothers Lumière, running less than a minute and showing workmen leaving a factory or a train entering a station, to the modern studio feature film with its sound, colour, trick effects, spectacle and running for over two hours, is a story of development which must rank as one of the most remarkable in history. Yet, in spite of its rich and curious history, the cinema is the least documented of the arts. Few serious accounts of its mushroom development have been written. No real attempt has been made to relate the film to its

social background. Until the last three or four years no organized effort has been made to preserve representative films of different countries.

A book of this kind, therefore, which sets out to survey the whole field of cinematic development from its beginning, commands respect. The authors are French, and their description of the early days of the European film, especially in France and Sweden, is valuable. Much of this important stage in film history has not before been set down. We can now evaluate, perhaps for the first time, the true position of such pioneers—now almost forgotten—as Méliès, Zecca, Léonce Perret and Max Linder. The early developments of the American film are also well covered, although some of the authors' material seems to have come from existing books, and the whole course of film progress up till the War and just after is put in its proper perspective.

But all in this book is not serious. The sordid history of commercial cinema is enlivened by such a story as that of the news-reel producer during the Russo-Japanese War who forgot to disguise his backgrounds, with the result that an astonished audience watched the soldiers of the Mikado engaged in bloodthirsty battle with the troops of the Czar in front of the grandstand at Chantilly. Then there is the story of the Italian 'Battle of the Beard' during the War, when temperamental Italian stars refused to wear beards, even when playing Attila and St. Paul. It is interesting, too, to read of the struggles between Edison, who had neglected to patent some of his inventions, and the independent American producers, who were served almost daily with writs.

When the authors leave facts, however, and embark on critical opinions they are not always so successful. They seem to find it difficult to appreciate a film in a language foreign to them. Their failure to estimate correctly the importance of the German output, especially such films as "Caligari" and "Kameradschaft", and their strange conclusions on some recent American films, are instances in point. They make also the common mistake of judging early films by present technical standards, instead of assessing them in relation to the time at which they were made.

Surprising, too, in so comprehensive a book, is the almost complete omission of any reference to the British film, either fictional or documentary. Paul was at work in England at the beginning of the century, and the English film industry before the War was as important as the American. There is no account of it in this book. The naïve prefatory note, which assumes that serious English filmgoers are familiar with the films of their own country, is hardly a satisfactory substitute. This omission is all the more extraordinary as the current English output is described in one sentence towards the end of the book as seriously rivalling the American film.

Miss Iris Barry's translation is so fluent and well-written that the reader has often to remind himself that the authors are French and not American. Her well-chosen illustrations, some of them rare, and the comprehensive indices add greatly to the book's value. Her editorial footnotes, however, are sometimes in direct contradiction to

the authors' statements. She might perhaps have been wiser in some cases to have amended the text. There is surely little excuse for leaving an error in the text in order to correct it in a footnote. The three years which have elapsed between the French and American editions make this all the more desirable.

The authors conclude on a note of pessimism. They believe that the art of the film ended when sound began. "We who witnessed the birth of an art", they write, "may possibly also have seen it die". To which Miss Barry replies, "Technically the film has always been somewhat in advance of its ability to harness new technical resources to the expression of more penetrating, funnier, or more significant subject matter than it has utilized at any given moment. This has never been truer than at the moment of writing and, in consequence, there has never been more hope for the future".

There is perhaps more justification for the authors' view than for Miss Barry's. The host of revival programmes reflects decreased production, even in Hollywood. In this country fewer films are being made than before the passing of the Cinematograph Act. There are studios standing in Britain whose stages have not seen one single foot of film turned. Little of interest now comes from Europe. The changes in political power have hindered, not encouraged, the creative element in film-making. Only in France, the authors' own country, has production improved in quantity and quality. And this change has occurred since the book was written.

PAUL ROTH.

LENIN, by Christopher Hollis.
Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Nearly all men, throughout their whole lives, are, strictly, lost: they do not know what they are doing or where they are going. All are lost—save the Men of Destiny. And of all men of destiny it would seem that Lenin was supreme, the man who for thirty years knew what was happening and what must be done, the man who declared that thus and thus and not otherwise must the course of events flow, that thus and thus and not otherwise must the action of his followers be, the man for whom all prophecies concerning Russia were fulfilled, leading him inevitably to the throne of the Romanovs. He seems a positive saint of action, so profoundly in touch with reality that he became identical with the historic process. Such has been my own view. Yet the student of Mr. Hollis' study may begin to feel a doubt about this. Was Lenin really a great man? Did he possess in himself those elements, had he that inner dynamite, which by inverse gravitation must have brought him inevitably to triumph? Or did he only possess a theory of historic inevitability which might easily have let him down completely? Mr. Hollis insists again and again that if only the Provisional Government had plumped for peace there would have been no Bolshevik Revolution, that the wisdom of Lenin depended upon the folly of Kerensky. In a sense this seems true, and Mr. Hollis portrays, as the data justifies, a Lenin who did not possess the *magic* which ordains ultimate triumph. Yet it might well be answered that Lenin had always been right and not only foresaw the War and its opportunity, but always realized that the course

of events would necessitate a provisional government which would have a blunderer at its head who would be bound to do the wrong thing and thus open the gate to the leader of the Bolsheviks. To go as far as this is to go a long way; but I think we cannot refuse to go thus far.

It remains to be said that Mr. Hollis' volume, though it is not on a level with Marcou's study, since he fails to create the atmosphere in which we can feel the poetry of history and the mysticism of action, is far the best Life which has appeared in English. There is not one dull page nor one redundant sentence, while frequently the author sums matters up—such as Lenin on religion, or international revolution or party feuds or the death penalty or on how to wait—in the single lucid phrase which belongs to the comprehensive mind. There is one particularly attractive feature about his book—that he does not fall into the error of under-rating Trotsky. On the contrary, he sees Trotsky correctly as the man who, if he was not in many ways greater than Lenin, was certainly the colossal personal force that made possible the final taking of power, the desperate holding of power against the Whites and the consolidation of power again afterwards. The failure to accept this heroic and extraordinary figure in its true proportions is apt to invalidate many biographies of Lenin. Since Mr. Hollis does not make this error we see Lenin all the clearer. We do not see him absolutely clearly, for there is something impersonal about Lenin, something lacking, which makes it difficult to grasp him with our imagination or even to take him quite seriously in his mildness, or in his cruelty, or in his glory. JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

ST. HELENA, 1502-1938, by Philip Gosse. Cassell. 15s.

This authoritative, readable and well-illustrated book is written with a light touch and good-humour which go far to disguise [an implicit and damning indictment of British Colonial policy. Those nourished from youth on a legend of British genius in colonization should read this book. Without rancour, almost without intention, it manages to undermine that self-satisfaction which is itself perhaps the root of the trouble.

The story of St. Helena begins with its discovery in 1502 by the Portuguese, who used it thenceforward as a port of call on the route to the Cape, gradually abandoning it as Dutch and English intruders multiplied. It was still uninhabited when the English East India Company decided to establish a colony there in 1658, its potential value lying mainly in its convenience as a rendezvous for homeward-bound India-men awaiting convoy. The East India Company ruled the island "paternally and generously" from then until the Crown took it over in 1833. The small colony reached its peak of prosperity at the time of Napoleon's captivity on the island. It had then an exceptionally large garrison, and the settlement's decline dates from the withdrawal of the troops in 1821.

If the sad state of St. Helena during the last century is due, in part, to the abandonment of the Cape route to India, it is at least as much due to consistent neglect. What must chiefly appal the reader of this book is not the procession of decrepit warriors sent out to administer the island so much as the fatal fidelity with which all the worst, and few of the best, features of England

have been reproduced there. In a splendid climate, where almost anything will grow, and where the small holder could flourish as in few other places on earth, all the best land is owned by two proprietors. Driven from the soil, a part of the population finds employment in a flax industry, but at such miserably low wages that the export "benefits but three or four of the big landowners". With growing indignation, one may read in this book of a hopeless lack of enterprise both in agriculture and industry, of slum conditions, of a shipping monopoly and of the absence even of the kind of legislation which mitigates some of the evils of English industrialism. Mr. Gosse ends this excellent book on a note of hope but confesses that among the worst evils are Customs duties introduced as recently as 1936 with the apparent object of keeping the poor islanders in a state of semi-starvation. It is well that we should be reminded that one of our oldest colonies relies for much of its revenue on selling its postage-stamps to the world's philatelists.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON

AMERICA, by Franz Kafka. Routledge 8s. 6d.

PILGRIMAGE. 4 vols. By Dorothy M. Richardson. Dent-Cresset Press. 30s.

The eccentric novelists are a special taste; there are probably people who cannot read *Tristram Shandy*. Franz Kafka presents the difficulty of an obsessed mind, a persecution mania which at once excites and leadens his narrative: his humour is the irony of the mad house. His work recalls the story of the mad lady who thought she had a cat inside of her. To cure

her the doctor told her he was going to operate and remove the cat. Afterwards, when she came round from the anæsthetic, and was told that the operation was successful, she replied, "Yes, but the cat had kittens and you haven't removed them". All Kafka's cats have kittens. There is no end to any of his novels, for there is no end to the dull ache of life.

But if he was a neurotic he was able brilliantly to externalize his tunnellings away from daylight in universal terms. Kafka's two major fantasies *The Castle* and *The Trial* were the product of his bad relationship with his father which drove his life underground and his talent into a dream world all the more haunted for being described naively, and with the literalness of Defoe, dealing with Mrs. Veal. The father of Kafka was a strong, healthy man who seems to have despised his sickly son and to have kept himself contemptuously aloof. The suffering of the son was doubled; he reproached his father with a dumb injustice, he reproached himself with a baffled and gnawing guilt. To relieve him came those brief moments of pathetic and ecstatic hope and dog-like expectation which one sees in *The Castle*, and after that the return of the frustrations of anxiety, the consolation of innocence and a gentle stoicism. Between man and his ultimate desire of ka's misunderstanding works, is represented rate and wilfully obstructs that his comic spirit ate. His sensibility has, in and of irresponsible come and one meets, in his book ted absurdities, long-winded explanations, which ical ne's dreams.

America is an altogether gayer, fresher and more innocent book than the others. It is a kind of *Emil and the Detectives*. Kafka had never been in the United States, but he imagined it perfectly to his purpose to show the adventures of an innocent emigrant youth who is despatched there by his parents because he has been seduced by a housemaid. There are echoes of old themes in the fantastic uncle who buys him everything he wants as in a child's book and then (as in childhood but not in children's books) suddenly disowns him on a quibble which is majestically called a principle. Robinson and Delamarche, the drunken sinister couple, play fast and loose with the boy, like insatiable yet half remorseful tempters. The father crops up again in the implacable Head Waiter. Throughout rings clearly the serious treble of the boy's voice. How close Kafka has come to the seriousness, the innocent calculation and vulnerable candour of the growing mind! The down-trodden or dominated, when the spark of life still burns in them, become legalistic in mind; and all the comedy in this book springs from the top-heavy arguments which are applied to ridiculous situations. Karl's sense of career, as a lift boy is a perfect form of observation. The weakness of Kafka is that he is always working up for a climax which has to be indefinitely postponed and, sooner or later, rather than face it, he runs to earth. Perhaps this is a testimony to his fidelity to his own vision of life; but with all his individuality and genial sensibility, Kafka is a writer who leaves a blank cheque and goes off when you discuss his meaning. The cheque is signed with his extraordinary and peculiar signature,

but the cheques of greatness in literatures are filled in as well.

The story of Miriam that harried soul who began so freshly and courageously in *Pointed Roofs* and who has completely disintegrated into a mesh of nerves in *Dimple Hill*, can now be had complete in 4 vols. Miss Dorothy Richardson, as the earliest English inventor of "the stream of consciousness", has the austere, awkwardness, the unbelievable air of the pioneer who has lived to see a town spring up round his log cabin. I think there can be no doubt that the earlier volumes are more readable and interesting. As one of the eccentric writers she has her niche, though those who have learned from her have surpassed her as novelists and writers of prose. From the first chapter there is no doubt about her quality, in fact even now, it seems to me, no one has really turned to her kind of material, whatever may have been taken from her method. The shabby, hard-pressed England has never been properly done, except comically, in the way writers always write of the class from which they have escaped. The other women novelists have always had the elegance of the upper middle class; the middle class inelegance, more crushing to its women than its men, has never been interpreted from inside with any talent.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT : Register of the Ministers and of the Members of both Houses, 1439—1509. *H.M. Stationery Office.* £2.

Colonel Wedgwood and the unofficial Committee of both Houses who are responsible for the new History of Parliament are much to be congratulated on the second volume. It is a fine piece of research and it makes clear

the general plan of the work. For each period the editor will produce three volumes—one of biographies of all the members of the House of Commons, another forming a register of the successive Parliaments and the third a commentary on the growth of Parliament in the period. When a year ago Colonel Wedgwood published, as the first instalment, the biographies of all known members between 1439 and 1509, the book, not unnaturally, had a somewhat chilly reception. Most of these personages were of no consequence, and the work done on them seemed excessive. But this second instalment is obviously of very great interest and importance, especially as it relates to a critical and obscure period, and Colonel Wedgwood's long and able introduction, filling about 150 pages out of the 900 pages in the book, is illuminating.

We are first given details of the thirty Parliaments summoned in the seventy years. For each we have lists of the peers and commoners who were summoned or returned, so far as they can be traced, with a compact account of what the Parliament did. The second part of the volume gives under each county and borough an alphabetical list of all the members returned for each constituency, so far as they are known. Colonel Wedgwood says that his staff have traced about 2,600 members, or perhaps 60 per cent. of the total; a third of these were previously unknown, but their names, missing from the Parliament rolls, have been recovered from various State and local sources. Thus in this Register we have the Parliamentary background of that revolutionary age in which Lancaster and York strove with one another and gave place in the end to the Tudor despotism.

The Parliamentary lists thus authentically presented throw much new light on the actual composition of the Houses and on other matters. Colonel Wedgwood has no difficulty in showing that the peerage lawyer's theory that a writ of summons to the Upper House conferred an hereditary right to a peerage is wholly unhistorical. In the fifteenth century men might be summoned once or twice but never again; and there are numerous cases of attendance without a writ of summons. The hereditary peerage was in truth slowly established by a custom that was not fixed in this period. George Neville, created Duke of Bedford in 1470, not only failed to receive a summons to the 1478 Parliament but was deprived by special Act of his dukedom, on the ground of his poverty, and died a commoner. The presence of judges and eminent lawyers in the Upper House is further elucidated. Attention is drawn to the case of the King's Attorney, William Nottingham, who was summoned to the Upper House in 1453 but preferred to take his seat in the Lower House as a member for Gloucestershire. It illustrates, as the editor says, the growing tendency of the King's servants to obtain seats in the Commons. Colonel Wedgwood's analyses bring out very clearly the power of the landowners and the Church over the constituencies and the increasing tendency of "carpet-beggars" to secure seats with which they had no local connection, despite the rule that members must reside in their constituencies—a rule still maintained for the United States House of Representatives. But the influx of officials was of the greatest importance. To it, as the writer says,

"we owe both the predominance of

Parliament under Tudor autocracy and that union of the executive with the legislature which gives to our form of democracy its undoubted superiority over the constitutions of the other free countries."

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

THE ARAB AWAKENING, by George Antonius. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

FULFILMENT IN THE PROMISED LAND, 1917—1937, by Norman Bentwich. *The Soncino Press.* 8s. 6d.

In the course of the last twenty years there has poured forth from the English Press a continuous stream of publications dealing with the problems of the Jews and Arabs and Palestine. Some of these publications have taken their places as classic works on their subject; others—and these are in the majority—have little to recommend them either as serious contributions or as literature. Mr. Antonius's *The Arab Awakening* belongs to the first category.

In a lucidly written and well-documented book, the author, an Arab of Lebanese extraction who completed his education in England, traces the history of the Arab national movement from its inception, almost a hundred years ago, to the present day. The Movement first saw light of day in Syria, which was at that period part of the Arabian dominions of the Ottoman Sultans, in 1847, when the Society of Arts and Sciences was founded in Beirut. The Arabic scholars Yazeji and Boustani were the spearheads of the movement which in the beginning placed chief among its aims the renaissance of the Arab literature and learning. Two American missionaries, Eli Smith and Cornelius Van Dyke, rendered valuable assistance in this field. Though these cultural societies did not enjoy a long life they

effectively sowed the seeds of an Arab nationalism which was to play an important part in the coming years.

Mr. Antonius writes with vividness of the early struggles of the Nationalists against the Turks; carried on for the most part through secret societies where an elaborate system of passwords and signs was employed.

The author criticizes, and with strong moral justification, the cynical attitude of the Allies after the War towards the Arabs. He cites the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916 when an understanding was arrived at between Britain, France and Russia for the dividing up into zones of influence of parts of Turkey and the Arab countries. This pact was kept secret from the Sharif Hussein who, as a result of promises of independence, had placed himself and his people at the disposal of the Allies. The text of this agreement was afterwards made public by the Bolsheviks on their rise to power.

The book contains a set of hitherto unpublished documents which are of the first importance to students of this problem. It is a pity, however, that a writer and historian of the calibre of Mr. Antonius should quote the MacMahon-Hussein correspondence (which is given in full in the appendix) in support of the theory that Palestine was included in the territories promised to the Arabs in the light of Sir Henry McMahon's letter to *The Times* in 1937, in which he denied that Palestine was included in the promises.

Professor Bentwich, who from 1922 to 1931 was Attorney-General of Palestine states in the foreword to his book that he has "been concerned mainly with the development of the [Jewish National] Home in its economic, social and cultural aspects, as 'a workshop of

humanity,' and not with the political and administrative background".

The book is a record of twenty years of construction and rebuilding in the Holy Land. Although naturally a staunch Zionist, Mr. Bentwich does not hesitate to criticize where he feels it necessary, particularly in regard to the Arab policy sometimes pursued by the Zionist leaders. But perhaps the most interesting part of this book is in the chapter which deals with questions of morality and religion in the new Palestine. It has long been a complaint of Orthodox Jewry that the present generation of Jews in Palestine is, if not atheistic in outlook, at least indifferent to the Jewish religion and morality. The oft-made charge that the young colonists do not marry, and practise community of women and community of children, is dismissed by the author.

It is broadly true to say that the young generation tend to react against the ordering of life according to the minute Rabbinical code which was practised in the Ghettos of Central and Eastern Europe. A living Judaism is growing up in the Holy Land and driving fresh sap from its wholesome contact with the soil.

Mr. Bentwich shows a sympathetic handling of a subject which is dotted with snags and pitfalls.

H. M. NAHMAD.

THE SPANISH ARENA, by William Foss and Cecil Gerahty. *Gifford* 18s.

This is not a book but a concoction. The recipe would seem to be: 'collect every allegation ever made against "Red" Spain or its Liberal procreators attributing all things objectionable to the nefarious workings of "Sovie

democracy', (add quantities of spice from a store of facts about Spanish life and conditions, mix thoroughly and serve with a pungent seasoning of atrocity-stories'. In such an olla podrida there is bound to be something worth retaining as, for instance, some of the information about the actual land-holding system in Spain—as compared with the distorted picture presented by Left propagandists—and the statement that during the summer of 1936—before the rebellion—the majority of the Army units had been deprived of the stocks of arms normally under their care, the arms being concentrated at special mobilization centres controlled directly by the Ministry of War. But by its very extremism of tone and substance this tale of the Glorious Crusade of "National" Spain surely defeats its own purpose. It will really only cut any ice with those who have already convinced themselves that the national being of Spain, of Great Britain, France and every other principal country is threatened by "a vast Communist plot, inspired and controlled by Continental Freemasons, largely Jewish and International agitators" (p. 429). Quite apart from this quaint premiss, rarely has the present reviewer, who can claim to have some knowledge of Spain, come across such a farrago of wild statements introduced by tags such as "it was commonly stated . . ." It is perhaps unfair to complain about inaccuracies of detail; but really the authors ought to know better than to describe Julius Deutsch, the well-known Austrian Social Democrat leader, as a Swiss or F. B. Deakin, who was Press Attaché at His Majesty's Embassy in Madrid in the twenties as "an English working man". W.H.C.

PYRENEAN, by J. B. Morton.

Longmans. 8s. 6d.

CANOE ERRANT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

by Major R. Raven-Hart. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

LISTEN! THE WIND, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

These three writers have the true spirit of adventure and are ready to welcome hardship. They have in common, also, the virtues of good narrative and description, so that each makes the most of his or her opportunity. They all appeal to the vagrant mood, though not every reader will wish to leave his arm-chair to follow their bold example.

Mr. Morton—some years ago, before the present troublous times—journeyed on foot "from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic" by way of the Pyrenees. Starting from Roussillon he wandered, more or less by map, over passes and through valleys, sometimes crossing the frontier but mostly in Spain, always resisting the temptation to dally. He eats and drinks prodigiously and talks pugnaciously with all and sundry. He hates modern developments and glories in primitive survivals. His thoughts are with the past: here is the essential Morton:—

"Here, by the upper waters of the Gallego, I stopped and gazed ahead at the gigantic rocks, and at huge Balaitous and the Peak of Hell, and all the little torrents that came pouring down to water high Aragon, and slake the thirst of the cattle in the upland pastures. . . . And the landscape itself seemed to be a monument of all the battles of the years of the re-conquest. . . . The very mountains were gashed stone, and presented an eternal symbol of the tortured hardness of the people. . . ."

Major Raven-Hart voyaged down the Mississippi from Hannibal to Baton Rouge, over a thousand miles, in a portable rubber canoe, with a boy

companion. They avoided civilization, except for replenishing their stores, and for preference pitched their tent on sandbanks in the river. The general impression is one of a wide expanse of water, rather featureless, but there is ample compensation in the memories of Mark Twain, which are recalled almost every mile of the way. For anyone whose youthful reading included "Huckleberry Finn" and "Life on the Mississippi" there can be no more romantic river. "We slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywhere—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering, maybe." In boyhood we accepted our Mark Twain uncritically: now we recognize the magic of his touch.

"Our flight," writes Colonel Lindbergh in his Foreword to his wife's remarkable book "lasted for nearly six months. This book covers only ten days of that time. It is about a period in aviation which is now gone, but which was probably more interesting than any the future will bring. As time passes, the perfection of machinery tends to insulate man from contact with the elements in which he lives." This book stands as a milestone in flying history. We experience the difficulties and delays besetting the airman whose problem is to "take off" from the African coast on a "hop" across the Atlantic to Natal. The wind, which has helped the plane so far on its flight half way round the world, now (in the exposed harbour of Santiago) makes the sea too choppy, and later, at Bathurst, by failing to blow, offers insufficient resistance, so that the plane refuses to rise from the

water. As presented in Mrs. Lindbergh's vivid narrative, these trials put us in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the actual flight which, because it was perfectly performed, seems entirely effortless. But not without its thrills:

"I looked up from the radio again. What were we doing now? We were going down. My husband was pointing at something straight ahead. Yes—there was another ship, this time right on our course, a freighter, steaming along slowly, pulling a white wake behind. We were fast catching up to her, now diving down, down, down. . . . Now on top of her, the masts and smokestack came up to meet us. . . . The blue star on her funnel, the decks, the cargo, someone waving, we could see. . . . Up, up, up, we were climbing back into our own world, our own time. . . ."

An exhilarating book, which could only have been written by a woman who is as plucky as she is sensitive to life in all its guises.

GARFIELD HOWE.

MISCELLANEA.

GUNS OR BUTTER, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

"Guns will make us powerful, butter will only make us fat". This jaunty affirmation of Field Marshal Goering (who is probably as good a judge of food as he is of arms) serves as a convenient spool around which Mr. Bruce Lockhart winds his traveller's tale of his old haunts in Central and South-eastern Europe. Having broken loose from Fleet Street the one-time British Agent takes the opportunity of a lecture tour under the auspices of the British Council to revisit his beloved Yugoslavia—and then Holland and the Scandinavian countries. The journey

whets his appetite, and he returns to the Balkans and Central Europe to roam, in his own way and time, but with the idea of making a book of his reflections on the changes he notices after ten years.

It is an obvious publishing gambit. But in the result how different from the spontaneous life-history and record of experience of his earlier books! There is the same light-hearted and unaffected gaiety mixed with typical Scottish earnestness, but the political comment is trite and superficial, and the humours of life on the fringe of diplomacy and high finance have somehow gone stale. Gossipy politics—in these post-Gunther days—is a tricky business. Mr. Lockhart just doesn't happen to have the crispness of mind and expression, which was the secret of the success of, for example, *Insanity Fair*.

OUTSIDE BRITAIN, by Dower and Riddell. Heinemann. 5s.

Judging from the number of people one meets who have read it, *Outside Britain* was just the book for Christmas and since "that awful axis" remains more or less where it did, it is just the book for the New Year. Messrs. Dower and Riddell have hit the right note for Britons, weary of a state of crisis, and one sees no reason to doubt that this volume will join their previous book "in every best spare bedroom". Dower and Riddell divide the nations of the world into six groups: 1. Britain; 2. The Buffer States; 3. The Rougher States; 4. A Bluffer State; 5. The Suffer States; 6. The Duffer States, and they proceed to give us by text and illustration a very fair summary of "this grave new world". "Hi! Hitler! That's Austria that was!"

says the double-headed eagle on the frontispiece and it seems all too true that "The Rougher (or Huffer and Puffer) States constitute the big bad wolves of the world", and that in rough order they are: 1. Italy—who has done it; 2. Japan—who is doing it; and 3. Germany—who will do it again at any moment now". Like all good nonsense *Outside Britain* has a core of truth.

LAUGHING DIPLOMAT, by Daniele Varè. Murray. 16s.

This is definitely the lighter side of international intercourse. Signor Varè has had such varied posts as Vienna, Peking, Geneva (League Secretariat) 1920-23, and Copenhagen. He is married to a Scotswoman, writes English extremely well and has a fund of amusing stories. Yet somehow the time is out of joint for such chitter-chat, one

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feels, and one could wish that a person so talented would set himself down to the serious business of studying the variations of the new Italy in the context of the wider world which he, at any rate, if not many others among leading Italians, knows. There is a great deal about Italian policy to-day which needs explaining away.

TRY ANYTHING TWICE, by Jan Struther. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

Jan Struther deserves to be tried many times, and her first collected essays will be welcomed by a very large audience. It is a pity, we think, that she should have excluded a selection of her verses for they are as charming and as piquant as her delightful prose. But we must not grumble. *Try Anything Twice* has all the ingredients which encourage a second helping and to give all those unacquainted with her work a hearty appetite. There is no need to attempt to pick out from this feast of good things the better and the best; all are excellent and if such essays as "A Noisy Noise . . .", "Half-Term", "To a Passionate Poker-Play . . .", and "Ogle-Pogles" appeal especially to us, it is because the subject-matter proves peculiar to our taste.

TWO LIVES CONVERGE: the dual autobiography of Sybil and Glorney Bolton. *Blackie*. 12s. 6d.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bolton have a pleasant tale to tell and both bring to their narratives a keen appreciation of the world around them. Both can write. Both have enjoyed adventures, yet it is difficult to agree that the plan of this book does either of them justice. The idea of writing alternate chapters, so that the authors remain at a similar

age until their lives converge, was novel and superficially a good one. In practice, one grows rather tired of this constant switchback, and more than one reader will wish to cheat, reading the Sybil chapters first, and the Glorney chapters later. Mr. Bolton is particularly happy when describing his early Oxford days at the Bodleian, and his first impressions of Leeds, when he joined the staff of *The Yorkshire Post*; Mrs. Bolton gives us an excellent chapter on her boarding-school in war time and sustains her story well with a wealth of detail. That their two lives did eventually converge was remarkable. They met, first, in Canada for afternoon tea, when Mr. Bolton was waiting to fly back to England in the R. 100. Having forgotten each other, they were introduced again, some time later, in London.

THE PORT OF LONDON MURDERS, by Josephine Bell. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

Perhaps Mr. Howard Spring, who recently expressed in the *Evening Standard* his disapproval of most detective fiction, does not know the work of Josephine Bell. If he does and if he still disapproves, we would advise Mr. Spring to keep away from Wapping, for in Wapping anything may and does happen, and what happens and how it happens is known to Miss Bell. Miss Bell, according to the dust-jacket, has already won her spurs in the field of detective fiction, and such knights of criticism as Humbert Wolfe and Torquemada have praised her lavishly. With such praise we are in entire agreement. Ignorant of her work and "Springish" in our attitude towards stories of this kind we spent, nevertheless, an entirely satisfying evening with this book.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

If the monthly review is commonly regarded as a lost cause, it is surprising nevertheless, how many people still do a practice look to *THE FORTNIGHTLY* and its fellow-periodicals for just that little extra amount of substance which is lacking in the newspaper field. It is not a matter of length or of subject. The distinctiveness which is to be observed is compounded, rather, of elements of spontaneity and care, for which the conditions of writing for the press to-day leave no room.

Yet, it is true enough, in the hustle and bustle of our urban life many of us—even those who read the reviews—do heed the factor of length in an article, and crispness and incisiveness of statement are a *sine qua non* of good writing. *THE FORTNIGHTLY* has, therefore, decided to include among the usual dozen or so articles of the traditional, assured character a number of shorter topical contributions. Each month the searchlight will be played on such issues of public interest as have been, so to speak, the talk of the town.

The "Searchlight" section this month opens with an article portraying the situation of the country, Poland, which is most likely—after Spain—to occupy our attention during 1939. Stefan Litauer whom we asked to set forth Poland's problems has acquired fame among the wider public by the fact of his being Chairman of the recent

dinner celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Foreign Press Association in London at which Mr. Chamberlain made his notable speech. He has been President of the Association, in fact, for the past three years. A former official in the Foreign Ministry of his country—where he was Deputy Chief of the Press Department—he came to London nine years ago, and has continued to serve the P A T Polish Telegraphic Agency, the semi-official news agency of Poland.

Stefan Litauer illuminates for us some of the dark corners of this complex problem of Ukraine which is now looming upon us. Henry Baerlein, an old contributor, accustomed to roam with fancy free in strange lands, lifts the veil over another corner—the small mountain community of the Ruthenes in the easternmost part of Czechoslovakia. Here is the necessary background for what is commonly expected to be the next move of a restless Germany. Henry Baerlein's latest book *In Czechoslovakia's Hinterland*, published in October last, offers a most useful and pleasant introduction to Ruthenia.

In the home field the farmers' discontent and the Spens report on secondary education are, undoubtedly the topics that command attention. S. L. Bensusan, an old friend of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*—in the days of W. L. Courtney—explains the currents and

under-currents of excitement in East Anglia, defining and embroidering the general terms in which Great Britain's agricultural problem was presented by C. S. Orwin, last October.

The name of S. L. Bensusan is well-known to all readers of the Press. He was for many years a regular correspondent on agricultural topics in *The New Statesman*—and also in the *Morning Post*. A journalist with a remarkable record of versatility, he was for a short time after the War adviser to the Publications Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture—and has now lived in Essex for some years, as observer of the rural scene. L. W. Clarke, who writes on the essential theme underlying the Spens Report—is one of the younger generation of schoolmasters who reject the idea that the public schools should claim a monopoly of education, in the true sense of the term. For some years he has practised at a Middlesex Secondary school the ideas for which the Spens Report now supplies the precept.

Among the full-length articles there is the usual quota of individual contributions on foreign affairs; but there are also a number of special articles calculated to interest the many who do not wish to lose sight of other fundamental issues. Lord Horder, well-known as Physician-in-Ordinary to King George V, has touched life at so many points in his full and distinguished career that it baffles description. But it is certainly encouraging to find that such a man is concerned as much with considerations of man's

spiritual health as of his bodily welfare.

Sir George Gillett, to whom we give first place, is another great public servant ministering to the needs of sick community. He has had a notable record in Local Government Service under the L.C.C.—and, after serving in 1931 as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, was appointed following Mr. Malcolm Stewart, to the thankless but exceedingly important office of Commissioner for the Special Areas (England and Wales). He is a member of the National Labour Party.

Ronald Cartland, M.P., whom we welcome again to our pages, is one of the younger Conservatives, with Central Office experience, who is gravely concerned at the stick-in-the-mud figure which this country is cutting to-day, as compared with certain other countries. He suggests that, whatever may be the outcome of the present political ferment, one indispensable and urgent task is the thorough overhaul of the machinery of governance. We are likely to hear a good deal of this in the forthcoming Parliamentary session.

The only other domestic material in the article by Hugh Ross Williamson, formerly editor of *The Bookman* and something of a playwright, who presents a stimulating and somewhat heretical view of the Labour Party.

Herbert Bailey, Managing Editor of the British United Press, and Dr. Cecil Roth, an eminent historian and recognized authority on his subject, portray two important facets of the problem of Italy that is much in our mind

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

An Irish Association has been formed under the presidency of Viscount Charlemont, who, until recently, was Minister for Education for Northern Ireland. The objects of the Association are to promote co-operation and mutual goodwill between all sections of the Irish community, and Mr. De Valera has welcomed it with these words, "I need only say that every effort made to promote a better understanding and to bridge difficulties between Irishmen will be welcomed by us". The Association "is not concerned with political or constitutional problems: its task is to make reason and goodwill take the place of passion and prejudice in determining the character of the relationships between northern and southern Ireland, no less than between each part of Ireland and Great Britain". The Association includes amongst its aims the hope that it will "encourage respect for the honest convictions of others", and it is to study "business and commercial relations with a view to discovering the best means of reconciling the economic interests of North and South". General Sir Hubert Gough, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., Major-General Sir George Franks, K.C.B., Senator Frank MacDermot, and John J. Horgan are the Vice-Presidents of the Association, while Miss Mary McNeill, 22 Mount Charles, Belfast, and Mr. W. A. Beers, 16/17, Lr. O'Connell Street, Dublin, are acting as Hon. Secretaries. Major-General Hugh Montgomery, C.B., C.M.G., D.L., is Hon. Treasurer.

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On Monday, February 6 at 8.15 p.m., in the Great Hall, University College, Gower Street, W.C.1, a public meeting will be held to launch a National Appeal for Funds for the work being done on behalf of Academic Refugees. The meeting is being organized by the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning, and the speakers will be Sir Samuel Hoare, the Marquess of Reading and Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of York. The Society for the Protection of Science and Learning has completed five years of useful life. Its headquarters are at 6, Gordon Square, W.C.1, and it is now making a special appeal for funds to enable it to prepare long-range plans for scholar exiles. The Society itself has arranged a week of meetings early this term to take place in the great majority of British academic centres, with a view to spreading information and enthusiasm concerning the plight and prospects of academic refugees.

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In the January issue of *Occupational Psychology* published by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, there is an interesting account of the

development of industrial psychology in Spain from 1915 until its interruption by the present Civil War. The author of the article is Dr. Alexandre Chleusebaigue who was formerly attached to the Psychotechnical Institute of Barcelona. In the same issue Mr. Alec Rodger, Head of the Vocational Guidance Department of the National Institute, outlines an interesting new scheme for the formation of a vocational guidance centre. Mr. J. G. W. Davies discusses the place of interest in vocational adjustment.

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The League of National Life are supporting the suggestion that marriage loans should be introduced into this country, especially as they have already proved fairly successful in Continental countries. The objects of marriage loans are to raise the marriage rate, to raise the birth rate and to encourage settlement on the land. In Germany since marriage loans were introduced in 1933, the birth rate has shown an increase of 24%, the loan being reduced by one quarter at the birth of each surviving child.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1939

NATIONAL SERVICE NEEDS NATIONAL LEADERS

BY AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

THE people of Great Britain are being urged to rise in their might to defend democracy against foreign enemies, and this call to service comes from a Government which appears to be doing its best to destroy democracy from within by fostering the rapid propagation of those bacilli which are fatal to political liberty. Having, in 1931, come safely through a crisis of the kind which has been fatal to democracy in so many other countries, we are now faced with the prospect of its slow destruction by the auto-toxins which it generates within itself.

Few people appear to have appreciated the significance of the General Election of 1931, or to have given due credit to our people for the sound political sense which enabled them to meet a critical situation in a way that saved the commonwealth from destruction. The policy of the Socialist Government had, in less than two years, brought us to the verge of a general breakdown of credit, as was only to be expected, since "Socialism" is merely a synonym for living beyond one's income. In Russia, Italy, and Germany, where the people have little political experience, a similar breakdown of credit induced by the practice of Socialism was followed by dictatorship. In each case a populace on the verge of starvation was offered the choice of liberty or material security. In each case it chose the latter, and the dictators are now endeavouring to give their subjects the material security for which they bartered their liberty and manhood.

Confronted with a similar choice, our people re-acted differently. At the 1931 General Election they asked themselves "What is the nearest thing to a dictatorship which our constitution allows?" and found the obvious answer: "A Government without an Opposition"—which they proceeded to elect. Thus the car of state was steered safely round a corner

littered with the wrecks of other democracies which had crashed there one after another.

A thoroughly undictatorial dictator was found in the person of Mr. Baldwin, who filled the rôle with a very great measure of success because of his instinctive knowledge of the way in which the minds of our people work. It must be admitted, however, that he has two idiosyncrasies which hampered him considerably. First, he has never believed that foreigners really exist. Holding that the world is governed by a beneficent providence, he cannot bring himself to think that any creator actuated by kindly motives could possibly have doomed a lot of poor devils to the awful fate of not being Englishmen. *Ergo*, there is no such thing as a foreigner.

His other somewhat unusual belief appears to be to the effect that it does not matter much, in the long run, whom a Prime Minister puts into his Cabinet. This is, probably, a profoundly true principle, *quâ* principle. But its practical utility is limited by the fact that it must be a very long run indeed before it does not matter, and no Prime Minister can hope to remain in office for a period sufficiently extended to prove the thesis. Hence he left to his successor a *damnosa haereditas* of almost unmanageable proportions.

But he left to his successor a nation more united than it had been for nearly a generation, and a parliamentary Opposition (at least so far as the Trade Union section was concerned) more respected, and more worthy of respect, than had ever before been the case. Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration if one were to say that he did more to strengthen the Labour Party, and thereby ultimately the whole nation, than any of its leaders. Some observers might go so far as to suggest that he devoted so much effort to improving the Opposition that he neglected to some extent the task of improving his Government!

Even before his retirement it had become manifest that all was not well with the so-called National Government and, since that date, pathological symptoms have become very much more marked. It is probable that the main source of the trouble is to be found in the fact that the Government is not National. To the unattached voters, which is to say the vast majority of our people, it has never been regarded as anything but a

Conservative Government, and all the elaborate camouflage, with which the party wire-pullers have tried to disguise its nature, has failed to deceive. To suggest that the title "National Labour" and "National Liberal" have any real meaning, is absurd and, if it were not for the fact that the assumption of either renders a man almost certain of office, they would quickly disappear from the vocabulary of hypocrisy. The House of Commons, indeed, with its usual appreciation of political realities has conferred upon them the cognomen of "The Loaves and the Fishes", and only a few do not deserve it.

They have no real support in the electorate, nor do they represent any political principle. Yet in fulfilment, it would appear, of some secret bargain they are given an entirely disproportionate number of posts in the Government which would be far better filled by Conservatives. Thus they constitute a serious weakness to the Government, upon which they live as parasites.

In voting for them the non-party elector regards himself as voting for Conservatives, and he supports Conservative candidates at the poll because maybe he hopes that a Conservative Government will interfere with his liberty less than would one formed by either of the other parties. He is generally disappointed with the result. For that itch for interfering with other people's liberties, which afflicts the degenerate Liberals of to-day, has infected the Conservative party, and the unhappy elector has now but little chance of getting a Government which will mind its own business and allow him to mind his.

It would be foolish to deny that our parliamentary system is passing through very difficult times, and it would be easy to marshal facts in the situation which appear to prove that its breakdown is inevitable and imminent. For my part I am not pessimistic. It must be borne in mind that, for the last thirty years, our people have been taught by demagogues that the first and only duty of the citizen is to exact from the public purse ninepence in return for every fourpence that he puts into it. The fact that our nation has resisted this corrosive poison for so long a period gives reason to hope that the present extreme peril may afford an antidote before mortification sets in. We were on the verge of dissolution in 1914 when the outbreak of

hostilities saved us. It may well be that degeneracy of character resulting from "social reforms", which relieve the individual citizen from the consequences of his own incompetence or folly, can again be checked only by the cruel but wholesome effect of war. For, just as destitution is the reformatory punishment of individual folly in a nation in which natural processes are allowed to do their work unhampered by legislation, so also is war the curative retribution following upon mass-folly when those same processes are prevented from acting. But I am inclined to think that the corruption of our electorate has not gone far enough to necessitate so drastic a remedy, and that the situation can be saved by a reconstruction of the Government, followed by a real attempt to improve the personnel of Parliament.

That public opinion would endorse a thorough reconstruction of the Government is indicated by the general approval with which the recent appointments of Lord Chatfield and Sir John Anderson have been received. Neither of them has more than the slightest acquaintance with parliamentary life, and it might reasonably have been suggested that they may fail in office because they have been used to giving orders rather than to persuading an electorate that their policies ought to be supported. This contention would have some validity, were it not that they both possess qualities which amply counterbalance their lack of practice in the art of persuasion. Moreover, they are far too busily engaged with their work to find time to acquire skill in making false statements with a specious appearance of truth—an essential qualification, in most instances, for politicians who desire office.

But, for obvious reasons, the admission to Cabinet rank of experts from outside must be strictly limited and is a policy to be adopted only in very special circumstances. The House of Commons and to some extent the House of Lords must continue to be the main area for recruitment of ministers of the crown. At the present time the Upper House has in all probability filled its proper quota, and we must therefore turn to the Commons for the men whom we require.

It is difficult to suggest the names of members of the Opposition whose inclusion in the Government would strengthen the latter by restoring the confidence of the public, and a careful

review of the *editors*, who nominally support the Government, but actually do their best to destroy it, gives a similarly barren result. Mr. Eden is, of course, in every way fit for Cabinet rank and will doubtless at some favourable moment be offered one of the ministries, particularly as his criticisms since he left office have always been restrained and never malicious. After all, we do not yet know whether he or the Prime Minister was right when they differed as to the attitude to be adopted to Signor Mussolini. Up to the present, certainly, Mr. Chamberlain's policy has not had any outstanding success. Yet it may turn out well in the long run, and we must continue to hope for the best.

Mr. Churchill, though the darling of the saloon-bar, is too deeply distrusted by the people to constitute a strengthening element in any modern Government. The persistent practice of verbal artistry is apt to have a terrible effect in course of time upon the practitioner who, as old age overtakes him, tends to acquire a habit of believing what he says. As his power to persuade others wanes, so waxes his power to persuade himself, and the would-be coercer of Ulster in 1914 has now apparently convinced himself that he would make a good Minister of Defence.

It would appear then, after this process of elimination, that little is to be gained by an attempt to strengthen the Government by importing men from outside its own loyal supporters in Parliament. I am myself convinced that among the latter there are some who could with advantage replace more than one of our present ministers and under-secretaries. But here a serious difficulty arises. For Mr. Chamberlain, having never served an apprenticeship on the back benches, knows next to nothing about the qualities of his individual supporters and, when filling vacancies in his Government, is forced to rely upon the very worst advice from which any Prime Minister has suffered in recent times. Some of his appointments indeed are regarded by those of us, who know the House of Commons thoroughly, as jokes—and very bad jokes too.

In this connection, it is desirable that I should draw attention to one of the most serious dangers with which our democratic constitution is confronted. This is the growing tendency of

politicians to take far too much thought for the morrow. The unjust steward in the parable whom, it may be remembered, the lord commended for his wisdom, adopted a certain course of action because he knew himself to be incapable of earning an honest living when his appointment terminated. It is sad, but none the less true, that some who now hold official positions are in the same unhappy predicament, and may be tempted to use the same method for getting out of it. For public companies must have directors, and it is not always necessary that those directors should have any knowledge whatever of the business which is being conducted by the organization which they pretend to direct.

In peaceful times a considerable amount of gerrymandering and mutual back-scratching between politicians and speculators can do but little harm to the commonwealth. But when, as now, our position as a first-class Power and our conceptions of liberty are directly threatened, we certainly cannot afford to give the nation any ground for suspicion that the national danger is being used by some persons to enrich themselves, or that the standard of honour of politicians is deteriorating. Again, our people are manifestly willing and anxious to meet the impending danger manfully and to make those personal sacrifices which the emergency demands from every citizen. But they cannot help seeing that an undue proportion of the immense sums of money exacted from them in taxation is finding its way into the pockets of men who, though nominally the heads of munitions firms, contribute absolutely nothing to the efficiency of production. The Government's call to National Service has met with a most disappointing response, and the reason is plain. Englishmen simply refuse to put themselves in a position where their self-sacrifice fosters the self-enrichment of men who in a less over-civilized community would be put against a wall and shot.

There is, fortunately, in the present Government a majority of ministers who manifestly realize that their own natural integrity must be keyed up to the highest pitch, and that imminent national peril demands from them a standard of honour which avoids even the appearance of evil. But it is equally manifest that there are some who do not, and their influence will always tend to exclude from ministerial rank those members of the

Conservative party who are fully qualified for office but are suspected of being unwilling to "play the game". Those who play that game do not want colleagues who may at any moment decide that duty requires them to refrain from concealing incompetence.

The root cause, indeed, of our present discontents is to be found in the fact that politics is to many who take part in it nothing more than a game, and not the most sacred duty to which a man can devote himself. Since Mr. Baldwin left us, we appear to have reverted to the standards set by the coalition in the munitions era :—

When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble Knight

—or baronet, or peer, according to the size of the chance. Two years ago we felt ourselves to be a band of Galahads bent on the quest of the sangrael. Now we are just a lot of damned politicians! Two years ago the group in the House of Commons known as the "Forty Thieves" was distinctly under a cloud. Now its members are as perky as cock-sparrows. There is something wrong with us, something very far wrong.

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It is easy to say, as some do, that our parliamentary system has outlived its usefulness, has broken down, and must be replaced by some other form of constitution. But, as a matter of fact, no system ever breaks down and no constitution is unworkable if the right people are in charge of it. This indeed is the whole basis of Conservatism, which teaches that it is best to preserve whatever constitution happens to exist, since no advantage can result from changing it. Progress, the true Conservative believes, is attained by improving men and not by improving machinery.

How then are we to effect that improvement of personnel which is essential if the body politic is to be healthy and vigorous? The first step surely is to revise our conception of politics, to abandon the idea that it is a profession, a pastime, or even a trade, and to realize that it is essentially as much a calling as is the religious life. Only in the rarest instances do we find men fit to represent their fellow-citizens in Parliament, unless they have previously qualified themselves by many years of whole-

hearted and unselfish service to the commonwealth, whether as fighting men, as industrial leaders, as thinkers, or in all three capacities. Yet safe Conservative seats are frequently reserved for pleasant young men who have never achieved anything and have never given a day's service to the nation, who "go into politics" for their own amusement, and who may condescend to accept office as a pastime. Other safe seats fall to the representatives of certain trade interests which find it advantageous to keep in Parliament a few tame members who can be counted upon to advocate their cause.

Nevertheless, the vast majority of the members of the House of Commons are there because, rightly or wrongly, they believe themselves to be doing good work for the commonwealth. Even if some are in error and are really acting from less disinterested motives, they can do but little harm so long as they are unconscious of the fact. Indeed, after experience of a long series of Parliaments, I can honestly say that the average standard of the present House of Commons is higher than that of any of which I have been a member.

Yet I believe that the people deserve to have an even better quality in their representatives, and could get it if the heads of the Conservative party would exercise a reasonable censorship over their candidates and refuse to endorse the selections of those local Conservative Associations which exhibit a preference for crooks or half-wits.

But, however satisfactory the personnel of the back benches, the reputation of a Government, and the survival of democratic institutions, ultimately depends upon the qualities of the men in office, and everyone knows that some of the latter fall far below the standard which the nation is entitled to demand in a time of the gravest peril. The proof of my contentions, in the present review of the situation, is to be found in the admitted fact that the call to National Service has been a fairly complete failure. Our people are not satisfied with leaders who should set an example of self-sacrifice far beyond what is to be expected from their followers—but fail to do so.

COMMUNITY CENTRES AND CIRCLES

BY ERNEST BARKER*

THE municipal authorities who built and founded our new housing estates never imagined, so far as I know, that they were building and founding *communities*—living societies—social organisms with the inconvenient knack (as it must originally have seemed) of living, thinking and acting. They were, in their own view, just building so many individual houses, so many physical structures, up to a number determined, for any given estate, by the physical factors of economy in building and the geographical lie of the land. They did not, therefore, originally plan their estates to converge upon or to radiate out from a community centre, for they had as yet no idea of a community; and just for the same reason they did not plan estates to be of just the particular size, neither too big nor too little, required for the development of a proper community life. They simply built rows of good little houses, with efficient roads and sewers; and they built them up to a number—it might be 20,000, or it might be one or two hundreds—which depended on the material considerations of the time and the situation. There was no planning of a general urban decentralization or devolution: there was no idea of replanning the whole of a city in terms of a better social life: there was no scheme of moving industries and amenities as well as men and women, and along with men and women, in order to secure a better general scheme of civic organization and the general 'culture of cities'. There was just a job of rehousing to be done, for a class of the population which was particularly in need; and it was done. If social consequences followed—if new societies or communities emerged, and began to demand organs and homes for their social life—that was an unintended, and at first a disturbing, thing.

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I pass no stricture whatever upon our municipal authorities for failing to plan more fully or more presciently. We had just emerged from a great war: we had a great lee-way to make up in the simple matter of housing for the ordinary mass of our people: the immediate job was urgent, and it was a labour of Hercules to do that job. Prescience is easy after the event; and planning is simple for those who have not to perform as well as to plan. But if it had been possible to use prescience and to plan, I think that there are three problems which would have had to be faced. And since even now—though the slate is not clean and our hands are not free—these problems remain and will have to be solved in some sort of way, I venture to say what they are.

The first problem is that of size. What is the size of a community or society which can produce a good social life for its members and enable them to practise properly, in matters of their own immediate concern, the noble art of self-government? I have always been a believer in the doctrine of limited size—size limited and appointed, be it for a university or for a housing estate or for any other human organization, by the function which it has to discharge. One of the great difficulties of local democracy, which is the root and the necessary foundation of any real national democracy, is that we have drifted, with the growth of our population and the sprawling of our cities, into too great units of size. We cannot practice local democracy efficiently, at any rate in our great cities, because we are trying, if I may use a metaphor, to take exercise with dumb-bells each weighing a hundredweight. Now in these new housing estates, which are becoming societies or communities, we are being given (though we did not know it when we began their construction) new units and new cadres for the practice of self-government—and not only of self-government but also of self-culture. We must not make them too big for their function; and equally we must not make them too little. My own dream is of a unit of some 2,000 houses or 10,000 persons—certainly not more, and possibly less. I would earnestly emphasize this idea of limited size. It is an old idea, which I learned, long ago, from the study of Aristotle's *Politics*: it is an idea which has been lately reinvigorated in my mind by the reading of a remarkable book by an American, Mr. Lewis Mumford, on *The Culture of Cities*. Like him, I subscribe to a policy of "the

introduction of small units, scaled to direct activity and participation in every phase of organization'. Like him, I would say, 'Giantism must be defeated'.

The second problem on our new housing estates to which I would draw attention—it bears very directly on the nature of the community they constitute and of the community centre which constitutes the focus of that community—is the problem of social composition. We have built new social units which are of a uniform grey composition. The members are all wage-earners; and their wages are uniformly some £3 a week and under. This was inevitable when the housing estates were constructed. The need of these men was immeasurably the greatest, and they had to be gathered together in the new aggregations of houses which were built to satisfy their need. But 'it takes all sorts to make a world'—even the world of a new housing estate. A varied community is a good community, if only the various elements can learn to pull together; and a uniform community is the poorer for being uniform. I look forward to the day when our new housing estates can become the homes of varied communities. There is something Assyrian in the policy which creates the uniform grey community. Once more I would cite Mr. Mumford in evidence. Like him, I deprecate 'the segregated environment'; like him, I believe that a city, or any unit of a city, 'with a single class, a single social stratum . . . offers fewer possibilities for the higher type of human achievement than a many-sided urban environment'.

The third problem which arises on a new housing estate, and affects the general nature of community and community-life, is closely related to the second: it is the problem of social functioning, as the second problem was that of social composition. Should the activity on a new housing estate be only a single activity—just the activity of residing, the activity of a dormitory? Or should it be a general activity—an activity of working during the day as well as residing during the night; the activity of a whole life, and not of a fraction of life? I subscribe to the second alternative. A community living on a new housing estate which is merely a place of residence is, to my thinking, an abstract or truncated community. There is no business in it; and business is an essential part of life. It is just an overgrown suburb; and a suburb is not a community, but a parasite on a community. The

little children who run about the streets see nothing of the works of men's hands ; and they miss an integral and essential element of education. To live on a farm, even in the depths of the country, is an education, because there is business in it. To live in a new house on a new housing estate may be isolation from life and its pulse, even if there are 20,000 houses on the estate. Once more I subscribe to Mr. Mumford, " A special effort ", he writes, " should be made to incorporate in the design of neighbourhoods those light industries which directly subserve neighbourhood life (he instances a wood-working shop, or a garment factory) ; . . . and if in addition a neighbourhood could provide a place for other types of activity, such as a plant-nursery or a painter's studio, . . . the educational value of the equipment would be highly increased ". A varied environment is necessary for the sake of a varied development. So long as the housing estates on which our new communities have to build their lives are simply residential, simply dormitories, so long will those communities be half or quarter communities, isolated rather than educated by the conditions of their life. To go out of the city proper, with its full environment, into such estates will be, as it were, to go into the desert, or at any rate into something which, by comparison, is of the nature of the desert. Just for that reason we must adorn and equip the desert. We must give it, at the least, a good community centre, which will be an oasis of refreshment : we must, when we can and as we can, adorn and perfect it with that general equipment of environment which is necessary to general human development.

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But we must face the actual community—of casually variable size, of uniform grey composition, and of the simple nature of a dormitory—which has actually come into existence. What is to be said of this actual community, and what is to be said of the community centres into which it hives for its actual social activities ?

Let us suppose that a community has found itself on a new housing estate, in the shape of a conscious organization, called a community association, which contains not only individual residents but also groups of residents previously formed for particular activities, such as gardening, or music, or acting, or

athletics. There it stands, a new-born social being, like new-born Adam when he first stood erect and began to build his life. Adam's first need was some sort of dwelling, which would be the centre of his life. So it is too with the community association. That association, in which the community has found itself and through which it seeks to build a life, needs a dwelling in which it can gather itself together. There are three possible dwellings or centres, each of which I believe to be necessary, and all of which must play their part. There is first the school. I put it first because it has come first ; because you will find it on every new housing estate of any size ; because it is the duty of the local education authority to see that it is there. Secondly there is the church, or the chapel—it may be with a hall attached, which serves as a centre during the week for the members of church or chapel. Voluntary funds can alone provide the church or the chapel and any hall which either may have. Lastly there is the community centre, for juveniles as well as adults, in which the general community can meet and in which it can use its leisure. The provision of such a centre may be made by the local authority, which is statutorily empowered for that purpose : it may be made by voluntary bodies : it may be made by a co-operation of the two.

Now the relation of these three centres—the educational, the religious, and what I may call the general—is not altogether simple.

There are some who feel that the educational centre, or school—particularly if it can be equipped with an adult annexe—should also be the community or general centre. I do not share that feeling ; but I admit that the school is a children's centre, and may even temporarily serve as a general *community* centre until specific provision is made for a house for the general community. There are again others who feel that the religious centre is the true focus and nucleus of the life of its members, and that an additional general centre, over and above the religious centre, may prove a distraction or an attraction towards more secular and less ennobling activities. I can understand that feeling ; and I should be profoundly sorry if ever a community centre were a secular rival to either church or chapel. But whatever may be the problems of the relations of the three centres, I am very clear that the community centre must be one of the three. There must be a place which

belongs to the neighbourhood as a neighbourhood; a place in which it builds its general social life; a place which will serve the whole population, at every level of age, for the satisfaction of all its common interests, or as many of them as possible—interests of study, interests of music and drama, interests of recreation and games, all the varied interests which men living together are naturally led to pursue and promote in common.

A living society needs a home, as much as a living individual. Our municipal authorities have given homes to individuals. They must also give homes to the societies which, whether they wished it or no, they have actually called into existence. Let me once more cite Mr. Mumford. "One of the difficulties in the way of political association (I should prefer to say, general association) is that we have not provided it with the necessary physical organs of existence: we have failed to provide the necessary sites, the necessary buildings, the necessary halls and rooms, meeting places". We are the poorer for our failure and our democracy is the poorer. Mr. Mumford goes on to compare the old American days, when the people of a New England township met in their own hall face to face and handled their business there, with the modern days in which, he says, the peoples have sought to live under an abstract and disembodied democracy without giving local units any other official organ than the polling-booth. The polling-booth is not enough. No Englishman would wish to abolish it. But I am sure that all of us, if we think the matter out, will want the community centre as well—the permanent basis and basement, the real root set in the ground, the ultimate bottom unit based upon mother earth and the soil of neighbourhood.

I dream of what a professor has called (it is the sort of word that a professor *would* use) the 'poly-nucleated city'; the city with a number of nuclei; the city which is not one vast uniform community, but a community of communities—each of them with its centre, but with all the centres subordinate to the common and sovereign centre of the city hall. We began to go in the direction of the polynucleated city, without realizing what we were doing, when we built these housing estates, and they in turn built communities and community associations and these in their turn began to acquire community centre

We began to go in that direction; and I hope that we may go further still. I see no reason why in the old wards of our cities, as well as on the new estates set on the edge of our cities, we should not develop communities and community associations and community centres. But that, again, is a dream of the future; and I must confine myself to the present.

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There are two main sorts of significance in this modern trend towards community associations and centres. There, is first, political significance. There is, next, a social, or cultural, significance. And this latter significance is double. It is partly, and mainly, mental: it affects the development of the mind. It is partly, and subsidiarily, physical. It affects the development of the body.

Already, I think, it is plain that on the political side the significance of the community centre is likely to be the strengthening and deepening of the spirit and practice of democracy. That strengthening may come in practical and definite ways. In the first place, there is the way of the democratic management of the community centre in its day-to-day working by the community itself through a committee of a community association. That will involve financial responsibility for ordinary current expenses. It is an example of genuine and practical democracy that a community should manage its home and shoulder financial responsibility. Then, in the next place, there is the possibility that the community association, acting in its community centre, may collect and pool and filter the community opinion about community needs and the proper policy of community-development, and that, having done so, it may present that opinion—in no hostility, but rather in a spirit of collaboration and helpfulness—to the central authority of the city. That seems to me a democratic thing to do—to present, or to represent, to the general local authority, the basic local opinion of the basic local unit, not in an artisan spirit or on a party basis, but in the name of the local community. I conceive that such presentation of local opinion—whether by parish councils in the countryside to the county authority, or by community associations in civic areas to city authorities—may strengthen local democracy. The elected

local authority which governs a great city must often want to feel the pulse and diagnose the opinion of the constituent elements. Here is a way in which that can be done.

But over and above such practical and definite ways for the democratic activity of community associations, there is the larger consideration which I have already sought to express. We need smaller units for the effective working and practice of democracy. It is not enough to elect representatives: the people must do something themselves; and in order to do anything effective they must do it in small units, and through the actual life of such units. The notion of limited size comes back into the argument again. I received a letter the other day from an old friend, who more than most men has interested himself in the problems of civic life and democratic citizenship. He had just been staying in one of the communes of a Swiss Canton and studying its life. "I have heard a good deal", he wrote, "about the importance of the self-governing English village, which taught the villager self-reliance and common-sense. The commune in which I have been living seems to be a survival into these days of something of that kind. It seems to be doing what you are aiming at with your community centres. I must confess that the evidence of Switzerland has impressed me enormously with the need for decentralization into small units if we are to make democracy effective". I think that these words deserve consideration and rumination. For myself, I do not press any formal policy of decentralization. I am content if the central civic authority will remit to a community association the current management of its centre and if it will listen with a ready ear to the representations which it may make about local needs and local opinion. Something further may grow out of that. But that, in itself, is a good beginning.

I turn to what may be called the cultural significance of community centres. The thing that impresses me here, and indeed it impresses me everywhere in this development of community centres, is not so much a matter of individuals or of what they can do or gain; it is a matter of the whole community and the life which it can develop. I dream of a racy and idiomatic culture produced by each community—with

its own style of acting, its own appreciation and its own execution of music, its own fashion of gardening. Of course there will be no such idiomatic culture unless *individuals* throw themselves into its making—resolving to give rather than to get, and to do something for their community rather than to have something done for them in the way of manufactured amusement. But I should still insist on the value of a local community culture for the *whole* of the local community. In the old days a little town like Coventry (for it was a little town then) could produce its own miracle plays through its city companies: we have 42 of such plays in the Coventry cycle of the later fifteenth century. I should like to think that our people are still capable of producing some sort of local folk-culture. We have centralized culture as well as politics; and we have mechanized as well as centralized it—putting it in 'universal films' and equally universal gramophone records. Back from the machine-made to the hand-made, at any rate in matters of culture; back from the universal to the local and idiomatic. It would, of course, be a grave retrogression if we abandoned what I have called the universal, and sought to have nothing but village Hampdens and village Shakespeares. But the universal will look after itself; it is the local that needs encouragement. There is room for some decentralization of culture as well as of politics. The point about a decentralized or local culture is that you must make it yourself. You cannot have it purveyed to you from the big stores. It is fundamentally for that reason—not because it is local, but because it is freshly created by a personal initiative—that I want to see a community-culture developed by each community in its own community centre. But I also feel that there is value in difference. Sheffield is not as Manchester. One housing estate in Sheffield is not as another. Let each of them show its mettle and produce what it can produce from the heart of its own native genius. If the city of Athens could produce, in the fifth century B.C., as I have read somewhere that it did, some 900 tragedies, some 500 comedies, and some four or five thousand dithyrambic pieces (which I might call loosely oratorios), I am inclined to think that something of the sort might be done again. I know from my own experience that plays can be written, as well as produced and acted, by

members of community centres. I believe that folk-drama, folk-music and general folk-culture may begin to grow from this movement.

It is a just demand which is now being made that we should recognize, and seek to realize, the ideal of national fitness. National fitness means the individual fitness of each member of the nation; and each member will be the happier—the more ready to flow out into a general unfolding of his powers—the more he has a body on which he can count and which is 'fit' in the sense of being properly adjusted for such a general unfolding. But in what system and under what auspices are we to recognize and seek to realize this ideal of fitness? Not, I should hope, in State-organized institutes or camps. Far better, because more calculated to produce a general spontaneous individual fitness, would be a system under which a natural local community sought to make the best of itself and its members by including fitness among its aims and its objects. A good folk-culture must include the body as well as the mind. Each community centre can be a health centre as well as a centre for other things. The Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham is teaching lessons which deserve a general application. It started with the encouragement of physical health by a system of medical inspection and medical advice; it has added to that the more positive encouragement and the more smiling auspices of a fine swimming bath and a good gymnasium. The Slough Social Centre has also provided, as part of its equipment and in connection with its community life, a swimming bath which would be a dream if it were not actually there—not to speak of its gymnasium and the rest of its crowded and humming provision for making the best of 'my brother the Body'. Our community centres in the future will all, I believe, tend in the same direction.

A man may well say to himself in these days, as St. Bernard said, *Hora novissima, tempora pessima*. But St. Bernard added, *Nunc vigilemus*. There is something which deserves watching, and helping, in the spontaneous development of our people which is to be found in community centres. New branches can still grow on the old trunk. There are still new springs and new buds.

THE DEATH OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

By H. BELLOC

A PROCESS is now continuous all over Europe. The middle class is dying, and with it our civilization is dying too. For the middle class made and, till yesterday still sustained, our culture.

First let us define our terms. The English language, just because it is so flexible and marvellously suggestive a medium, suffers from one grave defect: its terms are not precise. It is vague, as an English landscape is vague: the more proper therefore to the effects of verse is that language, but the less suited to exact analysis.

This defect has increased greatly in the last lifetime; there are words such as the word "gentleman" which may now have any one of a score of meanings, and more often hardly any meaning at all, whereas only a century ago it had a precise significance in manners, and two centuries ago an exact significance in social rank. Consider again the word "clever". It covers pretty well everything, from cunning to genius. It is so with this term "middle class". People use it nowadays with a connotation of contempt: commonly contempt for the stratum of society immediately below that of the speaker. It may mean anything from the most isolated and ill-paid petty clerk to some great scholar, linguist and traveller. It can be used to mean men entirely cut off from Europe and its culture, or men who are most thoroughly representative of our civilized traditions.

It behoves me, therefore, when I write on such a theme as "the death of the Middle Class" to define my terms. I use the word "death" as meaning impending disappearance, not immediate disappearance itself. I mean the rapid decay in power and in the chances of survival. I mean the loss of those characters whereby a social class perpetuates itself, and

particularly its prestige and effect upon its surroundings. And I mean by "Middle Class" that highly cultivated body of men and women who until within living memory gave their tone to most of our Western countries and particularly to France and England; the people who were not, save at some removes or indirectly, connected with the territorial aristocracy or with the great mercantile and banking fortunes which have long been indistinguishable from such aristocracy. This Middle Class was not, and its relics are not, of course, a closed body. It was continually recruited from those wealthier and those poorer than itself. But the individuals making up this "Middle Class" do bear a common and unmistakable character which has been discovered in all high civilizations, which, when it has been permanent for some generations, has certainly been the main value of a cultivated society and has spiritually moulded both those above and those below its standard of wealth.

Everywhere this class was familiar with the classics; everywhere it had sufficiently the habits of leisure and the domestic demeanour of confidence in its position and future. From that class came in the main the legislators (not politicians, but those who defined and practised the law). From it came the doctors, the scientists, the historians. It gave to its country those creative critics (Johnson is here the chief example) who more than any other professional men fix the form of a nation's expression. From that class came those rare but decisive individuals called poets, through whom the soul of a society obtains its highest and most lasting expression. Make a list of those who in this country alone have furnished the members of such categories: Huxley, Newton, Swift, Byron, Keats*—you might continue it indefinitely; save for here and there one of the wealthier families, far more rarely, one of the working populace, the whole bulk of our culture has sprung from such soil, and with its disappearance that culture is disappearing also.

Its effect has been of varying degrees in the different provinces of Christendom; its power of resistance to-day is also different in different countries. It is still strongest in France, it is still strong in Italy. But everywhere it has been undermined,

*Keats at the lower end of the scale, Byron of an impoverished aristocratic family. Each an example of a high contrasted type of English Verse.

already so much that if the process be not checked that class is doomed.

The causes of its decay are not material—social causes never are. Just as the dangerous herds of the modern proletariat came into existence not through machinery but through the previous deliberate destruction of a self-sufficient peasantry, so the death of the middle class proceeds from a certain growing mood in society, the main evil of which was greed. For it was greed that bred universal usury, the consequent enormity of taxation through National Debts, exploitation and gambling, and all that has brought us to the stage we have unfortunately reached. General history shows clearly enough how such things happen. We have a clear example and parallel from the Third and Fourth centuries of our era, when society somewhat rapidly fell into the two divisions of the very rich and their servile and semi-servile dependants. In those centuries also it was Gaul which preserved what could be preserved, but failed sufficiently to preserve it.

Till very recently the action of this highly cultivated Middle Class in modern Europe was of determining effect over that which lay above it as well as over that which lay below. The very wealthy were spiritually fed from this stratum which the more foolish of them despised but which the wise among them were careful to cherish. The characteristic of that vital class was the enjoyment of wealth sufficient to secure independence but not so great as to permit idleness. A certain measure of need spurred its energy, but that need was not so acute as to dull perception or to forbid those humanities which are the necessary foundation of a liberal mind.

I have just said that while the influence of such a class endures in any society the wiser among the rich cherish it. They feel instinctively, and sometimes even consciously, that the art and the letters, the intellectual life, the philosophy, the discussion, which vitalize them come from those who are immediately inferior, socially, to themselves. They know, in different degrees of perception that the failure of the cultivated Middle Class, its disappearance from the State, would be a cutting of the branch which supports themselves.

Meanwhile, the class in question frames its own traditions and

certain customs which have within it the force of law. By these it is perpetuated. Yet its survival is not indefinitely extended. It rises somewhat late in the development of any society and after some few generations it is manifestly imperilled from within and from without. Its basis in property becomes precarious. It passes through a last phase in which even its leading members feel the insecurity of something approaching proletarian conditions. That phase we in this country have reached; and not only in this country but throughout Europe the menace has become so great that it already seems mortal. The new despotisms, by whatever absurd name they are called, "Bolshevist", "Nazi", etc., are based upon the mob, and it is this which makes them instinctively opposed to the Middle Class which made Europe. The international and cosmopolitan framers of modern revolutionary theory (now long established in action) did well to label their enemy "the bourgeoisie". The term has been grossly misused, but it stands for an underlying truth. In hating that "bourgeoisie", in murdering it wholesale, in starving it out and bludgeoning it, the Red despotism fulfils itself and acts according to its kind. No less do those other despotisms which profess to supply defence against the destructive forces of revolution, they also rely upon an army, as it were, of the half-educated and the wholly uncultured. Therefore, do they work by mere repetition of what are called "slogans", by an appeal to the irrational, and a violent repression of criticism and discussion—things native and necessary to the civilized mind. We have the effect of all that to-day vividly present to the eye in the debasing of our architecture and the disintegration of our verse and prose, the chaos of our philosophy, and a special hostility to religion—for in and with religion it is that reason best lives.

It is to be remarked before going further that the Middle Class upon which our culture has so long reposed was—though it often denied that truth itself—instinct with lineage. The statement sounds paradoxical because this word "lineage" has become associated in our minds with long-established great wealth. But such establishment is not the essence of lineage. The essence of lineage is an individual's historic sense of descent and continuity and perpetuation through a lively family

tradition. All strong peasantries are attached to lineage, and this Middle Class of which I speak, though largely urban and as a rule no longer associated with the soil, you will find everywhere respectful of lineage in itself and, save among the thoughtless, respectful of it in its superiors. For lineage is the cement of any society. A man does not know himself unless he knows that from which he comes, and therefore that body whereof he forms a part.

Consider a number of individual examples within your own experience. Do you not find that the heirlooms, the family portraits, the traditions of ancestry and of relationship, are strongly interwoven with the pride, the substance, and the strength of that social spirit whereby the individual lives? You discover these characteristics in the well established commercial firms of moderate property—such of them as still survive. You find the same thing in the well established legal firms, you even find it in the literary traditions of the writers. You find it in the long connection with the services, the armed services, of the State, their cadres and their officering. When this bond weakens the whole framework of the cultivated Middle Class is imperilled, and with it there is imperilled the general spirit of the State.

Now if it be true, as certainly it is, that the Middle Class of liberal education and inheritance is now sinking, what remedies can we find against the disease?

It might well be answered that no sufficient remedy can be discovered, and such indeed is the general reply which men are now beginning to give to the challenge we have to meet. A long-drawn historical process of rise and fall can hardly be checked in its mid-career, and when the decline has acquired a certain momentum it seems impossible to reverse the current. It would seem that the thing has never been done in the past, or at least never successfully and thoroughly done: never done so fundamentally that the current would turn backward and the original culture revive. But it is also true that any process of conservation whatsoever is, if it be examined in detail, a perpetual renewal. A whole society, and a particular class within that society, a body of morals, a social code, however apparently securely established, is only maintained at the price

of perpetual vigilance and renewed effort. The first requisite for such effort is a conscious defined object, to which the effort at survival or reconstruction must be directed. Let us see whether there are not even in our present situation certain opportunities for providing against what many would call an inevitable catastrophe.

There do appear certain fixed points to which we can attach our defensive. They may be compared to the bollards on a quay-side round which sailors warp a rope to check the drift of a vessel which if it be let go a-drift will whirl and eddy down the tide till it is wrecked. They may be compared to those special "strong points" in a military defensive upon which, continuous effort, and sometimes ultimately successful effort, can be based, and the whole situation saved.

The most obvious of these, and the least understood, is the principle of private property. It is characteristic of our social decline that this principle has become confused with its chief enemy, and is taken to mean the defence of exceptional privilege and the power of great wealth. Private property is, I say, as a principle the very opposite of this. It is the doctrine whereby the independence of the family and of the individual is maintained. In an ideal State (impossible of course of attainment) we should have property so well divided that every family was guaranteed of economic independence through property. For the alternative to well distributed property is always, invariably and of necessity (in the long run), slavery. A citizen is not a citizen unless he owns. The means of production must be possessed, whether severally, or corporately through the guilds, by the units of the State, lest they fall for a brief and evil time into the possession of the State itself or at length, and more permanently, under control of a restricted dominating class which shall be masters of all the rest.

To recognize the principle of property, to make it the note of all our society by establishing it in a *determining number*, is the first and obvious practical necessity in any programme for the restoration of our culture. I have said that an ideal State wherein property should be evenly divided and thus universal is not obtainable. It is not obtainable because in the diversity and vicissitudes of human characters and affairs

no political ideal is fully obtainable. We call it an ideal to distinguish it from the practical result which *can* be obtained.

But that result is certainly obtainable, and it is characterized by the phrase just used, the words "determining number". What is needed is the presence in society of a *determining number* of owners: a proportion of citizens economically free sufficient to give tone to the whole of society. There is no definition possible of the exact proportion to be aimed at. It is enough to say that with an ideal before us an effect could be produced sufficient to restore the stability, now almost lost, of Christendom and of our particular province therein.

It is to the honour of certain among the most centralized and dictatorial governments that they have recognized this truth and are making a beginning towards the restoration of property as a principle among their subjects. They are working for that the English word for which is "Guild", and the most widely spread continental equivalent "Corporation". The wisest and most benignant of those centralized governments, that of Portugal, has already gone far in this direction. Under this government the guild has already taken root. In Italy the principle is recognized, the complaint against its action lies not in its character but in the hitherto insufficient development reached. The denial of it and the continuance of mere unrestricted competition (an obvious abuse of freedom which destroys freedom itself like a poison) has corrupted the whole of French industrial life, and in our own case, the case of a country almost wholly industrialized, and framed upon wage and salary rather than upon general possession, the disintegration of property has gone so far that most men have by this time lost their original instinct for it. But the seeds of recovery have been sown elsewhere; they are known, if not yet garnered or used, among ourselves. It is not yet too late in Western Europe as a whole, and even here in England to make property real and general again.

In this connection the part played by what was called in England, in happier times than these, "a yeomanry", and is called elsewhere (as in Ireland and France) a "peasantry", is of capital importance.

The cultivation of the soil by a permanent body of small owners

everywhere acts as a fly wheel and regulator to the social machine. There is still so considerable a survival of this institution in Christendom as a whole that it may yet save the situation. For, where it is established, it diffuses the air and savour of property, of freedom, and of true citizenship, throughout the State. The Irish Government is working upon those lines; the Nationalist victory in Spain will confirm the same results in that country. The Germanies, though they have become so badly industrialized, do under their new government accept, though most imperfectly, that institution, and presumably they will maintain and perhaps increase it. The Eastern and South-Eastern populations of the continent are already rooted in it. The extension of a secure peasantry, even where it is (as in most parts) very poor, is of good augury for the future.

Here it is noticeable that the false and vicious philosophy of Communism is at daggers drawn with such a sane establishment of the land. Communism is utterly urban and at the same time inhuman and mechanical. It is the very extension and perfection of industrial capitalism, maintaining all the evils of that which has so nearly ruined us, saving indeed the evil of inequality; and inequality is not an evil save when it is exaggerated. Where there is a wide distribution of property, though that distribution be unequal, such exaggeration is checked.

When or if we could, however imperfectly, begin the re-establishment of property we should, by the very spirit of it, begin the re-establishment of culture and of that liberal middle class wherein the highest culture is founded and by which it is continued. For though this class has enjoyed more wealth than the mass of men enjoy, even where property is well distributed, and though without such an advantage the cultivated middle class could not exercise its influence, yet that class grows up naturally in a society of many owners; it is essentially connected with the ideal of citizenship which it has defined and supported.

There is another factor in the effort at restoration. It is a factor which has been neglected in the modern world through an increasing dissolution of its main principle, the principle

of orthodoxy, of a common philosophy which can ultimately only be expressed as a common religion.

So much as to suggest such a thing is to-day still eccentric. Yet it is certain that without some common moral principle expressed in defined terms, the unity of society can never be achieved. It is attempted to supply the need of it by a worship of the State, of the Race, or of the Nation. In this last form, the worship of the nation, patriotism, it is the chief bond among Englishmen, and this has been the strength of England (largely through an aristocratic social tradition) during the last three centuries. It remains, I think as powerful as ever, but whether it is destined to endure unweakened only the future can tell us.

It was the very class of which I write, that central cultivated Middle Class, without which no high civilization can endure, which itself in the last two hundred years attacked, and all but dissolved, this essential factor of a common religion or philosophy. But note that, however tentatively and sporadically, in beginnings however small and separated, a sense of spiritual unity is returning, and here, as in everything else, the disturbed but intensely energetic French are principally at work.

By the mere mention of a principle so generally forgotten I have introduced a note of the unusual, and one which cannot here be usefully examined further. But I suggest as a subject for fruitful thought that if or when what remains of the now nearly fallen cultured Middle Class recovers the sense of spiritual unity, the instinct for orthodoxy, and a fixity in doctrine and morals, the battle for recovery will be won. Moreover, without such a return I conceive that battle to be already lost.

GERMANY'S NAVAL AIMS

BY FRANK CLEMENTS

IN the early days of the Weimar Republic, the German Navy was very much under a cloud. Almost ignored by the left-wing governments, it gained scant respect from its natural allies of the right, for Nationalists could not forget the October mutinies which hastened the German collapse. Public opinion was indifferent, where it was not actually hostile. The Bavarian peasant saw no reason for a Navy he had a vague impression that Germany's challenge to Britain at sea was the chief cause of her downfall; the Prussian Communist jeered at the naval uniform in the streets of Kiel; the middle-class families remembered with still wary anxiety the days when they had crouched behind their windows, listening to the marching of the Red sailors.

Defeat and revolution had inevitably left their scars within the service itself. But nearly all disruptive elements had been expelled, so that among the loyal remainder confidence between officers and men was restored with surprising speed. Nevertheless, the Navy suffered from a fundamental ill-ease, caused by external neglect or contempt and an internal sense of futility. With but a few old ships, starved of money to build even up to the low Treaty Limits, surrounded in the now over-large and depressed Dockyards by evidence of former greatness, the Navy languished, only an instinctive sense of duty giving those who manned it the strength of purpose to carry on and reach such efficiency as was possible.

Some progress was made in the years before Herr Hitler came to power. New ships, such as the cruiser Emden had been built; above the waters of the Kiel fjord a memorial was rising to honour the old Navy; international ostracism had been broken when British warships again visited German ports; a new generation of officers and men with no bitter memories of the past was coming to fill the ranks.

In the three years immediately following the National-Socialist Revolution, development was rapid. The Naval ex-service and youth associations were taken over and supported by the Party; space was demanded in all newspapers for pro-naval propaganda; innumerable books and pamphlets for old and young were produced, glorifying the Imperial Navy and publicizing the new one; money for men and material was to be had in abundance. Germany's naval history would not crowd the pages of a very slim volume, but the past, even unto the dim days of Viking raiders, was combed for exploits to build up a tradition of German sea power. And, needless to say, in the effort to overcome defeatism and to put Germany's war effort at sea in proper perspective, exaggerated claims of victory against British forces were made.

But it was more than moral rehabilitation and prestige in the eyes of the public that the Navy gained under Hitler. By negotiation with Great Britain, the bonds imposed by the Peace Treaty were broken, and Germany was again free to build warships of all types, up to a tonnage 35% of the total of the fleets of the British Commonwealth. Great Britain went further and agreed that Germany's submarine strength should be 45% of her own with the right to parity in special circumstances. Germany for her part promised not to exercise this right without first stating her reasons in friendly discussion with British authorities.

Those, roughly, were the main provisions of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of 1935. It may be assumed that the main factors which influenced the Admiralty were: the traditional friendship and respect which the Royal Navy has always felt for the North Sea rival; clear realization that the extreme inferiority at sea inflicted on Germany by Versailles was neither reasonable nor just and could in the long run only be maintained by force; lastly, that if such an agreement were upheld loyally, it should end for ever Anglo-German naval rivalry with its dangerous influence on European relations.

However, although the Admiralty willingly agreed to the various clauses in Germany's favour, much misgiving was caused in some circles in this country, mainly among the apostles of the "German Menace" theory—at that time not generally

accepted—headed by Winston Churchill. Their argument was that the Agreement cut sharply across the main line of our foreign policy, and that the mistrust of our intentions which it caused in France and elsewhere more than counteracted any immediate advantages. This divergence between Admiralty and Foreign Office policy is a remarkable feature of our relations with Germany, and the above is no isolated example of this.

On Germany's side, the offer to limit her fleet to a fixed proportion of the British was a conciliatory move, although, of course, there were other influences at work. Germany was then almost friendless in Europe, and the moral recognition which a treaty of any sort implied was of great value to her leaders; also she was anxious to concentrate on the development of her vital air and land forces, and was in no position to take part in an armaments race at sea, had it been her policy to try.

Then, her naval policy was by no means hostile to Great Britain. Hitler was not proposing to challenge us at sea, in the hope that we in return would tacitly give him a free hand in Europe, and his dreams were of a world divided into British and German spheres of influence. The duties and aims of the German Navy, therefore, were strictly limited.

As Mr. Roberts in his *House that Hitler Built* put it, the German Fleet was "only for essential defence and as an expression of Germany's naval pride". Great Britain's neutrality in a future war was the fixed assumption on which German naval policy was built. Russia was to be sealed in the Baltic, while France, if necessary, would be harried with a small but powerful striking force. The presence of the British fleet would check French commerce warfare, and trade partly in British bottoms would save Germany from blockade. The North Sea coastline was to be protected by light sea and aircraft, supported by heavy coastal batteries, manned by naval land divisions. (*Landmarineteile*).

The main duty of the German Navy in peace was—and is—the linking of overseas Germans with the homeland. World cruises by units and squadrons are regularly made, and the first duty of a German warship in a foreign port is to establish close contact with the local colony. The influence of these visits on lonely and sentimental exiles cannot be over-emphasized.

I once visited the *Graf Spee* with a German girl at Portsmouth, when she suddenly exclaimed with an intensity which would have been ridiculous in an Englishwoman: "Oh, how fine it is to be on German soil"! This, not in Malay, but within a stone's throw, so to speak, of Germany.

These, the fundamental aims of the German Navy, were reflected in the building programmes. The terms of the Anglo-German agreement made a revival of the High Seas Fleet an impossibility, and the surface strength available was devoted to the formation of a striking force and a moderately strong squadron to support the Baltic flotillas of submarines against the Russian Fleet. It is extremely doubtful whether Germany envisaged very active commerce warfare at all, preoccupied as she was with the necessity of maintaining Britain's neutrality. Moreover, from conversation with German officers, it seems that they had accepted the maxim that commerce raiding has never been decisive and is never likely to be. In connection with this it is interesting to note that many naval writers agree that the fast armoured ships like the *Deutschland* are not intended for nor likely to be risked on commerce raiding.

By accepting a fleet that was not suitable for aggressive action against this country, it is obvious that German political leaders were risking a great deal on Britain's neutrality. Events of the last eighteen months, particularly during the crisis last autumn, showed them that they had dangerously misread the reaction of this country to Germany's political aims, and forced them to reckon Great Britain as a possible, even probable enemy.

Their reaction to the situation with which they were confronted may be concisely stated as follows. If at all possible, war with Great Britain must be avoided; that can best be done by making fullest use of this nation's desire for peace. As far as practicable, direct conflict with Britain's interest must also be avoided; where it is unavoidable, the conflict must be so disguised as to cause doubts in Great Britain as to its real nature. Germany's armed forces must be developed in such a way that they will most effectively threaten Great Britain, and therefore cause this country to avoid a war which might be infinitely more damaging—whether successful or not—than

concessions made in peace. Nevertheless, the possibility that Great Britain will seek decision with arms must be faced, and the secondary aim must be to make German forces as effective as possible for *employment against* Great Britain in the event of hostilities.

Obviously, Great Britain will never be defeated without a decision at sea, so that this new German policy will be clearly reflected in the aims and programmes of the German Navy. To achieve their first aim of deterring this country from war, and inducing us to be pliable in negotiation, Germany's political leaders wish to increase what may be termed the nuisance value of their sea forces. This, more than anything else, has inspired their recent decision to build up to parity with the Commonwealth in submarines, for, however much they may rant in public, war with Great Britain is what they most wish to avoid, as neither the general public nor Service advisers have any enthusiasm for it, and its almost inevitable conclusion would be the downfall of the present *régime* in Germany.

With her present fleet, both of underwater and surface craft, Germany is in no position to apply effective pressure at sea, even with the aid of her doubtful ally, Italy (largely neutralized by France), and even more uncertain confederate, Japan (occupied with China and checked by the American and Russian Pacific forces). Should she build up to the maximum treaty limits, she would never be able to send to sea a force comparable with the old High Seas Fleet—particularly while she must divert a moderately strong force to the Baltic—and can therefore never hope to offer direct challenge for the command of the sea. Her main weapon must once again be the submarine, now re-inforced by shore-based aircraft.

Her present force of built or projected U-boats is on paper a formidable one, being made up of 72 vessels, three more than the British total. But it is easy for the casual observer to be so impressed by mere numbers that the real war potentiality of the present U-boat fleet is greatly overestimated. No less than 33 boats are of very small size (250 tons), and their rôle in war must be a defensive one. They are probably intended only for Baltic use—to defend Germany's trade route with Sweden and to shield her coast from Russian invaders.

A further 24 boats are of approximately 500 tons. While their effectiveness is greater than that of the Baltic submarines, it is still very circumscribed. German writers, at least, assign to them also purely defensive functions. There undoubtedly exists a fear among German naval authorities that Germany may be attacked on the Schleswig-Holstein frontier by a striking force landed in Denmark, probably with the connivance—at least without the effective resistance—of that country. Therefore they regard it as essential to divert a strong underwater force to baulk such an operation.

Of a total of 72 U-boats then, only 15 are over 700 tons' displacement and classifiable as offensive submarines, and even they are not particularly suited for commerce warfare for reasons which follow. German writers hold that aircraft are the best weapons to employ against a well-protected convoy in narrow seas. Anti-submarine destructive weapons and detective devices have much improved since the last war, and the submarine must face the newly developed risk of being sighted, reported on or attacked from the air. U-boats are not likely to be given the dangerous task of attacking convoys on a large scale, for, as commerce raiders, they can best be employed on the High Seas, outside the range of intensive air-reconnaissance and protected convoys. Three considerations make large submarines desirable for such a purpose. First, the area to be covered demands a wide cruising range; secondly, Germany has no overseas bases on which she can utterly rely, and all her submarines must return to North Sea harbours—the larger the boat, the less often it has to run the gauntlet of our defences and the smaller the risk of loss; thirdly, continued operations in the Atlantic demand a submarine of some comfort and sea-worthiness, if the crew is to be able to operate efficiently.

Consequently, Germany will probably devote most of the forty odd thousand tons which she is now free to build to large submarines, although she will still be compelled to divert some proportion of this tonnage to North Sea and Baltic defensive aims. Less than a third of her total fleet will have great offensive value against Great Britain, a negligible number compared with the forces she had at her disposal in the later years of the Great War.

To my mind, it is quite possible that Germany will not for some time avail herself of all this total tonnage, even though she has very recently declared this to be her intention. Her threat to do so is more valuable than the deed itself would be. However, increased German submarine building will be countered by a large Admiralty programme of escort vessels and small destroyers, thus making the relative positions much as they were. But as a bargaining weapon in negotiation, this dormant submarine fleet is obviously of considerable value.

Up to this point, it may be assumed that German naval officers, support the actions of Nazi leaders, but there is small doubt that they will have no enthusiasm if the plan is ever developed to its ultimate extreme, when the German Navy would be definitely re-organized for offensive purposes against Great Britain.

They themselves in print and conversation frankly admit the weakness of their position. Within the limits of the Naval Treaty, no German fleet can be developed which could menace our command of the Atlantic and North Sea. Even with reliable foreign bases, her U-boat raiders on the western seaboard could at the most harass rather than destroy our trade. What is the likelihood of Germany's obtaining bases? France will presumably be hostile. Portugal, an old ally of Great Britain and suspicious of German colonial aims, will at the very least be an unfriendly neutral. Spain is unlikely to risk open warfare with this country. For to allow enemy U-boats regularly to refit, refuel, re-arm and re-man in Spanish harbours would be tantamount to declaring war. There remain the possibilities that bases will be taken by force in the Canaries or established by negotiation in the ex-German colonies. Making the considerable assumption that these will be established, one has to remember that these bases, if they are to be of value in a long war, must in their turn be constantly restocked with fuel, provisions and armaments, and re-inforced with men. How is Germany to do this without control of the sea surface and with enemy strongholds on both flanks?

It is not possible here to enter into a full discussion on the possibilities of Germany establishing bases in Spain on the mainland or elsewhere, but in view of the widely-held opinion

that she will, a short examination of the position is desirable. Bases in peace could be established without Spain's entirely free consent, for General Franco is heavily in debt to Germany, and this debt can only be paid in kind (by iron ore, etc.) or by political concessions. Nevertheless, there is as yet no reliable evidence that such bases have been established. However, if they are, their maintenance in war time will depend on the whole-hearted co-operation of Spain, for when Germany is at war with other Great Powers, she will be in no position to put direct and immediate pressure on that country, either military or economic.

On the other hand, Great Britain and France can exert the strongest influence on Spain if the situation demands it. We did not do so in the Great War, for although Spain admittedly granted certain facilities from time to time to raiding U-boats, yet bases in the full sense of the word were never established. Our main weapon would be blockade. Spain has very few effective modern ports in relation to her coast line; those in the north can be controlled from France's Atlantic sea-board or from Portugal; those in the south from Gibraltar; those on the east from South France and Morocco. (At the very worst Italy might exercise limited control of the Eastern, never the Western Mediterranean).

Secondly, there would be open to us the possibility of direct intervention in Spain. General Franco's position is vitally different from that of Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini in that he will have achieved power largely by military conquest, and that no matter how moderate a policy of reconciliation he may pursue, it is most probable that in many districts such as Catalonia and the Basque Provinces there will always be latent disaffection. In the event of war, Anglo-French money and material could be well employed in such areas to support campaigns of terrorism or sabotage, while in the extreme event small expeditionary forces could be landed to form the nucleus of an armed revolt. Spain, moreover, although not entirely free to decide for herself in peace, will be her own mistress when her present 'advisers' are shut off by miles of sea under Anglo-French control.

Seeing that she can scarcely hope to wage a successful naval

war with a treaty navy, Germany might decide either to denounce the Treaty or to build beyond the agreed limits secretly. The latter possibility is swiftly disposed of. Ships are not built in the middle of forest areas or in mountain strongholds, and Germany's geographical situation is such that information of secret building would reach the British Admiralty almost as soon as keel-plates were laid. It would require more than the executioner's axe—at least a magician's wand—to keep such a secret.

By denouncing the Treaty Germany would commit herself to an armaments race at sea, and it is obvious that she is in no position to compete with us. Financial considerations, indeed, will be ignored, for their importance seems to be over-emphasized when considering totalitarian economics. But whereas Great Britain has not begun even to approach her maximum ship-building effort, Germany is already very near the high limit of hers. Shortage of skilled labour is acute in the dockyards, and the vast armies of unskilled men which are drafted to the naval ports can no more hasten the building of ships than the presence of a hundred ward attendants can speed an operation. Moreover, long hours, forced shifts, and not over-generous salaries must in the end unfavourably affect the morale of dockyard workers (It should be remembered in passing that Kiel was a Communist stronghold and that concealed agitators must still be in existence, ready to make the most of any genuine grievances). Any increase in the present pressure, such as a larger building programme would involve, must inevitably lead to resistance—if only passive—from dockyard workers. It is doubtful whether it is humanly possible for them to do more than they are at the moment. If Germany cannot compete in an arms race, still less will she be able to replace the losses of war. Furthermore, increased shipbuilding will add to Germany's raw material difficulties, and the metals absorbed in the dockyards would in all probability have to be supplied at the cost of other armament schemes.

Finally there is a grim message in the lines of the poem his sailors recited to Herr Hitler when he dedicated the Naval Memorial at Kiel :

" But then comes darkness and raw winds blow.
A Fleet lies sleeping in Scapa Flow ".*

*Translated from *Das Mahnmal*, by Hans Fuchs.

THE CALVARY OF SPAIN

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER

TO the accompaniment of a hail of bombs from the " invincible " air armadas of Germany and Italy, General Franco's well-geared and well-equipped military machine has smashed its way through Catalonia.

Three months ago Dr. Negrin's Government and the People's Army appeared to have found the secret of successful resistance, on the purely military terrain, and their submission seemed achievable only by a completion of the food blockade (the granting of belligerent rights to the rebels) or by a devastation from the air on the scale of the raids by German and Italian 'planes last March. But the daily strain of the dislocation of individual and community life from the incessant air bombing had taken its toll, and a brave people has had to bow the knee to stratocracy.* The anti-democratic forces have once more carried too many guns—this time in the most literal sense.

In every country where minds are free men and women have registered that fact—and its implications : and the obverse of the medal, likewise noted, is the tragic exodus of hundreds of thousands fleeing over the French frontier rather than stay to greet the " liberating " legions. Yet the forces of privilege, with their old supporters and new sycophants, still delight to take in vain the name of " Nationalist " ; and, though the Spanish Government, re-established in Madrid, has not forfeited that title, the ' powers ' in London and Paris are said to be intent on recognizing the rebel *Junta* as the rightful rulers of Spain. (I may perhaps point out, in passing, that the Spanish term *nacionalista* has an entirely different connotation—meaning as it does a Catalan, Basque or Galician whose attachment to his folk-group has, as in southern Ireland, come to take political form). Thus does insurrection become " resurrection "—by the smiles of the bitch-goddess, Success.

*cf. Webster's New International Dictionary : Government based on an army.

These are days when the supporters of democracy—or even ordinary human decency—are thankful for small mercies. For surely in other times there would be outraged condemnation for the decree defining “responsibilities” issued from Burgos on February 13th. Penalties of varying degrees of severity are prescribed for all who have opposed the “National Movement” either actively or “by grave passivity”. It is explained that sentence of outlawry is pronounced on all persons belonging to the parties and organizations constituting the Popular Front: and, what is more, this punishment for “political responsibility” is extended to apply to those guilty of “subversion of order” from October 1st, 1934 onwards. Freemasons and “Separatists” (the species simply did not exist under the Republic) are singled out for special abuse. Not a bad imitation of totalitarian justice! And we are expected to welcome this talion dispensation, because General Franco’s *Auditorias** and special courts appointed to try the ‘Marxist criminals’ will be a safeguard against “irresponsible or personal reprisals”. Dr. Negrin, on the other hand, both in his programme of War Aims—the Thirteen Points—and his recent statement of the Republicans’ conditions for laying down their arms, comes out for a general amnesty. This General Franco cannot accept, we are told, because of the bitterness engendered by the murder of thousands of “Nationalist” sympathizers in the early months of the war: when every one knows—the evidence of Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana and Antonio Bahamonde, the head of the Press and Propaganda Department of General Queipo de Llanos†, is conclusive—that the same degree of savagery and violence obtained in the territory under Insurgent rule.

This Burgoselucubration certainly goes far to confirm the boast of one of its intellectual paladins, Jose Pemartín (in his booklet *Que es lo nuevo?*) that Spain will become the most Fascist State in Europe.

“Just as in the past”, he says, “we in Spain claimed to be more papist than the Pope, so we can be more Fascist than Fascism itself. . . . our Fascism must be perfect, absolute. . . . The new Spain is to be “absolutely intolerant of ideologies and opinions contrary to the Catholic religion, and their propaganda must be decisively banished in all its forms. . . .” It is to

*The *Auditorias* are special military tribunals instituted from an early stage of the war.
†*Doy Fe* . . . by A. R. Vilaplana, translated into English and published by Messrs. Constables, under the title *Burgos Justice and Un Año con Queipo*, by Antonio Bahamonde.

be militaristic and anti-democratic”: meaning “the prolongation of the military command as long as necessary to purify and elevate Spanish political life by the infusion of those high military virtues and the eradication of contrary political vices . . .”

These are not the ravings of an irresponsible journalist. They are the programme envisaged by the head of General Franco’s Education Department. The Roman Church, needless to say, is to be granted a monopoly in education: on the other hand, nothing so old-fashioned as freedom of worship but a State Church, with religion serving the political ends of the State. No wonder we read recently of a close cultural accord between Franco’s Spain and Hitler’s Germany. In matters of foreign policy declares Señor Pemartín, the pattern to follow will be that of ‘International Fascism’, and the British Empire in its “evident decadence” is graciously accorded a place in the new constellation “analogous to that of the decadence of the Roman Empire in the Christianization of the world”.

This is the Spain with which, according to the yes-men in the newspapers, the democracies can establish and maintain friendly relations, reaping at last the reward of “non-intervention”. By some means or other Dr. Negrin and his Cabinet are to be compelled to capitulate: the good offices of Mr. Chamberlain, may be required for a second Munich: and when General Franco has dutifully promised, yet again, to order the withdrawal of his foreign allies, a loan will be forthcoming from London for the reconstruction of war-shattered Spain, while the usurper will be encouraged and assisted to secure the stock of gold of the Bank of Spain deposited in Paris—no doubt to pay off his prodigious debts to the “Axis” Powers.

What a nightmare picture! Here is the bitter fruit of that “non-intervention” expedient whereby, if the truth be told, the advisers of Mr. Eden and M. Leon Blum succeeded in transforming a military revolt that had failed into this thirty-two months old civil war. Already in July, 1936, General Franco showed himself an apt pupil—when he announced that Spain’s ‘salvation-Army’ had this time raised the standard of revolt to save Spain from Communism. The idea spread like a prairie fire. And, with judicious elaboration by the practised agents of Germany and Italy, it came to constitute the staple of the assumptions on the Spanish question of the ‘men of

property' in every land. Yet it was—and is—a prodigious lie, the very exemplar of the "whopping" lie recommended by Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf*.

Franz Borkenau, in his recent book on *The Communist International* (as a renegade Communist he is scarcely suspect), has finally nailed this lie to the counter. Revolutionary unrest under the surface in Spain there was in plenty: but Communism—or Marxism—properly so-called "was practically non-existent". During the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, he reminds us, the Communist Party was so insignificant that the General did not trouble to prohibit it, and the communist press continued to appear. In October, 1934, the party gave its blessing, it is true, to the localized socialist revolt in the Asturias—though the Socialist Party's instructions never went beyond a general strike: but the violence and armed rebellion was actually instigated by the *Alianza Obrera*, of which the moving spirit was Andres Nin, the arch-enemy of the Communists. And the aim of the rising, anyway, was not 'red revolution' but the defence of the Spanish Republic. When the civil war broke out, the Communists, by then committed to moderation, had not a hope of "winning the allegiance of the excited masses"; not only that, "Moscow disliked the whole Spanish trouble. During the first months of the civil war it gave absolutely no support to the Spanish Republic . . ." It was the postulates of power-politics and not any "ideological" bid that brought the U.S.S.R. in against the militant anti-Red States.

All talk of preserving Spain from Bolshevism was indeed—as was written in that ultra-Tory organ, *The National Review*—"put out for the benefit of mugs here and elsewhere". Yet for the best part of two years it appears to have deluded the makers of British policy, the business men and the Services advisers, who were so blinded by the Red light that they overlooked elementary considerations of strategy and power-politics.

* * * *

Stripped of the garments of partisan phantasy, with which in this age of propaganda, it was bound to be bedecked this Spanish conflict has indeed a two-fold character. On the one hand, Spain is the arena in which the power-units of our European

disorder are striving for mastery. As such it is likely for some time to figure in history as an appendix draining into itself all the poisons of the body politic. But it is also the latest and greatest example of a country conquered, nay victimized, by its Army. Government by Army oligarchy is common enough on the Continent: in Poland, in Bulgaria, in Yugoslavia, it is the rule, and intermittently in Portugal and Greece. In Spain, of course, it furnishes the substance of the political history of the past hundred years. Only in the countries that have won through to the goal of government by consent of the governed—the best simple definition of democracy—does it seem an anomaly: and England, too, had her civil war wherein the temper of the people was forged. (With us the brief experience left such a legacy of resentment—an anti-military 'complex', which, be it noted, has never applied to the Navy—that it is the inspiration of three-quarters of the peace sentiment of our nation and, in particular, was the psychological foundation for that sterile clamour for "disarmament" which, of course, ignores the very texture of international politics).

But government by the Army is itself an admission that a country has failed to find a solution of its *political* problem. Spain's sickness, and indeed the international is fundamentally that—a crisis of *government*. And any true friend of Spain must judge the *régime* of General Franco by its capacity for working out and operating the complex of institutions appropriate to the peculiar psychological and physical conditions of the Peninsula.

The man in the street is nowadays not content to accept at its face value what he is told about the situation in Spain. Above all, he is really concerned that Spain shall have a chance of working out her own manifest destiny. For, let us remember, the history of the past hundred and twenty years in Spain is that of a backward nation 'struggling to be free'. The urge to what we call democracy (and the Spaniards 'Liberalism' because, humanly speaking, they *are* a democracy) is exceedingly strong and deep, particularly in certain regions. By 1931 it really seemed as if the *ancien régime*, the oligarchies of Church and Army and land-owning classes, with their political dummies, had shot its bolt. And all who know contemporary Spain would agree that the will of the majority is emphatically on

the side of social justice. If, as we see now, reaction was destined to stage a come-back it was not on its own merits but simply lifted up by the national-socialist wave from central Europe which broke over Spain, too, in 1933—the fatal fascination of alien “revolutionary” movements abroad. For the daily dope of the newspapers—*bouillage de crâne* in the apt French phrase—has so heated the blood of the present generation as to inflame all but the most phlegmatic to a crusade for “Fascism”—or “Communism”; and Spaniards, alas! from a tardy experience of literacy, are voracious readers of newspapers. There you have the explanation of the fact noted by Dr. Marañón—and attributed wrongly to the decay of Liberalism—that the Spanish students of the Republican period turned a political somersault and devoured the anti-Bolshevik carrot. These two utterly incompatible elements are represented, we know, in the ‘Nationalist’ amalgam by the old Monarchists, the *requetes* and a proportion of Spain’s traditionally invertebrate middle class, on the one hand, and the motley array of “revolutionary” elements gathered into the *Falange*, on the other.

The outsider cannot presume to guess which of these elements is going to win the day, when the inevitable show-down supervenes. All we know is that, when the war is over—and, however adept are the operators of the propagandist machine, who have learnt the technique from Germany—there is going to be an uncomfortable process of de-bamboozlement. Meanwhile, and for some time to come, one must consider the Army *régime*, the one thing which keeps the factions together: a ‘steel frame’ not unlike the British Government’s century-old rule over India. It may be that General Franco and his colleagues will give democrats cause to revise their opinions. But Spain’s Army leaders in the past have certainly not displayed any gifts of statesmanship: and Franco, Jordana, Yague, Millan Astray and the like, whose field of experience is mainly Morocco, do not look like being any exception to the rule. The decrees suppressing Regional liberties—in Catalonia now after the Basque Provinces—are ominous. Army leaders, I suppose, in any country favour a uniform pattern: they expect to issue orders and obtain prompt obedience. That is not government,

however, in any real sense of the term: and particularly in a country like Spain, where each Region has its own peculiar problems, where the people in one area, loosely described as “Castile” may be living in a different century from, for example, the peoples of the Mediterranean coast—the sector of Spain, incidentally, still held by the Loyalists and which in 1810, likewise, was the only part not overrun by Napoleon and his invading armies. (The non-Castilian elements represent 38% of the population). The only safe generalization about Spain is that no system can survive which does not take its cue from what Professor Allison Peers has called “the violent regional dissimilarities in the temperament of the Spanish people”. Yet none of the *prohombres* of the Insurgent cause seem to have any conception of this unity in diversity. And the promptings of their German and Italian friends are not likely to help very much. A centralization of power is in fact utterly alien to the Spanish reality.

Comparisons are perhaps invidious. But anyone who knows Spain must avow that the political suit designed and cut by the tailors of the Negrin *régime* on the other hand—for the whole of Spain, for all Spaniards—fits extremely well. Professor Atkinson described and analysed the Thirteen Points in an article in the January issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, so I need not say more about that here—except that the practice of Dr. Negrin’s ‘democracy in war-gear’, of which I saw something in Barcelona in October-November last, was in the highest degree encouraging. The tone of the Prime Minister’s speeches, and of those of President Azaña, must certainly have impressed any but the wilfully blind. And it is an appalling thought that it is probably just because the leaders of the Spanish Republic are by comparison such decent, civilized, liberal Europeans that they are now going under.

Perhaps even more remarkable were the sentiments expressed by General Rojo, Chief of the General Staff of the Government forces, in a broadcast appeal to all Spaniards on January 18th, four days before the fall of Barcelona. It will bear quotation:

... I wish to speak with words of deep feeling and clear ideas, so that all who listen to me this evening, when 2½ years of our fratricidal war have just ended, may find in my voice an echo of their own conscience. I would emphasize the strange contrast shown by our people who, desiring a

thousand times the end of the struggle, at the same time fight with a faith and an enthusiasm rarely equalled. If I—a non-political man, one of good faith, a Christian and a Spaniard—if I could untie this Gordian knot, undo it and bind together these two Spanish currents which crush and destroy each other, I should not regret having suspended for some moments the fulfilment of my exclusively military duties.

Politics, war and men have artificially created these two Spains: but in reality there is only one Spain. Do you believe that the old Communists and Socialists who form the core of your Phalangist organization are far removed from us? We know it is not so, as we know that the old bourgeois of your zone are with us in spirit. Incontestably two Spains fight on military ground: that of Franco against that of the legal Republican. But the real problem, which is more profound, does not reside in this; and no military victory will be able to solve it. The struggle began between Spain, decayed, corrupt and mediæval, and the Spanish people who did and do aspire to revitalize decadence. Therefore, the forces which are fighting on the fronts represent two artificial Spains, destroying the vitality, physical vigour and the potentialities of our race—all without any gains and so that a single Spain, that of us all, yours and ours, may perish at the hands of foreigners

While the liberty and independence of Spain are at stake our duty is clear: the crucifix which still hangs above our beds holds us to it; and our children, whose look of terror from the explosion of Italian bombs is ineffaceably fixed in our minds, are always before us. Spanish women prostituted by the invasion, cities destroyed and fields ravaged by the barbarity of your aviators, caravans of peasants fleeing from torture and death, old people queueing for a few ounces of food, so as not to perish of hunger, thanks to your blockade, imperiously demand it of us. It is a duty imposed by God, by our country and by our children. It must be performed every day, every minute, until the end—for the sake of Spain. We do not lose hope that a ray of light may in the end penetrate the blindness of your leaders. I repeat to you, that I do not ask of you either magnanimity or pardon—only a little understanding and patriotism. That should suffice to put an end to the calvary of Spain

The simple soldier has probably not even yet realized, as his political colleagues have in bitterness and anguish these past few weeks, how much Spain is just an object of policy—a pawn in the game of the so-called Great Powers. Anglo-French domination of the strategic and mineral wealth of the country is challenged by States that wield new weapons and economic devices, whose tribal leaders openly assert that their “nations on the up-grade have rights against those that are declining . . .” The challenge was inevitable from the day when the victors in the Great War simply sat on the splicce—instead of seeking to establish a new international authority to administer and protect strategic key-points and raw materials. A change in the pattern of power in the Mediterranean would seem to be inevitable; at times, indeed, one almost feels that the

facilities provided through intervention in Spain for German economic exploitation and Italian settlement and employment are all part and parcel of Mr. Chamberlain's notion of appeasement—defined irreverently by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye in his new book* as ‘let them have anything they can get hold of quietly—anything as long as there's not a mess on the drawing-room carpet’!

It is claimed, however, that General Franco, having won the military campaign—entirely and exclusively through foreign aid—now asks nothing better than to cut the painter and steer his ship of State into the calm haven of that Anglo-French sea power which has preserved Spain's “neutrality” for over a century. (That the Axis Powers may have other views is conveniently overlooked by the wishful thinkers who abound on this side of the Channel.) The neat capture of Minorca for the Spanish Insurgents, effected through the diplomatic intervention of H.M.S. Devonshire, is certainly calculated to lend colour to that idea—even though Franco's friends blotted his copy-book by a succession of untimely air raids. Whether this gentlemanly buccaneering, so characteristic of the Admiralty, was intended to forestall a German-Italian assault on the island—or was yet one more march stolen upon France—the public has no means of knowing. But the public is bound to reflect that such action is cynically self-regarding—in the light of the professed impotence of Great Britain and France to avert German and Italian intervention—‘without running the risk of extending the Spanish war into a general conflagration’.

One thing is certain—despite the patter about saving Spain from needless bloodshed, the British Government's spurt of activity is not likely to take any account of what Spaniards themselves feel or want. After all, a policy that was really designed to bring about the extirpation of foreign influences from Spain would involve also the giving up of Gibraltar and the ending of control of Spanish waters by the British Navy. Of that attitude in high circles one sees not the slightest sign.

* * * * *

“Madam”, said Walpole to Queen Caroline in 1734, “there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one

* *Fallen Bastions* (Gollance).

Englishman". There is, forsooth, historical warrant for the Walpole pattern of policy which the British Government has traced these past few years. And, undoubtedly, the unthinking many are perfectly satisfied with the selfish purpose of non-embroilment. But for every such Englishman there is another who is disgusted and humiliated by the persistent surrender—of other people's lives and welfare—to totalitarian blackmail and force. Emerging from 10, Downing Street the Prime Minister tells us as a great discovery that the English people are internationally-minded as never before. Actually, of course, there has always been a strong tradition of internationalism—often in vague, sentimental, shifting and wayward form, it is true. Without it, indeed, as a protective colouring, the far-flung British Empire would never have come through unscathed to the ordeal of to-day. To-day, I contend, thanks to agencies like the B.B.C.—yes, and on a lower plane, the much-maligned popular Press (cf. the articles of Cassandra and W.M. in the *Daily Mirror*)—that inclination for democracy and a policy based on morality has developed into an attitude of informed understanding which the mighty ones are neglecting at their peril. There are millions of us to-day—all who are not politically analphabetic—who are ashamed to see a great country like Spain being crucified on a cross of gold. At least, as Mr. Anthony Eden wrote in the *Sunday Times* of February 12th :

"having ourselves assumed responsibility for non-intervention in the early stages of the conflict it was an obligation on us to do our best to hold the balance even . . ."

In that the makers of British policy, except on the occasion of the Nyon Conference, have failed lamentably. And, in these days of air power and "barter" economics the new dispensation in Spain seems likely to provide a rude awakening* for the trustful folk who see a delectable vision of the British Navy paramount and able, in any circumstances, to keep the world safe for sahibs.

*For details of German designs on Spain *Axis Plans in the Mediterranean*—with a preface by Capt. Liddell Hart (published by the London General Press, 1939), may usefully be consulted.

ZU HAUSE—A Story

BY PENISTAN CHAPMAN

EVERYTHING was of the best at Frau Lukor's. At the large and gloomy old house in the Friedhofstrasse she lived in fine and elegant style. Perhaps everything was not quite so clean as it might have been ; perhaps the twelfth century tapestries might sometimes have needed dusting and the rows of cacti on the window-sills flung up their prickles for a drop of water ; but we made up for that with a flow of Beethoven that rang about the house all day, with Rhenish high-spirits and an inflow of food, daily, enough to stock a starving garrison.

Frau Lukor had been married first, to a wealthy Armenian rug merchant. All the carpets in the house were of incredible pile. Upon his demise she had married a Frenchman, an art connoisseur and editor of a Parisian art journal. His taste was responsible for the porcelain fans and engraved snuff boxes and figures of fine, wrought gold wire which hung about the house in cases and filled drawers and were occasionally found on the Armenian's deep-piled carpets. But alas! the finest examples were gone, scattered heaven knows in what private collections, shamelessly filched from the generous Frau Lukor by irresponsible dealers who in some cases had even done barter with her : a Rembrandt print for a Giuseppe Carly carving, a nice Sisley or Renoir for an Adrady *croix*. All false, false as the dealers. But afterwards, what could one do ?

Her third husband had been a German, of stock as pure as herself. He had been a professor of anthropology, a very *rein* and learned man. He had bequeathed her a magnificent library, the house in which she lived, and a large sum of money. She had three sons, one by each husband. They spoke beautiful German, beautiful English, played Beethoven divinely—and ate.

Miss Harris came to tea. She was in Germany learning the language for some course or degree or other. She was about twenty and pretty in a shy, delicate sort of way.

Unfortunately, almost as soon as she had been shown into the *Diel* Doctor Ginzauer was announced.

Now Dr. Ginzauer was Frau Lukor's suitor. What he was a doctor of nobody knew; and when I tried to find out, he didn't even seem to know himself. Although he moaned for the days of golden opportunity before the War, he seemed to do well enough on sacrifice; he helped his brother run a boot and shoe factory and frequently plotted long tours abroad which he would have taken had not the *Devisen* difficulty prevented him.

When he came to visit her, Frau Lukor adopted a most extraordinary procedure. Although she received him in the drawing-room she did not dress for it; or rather she did, putting on an ancient, decayed garment that ill became her, quite unlike her usual gaudy clothes. Tea was served in the dining-room as usual; but what a tea, stale *Brötchen*, black bread, black coffee. No *Kuchen*. No cream. No jams. No slices of sausage smuggled on to the table to enable one to keep one's strength together until *Abendessen*. No flowers. The maids were off, so Frau Lukor herself prepared *Kaffee*. And it was on Wednesdays, the day of the doctor's visit from his distant suburb, that one noticed the dust thick on the tapestries and the cacti crying out for water. . . .

But in spite of this regularly presented portrait of herself moving in dire poverty through the inherited luxury of her home, the Doctor was a most faithful and ardent suitor. He had pressed his suit for years without result. But only on Wednesdays was he received; for only once a week could she afford to entertain, Frau Lukor had explained to him; and only on Wednesdays could he come, because on Wednesdays apparently, the boot and shoe trade practically died on his hands Thursday being the day they received their raw materials, and as they received so little, they were a day short in the week. Judge then, under these circumstances, of Frau Lukor's and my horror, when on a *Thursday*, when we were entertaining Miss Harris, a new and uninstructed maid announced the Doctor.

Frau Lukor's round, jovial face, with the long ear-ring smacking her cheeks, grew white as modelling-wax. "*De*

liebe Gott!" she murmured, and threw up her hands to the heavens in exasperation and despair.

The Doctor came in. He was stout with black hair and when he smiled his eyes quite vanished into fleshy caverns in his head. He came in smiling, his hands outstretched. With commendable cordiality Frau Lukor received him. Then presented Miss Harris.

"Ah, Harris Hotspur!" cried the Doctor gaily. He always prided himself on being able to make foreigners feel at home.

He rubbed his hands and did not sit down and seemed so full of something which he must at all costs tell Frau Lukor that I said:

"If you will excuse us . . . Have I time to show Miss Harris my study before tea?", for I was in Berlin then, writing my second novel.

But my well-intentioned move was shattered by the tea-bell. Frau Lukor looked at me blankly. She turned to the Doctor. But the Doctor was looking round the room. The tapestries were dusted, the cacti watered. There were orchids on the table, fashion magazines in the rack. His black eyes swung to his hostess. She wore a frock of red silk, striped with yellow and a purple bow; and aquamarine ear-rings.

"Dear August, have you time to stay for tea?" she said.

"Or must you go? Perhaps if you wish to say something to me we might . . ."

"Thank you, Lisa, I should be delighted to stay to tea. Thank you."

We went into the dining-room.

There were dishes of apple, plum, black-currant *Kuchen*. With cream. Fresh *Brötchen*. Slices of sausage. Indian tea. China tea. Black or white coffee. Fruit.

We sat down to tea.

"Miss Harris is my new paying guest", said Frau Lukor. "She came only to-day. She is the daughter of a very old English family. Very old indeed. Harris Hotspurs. Very old family. Very famous for games, too, are they not? Yes, yes. The Hotspurs are a word international. They own much land, a large playing-field in London".

Miss Harris raised her blue eyes from apple *Kuchen*. I

caught her a terrific kick on the shin that made her wince. But she caught my meaning too.

"Indeed, indeed", said the Doctor respectfully. He contemplated Miss Harris for several seconds. Then he passed her the plum *Kuchen* and cream.

Just then a flood of the *Appassionata* rang through the house, and we knew Fritz had returned from the University. "Fritz, Fritz", called his mother, and Fritz came in. He was very tall and fair, and when he saw Miss Harris, he blushed crimson. Miss Harris blushed too, staining her pale face red as old Bordeaux. Nobody but me seemed to notice anything, and they mumbled some sort of introduction, and Fritz sat down. Scarcely had he begun his meal, when the house was raked by the Fifth. "Cherif, Cherif", called Frau Lukor, and Cherif, small and dark, the Armenian son of his father, came in. He, too, was introduced, and began his tea. Then we heard the Moonlight flow through the air like water, and in response to his mother's call, Henri came in.

The three young men made a hearty meal, then we adjourned to the drawing-room. Dr. Ginzauer, by this time, was almost visibly bursting to tell Frau Lukor his news.

"My dear Lisa", he said, "If I might have a moment, a moment with you alone, in which to tell you . . ."

"But dear August", said Frau Lukor, with the most magnificent assumption of frank and kindly bonhomie that I have ever seen, "But dear August, we have no secrets from one another here! Surely anything you have to say to me can be said before my family circle whom you know well. My sons, Penistan, and also Miss Harris".

Dr. Ginzauer shuffled to the edge of his chair and looked around him at the three sons lounging in three chairs, at myself by the window, Miss Harris prim in a little chair, and Frau Lukor herself, rich and billowy on the settee.

And then in a flash I knew what she was doing. She, too, had seen his agitation, knew that he was bursting to tell her something. And she knew, or could guess, something of what it was. Some further inducement to marry; some good news, some unexpected turn of fortune which he thought would attract her—weight the scales in his favour—had brought him

hot-foot over from Carlsuke on Thursday, of all days. Yes, nothing less would have drawn him from his factory on the day when raw materials arrived. And she knew, too, that she was tired of him as a suitor; that her weekly entertaining and pretence had grown to be a bore; and she saw here a splendid way of getting rid of him for good: for if he could bring himself to put his new proposal before her in front of the family she could formally refuse him—and, quite legitimately, end the acquaintance there and then; and if he refused to propose before such a crowd of witnesses . . . she could also legitimately be offended, for who but herself and the Doctor (and myself who had observed all this) knew what it was he wanted to tell her, what secret and desire were tearing his already heaving breast?

So Frau Lukor moved comfortably on the settee, and smiled at him, while the Doctor shuffled more and more to the edge of his chair, till I thought he would finish on the floor. And the rest of us stared at him solemnly, waiting for him to begin.

To my everlasting admiration of the Doctor, he chose the harder way, though what it must have cost him, I shudder to think. "Dearest Lisa", he said, "You know I have for a long time . . . And have so often asked you to . . . but you have always refused. But now . . . Dearest Lisa, I have been appointed by the *Führer* member of a Commission to go to England to a conference on Raw Materials. Dearest Lisa, you have no idea . . . the prestige, the honour . . . the opportunity to serve the Fatherland . . . Dearest Lisa, will you not share it with me?"

He gasped, like a fish drowning in air, and was still. Frau Lukor's three sons sat immovable, looking at him. Dr. Ginzauer seeing them, shut his eyes, as if he saw the shades of the three departed husbands behind them too. Only Frau Lukor was at ease, amiable, smiling. Everything had turned out just as she thought.

"Dear August", she said. "I am charmed, honoured . . . *ausgezeichnet*. But I am afraid I cannot accept. I have my duty to my family. I am afraid . . . I am not fitted to be the wife of so distinguished a man".

She meant the tapestries that were not dusted and the

parching cacti; her poverty-stricken self moving through the inherited luxury of her home.

"But Henri and Cherif are working", said the Doctor, even, yes, even willing, prepared, before us all, to beg. "And I could give you much that you now lack". He indicated the room vaguely, seeing it not as it was now, but as he had seen it on Wednesdays, for a succession of years.

"That could not be necessary now, dear August", said Lisa. "You forget I have Miss Harris, my new paying guest".

Fritz suddenly shot up in his chair. "What's that about Miss Harris?" he said. "Our new paying guest? Here?"

"But, of course, Fritz", lied Frau Lukor calmly. "You knew that".

"I certainly did not. Why, it's impossible".

"And why?"

"Because . . . because . . ." And then his handsome blond face reddened and the words came out in a thick cascade: "Because Miss Harris and I are going to be married".

"What!" almost shrieked Frau Lukor.

"We met at Rumanian Literature. We couldn't help it, we fell in love. I was going to bring her home soon, anyway. And I'm not going to finish my degree. I've got a job in a publishing house. I . . ."

"Fritz, what are you talking about? And Miss Harris, What does this mean?"

"I'm afraid it's true. We were going to tell you. We . . ."

We suddenly realized that somebody was laughing. It was Dr. Ginzauer. He was laughing fit to kill himself, till he nearly shook himself out of his chair.

"So you see, my dear Lisa", he said, "The last of your family departs. Now you have no ties whatever. No indeed. Nothing whatever to keep you here at home".

Then a curious little knot formed itself between his eyes. "But if Miss Harris is not a paying guest, as Fritz said, then . . ." His eyes raked the room again, raked back over that scrumptious tea, finished up at last on the lavishly dressed Frau Lukor and her aquamarine ear-rings. And then, like a burst of lightning it flashed upon him. "You lied to me, madam", he said.

"I'm afraid I did", said Frau Lukor.

"You lied to me", said the Doctor. He trembled with sudden indignation and rage. "You lied to me, not once, but many times. Come, tell me the truth. You are not poor, are you. You are not a poor woman. You are a wealthy one. That is so, is it not? Is not that the truth? You are a wealthy woman, and you have all these years deceived me into thinking you poor?"

"That is so", said Frau Lukor calmly. She could afford to be satisfied. If she wasn't going to get rid of him one way, there was the other.

The Doctor rose, outraged passion written all over his face.

"Very well. Under these circumstances, and before these witnesses, I formally withdraw my proposal of marriage".

There was a rustle in the room as if a woman in a silk skirt had walked in. Frau Lukor, her round face quite expressionless, shrugged her shoulders.

"Dear August, don't carry on so. I hate to see you upset. I'm sorry I deceived you. I apologize".

"I accept. You did it for your own reasons, which I do not know. But your deceit is not, of course, the reason why I withdraw my proposal". He stopped. "Indeed, no. I withdraw my proposal because I could under no circumstances contemplate taking a wealthy woman as my wife".

The rustling stopped, and we all stared at him, including Frau Lukor. Her grey eyes had turned almost the colour of her aquamarines and were popping out of her head.

The Doctor bowed smartly to us each in turn, marched with dignity to the door, and out.

Instantly the room was in a pandemonium. Everybody talking at once, though what we were all saying, heaven only knows.

But above the clamour I heard Frau Lukor's voice. She was sitting on the settee having hysterics, screaming and kicking her legs.

"See what you have done now. See what you have done now. Fritz and Miss Harris, you have ruined everything. Through you I have offended Doctor Ginzauer and he has gone away. He will never come back now. He will never visit me and propose again. And I might have been going to England soon on a

Commission for Raw Materials. Oh what an honour! . . . What a distinction. . . . What an opportunity for serving the Fatherland! I might have seen Buckingham Palace and Mr. Anthony Eden, and gone there, yes, and have spoken with the King and Queen. O! August, O! August", she moaned. "Dear August. You have gone away for ever. Oh, come back again, come back."

"But Frau Lukor", I cried, "You have for years schemed to get rid of the doctor. You have never, never, intended to marry him. Never".

She left off shaking her fists at Fritz and Miss Harris and turned to me.

"Oh, you writers", she said, "Oh, you writers. You think that everything is static. You think nothing changes. You do not understand the human heart, and that when it is overwhelmed with understanding, love is born. You are like fishes all the time. Dry, dry, dissecting. Without imagination. Without understanding. When August . . ."

And then I realized she was trying to tell me that when the Doctor had shown such unexpected spirit in declining to marry a woman wealthier than himself, then Frau Lukor had seen unexpected regions, unfamiliar character and possibilities in a familiar thing, and had, and had . . .

"Go after him, go after him", she cried, waving her hands at us, and I ran from the house, as I was, into the street.

At the end of the street Dr. Ginzauer stood waiting for a tram. The tram was passing the house too, as I came out. I had to run like a hare to beat it to the stop.

"Dr. Ginzauer", I said, "Dr. Ginzauer", clutching his arm and by force dragging him out of the crowd. "Frau Lukor says, will you come to tea as usual, next week, on Wednesday."

"And Dr. Ginzauer", I said, "You know she can't help it. I mean being rich. Money's like a stammer; not particular where it comes. And she has the boys to think of, you know. And now Fritz is going to marry Miss Harris . . ." I coughed, desperately doing my best, putting lots of feeling into the words, although they were inadequate.

"That is so, dear child", said the Doctor, "I shall think of many such things when I am calmer. I realize I spoke very

hastily and unkindly to Lisa. I will apologize to her. I am sorry for it. For although her being a wealthy woman makes things very difficult for me, is it not touching, dear Penistan, to think that for years she has practised this ruse of poverty, seeking to retain my affections by these means?"

"I admit I overlooked this in the heat of the moment at her house. But now I realize it . . . it almost outweighs the disadvantages of her wealth. Such a humble spirit, hesitating to become my wife, yet wishing to retain my friendship. . . . Is it not noble, overwhelming, touching?"

"Most noble, overwhelming, touching", I murmured faintly.

"Tell Frau Lukor, most certainly I will come on Wednesday. And in the meantime . . . tell me Penistan, a good book to read on London, I shall have so much to see when I go on the Commission. Buckingham Palace and Mr. Anthony Eden, yes, yes, and the field of Harris Hotspur. And if Lisa comes too I must be able . . . do you think she would like to see these things too?"

"She'd adore them all", I said, "Especially the field of Harris Hotspur. But here's your tram. *Aufwiederseh'n* till Wednesday *'Wiederseh'n*. *'Wiederseh'n*. And there'll be loads of *Kuchen* for tea!"

THE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS

BY REV. PROFESSOR H. MAURICE RELTON, D.D.

THERE is a growing feeling in Church circles that in a changing world, under changed conditions, the Church itself ought to play a more decisive part than heretofore in the appointment of its chief officers, the Bishops. It is a conviction which Nonconformists also for some time past have shared, and in the view of not a few amongst them any re-union with the Church of England would have to include as one of its conditions such spiritual freedom as would secure for Church members an emancipation from State control in so vital a matter as the appointments to key-positions in the Church. This feeling after a larger measure of self-government has found expression frequently in the history of the Church of England in the past.* It has, however, grown in volume and intensity in recent years, particularly since the passing of the Enabling Act and the emergence of the Church Assembly. With the larger measure of Church self-government which the Church now finds itself possessing under that Act, there has inevitably developed a corresponding deepening of the sense of corporate life. The Church finds itself in increasing measure ordering its own affairs, setting its own house in order, and initiating Church legislation covering almost every phase of its manifold activities. The State has helped generously in fostering this spirit—and with very few exceptions has allowed the passage of a growing number of Church Measures which have received the confirmation of the Crown by the means of the legislative procedure sanctioned under the Enabling Act. The outstanding

*The subject has been brought up in Convocation on at least five separate occasions to date since 1870, and lately in the Church Assembly, which issued an Interim Report on the Appointment of Bishops in 1929 (C.A.282). The last Convocation Report was in 1920 (No. 516 Report of the Joint Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury on Crown Nominations to Ecclesiastical Offices). The Archbishop's Commission on Church and State made certain recommendations in the matter, and this Report is now before the Convocations.

exception, of course, was the attempted Prayer Book Revision; and the action of a majority in the House of Commons in rejecting the two Prayer Book Measures led to the Church appointing a Commission to review afresh the whole problem of the relations between Church and State in this country.

Among matters arising from the Report of the Church and State Commission is the question of the Appointment of Bishops. The Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury recently debated the matter very fully—and referred certain proposals to the Lower House for their concurrence. The Lower House devoted a full day to the consideration of the problem—and in the issue by a small majority turned its back decisively against any attempt to tinker with the existing system, pending a drastic alteration in the whole mode of procedure at present in force. The terms of the resolution finally adopted by the Lower House were significant. They say in effect that, until and unless the State concedes to the Church a decisive, though not exclusive, voice, in the appointment of Bishops, the present unsatisfactory system should be left unchanged. This is at once a condemnation of the present system as unsatisfactory and at the same time a clear indication to the Church of what is the goal towards which it must now direct its steps.

It is maintained that whilst theoretically the present system is indefensible, it works out uncommonly well in practice. This, however, is a tribute rather to the wisdom and tact of those who have to work the machinery than to the intrinsic worth of the machinery itself. The real power of appointing Bishops rests, in constitutional theory, with the Crown; according to constitutional practice, with the Prime Minister of the day. The only check on this power are a possible refusal of the dean and chapter to elect the person nominated by the Crown, and the possible refusal of the archbishop to confirm or consecrate the Crown nominee. In either case refusal would involve, in theory at least, serious personal consequences, and nothing short of a refusal to consecrate would legally affect the ultimate result. The question naturally presents itself in these critical days when abroad the whole problem of the relations between Church and State has become a very "live" one—Is the present system here in England on this matter of appointment of Bishops

safe? Is it consistent with that measure of spiritual freedom which the Church ought to possess if it is to do its distinctive work effectively in the modern world? The system depends upon the personal qualities of the Prime Minister modified to an unknown extent by the personal qualities of the sovereign. The Church has no guarantee that a system which so far has worked well will go on indefinitely and never fall into unworthy hands. Clearly some safeguards are needed.

Nothing less than an equal voice with the State in submitting a name or names to the King is what the Convocation now asks the Church to claim. There are clear advantages in a system which secures for the Church an authority *external to itself* in nominating for Bishoprics. In other parts of the world where the Church has complete control in the choice of its own Bishops, there are many who feel that the system in vogue in England produces better results. All that is necessary is to introduce some check against a possible misuse of the position in which the Prime Minister now finds himself placed. This, it is suggested, might take the form of giving to the Church itself a decisive, though not exclusive, voice, in these appointments. At present the utmost that the Church possesses is an unofficial "advisory" voice through the Archbishops and others whom the Prime Minister may consult, *if he feels so inclined*. What is needed is something more than an advisory voice as a check upon the unrestricted freedom of the Prime Minister in the selection of names. This could be secured if the Prime Minister and a layman appointed by the Church should consult together and jointly submit a name or names to the King. It is conceivable, of course, that they might not be able to agree together, and in this case the King might be placed in the awkward position of having to decide as between the nominee of the Church and the man put forward by the State. Practically, however, such an *impasse* is hardly likely to arise. Two men possessed of an equal voice in the choice would have ample opportunities for minor disagreements in private conference, but neither would care to proclaim publicly that they had reached a deadlock. All that would happen in the case of an acute disagreement would be the selection of another name upon which they could agree from the large number of possible candidates always available on these occasions.

Is such a demand by the Church reasonable and is it consistent with the retention of the Establishment? Clearly complete self-government and absolute freedom of choice in the appointment of Bishops could only be conceded to the Church, and in fact would be gained by the Church, only if it were disestablished. That is the price which obviously would have to be paid; and rightly so. It ought, however, to be possible to find some reasonable measure of readjustment of the present unsatisfactory system which should preserve the values inherent in the present method of procedure and at the same time concede to the Church a larger freedom and a more determinative voice than it has at present.

Upon what grounds may the Church's claim be regarded as reasonable and in no sense excessive? The answer lies in a review of the past history of the relation of Church and State and the meaning of the Royal Supremacy. First let us be clear that there is nothing inherently contrary to Catholic principles in the civil power claiming a decisive voice in the appointment of Bishops. The nomination of Bishops by the Crown is something which dates back far beyond the Reformation. Archbishoprics and Bishoprics were regarded as in one sense property and as such donatives of the Crown. The late Lord Selborne in his *Defence of the Church of England* points out that all the Archbishoprics and Bishoprics were regarded as of Royal foundation, because the lands with which they were endowed, whether of Royal or of private gifts, were held, not of any subject, but 'in chief', by title of 'barony' of the Crown, and our law-books state that all these Bishoprics were anciently donatives of the Crown; that is, the Crown had the direct right of appointment to them without election. It is so stated by King Edward III.: Judges in the "Year Books" of the 6th and 17th years of his reign (AD 1332 and 1343). There is a statement to the same effect in the "Statute of Provisors" (25 Edward III). On the other hand, it is equally true that in the earliest times of the Church of England, before Bishops had civil privileges or territorial endowments by title of barony, they may have been elected, either by the general body of the clergy of the several dioceses, or by the conventual clergy of the Cathedral cities. It was probably on this early practice that

the Chapters or Conventual Bodies attached to Cathedrals founded their claims to be canonically entitled to elect their Bishops. A typically English compromise between the respective claims of the temporal and spiritual powers resulted in the Bishops and other Prelates chosen for Sees or Abbeys doing homage to the King. The law of the Church of England as to the presentation and admission to Capitular and parochial benefices, and as to rights of patronage and the remedies for their disturbance, was not altered at the time of the Reformation. But a Statute was passed in 1533 to secure to the Crown the right of nominate to all English Bishoprics. The Royal license for election, with a letter missive naming the person whom the King desired to have elected, was still to go, 'as of old time had been accustomed', but it was made obligatory under heavy penalties, to elect the person nominated by the King. Queen Elizabeth revived the Act of 1533, and by that Statute appointments to Bishoprics are governed to this day. But with this significant difference that whereas the Royal Supremacy of the King over the Church which Churchmen were compelled to recognize by Henry VIII.'s Submission of the Clergy Act, seriously crippled the spiritual freedom of the Church in many ways, yet when all is said and done, it was the supremacy of a Sovereign Churchman, himself a subject of the Church, over subject Churchmen, themselves loyal members of the State.

The real secret of our present difficulties as a Church in relation to the State lies in the subtle difference that has taken place in the meaning of the "Royal Supremacy" in the course of the evolution of our English Constitution. A sovereignty which the Church could safely vest in a personal King who was himself a loyal servant of the Church, has come, in course of time, to be vested in a secular body which in no sense can now be called a body of loyal Churchmen, namely the House of Commons. The Royal Supremacy of a Sovereign Churchman over the Church has shared the fate of the rest of the King's prerogatives. They have ceased to be "personal" and have become "constitutional", being administered by the Prime Minister, who is himself responsible to Parliament. Amongst these prerogatives is a subtle form of control by the State over the Church which consists in the rights of the Crown over an

appreciable part of Church patronage; not least in the Crown appointments to Bishoprics and Deaneries, which, within the lifetime of some of us, has practically fallen into the hands of a single person, the Prime Minister. This might be tolerable if the Church could have some guarantee that in the event of the Prime Minister of the day not being himself a Churchman, his rights should be delegated to a member of the Cabinet who was also a member of the Church of England. While securing for the Church the undoubted advantage of having the Prime Minister's advice and assistance in the making of these appointments, it is reasonable, however, to ask the Crown's consent to a formal or statutory diminution of its powers, such as would concede to the Church an equal voice with the State in the appointment to key-positions in the Church. And such a concession would be fully in accord with constitutional practice.

If we have passed from the sovereignty of Kings personally ruling over a subject people to a more democratic form of government with the King's prerogatives "in Commission", a corresponding change in representatives *quod* the Royal Supremacy should logically follow.

If the fount of sovereignty is now sought not in a single King but in the people, and if the "Royal Supremacy" of a King over the Church is now to be found in the "supremacy of the people" over the Church, this surely should be the "*supremacy of the laity*" i.e., the Church people, over the Church. As things are at present, it is the supremacy of the Prime Minister, claiming to represent the House of Commons which itself is representative of the country as a whole. If the country as a whole contained none save Church people, or if the House of Commons consisted only of members of the Church of England, or if the Prime Minister has to be a member of the Church as a condition of holding office in the Cabinet, the position might be tolerable. The obvious way in which a fair re-adjustment could be made would be to have the Prime Minister in the exercise of the Royal Supremacy in the matter of appointment of Bishops representing the *people* of England, and a layman chosen by the Church to represent the Churchmen of England. There would then be two equal voices, fairly representative of (a) the whole people of the land and (b) Church people.

GOLDEN NUMBERS

BY FRANK SINGLETON

THE Currency and Bank Notes Bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons unopposed. Confronted with a measure affecting the very ark of the covenant of finance—the gold reserve—the pundits were cautious. They did not commit themselves far as to the real significance of the bill but they did come out far enough to be at variance. In some quarters it was a mere nothing; in others it has been hailed as a revolution in the currency and banking practice of this country; “a change in machinery” said the Chancellor of the Exchequer; “the last triumph of Bolshevism” said a well-known financial authority. Perhaps nobody knows. The debate itself was rather like a demonstration of roller-skating in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the star turn and cut the only figures. As he pushed off quietly from the side of the rink the spectators waited a little breathlessly. But he was soon well launched and performing his dexterous convolutions with polished ease. He was not going to slip up. There was only a moment’s hesitation “The effect of such a demand would be, I suppose, in the first place to reduce the Bank’s reserve of notes”. He supposed? But he glided safely home at the end of his expository *tour de force*, and honourable members began, with varying degrees of clumsy caution, to venture out themselves on the slippery surface with many a deprecating gesture to avert a fall—“I confess I am a little in doubt—I do not think anyone need apologize for that, because this is a complicated matter . . .”. “These were hidden mysteries once, which we were not expected to explain”. And at the end of the performance the Financial Secretary to the Treasury stepped briskly out to wind up and bring the curtain down on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. ‘There you are ladies and gentlemen. Nothing in it. All perfectly simple. Nothing in

his hand, nothing up his sleeve. Just a piece of machinery’, he might have been saying. No wonder Mr. Graham White said :

“It is remarkable that we should be discussing here a Bill dealing with currency and finance which must affect more or less everybody in the country, but which, nevertheless, requires all the Right Hon. Gentleman’s ability and powers of explanation to make it clear to the House. What is the fate of the ordinary man in the street, who is going to be affected vitally by this arrangement whether he knows it or not?”

What indeed?

To the man in the street, or the intelligent woman, or even to the rest of us the main purpose of the Bill as it emerges is to revalue the assets—gold and securities—which back the Bank of England note circulation. The reserve which the Bank of England keeps has up to now been valued at 85/- an ounce—a figure established in 1717 by Sir Isaac Newton when he was Master of the Mint. Gold to-day in the market brings over 148/- an ounce. There is now to be a weekly valuation, and the value of the Bank’s gold reserve will be written up to the current market price. If there is any discrepancy between that figure and the amount of notes outstanding it is to be remedied by a weekly adjustment between the Bank and the Exchange Equalization Account. If the gold reserve in the issue department of the Bank of England is valued at the old statutory price of 85s. an ounce it stands at £126 millions. Revalued at 148s. 6d. an ounce it will be written up to £221. There would thus be a surplus of £95 millions. But at the beginning of January this year gold was transferred from the Bank of England to the Exchange Equalization Account to the value of £200 millions (nominal or £350 millions at the market price). To meet this the Fiduciary Note Issue (*fiducia*—a trust; an issue of notes depending for its value on public confidence or securities and not therefore backed by gold) was increased from £230 millions, which is the authorized amount, to £400 millions. Now the Fiduciary Issue is to be reduced to £300 millions, which will from now on be the new authorized figure. The present issue will thus be reduced by £100 millions. So that the net result is to cancel notes to the value of £5 millions. (£100—95 millions).

The authorities now have complete freedom to vary the

amount of notes in issue by shifting gold to and from the Issue Department as well as by changing the fiduciary circulation. It is in fact a long step towards a "managed" currency. The Exchange Equalization Account is thus going to become also a Currency Management Account. Suppose the price of gold falls. The Bank does not want to be compelled to restrict currency, so sufficient gold is transferred to the Bank from the Exchange Equalization Account to "back" the existing volume of currency to the authorized legal amount. Suppose the price of gold rises. Then the amount of currency can be increased. But suppose for some reason it is desired to increase the amount of currency, and the price of gold has not risen, the gold can be brought from the Exchange Equalization Account to the amount which will make the proposed increase legal. The currency authorities have the best of it both ways. But, though they could hardly ask for greater freedom of action, that freedom has not really been granted them under this bill, which hardly affects the note issue.

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The man in the street may ask to what end these powers conferred by the Finance Act of 1932 (following the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1928) are or should be directed. And his kinsman, the man on the streets, may well demand that this is the moment to consider if the unemployed, now numbering over two millions cannot benefit. Can the economic system really not work better? Must we have two millions unemployed at a moment when vast schemes of public works are in demand to give us security from air raids? Can the powers implicit in this bill regulating currency not be made to answer some of the questions being asked on their posters by the members of the National Unemployed Workers' Movement?

The currency of this country has now been freed from gold as a basis by a series of measures which have helped trade, expanded industry, and to some extent reduced unemployment. We can say, as Sir J. Wardlaw Milne pointed out in the debate in the House "that there is nothing now in our currency arrangements and nothing in our money system which prevents us putting all our people in employment and achieving real prosperity". If not, why not? It is a mistake to think that the amount of

notes in issue is itself either inflationary or deflationary in effect—as Sir Cyril Entwistle pointed out. It is not the number of notes which the Bank of England is entitled to issue that is of importance to trade and to price levels; what matters is the number of notes in circulation which is actually being used for the purchase of goods. The number of notes being used for such purchases can, however, be regulated.

So long as the country is not employing all its resources to the full, as is obviously the case when two million men are idle, it should be our object to see that the money spent on food, boots, clothes, entertainment and the commodities lumped as consumption goods, or of new machinery, plant and buildings—the additional capital goods necessary to produce them—is so great that the manufacturers of these goods will in their own interests extend their output and employ more men. Such an effect can be achieved, of course, and an increase ensured in the total amount spent on additional goods by a fall in the rate of interest, which will in fact increase the demand for every type of commodity. If the rate of interest falls business men are tempted to renew plant and expand their undertakings and thus require more men. If public works are undertaken at such a time the burden on the rates is reduced, and there is an expansion of speculative building. The rate of interest therefore should fall in times of unemployment.

The Bank of England is in a position to control the amount of money in existence, and it can increase this amount by buying securities from the public on the stock exchange and thus animating the joint stock banks to make new advances of money or buy new securities; at any rate if the latter continue to play fair and restrict their ratio of cash reserve to the customary proportion. (International co-operation in directing currency policy to the cure of unemployment would be useful but is not indispensable). Should the policy be proved sound it would be more worth the Government's while even to subsidize the banks in any difficulties in which they became involved rather than abandon the policy, if it holds a hope of diminishing unemployment. The only other difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of the Bank's pursuing a policy of buying securities to

counteract unemployment has been the legal restriction on the power to issue notes.

Whilst the immediate effect of the new Currency and Bank Notes Bill on the amount of issue will be of the smallest, it ought now to be possible to have more clearly in mind that it is the main function of the banks to see that we have the amount of currency which trade demands in order to maintain a high level of employment. The net result of the new Act will in fact be to write down slightly the fiduciary issue. The writing up of gold was a more hopeful step than the writing down of the fiduciary issue—which may well be a mistake at a time when it is necessary to undertake the financing of a huge armaments programme and to find work for an increasing army of unemployed. It is difficult to see why the Bank of England should not be allowed complete legal freedom to issue notes to the amount which will ensure a high level of employment being maintained.

The latest bill is a long step in the right direction. If the considerable powers now possessed by the authorities are wisely used they should still the fears of the rearguard who feel that only on gold was there real stability and that every step away is a step towards destruction. Anyhow there seems at the moment to be no intention on anybody's part to reverse the direction. The Gold Standard gleams only in the retreating past.

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea ?

RUMANIA, 1939

BY GEORGE PENDLE

IN Rumania, where so much is uncertain, there is one certainty to-day : King Carol will not readily allow himself to be shelved with the Emperor of Abyssinia, Schuschnigg, Benesh, and Azaña. He is big, tough—and will fight to defend his heritage. He holds the country in his hand. Rumania is his property, and he rules magnificently over it.

For the moment, Carol's control is undisputed. The Goga 45-day fiasco (January, 1938) gave him the excuse to crush all political opposition (it is whispered that he put Goga in power for that purpose). Communism had long been illegal, for obvious reasons. The Iron Guard is now supposed to be liquidated also. But, unlike the totalitarian dictators, Carol does not claim that his present policy is eternal and sacrosanct. If he considered it expedient, he would to-morrow abolish his own Constitution of 1938 and revive the Iron Guard with himself as Leader in a new uniform. Circumstances compel him to live *au jour le jour*.

I have heard it said in Rumania that Carol is only interested in his personal power and grandeur ; that he looks upon the country merely as a background to his own magnificence—a background of fantastic wealth and terrible poverty, of oil-wells, forests, farmlands, modern apartment houses and filthy slums, fashionable Black Sea beaches and boot-less soldiers. Against this background is the splendid, dominating figure of the Monarch wearing the white plumed helmet and the white cape. An impressive picture.

But even if this interpretation had been true of the past, it would be beside the point to-day, for Carol's internal policy at the present time is and must be dependent on international developments that are beyond his control. He is manœuvring to preserve not only his power and his crown, but the very

existence of his country as an independent State. So for the present at least the interests of King and State are identical. This fact has been appreciated by left-wing politicians in England, whose earlier objections to the visit of King Carol and his son to London were abandoned after Munich.

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The Munich Agreement came as a great shock to the Rumanian people. Even those (except the racial minorities) whose sympathy had been with Germany and the totalitarian technique were appalled to think that Hitler was now virtually on the frontier of Rumania. They had prepared their hearts and their larders for war during September, but they had considered the Sudetan mountains to be their own main line of defence. It was rumoured in the cafés of Bucharest that King Carol had marked on the map a corridor through which the Russian troops would be allowed to cross into Ruthenia. Now suddenly Germany was over the mountains and within reach of Transylvania.

Rumania, which blocks the Nazi route to the East, is, of course, Germany's natural source of oil and of farm products and is a backward land ready for development by German industry.

It is not surprising that Germany should wish to dominate the country. What are Carol's means of defence? His army is quite inadequate. The Western Democracies cannot be relied on. Italy, in spite of the real and sentimental tie between the two races, is Axis-bound. Rumanian relations with Russia are purposely mysterious (though it is clear at least that King Carol, the Hohenzollern, now considers the Russian menace to Bessarabia less dangerous than the German Hungarian threat to Transylvania). The principal defensive weapon, therefore, is the astuteness and vitality of the King himself. His ability to play off Germany and Russia against one another; not to provoke Germany to support the Hungarian revisionist claims, yet to keep Berlin at bay; to work with Poland and Yugoslavia in forming an obstructive block; and to persuade Britain and France to buy a larger quantity of Rumanian produce, thus lessening the dependence on the German market.

To be successful, King Carol would require the support of

united nation. Hence his efforts to impose political unity on his people: the drastic centralization, the single Front of National Re-birth, the universal salute: *Sanatate!* (*Salud!*) This campaign is undermined by the racial minorities—the Germans and Hungarians of western Rumania, principally. The population of the former Hungarian town of Temesvár—now Timisoara—illustrates this problem. Of the inhabitants of this pleasant town approximately 25% are Hungarian, 25% German, 25% Rumanian. So Hungarians and Germans together total double the Rumanian population. After Munich these revisionist minorities expected a rapid disintegration of the State. They walked the streets arrogantly. Their propagandist activities were redoubled. A few weeks ago in Timisoara a bomb was thrown in a theatre where a Jewish troupe was performing. King Carol is, of course, quite aware of the danger that on the slightest provocation Germany and Hungary would encourage the minority agitation as in the Sudetenland. For this reason during the Czech crisis he issued a decree which considerably improved the status of the minorities of Rumania. He allows the Germans and Hungarians to produce their own newspapers (subject to the usual censorship). And while the execution of the Iron Guard leaders was a severe blow to the Nazi disciples, the granting of liberty of political organization to the Germans of Rumania was a gesture of tolerance. The new Rumanian Government (February, 1939) contains six Transylvanian Ministers and Under-Secretaries. (On the other hand, it is evident that Germany and Hungary understand King Carol's game perfectly and they will only instruct their local agents to co-operate with him and with the Front of National Re-birth so long as it suits them to do so).

The major weakness in King Carol's policy is not in his treatment of the minorities (he has tackled that heart-breaking problem resolutely), but in his failure so far to acquire the full confidence and enthusiastic support of the working class, the vital human reserves of the country. He has not yet sufficiently corrected the impression (created during the past years of his reign) that the royal policy is a Court policy, product of the conflict of ambitions and interests within the Palace; a policy that is divorced from the real life of the peasant and the operative.

Many of the latter feel that the organization of the Front of National Re-birth, of which the Directorate and Council are appointed by the King himself, is intended as a means to supplant the workers' guilds and by incorporating all trade and class organizations in the mammoth Front, to obtain the easier regimentation of the working people in the interests of a governmental clique.

King Carol's subjects should now be made to feel that their ruler is working for the preservation of the State, its frontiers, freedom to manage its own affairs. The Rumanian people are infinitely supple, adaptable, but very conscious of their difference from the surrounding races. They are proud of the so-called Latin (really Byzantine) origins of their culture and spirit, and the Romance tongue. They will not easily accept German tutelage, nor for long be repressed by the Germans. They are not practical. The Jews of Rumania are the practical caste (that is why that caste is considered an oppression, but can never be removed). The Rumanians are easy-going. This is partly the result of the natural richness of their soil. The corruption in public life, noticed by all visitors from the West, is one aspect of this tolerant nature : it is not corruption, in the Western sense, but is the product of the desire to please. The Rumanians are a potent race. King Carol, if he is to succeed, will have to draw strength from their potency, rather than from the ambitions of Court favourites. Already the people are conditioned to help him. They know what is happening in Europe. The German menace is not a journalist's fiction, a pessimist's scare, but is a physical reality, something of which the Rumanian people are constantly aware in their daily lives. Day and night they are conscious of an invisible, persistent pressure. The ever-advancing nightmare of the future.

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The twists and inconsistencies of Rumanian policy as seen by the outside world during the coming months will doubtless be as bewildering as were the changes in that policy during 1937 and 1938. If Rumania can survive another year without committing herself irrevocably to anything whatever, that will be a considerable diplomatic achievement. In international affairs the aim seems to be a continual "marking time". Occasionally

the Nelson touch will be resorted to (perhaps it is significant that King Carol's present Deputy Premier, M. Calinescu, wears a smoked-glass monocle). It is assumed that in the meantime Great Britain and France are becoming stronger and that, if our rearmament progresses with sufficient speed, the old balance of power will be restored in time to save Rumania, whose existence within the present frontiers is dependent on that balance. A forlorn hope?

THE REAL CYRANO

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

THERE are some men who are familiar to us because we have seen their images vividly reflected in the distorting mirror of romance. Were we to meet them face to face, however, we should have difficulty in recognizing the originals. Cyrano de Bergerac is a case in point. To most people he is known solely through the genius of Coquelin or of subsequent interpreters of the rôle in Edmond Rostand's play, which the great actor so brilliantly created in December, 1897.

The Cyrano of the piece is the ideal romantic hero, arousing admiration by his courage and the qualities of his mind, and sympathy by the painful contrast between his grotesque appearance and his noble nature.

The real Cyrano was very different. This does not mean that Rostand knew little of his subject. On the contrary, he knew a great deal. But he twisted facts to suit his purpose, as he had every right to do. He was a dramatist, not a historian.

The hero of the play was a Gascon and a noble. The real Cyrano was neither. In point of fact the first member of the family of whom anything is known was Savinien de Cyrano, a man of Sardinian origin, who followed for some time the prosaic occupation of fishmonger. He prospered in his calling, became a notary and purchased in 1582 the estates of Boiboisseaux, Mauvières and Bergerac. These were situated not in Gascony but in what is now the department of Seine-et-Oise, hard by the lands of the Duc de Chevreuse, to whom his son Abel subsequently became *intendant* or steward.

When he was about 45 this Abel married one Espérance Bellanger, who bore him six children, the fourth, Savinien, known to us as Cyrano de Bergerac, first seeing the light in Paris at a house in the Rue des Deux Portes (now Rue Dussoubs) on March 6th, 1619. Cyrano, then, was a Parisian not a Gascon

and so far from coming of exalted stock that a brother and a cousin of his were later fined 300 livres and 3000 livres respectively for unlawfully claiming nobility.

Shortly after Cyrano's birth the family moved out of Paris to the Chateau de Mauvières, where he remained until he was old enough to read. At the age of six his father sent him to get some schooling from a country parson in the neighbourhood. The boy was probably pert and independent, the priest unsympathetic. At all events the dislike was mutual and thus early was laid the foundation of Cyrano's loathing of priests and pedants, which figures so prominently in his works.

He developed, too, an appreciation of the countryside, a taste sufficiently rare in the seventeenth century. This bulks large in his writings, especially in his *Letters*, which, incidentally, were translated into English as early as 1658. He expressed this feeling with a great deal of affectation and literary conceit, following the prevailing fashion of the day, but occasionally something better breaks through the veneer of artificiality. "Although the noise of the forest", he writes, "seems always the same, it is so constantly different that every kind of plant keeps its own, so that the birch does not speak like the maple, nor the beech like the cherry tree". Thomas Hardy, somewhere in his works, wrote almost that identical sentence. Not many of Cyrano's contemporaries could have done so.

For the best part of six unprofitable years, young Savinien stayed with the country priest. Then as soon as he was twelve, the earliest age for admission, his father, either yielding to his importunities or desirous to be rid of him, sent him to the Collège de Beauvais at the University of Paris.

Here again Cyrano did not find himself in congenial surroundings. The great days of the University were past. Pedantry and obscurantism were rife and, a bare decade before, all teaching contrary to that of accepted authorities had been forbidden. Discipline, too, was severe, especially at the Collège de Beauvais, where Cyrano had to attend chapel frequently and eat his meals in silence while a lector read aloud from the Bible. Nor, since many of his fellow students were young sprigs of the nobility, was there any widespread love of study. Moreover, Jean Grangier, the Head of the College, was not a person to

inspire respect. He was a fine scholar, but ribald students sniggered over his amorous intrigue with one of the maids, whom he ultimately married.

Cyrano clearly thought little of him, for it was this dignitary whom he pilloried under the flimsiest disguise in his only comedy *Le Pédant Joué* (*The Pedant Outwitted*). Legend proclaims that Cyrano wrote it while he was still a student and that it was frequently performed. Actually, internal evidence points to 1645 as being the most probable date of its composition, and there is no record of it having ever been staged. For all that, the piece is not negligible. It is chaotic and loosely-knit, but written with considerable *verve*, and one scene—the famous *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*—provided Molière with the best episode of his *Fourberies de Scapin*.

At seventeen Savinien, who about this time took to calling himself Cyrano, left the University and did his best to play the part of a young gallant. But, save for a turn of wit, he lacked the advantages essential to success. His nose, to judge from his portrait, was not the fantastic appendage that afflicted the chivalrous hero of the play. But it was sufficiently prominent to make him claim defiantly in his *Voyage to the Moon* that a big nose was a sure sign of a noble nature. His appearance, in short, was against him. His means, too, were small, for his father, who had been obliged to sell his estates and settle in an unfashionable quarter of Paris, could make him only a meagre allowance. Moreover, though Cyrano frequented the taverns, to which he refers freely, he had no *entrée* to the salons. Indeed, his only titled relative was Madeleine Robineau, Baronne de Neuville, the Roxane of the play. Cyrano's love for her, the mainspring of Rostand's stirring heroic comedy, was fictitious. He makes no mention of her in his works. She was nine years his senior and had been already five years married to Christian at the date of the opening events of the play.

Even Le Bret, his life-long friend and subsequent biographer, was forced to admit that Cyrano's feet were 'set upon a dangerous incline', and he therefore congratulated himself on procuring for him a cadetship in Carbon de Castel Jaloux' company of Gascon guards, a crack regiment which had the privilege of being the first to march into any captured town or fortress.*

*Memoirs of the Chevalier de Puysegur.

Cyrano's military career was brief. He was wounded in a *sortie* from the besieged town of Mouzon. A year later he took a sword thrust in the throat at Arras (where Christian was actually killed) and resigned not long after. There is, however, no doubt of his courage. He fought innumerable duels, though, oddly enough, always as a second. Le Bret states this as a fact and Cyrano in one of his letters whimsically remarks: "You would do wrong to call me the first among men, for these months past I vow I have been second to everyone". To us the rôle of second sounds unheroic, but in that period, when duelling was rife, seconds often took as active a part as their principals.

Rostand was right, too, in making Cyrano defend Lignière at the Port de Nesle, where he killed two and wounded seven of the braves hired by a noble to punish the drunken poetaster for some indiscreet verses. Even Cyrano's action in driving Montfleury from the stage is not wholly unconfirmed. At all events, in the 1694 edition of *Menagiana*, a posthumous collection of the sayings of Ménage, at one time tutor to Mme. de Sévigné, the incident is described, though the victim is given as the actor Mondory of the *Marais* theatre instead of Montfleury of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*.

Neither these deeds of prowess nor recourse to the gaming tables did anything to improve Cyrano's fortunes. Tavern life left him unsatisfied. He was conscious of the deficiencies in his education and therefore jumped at the chance to attend the classes given by the celebrated philosopher Gassendi to his friend Chapelle, in company with the Prince de Conti, Bernier, the future Oriental traveller, and, in all probability, Poquelin, known to us as Molière.

From Gassendi, an Epicurean, he learned among other things, of the hardships inflicted by the Inquisition on the Dominican Campanella, who had written a Utopian book *The City of the Sun*. Cyrano's dislike of the Church was increased by what he heard and intensified further by the decision of his sister to take the veil, and of his brother to train for the priesthood. He saw, too, with hatred the changes in his widowed cousin Roxane, brought about by the rigid asceticism to which she gave herself up. He had no home influence behind him, no religious beliefs, and he never felt the uplifting influence of a real love affair.

Mercenary intrigues he had in plenty. In fact, if a seven stanza poem to Le Bret and the sums promised, but only partly paid to one Pigou, a surgeon, count for anything, his dissipations caused him to contract a disease, the effects of which he never threw off.

Forced by his state of health to renounce an active life Cyrano settled down to write in earnest, producing in 1648 his social satire, *The Voyage to the Moon*. The censorship of the time allowed almost unlimited personal abuse, but it came down vigorously on anything approaching blasphemy. Since some part of Cyrano's work was a parody of the early books of the Old Testament, it is scarcely surprising that it was not published until after his death—and, even then, Le Bret deleted about a fifth. Nevertheless, despite such passages and Cyrano's hazy ideas about mechanics, it is an amusing world to which he introduces us. Verse is the current coin, marriage is eugenically controlled, and the young are under no obligation to show respect to their elders. Cyrano is regarded by the inhabitants, who walk on all fours, as an animal, and when he tries to prove that he is a man by quoting Aristotle and other authorities, his accusers are more than ever convinced of the accuracy of their judgment of him.

The Voyage to the Sun, which was begun about 1650 and left unfinished—the M.S. has disappeared—is very similar. But this time Cyrano is charged by the birds who dwell in that region, with the fearful crime of being a man and only saves his life by pleading that he is a monkey. The opportunities for satire are obvious—and Cyrano made the most of them. For the rest, the book, like its predecessor, contains a good deal of striking pseudo-scientific speculation, while the opening pages, in which a parson denounces the returned lunar voyager as a sorcerer, are genuinely comic.

Cyrano was not as original as he claimed to be. He took much for instance, from Lucan, Rabelais, Gassendi and Descartes, just as he in his turn was later pillaged by Swift. Nevertheless, his was a notable piece of work and, even to modern tastes, much of it is eminently readable.

Since publication was out of the question at the time, however, the writing of it brought Cyrano no money. He earned a

little by writing pamphlets first against, and then for Mazarin during the troubled period of Louis XIV's minority. He inherited, too, some ten thousand livres by the death of his father. But this legacy did not last long, and at length he decided to seek a patron.

In his earlier days he is supposed to have refused the proffered protection of Marshal Gassion. Now, his lack of physical strength and especially his reputation as a free thinker made him a less eligible *protégé*. But eventually he found means to commend himself to the Duc d'Arpajon, an amiable but not over intelligent nobleman, whose service he entered towards the end of 1652.

He cannot have relished his position, but there was consolation in his patron's promise to sponsor the publication of his works. The *Letters*, *The Pedant Outwitted* and a tragedy, *The Death of Agrippina*, duly appeared in 1654 in two quarto volumes with a dedication to the duke and a sonnet to his daughter, which reveals in Cyrano a very real poetic talent.

The duke went further and arranged to have Cyrano's *Agrippina* performed at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*. His comedy was formless and chaotic. This tragedy on the conspiracy of Sejanus against Tiberius, is written in firm Alexandrines—and is in no way inferior to any of Corneille's lesser plays. Nevertheless, the performance was not a success. The audience, prepared for blasphemies, waited expectantly but in vain for three acts, and then pounced on the word *hostie*, giving it, despite the context, the meaning of 'sacred host', instead of 'victim'. At once, again according to Menagiana, hoots and catcalls arose, and in the next few days the bookseller sold the entire edition of a play which contained 'de si belles impiétés'.

D'Arpajon, naturally, was not pleased at this *succès de scandale*. He began to treat Cyrano coldly and when, not long after, he was struck on the head by a falling beam, his patron made no enquiries as to his welfare, and Cyrano, as soon as he could be moved, left the ducal *hôtel* for the house of one of his friends, Tanneguy des Bois-Clairs.

He stayed there fourteen months and it was quickly apparent that he would never recover. Le Bret, now in Holy Orders, and much concerned for his friend's salvation, brought his sister,

who had long been a nun, and his erstwhile wordly cousin, Roxane, to visit him. Their assiduities eventually wrung from the enfeebled patient an admission of repentance, but he contrived shortly after to be conveyed to the house of his cousin Pierre at Sannois, where he died five days later (July 28th, 1655) aged 35. Cyrano, then, yielded to a death-bed repentance. At heart he had always been a free-thinker.

Hostile critics dismiss him contemptuously as a dissolute swashbuckler, three parts mad. Others see in him a not inconsiderable affluent to that great stream of French sceptical writing of which the most notable tributaries are Rabelais, Voltaire and Anatole France. The second appraisal is assuredly nearer the truth. Cyrano was certainly a free-liver as well as a *libertin*. But he was something more than a wastrel. His work, most of it written before he was thirty, shows enormous versatility and not a little originality of thought.

Rostand's Cyrano composed his own epitaph. It runs as follows :—

‘ Philosophe, physicien
Rimeur, bretteur, musicien,
Et voyageur aérien,
Grand riposteur du tac au tac,
Amant aussi—pas pour son bien !
Ci-gît Hercule-Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac
Qui fut tout, et qui ne fut rien’.

A fine passage. The real Cyrano, at first sight, had little in common with this great-hearted hero. And yet, in a way, every line of it is true. It is a matter of interpretation.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON 1889-1939

BY KENNETH ADAM

“If we advance in this way hand in hand, with a daring caution feeling our way, but not afraid to move, seeking the truth, but not afraid to face the truth when we find it—if we proceed without prejudice and without affectation, animated by a single-minded desire to do our best for London, we may live to elevate even this stupendous city; and the population which will come hereafter, unbounded and unborn, may look back with gratitude to this first Council, endowed with powers which seem so great and will seem then so relatively small—and recognize that in this cradle there lay a giant infant, the prophet and soul of a better dispensation that brought a new message of hope and prosperity to the people”.

THOSE words, which deserve to be remembered with the great passages of English oratory, were prophetic, more truly so than the man who uttered them could ever have imagined.

They were addressed by Lord Rosebery, from the Chair, to the first meeting on March 21st, 1889, of the newly created London County Council an “assembly of ‘Rads’ and ‘Cads’ and ‘Fads’”, as its opponents had already dubbed it. The Council had, at the very beginning, to face the hostility of a great number of vested interests, and the jealousy of the City of London. Indeed, it was only because of the unbending attitude of the City of London to all ideas for widening and democratizing the Common Council that those who were fighting for the unity of London took advantage of Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Act, which was meant for rural England, and built the County of London round the City, out of bits of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent. It was a hard fight, and a bitter one, and even after an excited member ran out through the lobbies of the House of Commons in the summer of 1888, crying: “We have got all we want. London is to be a county”, it went on. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which a Royal Commission had declared to be corrupt, and whose duties the Council was to take over, refused to wrap its mantle around itself and die with

dignity. When the Provisional Council, elected in January, 1889, and due to begin its rule on April 1st, met to elect a chairman and aldermen, it found that the old board, before it ceased to exist, had proposed to modify a very large number of the salaries of its clerks, who were to become the staff of the L.C.C., and to contract, on a very high tender, for the Blackwall Tunnel. Lord Rosebery had an inspiration. He suggested applying to the Government for leave to meet on March 21st, the day before the Board's last meeting. Sanction was obtained, and so the Council marched into the Board's offices in Spring Gardens, off Trafalgar Square, on that day, and proceeded to deal with an agenda drawn up by their predecessors!

The enthusiasm of the first Council, which numbered Lord Avebury (then Sir John Lubbock) and John Burns among its backbenchers, communicated itself to Londoners in general. W. G. Grace even started a London County Cricket Club with a ground at the Crystal Palace.

London very soon had good reason to be proud of its Council, and grateful to it. The majority of the 118 members were Liberals, who called themselves "Progressives". They stood broadly, for one great central municipal authority with increasing powers. The other party, the "Moderates", believed that the first object of a Council was to keep the rates as low as possible, and to that policy, if such indeed it can be called, they clung with great consistency.

The Progressive era, which lasted until 1907, was one of the greatest in the history of London government. Those old Radicals had an ideal of a new London very clearly in their minds, and bit by bit, they realized it. They refused to accept the idea that the social hopelessness of any part of the area under their control was a permanent condition. They challenged the system of unfettered selfishness which had animated the old vestries. Their reforms were conceived in a new spirit of disinterested service, they helped Londoners to new life and new faith.

One of their greatest struggles, and from the point of view of the future, one of the most significant, was over the direct employment of labour. The municipality, they believed, must not debase the industrial currency, so they inserted a fair wages

clause into their contracts. When, as a result, contractors asked absurd prices, the L.C.C. set up a works department to carry out certain projects without any outside intervention. It was a bold experiment. The Moderates were so angry at the idea that contractors' profits were to be cut out, that for years they refused to serve on the Committee at all. But the public organization of labour undoubtedly gave London a new standard of excellence for public works.

The Council quickly developed a minute regard for London's sightliness, helping to preserve what was ancient and beautiful in its buildings and seeing to it wherever possible, that what was new should not be out of place. In fact, the Council became London's aedile, the first the city had ever had.

Its Medical Officer of Health, from the moment of the first appointment, became a thorn in the flesh of the landlords. His investigations into the causes of epidemics stirred up nest after nest of trouble. The Council was hampered for some time by having no control over the sanitary authorities, but step by step the landlords had to give ground before a sustained attack on the worst properties, which attracted considerable support from public opinion.

The Council at once accepted joyfully its responsibility for providing recreation and amusement for the people of London. Parks were created out of cemeteries where the coffins had stuck out of the rank grass. In Victoria Park 45 years ago there was established the first *crèche* in London, with a sandpit and a "matron to mother the mites", as a contemporary journalist put it. In Battersea Park the municipal peacock became an object of local pride. Elsewhere there were municipal deer to be fed and petted. The Council's band numbered 110 performers, many of them fine musicians. One of the slogans of the 1895 elections was: "Thanks to the Council: A Green Park, A Good Seat, A Merry Tune".

Technical education in London, when the Council came into existence, was in the doldrums. The City Companies spent £100,000 a year on dining and wining but did little or nothing for the trades whose honourable names they bore. Thanks very largely to the activities of a thickly-bearded, short-sighted young man named Sidney Webb, who was chairman of the

citizens cared little how they were governed, or by whom. The Liberals were in decline. Labour was still suspect, and not without some reason, for some of its spokesmen used wild and whirling words, and few of them had any practical experience of administration. Alderman Emil Davies has a good story of a colleague of his from Shoreditch with a stentorian voice who at his first Council meeting solemnly assured his hearers that he had fleas in his house "as big as elephants"!

With the emergence of Herbert Morrison, however, the London Labour Party began to count as a force in local politics. That was because Morrison, as secretary of the party, set his stamp upon it. Efficiency and reasonableness are perhaps his two outstanding qualities; the permanent officials at the Ministry of Transport will vouch for the one, and his political opponents will attest to the other. Those two qualities made a solid fighting unit of a queer collection of individuals, ranging from Bloomsbury intellectuals to East-End artisans.

Morrison himself, with his unmanageable quiff of hair and his mobile mouth that is always on the point of breaking into a cheeky grin, is unmistakably a Cockney. And he is proud of it. His father was a policeman, and a Tory! He himself is a product of an elementary school at Stockwell which he left at 14 to become an errand boy. Afterwards he became a grocer's assistant, and "lived in", so that his only free time was before 8 in the morning and between 8 and 11 at night. Yet the greater part of his wage of 10/- a week went in buying books—Marx, Wells, Shaw, Blatchford. He read them in a "Lockhart's" over a cup of coffee, or in the small hours in an icy bedroom over the shop. His sense of orderliness was satisfied when the grocer made him his window-dresser, but his reading had awakened in him a desire to do other things, and he joined the Socialist party. He spoke at street-corners, at one in particular in Pimlico within ten minutes walk of the shop, but his employers never found out, though people talked about his soapbox speeches and came from distances to hear them. Eventually, after being employed as a telephone operator in a brewery and a circulation representative on the old *Daily Citizen*, he took the job as secretary of the Labour Party in London at a pound a week, and his life work had begun.

Victory only came after years of patient, tireless work in building up the local organizations. And even then it came sparingly, in isolated triumphs at by-elections. Gradually one borough after another came to elect a Labour Council, and the representation of Labour in the L.C.C. increased until it was the principal opposition. Morrison got into Parliament, became the first Minister of Transport to hold Cabinet rank, fathered the amalgamation of transport services which resulted in the London Passenger Transport Board, but all the time he was planning, organizing, inspiring Labour in London until at last, in the spring of 1934, it marched to a clear majority at the polls. And an ex-errand boy became the ruler of London.

The Council in which Labour assumed power was a much more important body than the Council in which Labour had first appeared as an opposition party. To take only one instance, it had become responsible for administering all forms of poor relief, which meant taking over the duties of 30 authorities and the services of 26,000 persons. And the Labour party itself was very different after fifteen years of service. Its members had mastered the procedure of County Hall, and they had learned to play their part in the inconspicuous but vital routine of committee work. They were a trained, competent majority, and they proceeded to interpret the mandate which had been given them to go ahead in an enlightened spirit which would have delighted the hearts of the old Progressives, whose spiritual heirs they were. Perhaps the most striking proof of the liveliness of the new *régime* was the way in which London municipal affairs once again became "news", no newspaper could afford to neglect the regular audiences which Morrison gave to reporters. The permanent employees themselves responded to the fresh impetus of civic feeling. I like the tale of the woman who was examining a flower-bed in one of the parks, and who asked the park-keeper: "Do these flowers belong to the primula family?" "No, ma'am" was the reply, "they belong to the London County Council".

Morrison and his men entered on the laborious task of clearing the slums, which hitherto had only been nibbled at, with the excitement of crusaders. Comprehensive development schemes were undertaken in the East End. Giant blocks of flats, worthy

to be set beside the achievements of Socialist Vienna, have arisen in the most crowded areas, on Hackney Marsh, for instance. Elsewhere overcrowding has been abolished by the swift provision of housing estates. To-day the L.C.C. is the owner of nearly a million and a quarter dwellings, and even the pressing calls of rearmament on technicians and other workmen are not being allowed to interfere with the progressive solution of the housing problem.

The Green Belt, linking of chains in the building of worthier schools, and especially, perhaps of nursery and open-air schools, the vast improvement in the municipal hospital service, with its corps of specialists and its units of particular treatment, the administration of public assistance with consideration alike for those who receive and those who pay, are among the things which the L.C.C. has done since 1934, or is doing, without any sign, at present, of that fatal complacency which has been the pitfall of so many municipal reformers in the past.

To me the most attractive side of the present administration is its humanity. I remember being particularly struck by the grant which was made very shortly after Labour first came into office, in 1934, of a quarter of a pound of sweets or an alternative allowance of snuff every week, to those who were resident in L.C.C. institutions. It cost little, but I think it meant a great deal. It meant that the Council looked upon itself not as an impersonal administrative agent but as a living instrument for adding, in small ways as well as large, to the happiness of Londoners. I know that is Herbert Morrison's conception of the way it should function, because he has told me so. He believes that aldermen and councillors everywhere are no less important to the social and domestic well-being of the general public than Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament, that apathy is the worst of sins for the citizen, that municipal elections are not just a scrap between rival politicians but touch great human issues, that town government is not an official abstraction but a living instrument of collective action against poverty and ignorance, dirt and ugliness, and that its duty is to serve rather than to rule.

There is a great deal still to be done in pursuance of these ideals. But sooner or later they are bound to be brought

sharply up, against the limitations which are an integral part of the present constitution of London's government. The recent shelving of the bill to tax site values in the L.C.C. area shows how easy it is for Parliament to intervene in what are really parochial matters. London needs the right to govern itself wholly, and if they are to do the job properly which they have set themselves, London's Labour Government must be prepared to lay siege to Westminster to get it. The County of London still has fewer rights than the County of Rutland. It must go cap in hand to Parliament for the right to spend its money, and it is the only local body in the country that is subject to such rigid control of its capital expenditure. Only the other day London had, reluctantly, to shelve the Bressey plan for remaking its road system to cope with modern traffic, because, although elsewhere trunk roads get a 100 per cent. grant from the Road Fund, inside the County the grant is only 60 per cent., and to go ahead with the scheme on that basis would have meant an extra 4d. rate for a period of 30 years.

Parliament has been responsible, too, for granting one charter after another to districts that properly belong to the metropolis. There are 28 Town Halls in the L.C.C. area, each with its own jealously guarded interests, and ready to combine only to oppose the extension of the central body. In addition, half the eight million Londoners live outside the L.C.C. boundaries altogether.

The river Thames does not belong to London but partly to the Port of London Authority and partly to the Thames Conservancy Board. The water supply is the concern of another Board, Transport to yet a third. Public services which in other municipalities are centralized, such as gas and electricity, are in the hands either of the boroughs or of private companies. The City of London and the Temple cling to their ancient privileges, and retain a separate existence as historical monuments in the midst of what should be an orderly entity.

Sooner or later, the L.C.C. has got to face the problem of a "Greater London". Sooner or later, we may expect to see "Home Rule for London" plastered on the hoardings and debated at the hustings as the issue of the day. It may well happen that this question, when he is prepared to face it, will make or break Herbert Morrison's reputation as a civic statesman.

THE "AXIS" IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY N. P. MACDONALD

ALTHOUGH the process has been going on for some years, the increasingly vigorous attempts at political and economic penetration on the part of the Berlin-Rome Axis, Germany and Italy, in South America appear only recently to have attracted official attention in Great Britain. Yet, for the past five years, both of these States have been fighting inch by inch not only British but United States trade in the ten republics of the Southern Cross; combined with their anti-Communist campaign with its resulting efforts to discredit British and United States democracy, Germany and Italy aim at obtaining natural resources vital to their prosecution of a successful war by undercutting the trade of other nations in the Latin-American market, and the expansion of the world frontiers of authoritarian forms of government.

Anglo-American investments in South America total ten billion dollars, or two-thirds of the entire foreign capital invested in the 10 republics. Not long ago the United States were ousting Britain in the South American market, but to-day Uncle Sam has joined John Bull in retreat before the political and economic onslaughts of the Anti-Comintern triangle.

Not unexpectedly, Germany is the most persistent of the two States in her efforts to attach the South American countries to the somewhat unsteady Axis chariot. Those parts of the continent where there are large German settlements naturally come in for close attention in Berlin. Prominent among them are Argentina with an estimated German population of 100,000, and Brazil with ten times that number.

Staunch adherents of the National Socialist *régime*, the Germans in Argentina are superior to their fellow-immigrants from Italy, Spain and Poland. Seldom working as labourers they are for the most part of the artisan class, while there is a

sprinkling of them in the professions. Few are real settlers, since most of them intend eventually to return to Germany, a fact which makes more easy their conversion to National Socialism.

It is not surprising that the various methods by which the German people are watched and controlled by their rulers have been extended to their compatriots overseas. Nazi party ceremonies in Buenos Aires are always well-attended, while all German institutions throughout Argentina have been purged of "non-Aryan" elements. Any German exhibiting anti-Nazi tendencies is kept under close and constant surveillance; the writer knows of a Buenos Aires suburb where several Germans have been driven out of business by their compatriots solely on account of their political opinions.

Germans mix more easily with Latin Americans, both in business and socially, than do the British and Americans, and this fact, coupled with a widespread dislike of Communism in Argentina, has led to something of a pro-German feeling in that country. The army, in particular, is attracted by German military traditions, and several officers are now undergoing a course of training at Potsdam.

Facts such as these have been reflected in trade. German exports of cars to Argentina exceeded those from Britain for the first time in 1936, and to a greater extent the following year. The German "Eifel" Ford is doing much to displace British light cars. Aided by uneconomic railway freights, especially from the Westphalian coalfields, and by export bounties, German exports to Argentina rose from 86,000 tons in 1936 to 200,000 tons in 1937, British coal exports from South Wales rising only 15 per cent. in the same period.

In contrast to this German activity British importing houses, many of them of long standing, are disappearing, while English shops grow steadily fewer. A recent contract for rainwater drainage works in Buenos Aires, which was worth £3,500,000, was awarded to Germany although it might well have been secured for Britain.

There have been Germans in Brazil since 1843, and to-day they number more than 1,000,000. In the south of the republic especially in the states of Santa Catharina, Parana and Rio

which has as its aim the objective that inspires Nazi policy in Central and Eastern Europe—the creation of a group of political and economic satellite States with the double purpose of supplying Germany with raw materials and of acting as pawns in the campaign which Berlin is waging against Great Britain and the United States at numberless points throughout the world.

And, of course, Italy acts in concert with the Third Reich. Italian penetration in South America depends greatly for its success on that part of the continent's population of 110,000,000 which is of Italian extraction; it is estimated that there is Italian blood in at least 15,000,000 of the populations of the 10 republics, a total much larger than the entire Italian populations of the modern colonies of Rome together.

As in the case of Germany, Italy's foreign trade has become a political instrument and government monopoly, a fact of which full advantage is taken by Rome in her relations with the South American republics. Aided by diplomatic and consular representatives Italian trade in these countries is growing fast. The guerilla war waged against British trade since the early '20s was intensified at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, when Rome took full advantage of the severe economic strain which the application of sanctions imposed on many of the South American republics. Generous terms were promised to all States repudiating sanctions, and Italian exporters quoted prices so low that they were able to capture markets in which hitherto they had been unable to compete with British manufacturers. In particular, Fascist instructors have gained a hold on military, naval and air establishments in the different republics, supplying arms, munitions and military aircraft at ridiculously low prices. Air and military missions have visited many of the republics, to whose inhabitants they have offered scholarships at Italian military academies.

Italian propaganda has on various occasions been active against the conclusion of any meat agreement between Britain and Argentina. Fascist efforts to oust British goods in Argentina have lately been intensified. Benefiting from a large subsidy Italian woolcloths were able to challenge the British product for the first time in 1937, when tinplate from

Italy, never previously exported to the River Plate, was introduced at a price five per cent. below that of the British equivalent. Formerly British goods were alone in their exemption from the 20 per cent. import surcharge imposed in Argentina, but Italian imports now share this privilege.

In Argentina the population is almost 35 per cent. Italian in origin, there being 500,000 Italians in Buenos Aires alone. Señor Manuel Fresco, Governor of the province of Buenos Aires, is known to have Fascist sympathies, and he has publicly praised Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini as the "saviours of Europe". He is rumoured to have built up the nucleus of a storm troop body under the guise of athletic clubs in all the key towns of his province, in which lives a quarter of the total population of Argentina.

With Brazil Italian relations have long been close, although they are to-day clouded by the suspicions universally held throughout Brazil that Fascist support from Rome contributed to the outbreak last May, evidence of which was subsequently provided by the fact that one of the rebel leaders sheltered for weeks in the Italian Embassy at Rio. Nor was friendship with Rome encouraged by the discovery that Italian priests recently arrived in Brazil had placed the vaults of their churches at the disposal of the rebels for the storage of arms. Nevertheless, wounded Brazilian feelings have recovered sufficiently for them to order from an Italian shipyard two 20,000 ton passenger liners and four smaller motor-vessels, to be paid for with Brazilian raw materials.

A trade agreement between Rio and Rome, which was signed in 1935, did not fulfil Italian hopes of correcting the balance of trade between the two countries, which remained favourable to Brazil. Consequently a further agreement early in 1937 provided that Brazilian exports to Italy were to be covered entirely by Italian exports to Brazil.

Italians are particularly numerous in the progressive Brazilian state of São Paulo, many of them working on the coffee plantations. Not infrequently, by dint of hard labour, they have risen to own their plantations. As in other parts of South America many of these Italian settlers are violently anti-Fascist; they are, nevertheless, patriots, and anxious to see the interests

of their motherland furthered, and since Italy does not, wisely, emphasize in South America the missionary nature of Fascism she benefits from the presence of these settlers, who do not live in separate colonies, as do the Germans, and can therefore the more easily spread pro-Italian propaganda.

Chile, a country where Italian machinery finds an excellent market, is regarded with particular favour by Rome, since the Chilean Government was foremost in proposing the abolition of sanctions in 1936. Italy recently offered to exchange two of her modern 10,000 ton cruisers for nitrate and other concessions, and Italian aircraft works secured the best part of a recent Chilean order worth £2,500,000.

Peru, however, is the most obviously under Italian tutelage of any of the South American States, a fact of which delegates to the recent Pan-American Conference at Lima were made unpleasantly aware. The *Banco Italiano* is responsible for more than fifty per cent. of the banking business transacted in Peru, and in close relations with the government, which is under the guidance of General Benavides, a fervent admirer of Signor Mussolini.

Italian investments in Peru are estimated at more than £20,000,000; officers of the *Ovra*, the Fascist Secret Police, are training the local police, while Peruvian cadets are receiving military education in Italy. The Caproni aircraft firm has lately established an assembling factory for Italian bombing 'planes in Peru, among other buildings erected for this purpose being the largest hangar in South America. The Italians have financed this venture against the proceeds of aircraft sales.

Fascist influence is also prominent in the Peruvian press. Local Italian banks request the publication of Fascist propaganda material in return for large paid advertisements, with the result that screaming headlines proclaim: "Italy Holds Major Records in Aviation", and "Mussolini the Peacemaker of Europe". *El Comercio*, the wealthiest paper in Lima, not long ago published an appeal entitled "For the Cultural Empire of Fascist Italy", which announced that "Rome, with Mussolini, is at the head of a new civilization, a renaissance of the old and glorious civilization that led the world before and is to lead the world again". It proceeded to appeal

for recruits for a "great cultural league, which has already been joined by half a million intellectuals throughout South America," and suggested that a "great international Latin cultural congress" should meet at Buenos Aires to place Rome, by the unanimous vote of the Latin nations, at the head of the Latin cultural world.

In Ecuador Italian instructors are training the air force, while in Venezuela an Italian artillery mission has been making recommendations for army reform. Throughout Latin America, in the countries where Italian activities have not been described as much as in those where they have, Fascist propaganda is being carried on through the press, and in books, interviews and dispatches from Rome. The fact that many more Latin Americans understand Italian than they do German makes the wireless programmes from Italy especially important.

Neither Germany nor Italy spare any effort to cultivate the friendship of South America. More attention is paid to the lands of the Southern Cross and their peoples in the Berlin and Rome press than in the British. A fact made much of in German and Italian propaganda in South America is that both Nazi and Fascist politics, and those of South America, are based on personalities rather than parties, although to the Catholic heirs of Spain and Portugal some aspects of German and Italian religious and racial policy can hardly be welcome.

The comparative emptiness of Latin America in relation to German and Italian desires for expansion should be the subject of grave study in Great Britain and the United States. No colonial adventure in South America would, of course, be possible, but Berlin and Rome might well acquire substantial economic concessions in that continent, which might give them the further opportunity of claiming extra-territorial rights for their interests. In the event of any conflict in Europe they would thus, if they did not ensure a supply of necessary raw materials for themselves, have done much to hinder the supplies of such materials to Great Britain and the United States.

Great attention is being paid to German penetration in Central and Eastern Europe, but too little to the activities of the Axis in South America, whence we draw a far greater proportion of our food supplies than could ever be sent to us from the Balkans.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is no piece of news more significant than that Switzerland has felt obliged to extend the term of compulsory military service. This means in the first place that, twenty years after the League of Nations was established, international guarantees have slumped badly. In 1914, and thereafter, the Swiss were uneasy, yet throughout four years of European war their neutrality was respected. The League's declared purpose was to extend the range of such guarantees and to give them an added sanctity; but within twenty years we have all seen these guarantees set aside, even when, as in the most recent case of Czechoslovakia, they were strengthened by separate obligations of Great Powers. To-day the Swiss feel even less secure than after the European War had broken out; incomparably less secure than in the years of peace before it. Consequently, now, in time of peace, this unaggressive nation prepares for what it regards as a desperate resistance.

It is probably true that Switzerland, though three-fifths of its people are German-speaking, was never so anti-German in feeling as to-day. The tie of language and of blood is actually a cause of apprehension lest they should be claimed for inclusion in a Pan-German order which they detest. Yet at the same time Switzerland is touched by unrest, caused by the example of the dictatorships. Democracy to-day is the Conservatism of Europe, and young men naturally revolt against Conservatism. They see the dictatorships directed by the vigour of young men, while in the democracies, as in the English trade unions, no one has authority till he is a veteran. It is characteristic of democracies, as it is of trade unions, to be jealous of personal power, and Switzerland, the extreme type of democracy, carries this jealousy to a point scarcely matched even in the Constitution

of the United States. They have an army, in many ways first-rate; but they have no general. They are not allowed by the Constitution to have one except when there is general mobilization; and then he must be elected by the parliament—not named as in England, by the Government. Even now, when they are increasing the military burden, they have no central military authority to unify organization. From this lack arises discontent with the existing order—almost equal to what there is in England.

But the preparation for resistance is a grim reality. It is probably argued in Switzerland, as it is argued, for instance, in Poland, that, had the Czechs set their teeth, refused to listen to reasoning and resisted, they would not have been left to resist alone: France and England would have been forced by public opinion to support them, and Russia would have followed. The conclusion among the Poles and probably among the Swiss is that in matters of the national existence, desperation is the only course. *Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem*. Foredoomed in advance, as they might seem to be, if a clash with Germany should come, they hold that if this clash is avoided it will be because Germany knows that they will resist to the last. Their only natural defences lie in the Army, and it is said that schoolboys out of their pocket money, and cabmen out of their meagre earnings, subscribe to buy machine-guns and present them to the regiment of their choice.

On the whole, Poland is perhaps less uneasy than most of the other States that have a powerful and ambitious neighbour. The question of Danzig seems to be settling itself. Czechoslovakia begins to look to Germany for protection against Poland, against Hungary, and perhaps against the separatist tendency of the Slovaks. An interesting article in the *Revue de Hongrie* for February analyses the differences between these two partner peoples—naturally with a desire to show how much happier the Slovaks would be with Hungary. But it admits that Slovakia had a sentiment for Germany which, to put things moderately, the Czechs did not share, and consequently that in order to hold the Slovaks to them, Czechs

must show great good will to the dominant power. Indeed the Czechs, a people of shrewd realists, have neglected no opportunity to prove their acceptance of the *fait accompli*—on the German border. To the East, there is still friction with Poland; to the south on the Hungarian border, something like a state of guerilla war. This is a point of danger since Hungary is Italy's client, and Poland's friend. War could not break out here without disturbing the relations of Berlin and Rome. But since it is to the interest of both Berlin and Rome to preserve close concord while the Mediterranean question remains to be settled, we need expect no more than bickerings along the Danube. Larger issues approach a critical point with General Franco's assisted victory in Spain.

There are those who think that this victory if it becomes complete will throw great chances to the democracies. If Franco becomes master of Spain, he will need, before all,

The Spanish money to re-equip the country. The dictatorships **Question** have provided him with the margin of military **Mark** strength necessary to victory; but his gratitude may very well be directed towards financial favours to come—which are only to be had from the democracies. The same observers hold, however, that Mr. Chamberlain missed his chance to utilize the one form of superiority which he possessed when he did not buy up Rumania's wheat and oil, but left those to go to Germany, on terms of a recurring barter, which establish a lasting trade connection. It is probable also that both in France and England there would be resistance to the financing of such a State as General Franco would direct; democracies are not all so practically opportunist as the Czechs have learnt to be. In time of peace they work all right; in time of war, they are formidable and tenacious. But in such a period of manœuvring for position as the world now lives in, they are dreadfully handicapped; and it is not only in Switzerland that the young men complain of irresolution; nor is it only the young men who complain.

There is, however, one matter on which the British democracy would do well to stiffen its upper lip. Jews and Arabs are in

Conference with British ministers on the question of Palestine;

The Tactics and the chief argument on the Arab side appears **of** to be the existence of a powerfully organized **Violence** campaign of assassination and sabotage. On the other side are almost every conceivable consideration of humanity and expediency; and of sentiment as venerable as any in the world. If the British democracy desires that every Jew for whom land can be bought, or for whom work can be found, in Palestine should have leave to go there, it has a right to decide that leave shall be given. Whatever arguments may be urged against such a course, those from the threat of violence should be set aside. The best answer to extremists would be to bring in a hundred more Jews for every fresh bombing.

Similar actions by which the name of Ireland is being disgraced, have up to the present been only a degree worse than contemptible. Yet the reactions produced may be judged when Colonel Wedgwood, one of the sincerest friends that Ireland ever had in the British parliament, calls for steps to send back home many of the Irish who have found hospitality in Great Britain. Mr. de Valera will see his policy thwarted and the interests of his country gravely damaged by an organization of which he has always been too tolerant, and whose recent threats, followed by these exploits, he had not until recently thought proper to condemn. Ulster will take note of that fact joyfully, in so far as Ulster is opposed to Mr. de Valera's hopes of re-union.

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The death of Yeats will have moved all who care for English literature: to Ireland, it is a landmark for his own generation—now passing off the scene—and perhaps two generations that

The Passing have succeeded it. What was felt about him by **of** those who were at the age which discovers poetry **W. B. Yeats** has been expressed by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, a

man of letters who served the revolutionary movement in Black and Tan times, and then became a leading member of Mr. Cosgrave's ministry. In a letter to *The Irish Times* he wrote his appreciation of the poet who had "opened to us the soul of our country like a book".

"The great poets of every generation have spoken with particular meaning and intimacy to those of their own race; but when that race is so submerged by another that it has lost even its distinction of language, then the main body of poetry that its people experience is steeped with the thought and tradition of the dominating race. It was in such circumstances that the discovery of Yeats's work came to us—not only as a thing of all-enveloping beauty, but also bringing with it an emotion that one who has long lived in complete exile might feel at the sight of a fellow-countryman among the foreigners surrounding him. Yeats came, bearing what is enshrined in the racial memory, and gave it to us swathed in the beauty that only he could give".

Some hope was expressed that Yeats should be given a tomb in St. Patrick's, so inextricably associated with Swift's memory—a memory which powerfully moved Yeats's imagination; and the present Dean promptly welcomed the suggestion. But the poet who in his later life dwelt much on thoughts of "custom and of ceremony" had planned matters with a finer fitness. He willed that his remains should (after a temporary interment at Roquebrune) be brought back to be laid at Drumcliff, in the graveyard of the parish where his grandfather was rector. Partly, this marked his wish to identify himself with the Anglo-Irish world in which the Protestant gentry ruled Ireland—and in so doing, to draw the Protestant elements of the Irish people closer to his own nationalism. But other reasons were in the choice. Drumcliff graveyard is by the road which leads along the shore of Sligo bay, commanding a landscape of mountain and landlocked sea water not surpassed even in Western Ireland. Close to the road rises one of the Celtic crosses, shaped and sculptured a thousand years ago, a thing of rich beauty and significance. Behind the graveyard rise the slopes of Ben Bulbin where in the Ossianic saga Diarmuid met his death from the tusks of the magic boar by Finn's treachery; opposite, across the blue water is Knocknarea on whose top a vast cairn of stones commemorates Maeve, Queen of Connacht, one of the leading characters in the earlier cycle which centres about Cuchulain. All this was mythology and legend that Yeats had revived in modern verse for the Ireland of his day.

His preoccupation with the question of funeral and interment will appeal to an instinct deeply rooted in the Irish. Possibly

the last letter that he wrote (it only reached Ireland after his death) was addressed to the widow of Mr. James MacNeill, the second Governor-General of what was then the Irish Free State. Yeats explained that, owing to his absence from Ireland, the news of MacNeill's death had only just come to him; he offered tribute to one who had served Ireland by his wisdom and his charm; one in whom he himself had lost a friend. If that little wreath of words came late, it was not the less valued; and I am glad that Yeats should have raised himself from the advancing heaviness to put them together; for the tribute went to a great gentleman. All that MacNeill did was done quietly, and the honours paid to him were all in keeping with that quietness. One who was present described to me the scene when his body was brought home from London where he died, to the landing-stage at Dunleary. All railway whistles were muffled; a small group of friends, Mr. Cosgrave, chief among them, stood waiting; it was a dead still night in December, and out of the dark the mail boat emerged silently, and glided to her berth with no sound but the wash of water against the piers. No passenger or seaman was to be seen; but the coffin rested there, alone, on the upper deck. Then a gang-plank was slipped into place, and the company of mourners filed on board silently, to receive what was brought in with so fine an instinct for the fitting.

Yeats would have approved the dignity of it. He has enjoined that his own interment in Sligo shall be private; and certainly all common ostentation of mourning should be kept away. But nothing that can be devised will prevent Ireland, when that day comes, from some expression of respect and sympathy.

Within living memory no Pope has died so widely regretted as Pius XI; and surely it must have meant much to his own far-flung household that the head of their Church should be everywhere recognized and honoured as a man among men. At the time of his election it was sympathy that he had been an alpinist; men respect those who love the bright eyes of danger and can find their exhilaration in a sport which inflicts no pain. Another

fraternity rejoiced, for scholarship makes a widespread bond, and every scholar knew that a man of real learning had been chosen for that high place; even the most erudite palæographer liked to know that a man who could match him on his own ground and had matched the best athletes on rock face or glacier, now sat on the throne of St. Peter. These things humanize that remote and isolated dignity. It seems natural but none the less glorious that a man, so rich, so broad in sympathies should reconcile the old feud between Church and State at the very door of the Vatican.

But there matter for rejoicing ended, and in the general attack on freedom the liberties of the Church were threatened. Wherever the threat came from, Pius XI. never spoke for his Church only; he spoke for Christianity and humanity, and at many moments his voice sounded like the voice of Europe's civilization. One thing was never heard in it. As his death could be seen approaching, danger for all that he defended grew more imminent; but never at any point did their come from him a hint of surrender. Little things can be significant; and to anyone who knows Ireland it will seem strange that the town council of Downpatrick in the most Protestant county of Ulster should have risen to pass a silent vote of respect to the Pope's memory. A Pope who brings that to pass has done something for Christianity; for it is hardly too much to say that the tribute was paid to him, *although* he was the Pope.

From his own side in Ireland a touching story reaches us. When a Pope had to be chosen, the wizened old Cardinal Logue, born in a Donegal Cottage, made great friends (for he also was erudite) with Cardinal Ratti. Both complained of the long delay. "I have a housekeeper that knows everything I like", said the Donegal man "and I am wearying to get back to a decent cup of tea". "And I am thinking all day about my Library and the books waiting to be read" said Ratti. At the end, when choice were made, and Cardinal Logue, already bent almost double, stooped to kiss ceremonially the gown of his friend, the new Pope put a hand on his shoulder: "You will get back now to your housekeeper and your cup of tea; but I shall not see my Library again".

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE POETRY OF W. B. YEATS

By B. IFOR EVANS

All the obvious things about his verse have already been said, how in youth he was Pre-Raphaelite, and how in his later poems he exercised all the early rhythms, the early decorations and wrote verses, taut and bare, but strangely beautiful and luminous. His tolerance for younger poets may still disguise how different was his work from the dominant schools in England, and how immeasurably greater his achievement.

The early verses belonged to the eighteen-nineties, to the Rhymers' Club, and the company of Arthur Symonds, Dowson, and Lionel Johnson. It is the fashion now to despise those early graces, and Yeats himself moved beyond them. The fault lies not in the poems themselves, but in the fact that they have been heard too often. Would not even 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree' have a captivating beauty, if one could come upon it for the first time? From the London of the eighteen-nineties, Yeats turned to construct with Lady Gregory and Synge an Irish theatre, almost a new Irish literature. This is the part of his career which later criticism will possibly criticize most closely. His talent was probably too lyrical for drama, and at times the movement, except in Synge, suffered from self-consciousness. But they were

happy years. This work for Ireland at least gave him the experiences which made up the background of many of his later poems. With the strife in Ireland, both during and after the European war, he was driven back upon himself, knowing that the tradition he represented would be lost, whatever might be the strife's conclusion. His triumph lay in converting that bitter change into a verse which, like Swift's prose, defies imitation or description. For its elements are simple, but the effect has a craggy strength:

Though the great song return no more
There's keen delight in what we have:
The rattle of the pebbles on the shore
Under the receding wave.

In the later volumes, *The Wild Swans at Coole*, *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*, *The Tower*, and *The Winding Stair*, will be found the verses in which this later perfection is reached.

His prose is as memorable as his verse and interprets it. Foremost, he was an artist, and a mystic, with the mysticism kept subservient to his art. 'Ireland', he once wrote, 'has preserved with some less excellent things a gift of vision which has died out among more hurried and more successful nations; no shining candelabra have prevented us from looking into the darkness, and when one

looks into the darkness there is always something there'. From the first he had vision, though some of the things he saw in the darkness may appear dubious in daylight. But the best in his mysticism he had found in Blake and Shelley, employing it in an original way, to break up the world of science and commerce, the things 'seen, touched, measured, explained, understood, argued over' which were as nothing to the invisible life. He believed that man's life was spiritual, and that in certain symbols it could discover itself. In one of his most revealing memories he writes: 'I am very religious, and deprived by Huxley and Tyndall, whom I detested, of the simple-minded religion of my childhood, I had made a new religion, almost an infallible church out of poetic tradition; a fardel of stories, and of personages, and of emotions, a bundle of images and of masks, passed on from one generation to another by poets and painters with some help from philosophers and theologians'.

Poetry in our time in England has lost contact with tradition. It has suffered a terrible restriction from its subjection to politics, and its oppression by ugliness. The poet in England has felt that he must somehow convert contemporary circumstance into verse using, as Yeats once suggested, Paddington Station rather than Tristram and Iseult as a theme. What the artist has suffered from the materialism of the commercial world Yeats knew well: 'Puritanism', he once wrote 'had denied the sacredness of an earth that commerce was about to corrupt and ravish'. Once he wrote that Boccaccio and Cervantes belonged to the same world: 'It is we who are different... They had not to deal with the world in

such great masses that it could only be represented to their minds by figures and by abstract generalizations. Everything that their minds ran on came to them vivid with the colour of the senses and when they wrote it was out of their own rich experience, and they found their symbols of expression in things, that they had known all their life long.' With whatever modifications Yeats continued that imaginative life which he discovered in Boccaccio and Cervantes. He refused to be 'preoccupied' that defect which he found in modern poetry. When most contemporary verse is forgotten he will be remembered as part of the great tradition of English poetry. Even in the inwardness of his later verses, and their stress, beauty remains, however changed, sterner, purified perhaps, but complete in its integrity:

Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an ear and eye
That more expected the impossible—
No, not in boyhood when with rod and fly,
Or the humbler worm, I climbed Ben

Bulbin's back
And had the livelong summer day to spend.
It seems that I must bid the Muse go back
Choose Plato or Plotinus for a friend
Until imagination, ear and eye,
Can be content with argument and deal
In abstract things; or be derided by
A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

He had himself described how he looked at the medal given to him by the King of Sweden as part of the Nobel Prize award. On it he found a decorative, academic design of a young man listening to a Muse, and he adds: 'I was good-looking once like that young man, but my unpractised verse was full of infirmity, my Muse old as it were; and now I am old and rheumatic, and nothing to look at, but my Muse is young'. If English poetry is to recover

from its present infirmity, it may be by the study of Yeats' Muse that the restoration will come.

THE HISTORY OF THE TIMES.
Vol. II.: THE TRADITION ESTABLISHED, 1841-1884. Written, printed and published at *The Times* Office. 15s.

This is both a history of *The Times* and the times between 1841 and 1884. As such it is a valuable new source for the secret background of many public events. These often possess an almost startling topical flavour, such as the question of British neutrality in three major wars. The main theme has an even closer relevance; it deals with the independence of the Press. The story of *The Times* during forty stirring years of the nineteenth century is concerned with the future of newspapers of all degrees—we might think with the future of democratic institutions; but we should be wrong if we assumed such a conviction to be universal.

In truth the Press has always been feared and not uncommonly hated. It is bound by its nature to upset many applecarts. There is only one *London Gazette*. All unofficial news sheets must contain disclosures inconvenient to Authority or to individuals. The liberty to publish such matter without malice or seditious intent constitutes the freedom of the Press.

The sturdy figure of John Thadeus Delane dominates the book, in spite of the consistent effort of its authors to show that no single Editor ever was in fact *The Times*. The story of his resounding newspaper successes—often unforgettable services to the country,

as in the Crimea—is not all new but more than bears retelling. The reprisals of Authority, and the paper's reactions, are largely new and wholly piquant.

Then, as now, the Press was frequently in possession of information sealed to the general public. Until the death of Palmerston *The Times* alone had access to the most important confidential sources. Its consistent policy under Delane was to publish immediately what it knew. That inevitably brought the paper into hot water. Queen Victoria enquired "whether it is right that the Editor, the Proprietor and the Writers of such execrable publications should be the honoured guests of Ministers of the Crown". The Prince Consort thought the paper "wicked". Lord John Russell spoke of its "dangerous omnipotence". Clarendon wrote that "as one cannot horsewhip Delane & Co. the best way is to go on not minding them".

To all this Delane replied by appealing to public opinion. He hailed the charge of publishing an official secret as a compliment. "The first duty of the Press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and, by instantly disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation".

Well might the Queen resent the exercise of "an anomalous power". This could not exist, however, unless the public was behind it; and that must still be the journalist's justification. Delane built up the anomalous power by an immense journalistic capacity and by complete independence of Ministers and parties. He was incorruptible; he was fearless; and he knew what the country was thinking. But he was

careful to insist that a journalist is not a statesman. His function is different. His responsibility is not less grave; it exists in proportion to his freedom. A hard saying: not yet assimilated, and part of an unfinished polemic.

The temper of the book—written anonymously by members of the staff—is wholly admirable. It is shown that Delane was often wrong in his judgments; sometimes mischievously wrong. His change in a night from hostility to support of Palmerston is left unqualified by euphemisms. Internal difficulties and the competition of rivals are discussed with an astonishing frankness. Relations of Proprietor, Manager and Editor throw light on the unwritten Law of the Constitution of newspapers. Illustrations and typography witness no less than letterpress to the efficient co-operation of a Team.

W. THOMSON HILL.

✓ **THE RISE OF ITALIAN FASCISM.** by A Rossi. *Methuen*. 15s.

This is a most interesting and straightforward account of Signor Mussolini's rise to power. Every democrat and especially every labour leader in this country should read and study it before appearing at any further conferences. For, outstanding above all the details of the internal history of Italy leading up to the march on Rome, is the fact that Fascism does not and cannot conquer a country until its labour and democratic movement *has first defeated itself*.

How this happened in Italy is the most important feature of this book. Time and time again the reader is arrested, as the story unfolds, by incidents, statements and decisions that seem familiar to our own political

history. Parties stand revealed as slaves to time-worn slogans. Leaders fear responsibility and dare not put their theories to the test of practice, orators thinking words more important than deeds. Situations change and they, who by virtue of their history and power over masses, ought to change equally quickly in order to direct events, chant the decisions of congresses, rules and regulations, and swear eternal fidelity to the glorious aims of the Movement.

Thus the record runs. Italy emerged from the war with a broken-down economy and a vastly disillusioned population. The Government was no longer able to govern as before. The discontented workers flocked into the labour organizations. A great strike wave swept Italy, as in this country, in those memorable years. All the circumstances of the time cried aloud for the Socialist and Labour leaders of Italy to lead the movement to the conquest of the powers of the State. The Turatis of the Socialist movement thought that the capitalists should be left to clear up their own mess. Others wanted a pure socialist revolution according to the pattern in the books.

A pitiable disintegration ensued, in which the masses of the people, and especially the workers of the factories who had time and again shown their willingness to go forward, became sick with hope deferred. Only then emerged the Fascist reaction, mobilizing every prejudice, stirring every passion and harnessing every discontent without regard for programme or promise, fighting for power. It succeeded because organizations and parties formed and nurtured in more placid times had become fetters upon their members and made them incapable of

quick decision and dynamic action. It succeeded because their leaders had become complaisant, or utopian, incapable of leading what had become a life and death struggle of society.

A. Rossi has described the process most effectively and analysed it thoroughly. The account of Signor Mussolini's political metamorphosis and the evolution of Fascism must make every reader think deeply on the value of any "Gentlemen's Agreement" which bears the signature either of Signor Mussolini or anyone who subscribes to his creed.

But of this we already know much. Fascism whether of the Italian or German brand relates all questions, whether of home policy or foreign policy, to the issues of power. On this, the author does not tell us anything new. The chief value of his book to British readers lies in its grim recording of the disastrous confusion in the ranks of socialism and democracy which made so ghastly a triumph for reaction possible. The author is an ex-communist who feels it necessary to hand out a few knocks to his erstwhile colleagues, but these are quite incidental to the book and do not overshadow the greater issues which he has discussed and described admirably.

J. T. MURPHY.

UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND, by John Pascoe. *Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

Many books have been written on climbing at the Antipodes, from W. S. Green's classical *The High Alps of New Zealand* to Freda du Faur's remarkable *The Conquest of Mount Cook*, but Mr. Pascoe's long-awaited study is the first effort by one of the younger generation to explain what

New Zealand offers the modern mountaineer. And Mr. Pascoe is peculiarly fitted for the task in that he possesses unique practical experience of his territory combined with a faculty for terse and humorous exposition. "Peaks wooed with patience are only won by quickly grasped opportunity", he says, and the tight-packed sentence is typical of his excellent style.

Mr. Pascoe's method is to introduce the reader to New Zealand in a short chapter or so, then improve the acquaintance by means of concise accounts of his own exciting climbs, and finally to seal the friendship by several chapters on sidelines, humorous, tragic and otherwise, of Antipodean mountaineering. In the second category I particularly commend the description of Mr. Pascoe's traverse of Mount Evans after unsuccessful attempts on three consecutive years. This has the epic quality of Himalayan misadventure. In the final category I like the chapter dealing with the New Zealand associations of Samuel Butler, who located his *Erewhon* in Mr. Pascoe's very mountains. "As soon as I saw the mountains", wrote that sturdy philosopher when he had climbed the Rangitata valley from the Canterbury Plains, "I longed to get to the other side of them". Then there is a stirring dissertation on crossing snow-rivers:

With my pack strapped on I began the crossing. Unfortunately the river had swept a deep hole in the line which I took. The pack forced me under the surface of the water gut. The river forced my hands from the rope. I hurtled down in the current. The pack held me under. Two hundred yards downstream the river curved. Struggling blindly I was spewed into a shallow. Bruised and sodden I gulped for air, till Chester ran down and dragged me to the bank.

Similar diversions deal with alpine huts and bivouacs, alpine names, keas, relief expeditions, benightments and bushrangers. I think the chief fact emerging from Mr. Pascoe's study is that New Zealand possesses as many attractions for the genuine mountaineer as the Swiss Alps, and, with cheaper and speedier world transport, may eventually become the favourite sporting playground of the British Commonwealth. Mountaineering in New Zealand is cheaper than a holiday at Margate, and so far this sturdy young country has refrained from building hotels on alpine peaks with all the hideous concomitants of Continental *tourisme*. New Zealand has some 223 named peaks of 7,500 feet or more, and the Southern Alps have no fewer than seventeen peaks over 10,000 feet. The snowline is remarkably low: "Although Mount Blanc is 3,000 feet higher than Mount Cook, the European snowline is 3,000 feet higher than the snowline of the Southern Alps. New Zealanders, therefore, begin their 'climbing' from a lower altitude".

For New Zealand mountaineers themselves, Mr. Pascoe's book has great technical value in that it contains the first account of climbing on the Waimakariri and Rangitata headwaters. For the general reader the whole book, illustrated by Mr. Pascoe's superb photographs, should constitute a memorable experience.

DONALD COWIE.

WEST COUNTRY, by C. Henry Warren.
Batsford. 8s. 6d.

A man who writes such a book as this is faced with a double task. For *West Country*, like so many volumes from the house of Batsford, is a book

published between pictures; and he who writes the matter that fills the intervening pages has not only to write a good book, he has to write a book good enough to hold his reader's attention from the distraction which the pictures present. With the average book which carries photographic illustration, it is customary for the reviewer to devote all his space to the written word, adding a note at the foot to the effect that the photographs "well maintain the standard of the text". No such attitude can be adopted with the present volume, and indeed it is no slight to Mr. Warren to suggest rather that it is he, in this case, who has maintained the standard set him by the pictures. West Country in the sense here used includes Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and the Scillies, but not Dorset and Wiltshire which are, after all, Wessex rather than West, and deserve and are to be given a volume to themselves. West Country to Mr. Warren means Cheddar Gorge and the inverted arch of Wells Cathedral; the great house of Montacute and the turrets of St. Michael's Mount; the wide view from Dunkery and the sea breaking on the rocks of Tol-Pedu; in fact all the great and splendid things which are the three counties' just pride. But wisely also West Country in this book means the quieter, everyday things: sheep being driven down a twisting Devon lane; the fishing boats in Mevagissey Harbour; and evensong in a Somerset village church. Of all this Mr. Warren writes with an affection and knowledge none the less real for not being that of a west countryman born and bred. The visitor whose understanding is acquired may not know as much as the man who has lived in a county for the greater part of his life;

but the visitor, because he sees with unaccustomed eyes, will often be better able to describe to others the delights that have caught and held his fancy. My only quarrel with Mr. Warren as a writer on the three counties of the west is that he is not, at least on the showing of this book, a lover of moorland. When he is dealing with thatched village, Somerset valley, Scilly flower garden or snug Devon field he is in his element. But Cranmere in the heart of Dartmoor he calls a "dull, small puddle in a dull, large bog". Indeed he calls it Cranmere Pool, which is much the same as saying Mount Ben Nevis or Yes Tor Hill. A man who thinks that Cranmere is a dull puddle just thinks so, and that is the end to it; no amount of explaining will tell him the magic of the lonely water. But if he feels like that about it he is missing half the character of the West. The West Country is only in part a land of pretty villages, rugged coastline and well-farmed valleys. The rest of it is moor—Dartmoor, Exmoor, Bodmin and the rest. And it is from the moors that the counties get their strength, the harder purpose that underlies their summer smile. However, the photographs fill the breach in the text, and there are some notable views of stone circles near Princetown, of Bennett's Cross near the Warren House Inn and of the bubbling waters of the infant Dart.

GORDON WINTER.

THE RISE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP, by Lionel M. Gelber.
Oxford University Press. 16s.

Britain and the United States may often misunderstand one another to-day but both countries do in fact act on the assumption that they will never be at or

near war with another, and that if one of them is at war with a third State the other will be at the very least a not unfriendly neutral. It is therefore difficult to recall the days when Anglo-American relations were still in a stage when a third war between the United Kingdom and the United States was a political possibility. Mr. Gelber's very thorough study of Anglo-American relations between 1898 and 1906 brings out clearly how the two countries emerged from that stage.

The turning-point was Secretary Olney's stern note to Great Britain in July, 1895, regarding the Guiana-Venezuela boundary dispute. If Britain had acted in relation to the United States as she almost certainly would have acted in relation to any other Great Power, she would have bitterly resented Mr. Olney's statement, arising out of a dispute in which America was not directly concerned, that "to-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition". That Lord Salisbury's Government was willing to submit to this American ultimatum, and to accept in February, 1897, the American demand for the dispute to be submitted to arbitration, was evidence of the desire of the British Cabinet at all costs to avoid serious friction with the U.S.A.

That desire, and it alone, smoothed the way to a settlement in the following years of two awkward issues outstanding between Britain and the U.S.A. itself—the Panama Canal Question and the Alaskan Boundary. The U.S.A. was in no compromising mood. It was determined, no matter what the cost, to secure the right to build itself, and to

control, an isthmian canal, and to demarcate a boundary between Canada and Alaska mainly favourable to itself. While the Secretary of State chiefly concerned, John Hay, was very friendly to Britain, and the President, Theodore Roosevelt, not unfriendly, the latter would never have allowed his Administration to accept anything but a distinctly pro-American settlement of these disputes. And, even if the Administration had been willing to accept a more equal compromise, the Senate, which cheerfully rejected many of Hay's treaties, would never have done so. The British Government had to submit to almost every demand of Theodore Roosevelt and of nationalist Senators in order to secure an agreed settlement of these issues. It had even to allow the arbitral body set up to pass upon the Alaskan boundary issue to act in a distinctly improper way. Not merely was the U.S. allowed to appoint to the Arbitration Commission partisan politicians instead of the "impartial jurists of repute" called for by the relevant Treaty, but the British Government brought strong pressure on its own chief appointee to the Commission, Lord Alverstone, to get him to vote with the American members, and contrary to the strict legal justice of the case, so as to secure a majority for that award which the U.S.A. had all along been determined to secure. So marked was this tendency for Britain to go out of its way to meet American demands that the Canadians, whose boundary was being demarcated, naturally felt aggrieved, as they have so often done when the United Kingdom was acting for them in disputes with the U.S.A. For the Mother Country so obviously felt that in the last resort it was more important to please the U.S.A.

than to secure the best possible terms for its own Dominion.

Great Britain secured, however, her reward. The only issues which might have led to really grave friction between Britain and the U.S.A. were thus got safely out of the way. The United States, which was then just beginning to play a really active rôle in world affairs, was able to do so free of the former tendency to regard Great Britain as its chief rival. Both in Europe and in the Orient a tendency developed for Britain and the U.S.A. to feel a very special community of interest, and to act upon independent but parallel lines. American diplomatic support was of great importance in the Moroccan crisis of 1905. And the way was thus paved for American help in the Great War, help which it would have been much more difficult to secure if Anglo-American relations had remained in the twentieth century as frigid as they so often had been in the nineteenth.

Mr. Gelber's book is, therefore, of great interest, and can offer much of value to the student of contemporary Anglo-American relations, anxious to know how to conciliate the U.S., and secure the maximum aid from it, as well as to the professional historian.

FRANK DARVALL.

HISTORY OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE, by Bernard Bevan. Batsford. 21s.

This is the latest volume in the "Historical Architecture" series, and is a general survey of Spanish Architecture down to the beginning of the 19th century. The author's object has been to record present knowledge, and not to solve mysteries or settle disputes.

The result is a solid, readable book which is likely to retain its importance for a considerable time, notwithstanding the amendments which will be necessitated by the present war. Although there exist many detailed studies of certain aspects of Spanish Architecture, and of particular buildings, this is the first extensive general survey to appear in English for nearly ninety years.

Spanish Architecture is a complex subject. Not only did Christian and Muslim influences combine to produce the Mozarabic and Mudéjar styles, which are peculiar to Spain; but the purely Christian styles were transformed by the same conflict—a conflict of temperament and geographical situation as well as of religion. The resulting architecture is difficult to classify, and Mr. Bevan has accomplished this task with clarity and without recourse to generalizations. An interesting diagram shows the incoherence and overlapping of styles; and the splendid illustrations give a good indication of their complex beauty.

The Visigothic remnants, a great field for theories and arguments, are the subject of a straightforward account which gives due importance to the horseshoe arch. It is not generally realized that this was much used in Spain, in construction as well as for decoration, long before the Muslim invasion. There are also excellent chapters on the unique Asturian churches of the ninth century, those sanctuaries of the defeated Christians who rallied at last with their backs to the sea; and on the neglected castles. Contrary to popular opinion, castles in Spain are substantial and numerous. Many were built, not to harry the Moors, but to dominate the big feudal estates;

and though fallen into disuse they have lacked a Cromwell and are not destroyed.

A sound historical knowledge, well woven into the narrative, helps to make the book clear and readable throughout. Unfortunately the fine buildings here described are not proof against artillery or air attack, and many of the place names will be familiar from accounts of recent battles. What will remain when the war is over? A careful, learned work of this kind cannot be read at the present time without a feeling of sadness.

PAUL PETTIT.

PERFIDIOUS ALBION — Entente Cordiale. By Geneviève Tabouis. Translated by J. A. D. Dempsey. Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.

CAN CHAMBERLAIN SAVE BRITAIN? By Colin Brooks. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

ANTHONY EDEN. By Alan Campbell-Johnson. Robert Hale. 15s.

Madame Tabouis brings a Gallic clarity to her exposition of the relations between England and France. The traditional enemies are brought together by the emergence of a new Germany. France fears her because she is a potential, and has been an actual, invader. England fears her because she threatens British supremacy on the seas and in the world of commerce. The French have very definitely the notion of revenge. Their subtle, but strong, diplomacy encircles Germany and for a considerable time remains effective.

Yet, as Germany's re-occupation of the Rhineland reveals, except for the direct defence of his own country, no French conscript will ever march

ward towards the Rhine. France created the demon which she sought to exorcise.

The complaint that the Foreign Office is too pro-French has been made before. To some extent it justifies Mr. Colin Brook's eloquent denunciations of "Edenism". For, typically, Mr. Eden is the child of Lord Curzon and Sir Austen Chamberlain, carried on Sir Austen's work at the Foreign Office, and to the last days of his life the older statesman approved of what the younger man was doing.

But Mr. Eden was at the Foreign Office for little more than two years. The Hoare-Laval Pact made a mockery of sanctions, even before Mr. Eden set his hands upon his appointment as Secretary of State. In good time he brought sanctions to an end, and if he failed to satisfy Signor Mussolini by rejecting the Ethiopian delegation from the League Assembly of 1936, he was countering the determined opposition of Mr. W. L. Jordan, the delegate for New Zealand, who very properly insisted that the Ethiopian venture was a menace to the Imperial communications. It was vitally necessary for India, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa that the new policy of collective security should not break down. Unhappily, that policy was already frustrated.

Surely Mr. Eden hates the Communist menace quite as much as Mr. Colin Brooks. What compelled him at last to take a strong line was the fundamental necessity of the Conservative mind. Mr. Eden had sought to "neutralize" the Germans in Spain. Again and again the Germans and the Italians broke their word. On such terms there could be no agreement. It is Conservative

straightforwardness—not the Communist defeatism derided by Mr. Colin Brooks—which has driven Mr. Eden to the back-benches, the Duchess of Atholl to a bye-election and the *Yorkshire Post* into opposition to the Munich agreement.

Discontent with Munich has made many thousands eager to follow Mr. Eden's lead, if and when he chooses to give one. The time is, therefore, opportune for a biography, even though Mr. Eden's career has by no means gone full circle. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Alan Campbell-Johnson's biography is a happy production. It is hastily written. It is far too long. It concerns itself too much with the minutiae of Parliamentary debate. It stands in the way of a well-considered essay. Mr. Johnson is a Liberal. Mr. Eden, as Mr. Johnson has no difficulty in proving, is a Conservative. But he does not answer the absorbing question: will the career of Mr. Eden reflect the imposing career of Gladstone, for long the hope of stern, unbending Tories? It is unlikely. There is, for one thing, a profound difference in stature. Gladstone baffles to this day. The honesty of Mr. Eden is like a rock. Rocks are sometimes impediments.

J. GLOONEY BOLTON.

THE HOLY TERROR, by H. G. Wells.
Michael Joseph 8s. 6d.

THE SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS, by Ignazio Silone. *Cape. 8s. 6d.*

RABBLE IN ARMS, by Kenneth Roberts. *Collins. 9s. 6d.*

I do wish Mr. Wells would follow the example of his character Piccraft and weigh himself down with lead. Piccraft used to bounce about the ceiling with-

out this extra anchorage. Had there been no ceiling he might have floated away into space, a practice followed regularly by his creator, Mr. H. G. Wells. The explanation for these Wellsian flights is simple. After presenting a picture of contemporary world chaos, he will leap a hurdle or two in Time, and give you another outline of world chaos, which will exist, perhaps, twenty or thirty years later. After that, be warned, you can depend upon Space being tampered with, for Mr. Wells is asking himself *whither?*

In *The Holy Terror*, we are shown how a dictator could evolve in the society of England to-day. Rudolph Whitlow captures the leadership of the Popular Socialist Party from the fat and ineffectual fascist, Lord Horatio Bohun. He becomes Rud, the Common Man, leading the Common Man. And his policy is Common Sense. During this stage of his evolution he is interesting. It is when he controls hundreds of aeroplanes, talks to his World Marshal, over a thousand miles away, with the casual air of a person making a local call, or commands the destruction of a few thousand souls with as much passion as if he were ordering a filleted skate from his fishmonger, that you start expecting the advent of a space gun or the inevitable *whither?*

In the author's own foreword is stated: *so far as the writer may judge his own story, it seems to begin on earth somewhere in the nineteen-twenties, but it goes on and on unrestrained, into the years to come.*

Europe to-day might well be called *The School for Dictators*, which is the title of Ignazio Silone's new book. Mr. W., accompanied by Professor Pickup,

tours Europe to study totalitarianism at first hand, as a preliminary to a White House *putsch*. Mr. W., whom I imagine to be a real square-jawed thug from the Middle West, has all the intolerance for any form of liberalism and democracy that is essential in the paranoiacal make-up of a dictator.

The book is written in the form of dialogues, in which Thomas the Cynic, an exile in Zurich, usually has the last word. There is information in these dialogues on aspects of fascism that tend to lie hidden under the corpses and pogroms of everyday life under totalitarianism. Silone, apart from being an accomplished theoretician, worked from 1925 till 1928 inside Italy as a militant communist. His arguments, which are obviously postulated by Thomas the Cynic, are for this reason an important contribution to the theory and practice of socialism.

The American War of Independence is the theme of *Rabble in Arms*. It was this "rabble in arms", flushed with success and insolence", as General Burgoyne described the American troops before Boston, that eventually was to win the decisive battles in this epic struggle for liberty. Narrated by Peter Merrill, the story of the crucial years, from the retreat of the ill-equipped and disease-ridden "rabble" from Quebec in 1776 to the capitulation of Saratoga in '77, reads like a piece of contemporary reportage.

Mr. Kenneth Roberts seems to have spared no efforts in his assembling of facts. It is to be regretted that as a result of its merits as a narrative alone, one gets the impression, now and then that the history of America's grim and bloody struggle was ever-so romantic.

MAX WOOD.

WHAT HITLER DID TO US, by Eva Lips. *Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

I MARRIED A GERMAN, by Madeleine Kent. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

Here are two important books. The excellent objective studies which have come out on the new Germany have not given one much idea of what exactly happens to the liberal, cultured, enlightened, and truthful man in the Third Reich. That question is answered clearly in both these books which support each other with alarming fidelity. They give a day to day account.

Julius Lips was the Director of the Museum of Ethnology at Cologne, an internationally known anthropologist. He was not a Jew—nor politically inclined. He was simply a scientist engaged in the exploration of facts, and devoted to the ideal of truth based on facts. When Hitler came to power he insisted on preserving his integrity. To preserve integrity in the Third Reich means risking your job, your life-work, your money, your position, your daily and nightly peace. Lips was asked to support the Nazi race theories. He refused. What happened to him and his wife is the theme of this thrilling and fascinating book.

Lips was brave. But most men are not brave. We imagine that England will never go Nazi, that she will never stand for pogroms, hooligan violence, and naked militarism. But Naziism is far more than that. It is the suppression of truth. It is the inauguration of the Lie as the chief means for consolidating power. This is possible, and indeed easy, anywhere. For when punishment in the shape of physical disaster is the ruler's weapon, it is found that men are not brave.

Eva Lips tells how, right and left, the intellectuals betrayed their integrity, towed the line, did what they were told by uneducated men in uniform. This could happen in any country the moment Democracy really goes—and it is only afterwards that nations learn how much is involved in the suppression of thought and opinion.

Madeleine Kent reveals the same thing with appallingly similar illustrations. Hers is a still better book, still more brilliant, and being the work of an Englishwoman, more penetrating. She tells, even more forcibly, the truly frightful tale of espionage which goes on in Germany, officially and unofficially—neighbour against neighbour, sister against brother, working off their spite in the name of patriotism, in the name of the Fatherland. Madeleine Kent gives a full account of Germany from 1931 to 1936. Her husband was not a hero, only a member of the Social Democratic Party—a wordy and weak crew who admittedly could not save the fallen Germany from the Allied bullies. (Only a bully can deal with a bully; a fact known to Hitler when we were strong, not realized by us now that we are weak). In the course of her narrative she makes a number of penetrating remarks on German psychology and its difference from ours, and upon German women and their difference from ours. We may learn much, both about Hitler and German women, from the following story. A woman's son, aged sixteen, was flogged to death by Storm Troopers for being too mild a Leader of some undernourished Hitler Youths. The frantic mother wrote a bitter letter to Hitler. He replied by sending her a wreath as big as a table and a few lines in his own handwriting, saying—"I weep with

you for this young martyr to Germany". She was consoled and proud.

JOHN STEWART COLLIS.

MISCELLANEA.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY, by Maurice Bruce. *Discussion Books* No. 45. *Nelson*. 2s.

For those who like their intellectual food reduced to the essential proteins this series is admirable fare. Mr. Bruce, a Lecturer for the Cambridge University Board of Extra-Mural Studies, is chiefly concerned to give us historical perspective. Tracing the growth from the Tudor period through Cromwell of that naval supremacy which had made any foreign policy possible at all he has the candour to recognize that Great Britain has sought "security" as much as any Continental Power—and that, in time of peace, the talk of Britain influencing the balance of power is largely poppycock. British interests, i.e., "necessities of policy" require that this country shall constantly play her part in European affairs, as all the great nineteenth-century statesmen from Castlereagh to Disraeli appreciated. The 'big idea' of diplomacy by conference, however—which the author eulogizes—is surely only characteristic cant designed to disguise that participation. Mr. Bruce likes to delude himself that there is especial virtue in the League's "mediatory functions"—as opposed to a system of society such as our French neighbours have expected of Geneva. That he should share in the 'great illusion' of millions of our fellow-countrymen does not detract from a competent piece of work.

DIPLOMACY, by Harold Nicolson. *Thornton Butterworth*. 5s.

Designed as no more than a text-book

this study of *res diplomatica* is as illuminating as it is discerning. The English language, with its usual *abandon*, uses the same word to describe the two entirely different actions of policy and negotiation: actually, it is only the latter which should properly be called diplomacy. The author's phrase (in a previous book—*Peace-making*, 1919) "the art of negotiating agreements in precise and ratifiable form" is still the classic description, and, that being so, the case for leaving negotiation to the professional is unanswerable—whatever may be the value of that personal contact which is so dear to the inexperienced politician. The book throws light into all the dark corners of a subject that is still largely unknown country, with its own rules of the road. Mr. Nicolson's analysis of the differing types of diplomacy,

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French, German, Italian and British, particularly, is brilliant.

MEDIEVAL PANORAMA, by G. G. Coulton. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Packed into this book of over seven hundred pages is the story of the English scene from the Conquest to the Reformation. It is a memorable achievement and the fruits of great scholarship, for there is no one whose study of the Middle Ages has given him so comprehensive an understanding of the lives of the people of those days, as that displayed by Dr. Coulton. Dr. Coulton's name has been known for many, many years to historians, and, for a historian, to a wide circle of admirers besides, yet nothing he has written has had a greater value than this book, which will make five exciting but comparatively obscure centuries abound with life for all who care to read. Dr. Coulton embarks on his great task in the spirit of one who sees a great demand from "the intelligent reader—professional or business man or artisan, who has some leisure for quiet and thoughtful browsing" for "weaving the threads into historical tapestry" and he offers his volume to the public as "the sort of scaffolding which the author would have been very glad to find before him fifty years ago". We can at least thank him, by proving that it is the sort of 'scaffolding' which will be of immense and lasting value to us now.

NINE SHARP AND EARLIER, by Herbert Farjeon. Dent. 6s.

Many of these light verses will be familiar for, although appearing in print for the first time, they have been sung for many months, and until

quite recently, at the Little London, in Mr. Farjeon's revue, *NINE SHARP*. Those who wish, and they will be many, will be able to renew acquaintance with the manageress of the Talbot Arms, who tries "to keep the tone up"

"I've a smile that cheers and a voice that charms

Our visitors when they phone up;
A very good class we cater for
In tweeds and aquascuta
That don't disgrace our antlers or
Our sporting prints or pewter".

Songs of the B.B.C. are another of Mr. Farjeon's specialities:

"He sat upon canoodlin' sae successfullee
There's never been a babby in the B.B.C."

Miss Anna Zinkeisen supplies the decorations, her strong line drawing being delightfully in keeping with the sparkle of the text.

G.P.O., by E. T. Crutchley. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

This is number one of a new series of books dealing with English Institutions, which Lord Stamp is editing. Other volumes in active preparation deal with the *City*, *Shipping*, and the *Church of England*, so the Post Office can feel rather pleased with itself for having got first use of the wicket in a strong batting side. Mr. Crutchley treats his subject with sympathy and understanding. He interests his readers, straightaway, not by starting a long historical discourse—that comes later—but by plunging them into a conducted tour of "the machine in action" at Manchester. Then come the historical chapters, to be followed by a more detailed description of every branch of a most important service. The standard of illustration is high, picturesque and instructive.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Wherever you go in England, as in other crypto-democratic countries, you will be sure to come across the view, expressed or unexpressed, that "politics" are a nuisance—or an evil. Such a view arises from the fact that most of us for one reason or another are, in Professor Laski's words, "obstinately enfolded within the sphere of private interest". Yet, since, the community-life on which we live, move and have our being, is essentially political, there is no more urgent need than a constant education in citizenship in this sense.

In THE FORTNIGHTLY this month both the foreground and background of this immense subject, the nature of the *res publica*, are illuminated by some notable articles. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., contributes a forthright criticism of the present manifest shortcomings of our democracy: and his conclusion is that, so far from politics being "dirt", as is commonly said—or even a trade—it must be regarded as an exalted calling, a sacred trust. Independent Member for the Mossley Division (Lancashire) in the first post-war Parliament and since 1931, Austin Hopkinson is himself the best example of the political free-lance. Although nominally a supporter of the 'National' Government, and essentially a Conservative, he gave up the party Whip last

autumn and also a position in the Advisory Council of the Ministry for the Co-ordination of Defence rather than be associated with its dismal incompetence. Many will have heard of his action in the early post-War years in handing over the family business to the employees on a co-partnership basis (retaining a connection as salaried manager). He has written two notable books on the subject of the place of the workers in the community: *Hope of the Workers* (1923) and *Religio Militis* (1927). Austin Hopkinson is also an amateur flying enthusiast.

Political health in a deeper sense is the subject of the two following articles. Professor Ernest Barker is among the leading authorities on sociology to-day. His plea for a more substantial and self-contained localism through genuine community centres is surely unanswerable, and he does well to present to the English public the work of the American writer, Lewis Mumford, on *The Culture of Cities*. Ernest Barker is, of course, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge and a Fellow of Peterhouse. He is so well known that we shall not attempt to give a list of his honours and publications.

Hilaire Belloc in a characteristic thoughtful paper, indicates the fundamental conditions of a healthful polity, pointing out the consequences for

culture of that 'revolt of the masses'—against the middle-class dispensation of which Jose Ortega Gasset wrote.

Finally, a useful study of fifty years of London's local government is supplied by **Kenneth Adam**, one of the most valued journalists of the younger generation.

The searchlight of THE FORTNIGHTLY plays, as last month, upon the outstanding topics of the time. We are privileged to publish the view of one of the leading Churchmen on the present law and practice in the appointment of Bishops. **Rev. H. Maurice Relton, D.D.**, has been Professor of Dogmatic Theology at King's College, London, since 1925. He is the author of numerous publications and papers on religious and social questions.

George Pendle, who sketches ably the present situation in Rumania, is a young businessman whose work requires him to travel frequently in Central and South-Eastern Europe. He contributed a notable article on the Dictatorship in Greece in November, 1937. **Frank Singleton**—who writes on the ever-fascinating subject of money—belongs to a slightly younger generation. He went up late to Cambridge—after a

period of journalistic experience on a local newspaper in Bolton—becoming President of the Union and Editor of *The Granta*. He is on the staff of *The Spectator*.

Germany has recently been showing her naval flag to some effect, and we have asked a new contributor to explain her purpose. **Frank Clements**, transferred from the active to the emergency list of the Royal Navy as a Paymaster-Lieutenant in order to take up a literary career, served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief Mediterranean and the Vice-Admiral Commanding, Reserve Fleet. While in the Navy, he specialized in the study of foreign languages, particularly German. He knows the language and the country intimately, and spent much time there while preparing for his interpretership examination. He has travelled widely on duty and on leave. He has contributed short stories with a Naval or sea background to *Cornhill* and *Blue Peter*.

W. Horsfall Carter tackles the subject which is in everyone's mind, the tragedy of Spain. Fourteen years of special study of Spanish politics are his qualification.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Federal Union, 44 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1., have issued a manifesto from which we take some extracts: "Federal Union arose from a sense of alarm at the apparently hopeless drift towards war, which date from the breakdown of the League of Nations". It was discovered "that the League had two main weaknesses. In the first place, although national governments consented to discuss international affairs they always reserved the right to reject the course of action recommended. In the second place, since the recommendations were made by nominees of national governments, they inevitably derived from considerations of national and even of party self-interest rather than from those of international well being". . . . "Since conflicting claims to unrestricted national sovereignty were the cause of the League's failure and of present world anarchy, and since the conflict is mainly concerned with currency and trade policy, colonies, the supply of raw materials, and the manufacture and control of armaments, it is in these matters particularly that any supernational institution must have authority and power. It is necessary then to envisage a form of super-government having power to make laws in these reserved matters which are binding on the subjects of all its member states. It is clear, therefore, that the solution is that of Federation. A Federal Legislature must be created representative of its citizens, having an executive chosen by and responsible to it, a Permanent Court of International Justice with obligatory jurisdiction over justiciable disputes, and a Police Force under its own control".

* * * * *

Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., is to open on Wednesday, March 1st, an Exhibition entitled "Road Architecture, the Need for a Plan" at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66, Portland Place, W.1. This is the R.I.B.A.'s major exhibition for 1939 and will deal with the combined problem of roads and buildings. It will first illustrate and analyse the growing evils of haphazard building development, traffic congestion, destruction of amenities, spoiling of the countryside and the present lack of collaboration between road users and building users. It will then review what is being done in this and other countries and suggest what might be done. The organizers believe that the growing waste and muddle of haphazard building and the congestion and dangers of the road can be stopped. The main theme of the Exhibition will be that only comprehensive National Planning can effect a thorough cure.

The new Liberal Book Club has been formed and launched. The publishing firm of Messrs. Nicholson and Watson have co-operated with the Liberal Party Organization in the new venture. The first book entitled "Life Within Reason", by Ivor Brown, will be published on March 2nd. One book will be published each month at the price of 2s. 6d. Sales of at least 50,000 are anticipated for the first book, and a further five books are in course of production. The titles and authors are: "The Future for Democracy" by Ramsay Muir; "Power in Men" by Joyce Cary; "Leadership for Plenty" by A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.; "The Contours of Liberty" by Tom Harrison; and "These Men Make Politics" by A. J. Cummings. All these books have been specially commissioned and written for the Liberal Book Club. The President of the Club is the Marquis of Crewe, K.G., and the Chairman, Viscount Esher.

* * * * *

We have received the following letter from The Quakers' Shilling Emigration Fund of The Society of Friends Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. :—

"As you know the Society of Friends are doing work of extreme urgency in striving to solve, through emigration, the problem of refugees from Greater Germany. Many countries such as the United States of America, Australia, New Zealand, Bolivia, Paraguay and San Domingo will admit some of these hapless men and women and children if only their fares can be paid and money provided for landing. Will you help by sending ONE SHILLING to the Germany Emergency Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. and asking your friends to do the same. If every adult in the British Isles received and responded to the appeal, it would gather more than a million pounds. Think what the money will mean to thousands who are now facing persecution, utter destitution and misery. You will help. It is only a shilling. Stamps will do." The letter has been circulated since 15th November, 1938. It has already brought in £2,500 made up of more than 15,000 donations.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1939

THOUGHTS ON THE AIR MENACE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

EVERYONE accepts the reality of the Air Menace, but whether it is becoming increasingly formidable, or whether it has reached the peak of its potentialities, is a matter for speculation. A few years ago it was universally believed that no adequate defence could be provided to neutralize the ever increasing speed and range of bombing aircraft. The best that could be hoped for was that a small percentage of losses might be inflicted on raiders. Opinion differed as to whether, if ruthless attack were delivered under such conditions, the morale of nations would stand the strain; and it was not appreciated how far passive precautionary measures might minimize the effects of attack. The theory generally accepted was that the air menace could be countered only by reprisal action. The possibility of stern and adequate reprisals would, it was held, deter an enemy from resorting to air warfare in its most ruthless forms. An aggressor could no longer count on waging war beyond his own frontiers, and he would therefore be bound to consider the effect of reprisals on the morale of his non-combatant population and on the security of his home bases.

That theory, no doubt, in large measure still holds good, but it can be pushed too far. It would, I think, be a mistake to expect that, once hostilities commenced, it would retain its validity. It is true that, in the last months of the Great War, the fear of reprisals against the Rhine towns was probably one of the reasons why the air raids on London ceased. It must be remembered, however, that by that time the morale of the German people had reached a low ebb and could not safely be exposed to fresh strains. The theory certainly never justified neglect of other measures of defence. Germany, before she embarked on the reconstruction of her air force, brought her

organization of passive defence and anti-aircraft armaments to a high state of perfection—a clear indication of her intention to tear up the Versailles Treaty rather than of her fears of unprovoked attack. Great Britain, on the other hand, though so much more vulnerable, entirely neglected such defence measures. It was perhaps in great part reliance on reprisal action that has, till recently, affected the attitude of the R.A.F. towards active anti-aircraft defences—though no doubt the experience in the Great War of the ineffectiveness of anti-aircraft fire was a contributing reason. Whatever the reason was, no one could be in touch with R.A.F. officers without realizing that many deprecated the expenditure on ground defences for fear of diverting money which might more profitably be expended on bombing aircraft. Nor were they very confident, for various technical reasons, in the ability of fighting aircraft to intercept and engage effectively bombing aircraft of ever increasing speed and gun power.

In the last few years a salutary change of attitude has taken place. The deterrent value of a bombing force, comparable to that of any possible enemy, remains a fundamental factor; but, on the other hand, owing to a number of technical developments, interception of attacking bombers by fighting machines has greater probability of success. Ground defences—guns, lights, and, possibly balloon barrages—are treated with greater respect. The degree of immunity that is given by a well designed system of shelters is also realized. These factors, of course, cut both ways, so that the deterrent value of a bombing force is to some extent reduced; this may be very small if the nation which relies on it has neglected precautionary measures to an extent which produces discrepancies in the relative vulnerability of the combatants.

What has brought about the change of attitude, so evident in the recent crisis, towards defence measures? To a large extent it has been due, I think, to the logical conclusions which can be drawn from the technical development of equipment of all sorts. But it needed practical experience of war to confirm logical deductions—such has been provided to a limited extent to us by the war in Spain. In that conflict, it is true, the nature of the troops on either side, the scale of their equipment, their

training and the extent of improvisation makes it easy to draw false deductions. Both sides, however, to a greater or less extent, have had the assistance of highly trained air personnel and air armament of the highest standard, and, moreover, the same applies to their anti-aircraft personnel and equipment. Consequently there is some justification in attaching value to experience gained in the particular case of air combat and anti-aircraft defence, due allowance being made for the difference between numerical strength available in Spain and the numerical strength which would be deployed in a major international war.

The August, 1938, number of the journal of the Royal United Service Institution contained an exceedingly interesting and suggestive article by Capitaine Didier Poulain, French Army Aviation Reserve, who has watched the war in close touch with the insurgents. He is clearly more concerned with the general lessons affecting air warfare to be drawn from their experiences than, for instance, with the performance of individual types of machines employed on either side. Thus he notes that, though Spain affords an unusual number of good natural landing grounds, the Insurgents, in one of their main offensives, did not disperse their aircraft but concentrated a large number on a single base. Theoretically this offered an admirable target for the bombers of the other side. That the Government air force did not take advantage of the target was evidently not solely due to numerical inferiority. For Capitaine Poulain makes three important points. (1) That it is now definitely admitted that the bomber cannot defend itself against the fighter. (2) That the very efficient observer service of the insurgents enabled the protective fighter squadrons to be 3,000 feet in the air five minutes (perhaps optimistic figures) after the attacking planes had crossed the line; and that even without the aid of radio-telephonic communication the ground organization could indicate to the fighters the position of an enemy whom they might fail to sight. (3) That anti-aircraft guns have shown themselves to be extraordinarily efficient, particularly the German gun of somewhat smaller calibre than our 3.7. He considers also that three batteries (18 guns) of the pompom type, if used to protect a target small enough to necessitate low flying, can produce an impenetrable barrage up to 7,000 feet.

As regards the first point his corollary is that for day attack at least the bomber must be protected by an escort of fighters numerically at least equal to the fighters of the defence. If that escort is beaten the bomber must seek safety in flight. Bombers can no longer protect themselves by flying in close formation, covering each other with flanking fire, for, owing to their speed, violent wind pressure makes flanking fire almost impracticable. The fighting pilot, following in the wake of the bomber, with his fixed machine-gun can shoot more accurately than the machine-gunner of the bomber firing to the rear or flank with a gun on a pivotted mounting. Moreover, the fighter pilot is greatly protected by his own engine, and even if his machine is damaged he can escape by parachute. If he is part of a defending force he has the comforting assurance that he will probably land in friendly territory. Of course many successful bombing attacks have been made in Spain, but with targets at close-range conditions were favourable. Moreover, Capitaine Poulain tells us that he has seen on occasion as many as thirty fighters escorting five bombers. In spite of that we have heard of many raids failing to reach their objective.

Now if Capitaine Poulain's observations are correct, and I see no reason for mistrusting them, they should bring us a considerable amount of comfort. In the first place it may, I think, be safely assumed that bombers attacking this country from long distances cannot be escorted by fighting 'planes, at least not by 'planes with the same qualities as those of the defence. The radius of action of the fighter cannot be extended to equal that of the bomber without sacrificing efficiency. He must in the nature of things be carrying weight. Secondly, there is no reason why our observer service should not be as efficient as that in Spain, where it had to function to cover vulnerable points at no great distance from the fighting line. Thirdly, our anti-aircraft defences, including searchlights, should be more complete than those of Spain.

There is, unfortunately, a nigger in the wood pile. Capitaine Poulain's observations refer chiefly to daylight conditions. He says that he himself asked the question why, if bombers experienced so many difficulties by day, did they not resort to night operations. The answer was that military objectives were

difficult to pick out at night. This is not a very satisfying answer—while, of course, the definition of military objective is neither precise nor likely to be respected. One gets more satisfaction from the thought that, under war conditions, many of the aids to night flying which can be employed in peace would not be in operation, and that with increased speed errors in navigation are accentuated. At all events anti-aircraft fire should keep raiders at a height from which, in average weather it would be difficult to pick out leading features on the ground—as it did most effectively, be it said, during the air raids on Barcelona. Moreover, with an efficient system of lights the fighting machine of the defence, within a limited area, is a source of danger to the bomber.

It would be optimistic, however, to believe that an enemy determined and prepared to accept risks would not still be able to make night attacks on targets of the dimensions of London and our great manufacturing towns. That such attacks would cause immense destruction of property goes without saying, but it would probably be mere chance if vital targets of small size were hit. The experience both in China and Spain indicates that with reasonable precautions loss of life would not be heavy, and certainly not of an extent that would break the morale of a self-respecting people. Although bombing attacks have not in Spain or China been on the scale which might develop in a great war they do not indicate that the morale of non-combatants is highly sensitive to attack, and, with experience, it appears to improve rather than deteriorate.

On the whole the experiences of Spain and China seem hardly to encourage those who believe in the inevitability and decisive effect of ruthless air warfare on non-combatants. As in the Great War its chief effect would probably be a great reduction in the productive capacity of industry. It certainly would not seem that we need be defenceless, as some years ago was widely supposed. That, of course, would also apply to our possible enemy, and in consequence the deterrent effect of reprisals may have diminished, though we hold the advantage, that if we were engaged in a Continental war, we should in allied territory have bases sufficiently near to the enemy to enable us to provide escorts of fighters to our bombing aircraft. The recent decision

of the Government to multiply the numbers of our fighter squadrons at a greater rate than that of bombers has been criticized by those who pin their faith to reprisal action. The decision, if we accept Capitaine Poulain's evidence, would, however, seem to be justified; both on the grounds of the efficiency of fighters in defence and of the necessity of escorts for bombers. Nevertheless, relative strength in bombing machines remains a factor of importance; a proper balance between offensive and defensive capacity is essential.

So far I have discussed the question of the air menace only so far as it affects air raids on this country. It takes other forms. The extreme section of the air-minded would have us believe that air power will be the only factor to count in wars of the future, and that armies and navies are destined to play a subsidiary rôle. If that were true as regards navies our prospects would indeed be precarious, though the fate of armies might not greatly concern us. The experiences of current wars, and the rearmament measures everywhere in progress, make it clear, however, that the day for discounting the value of the older Services has not yet arrived. What we do require to discover is the proper proportion which should be maintained between the three defence Services. No one denies that air power is bound to play a great part in warfare, but how decisive the part will be and what forms it should take is a matter for speculation. The Navy certainly derives some satisfaction from the inaccuracy of bomb dropping under war conditions. Under peace conditions no doubt sensational results are obtainable, but if attacking planes can be kept at a reasonable height inaccuracy due to increased speed tends to eliminate advantage derived from improved bombing technique and equipment. Dive bombing no doubt gives a high standard of accuracy, but with the increase of speed the physical effect on the pilot imposes limitations on that method. That merchant ships, unprovided with the protective devices possessed by war vessels, have so often survived direct hits is also reassuring; and it is somewhat surprising that ports like Valencia and Barcelona, so frequently subjected to bombing, should, nevertheless, have continued to function; more especially as the Insurgent forces had such a convenient base in the Balearic Islands.

Air attacks on merchant shipping, carried out without restrictions, may be a serious danger, but much would depend on the air bases available and on the number of aircraft which could be spared for the task. Meanwhile naval action has, in many ways, gained in efficiency through use of aircraft and warships are well provided with defence against air attack. The power of the Navy does not therefore seem to be seriously threatened; it may have increased.

As regards the co-operation of aircraft in Army operations Spanish experiences may be misleading. Aircraft are bound to take a large part in ground operations, but how far some of the duties which we have seen them carrying out in Spain should be considered normal is not so certain. In Spain, as in Abyssinia, they have been used to bombard trenches in support of infantry attack, but that was probably an improvisation to make good deficiencies in artillery. The moral effect of bombing is not likely to be great against entrenched troops of high quality, and, unless it is carried out from low altitude, it is too inaccurate to produce the physical results obtainable by artillery. Nor can it vie with the continuity and exact synchronization with the infantry advance, of an artillery barrage.

Aircraft are better fitted to engage opportunity targets or troops in movement—and in this way to be a boon to the defence. Duties such as reconnaissance and observation of artillery fire, which in the Great War were the main and most continuous tasks of army co-operation aircraft, will, of course, still be of great importance, but whether with increasing speed reconnaissance reports will lose in reliability, and artillery observation be less easy to carry out, may be open to question. Possibly in this country the design of aircraft, specifically for army co-operation duties, has not received sufficient attention. Attack on opportunity targets, such as motorized columns, presumably will depend for success on the extent to which columns are protected by anti-aircraft defences and whether air superiority can be established sufficiently to conceal movements. In the Great War air superiority several times changed hands with the introduction of new types of aircraft. Will that happen again now that standardization of performance is more nearly reached? The defeat of the Italians at Guadalajara was due

not merely to badly organized transport columns but to the absence of anti-aircraft fire and to local air superiority due to the effect of weather on the landing grounds of the respective sides. Those of Madrid were permanent bases. Against the success at Guadalajara there are failures of air action to take the advantage of apparent opportunities. The bridges over the Ebro on which the Government counter-offensive towards Gandesa so much depended, escaped destruction in spite of concentrated air attack. Even more remarkable is it that the Japanese, on more than one occasion, have succeeded in landing troops from transports in face of opposition, although that would seem to have presented great opportunities for even a weak defending air force. The Spanish Government, too, with ill-equipped and untrained troops, succeeded in gaining a footing on Majorca, although they were in the end evicted chiefly by air action, largely owing to the lack of anti-aircraft batteries. The failure of aircraft seriously to interrupt rail communications both in Spain and China should also be noted. When such instances are analysed there is little to show that air power is omnipotent, however essential a factor it may be in modern warfare.

The use of aircraft in Abyssinia as an agent for developing gas attack produced something approaching a general panic and led in this country to what was perhaps an unbalanced concentration on anti-gas defences, to the neglect of other equally important anti-aircraft precautions. It is hardly a matter of congratulation that we should be the best equipped nation against gas attack, when it is obvious that, in other respects, we are so far behind. The barefooted, ignorant Abyssinian, with practically no anti-aircraft organization either in the air or on the ground and with no means of retaliation, presented exceptional temptation to the unscrupulous. The danger of gas attack from the air can obviously be over-rated. The effect of lethal gas depends on high concentrations which, it is hardly conceivable, could be effected by air attack, except very locally and under favourable conditions. It is a danger which chiefly affects congested districts. Spraying of vesicant poison over wide areas is an unpleasant possibility, but so is the risk of retaliation in kind. I should imagine that if spraying were

resorted to it would be confined to areas within the zone of active operations.

What conclusions can we arrive at then as to the decisive effect of air power in war? As regards attack on the civil population, it must be admitted that the air menace is alarming, but from its nature it opens the way for reprisals to a greater extent than any other form of warfare. Reliance on the deterrent effect of reprisals might, however, prove a broken reed if defensive precautions were neglected. The increased speed and power of hostile offensive aircraft is to a large extent counterbalanced by the increased efficiency of defensive fighters. Defensive ground organization and armaments have also gained greatly in efficiency. The developments of the parachute have conferred a distinct advantage to the defence, not only in moral effect but also in reducing wastage of highly trained pilots. Theoretically at least it would seem that bombing of distant, well defended targets does not promise to achieve great success. It would imply great strain on personnel and a high rate of wastage of human and material resources. To whatever pitch a nation can bring its production of aircraft it must be realized that a large proportion are not bombers of great capacity and range. Very large numbers of types designed for other purposes are included in the figures.

Absolute security cannot be hoped for, but on the whole, it would seem that the organizers of British armament have it in power, not merely to check the growth of the menace, but to arrive at a standard of security which not long ago appeared quite unattainable. Too evidently they have not yet fully exercised that power.

THE MODERN TECHNIQUE OF AGGRESSION

BY F. ELWYN JONES

THE modern technique of aggression does not depend on military invasion as its sole weapon. "Peaceful partition", indeed, is preferred to war. In the modern world of complicated international relationships, regional security systems, and non-aggression pacts, military invasion is a highly dangerous adventure. And, no matter how bellicose the declarations of the dictators may be, extension of power by action short of war is far preferred to war itself.

It is this necessity which has inspired that technique of aggression with which Europe and the Far East is now familiar—the technique of attack from within. It is not a new technique, as every schoolboy who has read about the Trojan Horse knows. But it is being applied to-day with such ruthlessness and efficiency that historical parallels which may be drawn to it are hardly recognizable.

This modern aggression conceals itself under respectable aliases. The principal is racial self-determination. It has become a regular German and Italian practice to discover racial "rights"—'Nice, Tunis, Corsica' is the prevailing slogan of Italian Fascism. Having asserted racial "rights", Germany and Italy proceed to demand satisfaction of those rights. Finally, if satisfaction is not forthcoming, they demand "compensation" for the renunciation of those "rights".

Nazi Germany, of course, has far better facilities for exploiting racial self-determination than has her Italian ally. There are Germans all over Europe. There is hardly a European country which does not include some Germans. Indeed the Nazi view, as expressed by the Nazi publicist, Dr. Kurt Trampler, in a periodical on Geopolitics is that :

"The Germans are the sole great people of Central Europe, the sole purely European people and must enjoy the right to inhabit the region from the Vosges to the Soviet borders, from the Baltic to the Adriatic".

This is the plan of the Nazi extremists. It is the familiar concept of the "master race". And it is a concept that is now crystallizing into definite shape. Already the Nazis differentiate between "*Staatsangehörige*" and "*Volksangehörige*", that is to say between subjects of a State and members of a nation. All Germans outside the Reich are members of the German nation (*Volk*.) This is their primary status. Inferior to that is their status as citizens of the State to which they belong. That is the broad Nazi theory—one which by its nature constitutes a direct menace to the integrity and independence of States containing large German minorities.

This Nazi theory is now being fully elaborated, and Germans abroad are being trained to play their part in establishing this German mastery. As far back as August, 1937, at the Conference of the *Auslands Organization* (Foreign Organization) of the Nazi Party, Herr Rudolf Hess presented banners to delegates from Nazi groups in countries as widespread as Bolivia and Greece, France and Paraguay, Panama and Great Britain. Herr Hess also awarded special honours for good work in 1937 to the national group leader in Brazil (director of 87 local Nazi groups), the national group leader in British India, the leader in South Africa and Tanganyika, and many other leading Nazi functionaries in Holland, Belgium, Rumania, Egypt, China, Australia and Chile.

Wherever he may be, the German abroad is drawn into this world network. In every country where such activity is tolerated, there is a Nazi organization with a complex system of subdivisions. The core is the Nazi cell. This does not come out into the open. To organize it is the function of the "German Colony" in each place. Round the Nazi cell are grouped the subsidiary organizations—the German Labour Front, the German School Associations, the German Church Associations, the League of German Women Abroad, the Hitler Youth Movement, Winter Help, etc.

In Great Britain, for instance, the Nazis have their "Brown House" in Wilton Road, Victoria, from whence they will shortly transfer to the more commodious space of the former Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square. London itself is divided into Nazi districts, each district having its own "cell". The

North London Nazi cell met last winter in a Dalston Restaurant ; the Central London Nazis in Porchester Hall ; West London Nazis at Eaton Rise, Ealing. There are also Nazi cells in the provinces—the Sussex cell met in a tea room in Brighton, the Surrey cell in Sutton. In addition the Labour Front (which all Germans are compelled to join) also has cells in London, and its members are organized in their trades and professions. Nazi women clerks meet in Ealing. On different days the Technical Group meets at the same Ealing address, while Nazi dealers and traders meet in the West Central district.

Some of the activities of these groups are, of course, purely social and unobjectionable. But the sacred duty of espionage—conveying “information”—which is instilled into each Nazi Party member, and the extent to which members of these cells and groups are subject to intimidation from those in control, renders suspect the activities of these Nazi organizations. Their work in South Africa has already proved highly embarrassing to the Government of the Union, which has found it necessary for its own protection to declare the Nazi organization illegal.

This year a code for Germans Abroad has been drawn up and has already been secretly issued to members of the German minority abroad. The code is believed to have been drafted by Dr. Goebbels and approved by Herr Hitler. It draws up eleven “Commandments” for “Germans Abroad”; the following are the most interesting to non-Germans :

“Every German must keep up social contacts exclusively with Germans, because in that way he helps to fortify the German spirit among those who are either weak or wavering.

Every German abroad must support economically only Germans and buy in German shops. Only if there are no Germans may he buy from other Aryans.

Every German employer must employ only German labour. No German should work with or support Jews in any way.

Do not forget that your place is in German and not foreign organizations.”*

Germans in Poland were told to “study the orders of the *Führer* and act accordingly”. Immediately afterwards, reports the *Sunday Times* Correspondent, in Warsaw, “a strong boycott was proclaimed against all non-German shops and businesses in Western Poland, Volhynia, and Southern Poland”.

In Czecho-Slovakia, the Nazis have exploited racial self-

**Sunday Times*, 5th March, 1939.

determination to the utmost. The claims of the Sudeten Germans were used to break the back of the Czech State. Then the remaining Germans were the agents of an enterprise designed to stifle the last breath of Czech independence. The members of the small German minority in the Czecho-Slovak rump were organized into a compact mass owing obligations solely to the German *Volk* and none to the Czecho-Slovak State. Their leader, Dr. W. Kundt demanded for all the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia the same rights and privileges as members of the Nazi Party in Germany—the right to wear Nazi uniforms, display Nazi flags, publish Nazi newspapers, organize Nazi Courts of Justice, and, finally, drill an army of their own ready to be incorporated into the Reichswehr in the event of war. Dr. Kundt was clearly not content with equality between the German minority and the Czech inhabitants of Bohemia and Moravia. His whole attitude was inspired by the notion that the German minority was a privileged class in Czecho-Slovakia. That conception has now been put into grim effect, and the Nazis have succeeded in destroying the Czech state by the use of the technique of brow-beating which Herr Hitler analyses so carefully in *Mein Kampf* :

“A shrewd victor will, if possible, keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees. He can then, in dealing with a nation which has lost its character—and this means each one that submits voluntarily—count on its never finding in any particular act of oppression a sufficient excuse for taking up arms once more.

On the contrary, the more the exactions that have been willingly endured, the less justifiable does it seem to resist at last on account of a new and apparently isolated (though in fact constantly recurring) imposition”.

Throughout south-eastern Europe the German minorities are the advance-guard of Nazi expansion. Thus the German minority in Rumania, about three quarters of a million strong, was, until the establishment of the Third Reich, loyal to the Rumanian State. Now, thanks to the activity of Nazi agents who have worked ceaselessly to this end since 1933, this loyalty has been transferred to Germany.

Most of the half million Germans in Yugoslavia live in Croatia and Slovenia. The Nazis in fact describe Slovenia as “Germanic territory” and regard the Germans as the governing class of this part of Yugoslavia. Through these Germans the Nazi Party is able to organize espionage, propaganda and sedition. Semi-

military organizations have been created, and illegal Nazi activities are carried out under the cloak of innocent sports, and even musical associations. The *Kulturbund* (Cultural League) has a membership of 90,000 Germans and aims to increase the "German" consciousness among the German minority and to develop this along Nazi lines. In addition a regular policy of colonization of Slovenia by Germans is being carried out. Germans residing in Yugoslavia are provided by the Nazi Party with money to buy landed estates bordering the strategic roads and railways running from Vienna to Trieste through Slovene territory. In the town of Maribor, on the Austrian frontier, Germans are now in possession of 57 per cent. of the landed estates. In order to escape the law of April, 1937, which regulates the purchasing of land by foreigners, the Nazis frequently make use of a Slovene man of straw. In the summer of 1938 a poor farmer purchased a landed estate at St. Kriz, on the Austrian frontier, to the value of £4,200. Immediately afterwards the real purchaser, a rich German merchant, put upon it a mortgage to the value of the estate.

On the West, German minorities are also used for Nazi purposes. In Holland the Dutch Government has had to take frequent action against Nazi conspirators. As far back as 1933 the activity of the Netherlands unit of the Nazi Party was directed so openly against the Dutch laws and advocated so frankly the annexationist aims of the Nazis that for a time the Nazis had to withdraw their chiefs in view of the protests made against them by the Dutch people. Again in 1935 the Dutch authorities had to deport the Nazi Commissioner for interfering in the internal affairs of Holland. However, Nazi activities continue, so much so that the Nazi Labour Front is more developed in Holland than in any country outside Germany itself.

In Denmark, the Nazi Party runs a subsidiary called the *Landesgruppe Dänemark*, with headquarters in Copenhagen. Its members are propagandists—and many of them are also spies. As far back as December, 1937, Herr Jacobsen, Chief of the Danish Police, stated that hardly anybody would believe it possible if they knew on what a scale spying is practised in Denmark. In both Norway and Sweden German residents are regimented in the Nazi movement.

In Switzerland Nazi penetration works through four main channels. First, through the Nazi Party in Switzerland. In almost every Swiss town there is a Nazi Party group, with its various subsidiary organizations, all financed and directed from Germany. Next is the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda, which has an agency in Lucerne and which carries on ceaseless activity in the Swiss Press, theatre, and cinema. Thirdly, there is the *Frei Verein für das Deutschthum in Ausland* (Union for Germans Abroad). Finally the *Gestapo* (Secret Police) is reputed to have at least 500 secret agents in Switzerland. The Swiss newspaper *Die Nation* recently reported from its Lucerne Correspondent that instructions, emanating from Germany, had been found on German engineers employed in certain Swiss factories, in which these engineers were ordered, in the event of the outbreak of war, not to return to Germany. Their task was to remain in Lucerne. The Italians also have their spies in Swiss factories. In 1935 a new model machine-gun which was stolen from the Swiss arms factory at Soleure re-appeared in large quantities in Abyssinia as one of the weapons of Italian attack.

The Rome Government is now pushing forward with energy the organization of an Italian *irredenta* in Italian Switzerland, but it appears to have as little prospect of success as the earlier Italian movement which in 1934 proclaimed the Fascist march on Bellinzona, capital of Italian Switzerland. This was intended to be "Switzerland's March on Rome". But despite the presence of 150 Italian Fascists who had come over especially from Italy, the march collapsed. Its leader Rossi got so far as to shout *Avanti* in Bellinzona Square and to call on his centurions to seize control. However the anti-fascists proved stronger and dismantled the centurions.

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The Rome-Berlin Axis does not depend solely on its own nationals for the success of its expansionist campaign. There are few European countries without a racial minority and few racial minorities without a grievance, real or imaginary. It is the deliberate policy of the Rome-Berlin Axis to stimulate those grievances and to support minority claims in all countries which stand in the way of Axis expansion.

This *divide et impera* strategy has inspired Germany's policy

towards Czecho-Slovakia since Munich. The Nazi Government, and not merely Nazi extremists, deliberately fomented, financed and armed the Separatist parties who set up as representatives of the Slovak and Ruthenian peoples. Slovakian irredentism was organized from Vienna. In the recent crisis not only were the displaced separatist Slovak Ministers openly directing their anti-Czech activities from Germany itself—with the active help of Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the Governor of Austria, who played such a conspicuous part in the annexation of Austria exactly a year ago—but also on the Danube quay at Bratislava German arms were being openly landed for the German minority and for the Hlinka Guards.

Ruthenia is intended by the Nazis to play a far more important rôle than Slovakia. Herr Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*—and his actions and speeches, particularly since the seizure of Austria, have shown that all he wrote in *Mein Kampf* must be taken seriously :

“ When we talk today in Europe of new land and soil we can only think, in the first place, of Russia and the subject States on her borders ”.

Ruthenia (which the Nazis have insisted on being called “ Carpathian Ukraine ”) is to be the spearhead of this eastward drive. Immediately after Munich the Nazi Party launched a movement for the inauguration of an independent Ukrainian state to include Ruthenia, as well as extensive regions of Poland, Soviet Russia and Rumania. Stalin referred recently to this Nazi ambition “ to annex that elephant the Soviet Ukraine to that beetle the so-called Carpathian Ukraine ”. There is evidence that the Nazis attach great importance to this plan. In Berlin a “ Confidential Ukrainian Bureau ” has been opened by Dr. Syschko, an officer in the former Ukrainian army. A “ Ukrainian Legion ” has been formed and expects to be 60,000 strong by the end of May of this year. Schools for training Ukrainian agitators and propagandists have also been opened in Germany, and at least one German broadcasting station is at the service of Ukrainian propaganda.

The forty-five million or more Ukrainians are scattered in Soviet Russia (where the overwhelming majority of them live) Poland, Rumania, and Ruthenia. By encouraging the grievances of these Ukrainians, and arming and financing them,

the Nazis hope so to disrupt the Soviet Ukraine, Poland and Rumania as to eliminate all resistance to the *Drang nach Osten*. (Nazi nationalist propaganda, of course, is not confined to Europe. An elaborate Pan-Arab organization has its headquarters on the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin and has ample funds at its disposal. In the Near East, the Nazis have set up two main propaganda centres. The one in Baghdad covers Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon. The other in Cairo directs Nazi work in Egypt, Sudan, Transjordan, and Palestine).

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Anti-Bolshevism has proved to be another effective camouflage. Whereas in 1914 opposition to the idea of the “ master race ” and the German plan for world power was on the whole solid, contemporary German racial Imperialism has unwitting supporters in all countries as a result of the subtle Nazi use of the conflict between capital and labour. The Nazis calculate that democratic capitalists prefer to abandon democracy rather than permit the overthrow of capitalism. The more obtrusive representatives of this “ Fifth Column ” are the indigenous Fascist parties—the “ Iron Guard ” in Rumania, the “ Hlinka Guard ” in Slovakia, the “ Cagoulards ” in France, the Nazi Party in Holland, and Denmark, the “ Rexists ” and “ Dinasos ” in Belgium, the “ Lappo ” movement in Finland, and many more. Less obtrusive but more influential than these avowed Fascists are those whom the French have classified as *Cagoulards*—men so obsessed by the fear of Bolshevism that they are willing to sacrifice national safety by collaborating with their country's aggressors, rather than run the risk of co-operating with the forces of peace which in some cases—particularly the U.S.S.R.—stand politically on the Left.

To win the support of these reactionary forces, every act of expansion made by the modern aggressors is made by them to appear as a move against Communism. Thus Japan launched her war on China on the grounds that the Nanking Government was “ tainted with Communism ”. Yet for ten years, at the very time when Japan was extending her influence in China, Chiang Kai Shek and his Government were actively fighting the Chinese Red Army in an attempt to destroy Communism in China.

There is a close historical parallel to this ideological camouflage in the Holy Alliance of the nineteenth century. In its original form the Holy Alliance was an innocent and pious declaration made in 1815 by the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who undertook to govern in accordance with Christian principles. It was as harmless a declaration as the Anti-Comintern Pact. Yet within five years the three despots were making concerted efforts to crush all liberal and revolutionary movements in Europe. Revolutions were suppressed by their intervention in Spain and Naples. Professor G. M. Trevelyan has described the methods of coercion that were employed by the nineteenth century dictators. The Bourbon Government, restored by force in Naples in 1821, proceeded, he says,

"to a barbarous persecution of virtue and intellect such as the Holy Alliance was organizing with local variations all over Europe. The dragooning of the German universities, the destruction of the Polish constitution, the police system which put men in prison for possessing a volume of Gibbon or Montesquieu, bade fair to put out the light of Europe's culture in the course of suppressing her liberties".

The same threat faces Europe to-day.

The invasion of Manchuria, Abyssinia and Spain is clear evidence that war is also available as an extension of the technique analysed above. Has not Herr Hitler himself declared that an alliance whose object is not a future war is senseless and useless? And when war is waged, it is not only without formal declaration, but in the teeth of protestations of peace.

THE SPIRIT OF SWITZERLAND IN 1939

By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

TO no onlooker country can the recent events have been more immediately and profoundly shocking than to Switzerland. Herr Hitler's seizure of Austria provided itself an uncomfortable precedent. From a military point of view Switzerland became more vulnerable when the Vorarlberg was annexed by the Reich. In August Lord Runciman was sent to Czechoslovakia in order to press upon the Czechs plans for their Swissification. But, in September, Herr Hitler made short shrift of such projects, condemned the conception of a multi-national state, and proceeded to break up the Czechoslovak Republic with the helpless consent of Great Britain and France, and in spite of French treaty obligations. The British Government spoke of guaranteeing the newly projected frontier of the Czechs and the Slovaks, and then sat back while Germany, Poland and Hungary reduced them *ad absurdum*. It could but be supposed that the internationally guaranteed neutrality of Switzerland might at any moment become meaningless. Indeed, in the German *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* a campaign was soon begun, according to which Germany claimed to re-interpret the neutrality of the Swiss; in future they were to renounce all public criticism of the totalitarian States and in fact to allow their Press to become part of the Rome-Berlin propaganda machine—a long first step towards annexation and *Gleichschaltung*. The hitherto close economic relationship between Germany and Switzerland was also, according to German theories, to complete the subjection of the Swiss.

In the Nazi view Switzerland is an anachronism and will soon be swept away in the "racial" age in which we live. The Hitler Youth, for example, is taught that the German-speaking three-quarters of Switzerland will inevitably be absorbed by the Nazi Reich, while the French and Italian portions will in all

probability fall away to France and to Italy. It is all the more remarkable that the demoralizing events of 1938-39 and the intimidating presence of the Germans along their extended frontier with Switzerland have neither demoralized nor intimidated the Swiss. On the contrary pro-Nazi, or even pro-German influence, has lost ground. It is not altogether pleasant to speak with a Reich-German accent in Switzerland to-day. Racial ideas seem to have made no progress at all, even among young people of the age which in other countries shows itself particularly susceptible to crude ideologies. Among Swiss officers whose training has often been largely German, and who used to show pro-German sympathies, a change seems to have taken place; Colonel Wille, who was once regarded as the leading pro-German officer, has now expressed himself strongly against the present Reich and has even made gestures towards the Social Democrats.

Immediately after the German annexation of Austria the pro-Nazi "Front" lost all its ten seats on the town council of its stronghold, Zürich. A few pro-Nazi publications have been suppressed, and others show signs of discouragement; their tendency to-day, like that of anxious Nazi propagandists in the United States, is no longer to indulge in unprofitable abuse of democracy, but to concentrate upon anti-Semitism, which, at least, appeals to the medical students of Zürich University. The most notorious pro-Nazi paper in Switzerland at the moment claims to be the organ of the E.S.A.P. or *Eidgenössische Sozialistische Arbeiter Partei* (Federal Socialist Workingmen's Party), but its backers in so far as they are Swiss have lately shown reluctance to continue to throw their money away. It is interesting that no paper in Switzerland, however pro-Nazi, has dared to talk frank Germanic racialism; it has only praised the methods of the Reich.

Clearly, one of Switzerland's most difficult problems is to carry through the reorganization, economic and military, which the circumstances of to-day demand, without sacrificing her federal character and her individualistic quality. The Catholic Conservatives have always been enthusiastically federalistic, partly, no doubt, because they represent the minority religion. It is among them to-day that one hears anxiety expressed

with regard to the various extensions of the activity of the Federal Government. If Switzerland lost her federal character, the federalists point out, the French and Italian-speaking Swiss might begin to develop a minority mentality, while so long as cantonal activity is great this will not occur; some of the cantons are, of course, bi-lingual, i.e., the cantonal and language frontiers do not coincide. While the German-speaking Swiss majority is most keenly alive to the Reich German menace to Switzerland and all that it implies, the French-Swiss are nowadays showing an increasing solidarity with the German-Swiss. Until recently influential conservative circles in French Switzerland, those represented by the *Journal de Genève* and the *Gazette de Lausanne*, were not unfriendly towards Nazi Germany, and in the Blum period, seemed far more afraid of France. These people were inclined to regard anti-Nazi feeling as the natural alarm of the "red" towns of Basle and Zürich, and their intense dislike for the Genevan Socialist, M. Nicole, and the French-Swiss Popular Front made them unsympathetic towards the democratic anxieties of the cantons closer to Germany. This French-Swiss conservatism now looks with greater suspicion towards Berlin. Among the Italian and Romansch-speaking Swiss there seems, but for very few exceptions, to have been less dissent from the German-Swiss point of view all along.

The decentralization of Switzerland even to-day is a remarkable, if delightful, phenomenon. Each canton uses different school text-books, and the school-child grows up to regard himself first as a citizen of the canton of Vaud or of Berne or of the Ticino; Swiss consciousness only comes later. The increase of military organization, which is essential, if even Swiss neutrality is to be at all adequately defended, is automatically a piece of centralization, and it is generally agreed that the economic problems of to-day necessitate an increase of the activity and authority of the Federal Government. The limitation of particularism in certain directions may actually constitute a step towards a more exact democracy. The Social Democrats at the moment are collecting signatures for an initiative which proposes that the Federal Council of Ministers (the Central Government executive) shall in future be elected by the people as a whole, and not, as the constitution at present

lays down, in joint session of the two Houses of Parliament. In the Council of Estates (*Conseil des Etats*) the small conservative cantons are equally represented with the rest, and this gives extra weight to the conservative element in the united Federal Assembly.

The Socialist initiative now being launched was in fact occasioned by the election of the industrialist and financier, Dr. Wetter, to be Minister of Finance last December. There was a widely spread feeling at the time that the Social Democrats should now be represented in the Federal Council, which at present consists of two members of the Catholic Party, one member of the conservative Peasant Party and four Free-thinking Liberals: Dr. Wetter, like his predecessor, belongs to the Free-thinking Party. Along with the proposal for the direct election of Federal Councillors it is now also proposed that their number shall be increased from seven to nine. While the direct-election plan is unlikely to go through, public opinion seems to be in favour of the extension of the Council of executive Ministers. Various meetings of the Free-thinking Liberals have been expressing themselves in favour of this, although the increase is aimed at bringing Socialists into the Federal Council, and the Free-thinking Party is politically opposed to the Socialists. These, together with the Catholic Conservatives, are the three big parties in Swiss political life, the Free-thinkers having 48 members in the National Council and 15 in the Council of Estates, the Socialists 50 and 3, the Catholics 42 and 18, in the two Chambers respectively. Parliamentary elections are due next autumn, together with the election of the whole Federal Council.

The president of this Council is now M. Etter, a Catholic Conservative, whom one may meet any day in Berne waiting at the Government buildings bus-stop when it is time to go home to lunch. M. Motta, President for so many years, has since 1920 been Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Motta is very much opposed to the idea of bringing the Socialists into the Government coalition, but the feeling of the country as a whole is probably against him. For there is a general feeling that he is too ready to compromise with the dictatorships. The Socialists, and the Young Catholics, who are strong in Lucerne, condemned

his recognition of the Franco *régime* as too hasty, and they regard him as altogether too weak in defending the liberty of the Swiss press. In the newspapers and at meetings protests have been loud. In February, for instance, a Young Catholic railwayman named Abegg denounced M. Motta as an enemy to the League of Nations and a dishonour to Switzerland; Abegg has in consequence been suspended from his job, and M. Motta is to bring a case against him. While many of the Swiss, including a section of the Free-thinking Liberals, feel restive with regard to the policy of the Federal Council, it is not at present true that the Swiss press has ceased to be free. A commission of journalists is responsible for preventing journalistic excess, but it is perfectly possible to publish all items of news and all comments which avoid exaggerated abusiveness. If the reasons for suppressing the *Journal des Nations* last autumn were perhaps not sufficiently clear, it has been seen that some pro-Nazi publications (the *Schweizerdegen* and the *Schweizervolk*) have also been banned.

The economic pressure which Germany is able to exert upon most of her small neighbours seemed at one time to be very considerable in the case of Switzerland. It was not that Switzerland itself, a highly industrialized State, was a particularly good market for German manufactures, nor a source of raw materials, but the Swiss hôteliers were eager to be on good terms with a country which could offer such enormous numbers of tourists, while Swiss bankers were in the habit of investing large sums of capital in the Reich. Proximity, moreover, caused Switzerland, in fact, to import more from and export more to Germany than any other country. Switzerland's deficit was—hypothetically at least—balanced by the payment of interest upon her investments. Since her devaluation in 1936, however, Switzerland has been able to export more to other countries, while Germany is becoming less and less able to buy. At first French currency weakness and Germany's appetite for mechanical imports useful for armaments concealed this tendency, but it has now become clear. The number of German tourists has greatly declined, but the Germans have been more than replaced by French, by Dutch, and by British visitors. Meanwhile the Swiss have extracted some of their capital from Germany, and, by increasing their exports, are more nearly able to balance their

foreign trade accounts. At present the economic danger provided by Germany is something quite different. Swiss unemployment, in spite of serious and partly successful efforts to reduce it, is still substantial; especially in the Rheintal in the canton of St. Gallen near the old Austrian frontier the lace-makers are in very great distress. When Germany seized Austria attractive rumours of employment for everyone came across from Vorarlberg, and disturbed the loyalty of St. Gallen, but the rumours are less attractive now, and the Swiss authorities are pushing on with relief measures. Germany has another trump card. She is short of skilled labour herself and has brought some hundreds of Swiss watchmakers into South Germany; it remains to be seen how they will react to German conditions and whether a German watch industry of dangerous competitive strength will be established.

Apart from unforeseeable international developments or some machiavellian intrigue, unemployment is Switzerland's most serious weak spot in her relations with Germany. It has been seen that the different racial groups and the different political parties have been drawn into closer co-operation by recent events. In the cantonal elections in Zürich this March, although the two big competitors, Freethinking Liberals and Social Democrats fought a vigorous electoral campaign, the identity of their chief aims for the present was astonishingly exact and could be summed up singly as the defence of the country as it now is. On the very frontier of Swastika-Germany the Free-thinking party's election appeal was headed by a figure with sword and shield guarding the mountains of Switzerland with the legend—*Freisinn* (a free conception of life)—printed beneath it. The special appeal to the young electors included these words. "The most beautiful pages in the history of Swiss civilization are those which tell of readiness to help the persecuted and those who are hungry in body and soul". The Free-thinking Party is regarded by the Left as too rich and conservative, but the Social Democrats might have used the same words.

It is interesting, too, that though it is officially condemned there is a silent boycott in Switzerland against goods from Nazi Germany. In the most exposed towns, Basle and Schaffhausen there are Social Democrat authorities who watch the activities of

the German railway and customs officials with the greatest care. Youth organizations among students and others have multiplied since the Czech crisis and the Munich surrender, and the big majority of the population is preparing itself against the possibility of a sudden attack. In two years one milliard Swiss francs have been spent upon extra military expenses, the period of military service has been increased, and all men from 20 to 60 have their instructions with regard to mobilization. Meanwhile most of the women students of Zürich, for example, have volunteered for hospital work, etc., and the Swiss towns have rehearsed their air raid black-outs.

Though the Federal Government assumes incredulity towards rumours of a sudden German invasion of Switzerland, with a view to the intimidation of France, the ordinary man is well aware of the danger. Many Swiss people are more afraid of some new Nazi trickery, some-money-or-your-life bargain which might, as in the case of the Czechs, speedily turn their independence into helplessness. Though they probably know that they could not hold the Germans up for long, most of the Swiss long for frank invasion rather than the possible alternatives. Every Swiss man is a soldier with his gun at hand in his home; if the frontier is touched those guns will be fired, the people swear, whatever *mot d'ordre* they receive. To-day they have reason to hope that France and England may help them, and many are eager to save Europe by their example, even at the cost of a desperate war.

A.R.P. SHELTERS

BY DUNCAN SANDYS, M.P.

THE earlier arrangement under which air-raid precautions was entrusted to the Home Secretary as a kind of minor side-line, was a system which did justice neither to the Minister nor to the job.

A Minister who was preoccupied with piloting current legislation through the House of Commons, with the complex and steadily increasing problems of aliens and refugees, with the responsibility of maintaining public order and all the other hundred and one daily duties of a Home Secretary, could hardly be expected to create, in addition, an effective and nation-wide system of Civil Defence.

A fresh impetus and a new drive in the progress of our air raid precautions became evident immediately after the appointment of Sir John Anderson to his present post, and his recent speech in the House of Commons gave welcome evidence of the advance which had been made. It is not too much to say that a complete revolution has taken place in the Government's attitude towards some of the principal questions which are raised by the complex and elusive problems which have come to be known as A.R.P.

Air attack presents three dangers—gas, fire and high explosive. In the early stages, air precautionary schemes were mainly directed towards countering the menace of gas.

Nothing that was done in that connection has been either unnecessary or superfluous. The danger of a gas attack consists not so much in the casualties which it may inflict as in the panic which it may cause. Gas is an unknown quantity to most people, and something which is unknown is always more frightening than something with which we are familiar. If we are caught unprepared, there is nothing which would be more calculated to create panic than an intensive gas attack. If, on

the other hand, the public have become familiarized with the danger of poison gas, its nature and the means of combating it, and if the necessary personnel has been trained to deal with this menace, then it can practically be eliminated as a serious factor in air raids.

There is every reason to believe that we are now rapidly mastering this aspect of our problem. The distribution of many million of respirators and the other steps which are being taken are in the process of reducing the first of the three great air raid menaces to manageable proportions.

The problem of the incendiary bomb still remains to be solved. The danger to human life by this method of attack is comparatively small. But it is difficult to devise effective means of preventing the thousand and one fires which may be simultaneously started from spreading into a general conflagration. This problem is, however, largely one of manufacturing the necessary fire-fighting equipment and of training personnel. Both are making slow but steady progress. But our main attention must be concentrated upon meeting the third and most formidable of the weapons of air attack—the high explosive bomb. And it is on this subject the greatest controversy has arisen.

Before the recent appointment of Sir John Anderson, the Government's policy had been based on the recommendations laid down in the old Householder's Handbook. It was the policy of the gas-proof "refuge-room". The "refuge-room" was, if possible, to be located in a cellar or basement, but, failing that, any room below the top floor was to be prepared by gumming paper on the windows and stopping up the chimney. Such a policy showed a complete disregard for the realities of the problem.

The refuge-rooms would not, in fact, have protected the civilian population from any of the real dangers of a raid. They would not even have helped to maintain their morale. Indeed, the very reverse would in all probability have been the case. During peacetime, a certain comfortable sense of security would no doubt have been experienced. But, in the event of war, the first bomb that fell would have shattered the whole of this

"sticky paper" policy, and in addition, the confidence of the public in the Government would have been seriously shaken. For when their windows were blown in, sticky paper and all, the people would have felt that they had been deceived, and their indignation would have been very great indeed.

The effect of an air-raid on the nerves of the population is bad enough. But when on top of ordinary fear you add a legitimate sense of public grievance, you have all the makings of a very ugly situation.

By far the most important thing which Sir John Anderson has done since his appointment to office is to scrap the old refuge-room policy of the Householder's Handbook, and to substitute for it the very real protection of what has become known as the Anderson steel shelter and the reinforced basement.

It is most regrettable that a campaign is now being conducted on the platform and in the Press against these shelters. Nobody suggests that they are capable of resisting a direct hit, but any fair-minded person must recognize that they do afford an extremely high degree of protection against blast, splinters and falling masonry.

To provide a hundred per cent protection for the entire population against the danger of high explosive is almost impossible. We have got to accept that fact, unpleasant and ugly though it is. Like the soldiers at the front, so also will the civilians in any future war inevitably suffer heavy casualties.

Experience in Barcelona has shown that if no protection is available, people may be killed by concussion, splinters, collapsing ceilings, falling walls, flying furniture and similar dangers at distances of a hundred yards and more from the place where the bomb falls. But the number of casualties can be immeasurably reduced if they can be limited to the relatively small area which is affected by a "direct hit". To reduce this area to a minimum must, in fact, be the principal object of our efforts.

There are three essential requirements for an air raid shelter. The first is that it must be easily accessible, that is to say, it must be close to the factory or to the home of the people for whom protection is intended. In the second place it must be so designed as to avert panic both inside and outside. It must,

therefore, either be small, or, if it is to accommodate a large number of people, then it must be sub-divided and externally approachable by a number of separate entrances. The third essential is that it must provide the greatest possible degree of protection. Now the new Anderson steel shelter satisfies the first and second of these requirements completely. It is very close at hand—in the back yard—and obviously there can be no danger of panic whatsoever. As regard the third point, there is very nearly complete safety from anything short of a direct hit, or of a bomb which falls so close as to be rated as a virtual direct hit.

The critics of the Anderson plan raise the demand for "deep shelters for all". If we were devising a theoretically ideal shelter the type we should probably choose would be the continuous deep bomb-proof tunnel running along all our streets, to which access could be obtained by entrances at frequent intervals on the pavements. But it is obvious that, from an engineering as well as from a financial standpoint, such a scheme is not a practical proposition. The alternative, which is presumably envisaged, is a widespread development of large bomb-proof refuges of the type which has recently been proposed by the Borough of Finsbury, and which has received so much attention in the press.

There is, beyond question, the need for such "stronghold" shelter in a number of special cases. Apart from the problem of large shelters at certain points for persons caught in the streets, effective protection against even a direct hit by a large bomb is required for officials working in vital "nerve centres", such as essential Government offices, A.R.P. Control posts, operating theatres, and, if possible, first-aid and casualty clearing stations as well. In addition, there are certain factories, power stations, docks and other concerns of national importance which an enemy might think it worth while to single out for specific attack, and which, therefore, require a correspondingly high degree of protection.

These should be listed as "Target Areas". Plans should be made for the evacuation from these districts of all residents in case of emergency, whilst deep shelters should be provided for those who will be required to carry on their work in these

factories. The plans would also, of course, have to make provision for rehousing these workers as near as possible outside the danger area.

In very exceptional circumstances, moreover, certain areas in which the population is very densely crowded and the houses are of especially poor construction, might also have to be treated as "Target Areas". That is to say, the inhabitants would either have to be evacuated or provided with stronghold shelter accommodation.

For the general mass of the population, however, the idea of the large, completely bomb-proof shelter must be rejected. It is not for reasons of economy. If it were necessary the money should be found. Nor is it even on the grounds of the urgency of the situation and the shortness of time. The decisive test is efficiency. And on consideration it will be seen that large deep shelters do not satisfy either of the first two essential requirements referred to above. In the first place, they cannot be sufficiently close for a very big proportion of the people for whose protection they are intended. It is obvious that if the shelter is going to accommodate several thousands of people, the area from which these people would be drawn must necessarily be a large one, and therefore the distance which many of them would have to come would be correspondingly long. In the second place, the large bomb-proof shelter presents a serious danger of congestion and panic.

The importance of these two points cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is absolutely essential, if a shelter is to be effective that it be close at hand. Under war conditions people will very rapidly become hardened and casual. They will disregard even the gravest dangers. If air raids are frequent, as there is every reason to suppose that they will be, a large proportion of the public will become more and more reluctant to go even a few hundred yards to a shelter, especially at night-time. It is probable that even with the new steel shelters there will be many people who may prefer to take the risk of being bombed in their beds rather than have to get up and go out into the cold and darkness of the shelters close by in their back yards. Due weight must be given to such personal considerations in any discussion of our A.R.P. policy.

The second objection, however, is the one which will arouse the greatest misgiving. The indiscriminate extension of large shelters might well give rise to the most serious dangers. It has been proposed that some of these mass refuges should accommodate up to 12,000 people. Shelters on such a scale are bound to create grave risks of congestion and confusion at the entrances as well as in the streets leading up to those entrances. And once inside the danger of panic would be appalling. One can imagine oneself standing on the vast spiral ramp of one of these Finsbury shelters somewhere half way down, with 6,000 people below one and another 6,000 people above—a sea of human bodies all round. It is not a pleasant thought. A very few cases of claustrophobia might easily stampede the whole 12,000. One catastrophe of that kind, and no one would ever again dare to go into one of these mass shelters.

For these reasons, even if there were unlimited money and unlimited time, there is little to recommend a policy of large bomb-proof refuges for the whole of the population in vulnerable areas. What is more, unlimited money is not available. In 1936 A.R.P. was still an unfamiliar subject. In 1937 £3,000,000 were allocated for the first tentative developments. By 1938 this had increased to £9½ million. The estimates for the current year make provision for an expenditure of no less than £42 million. In addition to this, the local authorities will raise a sum amounting to about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the total contributed by the State.

These figures give some picture of the rapid and extensive growth of expenditure on A.R.P. that cannot be overlooked. Although Parliament is growing accustomed to voting sums amounting to hundreds of millions of pounds for defence, the financial resources and credit of even this country are not limitless. There is no room for waste. As for the question of time, that is certainly not unlimited either. The international situation is deteriorating from day to day. We cannot possibly tell how soon we may not require to use the shelters which we are now preparing. The knowledge that deep shelters had been planned would be no comfort. The emergency we fear may well overtake us long before any such schemes could be completed.

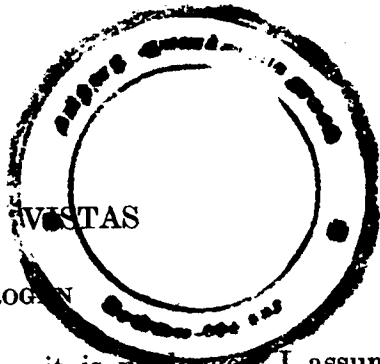
If we are to have any sense of security we need shelters now—not in a year or eighteen months time.

The aim of our A.R.P. policy must clearly be to provide the greatest protection for the greatest number in the shortest possible time. The new steel household shelter may not be the very best form of protection which could be devised in any circumstances. But under present conditions, the Anderson scheme does, with very little delay, offer a reasonable degree of security to a very large proportion of our population.

The development of these plans, moreover, may have a wider effect than merely to increase the preparedness of this country for war. It may materially improve the prospects of peace. The distribution and erection of these steel shelters will make a very profound impression abroad—more perhaps than the production of many guns and aeroplanes. It will demonstrate to other countries the resolute and stout-hearted attitude of the mind of our people. It will show that the British nation is not a nation whose nerves it would be easy to shake. It will show, moreover—and it needs showing now before it is too late—that there is a limit to the price which even the British people are prepared to pay for peace. Every family who erect one of these shelters in their back garden or back-yard will, far more effectively than any speech by any Cabinet Minister, be demonstrating to the world that, if all our efforts at conciliation should finally fail, the British people, rather than sacrifice the freedom which is their birthright, are in the last resort ready and resolved to face the grim ordeal of war with calm determination.

UNDEMOCRATIC VESTAS

By D. W. BROGAN



IN these days of scientific testing it is no longer, I assume, customary to demand of the citizen charged with "having drink taken", as they put it in Ireland, to clear or condemn himself by the degree of conviction or clarity with which he pronounces the magic formula "British Constitution". Which thing is an allegory, for the sacred constitution itself shows signs of deviation from the customary path of sober adherence to the canons laid down by Bagehot, and it is no longer easy to steer a course along the chalked line of propriety and precedent marked out by such sign-posts as Cabinet responsibility and popular mandate. We still use the traditional language as if we were living in the age of Salisbury or Campbell-Bannerman, but the fictions are increasingly fictitious, if only because the admirable art of doing one thing with an air of doing something quite different—and much more conventionally correct—comes naturally to Lord Baldwin, but with the greatest difficulty to his less bland successor. In politics, as in the kindred art of conjuring, the trick is to distract the audience with really irrelevant patter while the rabbit is slipped into the hat. To achieve this end the late Prime Minister seemed hardly to need to try; whether he was acting the plain blunt man or indulging in graceful Virgilian lamentations there was hardly a dry eye in the house, and wet eyes are not very good for seeing with. But Mr. Chamberlain is neither given to tears nor even manly sobs in the throat himself, nor is he productive of them in others. He has no place for the *lacrimæ rerum* and, in the comparatively dry light that beats on him, it is beginning to be seen, even by the casual spectator, that something very odd has been happening to that revered collection of rules of political good conduct, the British Constitution.

In the Bagehotian picture, the House of Commons is sovereign.

Chosen by the electors not merely for adherence to a political party but for their own sterling merits, Members of Parliament are watchdogs, holding the government to strict accountability for its promised programme, and, as no political situation is wholly static, in every shift of policy or practice imposed on the Government, the House watches, approves with or without conditions, or if it disapproves, turns out the Government. When Bagehot wrote, the picture had its plausibility. Between the resignation of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 and the triumph of Gladstone in 1868, there was no fixed party majority in the House of Commons. Weak Governments got along through the tolerance of their opponents; while a strong Government like that of Palmerston, came a cropper shortly after great triumphs at the polls when he misjudged the temper of the House. Gladstone could vote for the Government in the division that overthrew the Derby administration and become a leading member of the new Cabinet without exciting much more surprise than usual! In those days, the House of Commons did control the Government, at least in the French sense of the word control. It watched and warned. But it has long been recognized that those days are past. No Government with a regular party majority has been defeated since 1886, and even that is not a true parallel since, with the Irish added, the Conservatives tied with the Liberals. Yet in America wishful-thinkers, who are so numerous in the best circles, sigh after the long-dead English system! When the Administration Reorganization bill was defeated a year ago there was a chorus of comment that, had this occurred in England, Mr. Roosevelt would have had to resign—comment which ignored the fact that, had the division taken place in England, Mr. Roosevelt would not have been defeated, for Mr. Roosevelt would have been Prime Minister—and that officer has rapidly developed into somebody more sacred than a King of England or a President of the United States. He, unlike they, can while in office do no wrong, politically speaking, that is. No sanction will be imposed on him by his faithful Commons, no matter what he does, and the task of approving or condemning his conduct is the exclusive right of the electorate. In short, the Prime Minister has developed into a kind of plebiscitary monarch, elected for a period of about five years and, provided

he has the physical and mental stamina to last out, he is entitled to impose his policy on the Cabinet and on Parliament. Being a human being he is, of course, open to influence; to Press campaigns, to party feeling, to all our hopes and fears. But like the dealer in the western faro game who was seen to be cheating by the tenderfoot, he has his right to do wrong. "It's his deal".

In an organized two-party system, with each party provided with a recognized leader, it is inevitable that a general election shall, among other things, designate a Prime Minister. What is novel, as the situation presents itself to-day, is the easy assumption by the Prime Minister of a position much more like that of an American President than of a parliamentary leader of a group of parliamentary leaders. As *The Times* rightly pointed out, the *Führer* principle is well on the way to being domesticated in England without the tiresome bother of a revolution.

There is, in these troubled days, much to be said for the concentration of authority and responsibility in some easily identifiable man or group. Although the French political system has many more merits than it is admitted to have in Britain, it does sin deeply and, perhaps, mortally in its almost complete failure to provide for responsibility and for authority. Because no one can do anything really important without the active or passive consent of several different groups of politicians and officials, it is not only rare to find anything done quickly and decisively in France, but, if it is done it is impossible to discover who did it. If it comes off, it was done by everybody; if it does not come off, by nobody. In quiet times this does not matter very much—except to the moralist, but these are not quiet times. In the British system there cannot be or, at least, need not be such evasion. Power is concentrated effectively in a small group or in one man. They, or he, can—if they will; they cannot plausibly plead impotence to excuse their failures. A governmental system which is excellently organized and disciplined, a people which, if not docile, is at least reverential—these instruments of action are in the hands of the few men or the one man whom our system puts in power. Increasingly, as has been suggested, that power has been put in one man's hands. His is the power, his should be the responsibility. But there's

the rub; there is the concentration of power but not the localization of responsibility. For it has become increasingly evident that the old methods of fixing responsibility and of exercising control are in decay, and no new methods have been as yet found to replace them.

The failure to fix responsibility has been very clearly demonstrated in the last few years. The old story of Melbourne telling his cabinet that it didn't matter what they said but they must all say the same thing, involved the corollary that when they had all resolved to say the same thing, they were all equally responsible for it. This view of collective responsibility seems to be rapidly decaying. We have, for instance, been treated to the spectacle of Lord Londonderry telling us how he disagreed with the policy pursued towards Germany, showing himself a severe critic of the lack of foresight, coherence and generosity in the British official attitude to Germany in the years before Munich. It will hardly be denied that Anglo-German relations were of primary importance in British policy or that the best will and intelligence of the Cabinet ought to have been directed to their consideration and that, if the policy of the Government was as short-sighted as Lord Londonderry suggests, the fault was grievous. But Lord Londonderry was a member of that Government; as far as is known, his retirement from the Cabinet was not due to his conviction of his colleagues' sin in this connection. In earlier days, one would have expected him to have resigned or, if for any reason, he did not think fit to do so, to accept his share of the responsibility. No doubt in minor matters disagreement, even acute disagreement, need not lead to resignation: we do not want a Gladstonian standard of propriety in these matters. But foreign policy, especially in relation to Germany, has been the great issue of our time.

Lord Londonderry is not the only sinner. The policy of applying sanctions to Italy was undertaken by a Cabinet of which Mr. Chamberlain was the second-in-command; it was ratified at a general election from which Mr. Chamberlain benefited, both by his own easy election and by the election of a large part of his present following. That policy failed, but its authors seem to have forgotten that they were responsible for it and, when their present policy is criticized, assume with

great ease and obvious sincerity an air of superior wisdom and experience, which would perhaps have become Bismarck or Richelieu at the height of their careers, but may well seem odd to the spectator who remembers that the "midsummer madness" was shared by a name-sake of the present Prime Minister. On his death-bed, Louis XIV. made some amends for his political sins by confessing them. Mr. Chamberlain's present policy and attitude will be better justified when he admits that he has been very badly wrong in the recent past, but that it has been a lesson to him.

The oddest example of this decay of any sense of responsibility is the repeated plea that the deplorable and disgraceful state of our defences last autumn was the fault of the Opposition. The National Government has been in power a year and a half longer than Herr Hitler. Starting from scratch, Herr Hitler has built up the formidable power before which Europe stands appalled. During that time the British Government has, despite repeated promises and stout assertions, allowed our defences to become scandalously inadequate. The defence is that the Opposition prevented successful re-armament! This seems to be the only thing that the Opposition can do. Weak beyond precedent; unable to persuade its own supporters that it has any chance of victory; not able to persuade everybody that it wants victory it was yet able to prevent an overwhelmingly strong Government, mainly based on the support of the professionally patriotic party, from doing what it knew it should do. Even if all this were true, it would only clear the Government of a complete lack of ability by convicting it of a complete lack of character. But this story is widely accepted; otherwise intelligent persons, who were deeply distressed by the reported deficiencies of the fleet in the autumn of 1935 and of the army and air force in the autumn of 1938, but whose party loyalty will not allow them to censure either Lord Baldwin or Mr. Chamberlain, blame it all on the Opposition. How strong a Government would have to be before it dared to do what is right in its own eyes is a matter for pleasant speculation. Perhaps the 99% support given to Herr Hitler would be adequate—yet one is not quite sure! There seems danger, then, of the complete disappearance of the doctrine of responsibility, for if

neither individual members of a Government are responsible for the actions of the Government of which they remain a part, and if the Government as a whole is excused from doing what it saw to be its duty because the Opposition might not like it, where is responsibility to be found?

In normal times (a phrase that now has come to mean any time in the past whose main characteristics seem very unlikely to recur in the future), the sanction for such conduct would be the displeasure of the electorate. But that is not to be feared. Fortunately for the Government, the elector is not given the chance to blackball both sides; he must either abstain from voting or vote for that one of the candidates whom he dislikes least. A suggestion made some years ago by a kinsman of mine that there ought to be a Banquo's Ghost system to balance the Chiltern Hundreds, whereby the majority of electors in any constituency could vote against *all* candidates and thus publicly and willingly disfranchise themselves for the duration of a parliament, has a lot to be said for it, but it will not be adopted. The elector must then choose between two official candidates, usually between Labour and National. He has preferred to vote National for the last seven years—and seems likely to continue to do so. He may not like the performances of the National Government but he does not like the promises of their opponents any more. His vote is often less one of confidence in the Government, than of complete no-confidence in the Opposition. This is not the place to go into the reasons for this state of affairs; it is enough to note its consequences. The Prime Minister need not fear defeat at the polls even though the platform on which his party has triumphed has been completely abandoned, and the country has, by the skin of its teeth, escaped dreadful perils into which its rulers brought it, ill-prepared to face the consequences and from which deliverance has been only achieved at considerable cost in pride and confidence.

It is at this stage that certain admirable or at any rate tolerable features of the old English political system begin to seem less admirable or tolerable in the new context. Confronted with the American or French party systems, the British observer is irritated at the excessive absence of logic in the American and the excessive presence of it in the French. The American

primary is the necessary complement of a system in which party lines have no intellectual justification, as the French second ballot is of a system in which they have little else. In the primary, the American elector, bound by the chains of tradition to vote only for one party, is given a chance at a preliminary election regulated by law to choose the standard-bearer of the party in the local district, and, as the party has no real doctrinal character, the voter in choosing the candidate may also often be expressing a preference for a policy. In France, where the elector wishes to vote at least once on doctrinal or sentimental lines, he can do so at the first ballot and then, on the second, express a preference for one of two candidates representing two general attitudes to public affairs. In Great Britain in the good old days, neither device, it could reasonably be held, was necessary. All over the country, two parties and two parties only stood opposed. And these two parties said "yes" or "no" to a number of questions which aroused general interest in the electorate. The list of issues was necessarily artificial, and the accumulation of one set on one side and another on the other side produced conjunctions of policies not very easy to justify to a pedantically-minded logician. But an identifiable programme and an identifiable personnel was offered to the country to take or leave; if it was taken the country knew what to expect, Asquith and Lloyd George, abolition of the Lords' veto, Home Rule, Social Reform, etc. The apparently incurable feebleness of the Opposition to-day means that the country is, in fact, only offered a bogus alternative. It has firmly refused to be won over to 'Socialism in our time' or at all. The Labour party is in the position of a suitor who, as is reported of Stendhal, imagines that the loved one is really captivated but by some cunning device of the enemy is kept from telling her love. Or, on the unkind view, the coldness of the voter to the Labour party's suit is not altogether distasteful to the party which finds the rôle of Don Juan at the balcony more attractive than that of Don Juan in bed. Whatever the explanation, over a great part of the country, the voter has no hope of unseating the sitting National members or does not wish to. However discontented he may be with his member or the Government he has no choice in the matter or thinks he has none.

In these circumstances, the methods whereby the candidates of the dominant party are chosen are of great importance. Unless the methods used result in electing a Parliament with a high proportion of men of intelligence and of independent judgment it cannot be a check on the autocracy of the Prime Minister whose general political responsibility, as I have suggested, has been whittled away, by the absence of an alternative Government and by the rapid decline in a sense of individual and collective responsibility which has accompanied and has, in part, at least been caused by the decline of the Opposition. If, in Parliament or the party caucus, there is not a substantial body of independent voters, the Prime Minister is freed from all but the shackles imposed by his conscience and intelligence, and if we can always rely on a British politician's conscience being on the job we admit—we even boast—that we can't always say the same for his intelligence.

Now it has only lately begun to dawn on the intelligent spectator of English politics that, over a century after the great Reform Bill, there are still a good many seats in Parliament open to the highest bidder or, at least, to any opulent Nabob, with the minimum legal qualifications, who can provide the large sums of money demanded by those constituencies where expenses seem in inverse proportion to the risk of the Conservative party's losing the seat. It is to the credit of the *Evening Standard* that for years past it has cast light on this good old eighteenth-century system, but light is not enough. When Americans first hear of this method of providing members for the Mother of Parliaments, their first naïve reaction is to say "but that's graft". This, of course, is an absurdly harsh judgment, but, leaving morals apart, one may wonder whether it is quite healthy that so many members should have as their main qualification a cheque book and the *congé d'élire* issued by the Central Office. In the days of effective rival parties, parties equally balanced with defined programmes, it may not have mattered much how the brute voters who followed their leaders through the lobbies were recruited. But it matters to-day. After the disillusionment of 1935-6 it can hardly be maintained that modern Governments regard themselves as closely bound by their electoral programmes. Indeed, as these programmes

largely concern foreign affairs, it may be argued that it is necessary that they should not, that the only commission the country can prudently give a government at an election is the *caveant consules* of Roman custom. If they take care that no harm befall the Republic, all will be forgiven them.

Earlier it has been suggested that our modern consuls are blandly unwilling to take responsibility for any untoward happenings. But there is more in it than that. The Roman people knew what they were getting. We don't. For, as an election becomes more and more a plebiscite on the name of a future Prime Minister, and as the winner can, if he wishes, take all effective power into his hands, it is surely worth noting that the winner may retire from office, as Lord Baldwin did, leaving his power to another man of whom the electorate may know little. Within the narrow circle of National party leaders, subject only to the check of the possible revolt of a rank-and-file of which a large part is recruited on a cash basis, the choice of the future quasi-dictator is made. Once in office, his decisions are of such great importance and his mistakes are so irreparable that the pressure on the Press, the wireless, the public speaker, on 'nice people' generally, not to say anything that may upset the apple-cart is great and is increasing. 'Don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best', is a kindly motto but not a democratic one, yet in more reverential forms it is being preached every day. So the long road ends, the electorate, parliament, the Cabinet, see more and more of their power passing into the hands of a man only answerable to his conscience and whose power for good or ill is so great that he seems to have a claim, like a great surgeon, to reverential silence until the operation is over. But in a democracy the spectator is also the patient, and if he is not to be allowed a word, wherein does he differ from the citizen of the totalitarian State? The Italian, the German, the Russian may all be forced to act as if they believed that their leaders are always right. We are allowed the luxury of thinking that he may be wrong, but we have no means of saying so until the collapse of the patient makes it obvious even to the operator. But then the operator is not responsible! The fault is with the timid spectator in the back row who coughed at the critical moment, or with the unknown forces which compelled the

great man to undertake an operation to which he strongly objected. Having earned our confidence by his hearty condemnation of an absurd experiment in which he had been a deeply disapproving if silent partner, he appeals for complete confidence in an entirely different treatment. And if that fails, the anæsthetist takes over with equal confidence while his predecessor retires full of honour and entitled to the national gratitude. Democracy is surely, at least, the power to say "No, we have had enough of that", the power to note that certain policies have not turned out well either because they were bad in themselves or because they were ill-executed.

* * * * *

There is one last danger that must be briefly referred to. Just as the real or alleged excessive devotion of some great newspapers to decorum and the avoidance of night starvation among their readers has created a market for the news-letter, despair of making Parliament at all responsive to its feelings may drive a great part of the public into thinking and acting along unparliamentary lines. Nothing should be easier than for the leaders of the present Conservative party to realize this danger, for was there not the Ulster campaign? Given the present electoral system, Parliament is bound grossly to exaggerate the weight of opinion behind the Government. The support it receives may be more negative than positive. But positive action is to-day constantly called for, and the Prime Minister no matter who he is, may suddenly find, in a great crisis, that he has seriously weakened the nation by offending forces and feelings inadequately represented in Parliament either among his supporters or his formal opponents. In every country, even in a country with universal suffrage, there is danger of a divergence between the "*pays légal*" and the "*pays réel*". A failure to remember this important distinction and a readiness to take as final the results produced by a highly artificial political system ended in ignominy the reign of that very astute monarch, Louis-Philippe. He, it may be remembered, was often to be seen carrying an umbrella, and the only newspaper he ever read was *The Times*.

THE VIKING

BY ALBERT JAROSY

HE was shown into my studio one afternoon in March of last year. Tall, fair, with the shoulders of a wrestler, he greeted me with the winning smile of the man who need have no hesitation about exhibiting his entire set of teeth.

He had heard about me, and had come straight along. No sherry for him, thank you. He never drank alcohol; but might he have a glass of milk? And he laughed like a mountain giant in the springtime, lighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably in his chair. This was the third week of his holiday trip; he was longing to get home again, he said.

When he heard that I never had been to Norway, his looks expressed the profoundest pity. How incredible—never in *Norge*! And he launched out into a description that fascinated me. The sea, the fjords, the majestic landscape and the endless solitude! And then the old-fashioned towns with their patricians, merchants and seamen; the life of the harbours! A paradise, peopled by women with inscrutable souls, that I must read about in Ibsen, and by nature-worshippers, who went wandering all over the world.

It sounded like the Suites of old Grieg and the boisterous music of Sinding. The Viking began talking of music. Where he came from, musicians had a glorious time. The State, sir, saw to their well-being, they were pampered!

Lucky Norwegians! thought I. They loved Nordic goddesses, and if by chance they had no money, the State came to the rescue. A paradise in truth! The Viking knocked out his pipe, looked at the clock and declared he was enjoying himself so much that he had forgotten the time. But before he left he would like to discuss a matter of importance with me. The main object of his journey was to engage a musician of note who could conduct the Opera in his native town. He was convinced that

I was the right man, and if I was prepared to leave Paris. . . . The terms he mentioned exceeded my boldest expectations.

"Think the thing over, and wire me your decision. I shall be at home in two days time".

When he had left the studio, I wondered whether the Viking were not the creature of a dream. But he wasn't. One morning there came a letter from him, the note-paper headed with the inscription "Norwegian National Theatre". My patron wrote that everything was satisfactorily settled. As I was to begin conducting the Opera in the autumn, he suggested I should spend the summer in the country, so as to get accustomed to their ways—as his guest, needless to say.

Three weeks later I took the boat at Rotterdam. My first considerable sea-trip! Glorious! And quite new people, nordic men and women, all unaware that I should soon be active in their midst. We entered the harbour late in the afternoon of the following day. What a picture! The town, surrounded by hills, the warehouses on the quay, the churches, silhouetted against the delicate tones of the sky . . . and the sudden, spontaneous chorus of the passengers, who for sheer joy at seeing their native land again were singing "*Ja, vi elsker dette land*".

The boat drew alongside. I looked in vain for the Viking. Had he not received my telegram? A taxi conveyed me over the bumpy macadam of the harbour quarter with its old-fashioned houses and narrow streets. But ere long the picture changed. Tall buildings in the latest style seemed planted haphazard about the town; even the hotel at which we drew up suffered from megalomania.

Having introduced myself to the proprietor as the future conductor of the Opera. I enquired if he knew the Viking.

"Who doesn't?" he asked laughing. "But did you say you were going to perform an Opera here?"

"Yes, that is, I'm going to conduct *your* Opera".

"Ours? Did Olaf kid you with *that*?"

"Kid me?"

"I'm sorry, but we *have* no Opera".

"And the National Theatre?"

"Is an old wooden building of the eighteenth century which contains a museum. Olaf is so fantastic!"

He pointed to his forehead. The affair was beginning to look bit sinister, and I said I must see the Viking at once. The landlord glanced at the clock.

"You won't find him at home now. He's playing the double bass in a pub outside the town. But come into the bar and I introduce you to Herr Kalsen; he writes for the evening paper, and will be able to put you wise".

In the dim light of the wainscotted bar several men sat over their port wine. The one in the corner over there was Kalsen. He looked like a skipper, tall, spare, with a cleanshaven face. The landlord introduced us and left us together.

"I don't want to appear indiscreet", said Kalsen, "but could you mind telling me about your relations with Olaf from the beginning?"

I described the Viking's visit, and the way everything had since developed. Kalsen drummed nervously on the table.

"I'm frightfully sorry it should have happened to you of all people", he said, "but there is unfortunately no doubt that Olaf is completely mad. Not only have we no Opera, but we couldn't possibly support one in our little town. How *could* you believe Olaf at sight like that?"

"Why should he deceive me?"

"Because you received him in a friendly way, he liked you and was only too glad to play the part of patron to you. What was to happen afterwards didn't worry him for a moment. And it's because he is really mad—here they say fantastic—that he contrives to be so convincing".

"How can they leave a man like that at liberty?" I cried, beside myself.

"To understand that you must have been born here. Our town is a Christian Ghetto. For generations, always the same families, related, intermarried. Everybody knows everybody, knows what happened in the lifetime of their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers; and nobody will take upon himself to prosecute a child of the town. Olaf belongs to it as much as the church towers and the old guild-houses. He is the Fool, without whom the townsfolk and the shopkeepers would have nothing to laugh at".

"I feel damned little like laughing myself", I broke in.

"People read Peer Gynt, and think the hero is an imaginary figure. But I could show you a dozen chaps like that, fascinating liars, with demonic powers of conviction, and no interested motive. They invent the maddest things, and why? Because they have gone crazy from solitude, or from the monotony and narrowness of their lives. They go abroad, adopt a *rôle* that they come to believe in themselves, get into trouble, and finally seek refuge in flight, back to their home, where everybody knows them and nothing can happen to them, because nobody holds them responsible".

My head was spinning. I realized that I had been frightfully, desperately stupid.

"He's very gifted, of course", continued Kalsen, "As a boy he sang in the church choir, played dance music; then disappeared, worked as a waiter in America, as a farm labourer in Canada, toured with a jazz band, and God knows what besides. Now he plays the double bass in a little orchestra here, drinks, owes everybody money, and goes on thinking out fresh pranks to play. People say 'That's Olaf all over! What can one do?' Only last year he ordered an organ in London and had it sent direct to our church. You can imagine the faces of our Pastors! And then there were the actors who turned up one day to shoot a Bjoernson film that not a soul knew anything about. And his wedding, to which he invited half the town, and at which the bride was missing. It ended in the guests having to pay for the dinner. I could go on till to-morrow morning telling you of Olaf's tricks, and then not have come to the end".

I could not help smiling, in spite of my lugubrious feelings. What a fellow!

"Will you go with me to Olaf?" I asked. "It might be as well if we met again in the presence of a witness. "Oh, I'll give him something to think about, you'll see!"

We drove through the town and came out on to a wide high-road. On the left, well-kept gardens ran up the side of the hill, on the crest of which a number of imposing villas turned their brightly lighted windows to the road. The car climbed the hill and drew up in front of an inn. Beneath coloured lanterns, enveloped in wreaths of blue smoke, girls and youths were dancing. Everyone was screaming and laughing, drunkards

bawling. A man was hammering on the piano, accompanied by a violinist, an accordion-player and a boy blowing the trumpet. Above them all towered the athletic form of the Viking, tearing at the strings of the double bass.

Just as we sat down the music stopped. Olaf's eyes met mine. He waved to me from a distance, visibly delighted to see me. Then he stood his instrument against the wall, hurried up to us, and before I was aware of it, had wound his tentacles round me.

"How lovely of you to find your way out here! I can't think how I managed to miss you on the landing-stage. Anyway, the great thing is that you're here. Where are you putting up?"

I gave him the name of the hotel.

"Fine. It will only be for two days anyhow. Then we'll go out to my place in the country—and you must come with us, Kalsen! I've just bought a charming country house, you see, in the middle of the fjord, and we can have a really good rest there. My sailing-boat is moored there already. How do you like the idea?"

"What about the Opera?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, the Opera! Splendid! I can see you at the head of the orchestra, . . . the overture to "Carmen" . . . ta, ta, tataaa!"

He sang aloud and conducted in the air. The musicians were re-assembling on the platform.

"You'll stay, won't you? It's only an hour to the big interval, and then we'll drink to your arrival!"

I excused myself on the score of fatigue; Kalsen declared he must get back to his newspaper office.

"You'll see how lovely it is in the country here. We'll go sailing and fishing and perhaps I might bring my *fiancée* along with me, she's an entrancing girl!"

The orchestra began tuning up.

"He's an unfortunate fellow, that pianist", said the Viking compassionately, "no talent, no money, and six children to feed. I suppose you don't happen to have five kroner on you? I should like to give him something, but forgot to get any change. Thank you so much. I'll let you have it back to-morrow".

We left the pub to the strains of a polka.

What now? I asked myself that evening, when at last I was alone again in my room at the hotel. Should I return by the next boat, and confess to my friends that I had lapped up the babblings of a lunatic—cover myself with ridicule, in fact? To bring the Viking to justice was out of the question. He was officially mad, and hadn't a bean. I could see no way out, but went on racking my brains, till towards the morning I fell into an uneasy sleep.

It did not last long, for there came a knocking at my door and the Viking entered.

"Had a good rest?" he cried, "We're off to the sea to-day! I've sent the orchestra to the devil. Hurry up and dress, Kalsen is waiting downstairs; I brought him with me straightaway".

He stood there, brimming over with the joy of life, and although nobody had ever got me into such an awful mess, I was incapable of being angry with him. I hurried over my breakfast, and we started off. The car was soon beyond the outskirts of the town. On our right were wooded hills, on our left a narrow strip of sea, now hidden behind rocks, now coming into view again a little widened. The further we went, the more unreal the landscape appeared. It was like a grandiose theatrical *décor*, designed as a background to the figures of the nordic sagas.

The Viking talked unceasingly; Kalsen smoked his pipe and was all eyes, dazzled with so much beauty.

The car stopped at a turning in the road. We got out, took our suitcases and followed the Viking as he led the way. Far below, amid trees and bushes lay a red-painted house, beside the jetty a slender white yacht, and before us the sea in emerald green. A wide-stretching bay, from whose opposite shore the rocks were reflected in deep blue.

"Isn't that beautiful?" cried the Viking.

"Wonderful!" I replied.

"Do you regret having experienced such a sight?"

Was he expecting me to thank him for having swindled me? We climbed down over the rocks and reached the house, in which Olaf had prepared everything for our reception. On the ground floor lay the dining-room and kitchen. A ladder led

through a trapdoor to the upper floor, consisting of a single room, with three beds placed against each of the side walls. The beds were narrow and short as coffins.

"I can't imagine how he's contrived it", muttered Kalsen. "Only this morning he borrowed ten kroner from me again, and now he's playing host to us".

The Viking was standing in his shirtsleeves before the stove, preparing the lunch. He was in the happiest of moods, roasting chickens, opening countless tins, unpacking an army of bottles. The meal lasted two hours. Olaf talked about the Opera without the least embarrassment, about the new members I should have to engage, and was prepared to help me select the women singers. I was dumbfounded by his impudence.

When we were taking our siesta on the grass after lunch—Kalsen had gone to look at the boat—the Viking said, heaving a great sigh: "You take my advice, my friend, let the Opera and all that rubbish go hang, and stay here! What good will it do you to perform music to our shopkeepers? They don't know the first thing about it; they sit there with their eyes popping out like codfishes. It really isn't worth while; it's a waste of one's best years."

"You thought otherwise in Paris", I couldn't help remarking.

"Paris! How can you compare Paris with our town?"

"No, indeed!" I was forced to confess.

"Do you know what I would suggest to you? We'll stay here, catching fish, cooking for ourselves, inviting a couple of pretty girls now and then, and letting the whole world slide. You won't be dull with me, I can promise you. In the winter we'll go over to the Laplanders. Won't we have a time! Just imagine it: we two, all by ourselves. . . ."

"Didn't you say you had a *fiancée*?"

"Of course, . . . a magnificent creature, but . . . it wouldn't do, . . . no, we couldn't have a woman hanging round our necks. It would be better if I sent her to the devil straight-away, don't you think?"

I agreed with him. What should we do with his girl when we came to the Laplanders? The dilemma made him thoughtful. He shut his eyes, breathed deeply, and after a while I heard him snoring aloud. I went to look for Kalsen.

"A perfect boat", said he, "I wished I knew whom it belonged to". He was in melancholy mood in the presence of the sea, and inclined to talk about himself.

"There are parts of this country where people go crazy from solitude, literally frenzied. Sometimes I feel like that myself. I should like to throw everything up and rush away, no matter where, only away! It rains for month on end, a dull, warm rain. In winter it's dark until midday. Nobody is really awake, there is nothing to do but eat, sleep, and write an article on the price of herrings".

We went for a sail in the fjord before supper, the Viking bawling out his songs, Kalsen at the helm, and I in the strangest frame of mind I had ever known, happy to be free of all trammels, bound to no time. And later on we sat up for a long while, drinking each other's healths, friends who were never to part again.

The following evening Olaf was suddenly obliged to go back to the town, promising to return next day. He did not come. But in his stead a total stranger, who wanted to know if I had decided to buy the house. It turned out that he was the owner of the property, whom Olaf had persuaded that I had come from Paris on purpose to buy a country house in Norway, and he, Olaf, would put the business through. Wouldn't it be a good thing to ask me out there for a couple of days and entertain me, so that I might fall in love with the place? The notion seemed a happy one, especially as I was to be induced to buy the boat as well.

That was how the Viking had contrived to play the amiable host! What could we do but laugh at each other? Even the deluded stranger could not bring himself to be angry. He insisted on our regarding ourselves really as his guests, and would not hear of our leaving. So we stayed on with him.

And the Viking? He had found some other idiot by now to lend him money on the transaction of the country house. With this he went off to Sweden, and sent me a postcard saying I must follow him at once, for he had found me a splendid post! He had had an audience of the King, His Majesty wanted to see me, and "everything was O.K.!"

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD ORDER

BY SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE Imperial Conference has never been a very educative institution, and the record of its proceedings has become more and more jejune. So far from helping the public in different parts of the Commonwealth to understand the obstacles to closer co-operation, compilers of Imperial Conference blue-books seem to consider it their duty to paper over the cracks. This is not only foolish but dangerous, since the cracks remain and may manifest themselves on occasions more critical than an Imperial Conference.

The task of exploring the differences of outlook between Commonwealth members, and revealing them to the public, has therefore been undertaken by others, less bound by the limitations of officialdom; and significantly enough by groups not primarily concerned with the British Empire but with the study of *international* affairs. It was the Institutes of International Affairs in different parts of the Commonwealth which took part in the first Conference on British Commonwealth Relations, held at Toronto in 1933, and it was they again who, on the invitation of the Australian Institute, sent delegates to the second Conference, held in Sydney in the first fortnight of September last, just before the European crisis reached its height. An account of the Sydney Conference has recently been published in a volume* edited by its Recorder, Mr. H. V. Hodson and, though it is less enlightening than would have been a verbatim report of the proceedings, it is, nevertheless, revealing enough to furnish food for thought, not only for students of the British Empire but for all who are thinking seriously over the larger problem of World Order.

In a sense, the Sydney Conference was the first occasion in

**The British Commonwealth and the Future*, edited by H. V. Hodson, Oxford University Press, 1939.

which this new body was brought face to face with the problem of Commonwealth relations in and for itself. Toronto in 1933 was so to speak, a curtain-raiser. The real issues were still masked at that time, in the minds of the majority, by what has proved to be an illusion—the belief that Geneva would provide the driving force and the common foreign policy which the Statute of Westminster had withdrawn from London. Whether, if the policy of this country had taken a different turn in 1935, the *débâcle* of the League system could have been averted one cannot here enquire. That water has flowed under the bridges. The Sydney Conference, at any rate, had to face a changed condition of world affairs, in which there was no visible bulwark of world order. The interest of the Conference scheme lies in its revelation of the attempts that were made to grapple with this new situation. That these attempts were hasty, improvised and confused, testifies to the influence which the League of Nations machinery had, up to quite recently, exerted, upon thinking minds all over the Commonwealth. But the Conference, though it resulted in no agreement—far from it—certainly did much to promote clarification; and clarification, as most Conference members would agree, is the most urgent need at the present moment. Until we think clearly we cannot define our common purpose: and until we can define our common purpose we cannot plan to act together.

The reader of the Sydney Conference volume will find himself constantly carried to and fro between two sets of ideas. The first can be summed up in the watchword of self-determination, the second in that of World Order. The two Wilsonian slogans, reproduced here on the smaller, but still spacious stage of the British Commonwealth! Can they be harmonized and brought within the framework of a higher unity and, if so, *how*?

The Sydney Conference provided no adequate answer to that question. Indeed, it did little more than reveal the nature of the problem. If an attempt is made in these pages to indicate a possible answer, it will be well to begin by analysing the nature of the two forces which thus found themselves at grips in the minds of conference members.

The first has been entitled 'Self-determination'. The word is appropriate because it corresponds to the mood in which the

peoples of all the overseas Dominions—not excepting Eire—approach Commonwealth problems. Within the last generation they have passed through the experience of assuming the full responsibility for their own affairs, *all* of their own affairs. We in this island passed through that experience so long ago that we are apt not to make sufficient allowance for the state of mind which must necessarily accompany it. It is only to be expected that the peoples of the overseas Dominions, at the present moment of their history and political development, should wish first to take stock of their own local conditions, needs and interests and to frame their policies accordingly. The Sydney Conference agenda was framed with this disposition in view. The reader of the Conference volume will find there a most useful up-to-date account of the position as seen from the angles of the individual members of the Commonwealth, including Great Britain.

He will also find, especially if he reads between the lines, a determination to be rid, not only of the constitutional impediments to Dominion independence but also of the colonial habit of mind, of these relics of subservience and deference which certain circles in this country still like to encourage. This is a large subject which can only be touched upon here. But we in this island, with our inherited class-structure, should never forget that democracy in the overseas Dominions, as in the United States, is something very much larger than it is for us here: it is social democracy as well as political democracy. The habits and attitudes of condescension and snobbishness that still survive in this country are a more dangerous disintegrating force than any clash of political or economic interests. The obstinacy with which Dominion statesmen sometimes maintain their standpoint in matters of policy is due, at least in part, to their determination not to yield ground under the pressure of Belgravia and week-end country houses. If we regard the British Labour Party as the expression of a social philosophy rather than of economic interests—and it is thus that foreign observers who know us best, like the late Elie Halévy, have regarded it—then every one of the Dominions (with the possible exception of South Africa) is "Labour" in its sympathies.

Moreover, if we are to be honest, we must admit that in this respect the people of the Dominions are truer than British Conservatives to the ideal of Empire policy as set forth in that classic document, the 1926 report. "Freedom is our life-blood", wrote Lord Balfour. Freedom means much more than a democratic electoral system. Freedom means a spirit of equality and responsibility throughout the community. An inferiority-complex, for instance, is not compatible with freedom in the full sense of the word. Nor is the heavy hand of uncontrolled business interests. How to reconcile capitalism with freedom is as large a problem as how to reconcile communism with freedom. We cannot examine into either of these problems here. But we should, at least, recognize the existence of the former; for it is vital to an understanding of what is in the minds of many of the most active and public-spirited Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. If we pursue World Order without regard to Freedom—Freedom, as the many different social groups in the Commonwealth understand it—we may find that we are pursuing Tyranny. We shall certainly find that we are losing some of our best associates.

The applications of freedom are manifold, and it has always been part of the British genius to encourage them. One of the most interesting fields for the application of the principle of freedom is the colonial empire. Indeed, the spirit of freedom is the link which binds together the self-governing and the non-self governing subjects of King George VI. This is well illustrated by the fascinating book of reminiscences which Sir Donald Cameron has just given to the world.* Sir Donald's experience and record of service as the chief disciple of Lord Lugard might have led him to write a treatise on African government worthy to be set beside *The Dual Mandate in Tropical Africa*. He has preferred instead to make his appeal to the general public, and it is to be hoped that his book with its vivid pen-pictures of African life and its revelation of the author's heartfelt solicitude for the African people and their inherited institutions will find the multitude of readers that it deserves. It is a liberal education in political science: for it exhibits what is usually called

* *My Tanganyika Service and some Nigeria*, by Sir Donald Cameron, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor of Tanganyika 1929-31, Governor of Nigeria 1931-35. Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.

'indirect rule', but what Sir Donald Cameron prefers to call 'the system of Native Administration', in action. The essence of that system is the association between Law and Freedom. "We have to ascertain in the first instance", writes Sir Donald, "by careful research the authority which governed the society of each native unit—before we came into the picture and interfered with it—and endeavour to adapt it and work through it as an instrument in the administration of the people concerned". What is this but another way of saying that our task is to make our authority as alien overlords *lawful* in the traditional English sense of the word? Our 'interference' could not but be a disturbance of native custom and authority. It is for us to reknit the severed threads, to bring together in a single constitutional fabric the Power of Britain and the Law of the African peoples.

This general principle is exemplified throughout Sir Donald's book. One instance of its application is the custom, encouraged by him, of the holding of barazas, or general meetings of a tribe, addressed by the Governor, at which any one is at liberty to ask questions or express his views—a system comparable, *mutatis mutandis*, to that of the general meetings still held in some of the Swiss cantons. "These meetings", says Sir Donald, in words that might be copied from an expositor of Swiss democracy "afford a significant illustration of our system of native local government in Tanganyika where we built from the bottom, from the common people upwards on a purely democratic basis, in distinction from other countries where the tendency had been to invert the pyramid and build from the top". Thus is Rousseau's conception of democracy confuted from the heart of Tropical Africa.

Not all our colonial empire, by any means, is administered "from the common people upwards on a purely democratic basis". But the system described by Sir Donald Cameron is so clearly in accord with the deepest elements in our own political tradition that, if it is administered in the spirit revealed in his pages, it is bound to strike deeper and deeper roots. Moreover, it has the advantage of knitting together in fruitful association three of the principal Western influences in Africa. the missionaries, the sociologists and the administrators. Thus,

we can hope that the so-called non-self governing colonies will not always remain a weak point in the structure of British freedom. Lord Lugard and his disciples have in fact discovered 'a new road to freedom'.

But it is time to return to the Sydney Conference. What of world-order? What of the lesser but still formidable problem of Commonwealth Unity?

Two results emerge clearly from the Conference report. One is that it is now the general and accepted view, at least among the very representative sections of opinion that found expression in the Conference, that the problem of Commonwealth unity is bound up with the problem of World Order. The days when the greatness of the British Empire made a sufficient appeal by itself are over. Speaker after speaker testified to his belief that the purpose of the Commonwealth was to be found outside it—by its contribution to the peace, order and good government of the wider world. Indeed, this view was so generally put forward that one speaker complained that 'World Order' was being utilized as a soporific! This brings us to the second conclusion which emerged—namely that there was much vagueness and confusion as to *how* the British Commonwealth was to make its contribution to World Order. The reader of the report will be conscious of a sort of hiatus, a yawning gap, between the detailed exposition of the needs and interests of individual Dominions which occupied the first part of the Conference and the much cloudier discussion that followed as to how the Commonwealth as a united whole—which it was assumed to be—could serve the cause of World Order. The will to world order was there: but no one indicated the way. The path of self-determination seemed to end in a blind alley. Yet no one seemed to point to any other.

'No one' is an over-estimate: for Mr. Hodson's book contains one statement of the case for imperial federation, easily recognizable as by the author of *The Commonwealth of God*, Mr. Lionel Curtis. The same argument has now been presented in a different connection and with a different emphasis by an American writer, Mr. Clarence Streit, for many years correspondent of the *New York Times* in Geneva, in a book entitled *Union Now**. Mr. Streit's book is a searching analysis

**Union Now*, by Clarence K. Streit. Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d.

of the reasons for the failure of the League of Nations as an experiment in co-operation between independent States and a plea for a federal union between the world's fifteen democracies, namely Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Ireland, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, The Union of South Africa, the United Kingdom and the United States.

At first sight, this enumeration will probably take the reader's breath away. But let him overcome his critical impulse and get to grips with the argument of the book. Mr. Streit, like Mr. Curtis, has been nourished on the *Federalist* and the other literature of American unionism. Whatever may be thought of the details of Mr. Streit's presentation, such as the apportionment of seats in the Federal Parliament that he has been bold enough to suggest, his fundamental argument is unanswerable. It is that the attainment of a system of World Order depends, not on pacts made between Governments but on a sense of responsibility on the part of the individual citizens of the democratic States. It is this that leads him in his scheme to short-circuit the Governments and to bring about a direct relationship between the citizen and the government of the Democratic Union—the same direct relationship which Mr. Curtis, in his *Civitas Dei*, establishes between the people of the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand and the government of his smaller Democratic Union.

The reader may be inclined to consider both these schemes as fantastic. It is important to ask why he should so consider them. Two answers suggest themselves. One is an answer from experience. The League of Nations, which made a less direct and less onerous demand on the ordinary citizen, failed. Why should a Federal Constitution succeed where the Covenant failed? The only reply that can be made to this objection is that necessity is the begetter of new policies. What was unthinkable yesterday may be thinkable and even workable tomorrow, if the democratic peoples have suffered enough for failing to solve the problem otherwise. There is no valid *political* objection to the programme of Democratic Union: indeed in countries, such as France, where intellectual debate on purely political issues is more active than with us, it would

not be surprising if such a policy quickly won very wide support. The far less solidly based policy of European Union rallied a large measure of support in its day, and it was not the bogey of 'sovereignty' but hard political facts which drove it from the political stage.

The real objection to the programme of Democratic Union is in the psychological realm. Admitted that every argument points to a federal system embracing Finns, Frenchmen and New Zealanders in a single political unit, such a system is unworkable because the different peoples do not *feel* that they are fellow-citizens. In other words, the system can only be worked if the outlook of the individual citizen in the fifteen (or any smaller) number of countries can be enlarged until the Englishman, for instance, thinks of Helsingfors and Toulouse as he does of Inverness and Penzance.

Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit tend to ignore this psychological problem because their main interest is in political mechanics. Yet it is the central problem. And it cannot be solved by the easy assumption that once Federal Union is established (as it might be, in some emergency) its operation will automatically develop a sense of common citizenship. That is to overlook the American Civil War, to forget that after seventy years of Federal Union Robert E. Lee felt himself to be a Virginian first and an American second. This is enough to indicate that Mr. Streit's analysis does not go deep enough.

The real answer to the psychological objection is to be found in the conditions now obtaining in the politically most advanced portion of the globe, the North American Continent, North of the Mexican border. Here, in an area as large as Europe, there has grown up a democratic political system in which the individual citizen feels a direct personal responsibility for the maintenance of order against outside aggression. This area consists nominally of two sovereign States. But, with all respect to their rulers, these States are really local authorities within a single society. The frontier between them has ceased to be thought of as a military frontier. In the relations between the two authorities Power, in the old European sense of the term, has ceased to be of account. And, most important of all, the duty of assistance against aggression *in that area*, is accepted as a matter of course

by every individual American citizen. The dweller in Portland, Maine would spring to arms at an aggression on Portland, Oregon, and the Texan and the Arizonian would respond exactly in the same way in the case of an aggression on Vancouver or Prince Rupert. Compare this with the isolationist attitude of Englishmen, and even of Frenchmen last September towards 'far away' Czechoslovakia.

How has the psychological obstacle to an effective system of mutual protection been overcome?

The answer, surely, is to be found in the nature of the general outlook and actual social conditions of dwellers in the North American continent. Europeans talk of interdependence. North Americans live it in their daily lives. Their society is contemporaneous with the Machine Age which has brought interdependence into being. Thus they have run ahead of us not so much in their political thinking, which is often *doctrinaire* and old-fashioned, as in their whole attitude to public affairs.

From this it follows that, for the larger problem of world order, the lead will come most naturally from North America. It is, psychologically, much easier (this is not to say that it is easy) for North Americans to embrace Britain, France, Switzerland and Scandinavia in their system of order than it is for Europeans, especially Continental Europeans, steeped in the tradition of the Nation-state, to reach the point where North Americans stand to-day. That the European democracies will eventually be forced to do so, is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world: for the alternative is to forfeit, as we are forfeiting to-day, the benefits that the age of abundance and interdependence can and should be bringing us. All that remains doubtful is whether the isolationism of European democrats will be overcome without the lesson of another European war.

This confident prediction does not by any means imply an acceptance of the federal idea—still less of the actual scheme—outlined by Mr. Streit. What it does imply can be summarily stated:

1. That the problem of world order cannot and will not be left where the failure of Geneva has left it: for until that problem has been solved there can be no lifting of the present

shadow of insecurity and certainly no return to confidence and prosperity.

2. That the problem of world order can only be solved by the free *peoples*, acting together. It cannot be solved by treaties or compacts but only by bringing the responsibility right home to the individual citizen.

3. That this sense of personal obligation must include *at least* the readiness to make any sacrifice that may be needed in order to maintain order against any disturber of the peace.

This is not a new system of Government. It is not even a new system of law. It is simply the old English system of the Hue and Cry which *preceded* and made possible our system of law.

Whether the Hue and Cry system, which the bullying attitude of the Dictators is helping to shape, could function adequately without some federal organization to direct it we need not now discuss. If the will is there the necessary organization will follow. It is the attitude, not the machinery, that is decisive. It is enough to say that the Hue and Cry system is the indispensable basis of *any* kind of World Order and that this basis can only be established by the democratic peoples: for nowhere else is the citizen either trained in a sense of individual political responsibility or free to bring his influence to bear on public affairs when an emergency arises. Dictators cannot co-operate: their temperament prevents it. Nor can their peoples: for their rulers prevent them. Thus Mr. Streit is on impregnable ground when he says (as it is a pity that he was not able to say at Sydney) that the problem of World Order is the problem of closer union between the democracies.

THE WATCH ON THE SPANISH SHORES

BY COMDR. OSWALD FREWEN, R.N.

I HAVE spent the last two years as one of the small band of sea observing officers for Non-Intervention in Spain. Little seems to be known about us, our activities, objects, or results; indeed to many of ourselves our activities often appeared to be useless, our objects unattainable, and our results negligible. And yet there was a great deal to be said for the original theory of Non-Intervention. It did prevent a European conflagration, and this, after all, was what it set out to do.

Since neither side in Spain would submit to foreign inspection both land and sea observation presented difficulties. The scheme eventually evolved for us sea watchmen consisted of ten specified ports outside Spain, which should act, as it were, as cab ranks. The observing officers were the cabs, and every merchant ship bound for any port in Spain, whatever her cargo, or even if she had none, was compelled to take one of them. The business of the Chief Administrator in London was to see (among many other bothers) that no cab rank was ever found empty. The simple duty of the Shipmaster was to call at the most convenient of the ten ports, collect an observer, feed and, if possible, berth him, and when the ship finally left Spain set him down at the next nearest cab rank. The duty of the Observer was to observe that the ship carried no contraband and no volunteers. I have often been asked "how could you stop anyone from carrying contraband?" The answer is that I could not, and was not meant to. I was only asked to observe. My duty, if I found contraband on board, was to assume that the captain was unaware of it, and to warn him that if he allowed it to be landed in Spain I would have to report him for an infraction of the laws of his own country, with a view to proceedings being taken against him in his own country's courts.

At the beginning we had another string to our bow, consisting of a virtual naval blockade, by ships of the pro-Franco States off the Government coast, and British or French ships off the Franco coast, with orders and rights to ascertain that no ship passed through without an observer on board.

The bomb dropped so accurately on to the mess deck of the *Deutschland*, however, blew the German and Italian patrols clean off their beats, never to return. The British and French took over the vacated sectors for a while, but in the absence of the pro-Franco ships there was little point in it, and our purely Non-Intervention organization quickly filled the gap by the extraordinarily simple and expenseless expedient of making every observer on board every ship report every other ship present in every Spanish port during his stay in that port. Attempted evasions were so few that they were bound to be spotted. The only counter-move would have been the organization of one port to which might come all contraband, but never an innocent observer-carrying ship. Whether this was done I do not know, and indeed, to be perfectly truthful, I do not know how the bulk of the contraband and volunteers which undoubtedly did enter Spain was passed in. Obviously, the ships which embarked us carried negligible quantities, and those that did were generally reported.

The observers themselves were most certainly honest, and mostly fitted with keen noses and lynx eyes, the more so as for some eighteen months our rules were against embarkation in a ship of our own nationality. What the Committee did with our reports or the Governments concerned did with the Committee's reports, I do not know. At first we all took it most seriously, and it was not until I had sent in the most precise details of the four destroyers handed over by Italy to General Franco, and a month later heard on our wireless that the British Prime Minister "had no official information" of the transaction, that I realized that an observer may observe and may report his observations, but that these are not necessarily passed on.

After that I took Non-Intervention in the picnic spirit.

It was a grim, and at times a bloody, picnic, but at least we did no harm to anyone. I observed things against a heart-breaking sinister back-scene, but the things I observed included beauty, humanity, even hilarity, as well as the more obvious miseries. Comfort or exasperation rest ultimately on a way of thinking, and when once I had realized that my reports went nowhere I added facetiousness to them without eliminating accuracy, and instead of making a long face about conditions, I made a sport of them. If a grim visage would prevent one baby, one raven-haired *señorita*, or one old hag, from being eviscerated by a light-heartedly dropped bomb; if a scowl would stop even one bona-fide Spaniard from shooting another; I would gladly scowl "for the duration", but they would not. So I sought what light relief I could from my novel surroundings, and in the sparkling sunlight among the mixed nationalities of the ships, and the eternally adorable though perpetually exasperating Spaniards, what I sought I found. Except for the grim back-scene my Spanish Play was fun.

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My first cab-rank was Marseilles, whither I was sent post-haste by train from London. Might I delay my departure twenty-four hours to collect gear? No, quite impossible. I was urgently needed at once. So away I went, with a fellow-observer, and hot-foot with zeal we reported immediately upon arrival to our Administrator, in his hotel, in his bedroom, at 6.40 a.m. He was surprised (as were we at his good humour in the circumstances) and bade us wait. We waited—twelve days.

My first ship was a lordly liner to Algiers, due to call at Palma, Majorca on her return run. It was grand and dignified, an embarkation *de luxe*, but what the Palma passengers said about Palma in the hands of Franco knocked the stuffing out of my preconceived notions on how "gentlemen" teach good conduct to their "inferiors". I gathered it was not by example. The stories I heard led me to believe that there was nothing to choose between the two sides on the score of behaviour, a view which I only modified during the next two years to the extent that, as the top-dog had greater

opportunities of biting, so the under-dog made greater appeals for sympathy, especially when the bombing of women, children and poor-class quarters set in. But on the score of behaviour of individuals there was also nothing to choose between the dockers and *carabineros* and such officials as came my way, on either side : about 99 per cent. were wholly charming and friendly, and the hundredth correctly polite.

I went to the other extreme with my second ship, a 900-ton Greek, which I shared with a German colleague to Valencia with a cargo of peas and beans. Butter "is not served" in Greek ships, and we had to eat up all our stale Marseilles bread like good little boys before being allowed fresh loaves from Spain. The drinking water had come straight out of the Marseilles dockside standcocks. H.M.S. *Resource* lay in the roads, ready to embark the British Embassy staff at need, and meanwhile mothered any needy British merchantmen. Her captain was an old friend of mine. I hailed her picket-boat, as she passed us, and went out to her. Thereafter my colleague and I had fresh rolls and butter, and the Rugby wireless news, every morning for breakfast, and a 2lb. tin of marmalade. One evening we both rushed up to the upper bridge to witness an air-raid. That was in the early days when they were still bombing Valencia town instead of the docks. They scored a direct hit on a tramcar and destroyed 30 women. My Greek embarkation was colourful.

The most entertaining of all my ships was one of those foreign-owned vessels flying the British ensign which periodically caused indignation both in the Press and among seamen. Owned as to 51 per cent. by a Russian, as to 48 per cent. by a Rumanian, both living in Rumania, and as to one per cent. by an Englishman with a registered office in London, she was manned by a crew of Russians, two negroes, and a Frenchman, collected by an ex-Tsarist naval captain. For insurance purposes she carried a duly certificated British master, who, I think, had never served afloat in a higher capacity than second mate, and who genially introduced himself to me as "the flag captain". He signed on the crew and carried out all the port formalities before the British consuls, but on board celebrated a whole holiday for the

duration of the voyage and confined his activities to reading novels and sewing settee covers. The real captain had the fullest measure of Russian charm at its best, and as two ex-fighting seamen we had a good deal in common, including the French language. His English was slow and laborious, so at tea-time I would scribble down the B.B.C. news as it came through, and then turn it into French for him while he translated it item by item into Russian for the benefit of the mates.

We cleared Marseilles for Sfax, to take phosphates to Barcelona, but once out of port made for Bona and Susa and loaded for Valencia. The other was "eyewash" for Franco spies. But Susa was distressingly efficient, and had us all ready for sea by February 28th. The captain confided to me that the best astrologer in France had cast a horoscope for the voyage, and warned him that the period March 1st to 7th was ill-aspected and "dangerous to his navigation". Sailing on February 28th, for Valencia would infallibly pass us through Franco's patrols during our worst aspects. I could but sympathize and sit back to see what would happen. I was not surprised when two days later the boiler developed a leak off Algiers (quite reasonably, as it was 44 years old), and we put into port for repairs which lasted till March 8th. Thus we came safely to Valencia, where interminable delays held us up for 21 days to unload a cargo which Susa had loaded in thirty-six hours. The cargo in the fore hold was wet from a leak in the ship's side, and the "flag captain" wanted to protest her unseaworthiness. I had arranged for my mails to meet me at Sfax and managed to chaff him out of it, so we patched the leak and sailed away for a second cargo on March 31st. Next forenoon a messenger ran aft asking me to go at once to the captain on the fore bridge. As I climbed the ladder I saw that the ship was under helm and eight points off her course. The captain, gazing away southeasterly, cried "*Un sousmarin, un sousmarin*"! But with great sangfroid I replied "*Un poisson d'Avril, je pense, pas un poisson d'acier*". The two captains were rather impressed by my imperturbability, more so than they would have been, had they realized that the French steward, whom they had

just caught by the same trick, had warned me of the date.

We carried our second cargo to Cartagena, and at this arsenal I was astonished to be told that we could go ashore, wherever we liked, and no passes were necessary. "Suppose we are challenged by a sentry?" I asked. "Oh, in that case, merely stand still and say you come from the *vapor inglese*". I had a little quiet fun here out of the "flag captain" who insisted that "the Reds" had burnt and walled up the doors of every church in Spain. I walked him up to a high place whence we could look down on the town, and then took him round to each church we had espied, personally to inspect "the atrocities". We found none burnt out, and only one walled-up doorway, but the big convent was all shored up from the outside, as its walls were bulging from the effect of a Franco bomb within.

Our original regulations provided that we should be fed and berthed free while embarked, but pay our own hotel bills ashore. If this was designed to stimulate zeal for sea-service it was a success, but, since one went to sea as ordered by the Administrator, zeal was redundant. Moreover, as at certain ports, notably Gibraltar, an increasingly large proportion of calling ships were British, which were not allowed to embark British observers, we presently found "the foreigners" (we were of all nationalities) doing a brisk trade while some of us spent as long as six weeks on end kicking our heels ashore. The warmth which should have gone into zeal went up in explosions. Bases varied in every way. Dover was popular if you were married, and Marseilles if you wanted brisk business in sunny seas. Cette was stagnation, as was Gibraltar for the British. In some the cost of living was high, and in others it was said to be. Presently the influence of the strong Dutch contingent made itself felt. My international researches lead me to the conclusion that the Dutch are a nation of gentlemen, and must be treated as such. I may be wrong, but I believe it was they who obtained for us first-class railway transit instead of second, grants in every port except one, towards hotel expenses, on the ground that in all the others the cost of living was higher, and later the boon of 6s. a day for every day spent ashore after your first thirty in any quarter.

After that nobody cared whether he was afloat or ashore, but when the bombing of the Republican Ports became almost continuous, and the only ships that would go to them were British, with a thin sprinkling of French, the non-British observers suddenly started the new hare of "equal sacrifices for all". The unequal sacrifice of the Britons languishing on the Rock in the pay-your-own-hotel-expenses days was forgotten, and the ukase went forth that British observers could now be shipped in British ships whenever these were bound for 'the Bomberies'. The hosannahs of the heathen subsided very suddenly when our just and equitable Chief Administrator announced the further boon of £1 a day "Danger Money" to every observer whilst in Spanish Republican waters, and they realized to what a gold-mine they had inadvertently admitted the Britons. As a rough measure of the appalling dangers that we underwent I must state that I myself qualified for 36 days of it, in the course of which I experienced one raid, during which one bomb fell on board my ship at a time when, by the courtesy of the Spaniards, I was awaiting the "All-clear" signal in a *refugio* with about 12ft. of masonry above me. No one was hurt. Of course the observing officers did suffer a few casualties first and last, but they were a small percentage.

I do think that the stalked rabbit business also depends to a very great extent "on a way of thinking". Man, in contradistinction to the animals, can work himself up mentally to a frazzle about nothing as easily as about something. It is obviously inane to call an air-raid "nothing", but equally an air-raid can be over-wrought. It chanced that between October, 1937, when I saw a perfectly lovely double daylight raid on Palma, with more noise from scores of A.A. guns than all Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows (and no more injury to actors or spectators), and December, 1938, I had not seen one bomb dropped. Bombing efficiency had improved meanwhile, and Oran and Gibraltar hospitals were encumbered with observers recovering from knee, shin and ankle injuries. I investigated these, with an eye to my own impending embarkation for Valencia, and discovered that without exception they had been incurred while "rushing for the

refugio ", and as often as not on a false alarm. All were due to jumping, or tripping up, or falling down. Not one was due to direct impact of bomb or *débris*. I was much impressed.

When my ship berthed in Valencia she arrived a little later than intended, and the pilot had to put us alongside in the dangerous hour, between 10 and 2, when the Savoias, climbing high into the sun's eye, would shut off engines and silently slide down their own shadows so as to catch the dock workers in the open before they could reach the *refugios*. He was in such a hurry to get us alongside, in reach of a *refugio*, that he lifted the mast out of the sunken wreck of a gunboat ahead of us, with our bows. The ship's officers assured me that "seconds counted" when once the alarm was given, and that the usual order of precedence in a raid was first bombs, second A.A. guns, and last the syren alarm. Therefore the dockers had trained several dogs to bay distant aeroplanes before they had come within range of human ears. At the dog-bark, up poured all the workers from the holds, collecting the ship's personnel en route, and way they all went over the side to the nearest *refugio*, leaving an eerie dead silence behind them, more ominous than any I have ever felt. This was the moment for knee, shin and ankle injuries. Fortunately, I was hardly over convalescence from an abdominal operation, and could not join the rout. I had leisure to observe that the Spaniards, while training their dogs to bay 'planes, had omitted to train them not to bay cats. We had about twelve "public panics", and not one raid, that voyage.

A dispassionate appraisal of percentages—of bombs dropped to ships hit, of ships hit to observers wounded on board them, of observers wounded at all (I think about 2%)—enabled me to steer my nerves in the opposite direction, so that when the real raid came I was able to observe most of it, like a wise old rabbit, from the mouth of my *refugio*, only popping inside at the last moment. It is a nice calculation that our leaders must make; on the one hand, to induce the population to get under cover when bombers are due, but, on the other hand to avoid working up the panic nerves which lead to distress of body and spirit.

THE COUNTRY PARSON AND HIS TROUBLES

BY REV. J. A. H. BELL

THE Country Parson plays a not inconspicuous part in English rural life, and his well-being claims an interest beyond his own profession. He has come under some criticism lately, which has shewn itself chiefly in the promotion of measures in the Church Assembly for bringing him under stricter discipline. These have been rejected, not because anyone questioned their purpose, but because it was felt that their method of attaining it might do more harm than good. Among clergymen themselves there is a lively sense that all is not well with their profession. But those who are responsible for the government of the Church, who generally belong to the towns, seem unwilling to believe that any change is required beyond an increase of salary, which they effect by the easy method of uniting two benefices into one. They say that they themselves look forward to retiring into a country benefice, when they are too old for their present work; forgetting that, if such a benefice is indeed a place to retire into, it will on that account be unsuitable for young and active men who, when once inducted, cannot escape from it. For, whereas a town parson can always obtain the offer of a country benefice if he wants it, the country parson can seldom get back into a town. Few patrons will nominate him, nor will a town incumbent accept him as a curate, on the ground, which is generally true, that his country experience will have disqualified him for the work. The peace and beauty of the countryside and the pleasant parsonage allure the imagination of the dwellers in cities but they obscure the difficulties of the country parson's life.

The first drawback to the country parson's life is economic. This, though it is a minor trouble to him, has received attention in public, and has been somewhat mitigated by the action of the

Ecclesiastical Commissioners and other authorities. No benefice whose population is more than three hundred need now have an income of less than three hundred pounds a year, if the proper conditions are fulfilled. But this does not remove economic difficulty. It is not always realized by those without experience that country life in a residence like that of the average Parson is only tolerable for the wealthy. This is because the elementary needs of domestic life, such as the supply of water and the disposal of refuse, which are provided by public authority in the towns, have to be provided separately by each householder in the country. If these things are done by private servants, the expense is large. For servants are hard to get, and, since many of them are unable or unwilling to perform properly those tasks which are least pleasant and most important, higher wages must continually be offered. The garden also, if it is to be kept at all under control, requires that nearly half of the total hours of daylight should be spent at work in it.

A more serious drawback, which goes nearer to the root of the trouble, is that a resident country parson has no longer a place in the village community. This is because the village itself is no longer a community. When the present system of Church administration in rural areas started—far back in the Middle Ages—the village was a unit of social life, separated from its neighbours by lack of communication, and compelled to find within itself most of its recreation and whatever social services were available. Now the people go for their recreation to the nearest place large enough to have a cinema, whilst doctors, nurses and various officials provide the social services from outside. The children between eleven and fourteen or fifteen are sent outside the village to a central school for most of their waking hours. The result is that the village is now only a geographical area on the map, instead of a community with its own independent life.

By this change the *raison d'être* of the resident parson has gone. In the old days his residence was of real value; partly because it was difficult for the church services to be performed regularly otherwise; but chiefly because the parson was the one cultured person in the place, to whom the unlettered people could turn in the many emergencies which lay beyond their intellectual

grasp. He and his family (after the Reformation) used to provide such services as nursing, medicine and relief of the poor, which are now in the hands of the local or other authority. He was thus felt by all to be part of their scheme of life and economy, and was able in turn to direct his spiritual ministrations into the most useful channels, because of the knowledge that he got of their character and affairs by these means. But this is no longer so. The services which the Parsonage used to provide as a matter of course have now their local centre at the village Post Office and shop, where the people draw their pensions, get access to the Poor Man's Lawyer, learn the proper rates of wages and other matters of public interest. The post master becomes their confidential advisor. He is better fitted for this rôle than the parson, because he sees life more nearly from the people's point of view, and because he is free from the suspicion of being more interested in Church propaganda than in the welfare of the people. The parson has thus become an alien element, instituted by the Bishop with pomp and ceremony, and provided with a fine house and fixed income, in order that he may do nothing but carry out the traditional ceremonial observances of the Church. The villagers are too courteous to say this, and generally not clear-headed enough to realize it. They learn, moreover, to like the parson—and are probably glad of his presence as a make weight to the Squire's influence and the bureaucracy of the local government. They shew that they think nothing of his proper work by their frequent request, when consulted about the appointment of a new Incumbent, that he should be one whose wife will be active in the place.

The result of this state of affairs is that most country parsons, feeling that the setting of their work is unsatisfactory, find another occupation on which to spend their energy. Some get educational or other intellectual work, which may take them frequently to their county town. There they spend the main part of their time, and return to their official residence only to sleep and perform their parochial duties, which need no more than an hour a day—in addition to the week-end. Others employ themselves in horticulture, planning and pruning and digging from morning till night. This keeps them occupied and in good health, but is not the profession for which their

education qualified them. Others, determined at all costs to devote themselves to their profession, spend time and thought on the frills of religion—and labour to provide the newest fashions of music and art in their Churches, whereby they often succeed only in separating their religion further from the people. Others again, who have the fortune to catch the public eye, spend most of their energy sitting on Diocesan committees, whose work is often to plan how to instruct the rest of the clergy to do the work from which the members themselves have found a way of escape. Such expedients as these sometimes bring contentment to the parson, but they more often fail to satisfy him, and are little more than devices for occupying time and energy. There must be thousands of parsons who have accepted a country benefice in a weak moment and have found too late that “the talent which ‘tis death to hide” was lodged with them useless.

In spite of this there persists in many influential quarters the view that a resident parson in every village is a matter of primary importance for the Church. If the grounds of this view are analysed, it will appear that the chief of them is that it is desirable that every human group should include a person whose interest is mainly in the things of God. This is obviously so; and it would be hard to find a more valuable contribution for the Church to make to society. But the resident country parson fails to do this because he does not belong to the people among whom he lives. His interests and the source of his income make him a stranger among them. His residence serves rather to emphasize his foreignness by keeping him always before their eyes. The parson is a church official sent to live in a village on a rather grand scale, but so much separate from it economically—that he neither shares in the joy of a good harvest nor in the poverty of agricultural depression. This is very different from the ideal of the Christlike individual living and working among his fellows.

A further complication of village life, which also affects the parson's relation to it, is the increasing number of residents of independent means, who occupy the cottages set free by the changes in agricultural economy. When there were few of these, and locomotion was difficult, they were an asset to the village. Since they depended for their happiness on its good will, they

were glad to efface their independence and make their contribution to the community. But now there are too many of them, and their motor cars and telephone enable them to be independent in their life. The contrast between them and the working people (which includes the farmers) has increased. They use their economic independence to get this æsthetic background for their life. The whole process of the countryside, the growth and decay of plant and animal life, the farmers' anxiety, the labourers' toil, and all the domestic joys and sorrows that go on behind the antiquated cottage walls are to these residents nothing but a picture-frame to set off their own persons. The situation which arises may be an inevitable part of the march of events; but it demands humility and courtesy on the part of those who enjoy this setting. It contributes to the breaking up of village life, and to the alienation of the parson from it, who finds himself more at home socially with these new parasites than with the people. They often become also the mainstay of the services in Church and its finance, which thus tends to become itself more of an alien institution.

The country parson's state of isolation from his people does not afflict the town incumbent in the same way. There are so many people in his parish, that a section of them can always be found who will project themselves mentally into the parson's world. They form a group about him, upon which he concentrates his ministry, and often thereby deceives himself into thinking that he is in touch with the people. The country parson, who is compelled to minister to the real world, cannot do this. The true villagers hang together more closely than any of them do around the parson, who cannot therefore find a select group upon which to concentrate. Nor is it always understood how little of the work of a town parson is concerned with religion. In order to be successful he requires ability to organize, a flair for advertisement, and an ingrained habit of talking to the people in that religious jargon which they appreciate. The writer remembers how in the days of his curacy two city incumbents, of the finest Christian character and more than ordinary mental ability and diligence, were looked upon both by their people and their successful clerical brethren as something

of a failure in the ministry, because they lacked these qualifications. If they had lived in the country they might have had more appreciation, for there the parson's reputation depends on his life, every detail of which is known to all the village.

One remedy for these troubles would be to provide the parson with paid secular employment, so that he might spend the ordinary working hours with some of his people, and the week-ends and evenings in ecclesiastical work. This introduces a large question of policy, whether the ministrations of religion are better performed by professional ecclesiastics or by laymen, into which we do not now propose to enter. What is now suggested is that the parson should work as an employed person, like the majority of his flock. This has the support of S. Paul's example, though he did not recommend it to his pupils. At the present time it would be less strange than might be thought, since men of good family and education are not seldom found in the ranks of what are called 'workers'.

The parson himself would be the first to benefit by this alteration of his life. The discipline of regular work would take the place of the ache of unemployment. Some of the least effective parsons would appear as the best men, and their influence would increase.

Another line along which reform might be made is to retain the present custom of whole-time professional clergy in the country, but to alter their work so that it may become in fact a whole-time occupation. Something has been done in this way by union of two or more benefices into one. But it is not a good solution of the problem, since it neither preserves what is of value in the old system, nor makes best use of the opportunities which the changes of recent years have provided. The parson, being a resident freeholder of one of the old parsonages, is looked on as a parson in the old style, belonging to an economic scheme in which he is separated from the people, and suffering the consequent drawbacks which have been mentioned. The village in which he lives feels that it has now only half an interest in him, so that he becomes more like one of those whose independent income enables them to use the village only as a pleasant background to their home life; and the other, in which he does not live, is completely deprived of the alleged benefit

of a resident parson. Nor is the common criticism of the laity, that he has a sinecure, met by providing him with what appear to be two sinecures. And the parson is well able, independently of criticism, to make the cure of two or even more villages into a sinecure. If he has two Churches to minister to on Sunday, he has a good excuse to cut such plaguey things as Sunday Schools and Children's Services out of his programme altogether, so that he may save his voice for the less exhausting performance of the staid statutory services. In the foregoing pages it has been suggested that the setting in which the country parson is placed in regard to his people is likely to cause him to deteriorate in mind and character. He is unlikely to be improved by doubling the same setting. The sole merit of this method of reform is that it increases his salary. But this is no unmixed advantage. A parson who is richly endowed with a guaranteed income which sets him above the changes and chances of the agricultural life to which he ministers may be less acceptable than when he was poor. And there are signs, when the income is so increased up to more than a thousand a year, of a return of the ancient scandal of rich non-resident clergy.

A better method of reform is to unite into one ecclesiastical unit a larger group of villages, which would be served by one incumbent and several assistants. Such a group would sometimes have a small town for its centre, and would sometimes form a segment of a circle outside a large town to which the villagers were in the habit of going for their shopping and amusement. It might sometimes be convenient to add one of the outlying parishes of the town itself to the group, so as to provide the town and country clergy with an opportunity to share each other's work, to the mutual advantage of themselves and the villages. In such a unit the assistant clergy would be guaranteed in their appointment, from which they could only be dismissed for such causes as now serve for the removal of an incumbent; so that they would have a security of livelihood no less than in a benefice. They would also have the advantage, now unknown in the Church of England, of being able to be moved to a somewhat different sphere of work within the same group, in case they should have the misfortune to find that their work was unsuitable for them. No such movement is now possible. If a man

requires a change of work he must bring influence to bear on patrons in order to get himself nominated to a new benefice, and then go through the upheaval of changing one freehold residence for another perhaps in a distant county. Within such a group as is suggested the clergy would be appointed to their special work by the incumbent after consultation with his colleagues in chapter. Some would be attached to particular villages, so as to know the people and their problems intimately; but would often preach elsewhere for the sake of variety and freshness both to themselves and the people. They might sometimes find it convenient to live in one of the old parsonages. Others would be attached to the central Church, either to assist the incumbent generally, like a curate of the present day, or to serve the whole group in some branch of work in which he specialized. There would thus be opportunity which is now lacking for young clergy to get a proper training in rural work. The families of the senior men would be better off, because it would be possible for them to live where their special circumstances made it most desirable.

Under this scheme most of the clergy would lose their old freehold of a benefice. But in exchange for it they would, without losing their security, get a flexibility which would make up for some of the present drawbacks. Most of them would live in the central town, where they would be free from the isolation and the domestic labours which are characteristic of the village parsonage. They would appear in the villages only for the purpose of exercising their ministry, and, in the eyes of the inhabitants, would rather resemble the representatives of the social services who go from place to place doing their work in each. In this way they would once more have a part in the social and economic scheme, and would exchange the rôle of a resident parasite for that of a non-resident worker. This would stimulate themselves and the people to greater zeal for the Church. The Parochial Church Councils, lacking the parsonage to fall back upon, and spurred by the visitations of the in kind of minister, would for the first time be likely to fulfil indepen functions in the villages. They have been up to the present pleasant little more than an appendage to the parson. If he is now he does not and popular man, they meet at his bidding and

endorse his wishes; if he is popular but inactive, they share his supineness and never meet; if he is unpopular they insist upon regular meetings and take pleasure in baiting him. They only shew vitality when there is a chance of being contentious. This is not entirely the fault of the members of the Council, but is an inevitable result of the Enabling Act, which inflicted upon the villages a method of Church government made by townsmen for the towns. Nor would it be easy to invent another scheme. So long as the old-time resident parson persists, he dominates the Church life of the village for good or ill, and the members of the Council will not risk unpopularity by shewing independence except when they voice the gossip of the village in finding fault with him. If, however, there were no resident Parson, and the priest came only to do his ministerial work, the council would take its place as the primary element of Church life, and would begin to function because of the responsibility laid on it. The Churchwardens also would regain some of their ancient importance, and would appear like the Consuls of Rome as twin presidents of the Church. The rôle of Parson or Person of the place, left vacant by the minister when he ceased to reside, would devolve upon some layman, probably a Churchwarden; and there would thus arise a new kind of ministry. If some undesirable man intrigued himself into this position—and there are now cases of undue authority being exercised by villainous churchwardens—the non-resident minister, backed by the authority and experience of the incumbent, would be in a stronger position to deal with him than is a present-day incumbent who has no one to back him. Another important result of this scheme would be that the office of incumbent of the whole area would be something new in the Church of England. With his wide administration in the many and various villages and his large staff of clergy he would exercise a ministry different from and far more important than that of any country Parson under the present system. He would resemble the Bishop of a minute diocese in everything except sacramental authority. The creation of such posts would encourage abler persons to offer themselves for ordination than are now attracted by the prospect of imprisonment from middle age onwards in a country benefice.

The finance of such a scheme as this would not be difficult to work out, provided that the good will of the various Patrons was obtained to reconcile them to the sacrifice of a part at least of their interest in appointing a parson. It might safely be prophesied that the Party Trusts would be more difficult to deal with than the private patrons. In the event of obstruction legal power might be got to override the patrons; but it would be far better if the scheme were started by voluntary amalgamations under a permissive Act of the Church Assembly, since this would both ensure greater good will and provide opportunity for variation as the experiment proceeded. When the total income of all the benefices in the group had been set free for the joint use of the whole, it would be vested probably in the Ecclesiastical Commission and ear-marked for the group. A reasonable proportion would be set aside for the incumbent, who would hold it as a freehold, subject to a retiring age and a pension. The remainder would provide salaries, housing and allowances for the assistant clergy. This would be managed by a Diocesan Board with the assistance of the incumbent, which would decide the number of assistants and would be able to take into consideration such matters as the respective needs of married and unmarried clergy and their expenses. This method of managing the fund would be better than to put it all into the freehold of the incumbent, who would thus be able to enrich himself by dispensing with the service of a curate. There are already examples of small groups of villages whose incumbents have profited in this way, contrary to the understanding made when they accepted the work.

These reflections imply no lack of respect on the writer's part for his brethren, the country clergy. Having been brought up in a country parsonage, and having returned after an interval to occupy one of them himself, he has learnt to hold them in honour, even when their ministry is ineffective. Forty years ago their leading characteristic was their individuality. Isolated from their parishioners by their relation to them, and from all but a few of their clerical neighbours by lack of locomotive facility, they learned to look upon mankind with their own independent vision. On the rare occasions when they gathered in their Cathedral for a ceremonial occasion the appearance

of their person and manner illustrated this in a way that observers cannot easily forget. At home in the cottage kitchen or the parsonage study, they seemed eccentric in urbane society, and contrast with the present generation, whose members never seem so much at home as when walking in a ceremonial procession. They had their maximum value in a state of society where individuals counted more than institutions, and in their day the resident Village Parson was the most valuable thing that the Church could give the country. But the revolution which has taken place in the countryside has altered most of the circumstances which gave him usefulness. The group-mind, cultivated by diocesan committees and central propaganda, has encroached upon his individuality and substituted the advancement of the Church for the welfare of the people as his aim. His works of mercy are now done by the local authority. Though the parson retains many of his old virtues, the villagers do not need him as they did, and his independent freehold and residence no longer provide the best service that the Church could give the country people.

THE PIPERS

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Mother Piper, Father Piper,
Bare-armed daughters firm as cherries,
Sons as live and lit as berries,
All alike, except in ages,
Down to singing Baby Piper,
Nine in number, dine on Sundays
With the lusty pagan gusto
Found alone in Homer's pages.

And all the while, like unsluiced water
Battling, clucking down one funnel,
Or a truck-train through a tunnel,
Endlessly the topics jostle,
Run in rhythm to the wassail,
To cock-canary's lyric spate,
Knife and fork that give no quarter,
Arriving and departing plate.
Joy in living, scorn of fate
Peals like bells and bursts like bubbles,
Only to begin again
From shrill singles to chimed doubles,
Triples, quadruples ; then eight together,
Like missel-thrushes in the rain
Prophesying jolly weather
And the jolly worms and snails

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Still to come when language fails,
Invoke the Sweet, which Baby Piper
With roguish mouth and rattling spoon,
With feet that jig, and eyes that swoon
For very bliss of vision, hails . . .

Mother Piper, Father Piper,
Sturdy sons and chubby daughters,
I'd give all if I could give it,
Pot and pan, tureen and trivet,
Boundless plains of perfect wheat,
London's hosts of morning loaves,
The whole Atlantic's herring droves,
To come again and see you eat.

OF MUSIC FESTIVALS

BY F. BONA VIA

A FEW years ago it looked as if the fashion for musical festivals had definitely declined; it was generally admitted that four or five days of music every third year or so were, at the same time, too much and not enough; new organizations in London and in the great provincial centres had been created to meet new conditions, and the burning of the Crystal Palace was less regretted, because it made vain every hope of reviving its gargantuan Handelian feasts. But recently the fashion has come in again. Apart from the usual ventures of South Coast towns anxious to attract visitors, festivals have recently taken place in Bath and Bournemouth, and two festivals are promised shortly in London, of which one easily surpasses anything done before.

An opening service at Westminster Abbey (preacher, the Archbishop of York) will usher in London's Musical Festival—the greatest festival ever held anywhere—lasting from April 23rd till June 2nd and sending its votaries to Oxford and Cambridge, to Glyndebourne and Stratford-on-Avon, to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to St. Paul's Cathedral and to St. Michael's, Cornhill; to the National and Prince's Galleries; to the London Museum; to Hertford House; to theatres, concert halls, colleges and academies.

Compared with so vast an undertaking, the two March festivals are as midges to an elephant. But Bath's new enterprise originally meant to be something more, and it was reduced to more reasonable dimensions because there seemed to be no chance of attracting sufficient public support, and because it was considered expedient to leave a clear field for the London venture, possibly, a stray sheep (or a tired sheep) would find Bath restful and desirable by contrast with the bustle and excitement of the London festivities. Bournemouth's scheme

differing in no important particular from previous events of this nature, aroused no special interest and no hostile criticism. The Bath proposal, on the other hand, came in for censure. A very pertinent article in *The Times* expressed the doubts aroused in most thoughtful musicians by the prospect of yet another attempt to make music a medium for advertisement, and a few days later a Bath resident voiced in the correspondence columns of the same paper the fears of his fellow-townsmen who saw in the suggestion an encroachment on the amenities of the town, whose dignified quietude might be shattered by crowds drawn thither by the prospect of the unusual.

If *The Times'* article was extremely sensible, the correspondents' fears were surely exaggerated. Similar functions have been held elsewhere without the least interference with a peace-loving population. For over two centuries a festival has been held in yearly rotation at Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford. Nothing unseemly, no brawl, no noisy demonstration has ever disturbed the even course of those austere meetings. The only objectionable features of a Three Choirs' Festival are the prices charged for accommodation and the itinerants whose dull music enhances the drabness of an expensive but indifferent dinner—features which do not affect residents.

I do not know exactly what happened in Bath during the critical days of the modified festival. But I cannot imagine its programme arousing either enthusiasm or despair. The advertisements appearing in the daily papers urged music lovers to travel by G.W.R. from Paddington and by G.W.R. from the provinces. It may be doubted whether the G.W.R. will pay higher dividends because of the travellers drawn to Bath by the festival. No reasonable being will travel over one hundred miles to buy an article which can be purchased as cheaply at home. The programme offered nothing unusual. On the opening day, Sunday, Handel's *Messiah*, familiar even to the benighted comedians of Mr. Priestley's "When we are married", was given. On other days there were performances by the Kneller Hall Band conducted by Major H. E. Adkins—an admirable band to be heard in our parks during the summer season; by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson who have given innumerable recitals all over the country; by orchestral

performances conducted by Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Henry J. Wood, two conductors most frequently admired at Queen's Hall and in their broadcast performances. A "young people's concert" seems rather a doubtful inducement to travel, and the remaining concert was one of which Mr. Albert W. Ketelby was the sole attraction.

Who is Mr. Ketelby? In an experience of London music extending over a quarter of a century I have never had occasion to admire his performances, if he is a performer, or his compositions, if he is a composer. No doubt he justified the expectations of the Bath organizers, but he can hardly have realized the hopes of the G.W.R. There was a list of highly experienced and highly respectable soloists for "Messiah", and Albert Sammons played Elgar's concerto. There was also a "festival chorus"—whatever that may mean—and an "augmented" Pump Room orchestra. Now the public is justly suspicious of "augmented" orchestras. It is easy to "augment" a small orchestra; the smaller the orchestra, the easier the process of augmentation; but even augmented orchestras have frequently fallen short of adequacy. The Manchester and London orchestras—the B.B.C., the Philharmonic, the London Symphony—are about 100 strong and often find it necessary to add to their numbers. The augmented orchestra of many festivals reach to about half that size. Such a programme looks remarkably like a confession of bankruptcy of ideas. A festival is no festival unless it offers something outside average, everyday experience.

One would have thought that the prospect of the great London venture embracing church, theatre, concert-room, academy—would have silenced possible rivals. But some gentlemen, apparently, believe that 50 odd performances in little over a month are not enough, and are engaged in setting up another show of "music for the people". What music, one may ask, and for which people; is there a new brand of music or is there a new people? One presumed, perhaps erroneously, that all composers, from Palestrina to Elgar, hoped that their work would provide most if not all fellow-men with that escape from sordid reality which art is supposed to offer. The second aim of the promoters is nothing less than "to relate directly

the art of music with the paramount social needs of our time—peace, freedom and work"—a praiseworthy aim if it could be realized. It is unfortunately impossible to discriminate between music which can and music which cannot be related to social needs or even to the general trend of the times. We can only distinguish between the good and the bad music of a period. It is impossible to reconcile the qualities of Rossini's music with the European events of his day, or the exquisite sensitiveness of Debussy with the age in which he lived. The new political *régimes* of the twentieth century have sought eagerly an art consonant with their ideal; they have urged, encouraged, entreated, offered support, purses, honours—in vain. The mountain refused to produce even the proverbial mouse; no art exists which can be traced directly to any "ism". It has been said that Wagner's delight in heroic subjects is the counterpart of the military spirit of the Germany of his age and the remark has an appearance of truth; but Wagner's music is not only heroic; Mastersingers, Parsifal, Tannhäuser, the Flying Dutchman point in a very different direction. Brahms was Wagner's contemporary—where is the link between Brahms and his time or between Brahms and Wagner? The true artist and his times may often be out of tune. Salzburg had a high opinion of the archbishop who cut a great figure—and never dreamt that a little musician was in time to be honoured wherever music is appreciated while the archbishop would only be remembered for his boorishness. In any case the creative artist must be above his time if his work is to endure; to connect artistic manifestation with any passing phase of thought or fashion is to court failure. No doubt it will be interesting to bear a balalaika orchestra play modern Russian tunes in the Albert Hall, as the promoters of this festival of "music for the people" propose to do. But how shall we derive peace, freedom and work from its melodious labours? It is the royal prerogative of music to stand above logic, to frame out of three sounds not a fourth but a star; to tie it to a system—to any system—is to clip its wings.

The London festival proper, we are told, will be "uncommon". Will the organizers provide something unusual, reveal new, strange beauties? The answer to that question can only be

a negative. It will be unique in magnitude, in the numbers engaged, places to be visited, works to be performed. But it holds out little prospect of adventure. It is a vast undertaking—so vast that it defies definition. National, in that it employs most national resources, it is also international since it includes many foreign artists. Signor Toscanini and Sir Adrian Boult, Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham; the Griller and the Lener Quartet, British Opera at Sadler's Wells and international opera at Covent Garden; there will be ballet, choral services in famous cathedrals, concerts at Queen's Hall and brass bands with fireworks display on Hampstead Heath; concerts for children and university music—what more could one ask? It does look as if every available source had been tapped. And yet there will be disappointment. The North, once the citadel of English music ("the centre of English music" Elgar said once, "is not in London but farther North") is not represented. The London Junior Orchestra will contribute its mite to the general scheme, but not the Halle or the Scottish orchestras. Yorkshire choirs, for many years an inspiration to all others, are not amongst the contributors, nor are the musicians who have devoted themselves to the study of ancient art and instruments—which is to be regretted since an English consort of viols gives us something that is both beautiful and unusual.

Whom, one wonders, is this gigantic feast supposed to satisfy, the public at large, rich visitors—or both? The public will have to be wealthy indeed to subscribe to half the entertainments offered. But the wealth of Ind will not enable visitors to attend all the performances, since on various dates two events are scheduled for the same hour. It is obviously not meant to have an appeal for the specialist. There is no modern or ancient fashion parade—which is good—but there is also no attempt to go outside the beaten track; we have heard all these performers great and small, at some time or other, long before the festival was thought of. In its indefinite aim—apart from the grandiosity of the plan—this festival is unlike the festivals of the last century which often fulfilled a need and had a character of their own. When orchestras had to be imported from London or Manchester their collaboration had perforce to be for a

limited period of time and it was better to have a festival than to have no orchestral music at all. Even the Crystal Palace enormity had some purpose. Artistically it was monstrous because while it multiplied indefinitely the choir and increased its force and weight, it could not add proportionately to the force and weight of either soloists or orchestra. But the more massive choral pages of Handel did acquire in the circumstances a splendour that made some amend for grievous losses elsewhere.

The only provincial festival to survive and flourish is the Three Choirs' which, apart from its long tradition, still justifies itself since neither Hereford, Worcester nor Gloucester are large enough and wealthy enough to support a first-rate orchestra of their own. Moreover, thanks to the connection with Edward Elgar, the three choirs have now a mission which is to keep and guard jealously what he taught them to sing with true note and accent. The other festivals have disappeared because no longer adapted for our requirements and because the four or five days' feast had the effect of surfeiting the appetite—a danger not to be eliminated in the case of London. But they served a purpose in their day and contributed something to the progress of music by providing engagements and commissioning new works.

Novelties will not be a feature of the London season. The most unusual, and probably the most popular, event will be, weather permitting, the performance of Handel's Fireworks music on Hampstead Heath by Callender's massed bands and fireworks by C. T. Brock & Co. The choice of Hampstead suggests that historical reconstruction is not to be carried too far—which is perhaps as well since the original event ended creditably for Handel (even though the "fireworks" music has nothing like the subtlety of the "Water" music) but disastrously for the firework artist; something went amiss with his display and, losing his head, the daring fellow attacked sword in hand the Master of the Ordnance, the Duke of Montagu, and was promptly arrested. The orchestra on that occasion included forty trumpets, twenty French horns, and there was cannon—will there be cannon on Hampstead Heath?

The Festival will assemble many famous and other, almost famous, performers. It will not reveal new talent; it will not

enrich the masses who take part in it ; it will neither speed nor delay the cause of good music ; it will not even ease the singular difficulties of the Carnegie Trust. But as a piece of organization it undoubtedly reflects great credit on the promoters and their resources. Toscanini is said to be at his best in Beethoven's mass ; Glyndebourne's productions must fall much below the usual Glyndebourne standard if they are to be less than excellent ; the Bach Choir will surely give a good account of itself in the St. John Passion and no one need entertain a doubt as to the quality of Sir Thomas Beecham's Covent Garden achievements since he himself told us what that season is going to mean. The inclusion of special programmes of church music must add variety and may prove useful in teaching churchman and layman to distinguish between good and poor church music—a distinction not often appreciated. If all these events were not so close together, so hedged in by time, if only one had an interval for reflection between one great feat and the next, one would feel happier. The wise enter a great picture gallery—which the festival resembles—determined to ignore everything except what they particularly wish to see. Only thus can be avoided the confusion and the mental distress of a hundred jostling, superficial impressions.

When celebrities meet great deeds are bound to follow. But musical experience is a singular thing, wholly independent of magnitude and grandiosity. Often, when the stage had been set for stirring events and great expectations aroused, the result was disappointment. Another time, independently of the fame of the exponent, unannounced and wholly unexpected, come the light which revealed that which was never to be forgotten again. Such a revelation came when Richter first showed us the true stature of Beethoven ; it came as one listened to the work of an anonymous composer who centuries ago did with the intense, passionate ardour of true faith what countless moderns try to do in vain having no faith. It came when Arthur Catterall, still in his teens, played Tchaikovsky at a Halle Concert, and, once more, during an unforgettable performance of César Franck's work by the Menges quartet.

The festival offers so many opportunities that something memorable should happen. But Oxford scored when

adventurous spirits staged Monteverde's Orpheus ; Cambridge won with its first experiment in old English Church Music ; Glyndebourne with the general excellence and care of its productions—these were the achievements of individuals revealing something new, moving and unexpected. Ever since M. Arthur Honegger prophesied the end of musical enterprise when, having secured records of the best music by the best performers, musicians must once more become useless rogues and vagabonds, festivals have given rise to anxiety. There is a suggestion of "let us feast and be merry for tomorrow we die" about them. Perhaps that is a pessimistic view to take of events designed, no doubt, to music lovers offer the excitement once felt in Bayreuth or Salzburg. Unfortunately there is neither a Wagnerian nor a Mozartian tradition to give it purpose and direction.

LIBEL AND SLANDER

BY W. L. BURN

THE law of defamation is of great technical complexity ; but the reasons why the layman finds it annoying or absurd are plain enough. Chiefly, they are two. The first lies in the difficult question, what are you trying to do by a law of defamation at all ? Are you starting, as it were, at one end and punishing the insult or are you starting at the other and assuaging the damage which the insult has done ? From very early days the Common Law took the second view. It made the fact of " publication " to a third person, for instance, essential to a libel or slander. If no one but yourself hears a piece of defamatory language you may have been insulted but you have not been damaged in the estimation of your fellows. Yet, up to this century, the law clung to one element in defamation : the words must have been intended to refer to the plaintiff. Then came, in 1909, the case of *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* It had long been held that it was the effect, not the intention, of words that mattered, but in this case the importance of the intention was reduced to a minimum. A story published in a journal depicted the somewhat discreditable doings of a person described as " Artemus Jones " ; and, as a result, the proprietors were sued by a barrister of that name who held that he had suffered damage as a result of his being associated and confused with this fictitious character. At the time, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, gave a dissenting judgment of great force in which he emphasized the fact that the long settled form of pleading included the words, " wrote and published of and concerning the plaintiff ". " It is therefore to my mind settled law ", he said, " that a defendant is not guilty of libel . . . unless he intended to refer to the plaintiff ". It is almost certainly true to add that the Lord Justice was correct and that the judgment of the majority, though it was

said to be merely declaratory, was in fact legislative.

The second fundamental problem is that of discovering a standard of defamation. Let us assume that we agree that a man has a right to the protection of his reputation. Immediately the question arises, reputation for what ? Take this case. Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson are in the habit of spending the evenings, drinking beer and playing darts or dominoes, in the village ' pub '. The publican often allows them to have an extra glass ' after hours '. There is a little rift in the party and Smith, feeling himself slighted, stays away for a few nights. During that time the ' pub ' is raided by the police. The publican is discovered supplying and Brown, Jones and Robinson are discovered imbibing drink ' after hours '. They make an ignominious appearance at the Petty Sessions, and thereupon Brown, jumping to the conclusion that Smith has given the information upon which the police acted, writes to that effect to Jones and Robinson. Smith sues Brown for libel. The law says, " Mr. Smith, you are mistaken ; you have not been libelled. It is true that Mr. Brown said you informed the police, and you had not done so. But if you had done so it would only have been the act of a good citizen ; and to say that you acted like a good citizen cannot be libel ". It is useless for Smith to say that he does not want to appear as the hero of a manual on Citizenship. What he wants is his old reputation as a ' good fellow ' among his cronies ; and in losing that he feels that he has suffered very real damage indeed. The difficulty here, and it is probably an insuperable one, is that of applying objective and universal standards to remedy affronts to those most subjective of things, personal dignity and *amour propre*.

So much for defamation in general. What of the recent Amendment Bill, which was brought up for its second reading in the Commons on February 3rd, and withdrawn on the promise of the Government of a comprehensive inquiry into the whole subject ? Before we examine it in detail it is only proper to remind ourselves of the criticism implicit or explicit in the opposition which the Bill met with in the House : that it was, in pith and substance, a Bill for the protection of the Press, including in that term authors, newsagents and distributors as well as

publishers and printers. We shall see that the charge is not without foundation. Mr. A. P. Herbert complained of the multiplicity of "gold-digging" actions (or writs, rather—for often enough a writ and a statement of claim are enough) against newspapers. A Press photographer sees the well-known Mr. X at a race-meeting with a lady. He "snaps" them and then tells Mr. X that he has done so and asks if he may publish the name of the lady. "Oh", says Mr. X, "that's my fiancée". The photograph duly appears above the caption, "At the Races. Mr. X, the famous explorer, with his fiancée". Thereupon Mrs. X, who lives apart from her husband, issues her writ for libel on the ground that people have been led to think that she was not, in reality, X's wife and, when she had been living with him, had done so as his mistress. This sort of thing, says Mr. Herbert, is wrong. Perhaps it is; but is it very wrong? A cynic aggrieved by newspaper invasions of his own privacy (which still happen, despite pious protests) might say, 'What rational reason is there for publishing a photograph of X at all? Does it matter twopence whether he was at Ayr or Aden? If a newspaper bothers to satisfy fatuous and irrational curiosity on the part of its readers, it deserves very little pity if now and again it has to pay for the pleasure'.

To put this argument on broader grounds, there are a good many people who hold that sections of the London Press and its provincial subsidiaries (the so-called "national" Press) are, on the one hand, insufficiently sensitive to matters of the most urgent public importance, so that it is necessary at times to read American newspapers to discover what is happening in Britain; and, on the other, that these same sections carry their prurience and curiosity to lengths that no thinking man could justify. No doubt this view is exaggerated. It has no application at all to the great provincial dailies such as the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Manchester Guardian*; but there are quarters where it does apply and, thinking of these, people ask themselves, "If one of the bootleggers in the Press racket is 'high-jacked' himself, does it matter so much?" It will be as well to keep this controversy in mind as we go through the provisions of the Bill.

Clause 1 makes it a good defence to a libel action to show

(i) that the defendant had no intention of referring to the plaintiff and either (ii) that he had, through no lack of reasonable care, no knowledge of the existence of the plaintiff at the time when he published the libel or (iii) that he did not foresee and could not reasonably have foreseen that the libel might reasonably have been understood to refer to the plaintiff. Partly this is an attempt to put the law back in the state in which it was before *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* On that it is to be observed that the more far-fetched effects of *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* appear to be dying away. In a somewhat similar case last year, *Canning v. Collins*, the jury returned a verdict for the defendants. But the Bill goes beyond this and proposes to make an absence of intention to refer to the plaintiff in certain circumstances a good defence. This would be far more revolutionary in one direction than was *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* in the other, for it would tend to substitute for one difficulty, that of determining the effect of the libel, the far greater difficulty of determining the mind and state of knowledge of the defendant at the time.

Clause 2 is aimed at the protection of distributors of publications, who are, under the present law, equally liable with the authors, printers and publishers if the matter is libellous. It will be a good defence to such distributors if they prove that they did not know that the matter was libellous, unless the plaintiff for his part can prove either that they did know or that they ought to have known from its character what it was likely to contain. This is again evidence of the tendency we have noticed to examine rather the intention of the libeller than the effect of the libel. But the effect of this clause is by no means clear in the case of the great distributing agencies for whose protection it is obviously designed. In such cases, whose knowledge is at issue? A limited company cannot have knowledge itself. Is it, then the knowledge of its directors, or of its managers? If so, considering how few, for instance, of bookstall posters, the directors are likely to see personally, it would be a very satisfactory defence. The position of distributors is admittedly difficult, but it is to be remembered not only that they have the power to give a libel the widest publicity but also, as Lord Justice Greer hinted in *Sun Life*

Assurance Co. of Canada v. W. H. Smith and Sons Ltd., that what would be clear negligence in the small grocer-cum-newsagent should not be passed off as a mere 'lack of co-ordination' in a big firm. At present a distributor has to prove (i) that he did not know such and such a publication contained a libel and (ii) that he had no reason to know. The Bill would absolve him from the necessity of proving (ii) and throw that burden upon the plaintiff.

Clause 3 concerns the apportionment of damages in a successful libel action. At present it is the law that when two or more defendants are sued for a joint libel there can only be one judgment, that is, judgment for a single lump sum, against them. The Bill proposes to give to the Judge not merely the power but the duty to apportion these damages among the defendants. The cynic may wonder if this Clause (including its sub-section 2, which allows one defendant to drag into the action another potential defendant) is not contrived in the interests of the Press magnates. X contributes a libellous article to a newspaper. Y sues the newspaper but he does not bother to sue X, who, as he knows, is not worth powder and shot. From the newspaper he recovers £2,000 damages. Now, presumably, if this Bill were law, the newspaper proprietors could have the author, as a joint-tortfeasor, made a defendant (whether the plaintiff approved or not) and then, if they lost, might very well only have £1,000 to pay; X filing his petition. On the other hand, one can well imagine cases where a thoroughly wicked and malicious libel has been published by one of two joint defendants, while the other has only been guilty of indiscretion at most. Once more, the Bill leans rather to intention than effect. This time, however, it shows another tendency which we shall observe again later, that of putting libel, as a tort, in a class by itself. Why should there be this rule of apportionment for libel and not for running-down or false imprisonment? Is it a good thing to create legal anomalies deliberately in this way? And would it, as a mere matter of practice, be useful that, after a jury had assessed damages on such principles as they thought best, the judge should proceed to apportion them on principles that were possibly quite different.

The next Clause, 4, purports to enact that "a plaintiff in

an action for libel or slander shall not be entitled to recover general damages for injury to his reputation unless he gives oral evidence of the fact that his reputation has suffered or may suffer by reason of the libel or slander". The object of thus forcing the plaintiff into the witness-box is, apparently, so that he may be cross-examined in a particular way to secure mitigation of damages. At the present moment, under certain conditions, evidence can be offered, in mitigation of damages, of the plaintiff's bad reputation, at least in the particular characteristic with which the libel deals, but not of particular acts of misconduct of which the plaintiff has been guilty. In the present writer's opinion this is proper; and the innovations proposed by the Bill, which would allow evidence of the more serious criminal offences and of "civil proceedings involving charges of fraud and dishonesty in which judgment has been recovered against the plaintiff" to be used against him in mitigation of damages, are highly improper. What a man seeks to protect by bringing a libel action is the reputation he has. It is therefore proper to admit evidence of general bad reputation. But the changes proposed would make the question, not what sort of character the plaintiff in fact bore but what sort of character he would bear if all his criminal past were raked up. That it would have the effect intended, of scaring off "gold-diggers", is not certain; but it is probable that it would effectively deter most plaintiffs with anything to hide from bringing an action in case of even the grossest libel.

Sections 5 and 6 need not detain us long. They both seek to extend somewhat the qualified privilege which newspapers enjoy in regard to their reports of certain proceedings. The report of a public meeting is such a proceeding, and it is sought to extend the occasions of such qualified privilege to cover, *inter alia*, the meetings of public companies. The phrasing as it stands at present is extremely wide; but, with safeguards, it may well be for the public interest that this particular freedom of the Press be extended.

Section 7, although it encountered some opposition from the Attorney-General, seems to the present writer to be the most desirable section of the Bill. It is designed to make all cases of slander actionable (as libel is) without proof of special damage.

At the present moment a vindictive person who confines himself to defamation by word of mouth can do great harm without danger of action. He can say of a doctor, "He is in the habit of kissing his housemaids"; of the leading solicitor in his town, "He is on the verge of bankruptcy"; of a retired clergyman, "He gets drunk every night"; of a schoolmaster, "He seduced his caretaker's wife": and in each case, unless these gentlemen can prove that they have suffered special damage as a result of the slander, they have no cause of action. This distinction between libel and slander was drawn in the later seventeenth century. It has been bridged here and there, as by the Slander of Women Act 1891, which made an oral imputation of unchastity against a girl or woman actionable without proof of special damage. Its abolition was recommended by the Lords' Select Committee in 1843 and has been supported by eminent authorities since. The best argument in favour of it, that slanders eventually find their proper level, may have held good of a small, close community a century ago. But when people move about as they do to-day, slanders move with them. With this distinction would go a whole mass of highly artificial rules, which the Courts do not pretend to refer to general principles; and the chief stigma upon our law of defamation would have been removed.

Clause 8 lays down that, save with leave of the Court, no action for libel or slander shall be commenced more than a year after the cause of action has arisen. It is to be presumed that the Court would take into such consideration such factors as the time when the defendant learnt of the libel, and the means at his disposal for bringing an action when he did so. For the general principle, that a man who wants to defend his reputation will and should lose no time in doing so, there is a good deal to be said.

Clause 9 affirms that a plaintiff in a defamation action "shall not recover more costs than damages unless the judge makes an order to the contrary". The present position is that costs (not only, of course, in defamation actions) are in the discretion of the judge. The award by a jury of a farthing as damages will *prima facie* be reasonable grounds (though no more) for the Court depriving the plaintiff of his costs. The alteration

proposed, even with the judicial safeguard, would tend to discourage the plaintiff of small means. A man who was awarded a mere £200 in a High Court action would be likely to find himself out of pocket; unless juries, knowing of this clause, deliberately increased the damages so that they should always carry with them an amount of costs sufficient to indemnify the successful plaintiff. This, presumably, would not be the result at which the framers of the Bill were aiming.

What, then, are we to think of this essay at law reform? First, that it proposes to do at least one very good thing, to put libel and slander on the same footing. Secondly, with the exception of the clause which does this, that it is a defendant's Bill; and especially a Press defendant's Bill. Thirdly, that in substituting the intention of the defendant rather than the effect upon the plaintiff it is confusing or revolutionizing the present law. Fourthly, that it proposes to put the tort of defamation in a highly novel and anomalous position, for which there is really no justification. Finally, that it proposes to throw an excessive burden on the Judges in a class of action where juries are most useful. The present writer is bound to say that, with the exception of clause 7 and the possible exception of clauses 5, 6 and 8, he is not inclined to regret the decent interment with which the Bill has met.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

BEFORE the latest events one asked whether ending of the war in Spain was more likely to increase or to lessen the chances of a European conflict. If to lessen them, then Mr. Chamberlain's policy gained some justification, and since this was on the whole the more plausible view, his stock had been rising perceptibly. Every week that passes narrows the gap between the power of offensive of the anti-democratic States and the democratic power of defence. Those who speak for Germany see with resentment that the dictatorships are challenged to a war of economic attrition, and in this game of beggar-my-neighbour the longest purse must win—unless another kind of war is substituted. Will it be? What will Italy do?

The Danger Point

While the war in Spain continued, the democracies have submitted to seeing Majorca in Italian occupation. When the presence of Italian troops and war material there ceases to be necessary for General Franco, will they be withdrawn? Mr. Chamberlain has declared that if they showed a disposition to remain, it would be the duty of the French to force them out, and British power would assist the French. Whether either France or England would undertake this operation if General Franco, in control of all Spain, supported the Italians, is no way certain; and this appears to be the danger-point. Would the democracies make war to prevent Italy from continuing in a position to threaten their sea communications, even though the Spaniards to whom the territory belongs should raise no objection? They would have no such moral cause to defend as might have rallied the people when the liberties first of Abyssinia and then of Czechoslovakia, were attacked. England's own position at Gibraltar would cut into the logic of their case. There is a

temptation here for the dictatorships to try and bring about another Munich—in which Germany, not Italy, would intervene as the providential peacemaker, on terms which the other dictator could accept.

Yet surrender in this case is all the more unlikely because there will be no danger of appearing to fight quixotically for a principle. England and France will both feel a direct interest of their own at stake; and diplomats may succeed in persuading the dictators that Lord Halifax was serious with his warning sign "Halt! Major Road Ahead". There is the further consideration that General Franco would not be easily persuaded to even a temporary alienation of Majorca. Before he consented to it, he would have to eat a great many of his most emphatic words, and he is too completely a Spaniard not to be strongly affected by pride. He has retorted arrogantly to the democracies' attempt at imposing on him conditions for the treatment of those whom he may have conquered; but that same quality is open to other appeals, and the French, with that touch of imagination which often marks their action, have chosen the right man to make them. Marshal Pétain is more than a great soldier, he is a great personality. After the war he held a sort of class for generals, and General Franco attended it.

On balance, then, it seems unlikely that the Italians will be able to plead that General Franco desires their continuing presence in the Balearics; and if they should attempt to remain there against his wish, Spain would be thrown at once into the arms of France and England—which would hardly be a useful result of all that Italy has expended in this conflict. Doubtless attempts will be made to strike a bargain, in which an early evacuation of all that is held in the western Mediterranean will be offered in exchange for some compensation further east. But the bargaining on both the French and the British side will be done with a considerably stiffened upper lip. Mr. Hore Belisha's remarkable speech on the developments in the British army has been read with profound satisfaction in France as well as in England. Reactions in Rome and in Berlin, have naturally been much less appreciative.

The new Pope, chosen with such unusual promptitude, has been a politician throughout his career, though an ecclesiastical politician, and it is evident that the Roman Church felt the need of a man so trained. Whatever he attempts to do, or decides to leave undone, it will not be for lack of experienced insight, and certainly it is well that he should have such thorough knowledge of Germany—as well as more than usual familiarity with the United States. At the outset the choice of him has clearly been welcomed by the democracies—who are eagerly looking for friends, even in the unlikely quarters. But the truth is that even the most ingrained Protestants have come to realize that the Church of Rome stands for Christianity, and that Christianity inculcates the right of individual freedom—which the doctrine of the hive denies.

Eyes have been fixed on another great religious leader, who does not fear to soil his hands by touching politics. Mr. Gandhi has once more employed the extreme pressure which only he can exercise, and which is exercised at the hazard of his life. This time the threat of self-immolation was directed against an Indian, yet its effect has been produced through the intervention of the paramount English power. Lord Linlithgow found a way out, which the Indian prince could accept without the appearance of complete surrender. But India will conclude that the Viceroy has inclined to push a leading Prince towards concessions demanded by Congress; and that seems to me of good augury for the British Commonwealth. The separatist tendencies in India are formidably strong; the native states are the parts most attached to the British connection. There is, however, one strong restraining force working against separatism, and that is the fear of what might come if the British power were withdrawn. Mr. Gandhi has demonstrated once more that British authority is amenable to moral pressure, and does not merely answer with machine-guns; it takes account of the general will of the Indian people and in a particular case goes as far as the constitution permits to give effect to that will. Probably Lord Linlithgow has convinced himself, as evidently Lord Halifax did in his viceroyalty, that Mr. Gandhi has a single-minded devotion to the good of the Indian people, and

Church and State

that when he feels a certain reform to be matter literally of life and death, he becomes an expression of the will of India which cannot be ignored. But whether, when Mr. Gandhi dies, any man can be found who will serve in the same way as a safety-valve, is a grave doubt.

In Ireland it is pleasant to note at least some movement towards a better understanding between North and South: and the Irish Association does not commit itself to any much more definite programme than this phrase covers. But its President is Lord Charlemont, who was Minister for Education in Lord Craigavon's government, and established a school system there which gives at least as fair play to the Roman Catholic minority as they get in Great Britain. Among the Vice-Presidents are General Sir Hubert Gough who was once highly approved of in Ulster, and two Major-Generals, one of whom lives in the Six Counties. With them is Senator MacDermot (who has said very pointedly in the Senate at Dublin that Mr. de Valera could usefully go much further in the way to conciliation) and Mr. J. J. Horgan who, in addition to being a leading solicitor in Cork, is chairman of a large business operating in Belfast, Cork and Waterford, and financed as much by Protestant money as by Catholic. Possibly some of these gentlemen may persuade Lord Craigavon and Mr. de Valera that neither of the two parties to the dispute is irreproachable. If that point were gained, there would be some chance at least of a friendly approach.

Henry Bishop who died last month, a week after he had been elected to full membership of the Royal Academy, was a charming painter to whom recognition came late from his own craft, and from the general public perhaps never came at all. I met him first in Tangier about thirty-five years ago: he had gone across from Algeciras to spend a day, and fell so completely in love with what he found there that his stay ran on for many years, and was only ended by stress of finances. The subjects of his choice were the Moorish walled cities, Tangier and Tetuan, with their great expanses of wall, whitewashed or blue washed, forming back-

A Charming Painter

grounds for the highly coloured dresses of the people—all seen in a delicate shimmer of moist air. For in that north-west corner of Africa Atlantic winds and Atlantic rains make an atmosphere oddly like what one knows in Cornwall—and still more in Kerry.: there is a sort of opalescence or pearly quality over everything which enriches colour even while it subdues it. Bishop went for a while to paint in Algeria, but the work he did there had not the same charm; the contrasts were too crude and glaring, and he returned happily to the familiar half tones which he rendered with such subtlety. I have a picture of Tetuan by him, painted from outside the walls at the hour on a Friday when all Moorish gates are shut; and there is the white city, silent and mysterious, looking at you through the dark enigmatic eyes of shadowy windows: all set down with a hundred variations of white, grading here and there into grey or blue, with the distinction scarcely perceptible, yet felt. He said to me: "Lots of men can do lots of things that I never could; but I don't think anyone else could have done that piece of painting". He was by nature too much a recluse to be popular; he lived in his art and for it—getting also much pleasure out of literature. If some passage in a book pleased him, he would transcribe it in a beautiful script and pin it on the studio wall, where there was a whole gallery of such selections. Some day I hope there may be an adequate exhibition of his work; if there is, though his studies of French seaports will be valued, the Moorish studies will stand out, with no self-assertion, but in a most delicate beauty.

E. V. Lucas, about whom so much has been written since his death last summer, was in many ways the most fortunate man I have known in the world of letters, and singularly

A Portrait fortunate in his biographer. Yet biography is not of the right word to describe what his daughter has written; she calls it much more properly, "A Portrait". Whatever success came to Lucas, he certainly earned it, and he has earned this also, for he succeeded in making his daughter like him so well that the outstanding impression in the book is her affection for the personality which, as she puts it, he had "built up". She has not been afraid to let it appear

unaw much that is written in her book (on Lucas's own authority) of his father might have been written of E. V. himself—trusting that whoever reads will find the whole picture flooded with memory of a delightful companionship. It was not always delightful; nothing ever is: the man was an insatiably rapid worker, by no means even-tempered, and one chapter conveys (with indulgent humour) how far from even his temper used to be when his wife and daughter accompanied some of his "wanderings" abroad in search of material. Even at Froghole, the earliest of his homes, there were asperities, amusingly chronicled; we are let know what E. V. was like to live with. But those of us who remember that enchanting cottage and its garden—the best garden that I ever saw—will be thankful to have memories of the household and of all about it preserved with such a living touch. Pleasant it is to meet photographs that recall the man as he was in the freshness of his youth. I suppose he will be chiefly remembered in his later development, the complete clubman, somewhat overblown, and one is glad that most of his daughter's memories concern that earlier time.

But the complete clubman was in reality only a sort of masquerade; at bottom Lucas was a very hard worker and a most capable man of letters who deserved well of his own tribe and seldom neglected any occasion to help a beginner. He did desire to be a social personage, to count, to be able to go into any society—and he had nothing to assist him but what distinction he could earn. As a writer, he commanded an excellent style, but that is not so rare as to bring popular recognition; he had no considerable gift as a novelist and he could not write plays. Humour he had, but not of the sort which sets all the world laughing; it was too delicate, almost evasive. Yet with that very limited equipment, he achieved a personal success comparable to that of any among his friends, and they included all the most successful writers of his time. It seems to me likely that in another fifty years or a hundred years, students of literature, finding Lucas figure so large in the judgment of his contemporaries, will be a good deal puzzled when they turn to his actual work. But this book of his daughter's will help them to understand. A letter from him (reproduced photographically in its characteristic scribble) about her book "Old Motley"—

which is an incomparably better novel than he ever wrote—praises his daughter for “striking the balance” in her judgment of life. That is exactly what she has done in their memoir; if the balance is struck generously, it is not the less true for that, and if the portrait were not amusing and charming and somehow appealing, it would not be a good portrait. But it is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Germans are able people but bad psychologists, as the case of Belgium showed. Herr Hitler has confused detestation of war with very different qualities. He thought he had democracy on the run. Yet there was never any doubt that Mr. Chamberlain, when roused, would fight and fight hard. There is, however, one terribly grave question. The English people cannot be rallied to-day by one who cares only for the liberty of England. Mr. Chamberlain, apparently, sees now that European freedom and civilization cannot be defended piecemeal, but that a stand must be made against lawless aggression anywhere because it is lawless.

Is he the man under whom this stand can best be made? He has great ability, honesty and courage, and, what matters most, no man could have given stronger proof of the will to peace. If the nation feels that his will to resist when resistance becomes necessary is not less masterful, he will be followed; and the next few days must show whether he can convince the people that all necessary steps are being taken and will continue to be taken under his leadership. But this is no time for half measures, or for a weak team. Unless the Government is reconstructed, it cannot meet this emergency.

Last September Czechoslovakia was powerfully organized and ready, materially and morally, to resist aggression; Mr. Chamberlain took on himself the task of breaking that will to resistance. He allowed his achievement to be treated as a personal triumph; and he taunted Mr. Churchill, who criticized his action, with lack of judgment. The public can judge now which man judged the situation better.

Mr. Chamberlain may direct and organize great expenditure of money; but moral preparedness will never come while he is in power. The measure which could do most to arrest the spread of anarchy in Europe is the universal acceptance in Great Britain of a military obligation; but the country would not unite to accept it from Mr. Chamberlain. It does not feel that he knows which are the things that a nation must fight for. Unless a man can convey that feeling, there is no leadership in him; and the need for leadership is urgent.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE EXECUTIVE

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THE BRITISH CABINET SYSTEM, by
A. Berriedale Keith. *Stevens and
Sons.* 15s.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION, by
H. R. G. Greaves. *Allen and Unwin.*
7s. 6d.

It is a fact by no means without significance that, in these latter days, constitutional commentators should be tending to concentrate their attention upon the Executive side of Government. Down to the close of the Victorian era they were preoccupied with the Legislature. The history, the functions, and the composition of the English Parliament supplied material for the researches of many students in many lands, particularly in our country and in Germany. Nor is the reason far to seek. The evolution of Parliamentary Government was regarded in the nineteenth century by most of the progressive nations of the world as the outstanding and characteristic achievement of a people who appeared to be leading the world in the art of Government, no less than in commercial and industrial development. England was envied—and copied. But many of the copyists ignored the important point that parliamentary Government implied much more than activity in legislation and the control of finance. The differentiating characteristic of the English Parliament was that, unlike the Congress of the United States, it

sustained and controlled the Executive. In short, the Cabinet system is the hinge of democracy of the Parliamentary as opposed to the Presidential type.

In view of this obtrusive fact it is the more remarkable that until quite recently so few works should have been devoted to the analysis and elucidation of the Cabinet system. We had, of course, those brilliant chapters in Walter Bagehot's classical work on *The English Constitution*; the chapter on the *Cabinet* in John Morley's little book on Sir Robert Walpole is still worth reading, and most Constitutional Histories contain, of necessity, some reference to the subject. But, as far as I know, the first monograph devoted to the subject came from the pen of one of my Oxford pupils, M. A. Blanvelt, to whom I suggested it as almost untrodden ground.

Less than three years ago Dr. Ivor Jennings published what is likely to remain for some time to come the most comprehensive study on this neglected subject. The latest is provided by Dr. Berriedale Keith's book now under review. Dr. Keith has long been recognized as the greatest authority, living or dead, on the Constitutional status of the British Dominions. In particular he has devoted much attention to the evolution in the Dominions of what has come to be known as

"Responsible Government"—in more popular language the Cabinet System. It was, then, natural that he should have turned (though the order seems inverted) from the Dominions to the Homeland, whence the Dominions have derived the central feature in their scheme of Government.

The result is a valuable analysis of that working of the Cabinet system from 1930 to 1938. With a laudable and intelligible ambition to bring the work entirely up to date Dr. Keith has devoted a concluding chapter to "The Constitution under Strain." The strain referred to was imposed by the international crisis of September, 1938, and it is not perhaps remarkable, though it is regrettable, that Dr. Keith's treatment of this highly controversial subject should betray more than a trace of the political partisanship from which most of the author's previous work is so conspicuously free. Nor is the relevance of the concluding chapter to the main body of the work quite obvious, though the author makes an effort (pp. 559-564) to establish it.

Questioning of the propositions so confidently laid down by Dr. Keith in this chapter must not, however, be permitted to divert attention from the solid merits of his analysis of Cabinet Government, as it has evolved since 1830. There is, indeed, some evidence in the style of the work of inadequate correction of proofs, but Dr. Keith's most careful and conscientious citation of authorities continues to earn for him the gratitude of students.

Within the assigned limits of this review it is, however, impossible to do more than say that Dr. Keith's analysis covers all the essential points such as

the relation of the Cabinet to the Crown and to Parliament respectively, as well as to the increasingly numerous administrative departments. But special attention may be called to those sections of the work (notably chapters III. and X.) which deal with the position of the Prime Minister in relation to his colleagues, and to the King's influence on public affairs.

Space fails to do more than notice the publication of another new book on *The British Constitution*, by H. R. G. Greaves. Its differentiating characteristic is that, more persistently than most of its predecessors, it seeks to disclose the real, as opposed to the nominal, sources of political authority in England, and to exhibit the effective relation between the political order and the existing social and economic under-structure of the State. In the latter connection Mr. Greaves lays great stress on the fact that the "Royal Army" (in itself an unfamiliar description of what most of us have been wont to call the "British Army") "still reflects the conditions of a pre-democratic age" and "is clearly a reliable force for the maintenance of internal order on the lines of the present social structure". In proof of that contention the author prints in an appendix a list of the Army Council, Field Marshals, Generals and Lieutenant-Generals, in order to demonstrate that these men are all "Gentlemen, as is shown by public school education, by descent from the peerage, or by marriage with the daughters of baronets, officers, or men of property". As a fact there are only six Etonians and only one Wykehamist in the whole list, which suggests, moreover, a somewhat capricious connotation of the term "Gentlemen".

ORY DEAD, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

UMBLING IN THE HAY, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. *Constable*. 10s.

Here are two island stories so totally different that it is impossible for the reviewer to bed them together comfortably in a column of comment. Mr. Calder-Marshall writes about Trinidad. He says that all his forerunners in this activity have upset the Trinidadians, except Charles Kingsley, who pleased them with his *At Last*. He refuses to follow in Kingsley's footsteps by writing "the most distinguished prose about sunsets over Savory's Bay... or the foam at Manzanilla". He has another purpose, a social-cleansing one, so astringent that he cannot pass on from his mention of that foam of the waves breaking far out over Manzanilla Bay without twisting his allusion thus, "When you walk in it, the foam clings to your feet and ankles. You look as if you were wearing a tart's bedroom slippers". Kingsley would not have said that.

But Mr. Calder-Marshall continues to say it. His purposely unperiodic prose drives home such startling similes with the staccato emphasis of an electric rivetter. The effect at first is stunning; but it accumulates an impression that seizes upon the reader's senses with the conviction of actuality. The author, rather one should say the reporter, piles up his small incidents to illustrate as he says, "the type of life going on in the capital at different times of the day, and stretches over twenty-four hours: a sort of scenario for a film on Port of Spain, like the film *Berlin*." The reason why I have done this is because I don't feel that an English audience will understand what Port of Spain is like

unless they can be given this sense of the everyday life."

Notice the deliberate repetition there. It is part of the author's technique; a newspaper technique: first the headline, then the sub-headline, then the same thing in greater detail. It slogs home what he wants to tell us; but what is it sacrificing? Is his impression of detailed, indiscriminate actuality, in all the confusion of fact momentarily observed, as lasting in the reader's mind as a digested sorting out of facts? I am not sure. I should like to wait for a few months, and then to recall what I can of this raw-spirit book, and of the thesis behind it.

Mr. Calder-Marshall was out there for three months, trying to produce a film. He took part in the social life, was entertained as Guest of Honour at banquets, rescued a pardoned French convict from being returned to Cayenne, was interrogated by the Detective-Inspector and watched by detectives, attended a religious meeting where a scarlet priestess healed the sick by murmuring 'In Jesus' Mightee name' and throwing them into a trance. He met the intelligentsia, the Press, the art colony, and visited schools, slum property, hospitals, and was forbidden to visit the leper colony. And after all that gathering of material he concludes with a section in which he discusses Crown Colony government and the labour question. His criticism of history is pungent and cynical, like that of most men of his generation, the post-war and angry young who find the world an unpleasant place and blame their parents and their grandparents for the apparent jungle-law by which the human race misgoverns itself. For example, he says "with all credit due

to Wilberforce, the motive for the abolition of slavery was the undermining of the economically entrenched French planters. This can be seen from the fact that after the abolition of slavery within the Empire the British came out for the South in the Civil War. Here the economic struggle was between Great Britain and the Northern States for the economic domination of the South". That may be so; but it sounds rather cut and dried, like so much of the iconoclastic doctrines of the young.

Dr. Gogarty also stands for independence of view, and the conflict of the individual against the coercions of society; but he does it by suggesting, in Shakespeare's words, that high politics and organized machinations

"Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay".

Hence the title of his book will delight his readers and lead them at once into the company he keeps; the Falstaffs, Rabelais, Fieldings, Melvilles, Quixotes; all the fellows who have ever refused to trim or be trimmed. It is also characteristic that the book is dedicated to Augustus John, "To you, Augustus, with your 'Don't be afraid of Life'". And there is no fear of that.

We see the rare fellow as a youngster, a medical student in his second year, being led by his redoubtable mother from the National Medical School, where she believes she has been insulted, to Trinity College, where she is greeted as befits her rank and the memory of her husband. So the youth has to begin all over again. But it does not worry him. He has his boon companions, his Pistols and his Bardolphs; and he has the good luck to fall into the hands of a glorious professor of Greek, whom

he calls "the Benign Doctor". By one stroke of luck after another—according to his nonchalant narration—he gets his qualifications, and leaves us at the point which he calls "transition". We have been entertained by a life in the streets and colleges of a Dublin that surely could never have existed in fact? It has, of course, been pictured by the pencil and the mad brushes of Mr. Jack Yeats, and that precedent gives us some little sense of locality. But the grand inconsequence of it; the landlords of the taverns where the wits gathered; the discussions in them of everything under the sun, from Oliver Goldsmith's calves to Aristophanes' cadences—and in the same breath! But perhaps I should say breathlessness. Yes, that better describes the speed and the humours of this gallant autobiography.

RICHARD CHURCH.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS, by Count Hans Huyn. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

This is the autobiography of a man who combines in himself the outlook of the loyal Austrian, the true German and the good European. The personal story will entertain, for it is told with an engaging mixture of humour, irony and seriousness. To me, however, the greatest appeal of the book is in the author's confession of faith. For it is the faith of a man who, in spite of the political disaster which has befallen his own country, Austria, and the spiritual tragedy which has overtaken the wider German world of which he always felt himself a part, yet continues to believe in the existence of the true German soul, and has not lost hope that one day that soul will come again into its own and play its part in the building up of a better Europe.

While telling the story of his life, Count Huyn also tells of the end of the Hapsburg Empire, the destruction of the Germany of the Weimar Republic, Pilsudski's Poland, and the death of post-war Austria. His account of Austria's last days, witnessed both in Austria itself and from the Austrian Legation in London, makes vivid reading. All those who, like the present critic, wanted Austria to survive, will hardly disagree with the author that she failed to do so because her rulers, in spite of their patriotism, failed to provide the Austrian people with a true German ideology which could successfully combat Nazism.

Neither will they disagree that the tragedy of Thoiry, France's lost chance to build with Germany a new Europe, meant both the death of democratic Weimar Germany, and the birth of the present Europe, with its nerves, war-fears, and spiritual sterility.

The Polish chapters are especially entertaining. The author has an intimate knowledge of Poland, and he writes of her with a colourful and sometimes with a critical pen, but it is the criticism born of candid and even warm friendship.

There are charming passages about the author's early years as a student and a young naval officer in the old pre-war Austria, and grimly realistic pages about the Austria of the immediate post-war period. Those of us who have not understood the acceptance of Nazism by Germans of a type who would naturally have no sympathy for it should read his chapter on *Gleichschaltung*, the system which ruthlessly pressed a whole nation into the National-Socialist mould.

Count Huyn's view that the best in the German soul is universalist and rejects extreme nationalism should be remembered against the day when the present nightmare passes. At the same time the author does not shrink, and we should not either, from facing certain facts in the German psychology, which explain how that aspect of Germanism which rejects the lofty humanism of Goethe does at times come to the top, to the detriment not only of Germany but also of Europe.

The publication of *Tragedy of Errors* at this particular moment is timely.

C. F. MELVILLE.

BEETHOVEN, by Walter Riezler. *Forrester*. 10s. 6d.

THE HEART EVER FAITHFUL, by L. G. Bachmann. *Coldwell*. 8s. 6d.

In their attitude to music these two authors stand diametrically opposed; and their attitudes are the more interesting as being extreme examples of the ways in which the critic and the "man in the street" consider this contentious art. To Mr. Riezler, music, in the last analysis, is "music and nothing else". In other words, it is absolute, having no need of the literary or visual arts in order that it may be understood. To Miss Bachmann, on the other hand, music would seem to have every possible need of the literary and visual arts in order to be understood. Music is always suggesting, and is always being suggested by, something else. Its composition may be inspired by the sound of a fountain in a fragrant garden and its interpretation may call up a vision of the choiring heavenly hosts (both instances are taken from Miss Bachmann's own book). In fact,

music is delightful not for itself but for what it suggests.

This latter attitude is common among uninitiated listeners; and the novelist, catering for such, is apt to employ it in its most flowery and extravagant form. Now Miss Bachmann is clearly a musician. But she is even more clearly a novelist; and in *The Heart Ever Faithful*, which deals with the life of Bach during those last twenty-seven years which he spent as Cantor of the *Thomaskirche* in Leipzig, the novelist has said good-bye to the musician in a most final manner. Thus, of the Passion Music she writes: "In a low voice Friedemann spoke of the silvery tones of the string quartets which seemed to fall on the tone-pictures of the vocal parts with a sacred radiance and in particular seemed at once to sustain, embrace, and illuminate the Lord's voice". Whatever this may have meant to the novelist, it can mean absolutely nothing to the musician; and Miss Bachmann does well to add: "Music had never done that before". It is to be hoped that it will never do it again.

Even more incomprehensible to the musician is the following description of the *Kunst der Fuge* :—

"It faced all the great questions with which men have been preoccupied. In it were represented the eternal processes of birth, development and passing away; the ideas of eternity, of suffering and of death were symbolized, the age-old mysteries of hate and love, the meaning and purpose of life—all found a place in his music. But one question seemed unresolved. What is man? The conclusion of the work was to answer this question, the final fugue which was to be the crown of the whole".

After which nobody will be surprised to learn that, as he lay dying, Bach heard the Seraphim singing the music of his Mass. Facing the throne of

heaven at last, he apologized for having died before he had finished the *Kunst der Fuge* and received consolation as follows: "It was not to be finished by thee. If it were thou would'st have told men those eternal things which are hidden from them".

Mr. Riezler's theory of "absolute music" comes like a cold plunge after this steamy bath of sentimentality. Simply and very clearly he has sketched the life of Beethoven and managed, even in so brief a survey, to banish quite a number of those lush notions dear to the heart of the novelist. Here, for instance, is one example of his iconoclasm: "(Beethoven's) love of country life was not in the least due to a longing for solitude or the avoidance of his fellow-men. . . . His duties in aristocratic society may often have been a burden to him; but intercourse with fellow-musicians and enthusiasts of his own class he always welcomed". Here is another: "The modern theory of 'subliminal eroticism' as the root of artistic creation applies as little to Beethoven as to any one else". And finally, he effectively banishes the sentimental idea (based on so-called evidence from the *Heiligenstädter Testament*) that Beethoven ever contemplated suicide.

But it is in the remaining sections of his book that Mr. Riezler has made his most valuable contribution to the literature of music. Pursuing his theory that words can only have one value for the musician in writing of his art, namely, to "reveal the purely musical facts and so help us to understand the organic structure of a composition", he proceeds to give brief but succinct analyses of all Beethoven's major works; and further, as an example of the detailed application

of his method of criticism, he adds an appendix to the book in which the organic structure of the first movement of the Eroica Symphony is examined, bar by bar, through thirty closely reasoned pages. To the student, this analysis, and indeed the whole of Mr. Riezler's astringent study, is most valuable and has no need, incidentally, of Dr. Furtwängler's singularly uninspired introduction. To the 'man in the street', however, it may seem perhaps too severe reading.

Is there, then, no half-way house between the severe technicalities of such a book as *Beethoven* and the soulful 'interpretations' of such a book as *The Heart Ever Faithful*?

C. HENRY WARREN.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS, by W. R. Inge. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

TRUE HUMANISM, by Jacques Maritain. Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.

Suspicion is aroused against any reviewer who sees in one flight of quills and paper too many swans. I venture, however, the assertion that England boasts no greater essayist living than Dean Inge, judged by the established tests of style of diction, profundity of ideas, richness of learning and strength of passion. That passion indeed often wears the form of a prejudice nurtured by a pretty malice. In this present volume, which ranges from 'How Rome Dealt With The Christians' to 'The Servant Problem', it would be idle to look for smooth sayings about democracy. Anxious taking of the auspices of public opinion by democratic augurs and mass observers only calls forth the observation that "the symbol of our race is not the eagle but the parrot". It is a healthy sign that there

should be writers who are not afraid of remarks which, whether truth or not, are at least unpopular. Of the 'Collective Security', of which we hear so much, Dr. Inge comments mordantly: "It would consist of ourselves, who profess to have abandoned war as an instrument of policy; of some twelve million Russian barbarians fighting under the bloodstained banner of Communism; and on the West, there would be a million negroes, armed and drilled by France. . . . I do not think the coalition would win". Dean Inge's sword has the sharpness of a rapier and the weight of a battle-axe. More's the pity that this first-class mind should choose to cabin these powers within the unsatisfactory confines of articles designed for the daily press.

The pity of it is shown when we turn to the work of M. Maritain who, with no better equipment or shrewder judgment, is building up a position that may be decisive in moulding the Western tradition in culture of the future. Like Dean Inge, M. Maritain is bored with that deference to public opinion which it may be profitable to observe as in an human aquarium, but compared with which he prefers even the theory of the 'fully conscious vanguard' of class Communism. Attention to opinion is for Maritain, as for Lenin, a bourgeois liberal delusion.

M. Maritain's thesis is that of a neo-Thomism as the informative spirit of what he terms, an 'integrated humanism'. This humanism preserves the tradition of a continuous culture as norm and compass-needle of sound values. Strict cultural homogeneity is not set—as in the Cæsaro-Papalism that Inge and Maritain unite to condemn—over against democratic trial and

error and discussion. A political pluralism or federalism on the political plane, is visualized that yet coheres into unity, thanks to the perfusing faith of a central Catholic nucleus that grasps with profound consciousness its own tradition.

"It is vain to assert the dignity and vocation of human personality if we do not strive to transform the conditions that oppress these". This reform is to be carried out in the context of the Grand Tradition of Western Culture in its Catholic species. I yet fear lest this thesis of reform, in M. Maritain's case, has become so refined, chiselled and delicate as to be brittle in working in the crude forces of human nature—liable, like so many elaborate rationalizations, to be tolerant in practice of gross monstrosities. Values do not arise from individual human experience; but they are discovered and tested through that experience. That at least is the characteristic theme of Anglo-Saxon humanism over against French logic. Further, frankly, I am alarmed about the depressant effect that M. Maritain's *soigné* brand of humanism may have upon technical advance and upon the total quantitative extension of the means of civilization.

I have the highest respect for the quality of M. Maritain's critical judgment in his analysis of secularist free-thought and of Marxism. Readers of Professor MacMurray's work could, with profit, read also this criticism. I suggest, however, that despite his theme of 'personality', M. Maritain pays too little respect to the Anglo-Saxon empiric tradition which he tends to identify rather lightly with Benthamism or even with the bourgeois Philistine. The Anglo-Saxon, let us remember, also

thinks. But I can imagine no task of greater intellectual significance to-day than to discover the links between Protestant-born democratic liberty and Catholic Christianity, both of which are now under mortal attack. I think a large part that is a task of analysing the common values of Anglo-Saxon and of French Catholic culture. Towards it M. Maritain is making an eminent contribution, reminiscent in many ways of Unamuno's *Tragic Sense*, as French as the latter was Spanish, but more relevant to our present needs. He bids fair to be one of the creators of the Modern World.

GEORGE CATLIN.

LORD NORTH, by W. Baring Pemberton. *Longmans, Green*. 21s.
THE RISE OF GEORGE CANNING, by Dorothy Marshall. *Longmans, Green*. 15s.

Mr. Pemberton's book on *Lord North* is an attempt to reconsider the career of a statesman who has rarely received unbiassed treatment from historians: to most people he is known as "the man who lost America". It is therefore most satisfactory to find that the same biographer who has given us such a readable life of Carteret has brought his talents and attractive style of writing to this life of Lord North.

Clearly no eighteenth-century statesman could have led the House of Commons for fifteen years without being possessed of more than ordinary ability, and the feat seems the more remarkable in that Fox and Burke were his opponents. Lord North's personal attributes—his ridiculous figure, his poor delivery, his well-known indolence, were not qualities which suggested that their possessor would be likely to be

of use in the House of Commons; by his admirable private character, his wit and wit, and his skilful management of finance achieved for him a position which historians have not always allowed him. The loss of America and his complete adoption of the position of King's servant have made it as impossible for Whig historians to conceal their contempt for him as it has been for Tory writers to give fair consideration to his motives in joining his old enemy Fox in 1783, or to assess at its true worth Pitt's implacable hatred of him. Lord North himself was not a party man at all, so that it is not so surprising that he has received scant justice at the hands of either. Mr. Pemberton does not set out to prove that North was a great statesman; he does most admirably succeed in showing that he was a man of unquestioned ability, and that if he contributed to the ultimate loss of America, he must be allowed to have saved Canada.

Perhaps Burke's estimate, which Mr. Pemberton quotes in the conclusion of his lucid and scholarly book, is the fairest verdict—"He was a man of admirable parts; of general knowledge; of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business; of infinite wit and pleasantry; of a delightful temper; and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required."

The character of William Pitt the younger, who like his father is treated a little bitterly by the biographer of Lord North, is naturally a central theme of Miss Dorothy Marshall's *The*

Rise of George Canning. This book has been written with a full knowledge of some previously unpublished private papers, which include a very full journal of Canning's and his letters to his wife; Miss Marshall has made skilful use of this material to bring out the story of the conversion of the friend of Sheridan and Fox to the Toryism of Pitt, and the sorry period brought about by Pitt's resignation and Addington's ministry. Thus she has succeeded in presenting more or less in Canning's own words the real history of his early career. Nor is she afraid to show his defects, many of which spring from his very best qualities; before Pitt's second ministry Canning must have been a most irritating friend for Pitt, and after the latter again took office a most unhappy one. Most of his troubles were of his own making. Yet his devotion to Pitt was a lovely thing, which no differences in politics and no "quarrelling and making it up all day long" could mar.

The story of his courtship and marriage is excellently told; once Canning told his wife that she and Pitt were the only people to whom he owed any sense of obligation. It is perhaps to this that Canning's success and failure may be traced.

J. F. BURNET.

A WORLD HISTORY OF ART, by Sheldon Cheney. *Cape*. 30s.

The art historian's task is to reassess the art work of the ages in terms of personal experience of an emotion. Although such an estimate must be largely a subjective one, Mr. Cheney has tried to keep his survey as objective as possible. That is not to say that

the book is an impersonal chronological statement; his approach is not that of the historian, interested mainly in the course of human affairs, neither is it that of the archæologist, concerned with remains, nor yet that of the biographer, recording, like Vasari, details and anecdotes of artists' lives. The whole book holds an admirable balance between these aspects and Mr. Cheney's major theme that art is for the observer's delight. Enumerating the main theories that are held about the origins of art, he gives most favour to the idea that art is an inborn necessity, a detached phenomenon which arose, not as an adjunct to magic and religion, nor to objects of use, but as an exuberant independent activity.

reason. It is not too much effort, please, to form it out. Let us say, here is art for our enjoyment . . . let us enjoy as spontaneously as we can the Pomo basket, the Alaskan totem, the Nigerian idol. Implicit in this advice, there is the hope that a more intelligent attitude exists in the educated public to-day than obtained, say, twenty years ago. That hope, surely, is well founded; a reassessment of art forms has begun; a new point of view has made it possible to restate values. Traditional verdicts have been modified and, in some cases, reversed. The criterion of the drawing master, excellence in imitation, has given way to an appreciative recognition of formal, structural and rhythmic values. Painting and sculpture are no longer thought of as exercises in fidelity of representation but as intuitive and interpretative organizations. Our perception has become more sensitive, and our capacity for experiencing works of art has developed and widened. As an exponent of this new conception,

Mr. Cheney has redistributed the emphases. His standpoint enables him to make a comprehensive survey which justifies the title of his book as a world history of art. A most interesting feature of this history is the appropriate, but unusual, deference that he pays to Chinese works; his enthusiastic valuation makes some amends for the sins of omission committed by other art historians. Two chapters are given over to an expression of his reverent admiration for Chinese painting and plastic arts, and the pleasures that are to be derived from the contemplation of an art which, in itself, is essentially contemplative, looking out from the eye of the soul at the eternal realities. He draws a skilful comparison between Greek and Chinese art, "the way of the mind and the way of the spirit", and holds that the Chinese achievement is the greater. This does not imply a disparagement of Greek art, but rather that modern æsthetic theories are more in harmony with those forms of art which arouse emotions in us by playing on the overtones of our physical existence. In the light of this universal reconsideration of art, it is not surprising to find certain figures like Giorgione, El. Greco, Blake, Goya and Daumier emerging from a comparative obscurity, while others like Botticelli, Donatello, even Raphael and Leonardo falling back a pace or two. One titanic figure, Michelangelo, remains aloof, untouched by a shifting scale of values, perhaps achieving an added stature. Rembrandt and Cézanne share the same certainty of a place in the fore-front of European painting.

Mr. Cheney's history is a remarkable achievement, the extent of which cannot be described in a short review. The

world art story is told by a commentator with a rare capacity for clear, stimulating exposition, whose appreciation is alert, infectious and even inspiring. Above all, his æsthetic judgments, free from the tight limits of a formula, are consistent and coherent. The book is illustrated with some four hundred well chosen photographs.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

FOX IN THE CLOAK, by Harry Lee. Collins. 8s. 6d.

HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS, by Desmond Hawkins. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, by W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A FAMILY AND A FORTUNE, by I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The wealthy romantic, in the United States, finds his escape in the dude ranches and other establishments of the kind; but the romantic without money has a hard time in a society controlled by Kahns and Grosses. It is the tragedy implicit in the life of such a romantic that is the most living part of *Fox in the Cloak*. Despite himself, apparently, Mr. Lee has made Alec Glass, fallen scion of an old Southern family, the most vital character in his story, with his pathetic poring over maps and his never-to-be-used shotguns. Though driven to drink by an indifferent and often resentful wife (admittedly he was untidy in his habits), Alec never loses heart and succeeds in getting job after job and doing well in them, too, sooner or later; and his final departure for Philadelphia is a great loss. Meanwhile the main story deals with the struggles of his priggish but not unlikeable son Neil to elude the tentacles of the octopus of commer-

cialism and achieve a career as an artist. In this rather long-drawn-out process he is helped by a hardworking but somehow irritating mother; and the apple-cart is nearly upset by his falling for a completely unsuitable and nearly brainless girl, with all the predatory instincts and ready-made standards of the American lower middle class. It is difficult to feel that Neil would not have smelt danger earlier.

The philistine atmosphere of Atlanta is well conveyed, however, and the Southern townsman's attitude to the negroes is brought out with skill; and some of the minor characters in a large cast have the spark of life in them.

In *Hawk among the Sparrows* Mr. Hawkins also finds a theme in the clash between the intellectual and the philistine temperaments. But here the scene is provincial England, and the

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philistine family one of that vast concourse of the "retired" who populate the smaller villas on the outskirts of our towns. The predatory motive is again accentuated in the person of Mrs. Sparge, and she is really rather a terrifying person, waiting spider-like to pounce on her selected victim. Mr. Hawkins is to be congratulated on this study of evil and inertia combined in one body. Mrs. Sparge is worthy of being placed in the Chamber of Horrors beside Tod Lapraik; she has quite a touch of warlockry about her.

This might account for the otherwise inexplicable way in which intellectual Mr. Kipter allowed himself to be all but caught in her web; for admittedly he saw what was coming. The tragic explosion at the end is in nice contrast with the comedy of manners that takes upmost of the book. The novel is intentionally on a small scale, but it reveals the touch of a real craftsman.

Mr. Somerset Maugham leads us at once into higher and lower walks of life. *A Christmas Holiday* takes Charlie, comfortable son of a comfortable English family, into the *bas-fonds* of Paris, guided there by his friend Simon, journalist and schizophrenic. On reflection, Simon appears almost incredibly sinister, but Mr. Maugham's practised skill compels us to admit him for the time being. The tragic story-within-a-story of Lydia and Robert Berger is very far from being incredible; indeed in some respects it resembles the actual true tale of a young Parisian of good education and artistic discernment who "went wrong" for sport in much the same way.

Maugham fans may at first find the book unexpectedly serious, but his humour will out; and the comparison

of Charlie's two visits to the Louvre, one with his parents, who admire all the "correct" things, and one with Lydia, who claims no knowledge of art, is delicious. The poor old bourgeoisie, as usual, are the target of the author's wit, and they richly deserve all they get if they really are as self-satisfied as he makes out. But it is difficult to believe that "the bottom had fallen out" of Charlie's world, even after his introduction to a layer of society he had never dreamt of. He was, after all, only 23, and many similar men of his age have managed to survive much greater horrors without the ultimate calamity. Never mind, *A Christmas Holiday* makes good reading.

When confronted with a dust-cover proclaiming that an author's style recalls both Shaw and Congreve, and her characters those of Jane Austen, the modest reviewer approaches the volume with some trepidation. In fairness to Miss Compton-Burnett, however, it must be insisted that she has a very definite style of her own, which is neither Shaw's nor Congreve's, and is very far from being to everyone's taste. It has a curious rhythmic pattern, and the rhythm is apt to be repetitive. If you like the pattern, this is admirable; if not, it is infuriating.

The story of the novel is tenuous; hasty readers will find it told, in all essentials, in a half-page of the last chapter. But if they restrict themselves to that, they will miss the admirable Aubrey, the youngest and most intelligent (not to say precocious) of a singularly unattractive family. He acts as a sort of Greek chorus to the weaknesses of his elders and preserves an undaunted spirit in face of the scorn of the rest.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The tempo of political developments in the international field has once again spread confusion in the ranks of democracy. Since last autumn, it was thought, the States, whose peoples prize other values than power and the warrior-ideal, had made up considerable lee-way. But Herr Hitler's gains in Central Europe this month, in terms of economic wealth and armament-power, have wiped out that achievement, and the 'confidence', which official declarations were designed to ingeminate, has been blown sky-high. In these circumstances, THE FORTNIGHTLY, faint but pursuing, can only depict, as objectively as possible, the issues that are at stake—and, in the national context, reflect glints from the fire of indignation and resolve which the new situation has disclosed.

Those who have seen in the *Dynamik* of Nazi Germany a consistent process of aggression—and not any mere liberation from the shackles of Versailles—are now vindicated. THE FORTNIGHTLY has in the past twelve months included several articles pointing to that conclusion. But no one has yet analysed in detail the actual new technique of aggression—amounting to conquest without war. F. Elwyn Jones, who essays this task, is a young barrister and writer who has made the subject his own. Two recent books 'Hitler's

Drive to the East', and 'The Battle for Peace' have made his reputation, and he is now engaged on a Penguin Special volume on 'Europe after Munich'. He is also editing 'Safeguards of Justice' to which Viscount Sankey contributes a preface.

Instead of an article on the new face of Central Europe—which at present cannot be written—we have from Elizabeth Wiskemann a brief survey of the mind and mood of Switzerland, considered by many as likely to be one of the next targets of German aggression. Elizabeth Wiskemann has contributed several articles to THE FORTNIGHTLY in recent years, each showing a remarkable grasp of the situation in the country of which she is writing. Her book *Czechs and Germans*, published last summer by the Oxford University Press under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has been justly acclaimed as the standard work on that subject.

Of the new determination to make democracy effective and bomb-proof, so to speak, the article by Duncan Sandys, M.P., is encouraging evidence. The author, a Conservative (whereas the two above-named contributors are Labour and Liberal in their sympathies respectively) has from the first taken very seriously the shortcomings and the lack of initiative displayed in the A.R.P.

measures of the United Kingdom. A year ago he went to Barcelona to see for himself what measures of passive defence were proving to be best fitted for the situation there. If such a vigilant critic is now satisfied that the Minister of Defence, Sir John Anderson, has done all that is humanly possible to make good the bad start of 1936-37, one may surely be encouraged. Duncan Sandys is M.P. for South Norwood and Chairman of the Parliamentary A.R.P. Committee. He is the son-in-law of Mr. Winston Churchill—whose judgment of Munich, as our regular commentator, Stephen Gwynn observes, has been vindicated in the happenings of the past fortnight.

Another Conservative—of an older generation—is Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, who sets down his conclusions on the much-debated question of air warfare. Sir Charles Gwynn is one of several brothers who have found distinction in different walks of life. He went from school in Dublin to the R.M.A., Woolwich, then had action service in Australia and West Africa before the European War. Later he was Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley, 1926-37, and he will be remembered, subsequently, as Military Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. In 1923-24 he was A.D.C. to King George V. His book 'Imperial Policing' 1934 is a notable contribution to the saga of the British Army.

A contributor who needs no introduction to our regular readers is D. W. Brogan, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Deserting American themes for the nonce, Denis Brogan gives us a characteristic rollicking study of new trends in the British political system. His book on the American political system, by the way, remains a classic of our time.

Continuing the process of stock-taking Sir Alfred Zimmern plots the graph of the British Empire to-day—in the light of the unofficial conference on British Commonwealth relations which took place last autumn in Sydney. Professor Zimmern, who is in charge of the work in International Relations at Oxford, likewise needs no introduction. As an exponent of the themes of Nationality and Government (the title of one of his earlier books), and a fond critic of the British Empire he stands alone.

As usual, politics has jostled out many other interesting aspects of public affairs. But the Rev. J. A. H. Bell, who has had long experience of urban and rural parishes, discusses the perennial problems of the poor parson. We have, too, a perspicuous commentary on Music Festivals by F. Bonavia, an old established music critic on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. Other features include a story by an old friend, Albert Jarosy, and a poem.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The Swiss National Exhibition will be held at Zürich from May until October. The Exhibition will occupy two large park areas on opposite sides of the lake. On the right bank will be a number of displays stressing the importance of agriculture in Swiss economic life. Various sections are to be given over to market gardening, fruit and wine-growing and cattle raising. Here, too, will be a model Swiss Village. Switzerland is a pioneer in tourism and it is only natural that a large section be devoted to "Resort and Travel". The Hotel on the Lake has some of its rooms arranged in the style of the nineties, while others feature all the modern conveniences Swiss hotels now offer. The hotel has a large restaurant and a lecture hall, as well as a reading room and writing room. But the special attraction will be the hotel kitchen which visitors can see in full working order.

The "Transportation" exhibit will be exceptionally comprehensive. The development of street cars, buses and Alpine Postal Motor Coaches will be reviewed.

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Although the film "England", made by Pathé for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, lasts only for six minutes, it manages in that time to convey vividly the need for National Parks in Britain, which are intended to serve the three-fold aim of preserving wild scenery, creating Nature Reserves and throwing open to the public great stretches of land for open air recreation. The message of the film is irresistible. Crowds leaving London Bridge Station contrast with the gentle surge of the waves on the Dorset coast; the children's playground in the city street with the bucolic peace of the Downs; the ever-present shadow of park railings with the rolling moors of the North. Besides this, the threat to the very places where peace and recreation can be found, the building and commercial development which, in six months or less, can ruin a lovely landscape for ever, is cleverly depicted. Urban necessity and rural need both combine to make National Parks essential to the life of the country. The film concludes with a plea for support of the C.P.R.E. in its efforts to secure the establishment of National Parks by the Government, a plea which yesterday's audience at the Centre was by no means slow to appreciate. This film will be seen in public cinemas all over the country during the next few months.

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The British Sight-Efficiency Committee, which has recently been appointed by the optical industry of Great Britain, has made an investigation into the question of the sight welfare of factory and office workers. This investigation has revealed that, while working conditions have improved

tremendously since the war, the employer has paid little attention to the sight efficiency of his staff. Admittedly much has been done to improve the lighting in a vast majority of factories, offices and work-rooms, but a deeper consideration of the question reveals that it is of little use to hope that improved lighting will remedy sight defects which already exist. A survey of the working population has made it plain that almost 45% of employees are afflicted with some form of visual defect, which, whilst it remains uncorrected, does much to hamper the efficiency and accuracy demanded in present day industry and commerce. Modern conditions undoubtedly demand good sight, and it is encouraging to know that at last eyes are receiving the attention they deserve.

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During the last six months THE FORTNIGHTLY has published the following outstanding articles dealing with the "crisis" months in Europe. All are remarkable for their foresight and are worth reading and re-reading.

October, 1938—

The Loom of Power, by The Editor.
The Czech Crisis : The Foreground, by C. F. Melville.
The Czech Crisis : The Background, by Robert Parker.
Germany's "Bleeding Frontiers", by Joachim Joesten.
Franco's Spain, by Manuel Chaves Nogales.

November, 1938—

Munich and After, by Professor R. W. Seton-Watson.
Second Thoughts in France, by D. R. Gillie.
Tanganyika and the Mandate, by Lord Chesham.

December, 1938—

Colonies for Germany ?, by Lord Esher.
Facing the Issues, by P. V. Emrys-Evans, M.P.

January, 1939—

Germany and the Mediterranean, by Elizabeth Monroe.
Baltic Trends, by Robert Machray.
Dr. Negrin's Thirteen Points, by W. C. Atkinson.

February, 1939—

Poland's Problems in 1939, by Stefan Litauer.
Ruthenia Today and To-morrow, by Henry Baerlein.

March, 1939—

Germany's Naval Aims, by Frank Clements.
Rumania, 1939, by George Pendle.
The Calvary of Spain, by W. Horsfall Carter.
The "Axis" in South America, by N. P. Macdonald.

Copies of these issues can be obtained, price 3s. 6d. each, from The Manager, The Fortnightly Review, 13, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1939

HONOUR AMONG NATIONS :

A Critique of International Cant

BY E. H. CARR

IN the year 1857 the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Walewski (he happened to be an illegitimate son of Napoleon I) remarked in conversation with Bismarck that it was the business of diplomats to cloak the interests of their country in terms of universal justice. At the end of the American—Spanish War, President McKinley took counsel with the Almighty, and proclaimed that it was the will of Heaven that the United States should annex the Philippines. A few months ago, Mr. Winston Churchill announced in the British House of Commons that "there must be a moral basis for British rearmament and foreign policy"; and he proceeded to provide one. Appearances notwithstanding, Mr. Churchill belongs to the school of McKinley rather than to the school of Walewski. He himself believes in the "moral basis" as sincerely as McKinley did in the Divine Guidance.

A change has, in fact, come over the moral atmosphere since the days when international relations were the private preserve of diplomats. A diplomat serves his country, and nobody expects more of him. He would be open to criticism if he did anything else. But now that democracy has taken a hand in the game, new demands are made. "Patriotism is not enough" in the current phrase. We are not content to serve our country. We want to know that, in serving our country, we are also serving humanity at large; and our democratic statesmen are always there to assure us that we are. "There are American principles, American policies", said Woodrow Wilson, that master of telling phrases, in 1917; "they are the principles of mankind, and must prevail". At a recent meeting in London, that stout British Wilsonian, Lord Cecil, spoke in the same

vein of "our duty to our country, to our Empire and to humanity at large".

The prevalence of this identification of duty to country with duty to humanity presumably entitles us to register a moral advance. The Wilsonian formula certainly strikes a warmer, more exalted note than the old-fashioned "My country, right or wrong". But may there not also have been a certain falling-off in intellectual probity? Walewski and Bismarck at least knew what they were doing. Are we sure that we do? Have we discarded 'my country, right or wrong' because our moral vision has become keener, or merely because our intellectual vision has become more fuddled? These are troublesome questions. There are still moments of disillusion when we refuse to believe in our own idealism. "We asked the sons of this Republic to defend our national rights", said Warren Harding in his acceptance speech in 1920, "not to purge the Old World of the accumulated ills of rivalry and greed". And Harding swept the country.

The application of moral precepts to political problems bristles with notorious difficulties. Aristotle, who wanted to justify slave-owning, thought slavery "natural". Rousseau, who wanted to justify his theory of a social contract, held that men were "naturally" free. Spinoza and Hobbes, who wanted to justify strong government, declared that men were "naturally" enemies of one another. Modern writers, who want to justify pacifism, argue that man in his "natural" state lives at peace with his neighbours. It reminds one a little of some of the post-War discussions about disarmament. The Americans and the British, who wanted to get rid of the submarine, thought that it was by nature a pernicious and offensive weapon. (An American admiral once declared that "civilization demands that naval war be placed on a higher plane" by the abolition of the submarine). Oddly enough, the French and Japanese took precisely the same view of the battleship, but praised the submarine as a humane and defensive weapon. "Nations have always had that system of morals which justified their current rules of life", writes a contemporary French thinker. "Moral theories no more make our customs than our ideas about the constitution of matter make the

properties of bodies". If to "rules of life" be added "aspirations", one is constrained to agree.

But this is not the end of the trouble. There is said to be a tribe of aborigines in Brazil which has one word meaning alternatively "all of us" or "good", and another meaning "all the others" or "bad". Civilized man, though his speech is more complicated, assumes the identity, and draws from it ingenious conclusions far beyond the reach of the simple aborigine. He uses morality, as Shakespeare's Henry V. uses the Archbishop of Canterbury, to justify his most preposterous claims. During the War, it was common form to assume the wickedness of all Germans, Austrians and Turks. But the "war-guilt" clause of the Versailles Treaty was not merely the product of this unsophisticated emotion. It was a deliberate attempt to justify the extravagant Reparation articles which followed. Wherever racial discrimination is practised, stories are circulated reflecting on the morality (in particular, the sexual morality) of the persecuted or excluded race. When Stalin wishes to destroy his real or supposed opponents, he brands them as wreckers and murderers. We justify our actions by the attribution of immorality to the other side.

Conversely, we throw the cloak of moral decency round our own policies. The nineteenth century "two-Power Standard" for the British Navy became the "Pax Britannica"; and the exploitation of Africa masqueraded as "the white man's burden". Prior to 1914, the United States, a growing industrial Power with a highly elastic home market, found a high tariff policy advantageous. Now that home markets are saturated and the need is felt for developing export markets, other people's tariffs and quotas are a serious nuisance; and an all-round lowering of tariffs and other restrictions on trade has become an important American interest (just as it was a British interest in the nineteenth century). But are we content to represent it as such? Certainly not. We no longer speak in terms of national economic interest, but of universal moral appeasement. American principles, as Woodrow Wilson said, are the principles of humanity. Many Americans (including, it would seem, Mr. Cordell Hull himself) have seriously convinced themselves that the lowering of trade barriers is a *moral* objective, and that

the raising of tariffs and quotas is *morally* reprehensible. We have reversed the Victorian maxim 'Honesty is the best policy', and convinced ourselves that the 'best policy' (i.e., the best policy for us) is the only honest one for the world at large.

It is this identification of national with universal interests, this transformation of a conflict between the desiderata of different nations into a moral conflict between Good and Evil, which has helped so much to embitter international relations at the present time. There is no more urgent task than to examine the basis of our current assumptions, and to consider how far we are entitled to identify our cause with absolute morality.

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Let us take first the most popular of all our slogans : peace. No British or American or French statesman to-day makes any pronouncement on international affairs without dilating on his country's love of peace; and he allows it to be understood that this love of peace is a moral virtue by which his country can be distinguished from certain other less virtuous nations. Curiously enough, the representatives of these other less virtuous nations speak in markedly similar terms. It is not so long since Herr Hitler told his obedient Reichstag that peace was Germany's "dearest treasure"; and the Duce, on the occasion of the *Führer's* visit to Rome last May, announced their common intention of seeking "effective guarantees of justice, security and peace". The official policy of Japan is "to co-operate with China for the maintenance of peace in Eastern Asia".

Nor is this coincidence of aim as odd as it looks at first sight. Everyone wants peace—even in war-time. As Lenin wrote in 1915, "absolutely everybody is in favour of peace in general—including Kitchener, Joffre, Hindenburg and Nicholas the Bloody; for everyone of them wishes to end the war". Germany and Italy and Japan would all prefer to obtain their objectives without having to fight for them (Nazi Germany has hitherto succeeded in doing so); and, having attained them, they will want peace to enjoy them. Peace is the aim of all policy; and mere desire for peace is not a moral quality, if it is a quality at all.

The point at issue is not whether we want peace, but what things we want more than peace, what things we desire so much that we are prepared to fight for them; and, unless we are pure pacifists who believe in non-resistance, there are always some such things. When the Kellogg Pact outlawing war was signed in 1928, Great Britain explained that there were, nevertheless, "certain regions of the world" outside her own territory for whose "welfare and integrity" she would fight. The Senate of the United States dotted the same 'i'. Having observed that the Pact did not exclude war in self-defence, it pertinently added that "the exercise of the right of self-protection may, and frequently does, extend in its effects beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction of the States exercising it". Which perhaps explains, in case you have been puzzled about it, how Japan can be fighting a defensive war in China.

The hollowness of the morality which underlies our modern peace slogans can be strikingly illustrated by the juxtaposition of two well-known utterances, separated by just ten years of history. "The Right", said Woodrow Wilson in 1917 when he asked Congress to declare war on Germany, "is more precious than Peace". "Peace comes before all", said Aristide Briand from the tribune of the Assembly of the League of Nations in 1927; "peace comes even before Justice". Considered as abstract moral principles, both these contradictory pronouncements have respectable support. Any competent moralist could make out a good case for either of them. But when we look a little more closely at them, we perceive that these utterances are moral only in form, and that to decide between them on grounds of morality would be as irrelevant as it is difficult. In 1917, Wilson had made up his mind that it was in the national interest of the United States to go to war; and he clothed this conviction in the appropriate garment of righteousness. In 1927, Briand was fearful of attempts, made in the name of Justice, to secure revision of a peace settlement favourable to French national interests; and he had no difficulty in finding the moral phraseology which fitted this particular attitude. It is not surprising that these alleged moral principles contradicted one another. For they were not moral principles at all, but the reflection of opposite national interests.

Nobody will doubt that both Wilson and Briand, when they gave vent to these lofty though irreconcilable sentiments, were perfectly sincere. But that is, in a sense, the tragedy. Our heart remains pure. It is our head that has been corrupted. The self-criticism in which Walewski and Bismarck indulged in moments of frankness has vanished. In demanding from our statesmen this deceptive indulgence in moral gestures, we have debased the currency of intellectual honesty. We want to be bamboozled into thinking ourselves moral; and since few can successfully bamboozle others without first bamboozling themselves, clear thinking has become a disqualification for a statesman. Mr. Hull, the representative of a country which led the world in a high tariff policy, can sincerely believe, now that economic conditions have been reversed, in the moral virtue of lowering trade barriers; and Mr. Churchill, who regards German rearmament as immoral, can find a perfectly good moral basis for British rearmament. We shall continue to plume ourselves on the righteousness of the "peace-loving" nations, until our national interests demand that we fight; and our statesmen will then, without the slightest embarrassment, find some other moral principle to convince us of the rectitude of going to war.

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But, it will be said, there is all the moral difference in the world between wars of aggression and wars of self-defence. This conception has had a long run of popularity since 1919. At one time, Geneva drew up an elaborate set of rules which were to provide an infallible automatic test of "aggression", though it is significant that hardly any of the Great Powers accepted them. Mention has already been made of the elastic interpretation given by the United States and Great Britain to the notion of "self-defence". But this is not the worst. The whole criterion is unreal and fantastic; and when we seek to apply moral judgments to historical events, we do not in fact apply this criterion at all.

Historical experts are still divided about the precise right and wrongs of a fracas which occurred at Lexington, Massachusetts in 1775. But suppose some document were discovered to-morrow proving beyond dispute either that the English

troops committed an act of aggression against an innocent crowd, or that the crowd attacked the troops and compelled them to fire in self-defence, would anyone's opinion about the War of Independence be one jot altered by the discovery? Our views of the morality of the War of Independence, or of any other war, are determined in the long run not by any petty question of who sent the ultimatum, or fired the first shot, or broke the Geneva rules, but by our whole conception of the period of history in which the event was set. It is often hard to say who is the aggressor and who the defender. But this is a minor difficulty. The real trouble is that, even where one side was indisputably the aggressor, there is no guarantee that the verdict of history, cast in the light of more relevant facts than can possibly be known or appreciated at the moment, will go against him. Nobody except the pure pacifist really believes that it is in all circumstances wrong to overthrow the *status quo* by force.

Amid these shifting sands, some have sought a firm foothold in the principle of the "sanctity of treaties". In vain; for "sanctity of treaties" is itself a quicksand where the unwary traveller will soon find himself engulfed in the slough of national interest. Let us consider the post-War record of the principal nations in this matter of the sanctity of treaties. The United States have a clean sheet. (It is true that the dollar has been devalued, and that, when the Supreme Court only last year handed down a decision authorizing the discharge in depreciated dollars of obligations stimulating for payment in gold, the three minority judges accused their colleagues of violating the Eighth Commandment; but this would perhaps be carrying international morality too far). Britain and France have, with one conspicuous exception, a clean sheet. Germany, Italy and Japan—to mention no others—have violated several international engagements.

What conclusion should we draw from these facts? That the United States, as an international Power, are perfectly moral, that Britain and France are imperfectly moral, and that Germany, Italy and Japan are not moral at all? That would appear to be a widely accepted view. Yet another series of facts may perhaps give us pause. Since the War, the United

States have been in a fortunate position : they have never been subject to pressure, military, financial or economic, from a stronger Power to conclude a treaty or agreement distasteful to themselves. Great Britain, during the same period, was obliged to accept one such agreement at the hands of an economically and financially stronger Power—her agreement with the United States ; and by a coincidence, which would be odd if it were a coincidence, that is the very agreement which she has violated. Germany, Italy and Japan have concluded many agreements under varying degrees of pressure, ranging from the ultimatum which preceded the signature of the Versailles Treaty to the "moral" pressure applied to Italy and Japan at Versailles, and to Japan at Washington. They have broken most of them. By this time, we are perhaps in a position to establish a principle, though scarcely a moral one. The stronger the Power, the more firmly does it believe in the sanctity of treaties ; for the less likely it is to have been induced to conclude treaties inconvenient to itself.

Even the satisfied Powers, who have most to gain from upholding the sanctity of treaties, have not always taken the trouble to be consistent. When France defaulted on her War-debt obligation to the United States, she excused herself on the ground of a change in "the determining circumstances". She thereby anticipated by rather more than three years the precise excuse given by Herr Hitler for his violation of the Locarno Treaty—a fact which did not prevent her from denouncing that violation as immoral. When Soviet Russia, after the Armistice, declared herself no longer bound by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty which she herself had signed nine months before, the Allied Governments applauded, though they themselves were simultaneously attacking the Soviet Government for its violation of agreements concluded by the Tsarist Government twenty or twenty-five years previously. So clearly, even among the most moral nations, does the sanctity of treaties follow the line of national interest. It requires little imagination to realize that, if the United States were compelled, as the result of a defeat in war, to cede Arizona and New Mexico to Mexico and to permit the unrestricted colonization of California by Japan, few

Americans would believe in the sanctity of the treaties in which these arrangements were embodied.

But we can perhaps carry the argument one step further. "The universal spirit of the law of all countries", wrote Rousseau, "is to favour the strong against the weak, and him that has against him that has nothing". Or as Adam Smith, whom nobody will suspect of being a Marxist, put it : "Civil government, in so far as it is instituted for the protection of property, is in reality instituted for the defence of the rich against the poor". Law creates vested interests and defends them ; and "law and order", both in domestic and in international politics, is the natural slogan of the well-to-do and of the conservatives. Law may be sacrosanct in two senses. It is sacrosanct in what can be called the physical sense if there is sufficient force behind it to coerce the resister. It is sacrosanct in a moral sense if it rests on the common feeling of an overwhelming majority of the community. (In practice, the two senses tend to coincide, since law is rarely enforceable unless it has the majority of the community, at any rate passively, behind it). The present international *régime* established by the treaties is sacrosanct in neither sense. In contemporary conditions, "sanctity of treaties" is not a moral principle but the political slogan of the Powers satisfied with the existing order.

A curious chapter might be written on the geographical distribution of idealism. Its incidence will generally be found to vary in inverse proportion to the proximity of its object to the interests of the idealist. In the first half of the nineteenth century the English industrialist freed the slaves of Africa and the West Indies, while turning a deaf ear to the sufferings of the English worker, man, woman and child, in his own factories. The average American and the average Englishman to-day are sincerely and vocally indignant at racial discrimination as practised in Germany. But the Englishman suffers only rare twinges of conscience, hastily silenced, over racial discrimination in India ; and racial discrimination in the United States makes most Americans at best only mildly uncomfortable. When the Council of the League of Nations in May last year discussed the recognition of Italy's conquest of

Ethiopia, the two members of the Council who formally objected to recognition were the delegates of New Zealand and Bolivia—the two countries geographically most distant from Ethiopia, and most completely divorced from any conceivable practical interest in the question. Once more, idealism had free play where interests were non-existent.

The same phenomenon has been particularly conspicuous in recent American reactions to European developments before and since the Munich Agreement. Americans, who, in American politics, are content to apply the strictest canons of self-interest, are not thereby deterred from advocating the settlement of European conflicts, in which they themselves are but remotely concerned, on a basis of pure altruism.

The outside observer, conscious of these inconsistencies, will be amazed to discover the extent to which the idealist, laying down moral precepts for others, can remain blind to the chinks in his own armour. At the last League Assembly which was attended by a German Delegation, a British Cabinet Minister attacked the racial policy of the German Government in a telling speech, which contained *inter alia* the astonishing statement that in the British Empire no person could be debarred from holding any office or occupying any post under the Crown "by reason of race, colour, or creed". Moreover, he got away with it. Rounds of applause followed the speech; and it was only afterwards in the corridors that a few bold critics ventured to whisper that the remark had been a little rash. It must be in virtue of some similar blindness that the most popular American coin bears on its face the surprising combination of the head of an Indian chief and the word "Liberty".

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What moral then can be drawn from these somewhat discouraging reflections? First and foremost, perhaps, the old-fashioned maxim, "Know Thyself". Many eloquent speeches have been delivered on the theme that a better mutual understanding between nations is necessary for an improvement in international relations. One is inclined to suggest that to understand other nations is a less difficult and a less pressing problem than to understand ourselves. The decrease in national self-knowledge and the corresponding increase in national self-

righteousness are among the penalties which we have paid for the vast extension of popular interest in international problems during the past quarter of a century; and the easy assumption that these phenomena are confined to the totalitarian States would not be justified.

Just as the growth of a social morality depends on the existence of a sense of community among the members of the group, so the growth of an international morality depends on the development of what we must call a common international conscience. "No individual can make a conscience for himself", wrote T. H. Green in his *Prolegomena to Ethics*; "he always needs a society to make it for him". Similarly, no nation, or small group of nations, can create an international ethic by imposing their own conception of morality, cast consciously or unconsciously in the mould of their own interests, on the rest of the world. An international morality can come only through a synthesis—or conglomeration, for no synthesis can be complete—of national moralities; and if it be said that the process will be long and difficult, then one must reply that the road towards the formation of a true international community, and the road towards international peace, is also long and difficult.

Nevertheless, an international morality already exists in embryonic form. So much has been written in the last few years of the "international anarchy" that people tend to overlook the wide field of everyday life in which international law is recognized and, on the whole, observed. The decline in international morality since the War has had certain specific causes; and some of these causes are by their nature transient. The international community was torn asunder by the War, when malice and all uncharitableness became the watchwords of every belligerent. It takes a considerable period to live down this legacy of hatred. International law has suffered much from the zeal of its friends who, after the War, sought to impose on it political functions which it was incapable of performing. Legislation which is in advance of the mass of public opinion, or which is designed to uphold the interests of a particular class, notoriously weakens respect for law; and nearly all the post-War attempts to bolster up international law with fresh pacts, conventions and protocols fall into one or other of these categories.

Most of all, the cause of international morality has suffered a set-back through the concerted effort of the victorious Powers to identify it with the maintenance of the Versailles settlement. To uphold the *status quo* by force has been declared by the satisfied Powers the essence of morality, to destroy it by force branded as immoral. The dissatisfied Powers have replied by proclaiming a new morality of "dynamism", or the right of self-assertion against the tyranny of the *status quo*. That way madness lies. Progress will begin again only when we are prepared to do enough hard thinking to extricate our national interests from the tangled skein of moral attitudes in which we have disguised them. Conflicting national interests can be reconciled in a common international morality. But when we persuade ourselves that our divergent national interests are themselves morality, who shall find a meeting place between them?

KISMET—OR REAL APPEASEMENT?

By THOMAS JOHNSTON, P.C., M.P.

THREE possibilities lie ahead of us : either the bankruptcy which follows upon a heavily armoured "Peace"—interspersed as that "Peace" is with major and minor international crises—or first of all a war, engulfing civilization and contemporaneously with it, the same bankruptcy; or, as the only remaining alternative, a speedy discovery and acceptance of international solutions for the problems of national hate, fear, greed and envy which beset every continent.

We in Britain have drifted far away from the policy of appeasement. It has come to be regarded with derision as a mere acquiescence in burglary with menaces; at its best, a timid face-saving protest when the rulers of the Totalitarian States are engaged in violent appropriation of territory. So we are now seeking to organize the potential victims of aggression into a new alliance and providing for firm Staff talks and economic arrangements between the partners in the alliance; among all classes of society there is a general acceptance of the idea of inevitability of a great war in which, once again, we are aligned with France and Russia against Germany and her allies.

One moves about the lobbies of Parliament, hearkens to journalists, business and professional men; everywhere one finds the same refrain: it is Kismet, there is nothing more can be done about it beyond speeding up our armament production, intensifying our diplomatic activities and enlarging our hospital wards. Seldom if ever nowadays does one hear of any considered proposal for removal of the sources of the international enmities and hates. When any suggestion of the kind is mooted the reply is prompt that this is not an opportune hour for its discussion: we cannot seem to yield to threat. Yet for a certainty there will be neither peace nor security in the world

until the tensions are relaxed and the springs of inter-nation ill-will attacked at their source ; even if first we have a war, it is still true that there can never be peace and security until the causes of enmity are eradicated. No war will ever end war if the seeds of still another war remain germinating in the hearts of men.

It may, indeed, well be true that what Mr. Anthony Eden describes as exasperation with the Dictators has so swept this country that no Government could live which dared to formulate any proposals capable of being construed as farther surrender to Nazi threats. Nevertheless, the consequences of unreason are so appalling—and so certain it is that those who survive a war would require to sit round a table and plan new and more rational arrangements for security—that it were well now, Governments or no Governments, if we considered some of these rational, and indeed inevitable, rearrangements.

There is, for example, the question of Colonies.

At the end of the last war Germany was forcibly stripped of her colonial empire. She lost four colonies in Africa—Togo, the Cameroons, South West Africa and East Africa—over 900,000 square miles with an estimated population of 11,000,000 people. In the Pacific she lost New Guinea and Samoa, and in Asia, Kiachau, a total colonial empire of over 1,000,000 square miles and 13,500,000 of population. At the Versailles Peace Conference she was bluntly told by the victorious Powers that "Germany's failure in the domain of colonial civilization is so evident that the Allied and Associated Powers cannot give her a second chance nor abandon thirteen or fourteen million natives once more to a fate from which the war delivered them."

In so far as any evidence was produced for this verdict, it was to be found in the British Blue Book "*Report on the Natives of South Africa and on their treatment by Germany.*" This collection of atrocity stories has been vehemently repudiated in Germany, and by none more savagely than by General Goering, whose father was the first German Commissioner in South West Africa. The Prime Minister of South Africa, General Hertzog, in 1924, publicly expressed doubt whether any living person believed the contents of that volume, and two years later it was unanimously repudiated by the Provincial Council of South West Africa. The colonial guilt accusation, however, still rankles in Germany

and affords abundant opportunity for Nazi propaganda. True, it is that no colonizing nation has been free from some scoundrelly episodes in the history of its treatment of "natives", but there cannot be any real reply to the German who asks pertinent questions about atrocities in the Belgian Congo and as to why Portugal is considered morally fit and technically capable of running a colonial empire of 872,000 people inhabiting 807,000 square miles, while Germany is forbidden to possess a colony anywhere.

Nevertheless, to any suggestion of return of her former colonies to Germany there are several serious and weighty objections, some of which, indeed would appear to be frankly recognized in responsible quarters in Germany. At the same time, there are many uncandid and foolish objections offered which only serve to irritate men here and in Germany who are seeking the removal of the causes of friction and strife in the world. For example, what useful purpose is served nowadays by declaring that there can be no return of the ex-German colonies without the consent of the "natives"? The natives were never consulted in 1919 when they were taken from German and into British, French or Belgian mandatory control. Nor is much useful purpose served by declaring that Germany is to-day free to purchase any produce she desires in our mandated territories. Of course she is free—in peace time at any rate. But such freedom to purchase in our mandated territories in no wise obliterates the accusations of German inferiority and unfitness to govern which are the trumpeted pretence for the mandates. And it may be taken for a certainty that so long as this colonial stigma rests upon the German people there will be no durable peace in the world, all of us being required to pay year after year vast hidden subsidies through our armament bills for the privilege of continuing that stigma and the mandates which rest upon it.

Nevertheless there are real and substantial objections to a return *simpliciter* of the ex-German colonies. Obviously there are important strategical objections. New Zealand is unlikely to consent to Nazi submarine bases being created in the ex-German island of Samoa which she presently holds under mandate. Similarly Australia is unlikely to consent for strategic reasons

a return of German control in New Guinea ; or South Africa ; consent to a return of the ex-German territory which she holds under mandate : and France and Britain could hardly be expected by anyone outside of an asylum to surrender to Herr Hitler opportunities for striking at their sea-borne commerce or for drilling vast armies of negro soldiery which could be used at the first opportunity against the democracies.

Is there then a way out of the *impasse*? Or are we driven willy-nilly along the way to mutual ruin and destruction, we and Germany, simply because sane men cannot find a sane solution or what is on the one side largely a question of face-saving and dignity, and, on the other side, largely a question of dread and apprehension?

I submit there is such a solution—the international control of all colonial empires ; not only the mandatory control of the ex-German colonies but the international control of all colonial empires.

If all the colonies were placed upon a similar status—if British, French, Dutch, Belgian, Portuguese colonies, as well as the ex-German colonies, were administered under the control of an International Commission, then the exceptional stigma at present resting upon Germany would automatically disappear.

But this International Board system manifestly is a different affair from the present arrangement whereby colonial territories are handed out under mandate to different Powers. With the mandate there are, of course, limitations ; the safeguarding of the Open Door to the mandated colonies for the trade and commerce of the world, the insistence upon the idea of trusteeship on behalf of the natives ; and the annual reports to the Mandates Commission of the League—all are very valuable provisions, but they do not meet the objection that the mandatory Powers may someday use the colonial territory which they hold as a base for military and strategic purposes : or the objection that in any event the present mandated territories are all ex-German, and that the Mandatory Powers themselves hold other colonies free from any mandated limitations. Even were it possible to induce the Mandatory Powers to hand over their Mandates to Germany there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Germany would accept mandatory restrictions, or that she would

agree to report to any League of Nations. Again any universal mandate system for colonies means, *inter alia*, a surrender by Britain of her colonial trade preferences, and a surrender by France of her conscriptory rights over the natives in the Cameroons.

But most of these difficulties in the way of an equitable solution of the colonial question—certainly the prestige difficulties—disappear, if instead of a system of mandates given to particular Powers, we had an International Colonial Commission supervising all the colonies, developing colonial service cadres, operating the 13,000,000 square miles of colonial territory, and covering the colonial population of 300,000,000 people with a Free Trade system.

Such a proposal for an all-in international Colonial Commission, if made now, say by Britain and France, Holland, Portugal and Belgium, would have important re-actions in the common cause of world peace and security. To begin with, it would secure great support and adhesion among the general public in the "Have-Not" Countries ; in a military sense it might be worth many divisions to us. If the proposal were spurned by the Totalitarian Dictators, who can say what forces of upheaval might be unleashed underneath their feet? On the other hand, were it accepted by the Dictators, there would then at last be a firm economic structure upon which an enduring peace could be built.

There are certainly millions of people in Germany and Italy now—people with old Socialist and humanitarian traditions and affiliations—to whom such a proposal could not be easily mis-represented. In the United States, in Scandinavia, as well as in the anti-democratic States, millions of humble folk would see in the International Commission an abandonment of the struggle between the Haves and the Have-Nots ; they would at long last see a road of escape from the continual enmeshment of the peoples in the war system. There is no such road of escape observable now.

Of course, it is true that the colonial question is not solely one of prestige for Germany. The Nazi *régime* requires foreign currency if the Reich is to procure tin, zinc, and tea, and so Dr. Schacht has joined General Goering, in urging that a colonial

empire attached to Germany's economic system would enable Germany to purchase *some* raw materials without the necessity of buying foreign money. Nevertheless, if the question of colonial guilt were got out of the way if Germany were linked up politically and economically in a joint control of all colonial Empires in the world, the international tensions would be so relaxed that the money exchanges would offer no insuperable barrier to Peace.

What we must do, and that speedily, is to recognize the absurdity of persisting in adherence to a rule which in effect declares that, while Portugal is to be allowed to control seven million natives of Africa, Germany with her 37 Universities and her 265 Chairs of colonial sciences and languages is not to be permitted to have any colony! And, that absurdity once recognized, we must proceed to remove its ill-effects from the world, not by any surrender of territory to Germany, not by a betrayal of any African native to Germany, not by any weakening of our strategic positions—but by an international control in which Germany shares with the others of us, joint and equal ownership and authority in a common trust. This joint responsibility would involve a joint police—a joint air police. And out of that air police, who knows but that a real international police force for home, as well as for colonial, affairs might develop; and with it a Tribunal of Equity for the settlement of disputes other than upon the colonial issue. Upon the day that we can accept an international air force and a Tribunal of Equity, there is no longer necessity for national armies; peace becomes a positive system and not merely a breathing-space between convulsions.

Perhaps that international police force combined with Tribunal of Equity is not so far off realization as some people imagine. The joint naval force following upon the decisions at Nyon to prevent submarine piracy in the Mediterranean stopped that piracy *instantly*. Students of Scots history, and particularly the history of the Highland clans, know how we were cursed for centuries, right down to the second Stuart rebellion in 1745, by the private army system. There was no settled Peace, no security; every chieftain was a judge in his own cause, and promoted his cause with fire, slaughter and rapine. But

with the passing of the Heritable Jurisdictions Act in 1746, these private armies were forbidden: all disputes henceforth had to go to the Law Courts and any chieftain who contemplated imposing his will by violence upon his neighbours knew that he had to face the organized forces of the Crown. Banditry with armed violence disappeared after 1746. We have since had peace within our borders.

Nor is it only in the question of colonies that an international Commission of Control provides a key to world peace; there are other private or national monopolies and privileges which simply cannot be maintained without irritation and strife.

Take the Mediterranean Sea. The armed forces of Great Britain are encamped at its ingress and its egress, at Gibraltar and at Suez. The Italians thereby feel menaced and aver that their commerce, which in recent years has reached nearly 17% of the total tonnage passing through the Suez Canal is paying unnecessarily high dues: that the developing colonial efforts of Italy in Abyssinia are being handicapped and that in the event of war Italian troops might have their life-line cut.

Now it is possible to put up all manner of specious debating replies to these assertions and apprehensions: to declare that during the Great War the passage of enemy ships through the Canal was never prohibited, and that any attack upon an enemy ship essaying passage through the Canal would require to take place in the approaches to the Canal and not actually inside the waterway. It is possible also to claim that if the ships of Italy pay Canal dues higher by 20% than would be charged in the Panama Canal, so do the ships of Britain and France pay the high Suez rates. To which, of course, Signor Gayda, promptly retorts that at any rate Britain gets back annual dividends amounting for the year 1937 to £1,975,658, to say nothing of the £3,500 per annum directors' fees drawn by each of eleven favoured British nominees, while the Italians receive neither dividends nor directors' fees. The controversy is endless.

It may well be that the Italian fears of blockade in the Canal in defiance of the constitution and the concession of the Canal Company are baseless, and it may equally well be that the annual financial disadvantage to Italy of the present system is not worth the cost of a forenoon's war preparation. Nevertheless,

here is a bone of contention ; here is a grievance. May we not consider whether it is worth our while to remove it ?

To begin with, we may as well admit frankly that we are not entitled to honourable mention for any part we played at the initiation of the Canal project. In fact we obstructed it by every means in our power.

On July 7th, 1857, Lord Palmerston declared in Parliament that :

" Her Majesty's Government certainly cannot undertake to use their influence with the Sultan to induce him to give permission for construction of the Canal, because, for the last fifteen years Her Majesty's Government have used all the influence they possess at Constantinople and in Egypt to prevent that scheme from being carried into effect."

Ten days later he declared the Canal project to be

" one of the bubble schemes which are often set on foot to induce English capitalists to embark their money upon enterprises which in the end will only leave them poorer, whomever else they make richer."

And on August 23rd, 1860, the same British statesman declared

" That Company (the Suez Canal Company) is, as I have often said, one of the greatest and most remarkable attempts at delusion that has been practised in modern times. It is a complete fallacy from beginning to end."

Another of the chief obstructionists of the Canal was Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the British Ambassador to Turkey, who actually managed to induce the Turkish Government "to prohibit the mention of the Suez Canal in the newspapers of Turkey".* In vain some British writers at the time pressed the idea that the total cost of the Canal would be "less by one-third than the sum expended on the railway from London to York . . . or about the same amount as that which was expended monthly by France and England in carrying on the Crimean War."† The official British attitude was that the Canal would aid French designs upon our Eastern Empire—and so should be rigorously opposed. Later, in 1875, as everyone knows, we purchased the shares of the bankrupt Khedive of Egypt, and still later distinguished ourselves in opposing various proposals for an international ownership and control of the great highway. In 1882 the Italians proposed the establishment of an international police force to protect the Canal. At the Constantinople

* *The Gates of the East*.—C. L. Kennedy, 1857.

† *Ibid*.

convention in February 1888, our Government opposed international control as proposed by the French and supported by the Russian delegates "on the ground that such control would weaken the position of Great Britain in Egypt to the benefit of other Powers."‡ And to this hour we have persisted in our opposition to any international solution, although it is not clear that the sale of a number of shares to other nations and an inclusion of their nominees upon the Board of the Canal Suez Company, and an international police guarding the Canal, would be anything but a considerable national advantage to this country.

At the western end of the Mediterranean we have held Gibraltar for some 235 years. Prior to that the Spaniards held it for 242 years. And now one hears of howitzers at Pelayo near Algeciras, of long-range guns, of aircraft and submarine bases which might make the Rock less of an impregnable fortress than it has been in times past. Be that as it may, it is, nevertheless, a fact that we sit on Gibraltar at the Western exit to the Mediterranean Sea, parading our armed might in the face of the world, and here again I submit that an international control—not the handing over of a mandate to any other nation, not a "surrender"—is the solution, and that without an international control there can be no approach to national disarmament, peace and security.

Such international solutions for the *malaise* of our civilization would doubtless encounter stiff resistance from short-sighted imperialists ; but support from even these gentry might be anticipated when once they grasp the idea that we are not referring to the self-governing Dominions, but to colonies only ; and that we are asking for international control not of British colonial dependencies alone, but that the colonial empires of all the colony-owning Powers should go into the common pool ; that the only visible alternative to such an international solution is our present annual armaments bill, a dying foreign trade, a certain war, and all-round ruin.

‡ *Suez Canal and League Sanctions*—Geneva Research Centre. VI No. 3, 1935.

SEARCHLIGHT ON YUGOSLAVIA

By C. F. MELVILLE

BRITAIN has guaranteed Greece and Rumania, and, before this article is published, similar arrangements with Turkey will have been announced. The Agreements with Greece and Turkey mean that Britain is manning the "second line of defence", which runs through the Eastern Mediterranean, the Aegean and the Dardanelles, while the agreement with Rumania, linked with Poland, constitutes an outpost. (The first line of defence, running through Austria Bohemia, Moravia, was abandoned in 1938, when we and the French committed the tragic folly of permitting the German rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia. The third, and last line of defence is at our very door; it runs through the North Sea and the English Channel, and comprises Holland, Belgium and Northern France.)

But this strategic system is incomplete. In between the abandoned first line of defence in Central Europe, and the second line in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Aegean, which is now being manned, stands Yugoslavia. Had the first line not been abandoned, Yugoslavia could have been counted in as an integral part of Britain's defences. At the moment, on the morrow of Mr. Chamberlain's speech of April 13th, Yugoslavia cannot be regarded even as an outpost of the second line. For Italy now has her bottled up in an Adriatic sea, which, since Signor Mussolini's Albanian *coup*, has been converted into an Italian lake. This, of course, was one of the main purposes of the seizure of Albania. Signor Mussolini, with the connivance of Herr Hitler, occupied Albania, with the double purpose (1) of warning Yugoslavia off from joining the British Anti-Aggression Front and (2) of providing Italy with a jumping-off ground for further penetration of the Balkans. This grip on the Balkans by Italy and Germany is planned as the counterpart in the Eastern Mediterranean to their domination of Spain

in the Western Mediterranean; the two together providing them with their final positions for launching their concerted attack upon the British and French Empires.

The Axis plan is starkly simple. Germany proposes to come down to the Northern Adriatic by way of Croatia and Slovenia, Italy to extend eastwards by way of Albania, the Dalmatian coast and Greece, to Salonika, while Hungary and Bulgaria—the former to be bribed with Transylvania, to be taken from Rumania, the latter with Macedonia, to be taken from Greece and Yugoslavia—are to be used as pawns in the grandiose German-Italian plan of *divide et impera*.

Since the absorption of Czechoslovakia by Germany, it should be noted, the Axis Powers have dropped the pretence, which served them so well at Munich, of racial self-determination. Their new slogan is based on a bogus appeal to "history". Thus, Italy, claiming the heritage of Rome and Venice, will demand the Dalmatian coastline. And, it is now being said quite openly in Herr Hitler's entourage that any territories which at any time came under Germanic sway—including, that is to say, those Balkan territories which were once with the old Austrian orbit—must become part of the Third Reich. This means Croatia and Slovenia and an outlet in Northern Dalmatia.

It is not surprising, then, that there are divided counsels in Belgrade, and that the Yugoslav Government hesitates as to the attitude which it should finally adopt. Four alternatives present themselves. Yugoslavia might prevent Italy seizing Salonika, by herself obtaining that port, as the price of military assistance to Germany. Or, conversely, she might co-operate with Italy in return for Italy preventing Germany taking Croatia and Slovenia. The other possibilities are co-operation with the Anglo-French combination, and neutrality. The first hardly exists, except as an idea germinating in the minds of a small section of opinion. The second may likewise be ruled out, for had there been a "deal" with Italy, Yugoslavia would already have obtained Scutari, in Northern Albania, as compensation for her inaction in the face of Italy's Albanian *coup*. The third—co-operation with the Anglo-French Anti-Aggression Front—is not possible without more definite, substantial and rapid assurances of help than Britain and

France at present seem able or willing to offer. Without the certainty of such help Yugoslavs feel that it would be suicidal at this stage, to come out into the open against their powerful neighbours. It would provoke a German-Italian invasion and the dismemberment of Yugoslavia before Anglo-French aid could reach her. There remains, therefore—for the time being at all events—only the last alternative, neutrality.

The upshot is that the Balkan State with the finest army and the best fighting spirit is not in any way linked with our Balkan line of defence. She is not even an outpost. Instead, she is a gap. This is bad enough. But the trouble does not end there. Gaps may be filled. The question arises: by whom? By us or by the enemy? For even supposing she succeeded in maintaining neutrality during a conflict, it might be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for her to prevent Italy and Germany turning her neutrality into a condition of "benevolence", such as would enable them to use Yugoslav resources for the supply of their armies.

A Yugoslavia partitioned and reduced to impotence by the Axis Powers, or a "neutral" Yugoslavia, used by those Powers as a source of supply, would, in either case, be a fatal loss to the Anglo-French combination. It is no doubt true that Yugoslavia's best chance of survival in her present form lies through co-operation with the West; only the present situation—political, geographical and strategical—would make it extremely risky for her to declare her adherence in advance of adequate measures for her protection from a swift German-Italian attack. It is not, as some British critics seem to think, that Yugoslavia has "sold out" to the Axis. It is simply that for the moment she considers the only safe policy is to lie doggo. The initiative, therefore, clearly lies with Britain. But something more concrete than a "cover note" will be necessary. A British guarantee would need to be backed up by immediate technical, military dispositions.

For some time past, however, there has been an inclination in this country—which the writer can only regard as mistaken—to mark time in regard to Yugoslavia until she "puts her house in order" internally, *i.e.*, arrives at a solution of the long-standing Serbo-Croat dispute. More recently there have been signs of a

welcome modification of this attitude. Perhaps it is beginning to be realized in Whitehall that others besides ourselves, and with less disinterested motives, are interested in the Serbo-Croat problems, and that therefore it would be a case of putting the cart before the horse to wait until the present negotiations between Belgrade and Zagreb are completed before making concrete proposals to Yugoslavia.

Germany for some time past has been planning a repetition on Yugoslavia of the tactics she employed so successfully in Czechoslovakia. Her plan is to engineer, simultaneously with German minority agitation, a demand for Croatian "self-determination". Happily the Croat, unlike the Slovak, leaders, are neither naïve nor venal. The menace to Yugoslavia from without has already done much to promote unity within. M. Matchek, the leader of the Croatian autonomous movement, has already made it clear that he has no intention of appealing for the help of either Herr Hitler or Signor Mussolini in the settlement of what he considers to be an entirely internal question. His declaration is timely. It should put an end to the rumours, spread by irresponsible political elements inside Yugoslavia, and exploited by hostile elements outside, that Croatia might appeal for the "protection" of Berlin, and Slovenia for the "protection" of Rome.

In fact the negotiations initiated between the Government of M. Svetkovitch and M. Matchek, before the present international crisis arose, have since been speeded up as the result of the crisis. This is a problem of some twenty years old. Yet already, in the space of a few weeks, agreement in principle has been achieved. M. Svetkovitch, with the full approval of the Regent, Prince Paul, has agreed with M. Matchek that the Yugoslav State should be reconstructed on some kind of federative basis so that the Croats will at last realize their desire to obtain administrative autonomy. The detail will necessarily present certain difficulties, and may take some time in the working out. Croatian autonomy implies also local autonomies for Slovenia and Serbia. There is the question, too, of determining the exact functions of the local administrations in relation to those of the central government in Belgrade. Further problems present themselves in determining the new provincial areas. To take

as example, the cases of Bosnia and Dalmatia; these provinces are inhabited partly by Croats and partly by Serbs. How to find lines of demarcation satisfactory both to Belgrade and Zagreb? Neither side underestimates these difficulties. But they are by no means beyond solution. For basically the problem is not a racial one. Serb and Croat speak the same language and are of the same racial stock. Their differences, are not ethnological, but traditional, cultural and historical. No minority question is involved. Therefore there is no ground for outside interference.

Obviously there is much preliminary work to be done—such as reforms of the press law, and of the electoral law—before the new constitutional structure can be brought into being. As to what that structure will finally be, it is not possible to say at this juncture, beyond the fact that the Dynasty is accepted by all concerned as “above the battle”, and that foreign affairs, defence and finance will be reserved to the Central Government in Belgrade; that purely local affairs will be administered by local administrations; and that all these administrations will have representatives in the Central Government.

Transition from a centralized to a federative form of State would present its problems at the best of times. How much more difficult it must be during times like the present, with war threatening, and with pressure being applied by powerful neighbours? Moreover, recent events in Czechoslovakia have given to the word “autonomy” a dangerous sound. It speaks volumes for the level-headedness and confidence of Yugoslavia's leaders, that they are willing and able to contemplate such far-reaching changes at a time so fraught with difficulties and dangers. There can be no doubt, however, that the satisfactory solution of this internal problem will do a great deal to consolidate and strengthen Yugoslavia, and enable her more successfully to resist as a united nation any attempt on the part of enemies to disrupt her.

It is not to be denied that there are those in Yugoslavia who believe that if she threw in her lot with the Axis Powers she would fare better than in company with Britain and France. Similarly, it would be idle to pretend that there do not exist hot-headed and politically inexperienced elements which, not

seeing further than their noses, might fall for the blandishments of Berlin and Rome disguised as “self-determination”.

But none of these elements have any place either in the Government in Belgrade, or amongst the responsible leaders in Zagreb. Disruptive elements in the latter centre, and opportunist ones in the former, would not be able to launch Yugoslavia on a policy inimical to her own true destiny and the salvation of Europe as a whole, unless the Western Democracies should play into their hands, and into the hands of the Axis, by neglecting Yugoslavia at this critical moment. The heart of the country is sound. Its instinct, profoundly, is democratic. The will to independence is strong and vital. But the Yugoslavs are realists. They are more impressed by deeds than by words. Therefore it is to be hoped that the leaders of the Western democracies—Britain and France—will without delay take the necessary steps to make it possible for Yugoslavia to join the anti-aggression front. For that way lies not only Yugoslavia's own true destiny, but also the reinforcement of our own defence by a valorous and war-seasoned people.

GERMANY AND WORLD POWER

IGNOTUS

"Germany must be a World Power or nothing."—*Mein Kampf*.

"Only the most evil conscience can say we seek world domination."

—*Herr Hitler's Wilhelmshafen speech, April 1st, 1939.*

Prince Bülow, the German Chancellor, visiting England in 1899, wrote :—

"The English politicians . . . do not know much more about conditions on the Continent than we (Germans) know about Peru or Siam. . . . There is something naïve in their unconscious egotism but they also have a certain credulity. They are not prone to suspect really evil intentions; they are . . . rather indolent and very optimistic."

This is largely true to-day and accounts for much of the prevalence of "wishful thinking."

How naïve the Germans think us is shown by a letter from the Counsellor of the German Embassy in London, afterwards Ambassador in Washington, to the German Chancellor, suggesting an arbitration treaty with England.

"Such treaties are quite harmless and *de facto* of no importance. At the same time it is surprising to note the extent to which, in political matters, our 'practical Englishmen' are dominated by phrases. If we were to agree to an arbitration treaty a very large number of people in England would believe that the Germans had put off their desire for conquest and had become peaceable individuals. In consequence we could build a few more battleships, especially if they were not given too much publicity."

At the present juncture few things are more important than a wider understanding in this country of German mentality, aims and policy. In his recent book, Mr. Harold Nicolson has sketched the origins of the German character. "Underneath all the solid and magnificent virtues of the German race lies a layer of nervous uncertainty," defined by Friedrich Sieburg as "spiritual homelessness." "We Germans", wrote Sieburg, "are shifting sand, yet in every grain there inheres the longing to combine with the rest into solid durable stone". It is this wish for a real "focus" which causes the Germans to regard

"unity" as expressed by the State as something mystical and almost religious. It has led them to seek in the physical power of the State that sense of solidarity which they lack as individuals. Again, the contrast between the conduct of soldiers in mass and when isolated, for instance, is especially marked in the case of Germans. In one form or another this mystical idea has continually appeared in German history from the Teutonic Knights down to Hitler. To the more ruthless and materialistic characteristics of the Prussians, South Germany has added the romanticism of the Wotan saga. And the combination of both these elements in Hitler's character is a large factor in his hold over the German people.

German *Kultur* gradually became a doctrine of mastery, and it produced the doctrine that the State is above all moral law. The philosopher, Fichte, wrote "Between States there is neither law nor right but the right of the strongest". Frederick the Great adopted Machiavelli's doctrine that it was not only the *right* but the *duty* of a ruler to lie to others, and of the State to break agreements or treaties, if it were advantageous. Bethmann Hollweg's "scrap of paper" remark was thus not the momentary outburst of a harassed minister but a statement of policy. If Bismarck only occasionally used this method, it was, as his private writings show, only because it was, at that moment, inexpedient, not because it was immoral.

German policy, in spite of the change of rulers, has for long—sometimes unconsciously—been based upon the fundamental belief that German *Kultur* is something super-human which ought to be imposed upon the world. To this idea and for the State the young German is trained, and is often willing, to sacrifice his intelligence, his independence and even his life, to an extent not realized by more individualistic nations, and unknown in any other land. It cannot, moreover, be too clearly understood that German policy, unlike British, has a permanently war-like basis. The camouflage, deceptions and mendacious propaganda used, more or less, by all nations in war are considered a normal part of German policy in peace and are in fact specifically recommended in Hitler's book. Hence

the step from commercial and political manoeuvres to actual war, at least in theory, seems to the rulers of Germany less profound than it does to the British. With such a conception of policy added to the ordinary German's belief in Britain's dislike of hard work and discipline and love of ease and comfort is it surprising that Germany should think Britain neither worthy nor able to retain her Empire?

The visitor to Germany who finds that "the people do not want war"—in the sense that the French, for example, wanted war in 1870—is right. German policy has always, and not merely recently, aimed primarily at achieving its ends by the threat of war, supported, however, by the knowledge that it dreads the idea of war less than its neighbours. While Britain dreads the idea of war itself Germany basically dreads the unsuccessful war.

Belief in the superiority of German *Kultur* and the right to impose it on the world led naturally to the idea of, and wish for, world domination. It is not, however, to be supposed that the average member of the German Navy League or Colonial League fully realizes or even shares this aspiration. Indeed, in spite of Germany's striking and costly failure in the colonial field propaganda has made him sincerely believe that Germany needs colonies for raw materials, "*Lebensraum*" or prestige. World power, however, is the fundamental ulterior aim of many of Germany's deepest thinkers. The hard fact, based upon statistical analysis, that the former German colonies were and must always be of little value to Germany as regards raw materials or emigration, which its Foreign Office, of course, knows, lends additional support to the belief that the demand for their return has some other motive. Even prestige hardly accounts for it.

Consequently, the idea of world hegemony and domination is not, as might be inferred from one of our Prime Minister's recent speeches, new, nor is it the creation of Hitler. It has been growing steadily in Germany since the founding of the Empire in 1871. Even the writings of Bismarck, though to the end of his life he was "still no colony man", show glimmerings of the conception. He supported the colonial idea with reluctance; when he did so, in 1876, and tried to acquire a large part of South Africa with the help of the Boers, a study of his thoughts

shows that his object was not in reality, or at least entirely, mere settlement and trade but, like most of Germany's subsequent colonial efforts, a step in the long march towards world power. The Kaiser's demand that nothing should happen in any part of the world without consultation with Germany and the extravagant claims of Bernhardi's "*Weltmacht oder Niedergang*" were not merely the boasts of individual megalomaniacs but the expression, in an exaggerated form, of a feeling already widespread. It arises from racial, not personal, megalomania.

The idea of world domination was in fact seriously discussed and propagated for many years before the War to which it was, to some extent, a contributory cause. It was supported by many of Germany's principal historians and professors—always a powerful class in that country—and even some ministers. The lectures of von Treitschke, then Germany's leading historian, and of his successor, Delbrück, were numerous and warmly supported by many of the chief politicians, publicists and leaders of thought. In his "*Politik*" and "*Die Türkei und die Grossmächte*" he insists on the ability and right of Germany to succeed "that anachronism" the British Empire. The Colonial League, with many thousands of members, while ostensibly only interested in the acquisition of colonies for "trade and emigration" prepared maps and statistics of the World Empire to be acquired at the expense of Britain, Holland and France. Less discreet persons published these, and they were openly discussed with foreigners by leading industrialists such as the directors of Krupps, and of the big shipping companies. Although Germany then had free speech and plenty of criticism of its Government, there was remarkably little opposition to these ideas in the Liberal press.

And in 1939, however large we may like to believe is the minority in Germany opposed to Nazi methods, it is no longer possible to ignore the fact that the great bulk of the German people, however much they suffer, believe in Hitler and will follow him. His continuous and striking successes, from the reoccupation of the Rhineland to the almost complete reversal of Versailles and on to his recent extensions of German territory, influence and prestige in Central Europe, have largely obscured

or compensated for the heavy cost to the German people to-day. It is idle to distinguish between people and leaders.

It is not, of course, possible to generalize about 80 millions of people who during the past two generations have been formed into one Empire out of a score of different states, with many different rights and customs of their own. Prussian, and more recently Nazi, domination and education have done much towards unification. But even to-day the Swabian peasant and the Pomeranian labourer can barely understand each other. The average Münchener still jeers at, and the Viennese detests, much that is typical of Prussia, while the industrialist of the West and of Saxony and the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen are poles apart in their outlook and interests from the agriculturalist of East Prussia. But the whole nation is subjected, and remarkably responsive, to a propaganda equally energetic and unscrupulous, is unusually liable to mass hysteria and remarkably submissive to authority.

Visitors to Germany, impressed by the simple kindliness of the Bavarian peasant, for example, ignore or forget the inhuman brutalities of which his fellows were guilty when in France and Belgium—brutalities carried out not always under orders and such as the British soldier is incapable of committing. The attitude of the British Army in Cologne has only to be compared with that of the Germans in Belgium or even to that of Blücher's troops in Paris in 1814. Having been taught for generations, and increasingly so in recent years, to believe in force, it is only natural that the German character, for all its occasional sentimentality, should contain a more or less latent element of brutality.

On the other hand there are, of course, many other elements in the German character which will aid them and from which we might learn with profit, such as their diligence and endurance of hardship, their thoroughness and devotion to country. From our individualist standpoint their use of discipline and "system" are excessive, if perhaps our own are insufficient. "The Englishman's love of sport", wrote one not unfriendly critic, "leaves him no time for learning and his love of luxury no spirit for fighting" and most Germans believe it. Under the Nazi régime some of the less pleasant sides of the German

character have been accentuated—such as truculence and denouncement of neighbours. Business morality and the administration of justice, once highly respected, have deteriorated. Foreign merchants with a long and satisfactory experience of fair dealing, to-day meet too often with broken contracts and difficulties in obtaining protection from the German Courts.

Contrasted with British policy that of Germany displays a remarkable basic continuity, whether in Central Europe, Europe as a whole, or the world. Nearly all Hitler's recent conquests were foreshadowed in the writings of von Treitschke and other leaders of German thought 50 years ago; for instance, that writer, in his *Deutsche Kämpfe* foreshadowed the lines of the German penetration of South Africa of which we have recently had definite proof. The acquisition of German South West Africa in 1884 was at the time openly supported as a move towards the acquisition of Cape Colony.

"England has no system", said Frederick the Great, and the existence of a continuous world policy over a long period is alien to and not easily credited by British mentality. British Ministers seldom act on the basis of distant and hypothetical dangers, but empirically and for more immediate objects. But if Germany should ever acquire World domination it will not be "in a fit of absence of mind" as we acquired our Empire.

PROGRESS IN NATIONAL FITNESS

BY LORD ABERDARE

IT is nearly two years since the Physical Training and Recreation Act was passed in July, 1937, and since that time the National Fitness Council has been pursuing a well-defined policy of bringing to the nation a wider realization that physical fitness is equally important to the individual and the community. There is no single road which will lead men and women of different ages and different physique towards the common goal of health and happiness and the objects of the Fitness Campaign were authoritatively summed up in two sentences taken from the White Paper which was published before the Physical Training and Recreation Act was passed. In the White Paper it was stated :

The aim of the Government is not to secure that between certain ages every boy and girl practises certain physical exercises or achieves a certain standard of physical development, but to inculcate a wider realization that physical fitness has a vital part to play in promoting a healthy mind and human happiness. It is a way of life and an attitude of mind, the importance of which is continuous and not limited to certain years in early youth.

Thus, it is not the job of the National Fitness Council to do the job for others but to see that every assistance is given to those who are prepared to help themselves and to give sympathetic ear to every suggestion which is likely to bring facilities for physical recreation to large numbers. Obviously a good start is made if organizations which are already doing active work are assisted financially to widen their scope. No doubt the time may come when it will be necessary to advise and assist many new organizations, but at the moment the amount of lee-way to be made up is so considerable and the organizations doing good work in limited spheres are so numerous that it has been the obvious policy of the Council to build on foundations which, although in many cases small, are nevertheless sound and solid.

This country has a proud record to maintain of being the nursery of many games and sports. Its people have always delighted in hard physical exercise. Yet nothing is more deeply ingrained in the British nature than the determination to take this exercise in the manner which appeals most to the individual. It is a sorry fact that the motor-car has tended in recent years to encourage many to spend their leisure in a sedentary way, but leisure is not now confined to the week-ends and the growth in popularity of physical exercise which can be taken in small doses has helped enormously to improve the health of the nation. In this category we may include physical training, which appeals to increasing numbers, such sports as swimming, which has made great strides, and indoor winter court games like badminton and squash rackets, which appear to be particularly suitable for those members of the community rich enough to own a car.

But as interest in these games and others develop, facilities lag behind. On the face of it the Amateur Swimming Association with its million active members, to say nothing of all these people who swim regularly without belonging to the Association, has every reason to be proud of its membership. But on enquiry we find that there are fifty towns, each of more than 25,000 people and together having a total population of approximately two million in which there is no single swimming bath and less than a quarter of these towns have as yet taken advantage of the existence of the National Fitness Council to send in proposals for the provision of a bath.

That is a small example of the darker side, but there is also matter for satisfaction when we consider that since the Area Committees started working at the beginning of 1938 there have been 1,480 local schemes involving a capital cost of over eight million pounds for such facilities as community centres, clubs, social centres, village halls, providing in each case a gymnasium and/or other facilities for active indoor recreation and physical training, swimming-baths, playing-fields, camping sites and youth hostels, and also equipment. About a third of these schemes were submitted from local authorities and the rest from voluntary organizations. Needless to say the schemes submitted from local authorities, though smaller in number, were larger in scope, many of the requests from voluntary organizations

being for equipment. These schemes are first submitted to the local Area Committee, who consider them in the light of their local knowledge. It is the important task of the Area Committee to see that money spent in their Area is spent wisely. When the scheme is finally put before the Grants Committee, a grant may be made, according to circumstances, towards the total cost of a percentage which varies from between 25 per cent. and 75 per cent. So far grants have been offered to 835 schemes, amounting to £1,531,808. The percentage of the grant is based on (i) the extent to which the proposed facilities would increase provision for physical training and active forms of recreation and (ii) the economic circumstances of the locality.

With each application the responsible authority submits an estimate of the number of people who are expected to make use of the new facilities. Such figures must be to some extent arbitrary, for even if large numbers use the facilities from time to time their value to the fitness of the nation can only be estimated over a substantial period. Nevertheless, a real step forward has been made and it is particularly pleasing to note that there are roughly 305 schemes to which grants have been offered which involve facilities or additional facilities for the playing of outdoor games. Up to date the games covered by these schemes are in order of numbers, lawn tennis courts, 629; Association football pitches, 424; cricket pitches, 295; and a lesser but substantial number of grounds for netball, hockey, bowls, hurdling and running tracks—in addition to nearly 208 pavilions. Pavilions are most important, for it has been found that many good grounds are used far below their proper capacity owing to the difficulties of changing accommodation.

Unfortunately it is impossible to estimate the number of people who play games or take some regular physical exercise throughout the year. Much splendid exercise is obtained by the many walking and cycling clubs and associations. There are for instance 80,000 members of the Youth Hostels Association and nearly 100,000 members of cycling clubs associated in the Cyclists' Touring Club and the National Cyclists' Union, but when we come to games it is by no means so easy to judge as there is considerable duplication—and in any case many thousands of games—players play for clubs which are not

associated with any National Association. It has been estimated, for instance, that 50,000 men play cricket for clubs affiliated to the Club Cricket Conference, but the Club Cricket Conference is mainly composed of clubs around London and in a small number of counties in the south of England. There are 660 cricket clubs in the West Riding of Yorkshire alone, but how many cricket clubs there are in all it is impossible to say, while not even a rough estimate can be formed of the total membership of cricket clubs. What is known is that there are 20 million men and women in England and Wales between the ages of 14 and 45. Probably less than a quarter of these play games or take regular exercise, although it is probably fair to say that the National Fitness Council added half-a-million to their number in the first full year of its Campaign. I firmly believe that when every necessary facility is provided there will be few who will not take advantage of one or other of them.

No scheme, however well thought out, will succeed unless there is good leadership. Leadership is the determining factor. The Fitness Campaign calls for individual effort, but individual effort will be misdirected unless the local organizers, be they the local authority or a voluntary organization, supply good leaders. In the development of sports and games national organizations play a big part. They safeguard tradition and maintain a standard. A number of these organizations have been helped by grants to appoint additional organizers, while experimental grants are also being made to enable certain of these bodies to employ highly skilled coaches in training the voluntary coaches on whom clubs must rely.

The problem of instruction in recreative physical training for those who have left school can only be met if local education authorities are willing to play a far bigger part in post-school work than most of them are doing at present. The claims of the post-school population cannot be overlooked and indeed much of the good work accomplished at school is frittered away for lack of opportunity immediately the boy or girl leaves school. There is need, therefore, for (i) organizers with time and qualifications for the oversight of post-school work, much of it carried on by voluntary organizations; (ii) a nucleus of highly qualified full-time instructor-leaders; (iii) a larger number of trained

part-time leaders, all working under the guidance of the organizer and his or her colleagues. Liberal provision for physical training should be included in the facilities for evening education offered by the authority, while any voluntary organization, having suitable premises and sufficient numbers to form a class, should be able to look to the local authority to provide a well-qualified instructor.

Two notable additions have been made during the past year to the existing facilities for the training of leaders. To the men's college at Loughborough new buildings have been added which include a larger gymnasium, a covered swimming-bath, two squash courts and rooms for boxing and fencing, while to the already well-known women's colleges of Anstey, Bedford, Chelsea, Dartford and Liverpool has been added a college of the English Gymnastic Society at Nonington in Kent. Moreover, a fine site has been acquired for the new National Training College for men which is being established by the Board of Education. It is anticipated that this college when completed will not only provide a steady stream of leaders but provide for scientific research into various problems of physical education and be of service not only to teachers but also to school medical officers, whose part in a fully developed system of physical education is not yet generally realized. In addition there are many other training schemes already in being, including two residential courses of three months at Anstey and Loughborough, eight short refresher courses and many more local courses.

Much remains to be done and further experience may show the need for new policies. For the time being the Council must pursue its present policy in the knowledge that "well begun" is encouraging if not "half done".

DEMOCRACY AND COMPULSORY SERVICE

By J. H. HUIZINGA

COMPULSION, the Prime Minister said last autumn in the House of Commons, is undemocratic. The pronouncement has since become one of the stock arguments in the endless controversy about the merits of the compulsory principle in national service. With all the respect due from a foreign observer to the Premier of the country where he enjoys hospitality, I would suggest that it is a pretty meaningless statement. It is a typical example of the danger of using abstract terms against which Stuart Chase warns so strongly in his thought-provoking book "The Tyranny of Words." For neither the word compulsion nor the word undemocratic, used in this abstract manner, carry any precise meaning. The term "compulsion" in itself conveys nothing to the mind. Only when it is stated what compulsion one is thinking of, compulsion of whom, by whom, to do what, does it become possible to discuss whether this specified compulsion is "democratic" or not. And, again, only when one has defined what is understood by that extremely vague term "democratic" does it become possible to discuss this question without floundering in a morass of ambiguity. Failing such definition of the two terms of the equation the statement must remain meaningless. The simplest exercise in logic will illustrate this. Compulsion is undemocratic; every organized society is based on a measure of compulsion (in the matter of compelling respect for the law); hence every organized society is undemocratic. There you have a logical deduction from the original premiss, which, I am sure Mr. Chamberlain himself would be the first to reject.

The first point to be cleared up, therefore, in attempting to bring some order in the controversy about the merits of the compulsory principle in national service, is; what sort of compulsion, by whom, of whom, to do what? Only the third part of that question offers any difficulty. It is when we ask:

compulsion to do what? that the uncertainty arises. People talk and write as if there were no such uncertainty, as if it were perfectly clear to what they are referring when they advocate or reject compulsion. Actually it is anything but clear. It is this failure to specify what sort of compulsory service is referred to which accounts for a good deal of the confusion on the subject. No less than four different things are covered by the blanket term "compulsory service." Some who use it are thinking of universal military service, conscription on the Continental model, some are thinking of compulsory civilian defence, A.R.P. and all that. Some use the words to refer to a compulsory national register, and still others speak of compulsion in relation to industry. No wonder, then, that those who have taken part in the public controversy fail to appreciate one another's point of view. For in arguing the merits and defects of an unspecified "compulsion" they are mostly—and often without realizing it—talking about widely different things. In the same way the debate about the pros and cons of the "compulsory principle" must remain completely sterile. To reject any specified form of compulsory service out of hand or even to refuse to discuss it because you have already made up your mind that you must reject the "compulsory principle" is little less than childish. For if the compulsory principle means anything at all it must mean the principle that the State has the right to compel the citizen to do certain things or to refrain from doing certain things; and that is a thesis which only the followers of Bakunin and Kropotkin can logically reject. Anyone who does not share the creed of Anarchism cannot possibly object to the compulsory principle, in fact he must accept it as the self-evident basis on which his ordered society has been built up. He will not waste his breath, therefore, arguing about a principle the universal acceptance of which by any ordered society, whether democratic or not, is clear to the most shallow mind. He will consent only to discuss specific applications of the compulsory principle; what things the State may compel the citizen to do without destroying the balance between the common good and the individual's highest good—or what civilized man conceives to be his highest good—his individual liberty and responsibility.

Now I think few will disagree with the statement that next to liberty, in its positive sense of freedom to develop personality as well as in the negative sense of freedom from State interference, life is the individual's most precious possession. In order to enjoy this possession he has already given powers to the State to protect it by compelling himself and his fellow-citizens to respect the law of the land. Some states, however, have found that this measure of compulsion was not sufficient to enable them to discharge their tasks of protecting the life and property of the citizen. For the individual needs to be protected against the enemy without as well as within. Owing to the system of international anarchy under which we live, and the constant vigilance and preparedness which it enjoins upon every inhabitant of the international jungle, these states have found it necessary to secure powers to compel the citizen to do his bit in the cause of national preparedness. Only thus could they give the citizen what he demands from the State; security of life and property. The citizens of these states, not being suicidal maniacs, have readily admitted the logic of this measure, and seldom if ever has there been a voice raised against this additional encroachment on their liberties which in fact is the only means of safeguarding not only these liberties but life itself.

It seems, then, that the problem of compulsory service for the defence of the State simply revolves around the practical question: is it necessary for the survival of the State and its citizens? Not a single question of principle is involved. For it cannot be often enough repeated, in view of all the high-sounding talk about objection on principle, that the principle of compulsion was already accepted the moment the inhabitants of this island emerged from their tribal caves to set up the beginnings of an ordered society. The only question that matters is whether it has now become necessary, in order to secure the survival and security of the citizens, to extend the application of this age-old principle to military service, civilian defence, the national register or the industrial war machine. It is not my task here to answer that question or to express an opinion as to the form of compulsory service, whether military, civilian or industrial, required to safeguard England's position in the world of to-day. That is a matter for the practical experts to

answer, the military strategists, the defence authorities and the economists. My object here is merely to render intelligent discussion of this problem possible by taking it out of the exalted sphere of democratic ideals and principles, which have nothing to do with it, to bring it down to the simple and prosaic ground of practical expediency.

Unfortunately it is not only irrelevant principles and ideals that are marshalled against the introduction of compulsion in the defence of the State and its citizens. There is an even more powerful and irrelevant objection which is regularly brought forward: compulsion is incompatible with British tradition. A less convincing argument could hardly be conceived. For what is the appeal to tradition but an appeal to the natural inertia of the mind? The fine phrases about compulsion being impermissible because it is contrary to British tradition do not really mean anything more elevated than that you must not take certain measures simply because you have never done it before. Nothing could be more "untraditional" than this misdirected appeal to tradition. For, if there is one tradition which has made Britain great and powerful, it is that of timely adaptation to changing circumstances, of political and economic innovation in accordance with the needs and the opportunities of the time. Those who object to the introduction of compulsion on the ground that it is contrary to tradition might as well object to anti-aircraft guns, gasmasks, balloon-barrages and all the other new measures that had to be devised to meet new dangers. They should in strict logic object to every growth, every change, yes, every manifestation of life, which is always a transformation of something that was before, a breach with tradition.

Speaking more specifically, it is clear that the objection to compulsory service on the ground of tradition implies an altogether amazing blindness to the geographical factors which have enabled England to acquire the tradition of safeguarding the realm on the basis of the voluntary principle. Thanks to her insular immunity from invasion, England could until a relatively short time ago leave the defence of her shores to a small professional fighting force, the great and glorious navy (not so voluntary at that if one remembers the press-gangs of earlier days),

occasionally supplemented by a hastily raised expeditionary force. Incidentally, it is, to say the least, doubtful whether these expeditionary land-forces of the past could always rightly be described as consisting solely of volunteers; the yeomen that fought under their feudal lords in France were hardly what we should call volunteers, while Wellington's "scum of the earth enlisted for drink" were only as voluntary as their appalling economic position allowed them to be. But leave that as it may be. Even if we accept the doubtful claim that England has never known compulsory military service, at least in time of peace, it remains a strange reason for resisting the introduction of compulsory service in the completely changed circumstances of to-day, with the insular immunity from invasion gone for ever, with national survival having become the business of the entire nation, with the time for preparation at the outbreak of hostilities reduced to a few hours by the possibility of mass attack from the air. Again, I do not pretend to judge the practical question whether any one form of compulsory service would put this country in a better position to meet the new dangers with which it is confronted. I am merely concerned with pointing out the absurdity of confusing the discussion of this vital question of expediency with *a priori* objections to the untraditional nature of compulsion, which is nothing but an ostrich-like refusal to recognize that the good old days have made way for the bad new days, that things are not what they used to be, in short, that "*panta rei*" is still the law of life.

In passing a word or two may be said about the equally strange objection to compulsory service that it is "undemocratic." At an earlier point allusion has already been made to the difficulty of arguing this point without previously defining what form of compulsory service is referred to. Suppose, therefore, that we are thinking of the type of compulsory service which makes the greatest inroads upon the liberty of the individual: universal military training, or peace-time conscription, as it is generally adopted on the Continent. Even then it remains fruitless to argue whether such an imposition on the liberties of the individual is democratic, since the term "democratic" used in this way has no precise meaning. What is felt to be democratic by some is considered unbearable despotism by others. The term has no clear-cut

boundaries, and the content given to it by different individuals is largely a matter of taste and temperament, pride and prejudice. One may speak of a democratic system of government, that is to say, a political machinery, a set of rights and rules, but when the adjective is applied to something which is done through that machinery and according to that set of clearly-defined rules, the enactment of a law for compulsory service for instance, the term becomes a source of sterile confusion of thought. Is it impossible, then, to answer that burning question which agitates so many souls—whether compulsory service is compatible with democracy? Not altogether. For if logic cannot give the answer in view of the elastic meaning of the term “democratic,” life can. There is the experience of all the continental countries which have experimented with the problem, to show the way. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, to mention but a few respectable democracies, have all long since adopted compulsory military training or—to use the dreadful word—conscription. They have adopted it, not because of inferior democratic virtue as some people have suggested, but simply because they found it necessary for the defence of their liberties and their position in a part of the world where neighbours are not separated from each other by a comfortably wide stretch of water. They are not a little amused—(though as friends of England also distressed)—when they hear it proclaimed on the other side of the Channel that the democracy of Great Britain cannot be asked to accept the compulsory system because such a system is incompatible with the liberties of all true democrats. They do not resent the implied slur on their own democracies, they do not even raise their eyebrows at such amazing statements as Captain Liddell Hart’s (*The Times*, March 29th) that “the development of conscription has been an important factor in damaging the growth of the concept of freedom in those countries”. For they know that their system of requiring the able-bodied male citizens of every class to spend a period of time in the service of the State, far from damaging their democratic spirit, tends to produce a sense of fraternity and mutual understanding between the classes which they consider essential to true democracy and—it must be said—which they sometimes find it somewhat

difficult to discover under the many feudal aspects of English democracy.

Labour and the Liberals so far remain the staunchest opponents of compulsion. What is the explanation of this apparent paradox? Lack of space forbids me to go deeply into this question. But one partial answer may be indicated. Perhaps it is again history which gives the clue. Britain’s historical rôle in a major war on the Continent, such as is now threatening, has usually been to supply the sinews of war rather than the fighting men. It may well be so again. More than that, there is a school of military strategists who strongly hold that it must be so again. As things are now, lacking a large-scale army ready for immediate action and possessing probably the finest and greatest industrial plant in the world, it will certainly be so again in the initial stages of a new world war. The vast number of men in the so-called “reserved” trades is the best indication that only a part of Britain’s man-power, far smaller proportionately than on the Continent, will, in the first instance, be called upon to bear arms for their country. That puts a very different complexion on the problem of compulsory service from that which it bears in most democratic countries on the Continent. For if England is to be the world’s arsenal rather than the breeding-ground of fighting men, compulsory service for the defence of the State may well come to mean compulsory industrial service rather than compulsory military service, industrial conscription rather than military conscription. It is not difficult to see that compulsory service of this kind, if it should be found indispensable to the security of the State, raises very much greater problems than those that the continental democracies have had to deal with in applying the principle of compulsion to military service. For whereas it is unfortunately still only too easy to compel men to train themselves to die for their country, it is a very different matter to compel them to produce the instruments for the death of others. Therein lies no doubt a partial explanation for the opposition of the Left to any form of compulsion, as well as for the reluctance of the Government to venture forth in peace time (if we can call it such) on a new path which may well lead into some very rough country.

WRITING FOR THE WIRELESS

BY STEPHEN POTTER

A GREAT many young authors are attracted by the idea of writing for radio. The experiences of a novice in one branch of this art may be amusing and even helpful.

My initial attempts are devoted to the constructing of what are called 'features'. Features is an unprecise term. One of the peculiarities of this newish art is that no critic of Principle has arisen to draw up its terms and definitions in some nicely illustrated and diagrammed *Faber & Faber* book; there has been no one to define its early, middle and late periods, and point out surprising analogies between broadcast drama and early Tudor interludes. And, confusingly, most radio terms are makeshift borrowings from outside. 'Features' has nothing to do with a newspaper article: it is a name for a radio dramatized presentation of fact. It may be historical record—the Retreat of Napoleon, or a biography of Dr. Johnson; it may be an anthology of American humour; it may be documentary reconstruction of a day in the life of a coal miner. More likely it will not fall under any heading at all—a contrast between high life and low life in New York, or a statement of the problematical course of the river Tyburn. Some recent successful productions which readers may have heard are equally difficult to classify. "*Farewell to Summer*," Herbert Sarjeon's delicate presentation of the nostalgia of a passing season: the *American Job to be Done*: some of the realistic Bridson and Shapley Voice of the Worker programmes: the impressionistic *Cross-Town New York*: or what was perhaps the most effectively dramatic broadcast of the past year, the imaginative *Matrimonial News* of Tyrone Guthrie—thoughts passing through the head of an overworked and thwarted shop-girl.

Writing plays or short stories for radio are separate arts of

which I know little: but I am beginning to believe that the problems of radio can be most usefully studied in these 'feature' representations of fact. Straight radio drama and broadcast versions of plays are enormously improved by specific radio treatment; but if this should be lacking they can always fall back on old-established techniques of stage-play construction in order to sustain interest. On the other hand, this restatement of facts which have no longer news value, and depend on no suspense-story for a framework, *must* make use of the new technique of broadcasting.

There are certain general rules, of course, which apply to all radio work. First the rule of intimacy. The recognition that, though the audience may number two million, it is a group of two or three which is being addressed. Generally speaking, the Big note and solemn exhortation are inferior to the unemphatic suggestion. Secondly, there is the special difficulty attending a medium which uses sound alone, the difficulty of sustaining attention. It is not merely that radio productions should be shorter than those which can use variations of scene as well; the texture of dialogue and the tempo of the scenes have to be changed at more frequent intervals. Variations should be more marked and more frequent than in stage or cinema productions. It is true that these quick changes and variations largely depend on the producer, but the material which the producer most hates to handle is that which can be described by that useful word 'slabby.' When he sees three pages of dialogue evenly divided between three actors into speeches of even length his heart sinks. The necessity of breaking up long speeches is much greater in radio even than it is on the stage. The necessity for contrasted voices is greater still, for a reason most obvious to radio listeners, most often forgotten by radio writers, namely that it is rather a good thing for the listener to know who is supposed to be speaking. Every possible opportunity of using voices of different ages, sexes, and accents must be made use of. The author will find that the producer has a list of actors who, though not always of high fame among laymen, are deeply respected among his own kind for their powers of establishing an individual voice which is always unmistakably differentiated from all the other speakers in the cast.

One way of adding variety to sound—a way which inexperienced radio writers use to the utmost—is, of course, by using effects. If there is a reason why one scene should be played against a background of sound, it may well be an advantage. If at the end of the play the old genius is dying, by all means let it be on a stormy day and/or out of doors, so that a background of wind effects can be used to segregate this scene from the rest. But the majority of radio authors use effects far too much. I have just been sent a script by an author who recommended his piece because there is an opportunity in it of reproducing the sounds of “V type petrol engines, muffled exhausts, and Greek spies with their feet wrapped in blankets to ensure silence”! Authors should take note of what sounds are and what are not effective. Instructions in the script for an Effect of “weirs half-opened two hundreds yards distant” would not be inserted, for instance, if it were realized that all possible kinds of flowing water when reproduced on the radio sound precisely alike—and that they never sound like flowing water. All the pleasant pageant of sounds connected with engines and railways, on the other hand, are effective and realistic. Many percussion sounds, such as the striking of the keys of a typewriter, sound unrecognizable without the aid of the visual image of the act.

The question of ‘visual image’ leads to another obvious rule which is as obviously neglected. Shakespeare made capital out of the absence of scenery in his theatre by putting the description of the scene into the mouths of his characters. He did *not* leave it to the audience to piece out his imperfections with their thoughts: when he spoke of horses, the words he used made it impossible for the dumbest member of the audience not to see them printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth. Radio authors should be able to turn this disadvantage of the blindness of listening to an advantage, by making use of their powers of visual description.

The discussion of a concrete example may help to suggest some of the problems more specifically connected with ‘features.’ Suppose for instance the theme set is the River Tyburn. The Tyburn is one of the lost streams of London, which after a longish history above ground has in the last hundred years been

built over, diverted into sewers, sealed down, blocked up. Problem Number One is likely to be the exposition of the material. The compiler will study the subject and explore the sites. There will be a question to a pale young man in the Department of Geological Survey. There will be brief but crucial information from a bowler-hatted sewer foreman of the L.C.C. There will be talk from a grand character of a local builder who has struggled with the problem of damp in the foundations of No. 49 Carlyle Villas. There will be the dear old boy in the club whose hobby has always been the topography of seventeenth-century London. The compiler will be full of enthusiasm for facts which to him are fresh and fascinating, but he must now with great deliberation choose how to present them. He may be an adept at writing the historical scene which introduces the Tyburn tree, and the blessing of the water pipes by the Archbishop, but he will have to link these scenes together. How? An old and now discarded method was to get a pair of actors to fire questions and answer at each other, and reveal, as they barked away, some kind of connected fact. There are programmes which this method fits, but in general it is too hectic. A safe way out is the “narrator”; but the right kind of narrator is the most difficult job in casting. If he is too formal, he is liable to sound like a bureau of information. If he is too chatty, he will be reminiscent of the “it is not generally known” department of a Saturday paper. A better way is, I believe, for a compiler to base every part of his script on his own experiences while studying the subject—to recreate, perhaps, the characters who gave him his information, e.g., the chatty old boy in the club.

Another problem is the “use of the van.” How much, if any, of this local information should be recorded by the B.B.C. Recording Unit on the spot? Will the marvellous old workman with the Lancashire accent prove unexpectedly uncowed by the microphone? He may succeed if he is taken on his native heath among his own foundations, or he may be amenable to rehearsal and sound effective when introduced with professional actors in the studio. Much more likely such a juxtaposition will reduce him to eternal silence. An experienced questioner may draw him out or may bottle him up completely. Almost

certainly the best method for the author who is not also a producer will be to point and rewrite his conversation and have it played by actors.

It is on the treatment of such details as this that success depends, and the best method can only be learnt by experience. The last of these obvious but neglected rules for the novice in radio technique must therefore be 'Study the subject'. Study by listening. Radio listening is haphazard by tradition, switching on and off costs nothing, is easy; radio must suffer first if there is an interruption. Even students are affected by this. Some established authors have taken the attitude "it is best for me to come to radio absolutely fresh with a blank mind." The mind may be blank enough, but the manner often seems surprisingly jaded. Almost always such attempts are full of the embryonic mistakes of radio writing, a failure to appreciate the possibilities and limitations of the machine. The ordinary man instinctively distrusts the interpolation of the machine in art. He has, perhaps, seen the beautifully trained army of cinema technicians training their forces on to some inconsiderable actor mumbling something about "Oh my dear, if only I had understood." And he jumps to the conclusion that machines and art are opposed. But, in fact, of course, the problem of the right use of the new medium gives just the kind of stimulation which the effective artist will find helpful. To quote Lewis Mumford: "Our capacity to go beyond the machine rests upon our power to assimilate the machine."

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN JAMAICA

BY H. S. SHELTON

RECENT disturbances in Jamaica have made us aware of the existence of this island colony, and have given us an uneasy feeling that all is not well. The disturbances themselves were featured more than the incidents warrant. The important fact is not that, after a peaceful period of three-quarters of a century, there has occurred once more serious disturbance, but the economic situation which underlies the discontent.

It often happens, when conditions are bad and wages low, that the storm-centre is a group of better-paid labourers, not the very poor. In Jamaica the riots of last year started with the dock labourers of Kingston. This will not surprise anyone connected with Kingston, because these labourers are notoriously an unruly crowd. For Jamaica they are well paid. Before the trouble they received 9d. an hour, which has recently been raised to 10d. or 11d. according to the grade of the worker. However low this may appear from the European standard, it must regretfully be said that for Jamaica this is a good wage. Even after obtaining the rise, and after the trouble in the rest of the island had quieted down, there was still unrest at the docks. Last September it was reported that shipping companies had threatened to omit Jamaican calls unless the frivolous strikes ceased.

The great grievance of the dock labourer is not so much the wage as the casual nature of the labour. The principal reform wanted here is proper organization. The casual work is also to some extent seasonal, and there are too many applicants for the available labour. Proper registration of the dock labourers and greater regularity of employment is badly needed. To do this will displace some of them, and those displaced will have to be provided for in other ways. The ideal system is to register a

number of employees who can be given full work when the docks are busy, and employment in rotation in the slack time. When everything possible has been done the docks will probably remain a source of trouble, but they are an exceptional and minor feature of Jamaican life.

Normally the trouble is purely local and does not spread. Last year it spread. One of the reasons is seasonal unemployment. The tourists spend, for Jamaica, an enormous sum of money. Much of this is absorbed by the owners of hotels, especially those of the United Fruit Company, but some is distributed in the island. The tourist season is short. For all practical purposes it begins in December and ends at Easter. When it ceases there is considerable unemployment. In consequence there was a minor riot in Kingston in August, 1937. Nearly 1,000 men claiming to be ex-service men complained of starvation, gathered on the race course and tried to march to the house of the Governor. The police had to intervene and a few people were injured. The Governor received a deputation and explained what the Government were doing to settle ex-soldiers on the land.

In 1938 there was an exceptional cause of trouble. Owing to the low rate of wages in Jamaica many labourers have been accustomed to work in Cuba, Hayti, and other neighbouring countries where the nominal rate of wages is higher. In recent years these temporary emigrants have been finding the nominal higher wage illusory, and have returned in large numbers. Some of them have been forcibly returned. It will readily be understood that the arrival in the island of a number of destitute men at a time when employment was at its minimum was likely to cause trouble. These men could not find employment in Kingston, and many of them wandered all over the island and were everywhere centres of disturbance.

Outside Kingston, riots and strikes occurred in places where a considerable number of men were employed, in particular the estates of the United Fruit Company and the sugar plantations. On some estates there were attempts to burn the sugar-cane growing in the fields. That there was no serious destruction is obvious from the fact that the sugar production in the island was unusually high, and greatly exceeded the export quota. But

there were riots in a few of the plantations, and some damage was done. A substantial rise of wages was obtained, which rise was badly needed.

One other reason for the unrest was the centenary of the abolition of slavery. The rumour was circulated that, after a lapse of 100 years, free land would be available for the Jamaican negroes. This, of course, is absurd. Owners of land cannot be forcibly expropriated without compensation. It is reported also that there has once more been a tendency to "squat" on unused land. Again, this must be kept in check, but it does throw a light on Jamaican conditions. Although nearly all Jamaican land is owned by someone, there are enormous tracts of country which are practically unused. The maddest of mad agitators would not attempt to squat in ploughed fields or banana plantations. Although squatting cannot be allowed, the fact that so much of the land on the hills (and the greater part of Jamaica is on the hills) is derelict does show that the land required for settlement should be obtainable at a reasonable price.

To understand the underlying causes of discontent it is necessary to know something of the economic conditions of the island. It must be borne in mind that many of the conditions of Jamaica are peculiar to itself, and it is in some ways misleading to classify it as one of the British West Indies. Even geographically Jamaica is isolated from other British possessions. Cuba and Hayti are its next door neighbours, and the only British islands within 500 miles are its dependency, the Cayman Islands, and some of the sparsely inhabited Bahamas. From Trinidad and Barbadoes, where there was also trouble, it is separated by more than 1,000 miles of sea.

Economically also Jamaican conditions are peculiar. Unlike Barbadoes, with about 200,000 people in 116 square miles, there is no primary difficulty in the land supporting the population. Though fairly thickly populated, with about a million people in over 4,000 square miles, it is not overpopulated. Plenty of land is uncultivated, or badly cultivated. The perpetual summer and fertile soil of the island would enable it to produce sufficient for the needs of the population, or indeed for a population considerably larger. Another common error is to speak as if

Jamaica were dependent upon the sugar industry. Sugar is produced in Jamaica, but it is by no means the principal product. The small proportion of Jamaican land under sugar is shown clearly by the recent international agreement. Jamaica with an area of over 4,000 square miles is allowed 86,000 tons, whereas Barbadoes with an area of only 116 square miles is allowed 114,000 tons. This should be particularly noted because an extra preference for sugar and a larger allotment will undoubtedly be urged as a remedy for the present untoward conditions. It is not necessary to express an opinion one way or the other whether a concession of this kind is possible. What must be clearly understood is that no possible help that can be given to the sugar industry can have an appreciable effect on the prosperity of Jamaica. The extra land brought under cultivation and the additional employment available cannot produce any considerable effect in Jamaica, whatever help it may give to islands like Barbadoes.

The next point which requires emphasis is that the current rate of wages in Jamaica is abnormally low. This is fairly generally understood, but I think few people realize how low it is. When I was there in 1937 I made careful enquiries about this, and the facts are remarkable. So far as I am aware there are no official statistics, so we are dependent upon private enquiries, which, of course, can make no claim to be complete. In Montego Bay I was told that the current rate of payment for domestic service was 5/- a week, not resident, and food was not officially included. In Mandeville I was told that any decent employer would give 6/-. In the Blue Mountains the current wage for the casual employment of coffee picking was 1/6 a day, and there was considerable ill-feeling because the owner of a large coffee plantation was said to be trying to reduce it to 1/3. This is women's labour, but I was informed that the rate was much the same for both sexes, and that it was difficult to get more than 1/6 a day. Lord Olivier mentions the same rate or less for work on the land in St. Elizabeth parish in 1911, and it does not appear to have altered appreciably since then. The workers on the railway are better paid. The lowest grade on the staff of the permanent way get 2/6 a day, though probably some other workers are paid less than this.

The strikes have led to a considerable rise of wages in many occupations. Not only have the dock labourers received a considerable rise, but the employees on the railways have also benefited. So have the employees of the United Fruit Company and of most of the sugar plantations. It is to be hoped that the rise will spread to the smaller employers, even to those who employ domestic servants. It is to be hoped also that what has been done will be the beginning, not the end, and that wages will slowly be raised to a reasonable standard.

It would be a great mistake, however, to think that any reasonably possible rise of wages in Jamaica will produce settled conditions and prosperity. The improvement in wages is certainly needed, and in some ways it will ease the situation. But it may make things more difficult in other ways by reducing the available employment. We must here make a clear distinction between Kingston and the rest of the country. In Kingston the bulk of the population live by working for wages. Outside Kingston this is not true, except in some of the smaller towns, which are usually straggling villages of small population. The great bulk of the population live in isolated huts, small hamlets and villages, and, in the main, though a large proportion work for wages either regularly or casually, they obtain a considerable proportion of the necessities of life by the cultivation of their little plots of land.

The official figures for land-holding in Jamaica are remarkable, when we consider that it is doubtful whether the total population exceeds a million. The official figures for 1930, which appear to be the latest available, excluding house lots, are:—half-acre lots 44,929; half-acre to five acres 108,447; five acres to 10 acres, 18,227; over 10 acres about 16,000. The half-acre lots, which date back to the days of slavery, and on which the slaves used to grow their own food, are, of course, much too small, but the owner of a plot of five acres or even less can make a modest living. I was able to look over some of the older established holdings in the Blue Mountains, and those which are now being founded near Mandeville for ex-service men, and was greatly impressed by the industry and comparative prosperity of the owners. The land in some districts, as for example the Dry Harbour District, is most of it divided in this way. The

contrast between conditions in these parts of the island and those in Kingston is very marked.

It is difficult to estimate the proportion of Jamaican land held in this way. The figures themselves are out of date. Also the flaw in the statistics is the clause half-acre to five acres. Everything depends on the mean. A holder can make a living on three to five acres, modest and poor, it is true, but still a living. But not even a Jamaican negro can provide for himself and family on one acre. As a rough guess we can estimate that something less than 500,000 acres, or less than one fifth on the available land, is distributed in holdings of ten acres or less.

We begin to see the feature of Jamaican life which alleviates the very bad economic conditions. In the country districts the people who work regularly for wages are usually the dependents of these small landholders. The owners of the plots also work for wages on occasion, and the owners of the smaller plots form the enormous reserve of casual labour which is available for the times of the picking of the crops. The relative poverty of these people depends, of course, mainly on the size of the holding. Needless to say, unless regularly employed, or even if regularly employed at the current low rate of wages, the holders of the half-acre plots are miserably poor. As the size of the holding increases, the poverty decreases, as does also the willingness to work regularly for wages. The holders of plots of five acres or even more will, however, work for wages on occasion, and their dependents do so regularly. Generally speaking, these poor negro peasants work in the immediate neighbourhood of their homes. They cultivate their own plots, grow their own food, and build their own huts. Those with the very small holdings live in the miserable little one-room huts so common in the island. Those with the larger holdings can afford a better dwelling. It should therefore be understood that a considerable proportion of the Jamaican negroes obtain the primary necessities of food and shelter by their own labour on their own little plots of land. It is this system, which has grown up gradually without Government help, that makes conditions tolerable and gives some sort of stability to the

social structure, in spite of the deplorable conditions of labour. The main remedy suggested by the late Governor, and approved by the Jamaican Government, is the settlement of men on the land. Land settlement itself is no new departure, but a system which has grown up gradually, and which is even now one of the dominant features of Jamaican life. The new factor is Government support. Without the small holdings which already exist, even those so small as the wretched little half-acre plots, it would hardly have been possible for the vast mass of the Jamaican negroes to have obtained the bare necessities of life.

The problem of Jamaican economics reduced to its lowest terms is how to make the land support the people. A few foodstuffs such as wheaten flour and groceries are imported, but these are bought mainly by the comparatively well-to-do, and hardly at all by the very poor, at any rate outside Kingston. Speaking roughly, we may say that the Jamaican soil produces the food for its people and a very large surplus for export. From this point of view—the support of the people—it is the fifth of the land that matters. On the produce of this the bulk of the country people live. The small holdings also produce a share of the export products. The holder of five acres or thereabouts has a small tax to pay, clothes and other necessities to buy, and so must sell some of his produce. In particular he sells bananas in large quantities, but he also produces much of his own food, and some of what he does not produce he can obtain by exchange at the local markets. Many of the poorer people do not eat wheaten bread, but grow their own maize which is used as a passible substitute.

The small holdings are well cultivated and produce an enormous quantity of food. The irrigated estates of the United Fruit Company are also well-cultivated, so are most of the sugar plantations, but these cultivate almost entirely for export. They also provide a considerable amount of employment and so support the people indirectly. The same, however, cannot be said of the bulk of the large estates, especially those on the hills. There is, of course, some cultivation or they could not exist. Some of their uncultivated land also supports cattle on very bad grass. But much of it is unused and covered with cedar scrub not large enough for timber and hardly ever used as such. Now

we begin to understand what this land hunger means. The negroes who have no land, or only the miserable little half-acre plots, can make a living out of the land if they can get it, but much of it is owned and unused. It should be noticed also that the 3—10 acres plots on which the negroes make a modest living is not the best land in the lowlands, but the type of land which is elsewhere covered with scrub. In the Blue Mountains, in the district near Mandeville, in the hilly parts of St. Mary's parish and elsewhere, well-cultivated small holdings can be seen on all sorts of slopes, on land which but for those holdings would be waste.

Undoubtedly the main remedy for the untoward conditions of Jamaican life is to be found in the extension of the system of small-holdings. This was the policy of the late Governor, and last year the Deputy-Governor announced that £650,000 was to be allotted to the settlement of labourers on the land. It is satisfactory to note that this wise policy is being continued vigorously. There is not in the island sufficient employment for the inhabitants, and the rise of wages which is now taking place may decrease to some extent that which is now available. Moreover, with the exception of sugar, and possibly coconuts, all the common products of the island can be grown equally well on small holdings. The essential feature of the small holding in Jamaica is that the negro on the land grows his own food and builds his own hut, which is larger, and a more fitting human habitation, than the miserable over-crowded one-room huts in which the bulk of the labourers live. Some produce, of course, they must sell to provide other necessities of life, to pay taxes and the instalments on the cost of the land, but to a great extent the small holder is self-contained.

A word of warning is needed here. When there is unrest in a British colony, there is often an attempt to extract money from the British tax-payer, which money seldom benefits to any great extent those that need it. The amount allocated in the autumn of 1938 should be sufficient for the present. The result of lending British money would probably be to buy the land of the large owners at an extravagant rate, in consequence of which the holdings would be over-capitalized, and much of the advantage would be lost. One essential feature of a successful

extension of small holdings is the obtaining of land at a fair price. There is much land, especially on the hills, which is unused and for which the fair price would be small. In the low-lying regions there are swamps which could be drained by the prospective owners, the price of which, if they are privately owned, should be nominal. When drained they would make very fertile land for the small-holder.

It is important also that there should be no excessive capital expenditure in other ways. The standard of expenditure in Jamaica is very low. The holdings are usually on hilly ground not suitable for the plough, and the implements required are usually only those required for hand labour. Moreover, most of the common produce, such as bananas and coffee, are shrubs which have to be planted by hand. The newly established small-holders near Mandeville were providing themselves with dwellings better than the usual negro huts, but they were doing the work themselves. In any new settlement of small holdings it is usually possible to find a sufficient proportion of men with the necessary small skill in carpentry. The providing of reasonably satisfactory dwellings is, I believe, required by Government regulation. There is much to be said for this, but it is a point for consideration whether, if a large number of small holdings are to be established in a short time, some temporary relaxation of this rule may not be advisable. The tendency of the negroes to squat on the land and work it does show that, apart from a moderate price for the land itself, capitalization is to some extent an artificial problem. The important thing is to get the negroes on the land and earning a living. It is not desirable to enter into details, but it should be emphasized that unnecessary capital expenditure is detrimental to the whole scheme—and is only laying up trouble for the future.

The contention that this policy is the essential factor in the situation does not, of course, exclude other remedies and palliatives. Further help to the sugar industry will undoubtedly be suggested. Suggestions will also be made for the better marketing of fruits, coffee and other products. The former concerns the big landowners only, the latter, if it can be effected, will help small and large landowners alike. The Royal Commission will no doubt make suggestions on these and other

matters. As such suggestions will be freely discussed, it is not necessary to deal with them here. The point to be noticed is that they are of minor importance and that, in Jamaica, their effect will be comparatively small. The central feature is that there is a population of a million in an area of 4,000 square miles, and that this population lives by the produce of the land. This area will easily support the population, and more, but much of the land is unused, and there is not sufficient produce to support the people adequately. A progressive rise of wages now seems probable owing to the new organization of the trade union type led by Señor Bustamente, but we must not forget that this may, temporarily at any rate, reduce the available employment. The only permanent remedy is to bring more of the land under cultivation, and the only known means of doing this effectively is to put it into the hands of small-holders who will cultivate it. When that is done the people can be fed, and a larger proportion of them can be decently housed.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN INDIA

BY H. V. HODSON

INDIAN politics in 1939 can be understood only in terms of the struggle for power under the new *régime* of self-government. Part of that new democratic power has already come; for responsible Indian Ministries are in office in the eleven provinces of British India. But at the centre it has still to be achieved, and even in the provinces the structure of political forces is warped by stresses arising from the struggle for power in the coming federation.

The Indian National Congress, which is by far the most powerful single political group in India, officially opposes federation as laid down in the Government of India Act, 1935. In this official attitude there is no difference between the "Right" wing, now associated with Mr. Gandhi, and the "Left" wing, whose principal spokesman to-day is Mr. Subhas Bose, the President of the Congress. Both wings demand complete self-government and independence for India, and both demand that these be brought about through a constitution framed by an elected Indian constituent assembly. Neither wing regards the federal scheme envisaged by the framers of the 1935 Act as an acceptable step towards that end. If federation is forced through in precisely the form in which it was conceived four years ago, all the Congress leaders would no doubt be obliged to reject it and fight against it—obliged by their past public pledges if not by their present inner wishes.

The "Right" and the "Left" wings of Congress differ over tactics rather than principle. (The terms "Right" and "Left" are here used in connection with the constitutional issue only; some of those who are on the Left in economic policy are sometimes to be found in the camp of the Right over matters of political tactics, and *vice versa*. While the "Left" will have nothing to do with a "dictated" constitution, however

modified, the "Right" are prepared to consider (and even to state, in private) the terms on which federation might be made palatable to them—palatable, of course, as a transitional stage only. More than one leading Congress member was at pains to assure me, during a recent visit to India, that the requisite changes in the federal scheme could be made without any formal amendments of the 1935 Act.

One of the desired changes that is often mentioned is the rapid Indianization of the army, in the sense both of removing units of the British army from India and of replacing British officers in the Indian army with Indian officers. This is largely a technical question. But for Congress the presence of British military in India has, above all, a symbolic significance as a token of inferiority imposed on them by an alien race. By means of Indianization, they hope to control the army from within as well as without. The demand for Indianization is thus at bottom subordinate to the struggle for coming democratic power.

This struggle can be conveniently analysed as a triangle of forces, the three apexes being the princes, the Muslims of the Muslim League, and the Congress as the overwhelmingly dominant political group in British India. There are, of course, other groups, any of which might in certain circumstances hold the balance of power in the federal Parliament. But their importance is secondary. The Sikhs are not well organized politically, nor are the Indian Christians a self-conscious political group. The European commercial community has generally adopted the line of not committing itself to other parties in Indian internal politics, while supporting—or at any rate not opposing—any Government that does not attack its own legitimate interests; in most of the provinces where there are Congress Ministries the European community has hitherto worked quite amicably with them. There are important peasant groups, which are likely to become increasingly powerful; but hitherto they have mostly sheltered under the Congress umbrella, except to some extent in Bengal and the Punjab, where there is a cross-war of Hindu-Muslim rivalry. The Untouchables might also become in the future a powerful political force, especially with a widening of the franchise; but they have hitherto lacked independent

leadership, barring Dr. Ambedkar in Bombay, and their strength is more likely to arise from their naming a price for their support of the Congress, or from their ability to detach a section from the Congress itself and thus form a proletarian Left-wing *bloc*, than from their independent political power.

The triangle formed by the three main groups is one of mutual antagonism. Although a pact of convenience between the Muslims and Congress is always possible, the two can never be lasting bedfellows except in common adversity; for the essence of the Congress' outlook is its claim to speak for all India and its denunciation of communalism, whereas the Muslim League is first and foremost communal and can never be anything else. Between the States' Rulers and the Congress there is the conflict between semi-feudal autocracy and doctrinaire democracy. Doubtless there is room here for compromise, but scarcely for alliance. While the princes and the communally-minded Muslims are united in hostility towards Congress, they are divided by the fact that the majority of the States (reckoning either by Rulers or by subjects) are Hindu, whereas the first article of the Muslim League's creed is hostility to the "Hindu raj". Nor is the Mussulman less desirous of democratic power than the Hindu, in the States as elsewhere.

The communal problem is to be considered as a resultant of this triangle of forces, and of the struggle for coming power. The communal problem clearly has two aspects: first, the violent outbreaks that occasionally occur over some alleged insult—cow sacrifice, or music in front of mosques—and secondly, the rivalry of the educated classes in political and economic affairs. The latter is by far the more serious aspect, in the long run, though it is the former that causes the wounds and deaths. For the religious rioting is essentially local and temporary, whereas the political and economic struggle is endemic throughout Indian public affairs, and it does much to increase and embitter the more strictly religious and fanatical feud. In its politico-economic aspect the Hindu-Muslim problem, like modern anti-Semitism, is to a great extent a by-product of large-scale unemployment, especially among the 'black-coated classes'. Such unemployment is notoriously chronic in India.

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modified, the "Right" are pre- under a future autonomous régime. state, in private) the terms can never by taking thought change palatable to the a minority to a majority; and therefore they stage only hope, as Muslims, to command a majority in an India democratic State. This is constantly thrown up against them by Congress spokesmen anxious to expose the futility of a communalism—not too difficult a task. It is hard to make out what exactly the leaders of the Muslim League do want. There is a good deal of personal ambition and jealousy in the attitude of certain of them. But their probable aim is to straddle the balance of power. They conceive of a Mussulman bloc, able by its solidarity and its tactical position to dictate terms to other parties and to nominate its leaders to office in coalition Ministries. The bogey therefore to them is a Hindu democratic bloc equally solid and commanding an independent majority.

There is a second objective of Muslim policy which is just as important. That is to preserve and strengthen the rule of the Muslims in those provinces where they have a majority: Bengal, the Punjab, the Frontier province, and Sind. The leverage that these Muslim provinces can exert upon the rest of India is regarded as vital to the Muslim cause.

At present, the Frontier has a Congress majority, and Sind is ruled by a coalition in which Congress participates. In both these provinces the Hindu minority is so small that the communal problem hardly exists, except in the form of mischief between debtors and creditors; the nationalist sentiment comes to the top as soon as the anti-Hindu sentiment is removed. It is necessary always to remember that the Muslims are no less nationalist than the Hindus. The Muslim League is as firm for complete independence for India as the Congress is. Its governing body last December censured Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, the Premier of the Punjab, for declaring during the European crisis that the Punjab would stand loyally by Great Britain. He was obliged to acknowledge that he had not been speaking as a leader of the Muslim League. The idea of a loyal, Britain-loving community of Muslims, contrasting with seditious Hindus, which has been fostered by certain British politicians, is a pure myth. There are many loyal Muslims,

indeed, but there are also loyal Hindus. And loyalty is always a relative term.

In the Punjab and Bengal, important leaders of the Muslim League are in office. In Bengal the position of the Fazl-ul-Huq Ministry is precarious, thanks to its difficulty in satisfying the peasants' party. The Punjab is the true key to independent Muslim leadership in the provinces. Sir Sikander Hyat Khan's Ministry is not outwardly communal, containing as it does several Hindu Ministers. It is, nevertheless, a main bulwark of the Muslim defences in India as a whole.

The Punjab has a peculiar interest in preventing the domination of the Congress in all-India politics. The great majority of recruits for the army are drawn from the Punjab, most of them being Mussulmans. Although the exact sum is hard to compute, something like 10 crores of rupees (£7,500,000) are said to be spent every year in the Punjab in military pay, pensions and local stores. That expenditure is an essential buttress of the Punjab standard of life. This position would be threatened if ever the Congress were to come into control of defence—and effective control seems likely to pass quite rapidly to the hands of the Indian Ministries under the federal constitution. Not only do the Congress believe that they can reduce the numbers of the army; they have also adopted as an important plank in their platform the building of a "people's army", which would be raised on a territorial basis and would therefore rob the Punjab and the Mussulmans of their favoured position.

Since the Muslims must always be in a minority in all-India, some of their leaders have been looking for means outside the federal constitution to defend their strongholds. There has been talk of building "Pakistan", a Muslim polity (perhaps only an alliance or something even looser) covering the Punjab, Afghanistan, Kashmir, the Frontier province, Sind and Baluchistan. But, as yet, this is little more than the dream of a few pan-Islamic Indian thinkers. One prominent Muslim leader, however, discussed with me a project for constructing a new kind of federation in India, the units being larger and endowed with more powers than will lie with the States and provinces under the Government of India Act. In his scheme each unit would

itself be a federation or amalgam of States and portions of British India. Thus the north-western unit would include not only the Frontier province, Sind and the Punjab, but also Kashmir, and even non-Muslim States like Patiala. By enhancing the power of the component units in the federation this scheme would be calculated to increase the effective leverage of the Muslim *bloc* over the rest of India. It has not, however, been taken up anywhere as a political issue, and the communal problem in practice turns on the tactical opportunities presented by the federal constitution of 1935.

So, too, does the problem of advancing democracy in the Indian States. Just as it is important not to think of the communal problem merely in terms of wild Pathans, enraged by a religious affront, slitting Hindus' throats in the back alleys of Lahore, so it is important not to think of this matter of the agitation against the Princes merely in terms of an oppressed people rising against a debauched and tyrannous monarch in some petty principality. Such circumstances do occur, and it suits the promoters of a general advance of democracy in the States that they should occur; for under their cover Indian opinion—and indeed British opinion—may be worked up into an agitation against autocratic government wherever it may exist, in ill-run feudal States or in "model" States which already possess valuable representative institutions. In some of the more advanced States the standard of administration and of social services challenges that of British India. Yet the Congress, in spite of professions to the contrary, has encouraged agitation in these as well as in backward states like Rajkot, where Mr. Gandhi lately performed his fast.

The Congress, strictly speaking, is a British-India organization, without branches in the princely States; but of recent months it has been interesting itself more and more in the affairs of the States, until the achievement of democratic power by the States' peoples has almost come to be the first plank in its platform. Mr. Gandhi's fast, and his interviews with the Viceroy, have forced the issue still further to the front, to the discomfiture of Mr. Subhas Bose and his supporters, who wanted to focus Congress energy on a campaign against federation at any price. Now the leaders of the Congress are, no

doubt, genuinely anxious to improve the lot of oppressed peoples and to urge on the advance of democracy throughout India. But they have a second motive. Through the creation of representative institutions in the States, they hope to enlarge their own power, not only in the individual States themselves, but also in the federation-to-be.

From the point of view of the Congress, this would be desirable under any federation between British India and the Indian States, but under the 1935 constitution it is positively necessary. If and when all the States accede to the federation, the Federal Assembly will consist of 250 representatives of British India and 125 representatives of the Indian States. Of the 250 British Indian seats, 82 will be reserved for Muslim electorates, and a further 63 for Sikhs, Anglo-Indians, Indian Christians, Europeans, women and representatives of labour, the landholding class, and commerce and industry. This leaves only 105 "general seats," and of these, again, 19 will be reserved for the scheduled castes, generally known as the Untouchables. In other words, in a House of 375, only 86 seats will be open for unrestricted democratic competition. It is among this residue that the Congress has the liveliest hope of success. It may well be able to secure the election of individual members in almost every other group, but not enough to give it a chance of an independent majority. In the Council of State its apparent opportunities are as small. With a full complement of acceding States, the Council of 260 members will contain 104 States' representatives, 49 members elected on the Muslim communal franchise, and 26 representatives of other special interests, leaving only 75 seats open for general election.

If we are to understand the reaction of the Congress to this arithmetic, we must remember that the Congress claims to speak for the whole of British India—and has justified its claim to the extent of forming the government in seven of the eleven provinces. It is beyond challenge the dominant party of the Hindus of British India. Yet with all its power it sees no chance of forming a majority government at the centre of the promised federation. It would have such a chance, in spite of the weightage given to the States and the minorities, if the communal electorates for Muslims and Sikhs were abolished and reservation of seats

substituted. But that is impossible without a serious breach of faith towards the minority communities.

The next alternative road to power for the Congress at the Centre is a pact with the Muslims. A recent attempt to bring this about failed, partly for personal and tactical reasons, but more fundamentally because the ideologies of the Congress and the Muslim League are incompatible. The League must be *the* Muslim organization or perish. But the Congress cannot acknowledge such a position for the League, since that would instantly brand the Congress itself as only a Hindu organization.

Deadlock having been reached along this line, the Congress naturally turned to the possibility of securing a majority by way of democratic representation for the States. The outcome of the present movement for representative and indeed for responsible government in the States is therefore of great importance for the future of federation and of the relations between Great Britain and India. If the Congress efforts are successful, and the bulk of the States come to be represented in the federation by elected members, perhaps with a proportion of nominated members—then the Congress will have the chance that it feels (not without reason) it ought to have, to form a government of all-India. It may need allies in order to do so, but it will not be condemned to remain but one party among many, with perhaps 80 members in a House of 375. If the Congress were able to look forward to such a chance of power under the new *régime*, it is scarcely conceivable that it would unanimously refuse to co-operate in running the federal constitution. The history of Indian politics since the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms all points the other way.

In this event, the Muslims, for their part, would see looming ahead that rule of the Congress which the Muslim League stalwarts identify with the detested "Hindu *raj*". This, they declare, the Muslims would "fight" rather than accept. It is not very clear on what front the Muslims would fight, or how literally the threat is to be taken. If physical fighting is to be understood, then the Muslims might do any of three things: they might incite the Muslims in the army to mutiny, or they might stage a general armed up-rising among the Muslim population of northern India, or they might plot with tribesmen

beyond the north-west frontier or with foreign Powers to let down the barriers against the invader (the third alternative would obviously imply the first also). It is extremely doubtful whether the Muslims are determined enough or desperate enough or well enough organized to attempt any of these methods, though they might perhaps provoke sporadic and isolated outbreaks of trouble. Nor is it out of the question that when the Hindu *raj* was once established, and British power had melted away from India's internal affairs, the Muslim areas in the north-west might attempt a forcible secession from the federal State. Indeed, some people think this highly probable.

In the earlier stages, it seems that the Muslims would "fight" mainly with political weapons. They have not hitherto regarded civil disobedience as a legitimate technique, but they are beginning to take this leaf from the Congress book, and they could exert considerable pressure through the methods of non-co-operation and passive obstruction which the Congress has perfected. There is always the possibility of serious trouble from this quarter. But in "non-violent power politics" the Muslims are no match for the Congress. A minority can make political process difficult, but it cannot make it impossible, as a majority can. In the Punjab and Bengal, alternative governments could be formed if the Muslim League Ministers resigned and organized passive resistance to authority; but if the Congress Ministers resigned in Bombay, Madras, Bihar, the Central Provinces or the United Provinces there would be no alternative Administrations whose legislative activities would not be frustrated by such resistance. What general elections in these provinces might then bring forth no one can tell. It seems certain that if the Congress do not see in the federal scheme, as eventually introduced, the opportunity of obtaining effective power in the all-India parliament they will put into operation the whole machinery of civil disobedience and political obstruction, which is capable of bringing all but the bare rudiments of government to a standstill.

But are the princes ever likely to extend them that opportunity by compromising over their own representation in the federal Houses? On the face of things, the answer certainly seems to be "no". The princes cherish their authority and privilege,

are manifestly not prepared meekly to hand them over to the Congress or to any other democratic organization. They would certainly seem unlikely to surrender power to a federation in which their States would be represented, not by their own nominees, but by democratic partisans who might be radically opposed to their own policies. Surely the princes would prefer to stay out of the federation, which they are still perfectly free to do, and to stand the racket of Congress agitation within their own frontiers, appealing to the Paramount Power to implement its duty to defend them?

But this is not the whole picture by any means. Many of the wiser princes and dewans realize that time is on the side neither of absolute monarchy nor of local sovereign rights. The tide of democracy and of centralized authority is advancing. If it is not canalized, it may swamp the Indian States altogether. If the Rulers do not grant some form of representative government now, they may find their powers eventually swept away altogether by the pent-up force of popular demand. If they do not enter the all-India federation on the relatively favourable terms now offered them, they may eventually find themselves confronted by a great independent Indian national federation which will offer them far worse terms or simply swallow them up. British power and will to protect their privileges are unlikely to grow greater, and may well grow less. Of course there are some Rulers too thick-headed or short-sighted to appreciate these truths, and others who accept them but say: "The present system will last out my life-time; and what if after me comes the deluge?" But the wise men are cautious and silent.

With the rising tide of democracy the Muslims are bound to be a permanent minority in India as a whole. Yet it is better to be a minority with privileges than a minority with none, and in the long run that is the real choice before the Muslim community. The present federal scheme may indeed foreshadow Hindu rule, but it also perpetuates Muslim communal privilege. The Muslims of the north-west have always the alternative possibility of forcibly separating themselves from the rest of India. That contingency is always to be reckoned with. Perhaps it is the one thing that could reverse the flow of Indian democratic self-government, which is now in spate.

WOODPECKERS OF ENGLAND

BY RICHARD PERRY

THE first note in my nature diaries is of the vivid scarlet of a solitary pied woodpecker leap-flying in tremendous soaring bounds over a plantation of young spruce. He, surely, was a distinguished precursor of the hundreds of his genus that were to follow him through twelve volumes of field notes, and maybe sixty more to come. That was in 'hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire'—a well coined phrase, but descriptive of the tranquil beauty of that once lovely county. If, now that I have wandered a little over the wilder country of Britain, I can no longer dwell in peace in Hertfordshire, finding it ever more urbanized and intolerably confining, for it knows not the untamed sea nor boundless mountains, I do not think that I shall find anything fairer than its wide commons and parklands of incomparable beeches. Nor shall I forget the lifting heads of the red stags on the green rides at dawn: their funnelled breath jetting in misty streams; nor the sweet, shivering notes of the willow warblers in the green glades. For was it not some wistful chord of their plaintive songs that made me of a sudden, on an April day, wish to know something of a world unknown? Sending me out on an exploration from which I have not returned. Nowhere else in Britain have I heard birds sing as they did in those shady woodlands. And where better should I watch woodpeckers, all three, and nuthatches and treecreepers too, than in the Wilderness, with its acres of old timber and pink willowherb, strong with the charmed scent of wood smoke?

Towards the end of June that same year at Whipsnade—that monument of broken idols—I caught his staccato *quet/quet*, a little higher pitched than the redwing's mellow call-note, but deeper pitched than those of his crimson-crowned young who accompanied him. And at primrose time the following year I

found myself in the depths of that loneliest of English counties, Herefordshire: heart-breaking to think back upon, with its orchards of singing chaffinches and interminably rolling wooded hills and lush pastures, with here a farm and there a farm, and no other dwelling for thousands of acres. In the hanging woods over a combe I located, for the first time, a sound that had long puzzled me: the ventriloquial *drumming* of a woodpecker. No one, I suppose, will allow me to term the *drumming* musical, yet it has some power to stir the emotions. When I hear it anew each spring it is as fraught with meaning for me as the clear call of the cuckoo. Apart from its being a pleasantly woody sound, an eminently appropriate love-note for so arboreal a bird, it is vibrant with that same latent passion throbbing in the electric thrumming of a nightjar. It stirs me. I like to listen to this creaking in the tree-tops as much as to the songs of small birds. Its elusiveness heightens its charm.

A few weeks later by a Hertfordshire river I made the acquaintance of that bounding triangle, the little barred woodpecker, his white wings saliently barred, and heard that same querulous *quet*, and also his chaffinch-like run of *pinks*. This strange song of the little woodpecker, who also *drums*, though less frequently than his big brother, is really a spring development, persistent in May and June, of that customary *kee-kee-kee-kee-kee* whereby the unwary often confuse him with plagiarist starling, with nuthatch, or with wryneck who, in my experience, is a very local summer visitor—just as the exotic hawfinch, suddenly obvious in winter flocks, is responsible for many spurious records of waxwings. This spring song might be compared to the diminutive ‘yaffling’ of a green woodpecker, or to the screeing whinny of a dabchick.

By the accidents of fate nearly three years passed before I actually watched a pied woodpecker in the process of *drumming*, again in Hertfordshire. And the manner of it was this—I was walking along the banks of the Ickle, and had just put up a snipe, when I heard that powerful knarled grating, that brought with it a rush of memories of lovely Herefordshire and of the golden valley of Ashridge. The *drumming* came from the fields between the two railways, where I had heard a woodpecker *queting* some weeks before. Expecting to locate the *drummer*

on one of the hollow dead trees, I picked him up, however, on a living elm, and was rewarded by his flying down to the trunk some twenty feet up, and actually beginning to *drum*.

At irregular intervals he hammered deliberately, but incredibly rapidly and forcefully, with his bill upon the bole. In the intervals of hammering he turned his head from side to side, as if listening. After some minutes of hammering he bounded off again: a strikingly beautiful bird sideview, salient white wing-stripe flashing against black body and copper-red rump.

All the *drumming* was at one spot on the bole, and at its conclusion, I went over to inspect the tree. The *drumming* spot was an oval patch some four inches by two, which had been stripped of its outer bark, exposing the reddish fibre beneath. At the top centre of this patch was a hole half an inch across and a quarter deep: narrowing inwards as though made by the conical bit of a brace. Some eight feet below this patch was another much worn at the centre, and pricked all about by the bird's bill. On big portions of the bole from which the bark had long been stripped, so that the surface was green and weathered from exposure, were countless one-sixteenth of an inch-bill pricks, but no indication of any *drumming* centre.

Further investigation, after climbing up to the actual *drumming* patch, showed that a crack at one side of the patch permitted of an air space behind it perhaps half an inch deep, perhaps more: so that when I tapped the patch with a florin, I obtained a feeble but almost perfect reproduction of the woodpecker's *drumming*. The exposed red surface was not fibre but the actual bole of the tree. The secondary patch, eight feet below, was not hollow and produced no sound: so that it was evidently found to be unsuitable, and was abandoned.

It is clear, then, that in this instance the *drumming* was actually produced by the hammering of the woodpecker's bill upon *living* wood, and amplified by the airspace behind the patch and by the vibrations set up by the incredible rapidity of the hammering: estimated, I think accurately, at eight to ten blows a second. What more natural than that the woodpecker, who employs his powerful bill in boring both for food and for nesting hole, should also use it to hammer out his love notes? Such a development of its primary uses is entirely

in keeping with the universal inter-relation of all avian instincts and impulses: as natural as a fulmar petrel's ejecting oil in anger at rival males, or as a nervous spasm at the presence of a human being (as the heron or gull disgorges), or passing it on to his mate in affectionate display and to his chick as food; and a thousand other such instances.

In January of the next year, when I was rocking gently on the smooth waters of the Granta, on a morning with just the slightest suspicion of frost to give the air the clean inspiring tang of March, instead of a wonderful blue day in mid-January, two pied woodpeckers *drummed* to each other, and then the male came chasing the female through the trees, with strange *pewking* cries: a beautiful study of scarlet and white and black in the sunlight. The previous year I had heard different pitches of *drumming*: one shrill and staccato, another dull and deadened; but I had not been able to determine whether this was a distinction of sex or wood. Here, however, was an identical pitch of *drumming* from male and female: nor can one confuse their identity, for she has no scarlet at the nape.

In April that year I located a little woodpecker *drumming* in some woods on the Norfolk coast, but could not distinguish any difference in its pitch or power from an average *drumming* of a pied woodpecker. Considering that he is half as small again, this was remarkable: on the other hand the higher frequency of his blows, up to fifteen a second¹, would permit of a greater amplification. This particular bird *drummed* on a number of living sycamores.

At six o'clock a few mornings later, when I was watching a red squirrel asleep along a sycamore branch, with tail over back and head in front paws, so that he resembled a large Spanish chestnut, my eye chanced upon a little woodpecker—no doubt he of the previous occasion—and I heard him *drum* with widely differing pitch from two young sycamores. One would conclude, therefore, that the *drumming* pitch of both woodpeckers is determined by the precise material of the *drumming* centre, and possibly by the emotional condition of the *drummer*.

The arguments of that minority who still deny the mechanical origin of the *drumming* are that a woodpecker is osteologically

incapable of producing so great a sound by hammering on wood or metal without suffering serious injury; that there is no proof that the *drummer's* bill actually makes contact with the wood—a theory exploded in my instance, and therefore, granted the sameness of the action of all birds of a species, probably in all instances; that photographs show that the bird *drums* with open bill: which, again makes mechanical *drumming* an osteological impossibility; and that the spring utterances of bull frog and drumming woodpecker are almost identical: a significant parallel, in view of a bird's reptilian origin, supported further by the mechanical sounding, but vocal, thrumming of a nightjar and the batrachian croakings of such unlikely species as nightingale and red-backed shrike.

If I had not examined my own *drumming* centre, I should have been in entire agreement with these arguments, for the usual objection to a vocal origin, that the pitch of the *drumming* varies according to the material of the *drumming* surface—wood, metal, galvanized sheeting—is no objection to, but actually a support of, that argument: the essence of which is that the *drumming* surface acts as an echo-sheet, throwing back and amplifying the vocal utterance with a sound appropriate to the precise material of the surface: just as the bull frog's *ownch* is controlled and amplified by its submarine production. My instance, moreover, confirms the presence of a sound-box necessary to a vocal amplification, and it is strange that records of actual bill marks on the *drumming* patch are so few. But, having found such marks in one instance, I must, therefore, until further opportunity for experiment occurs, favour a mechanical origin, and explain away both the osteological difficulty and the recorded absence of bill marks, by suggesting that a woodpecker does indeed *drum* with open bill, but only just impinges on the *drumming* surface, so that only a constantly used surface would eventually be worn down into that bit-like depression in which I was able, through the binoculars, actually to observe the bird hammering during the entire period of his drumming. The little woodpecker, moreover, already has one vocal spring 'song', and would be unlikely to have a second.

That for the present comprises most of my little knowledge of the spotted woodpeckers: for they are rare or absent, in the

¹ See The Handbook of British Birds.

comparatively wild places in which I have lived; but I have still to consider the third and most gorgeous of British woodpeckers, lovely birds all: the green woodpecker or, as I prefer him, the yaffle. He was also recorded in the first note in my field diaries, but for a better study of a colouring unique among British birds, I must be allowed to skip two or three years—to an occasion when I was especially impressed with his gorgeousness. To a February day on the Norfolk coast: the sun God's perfect day of pale skies, misty and white at the horizon, deepening to rich blue at the dome, with a line of cumuli along the north-east seaboard. But dominant to the exclusion of all other phenomena, was the sea, whose conched roaring hardly permitted a north-westerly breeze to whisper through the dry marram bents of the dunes, or the distant hum of an aeroplane to impinge upon her intensity of sound. And the lines of white surf rolling away into the horizon's mists set up in my consciousness an impressive sense of the unbreakable continuity of Nature.

On such a morning, when the blizzard of the previous night still dwelt upon the dunes in a pall of frozen snow, and brackish pools on the salting were iced, I chanced upon a pair of yaffles at the base of a dune—not the first time that I had encountered them in this rather remarkable environment. In the strong light the crown of the male who stood listening, or watching me above the bents, in characteristic pose, with head 'snaked' back and uptilted bill slanting upwards—probably from his natural arboreal posture—was a blood-scarlet frayed at its edges with orange: an almost unnatural pre-Raphaelite staining, contrasting vividly with the black lores about the peculiarly glassy eye, and falling shaggily over the soft olive back and golden rump caught so brilliantly by the sun when with laughing squawks he bounded from me in heavy flight, leaping largely through the air. And what a noisy, heavy bird he is, flying through the undergrowth of the woodlands, though it is always a pleasure to see him, green and yellow and red—that scarlet mantle that shades to black according to the light's refraction—hopping up a tree-trunk, working around it to the hidden side: an irritating habit he shares with all arboreal species. Despite his tropical gorgeousness, he blends as invisibly into the greenery

of an English woodland as the oriental pheasant, copper and purple and scarlet, into the brazen beech-coverts of autumn.

What do yaffles find to feed on down there in the sandy wastes of dunes in February? Certainly not ants! The yaffle despoiling the turfy anthills of some heath is a familiar sight, and rather an odd one: for this parrot of the English woodlands is fundamentally the perfect arboreal species, from the very nature of his zygodactyle foot and exceedingly long sticky tongue, coiled in his throat, so admirably adapted to flicking hibernating small game from their deep lairs in barken crevices. Am I to assume that yaffles have been despoiling anthills from the beginning of time? If I am not to, there arises a nice point: how am I to account for such a habit being universal among yaffles? That one section of the martin family, the French breeding, should revert to ancestral habits during the Great War, and nest in caves is intelligible: but that *all* yaffles should despoil anthills requires me to believe that such a habit has proved so advantageous to the species that in the course of thousands of years all non-'anting' yaffles have been bred out: just as it seems not unlikely that within a comparatively short historical period at least two species of British gull, and perhaps four, will become wholly terrestrial instead of partially pelagic.

If the glorious parklands of Hertfordshire are a paradise for yaffles, and, of course, magpies and jays, the covert, hedge, and field country of Gloucestershire is no less so: for the ecological environment of all three is similar, and the yaffle can do with a more open type of country than other woodpeckers. Nor can the hunting shires of the Midlands, where I have seen ten yaffles in a morning, be accounted any less a paradise. And in every month of the year there rings joyously over parkland and covert the earth-pure *queek-queek-queek-queek-queek* of the laughing yaffle: a cry that many country folk must confuse with the devilish 'water-bubbling' notes of the cuckoo's mate. I have heard both call at once a few yards from me, without my being able to discern any more obvious distinction than that the cuckoo's notes were more staccato and more liquid. And this brings in the curlew: for over the heather moors of the Peak, where the yaffle haunts the dales, I have known myself to confuse momentarily the 'bubbling' of nesting curlew and

cuckoo ; though no man is better acquainted with the curlew's infinite diversity of cries.

The yaffle's cry is fresh with the scent of rain on new earth, and there is nought like a shower of summer rain to set the 'rain-bird' laughing noisily, although his cry does not presage rain as the country folk like to think—but why should they not think it? I doubt whether my happiness is the greater for knowing that most of the quaint lore of my squire forbears sprang from their wishes being fathers to their thoughts. I have gained knowledge, but I have lost, as England loses day by day, the pleasant country-flavour of things : that innocent state when every little portent of beast or bird provided pleasant gossip. I live in an age of noisily acclaimed progress : a most unhappy progress that reduced homely country mysteries to cold urban facts. I should like to meet a countryman who believed in hibernating swallows. I would not disillusion him.

REGULAR RUN—A Story

BY OLIVER WARNER

AGNES Lowther kept a boarding-house. Her's is a maligned race, for those who keep boarding-houses, though neither better nor worse than their fellows, are often more unfortunate in the moods of those with whom they come in contact. When people go on their annual holiday to the sea they are apt to become so released, so uninhibited, as to be born anew. This rebirth is, alas, seldom perfect.

Agnes Lowther, whose livelihood lay with such migrants, usually saw them at their worst. By day she dwelt underground, in caverns of domesticity, and her uprisings had four principal causes. She rose to answer bells when the maid was occupied ; to make complaints ; to defend herself ; and to demand payment. Her appearances were, therefore, sinister. Her consolations, on the other hand, were few. She did not drink ; she was not religious ; and she did not read. She merely supported life to the best of her ability, and hoped to be able to give up taking lodgers before she grew old.

The name of her boarding-house was "Elgin". Miss Lowther, if asked why, would retort that "Elgin" was the name of the house when she bought it, and that it would remain "Elgin" until she left. As she said, it was as much to the point as "Sea View", the next house, which looked out, not on to the sea, but on to the village green.

South Bay, where she lived, was a pretty place in its way. It consisted of a pebble beach, a small harbour, Customs offices, a group of warehouses, two inns, a row of boarding-houses, and a growth of bungalows. East and west along the coast rose downs ; south was the sea ; north lay a road to a market town Maypole, two miles inland.

In May, the place began to stir. In June, it came alive : the inns flourished, tradesmen came in twice a day from Maypole,

and visitors began to bathe. In July, the population swelled heavily; in August, it became over-crowded; in September, it was nearly as full; while in October, the winter lifelessness began to take a grip upon it which never relaxed until May came round again.

Winter was usually unspeakable. Even in summer South Bay could be a windy place, but in winter the gales would lash the smooth pebbles day after day; slates would be ripped from roofs and clatter to the ground; often for a week on end windows in a given quarter had to be closed tight, to prevent them being blown away. Skies would be drab with a drabness equal to that of any industrial city, rain would stream down, and only fools, and those who had to live there, would be found in South Bay alive or dead.

That was the point. Tom Lowther did not *have* to live there. His sister had. That was how they differed so implacably. Tom would have lived anywhere but in South Bay, gladly, while for his sister it meant sustenance, and she knew well enough how easily are connexions lost, how hardly gained.

Tom would have lived anywhere . . . on some one else. He was fifty-two, a portly figure with a large grey moustache and deep-set eyes which, as he stood in the doorway of "Elgin" on one of the quieter evenings, gazed westward and seemed to be seeing visions. More than one person, who did not know Tom Lowther, had remarked this dreamy appearance. But, if they waited a little, they would see a watch pulled from a waistcoat pocket, a clearing of the throat, a spit, and then—if time were ripe—a solemn walk across the green. There was only one reason, Tom considered, for walking across the green, and regular times for doing it.

"Evenin', Tom," the landlord of the 'Labour in Vain' would remark: "reg'lar clock you be."

"Aye," Tom would reply in his slow voice, "a clock as wants winding up."

He would then proceed to wind up until his cash was exhausted or until there remained not a soul in the bar who could be expected to offer him even a modest half-can.

The 'Labour in Vain' swung a sign which caused amusement. In a wooden tub was a nigger boy, and over the tub stood two

stout women, trying to scrub him white. Agnes Lowther, who, when she thought, thought to the point, sometimes mused on the peculiar appositeness of this sign to her brother's character. Nothing could make black white. Her brother . . . yes, she disliked him even more than he disliked her, which was saying much. It was ten years since he had done a stroke of work.

Ten years ago the two of them had been left a few hundred pounds. Her's had been invested in "Elgin," his in gin, and when London had done with him he had come to South Bay, a squeezed and mildewed fruit, to find her just beginning to make a fair living.

If she could, she would have turned him out without a second's thought, but there was no doubt that it meant the workhouse, and from his childhood Tom had possessed the faculty of minor blackmail. So long as she, Agnes Lowther, continued to give him the wherewithal for "modest drinking," as he called it, at the local inn, and decent bed and board, he—so he let it be understood—would behave respectably. Otherwise, he would not, he felt bound to admit, think twice about disgracing her, and upsetting the summer visitors. Affairs continued on this basis for four years, neither better nor worse—except when Tom interfered with the maid, and there were means of stopping that.

Tom was like a dog in more ways than one. He was faithful—to the 'Labour in Vain'; he had his regular run; and he never knew when he had had enough. If he had the money, he would spend it without pause and without haste, till the last penny. What was money for? Agnes, of course, knew all this. She knew exactly how much she could afford to give him, and so did he. He knew, further, that if he spent more, no threat he could make would prevent Agnes from declaring that "Elgin" could no longer support the two of them, and simply selling up. He was lazy, stupid and worthless, but not quite such a fool as to chase away the goose which laid his sodden eggs.

Things were balanced well enough, always provided there were no windfalls. With a windfall, his more dog-like qualities would have a chance to assert themselves, and he would take too much. That meant, quite simply, that he would be turned out of the inn drunk at ten o'clock, stagger across the green, and

banish his surfeit either in the hall or on his bedroom floor. The rest Agnes could tolerate, but these occasions, with his singing—for he sometimes sang till overtaken—were insufferable. More often than not he would have forgotten his key, and have to be let in. If she kept him waiting, he would, when let in, fall straight on to the mat. If there were people in the house, she and the maid would lift him downstairs into the kitchen. If not, he stayed where he had fallen until he recovered himself, and then he would swear at her for an undutiful and cruel sister.

One October Tom had some luck. It came in the form of a ten-pound win in a shilling sweepstake. Agnes was among the first to hear of it, and asked him for something towards a wireless which would brighten up the winter. Tom's eyes glazed in their visionary sheen. "Wireless be damned", he said, and the subject dropped.

The same night, he had one of his more opulent drunks, forgot his key, and crashed on to the mat when she opened the door. As there was a visitor, the last remaining, the maid had to be summoned. In the morning, Agnes issued an ultimatum. The next time it happened, she would refuse to let him in. For two nights he remembered his key. On the third, the first process was repeated and, incidentally, he wrenched the bell-pull out of its socket and sang until twelve. After he had gone to sleep, she abstracted all the money she could find from his pockets. Next morning the visitor gave notice.

When Tom discovered the loss of his money the row was unparalleled. He laid hands on her, and only the maid, giving him a slash with a poker, prevented serious damage. The poker hit him hard on the back of the head, and he retired to bed for a week or two as an assertion of authority. The maid left.

When he resumed his normal habits, the weather had settled into hard winter. On most nights, it froze; in the daytime the wind blustered, and South Bay seemed more devastated than usual. On Tom's reappearance at the 'Labour in Vain,' the landlord and one or two cronies were so pleased to see him that they contrived to send him home very drunk indeed. Of course, he had forgotten his key, and, as the bell had not been mended, it took a good deal of thumping and bawling before

Agnes let him in. By that time it was so cold that he felt a trifle sobered; sober enough to inform his sister that, if ever she kept him waiting in the cold again he couldn't answer for what he'd do to her.

It was about four weeks later, near to Christmas, before the next occasion. This time it was a birthday celebration. There was a layer of snow on the ground, and an extra drop inside was very warming. But ten o'clock found Tom Lowther pretty far gone. He staggered across the green to "Elgin" more uncertainly than usual. His feet seemed worse after this bout than they had ever been before; there was a bit of a pounding in his chest; and God, it was cold!

Bang went his clumsy hands on the door. It was habit. No answer. He fumbled in his pocket. "Ah . . . all right then, damn and blast the woman," he mumbled. "I'll . . ."

Suddenly, his knees gave, and he sank heavily and peacefully to the ground.

Agnes, in her bedroom, was not sure about the bang. Anyhow she had warned him. She turned out the gas and went to sleep.

In the morning, when the milkman came in from Maypole, Tom Lowther was still on the step where he had fallen. His nose was in the snow, and the key in his hand. But he would never drink another drop, for he was stiff.

Next year, "Elgin" prospered. Agnes was very glad about the key.

SKILLED TRAINING FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

NOTHING in the story of the two million unemployed is so little appreciated as the fact that the vast majority are not only out of work but out of the habit of work. Many of the men unemployed to-day have been without a real occupation since their schooldays, and notwithstanding that some of the intervening time has been taken up by casual and occasional labour or by some blind-alley job, such as an errand boy, these boys who have now grown up into men, are mentally, physically, and in any case occupationally unfit to take a decent job even when it is offered to them. As time passes the demand for skilled labour will become urgent, and already Labour Exchanges in many parts of the country are finding it impossible to supply from their overflowing books a man who can genuinely be called skilled. The word *skilled* is of elastic interpretation, but even if we accept men whose amount of skill is limited to a single operation we find that many who offer their services have little or no real experience, and what experience they have is rusty through lack of use.

The Ministry of Labour and the Commissioner for the Special Areas have been doing something to mitigate this evil. Training centres, such as those at Park Royal, Slough, Leeds, Birmingham and elsewhere, have been set up to train men in skilled occupations during a six months' course. Briefly the procedure followed is the same with all men as soon as the covenanted period during which they receive unemployment pay is over. The men are turned over to the Unemployment Assistance Board and their pay is continued after an interview and enquiry, the famous 'Means Test'. From the Employment Exchange record and the investigation undertaken by the Unemployment Assistance Board, an estimate of individual needs is made, due account being taken of their home circumstances.

The number of men who can be sent to a six months training centre is necessarily few and, not unnaturally, it has been found that a proportion of those sent, following an interview, are unsuitable. More likely than not failure will be due to the inability of the man to apply himself to the task in hand. This may not be his own fault, but obviously it is important that, with the unemployment figure as high as it is, there should be no wastage, and in an effort to get the best results, the Ministry of Labour have now inaugurated at Wavertree, Liverpool, a "Preparatory Centre", which will take men for a preliminary six weeks' course. In addition a duly appointed Selection Panel can accept for this centre other men who seem to fulfil the necessary requirements, although undecided about the work they wish to do. The Selection Panel of three includes a Technical Officer.

A "Preparatory" Centre stands in the same relation to a six months Centre as does a preparatory to a secondary school. A similar experiment has been tried once before in South Wales, but Liverpool is particularly suited for a proper trial as, out of the 73,000 unemployed, many have known only casual work at the best, and there are men who are potentially good workmen if proper training and then work can be found. Men who pass their six weeks training with credit will be given an opportunity to attend a six months centre—curiously enough there is not one in Liverpool—on the recommendation of the Preparatory Centre manager and his deputy. Attendance at the Preparatory Centre is voluntary, but the men are expected to keep strict discipline during working hours, and if they do not they will be required to leave. The Centre is designed to take 150 men, half in the morning and half in the afternoon. The morning session begins at 8.30 and lasts until 12 when dinner is served. The second session begins with dinner at 12.30 and work from 1 p.m. until 5.30.

The course lasts for six weeks, the men working in the mornings one week and in the afternoons the next. Every man who attends the centre receives in addition to his mid-day meal two shillings per week, on top of his unemployment pay, and his 'bus fares, should he happen to live more than two miles away from the centre. It had been intended originally that work

should begin for the day at the normal Liverpool time of 8 a.m., but the morning rush-hour causes many tram delays, and Liverpool employers find it difficult to take disciplinary action if any of their work-people are late. As lateness is a serious offence—the men ‘clock on’ as they would in any normal factory—the hour has been fixed at 8.30.

When I visited the centre, housed most successfully in four tubular corrugated iron Nissen huts, it was the end of only the second week. The full complement of workers had not yet been reached, but on every side there was a fine spirit of keenness, and the first batch of men showed every sign of profiting from their experience. The men were of all ages, ranging from 18 to 35. Youth tends to predominate, as it should, but no one is turned down on the grounds of age unless he is more than 35.

The men are consulted as to their wishes and also advised on what trade they should take up. Intending bricklayers, for instance, are tried out on a scaffold to make sure that they will be able to work at heights. Not unnaturally the various engineering trades have the biggest appeal, as the boom in engineering makes it more likely that the man will eventually find a job. At the ‘Preparatory’ Centre men can begin their elementary training, for instance, as fitters, sheet metal workers, or welders, but they can also begin their training as carpenters, bricklayers, and painters, and at various other general trades.

School, or as it is called the lecture room, is also a very important part of the training. Many of the men have forgotten all they ever knew of elementary mathematics, and when they first arrive they are given a simple dictation and a few addition sums. Listening to a lesson, and afterwards going through the exercise books, gave an astonishing insight into the progress that it was possible to achieve within a fortnight. Not only had the men progressed from simple addition to multiplication and division of decimals, fractions and areas, but they showed a tremendous improvement in neatness and in their setting out of problems. Many men are dense about mathematics, but from the start it is impressed upon them that if they are corrected a dozen times in a morning for the same fault, it is because this is the quickest method for overcoming the difficulty. More than half of the first batch of men have

taken homework. However, the idea of teaching the men mathematics is severely practical, and those who will need it most, according to their trade, receive the most instruction.

In spite of some outside opposition the ‘Preparatory’ Centre shows every sign of being a big success with the men. There is a long waiting list, and it is likely to grow larger, as those who are already being trained begin to tell their friends about it. To watch the men at work was a pleasure; their eagerness was obvious, and in many cases it was possible to pick out a man and say—‘there’s a man who should have been skilled long ago’. The centre has obvious attractions, and the good mid-day meal rewards labour in the right coin. It is worth mentioning that on the day of my visit I enjoyed the same meal as the men; nor had the chef any reason to expect a visitor.

Liverpool, although it still awaits a six months centre, has a Ministry of Labour physical training centre at the Gordon Institute, Birkdale, open during the day. The Ministry of Labour run a number of these centres in the Special Areas, but elsewhere it is usual to leave physical training in the hands of voluntary bodies, helped by grants from the National Fitness Council. From the men’s point of view the official Ministry centre is to be preferred especially as attendance is likely to assist them in getting work.

Under Army instructors three hundred men divided into eight classes receive three hours training each week, each period lasting for one hour. One hour, every other week, is devoted to swimming at neighbouring baths and the men are supplied with shorts, vest, gymn shoes and bathing dress, all these garments becoming their property at the end of three months training providing their attendance has been satisfactory. In addition each man can have a hot shower after his physical training hour, followed by a ration of half-a-pint of milk, drunk through a straw from the bottle, and two chocolate wheaten biscuits.

A superintendent, helped by two instructors, is in charge of this centre, and it is at once obvious that great interest is taken in the men as individuals as well as in their training as a squad. The great aim of the training is to keep the men physically and mentally alert so that they may be able to take

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a job when it is offered to them. The hour's training looks strenuous, but actually lively is a better term, for although it keeps the men brisk and busy the whole time, no man is pushed beyond his individual capacity. Comparison is avoided with studied care, and beginners perform with the rest, as self-consciousness is the first enemy to be overcome.

On the whole the physical training centre has a satisfactory record with regard to the number of its men who afterwards find work, but physical training does not produce jobs by itself, and undoubtedly an effort should be made not to lose sight of the men after the end of their three months. Obviously three months is a generous period to give to any three hundred men when there are 70,000 unemployed on Merseyside; yet to lose sight of these men after training is to undo much of the good that has been done. By some means or other time should be found for giving these men one hour's training each week in order to assure them that they are not forgotten. It is possible that in this way the men would be encouraged to practise a little at home; they would not care to find that they were falling back.

No doubt when the social history of the last twenty years comes to be written in the light of its after-effects, England will receive many bad marks for the haphazard manner in which she has treated the appalling problem of its unemployed. If so, the various Governments of that time will receive less blame than the general public, whose terrifying apathy, particularly in the South, has allowed the problem to be regarded as insoluble. The figures published each month, showing a slight rise or a slight fall, mean nothing more to the occupied middle classes than tables of data, like cricket averages, which are interesting from a theoretical or statistical point of view. They see the unemployed as in a film and not as men and women whose falling standards reveal the real failure of this country.

LABOUR—WHENCE?—WHITHER?

By J. H. HARLEY

THE Conference which is soon to assemble at Southport will doubtless be regarded in after-days as marking a conspicuous milestone in the history of the Labour movement in Great Britain. Not that there is any doubt of the verdict which will be recorded when the tellers return the totals of the vote on the issue joined by Sir Stafford Cripps with the Party Executive. To the vast majority of the working population of this island the watchword of a Labour Party free and independent and unfettered by entangling alliances, has become a dogma—one might almost say, a hall-mark of their creed.

Yet it is not sufficient to point to the formidable forces arrayed against Sir Stafford and then to pass on as if the whole question had been settled. Just as it is the most sinister and disheartening feature of the present crisis in affairs that the nation has long been, as it were, cleft asunder on a question of foreign policy, so, in our own internal troubles, it is surely of great import for the future of the Labour movement in Great Britain that it should seem to be performing the baleful operation of hara-kiri in the presence of its official foes. At the very time when it desires to face the responsibilities of a not too distant General Election with all its elements strongly united, in order to obtain some decisive parliamentary majority, it is obliged, by the action of Sir Stafford, to embark on a debilitating domestic controversy, where it is made to appear in the rôle of rejecting all efforts of help, in order to languish in a sunless isolation. How is it that Transport House has had to make such a momentous choice? . . . What are the elements of the past history of the Labour movement which have brought it into the situation in which we, unfortunately, find it to-day?

Some really adequate history of the British Labour movement

has certainly yet to be written. The biographies and autobiographies of leaders are too often devoted to their own glorification, and fail to give any idea of the constant and devoted work of the forgotten rank-and-file who from 1889—the date of the inception of the Independent Labour Party—gave the political movement its tone of a *religious* propaganda. A recent volume of reminiscences by S. G. Hobson entitled: *Pilgrim to the Left* is useful because in these earlier days Mr. Hobson was a real pioneer, and he has preserved in some of his chapters, that spirit, which—manifested in many a crowded public meeting—made the Labour Party first spring into the full blaze of publicity in 1906. S. G. Hobson, indeed, has a strangely perverse idea of the unimportance of political action in hastening a Labour Party to its Party's goal, but, interlarded among other chapters of his own personal history, he enshrines many precious memories which are of value to anyone who seeks, with some degree of comprehension, to understand the nature of the crisis which has now to be faced.

The first point to be remembered about the present Labour Party—and it is deeply significant in relation to the discussions of Southport—is that originally it had no firm dogmatic basis. The old Independent Labour Party indeed, which was its influential and animating spirit during its early days as the Labour Representation Committee, claimed to be a socialist body and defined its object, somewhat grandly and comprehensively, as the “collective ownership and control of the means of production, distribution and exchange”. But even the Independent Labour Party preferred to hide its light under a bushel, and the name of “Socialism” was by definite design banished from its nameplate. The consequence was that socialism became a kind of abracadabra to be muttered in quietude as the conspirator mutters his password and not a creed to be studied and questioned in the light of day. A member of the Party must not speak of it too openly lest the weaker spirits in the Trade Union movement should imagine that he and his associates were out as real conspirators to capture and manipulate the movement!

But it was not simply the fact that it had no firm dogmatic basis, which constituted the primal weakness of the old Labour

Representation Committee. It did not even claim to be a party. A party, if it means anything at all, is distinguished from a group in an advanced democratic country by the fact that it can supply, if the electors so decide, an alternative Government. Now the Labour Representation Committee, as its objects were defined at the inaugural meeting in 1900, never aspired to form an alternative Government. It was by its own confession not a party but a group. It proclaimed its

“readiness to co-operate with any party which, for the time being, may be engaged in promoting legislation in the direct interest of Labour and may be equally ready to associate itself with any party in opposing measures having an opposite tendency.”

Toryism at that time had become definitely identified with a policy of keeping down the worker. The Trade Unionist was content to see the real spirit of Conservatism in a legal decision like that of Taff Vale. And besides, these Tories, cloaked in London as the Moderates, were short-sighted enough to constitute themselves the opponents of State action in any shape or form. The Fabians had identified Socialism with an extension of the activities of the State, province, or municipality. “Capture the County Councils” cried Mrs. Besant in 1889—“Socialism will come”. The Tories, like the king who used a broom to sweep back the Atlantic, were obliged to look on the gradually increasing use of the machinery of the State or municipality as a movement to be opposed at any and every cost, and, moreover, this prejudice still acts to the detriment of the country even in the world of State subsidies and State regulations which we see unfolding before us to-day.

The Labour candidate, then, felt comparatively comfortable when it was a question as between him and the Tory. But how about the Liberals? There the issue was not nearly so obvious and clear. It was no use thinking that gas and water Socialism could be of any avail as a rallying-call against a Liberal, for had not Liberals and Labour men alike combined in London to constitute themselves a Progressive Party which gave a new vision to the Metropolis? Nay, had not Keir Hardie, in his address of 1892 to the electors of West Ham, said that he was in agreement “with the present programme of the Liberal Party so far as it goes?” And, worse still, had not the same Keir Hardie, as S. G. Hobson reminds us, written an open

letter to such a convinced opponent of all State action, as the late Lord Morley, in which he quite seriously called on him to come out and lead the new Labour Party to victory. This did not look as if Keir Hardie—at any rate—imagined that there was a great deal to pick and choose between Liberalism and Labour.

So far indeed as he did find a main issue as between himself and Liberalism, Keir Hardie was content to concentrate on the question of unemployment. That had never been a burning question with the old Liberalism. S. G. Hobson, who has dived into a book of reference on this subject, finds that the word "unemployment" was first used in quotation in December, 1894. Mr. Gladstone was colour-blind on the relations of Capital with Labour. In the 1906 Parliament Victor Grayson created a first-class "scene" by insisting that the House should turn its attention to the Unemployment question which he deemed of pre-eminent importance. Besides—and, as S. G. Hobson asserts, much to the annoyance of the Fabians—Keir Hardie almost compelled Parliament to appoint in 1895 a Parliamentary Committee on the subject. But then the Labour Leader had no very clear ideas as to where could be found a remedy. He was most insistent in trying to revive an old Elizabethan law to provide work for the needy, but he had certainly not developed ideas of socialism as a planned economy. In fact his remedies would not carry us very far in the modern world; and, moreover, the younger Liberals under the influence of Green and Toynbee, were beginning from 1905 to devote more and more attention to social questions. Obviously the boundaries between Liberals and Labour were becoming exceedingly undefined.

Neither was the missing element which had to differentiate between Liberals and Labour supplied by the varied speculations of Ramsay MacDonald. The latter was in the main a self-taught man, and his reading, though wide and varied, was never profound. He had a conception of the State as an organism, but he had never worked out this conception in order to throw light on its institutional life, as Plato did in the Republic or as did a group of contemporary sociologists, notably Rene Worms. The bio-state, as most of its exponents, such as Izolet, have seen, leads necessarily to a surrender of any individual life

of the cells under the control of an autocratic cerebral system. MacDonald, who had been nurtured on "Mill on Liberty", recoiled from such a grim anticipation of Fascism, and quoted certain biological experiments of his own time which led to the conclusion that an individual cell continues to have a particular life of its own, independent from the organism of which it forms a part. But he never worked this idea out completely and systematically, and though he claimed to have brought in Darwin to offset the influence of Hegel, it is doubtful whether he knew much of Darwin, and he certainly did not know much at first hand about Hegel. The result was that he could not throw much light on the difference between Liberalism and Labour; his theoretical speculations were kept very far apart from his practical political life. In the latter sphere he was a most inveterate opportunist with no systematic scheme to correct his tendency to political eclecticism.

Vague phrases that invite to the measureless inane are no substitute for firm-cut ideas, and the lack of any real systematic outlook coloured the whole tactics of the Labour men when the Liberals came into power in 1906. There were the serried ranks of the victors, composed for the most part of young men, positively yearning for social reforms, so that one of them was even ready on a Private Members' day, to sponsor the Labour Party's Unemployment Bill. The Labour members, as has been pointed out, were a group rather than a party, and they desired to keep themselves apart from the two official Parties so that they could combine, if need arose, with either. But how were they to resist being absorbed by the Liberals? Calling themselves a Party, as they later did, did not bring them much help in distress, because that change was unaccompanied by any clear details of a really distinctive programme. Obviously the only way to do it was to forbid Labour men to have any truck with the Liberals. They must enter into no entangling negotiations. They must not dwell with them on the same platform. If Liberals, in a two-membered constituency, withdrew one of their candidates, and the Labour men did the same, the remaining Labour candidate must not condescend to join his name with the remaining Liberal, on the same election address or polling-card. He must have a separate election

address and a separate polling card, so that there might be no temptation for him to be confounded with his colleague. In the House of Commons itself, the orthodox Labour men and the unorthodox or "Lib-Labs" glared across the gangway at each other as if animated by undying hatred. He who transgressed one of the most insignificant of these commandments was anathematized. He was banished as a hopeless heretic from the fold. The merest suggestion of any arrangement with the Liberals sent the hounds off baying in full cry.

It is doubtful, at the same time, whether all these precautions against assimilation would have been successful in elevating the Labour Party from a group into the proud position of His Majesty's Opposition, had the War not supervened. The rank and file of the Independent Labour Party, which was still a force in the country, did not like from the first the apparent suppression of any emphasis on the socialist aims of Labour. Obscure mutterings became an open revolt, and in 1909 Messrs. Keir Hardie, Macdonald, and Snowden resigned from the Independent Labour Party, content to be known *sans phrase* as members of the Labour Party alone. In 1910 it began to be clear that a movement against bureaucratic Socialism was in full swing, and the appearances of a Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and at last S. G. Hobson's Guild Socialism showed that the old definition of Socialism would need to be seriously revised. The Labour Party did not give much countenance to these new movements, save that Lord Passfield induced them to add, much to the annoyance of Macdonald, the conception of a National Minimum Wage to the old idea of the extension of State functions and officials. Then came Lloyd George's virtual destruction of the unity of the old historic Liberal Party, and the Labour men found themselves not only a party in name but a party in literal reality.

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How then, as His Majesty's Opposition, were they to define their leading aim and object? They had mounted into a position of vantage over the Liberals and they had to sustain themselves in the same proud pre-eminence. As a result of the movement of ideas during the course of the war "Workers' Control" appeared definitely to be winning the day over the old

"State Control". Nay, more, the younger and more aggressive spirits of what was now the Liberal group were feeling the force of some parallel tendencies, and, though they were never tempted away in the direction of any real Workers' Control, they definitely succumbed to the plan of governing the basic industries at least by public Corporations. Could His Majesty's Opposition show that they had a more excellent way? Hardly, if Mr. Morrison's London Transport Bill is to be taken as our guiding criterion. The latter did not appear to distinguish itself in any striking or essential fashion from the Liberal programme of "Britain's Industrial Future". It confronted the Trade Unions, who believed in some sort of workers' representation, with the refusal to give their workers any such representation inside the governing body of an industry on the significant plea that the workers were simply one "interest" among many other "interests" which, with equal justification, could clamour for co-ordinate representation. Besides, when the second Labour Government fell and Mr. Morrison's Bill was delivered to the hungry wolves, the succeeding National Government found it easy—the Prime Minister being in no wise unwilling—to eliminate the Minister of Transport from the scheme and to substitute for him a body of electors as grotesquely chosen as were those of the Holy Roman Empire. Had the Labour Party's schemes for the future Government of Industry included any representation of the workers which approached to workers' control the case would have been different. The framers of "Britain's Industrial Future" were very sceptical about the value of workers' representation, and more than sceptical about workers' control. Even in Labour and Socialist circles there were, as it already had been pointed out, high influences operating against the presence of Workers' Representatives in the governing body of industry. S. G. Hobson thinks that the Fabian Society made the great mistake of its history when in 1919 it refused to admit into its Basis "a steadily increasing participation of the organized workers in the management, both central and local, of industry transferred to the community". Also, there might have been a line of cleavage found between Labour and Liberalism on the question of finance. Sir Stafford Cripps, in his Minimum Programme, only asks for a certain control of the Bank of

England, and the Labour Party would extend that control to the Joint Stock Banks as well. But then the Executive of the Party were not at first very keen for this extension, and it was only after animated Conference debates that at length this was carried as a contribution from the rank-and-file.

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What, then, in view of the above-mentioned facts and tendencies has been the consequential attitude of Labour towards the Liberal group during these recent years? History shows that democratic government can only be carried on efficiently and with real stability when there are two parties and only two, and where the party which is to form the Government, when it does form a Government, can obtain a majority sufficiently large to enable it to form a consistent and powerful Executive. Now the existence of an additional group or groups is a standing obstacle in the way of such a strong and consistent Government, especially when this additional group within a Party is composed of skilled and experienced men whose influence is out of all proportion to their number and who advocate Proportional Representation as a means of completely perpetuating their power. The very nearness of their programme to the main opposition party makes such a group all the more insidious. As Coleridge wrote :—

“ To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

Who can wonder, then, that the underlying object of the Labour Party during all these recent years has been to end by all possible electoral means the existence of Liberalism as a separate group within His Majesty's Opposition. There was to be no truck with these Liberals, even when the result was such an election as that held recently at Holderness. There was to be no pooling of programmes. A fight was to be waged, determined, unwearied, and implacable, until the last Liberal faced the Speaker's chair, and the Labour Party remained at last in solitary possession of the Opposition benches of the House. If a young Liberal desired a parliamentary career and had real progressive instincts the way was not made too hard for him to join the Labour Party. There were no differences which he ought to regard as fundamental in their programmes, and why

should he desire a little conventicle of his own? This was the course of action which had already been pursued with a certain amount of real success when Sir Stafford Cripps launched his Memorandum. It had not been pursued with entire success because there still remained a vigorous Liberal group, and the most influential and intrepid spirits in Liberalism refused to pass over. But there were strong grounds for believing that, as time went on, the remaining members of the group would just dwindle away.

At this stage it may be objected that there are not only the Liberals but also the Communists to be considered, when it is a question of group alliances. Has not Sir Stafford Cripps in the past been a supporter of a Workers' Popular Front which claimed that the Communists rather than the Liberals were to be enrolled in the main phalanx of Labour? May it not be that he still has his gladder eye fixed on the Communists? The answer is that the whole purpose of his Memorandum is to provide a strong opposition majority in the coming General Election, and it is inconceivable that any electoral expert could have encouraged him to believe that the roping of the Communist Party of Great Britain into a general Opposition *bloc* would have any effect in increasing the numbers of that *bloc* after the Election had been held. It may be considered as a subject worthy of discussion whether it is advisable to bring in Bolshevik Russia into some League to 'enforce Peace', for, as at present considered, that League is not to be ideological, and Russia knows that peace is her best friend; but the British working man has the deadliest antipathy to any complete system of totalitarian government, and the British Communists, when they have intervened in a British election, have hurt rather than helped the prospects of a candidate.

Granting then, as we surely must, that the all-embracing purpose of Sir Stafford's campaign is to produce the biggest possible majority for an Opposition *bloc* against the Government at the next General Election, it is obvious that it is with Liberals, and not with Communists, that any examination of the resulting prospects must chiefly be concerned. The real point, of course, here is, that there are seats in different parts of the country where an anti-governmental candidate might win if

Labour and Liberalism did not run separate candidates of their own. If, as some of the newspapers reports indicate, Sir Stafford offered to withdraw his Memorandum provided that some concession was made to him on this point, then it seems *pitiful* that some attempt was not made to close with this as a practical sort of compromise. In such a case the arrangements would be purely local, and they would involve no withdrawal or abatement of the party's immediate programme. Besides, if the Labour Party is not simply to be a class party but a really comprehensive party it must give more practical opportunity to all elements of the country which are inclined to rally to its support. In the Universities there have been resounding victories for Labour ideas, but the brilliant young men who win them never find their way into Parliament—or afterwards figure in some group of young Liberals, or even Communists. Besides, the Trade Unions, as Mr. Cole has reminded us in a recent survey, are hardly keeping pace with the latest developments in industry, and the skilled technicians are not always to be found as enthusiastic adherents of official Labour policies. Added to this there is a tendency in many constituencies to prefer local men and the nominees of some powerful Union to others who have previously distinguished themselves in Parliament or have a known capacity for parliamentary strategy and debate. So far as the Trade Union candidates are concerned this tendency can be easily understood, for it was the defect of the old Liberal Party that it did not give sufficient electoral representation to the representatives of the organized Workers.

But the most telling and conclusive reason why the Labour Party should lengthen its ropes and strengthen its stakes is that we live to-day under the perpetual shadow of war. At recent general elections the Labour Party has always by the superior strategy of its opponents been manoeuvred into an unfavourable position. It was the longest and most convinced supporter of 'Collective Security' but Lord Baldwin won an Election by stealing its thunder. It was the prime author of the Geneva Protocol which aimed not simply at averting but at banishing war for ever, yet Mr. Chamberlain, after Munich, looked like working it into a position where it would have to appear before the country as the opponent of peace, or at any rate of what was

called, by a fine irony, appeasement. Of course, it cannot be denied that with a Labour Government at the helm and Hitler or Mussolini in the saddle, there would always be a more imminent danger of war, for with these men the term "Communism" or "Bolshevism" is a symbol rather than a clearly defined concept, and it is certainly broad enough to include British Labour and thus to make it the object, as happened in the case of Spain, of a Holy Crusade on the part of the Dictators. In these circumstances it is clearly important that the Labour Party, if it desires to win public confidence, should appear before the electors as going one further than its adversaries, and as advocating an international body, with police powers, which would not only avert war but would effectually prevent it. It is at this point that Sir Stafford Cripps shows himself sadly ineffective. He never did understand the League of Nations, and his comments on foreign politics generally have been singularly inept and one-sided. It is not simply that his Minimum Programme is inadequate. There can be no great measures of Socialist constructive reform whilst war is lurking on the horizon. War is a menace to all progressive advance. It marks the most conspicuous triumph of the deadly spirit of reaction. Other questions are quite overshadowed by this and if when the Labour Party came to power, the dictators lined up their forces for aggression on the plea that here was an effort of Bolshevik encirclement, then any resulting war would indeed be "a war to end war"; and every democratic combatant would engage in it with a sustaining hope in his heart. If the war, as it surely would, were waged successfully in the cause of peace, then a measure of International Security would be the all-important measure of the day. National Socialism would become a memory of the past, for the Economic Conference which would in this event form an adjunct to International Security would plan its economic problems, such as the rationing of raw materials, from an international rather than a national point of view. In order to secure as early as possible some guarantee for such a beneficent result, the Labour Party cannot afford to neglect the attainment of a single vote

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE has been ebb and flow with a vengeance; let us look at the whirlpool. After Herr Hitler's latest performance Mr. Chamberlain spoke in a tone that the people approved, and there was a general feeling that if the determination to resist further aggression against Germany's neighbours was to be declared, it came most effectively from the man who had made most personal exertions to avoid a war in which England would be ranged against Germany. That was all to the good. The democracy of the United Kingdom showed a tolerance which was exemplary, for it is in the nature of democracies to turn savagely on any man who has let them be fooled. Beyond yea or nay, Mr. Chamberlain was overreached at Munich, and the scrap of paper which he read out triumphantly on his return, bearing Herr Hitler's signature beside his own, is now an object for mockery. Yet the English continued to like the man and trust him; if his nature had been too honest to suspect double-dealing, they refused to blame him for that; and they preferred unmistakably to rally round him rather than any other. They were quite ready to fight under his leadership, if Germany should infringe the independence of Poland. Mr. Chamberlain made it perfectly plain that any action of Germany which Poland thought it necessary to resist by force would be resisted also by England, co-operating with France.

This declaration contented the House of Commons and contented the English people. When Mr. Lloyd George—who is not wholly without experience—asked how even the combined forces of France and England were going to bring help to Poland, unless Russia also was prepared to come in, he was angrily rebuked by a very typical Englishman, Sir Henry Page Croft. The general sense was, evidently, that England's declaration,

made also in the name of France, would suffice to stop Herr Hitler. And probably that was a correct judgment, at least for the moment. There was relief, which lasted nearly for a week; Parliament closed its doors, Mr. Chamberlain went off to fish in Scotland where many, and not least the writer of these lines, hoped that he would be as lucky as he deserved. But then suddenly the defect in his declaration was made patent by a new move in quite another quarter of the European chessboard.

Mr. Chamberlain had asked the English people to be ready to fight and he had defined—so far back as last September—what they must be ready to fight against. They must resist, as they had always resisted, the attempt of one ambitious Power to dominate Europe and possibly to dominate the world. He made it clear that Germany by swallowing up—in defiance of Herr Hitler's assurances—a people which was not German, had given plain evidence of such ambition. If Germany made a new aggression on Poland, there would be a new step towards domination; the balance of power would be destroyed. He did not say, as Mr. Gladstone would probably have said, that Poland was a country long divided and enslaved which the combined effort of England and other Powers had restored to her rightful place in Europe. He did not say that aggression should be resisted because it violated all the principles embodied in the League of Nations—once “the sheet-anchor of British policy.” He said in effect simply that if Germany continued on her career of successful aggression, attacking Europe piecemeal, Germany would become the master of Europe, and the rights of England would be at her disposal. On these representations, England showed complete readiness to stand up to Germany, in defence of the balance of power.

But then came a move for which Mr. Chamberlain's formula had made no provision. Italy proceeded to occupy Albania, a country to which neither England nor her partner France had any definite obligations. Albania was no doubt a member of the League of Nations, but Italy had already established a complete precedent for disregarding that consideration. The action was unquestionably lawless aggression, but the

democracies were not pledged to defend international right—except, indeed, by their pledges in the League of Nations, from which they had already liberated themselves by disregarding them. The only question for Mr. Chamberlain, or rather for England under his leadership, was whether Italy ought to be regarded as an ambitious Power aiming at universal domination. Germany indeed applauded and approved Italy's action; but Germany and Italy could hardly be considered as the same State. Unless they were so considered, whatever strengthened Italy might be regarded as favourable to the balance of power, by lessening the chances of a complete German domination. It might even be argued, and doubtless will be argued, that under Italian rule Albania should become materially and morally a more civilized country; we heard that about Abyssinia. It may be urged in fact that there is no great harm done to anything except to international law and respect of pledges; and these are things which Mr. Chamberlain has not asked England to defend. There are agreements guaranteeing the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and Italy by gaining control of both coasts on the Adriatic will have greatly altered that status in her favour. But Mr. Chamberlain, after what he asked of the Czechs to avoid European war, could not well let war loose because British sea communications might some day be rendered difficult. At the same time the Prime Minister must speak to the democracies and the small nations in terms more appealing than those of the balance of power.

The Duce's stroke was a masterpiece, for it was no more likely to be resisted than was the occupation of Memel, and its result may be to decide Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey that power

**Power—and
Principle**

in the South of Europe, like power in the North, rests with the Axis. But for the urgent moment the problem is to hold back Germany. Unless Russia co-operates, neither Poland nor Rumania can be secured against successful invasion, though, at the end of a war in which Germany has been broken, they may be restored. Nobody can suppose that Russia will co-operate to keep the balance of power at a level that suits England. But Russia showed good will to co-operate in the work of the League of Nations. There are still people in England who think that Russia is a contamination;

one hereditary legislator in the Lords rebuked the Archbishop of Canterbury for having advocated co-operation with such a State. He went on to declare that the forces which would ultimately triumph were those which had Christianity behind them—and that we should "set aside the madness of the League of Nations which had landed us in our present position". With great respect to this eminent peer, I should venture to say that the English people had rightly regarded the League of Nations as an attempt to bring Christianity into the dealings between one nation and another; and that, if Mr. Chamberlain talks to the English people about Christianity rather than the balance of power, he will get a fuller response. He need not call it Christianity; law and justice are less controversial names; but a League for the defence of law and justice is a thing for which the British people would make all sacrifices—provided that they knew that law and justice would be defended, without any regard to the balance of power.

As things stand, the English people, who felt on Thursday before Easter that they knew where they were being led, by the evening of Good Friday were completely puzzled. If Mr. Chamberlain had said simply, 'we stand against lawless aggression in Europe,' Signor Mussolini's action would have been a direct challenge to the English people. But Mr. Chamberlain had stated the issue in such a way that the dictators could outmanœuvre him, and they did so—spreading confusion in the party which Mr. Chamberlain had hoped to rally throughout Europe. The nations that are out for aggrandisement have a clear purpose. England does not want aggrandisement, but the British have prepared, morally and materially, to fight. Yet no one knows what England will fight for, in spite of all Government utterances, since nobody can exactly measure the danger-point on the balance of power. Every time that the balance is tilted a little further against the interests of democracy, and England does not fight, confirms the deplorable impression that England will not fight at all—or not until it is too late.

Certain general conclusions seem to emerge. First, that the ideal of the League of Nations is an ideal necessary to be pursued unless civilization is to founder in anarchy; but

secondly that this ideal cannot begin to be realized without the active help of the United States. They helped to plan the institution, but then, deciding that it was not necessary for their protection, walked out. England took a leading part in attempting to work it, but always with a belief that this action was philanthropic. Now, the development of air power has shown the English that they are part of Europe; that their security, such as it is, depends on alliance with France; and that if security against growing aggression in other parts of Europe is not afforded, neither France nor England will be secure. It is a weakness in Mr. Chamberlain's position that he has, so far as the public knows, accepted the absorption of the Czechs as final. Mr. Roosevelt uttered other views on this vital matter. But probably Mr. Chamberlain felt that from him assurances of future liberation would not be welcome. It would, however, strengthen his leadership if his detachment from the memory of the League did not seem to be so complete. It could be strengthened still more if some of his colleagues were replaced by men like Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden, who have the faith in collective responsibility and the will to assert it. Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini are plainly determined to re-draw the map of Europe to begin with. Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare are very able and very prudent men—for times of peace; but they are associated in the public mind with the idea of surrender. They have not succeeded, as Mr. Chamberlain himself has done, in conveying the will to fight.

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Two very original books about Ireland have been published this last month—both the result of out-of-the-way reading. For twenty years Mr. M. J. MacManus has been collecting old Irish books, pamphlets and broadsides; and out of them he has put together in *Irish Cavalcade* a string of extracts ranging from 1550 to 1850, illustrating social life, very much as a film might do. This anthology begins by telling us what fashions of dress were forbidden to Irish men and women by a law of Henry VIII. One may conclude not only that in 1559 Irishmen wore a long "glib" of hair and a moustache but that they continued to do so; and

Collective Responsibility

that ladies were still seen in a "kyrtle or coat tucked up, or embroidered or garnished with silk, after the Irish fashion". although that fashion was prohibited by law. At the other end of the cavalcade we meet amongst others Anthony Trollope—an excellent observer of manners. But why nothing from Asenath Nicholson? the surprising American lady who went through Ireland as a volunteer Bible reader, staying in the poorest cottages—where the country folk, though they knew she was a crank, and a Protestant crank, accepted her as a holy woman? She is the best witness to the highly civilized behaviour of the pig, when pigs lived in. We have all sorts of amusing stuff including a description of Sunday in Dublin in 1725—attributed to Swift, who certainly did not write it. But it is astonishingly like a passage in Ulysses, or in O'Casey's *I knock at the Door*. Mr. MacManus is on the staff of Mr. de Valera's paper *The Irish Press*, but I notice with pleasure that to him the word "Irish" has an inclusive signification, lumping Protestant and Catholic, Gael and Saxon in one general view.

Mr. MacLysaght, on the other hand, in a very careful historical study *Irish Life in the Seventeenth Century after Cromwell*, is bound to recognize the distinction of races which certainly existed—although it was more truly a distinction of religions. There was little to mark off the O'Brien or the O'Hara or the O'Neill who sat in Grattan's parliament from their fellow members—like them, Irish gentry. There would have been still less in 1680, for the century of penal laws had not begun. Admittedly some Irishmen had a cult of race like Herr Hitler's; both Mr. Macmanus and Mr. MacLysaght quote The MacDermot's greeting to some company which included an Anglo-Irish peer. "O'Hara you're welcome; Sandford, I'm glad to see your mother's son" (his mother was an O'Brien) "the rest of you may sit down as you can." But except to such as this eccentric there was no insistence on racial difference, and the country folk, who were generally of Gaelic race, gave their devotion to the "old stock." in one of the Big Houses, even if the founder of the House had been English. There was, there had been since the time of the Norman Conquest and for that matter, since the time of the Gaelic conquest, a strong absorptive power in Ireland; and even

Truth and Prejudice

after the ten years of devastating war in Cromwell's time, and the confiscations which followed, fusion might have gone on, but for the proscription of the popular religion. The result was to make the Catholic Irish in the eighteenth century and the nineteenth a far more devout people than they were in the period which this book studies. Mr. MacLysaght does not hesitate to show us that the Irish standard of sexual morality which became proverbial in the period of oppression had not been at all so high when the Irish people were relatively free. In short, this is a truth-telling work, and admits that agriculture, the country's main business, advanced more quickly under English rule—and though Mr. MacLysaght writes with a practised pen he writes with the inbred knowledge of a farmer. If the book were free from strong prepossessions, it would not be what it is, a live piece of work; but after 300 pages of his own the author, gives 120 more, in appendices, printing here for the first time a great mass of illustrative material—especially half a dozen letters written by John Dunton, an English bookseller with a taste for travel, who combined business with pleasure on his journeys, and wrote vulgar, indecent but entertaining descriptions of all that he saw and heard, somewhere about the year 1700.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE BROWN DANUBE

BY ELIZABETH MONROE

MUNICH AND THE DICTATORS, by R. W. Seton Watson. *Methuen*. 5s.

FALLEN BASTIONS, by G. E. R. Geyde. *Gollancz*. 16s.

WHERE THERE IS NO PEACE, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. *Macmillan*. 6s.

DANUBIAN DESTINY, by Graham Hutton. *Harrap*. 7s. 6d.

The story of the last fifteen months, humiliating to anyone except a Nazi, is now beginning to piece itself together for the plain Englishman. Items of news from the different capitals are accumulating to prove that one dictator was an astute gambler, that the other was his chosen pawn, and that the two between them duped the democratic statesmen. Dr. Seton Watson, Mr. Geyde and Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong all contribute to the record, and from their united evidence emerges the fact that Herr Hitler is methodically pursuing the programme he laid down in *Mein Kampf*, the following being the guiding principle of that policy:

"A shrewd victor will, if possible, keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees. He can then, in dealing with a nation that has lost its character—and that means everyone who submits voluntarily—count on its never finding in any act of oppression a sufficient excuse for taking up arms once more. On the contrary, the more the exactions that have been willingly

endured, the less justifiable does it seem to resist at last on account of a new and apparently isolated (though to be sure constantly recurring) imposition."

This quotation is far too little known. It should be read and marked by everyone who is unsure whether to consider its author a genius or a madman. It should be inwardly digested by every British Cabinet minister before every discussion on foreign affairs, for it is the key to all recent events in Europe.

The most striking fact, then, which emerges from the three books is the extent to which Germany's success last year was the outcome of careful planning. Everything was pre-ordained, stage by stage: the Press campaign in which German opinion was prepared for a righteous struggle; the by-play which throughout the early summer blinded the democracies to the fact that the Sudeten problem was no longer an internal question for Czechoslovakia; the careful bribing of the Paris press which enabled the *Führer* to prise a chink in the Anglo-French armour wide enough to permit, first of Godesberg, then of Munich. Here and there, of course, he was attended by luck; for instance, who could count upon the chance that a French foreign Minister, receiving on September 26

that categorical assurance of British support for which M. Poincaré would have given his eyes in July 1914, would be sufficiently craven to report it as a message "without confirmation" and to fail to contradict *Le Matin's* assertion that it was a "clever lie"? But, except on one or two such occasions, luck seems to have been only an incidental factor of his success; the chief elements were accurate calculation and diplomatic skill. If the British premier has always had before him the facts which these books now place before us, it is extraordinary that he should for so long have continued in his belief (now happily rescinded) that dictators will in the end respond to gentle handling.

Of three stories which differ only in emphasis, Dr. Seton Watson's is the most moving. He writes not only as a historian, but as the man who worked harder than any Englishman to promote Czech independence—as the staunch personal friend of that "remarkable triumvirate, Masaryk, Benes and Stefanik". What is more he is impressive in his sincerity. His previous book, *Britain and the Dictators*, was a "reasoned defence" of British policy up to the end of 1937. Since Munich, he has altered his view, and his latest volume explains the reasons for the change of heart of a clear and well-informed thinker.

Mr. Gedyé's contribution is different, for he was a man-on-the-spot—the last honest journalist to leave Vienna, one of the last to leave Prague. *Fallen Bastions* is a brilliant title; the contents live up to it. The story of the fall is punctuated with unpublished documents and vivid descriptions of scenes which cannot be witnessed and understood

except by a man of vast knowledge and indefatigable readiness to "spend weary days and nights jumping in and out of taxis.

Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong, being an American, ought to add something to the sum of information; in fact, his book, though accurate and well-written, is the least valuable of the three. For one thing, he does not present a typical American view; he cannot, because the editor of *Foreign Affairs* knows his Europe too well. For another, he postulates that "it is not for an American" to discuss the moral issue; his survey is incomplete because, unless you take morals into account, you cannot discuss Munich. You can record events, but you cannot help being arid in the eyes of English readers.

Mr. Hutton's *Danubian Destiny*, treats of a different subject; it looks not back at the past, but forward to the future. It is an estimate of Germany's ability to organize the Danubian basin to her liking, and, since on this problem hang all our destinies, everyone ought to read it. It supplies some useful information about the economic position of the Reich, and about the reactions to German policy of the vast and mixed collection of human beings who inhabit the countries beyond her south-eastern border. But it makes its most valuable contribution to our knowledge where it contests that fatal defeatism which leads Englishmen to think of the dictatorships only as aggressive, and the democracies only as vulnerable. Totalitarian economy and diplomacy are weak, says Mr. Hutton, because the power which practises them can never allow itself time to organize its gains for future development. Thus, if

Germany succeeds in so complicated an area as Danubia, her success will be the result "not of her own merits, but of others' shortcomings".

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS 1937 (Volume I.). 25s.
(Volume II.) 18s.

By Professor Arnold J. Toynbee.
Oxford University Press.

GIBRALTAR AND THE MEDITERRANEAN, by G. T. Garratt. Cape. 10s. 6d.

WORLD WAR IN SPAIN, by Arthur Loveday. John Murray. 6s.

With his customary perception and mastery of phrase Professor Arnold Toynbee sheds more light upon the dark places of the international waste land and jungle than all the journalists and scribes put together. The *Survey* for 1937 is in two volumes (as in 1935). Special sections on Poland and her Neighbours by C. A. Macartney, Palestine by H. Beeley and World Economic Affairs by Professor Alan Fisher are extremely valuable, but *artifex maximus* is Professor Toynbee (and his devoted famula, V. M. Boulter.) Events seem likely to impart a nasty topical value to the facts and judgments which are the subject of Vol. II.—'The International Repercussions of the War in Spain'. As he says, in a world possessing a more or less effective system of international law and order, Spain (and the same applies to Turkey and Denmark) might enjoy the happiness of having no history; "but in the struggle of all-against-all for world power—then the potential strategical importance of Spain and her possessions was bound to become actual".

In Vol. I. we see the sides lining up—the Anti-Komintern Triangle versus

the protagonists of a world safe for democracy—'all-against-all' is not quite accurate, but it will serve as an image of the anarchy of power-politics. Time and again Professor Toynbee returns to this fundamental truth—that an ordered society is the one and only remedy for our international discontents; whereas the definition of a Great Power "at any time during the four centuries before establishment of the League" still holds good:—

"a parochial 'sovereign' State which was strong enough to be able to venture to do what it willed in defiance of all comers: the conscience of the rest of Christendom was immaterial".

The League—like patriotism—is not enough: so much we have learnt in passing through the present vale of tears. And it has failed, mainly, through the shortcomings of the governing class of the foremost 'democratic' States. That is the lesson of each of the sections composing Vol. I.—dealing respectively with the line-up, relations between the four Great Powers in Europe, Mediterranean developments, and the war in China; hence "the first aim of the Triangle Powers was to 'anæsthetize' the three democratic Powers by gassing them with anti-Communist propaganda". And it finds specific illustration in the antics of British and French policy-makers when confronted by the *soi-disant* ideological war in Spain.

Professor Toynbee is particularly good at effects of historical perspective—as when he observes, in a footnote, that "Spain, apart from Catalonia and the Basque Provinces, was a living museum of the spiritual life of the

Western World in the age of the Wars of Religion"—and then draws an apt analogy with the position of the Six Counties *vis à vis* modern Ireland. On the question of Intervention he does not pretend to detailed knowledge, but he presents admirably the known facts—i.e., that Italian intervention has been extensive and continuous, German intervention of a military character limited, because of the check imposed on Herr Hitler by German public opinion; and that "the military intervention of the U.S.S.R. was not only subsequent to Italo-German intervention but also consequent on it". Finally, on the all-important strategic issue the author has a devastating comment (likewise in a footnote) on the wishful thinking of those who asserted in season and out of season that any Italo-German hegemony in Spain after hostilities ceased was 'inconceivable'. Before the main section of Vol. II. there are compact and well-proportioned analyses of the Spanish background and of the course of the war. No one should presume to hold forth on Spain without having read, marked and digested this volume.

Mr. Garratt's study comes pat to the occasion to focus and underline the major theme of the 1937 Survey. It is a brilliant piece of work—and it acquires particular significance, in my judgment, from the fact that the film 'The Menace to Gibraltar' shown throughout the U.S.A. has been strictly excluded from this country. First we have a brief disquisition on Gibraltar as "petrified history", with amusing sidelights on the "attacks on churches and images which were, apparently, in past centuries a peculiar and marked feature of the occupation of southern ports by British sailors": then a

discussion of the strategic value of the Rock, first following the improvements in artillery from 1860 onwards and later with the coming of the aeroplane and the submarine, and, finally, in Part III. 'The Era of Imperial Decline'—the kernel of the book with its tremendous and tragic topical import.

Mr. Garratt adduces, without, it is true any very substantial evidence, that there was a secret 'diplomatic arrangement' between London and Rome which was the basis of the Non-Intervention Agreement: when, however, Germany decided to take a hand, that completely upset the apple-cart, and, while Germany and Italy were continually manœuvring against each other in Spain, they could always combine to levy the most effective blackmail against the feckless rulers of France and Great Britain, hopelessly ignorant of the living dynamics of Spain.

While a certain discount needs to be made, there is an unpleasant amount of truth in Mr. Garratt's analysis of the British mis-handling of the Mediterranean situation—due, he suggests, to:

- (1) The underestimating of air power, due to a great majority of senior officers being 'two-dimensional' men by instinct and upbringing. Over sixty per cent. of British armament expenditure is on the surface boats of the navy, and those who live and work in such boats have a proportionately large say in policy.
- (2) A complete misreading of the Spanish situation, due to the naval officer's quite natural prejudices against the Government on account of certain incidents in the Spanish navy at the beginning of the war, and also to the only Spanish 'contacts' which most of them possess through Gibraltar.
- (3) A contempt for Italians as fighting men, based on memories of the European War, and on the 'ocean' sailor's poor regard

for Italian seamanship. There may be some justification on both these grounds, but it leads to under-valuing the importance of the Italian air force, and possibly also of those light and speedy surface craft which suit the Italian temperament.

These are the reasons, Mr. Garratt suggests, for the "false optimism" generated in high circles about Spain—to which must be added the slight and possibly unconscious bias of British Ministers abroad, many of those in key-positions being Catholics and having Italian family connections. We shall soon see whether Cassandra is right.

Mr. Loveday is of those who believe with a touching faith that "General Franco and Spain are fighting on behalf of Christendom and all Western Civilization against an onslaught on Western Europe by Marxian Communism". That is the meaning of his title, which most of us would interpret differently. His observations on the international aspect of the Spanish conflict are consequently worthless; as regards Spain's domestic politics there are a number of inaccuracies but, allowing for the author's prejudice, it is a handy little primer on Spain. Political judgment, however, is not Mr. Loveday's strong point: nor is one very impressed by that of his sponsor, Sir Arnold Wilson, who writes in his preface: "no Englishman need fear that Spain will enter into an alliance directed against 'Britain'! What else, then, is the Rome—Berlin—Tokio—Burgos Pact?"

W. HORSEFALL CARTER.

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN: HIS MEMOIRS (2 vols.) Macmillan. 42s.

It is sometimes hard to believe that men shrink from having "greatness

thrust upon them". In the short spell of a lifetime it is worth shouldering any burden so as to leave behind an accomplishment, and a memorial. Yet many, for example, declare wholeheartedly, "I wouldn't be Prime Minister if you paid me" (presumably more than the official salary); and of these Robert Borden was assuredly not least.

Only under insistent pressure did he consent to stand for Parliament in 1896; but, characteristically, once he had agreed, he mastered both his nervousness and his distaste, and "devoted his whole time and energy to his candidature". Five years later he became Leader of the Opposition and of the Conservative Party, accepting the position again, "from which he shrank", at the urgent demand of his colleagues. With great difficulty he was dissuaded from announcing his acceptance for one year only; and both in 1905 and 1910 he proffered his resignation as leader.

It was not that Borden hankered after leisure. In the terse, almost primly written, pages of his memoirs, he is revealed as an incessant worker. He might almost be cited as an illustrious example of the genius which is 'an infinite capacity for taking pains'. There are numerous references to the exhaustion of body and spirit from which he suffered when a merciless sense of duty forbade him the rest that his doctors had ordered.

Mr. Meighen, in his preface to the Memoirs, remarks that the key to his success in an uncongenial atmosphere was "ceaseless, indomitable toil"; and adds the illuminating comment that "his pre-eminence was only reached when his responsibilities became

immense". He seems to have been almost immune from human weakness, and, as such, a little aloof from his fellows, except when aroused, and then, like Achilles, terrible in his anger. His self-control has affected his writing, and even perusal of two volumes leaves little vivid impression of the man himself.

A man such as Borden becomes a part of history and is remembered as a political force more generally than as a man. His political career can be considered best in two aspects, Canadian and Imperial. It is safe to say that his relations with Canadian politics will not interest many English readers of his memoirs. His lengthy, but nevertheless succinct, chapters on the pre-war sessions of the Canadian House of Commons are oppressive to those unfamiliar with the Canadian scene. "Reciprocity" and Canadian railways filled Ottawa with sound and fury, but leave in the mind of an English reader only echoes of uncomprehended strife.

The politically inclined, however, do gain an impression of Canadian parliamentary life, which may or may not be true. The English reader is astonished at the frequent charges of ill faith and of graft—and is struck by the universal use of "my hon. friend" as a parliamentary appellation. English parliamentary etiquette has been imposed on Canadian M.P.s rather like a ready-made suit of clothes. It does not seem that there are many good fits.

Perhaps Borden was most in his element when he was representing Canada in England. His utterances then had striking force and dignity. He had pondered deeply on the relations between Canada and England, and so had formed a clear conception of the place and destiny of the Dominions within the Empire. In many ways he

was the apostle of Dominion nationalism insisting always upon the sovereign rights of British self-governing communities. But his sense of the Empire was equally strong; and it was the basis of his creed that the nationhood of the Dominions was the cement of Imperial unity.

The Great War was to him a tremendous example of his beliefs in action, and inspired him with a purpose that extended beyond a victory in arms. To him as much as to anyone belongs the achievement of a British Commonwealth of Nations, and with it a place among the immortals.

W. F. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

HENRY GRATTAN AND HIS TIMES,
by Stephen Gwynn. *Harrap.* 15s.

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE, by Lord
David Cecil. *Constable.* 10s.

These two biographies form a study of their period, the late 18th and early 19th centuries, the more illuminating in that the characters of their subjects were so strongly contrasted and their backgrounds so diverse. Grattan's nature was fundamentally simple, while Melbourne's was too complex for him ever to attain to inner harmony. Melbourne, who on his elder brother's death became the heir to an ample fortune, spent his life in the heart of the Whig governing class. Grattan, too, was a Whig, but the bulk of his fortune was derived from a grant from the Irish Parliament for services rendered, and he only frequented Holland House in later life because he had failed to attain the object nearest his heart—an united Ireland governed by an Irish Parliament. The differences between the men are so many and so obvious that it is unnecessary to labour them.

What is interesting is that in spite of them all there is an unmistakable family likeness which makes them both representative of their time. Both were products of an age and a class which had left behind the religious animosities of the past without being disturbed by the economic troubles of the future. Both reacted with alarm to the doctrines of the French Revolution, and both pinned their faith to property as the cement of the structure of society. For both the winning of the war with France tended to overshadow all other issues, so that while Melbourne became more and more attracted to the Canningite Tories, Grattan, in the years immediately before the Act of Union, stressed, as he had always acknowledged, the importance of the English connection, and deplored the enrolment of what he called "the poverty of the nation" in the Volunteers.

As a historical study, Mr. Gwynn's is the more important book. Grattan's character does not emerge from his pages with the same pellucid clarity as does Melbourne's from Lord David Cecil, nor has Mr. Gwynn made the most of the opportunity of portraying the social background in which Grattan lived. But what we may lose in our knowledge of Grattan the man we gain in our understanding of Grattan the politician and orator. Mr. Gwynn has succeeded admirably in presenting that combination of statesmanlike ideas with the lack of statesmanlike qualities which makes Grattan one of the most interesting failures in political history. He took the existence of social and political privilege for granted, but failed to see that in Ireland there could be no compromise, between the ascendancy of the Protestant caste, to

which he belonged, on the one hand, and the dominance of the Catholic majority on the other. He saw that Ireland could be neither free nor united until the Catholics were emancipated, for the Protestant governing class was too small to be able to maintain its hold without outside help. He did not realize that, however much statesmanship might mollify the feelings of the expropriated Catholics for the Protestant expropriators, an independent and united Ireland must be a Catholic Ireland. After Grattan's triumph in achieving legislative independence in 1782 the essential weakness of a divided county manifested itself, and the effective leaders were realists like Fitzgibbon, who by working for Union maintained Protestant rule for another century, and Wolfe Tone, whose United Irishmen laid the foundations of contemporary Eire.

As biography, Lord David's work has all the graces, some of which Mr. Gwynn's lacks. The Whig world could not be more faithfully portrayed, the development of a character could not be more subtly appreciated. The book is so perfect that one wishes a little more had been attempted and that one had been allowed to see Melbourne in action as well as in growth. Lord David Cecil's prose is so exquisite, his powers as a historian so manifest, that it is a little disappointing to find that they are employed on a task which cannot, after all, give them full scope. Even if, as Lord David suggests, Melbourne in espousing politics as a career mistook his true vocation, it is as a statesman that posterity chiefly takes interest in him, and it is as a statesman that his character mainly manifested itself.

W. T. WELLS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by Carl Van Doren. *Putnam*. 15s.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, by E. S. Scudder. *Collins*. 15s.

The city of Philadelphia has chosen for its two most famous citizens very opposite types of memorials. William Penn tops the City Hall, 500 feet above the metropolitan bustle of his offspring. Benjamin Franklin is most conspicuously commemorated by the Institute that bears his name, one of the most enterprising agencies of scientific education in the Americas. The symbolism is not inappropriate, embodying the aloofness of the Quaker statesman and the endless curiosity of the scientist-politician. Yet by its stupid ignorance the world at large has, at least in the case of Franklin, reversed this estimate, and reduced him to the petty stature of a Poor Richard with a knack for diplomacy, a parish pump philosopher who happened to be at hand when the American Revolution broke out. Mr. Van Doren has set out to rescue Franklin from this judgment, and I think there can be no doubt of his success. The Franklin he has chosen to recover is the Franklin whose "mind", as he says, "was a federation of purposes, working harmoniously together"; the Franklin, who, at the age of seventy crossing the Atlantic to represent his insurgent country at the court of Versailles, amid the perils of the voyage could occupy himself with noting the temperature of air and water each day, with a view to establishing the course and speed of the Gulf Stream; the Franklin whose pen could run as easily to the satire of the *Edict by the King of Prussia* as to the whimsey of the *Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout*; whose interests ranged from

spelling reform to mesmerism and whose inventions included the kitchen stove and bifocal spectacles. Directing this versatile intelligence is always the warm humanism of a tirelessly benevolent spirit; it is not the least of Mr. Van Doren's achievements that he has not only shown this working unity of mind and heart in Franklin, but has also contrived with easy mastery of the technical problems of biography to tell his story so that the life and times, the personal and the public, interweave in natural connection.

It is no reflection on Mr. Van Doren's skill to suggest that his brilliant success could not have been achieved had he attempted it on a smaller scale. Franklin constitutes a huge subject and demands a big book to contain him; these 780 pages are not one too many either for the interest of the author's tale or the stature of the subject. Mr. Scudder, who has aimed less high, has inevitably to be content with less success. Indeed his book is in a different category from Mr. Van Doren's, brief, popular in treatment, a rough delineation rather than a precise portrayal. It is typical of the difference between the two books that Mr. Van Doren investigates the authenticity of the famous "We must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately", while Mr. Scudder is content simply to report it. Nevertheless, barring an occasional misprint or misstatement, Mr. Scudder will serve as a tolerably accurate guide to those who are approaching his subject for the first time.

The last serious biography of Franklin was written in 1864, since when, although a great mass of new detailed and corrective information has appeared, it is doubtful whether there has been

any discovery sensational enough to change our main conceptions of him. Mr. Van Doren's book would be sufficiently welcome merely as a graceful incorporation into the picture of the details hitherto isolated in countless monographs of scholarship and as a corrective to popular belittlings. But the peculiar appeal of his book will lie, I think, not in the novelty of his portrayal but in its consistent honesty. For the rest Franklin himself will answer. Set before us with this accuracy and grace, he makes his own sufficient appeal to our distempered times, as a man who in times no less distempered, a citizen, in both senses, of the New and the Old Worlds, preserved a health and humanity, not by any ivory tower retreat but by a critical acceptance of the ordeal of his generation. "America," Hume wrote to Franklin, "has sent us many good things, gold, silver, sugar, tobacco, indigo, etc.; but you are the first philosopher, and indeed the first great man of letters, for whom we are beholden to her". To that debt Mr. Van Doren's biography is no trifling addition.

H. G. NICHOLAS.

TWILIGHT ON PARNASSUS, by G. U. Ellis. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

CIVIL JOURNEY, by Storm Jameson. *Cassell*. 7s. 6d.

The Novel, from its association with popular frivolities, suffers from the absence of any criticism of a greater calibre than that supplied by routine book-reviewing. It is a serious disability, and Mr. Ellis's book should have helped to remove it: modern fiction needs a critical expositor able to bring the past into focus upon the present, and to establish criteria by which we

can assess the achievements of our contemporaries. Unfortunately, Mr. Ellis has a most disorderly mind, a lack of all but the crudest discrimination, and a basic misunderstanding of the purposes of fiction. His subject is apparently the post-war novel, from its Victorian roots to its contemporary flowers; but his book rambles along without any indicative statement of what he is proposing to demonstrate or to explore. Various hares are started, abandoned and re-sighted later; the opinions of Leslie Stephen are examined ponderously, and Mr. Holbrook Jackson is taxed with describing the 'nineties as more homogeneous than they were in fact. These, and many other bits and pieces, are scattered about the pages while Mr. Ellis wanders away into the most astonishing irrelevancies. Thus, in discussing whether or not Leslie Stephen

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was right in saying 'Shakespearean drama had behind it a general national impulse', Mr. Ellis examines the status of actors in Elizabethan times, notes that they eventually became less 'migratory' and feels impelled to add that 'the drama attained a settled site in London with the opening of "The Theatre", a timber structure erected in Shoreditch by one Burbage'. This gratuitous information has no bearing whatsoever upon Stephen's remark: neither the site nor the fabric is of the remotest relevance, while the air of erudition with which 'one Burbage' is introduced seems to imply that the name will be entirely unfamiliar to Mr. Ellis's readers. Nor is this an isolated example, for Mr. Ellis's approach, at its most direct, is never more than circumambulatory.

The quality of Mr. Ellis's judgment may be easily illustrated. Katherine Mansfield is never mentioned; Joyce and Forster are not examined; Aldous Huxley is analysed at great and tedious length, and held to have 'covered a range of human problems that has only been exceeded by Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells'; William Gerhardt, Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell are treated as a concluding galaxy of talent; the three big influences—French, Russian and American—are left virtually untouched. As a specimen of Mr. Ellis's style I noted the phrase 'a series of fragrant erotic encounters'. His level of literacy may be gauged from his frequent misspellings—*érasez l'infâme*, *bête noir*, *analagous*, *unenobled*, *non sequiter*, *ebulition*, *juvenalia*, etc.

Miss Storm Jameson's *Civil Journey* is a refreshing contrast. Miss Jameson, with most engaging modesty, claims to be no more than one of 'the infantry-

men of literature'; moreover, *Civil Journey* is only an informal collection of *ephemerae*—lectures, prefaces, book-reviews, etc. In every way it is an unpretentious collection; but Miss Jameson knows how to write, just as surely as she knows her own limitations. Her prose is clean and sharp, aimed directly at the heart of the subject. The emotion which it communicates is personal and vivid and well-controlled. For all their apparent diversity, these essays without exception belong to that territory where literature and the moral-political world have their common frontier. Miss Jameson is not a profound thinker, but (almost as rare) she is an honest one. Her modesty and her integrity preserve her from floundering out of her depth. She is a distinguished novelist, and she has reflected on her craft: she is also a woman of deep political and social feelings, and she has reflected on these. It is her reflections, sensitive, balanced and rigorously honest, which make up *Civil Journey*. Whether she is lecturing on the Novel or recollecting pre-Hitler Berlin, Miss Jameson has an equal regard for her twin preoccupations—the art of writing imaginative prose, and the contemplation of that *histoire morale contemporaine* which is the novelist's abiding subject. One may not be wholly in agreement with all her views, but the sincerity and unforced simplicity of Miss Jameson's manner make *Civil Journey* a very pleasant book to read.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is constantly referred to in our pages. Readers may be glad to know of the unexpurgated edition published in translation by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett at 8s. 6d.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Detachment is difficult enough, heaven knows, in these days when the policies of the contending Leviathans known as Great Powers are bringing such fearful miseries to hundreds of thousands of blameless men and women. But the acute and unprejudiced student of international affairs cannot help noticing the inveterate tendency of people of every nation to identify its own national interests with morality. Hence a clash of national attitudes—reaching far beyond the plane of politics—which was bedevilling the ordinary inter-State friction long before Herr Hitler's Germany made a fetish of the ideological war. There is thus some salutary 'de-bunking' to be done in this field, and THE FORTNIGHTLY is fortunate in securing such plain words on international cant as are to be found in the article with which we lead off this month. The author, E. H. Carr, holder of the Wilson Chair of International Politics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, is no stranger to our columns. A man with a wide range of interests he has contributed articles on a variety of subjects over the period of the past seven years. After Cambridge (Trinity College) he entered the Foreign Office as a Clerk in 1916, and was later transferred to the Diplomatic Service,

rising to the rank of First Secretary and head of the Southern Department when he resigned in 1936. As a member of the Foreign Office delegation to the Peace Conference in 1918-19 and of the British Delegation to the League of Nations Council and Assembly he has had unusual opportunities of observing human foibles in connection with high policy. Apart from a primer on 'International Affairs since 1918', he is the author of books on Dostoevsky and Karl Marx.

The present international situation—power in contest with power—is ugly enough in all conscience, confirming all the Cassandra-like utterances which have appeared in the review this past year. With events moving so swiftly, our 'roving camera' can only select those features of the landscape which seem to have something more than an ephemeral interest. The fate of Yugoslavia, with the constantly menacing movement of the German-Italian pincers, is a case in point. C. F. Melville, now Diplomatic correspondent of the *Sunday Dispatch*, has had years of special experience as a student of Mid-European tangles. 'Ignotus' conceals the identity of a man who has, like Ernest Hambloch (whose recent book '*Germany Rampant*' should be widely read) made an intensive study

of German aspirations to world mastery. He was a contributor to the REVIEW in the days of W. L. Courtney.

But any forward-looking person must agree that we shall get nowhere by merely 'cursing the Germans'. The problem is far deeper than the peculiar wickedness of any war-like nation; and, as Professor Carr's article reminds us, those who distinguish the democratic countries as 'peace-loving nations' are to say the least, disingenuous. Thomas Johnston, the M.P. for West Stirling-shire, supplies a welcome tonic in his article rejecting the prevalent feeling of 'Kismet . . .' and outlines what we consider to be the only remedy appropriate to the continuing and increasing international tensions. Thomas Johnston was Lord Privy Seal in the last Labour Government. He has made his career in Scotland as Founder and for 27 years editor of that lively journal, *Forward*; but he has also established a reputation at Westminster for his thoughtful and independent views and cogent speaking. He contributed an impressive article to THE FORTNIGHTLY on Scottish Home Rule . . . in October, 1937.

Another aspect of the struggle for power is treated by H. V. Hodson, who met a number of interesting personalities in India on his way back from the British Commonwealth Relations Conference at Sydney last autumn. He is editor of *The Round Table*.

H. S. Shelton, who contributes interesting and little-appreciated data about the conditions in Jamaica, is a writer on a wide range of subjects—science, philosophy, and in recent years, education. He also contributed to the

REVIEW when W. L. Courtney was editor.

In the home field the controversy about compulsory service for the nation still rages. THE FORTNIGHTLY published last November a thoughtful article on this subject of national service by W. T. Wells. While the question is *subjudice* there is no occasion for the review to take a line for or against. But the article by J. H. Huizinga does, in our opinion, demolish the facile assumption which so many island-Englishmen still cherish that conscription is *per se* undemocratic. J. H. Huizinga has been in London for three years in the responsible position of chief correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, the leading Dutch newspaper. He was formerly for five years in the U.S.A.—studying as the university and then gaining experience on Wall Street.

So far the Government has only conceded to its critics the introduction of compulsory physical fitness for youth under 18, but the National Campaign is conceived on the traditional lines of the voluntary system. We are privileged to include a progress report by Lord Aberdare, the Chairman of the National Fitness Council, who is also Chairman of THE FORTNIGHTLY. A new and little-known enterprise of the Ministry of Labour is reviewed by our observer John Armitage, and other contributions include a personal document by Stephen Potter, author of *The Muse in Chains*, that entertaining study of 'Eng-Lit.', who has now established a special niche for himself as artificer and producer of feature programmes for the B.B.C.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

Saying farewell to one of our contemporaries is an all too common occasion, but we must shed a special tear for the *London Mercury*, which was distinctive in every way, living an honourable and valued life for twenty years. Apparently the public did not value it sufficiently, which is shocking, but not surprising; the world at the moment has no time for literature and good writing. It is true that *Life and Letters* will, in their next issue, incorporate the name of *London Mercury* on their cover, and it is encouraging to know that the editor of *Life and Letters* was a good *Mercury* man under Sir John Squire. But incorporation is a way of purchasing the good will of a paper, not of preserving it, and we cannot rejoice at what is after all the death of another old friend. The mortality rate among reviews is certainly very high, yet it is difficult to believe that the age of their usefulness is over. Nevertheless, it is probable that they would do well to re-arrange their ideas of what the public wants and reads.

* * * * *

As usual at this time of year one is told that the London theatre business is in a bad way. But this year there is less bemoaning of the quality of plays. And indeed the standard has improved, though it is still the theatre on the periphery rather than the West End which offers mental sustenance. For several weeks the production of Synge's 'Playboy of the Western World' at the little Mercury Theatre at Notting Hill Gate, has played to crowded houses. More caviare to the general, apparently, it T. S. Eliot's new play in verse 'The Family Reunion' at the Westminster Theatre. It is a translation into Christian terms, as it were, of the Orestes *motif* of Agamemnon. Both as play and book it is a memorable achievement. Some have called it 'Everyman' in modern dress; but one can enjoy the superb acting of Michael Redgrave, Catherine Lacey and a sterling cast without any probing into the real meaning of the poet's symbolism.

* * * * *

Celebrations to mark the centenary of the birth of Henry George, the founder of the taxation of land values, are to be held this year in some countries, in many of which his single-tax system is at present in successful operation. British supporters of the taxation of land values are to hold a nation-wide conference in London, and in August an International Henry George Conference is being held in New York at which delegates from all over the world will attend. The British delegate will be Mr. F. C. R. Douglas, the Vice-Chairman of the London County Council Finance Committee. Henry George, who was born in Philadelphia on September 2nd, 1839, was the originator of the taxation of land values which is in operation to-day in

different parts of the Empire and in a number of foreign countries. In this country Parliamentary support for the taxation of land values comes from a group of 40 M.P.'s in the House who form the Parliamentary Land Values Group. They include Mr. George Lansbury, Col. Josiah Wedgwood, Mr. R. R. Stokes, Mr. Andrew MacLaren.

* * * * *

On September 1 next, Unity Theatre Club takes over the Kingsway Theatre as a public professional theatre, for a trial period of three months, with an option on the lease. A new company will be formed to carry through the enterprise, which will be financed by Unity Theatre Club itself.

Unity will follow their policy of producing plays and revues with social content—and progressive in character, and the present theatre in Goldington Street will be retained as a private theatre for the presentation of uncensored plays. Recently, Unity's first pantomime, 'Babes in the Wood' caused something of a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic. It proved London's longest running pantomime, being extended to the end of March, after opening on November 15th—six weeks before any other pantomime. Since May last, the membership of Unity Theatre Club has grown from 3,000 to over 7,000, and, with members of affiliated organizations, nearly a quarter of a million persons comprise the largest 'organized' audience of any theatre.

* * * * *

The British Railways inform us that there is no doubt that the month of August is becoming more and more a peak period for holidaymakers, when the demands for accommodation and service are everywhere increased. In numerical terms the position can be quickly appreciated. According to railway statistics, the issue of Monthly Return tickets (the principal type of reduced fare ticket used by passengers travelling for a period holiday) is 100 per cent. greater in July and August than in May and June. Including all types of tickets used by holidaymakers—that is, the daily Excursions as well as the period facilities—approximately 20,000,000 more passengers travel by train during August than in May or October. The average long distance holiday train has seats for 500 passengers, so that some 40,000 extra trains are needed to transport these additional travellers. During the summer months last year the number of passenger journeys, exclusive of workmen and season ticket holders, made over the main line railways was : in May, 42,335,000 ; in June, 54,963,000 ; in July, 61,230,000 ; in August, 62,240,000 ; and in November, 47,682,000. The railways suggest that those who can possibly avoid the peak period, which extends from the end of July until the third week in August, by even a week or a fortnight earlier or later would greatly help their neighbours and their friends as well as themselves.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1939

THE MOOD OF AMERICA

By SIR FREDERICK WHYTE, K.C.S.I.

THE Royal Visit to the United States is an appropriate moment at which to consider where Anglo-American relations, in their new aspect, stand to-day. The word "new" is here used to suggest that the relations of the two countries have long passed out of the phase of Anglo-Saxon sentiment as expressed in the familiar phrases, "blood is thicker than water", and "hands across the sea". The British visitor to the United States is too apt to arrive there with the idea that he will find something like a reproduction of the old country under new disguise. He rarely crosses the ocean with the knowledge that America is, in fact, a foreign country. When he arrives he is constantly assailed by the contrasts between Britain and America rather than by any evidence of similarity. For instance, when the King crosses the Canadian border he will find that in all the little things that make up the life of man, and in most of the greater ones too, America is a foreign country. At the same time, he will have been constantly reminded that in language, in the Common Law, in literature and in history, the springs of American life flow from the same historic sources as our own. And, as the British Sovereign, he will very early have discovered that there is a warm place in the American heart both for the British King and even for the institution of the Monarchy.

Some years ago I had the opportunity of addressing a class in a Western University in the Historical Faculty. Their Professor had invited me to take the class and to undertake the difficult task of describing how the British Constitution actually worked in time of crisis. The special occasion, recent enough in all minds, was the crisis of 1931, when Britain went off the Gold Standard and established the National Government in its first form. After describing, on the basis of contemporary

evidence, the operation of the Constitution at that period, I concluded with an appreciation of the function of the Monarchy in British national life; and, as the Jubilee of George V had given recent evidence of the unique position which the King had won in Great Britain during his reign of twenty-five years, I brought my academic hour to an end with a word on the Monarchy as an institution and the significance of the Jubilee as a personal tribute to the man himself. I was completely taken aback by the force and volume of the ovation which greeted my inadequate tribute to the King; and this demonstration by the undergraduates of a Western American University was all the more remarkable because their surnames bore little resemblance to Smith, Jones, Brown, or Robinson. In a real sense, therefore, it is true to say that the Monarchy is one of our common possessions and ought to be added to the list given above.

Now, in some of the American comment on the King's visit when it was first suggested, there was some apprehension that "America" might resent the attempt to exploit this genuine sentiment for a political purpose. Several important writers in the American press warned us that the King's visit might provoke suspicions that he was being used as part of a campaign to draw a reluctant people from their deliberately chosen position of isolation from foreign politics. Doubtless this may be one of the reactions in the minds of some Americans; but I believe that, in the special circumstances of the world to-day, the net result of the King's visit will serve a genuine purpose in all that matters most in the relations between the two countries.

When we come to consider what those relations really are and what they ought to be, we are confronted at once both by real divergence between Britain and America and by those many important things which they have in common and which form a real bond of union. One of the factors which both separate and unite the two nations is language. The English language unites the two countries because they have in the English Bible, in Shakespeare and in all the English classics a possession equally dear to both; but the English language in the common speech of the American people has undergone such a transformation that in many respects it has become a wholly different speech. Ten years ago I attended an International Conference

at which it was necessary to provide an interpreter for the different nationalities present; but at the end of the discussion a witty American woman pointed out that one provision which the discussion had failed to make was that of an interpreter between the British and the American delegations because, as she said, "The British and the Americans think they speak the same language, but don't". This is but one among many instances of the difference that strikes the British visitor on his first arrival in New York. But there are other and deeper differences due to the contrast in the historic experience of the two peoples which must be taken into account when considering their political relations to-day. And it is in the field of these political relations that the essence of the Anglo-American problem really lies.

In this regard, most of those who know the two countries best would say, I think, that there is more real knowledge and understanding of Britain in the mind of modern America than there is knowledge of modern America in the mind of Britain, and if ever there is to be a genuine understanding of a political character between the two countries the first contribution to it must be made on this side of the Atlantic. In his message to the Anglo-American Supplement of *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (May 8, 1939) Mr. Kennedy, the American Ambassador in London, said:

"I have long felt that the people of our two countries do not understand each other as well as they should. We have been far too prone, it seems to me, to concern ourselves with trivialities . . . and it is high time now to familiarize the people of Great Britain with the more serious aspects of life in America".

With characteristic directness, Mr. Kennedy here goes to the heart of the matter of Anglo-American relations. He would have the people of Great Britain realize that the American people, in their new approach to domestic problems, and in their reaction to the present international emergency, are passing through a radical transition in their history. In both respects the world as a whole has every reason to follow intelligently each phase in the development of American national policy. And if that be true for the world as a whole, it is doubly true for the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth, because there is no power in the world likely to be more affected both by

American feeling and American policy than the British Empire.

Now, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the immense programme of social reform which we know as the New Deal; because at the present moment it is more important for us in Europe to understand the motives behind American international isolation and to appreciate the forces engaged in the struggle now going on over American foreign policy. In a word, the nature of American Neutrality, both as a historic policy and as a contemporary controversy, is a factor in the present emergency the importance of which it is difficult to exaggerate.

Neutrality has been the historic policy of the United States ever since Washington delivered his Farewell Address. The United States has only departed from a neutral position when she believed that her vital interests were threatened by the action of belligerents in Europe. And the American of to-day believes that he can best protect the material interests of his country and maintain its essential ideals by remaining aloof from conflicts arising elsewhere. What he has not yet realized, and what President Roosevelt has been endeavouring to instil into his mind, is that even if the Neutrality Act can protect the United States from the actual physical dangers of war, it cannot insure the country against the ultimate social, economic and political results of warfare on a modern scale. That was the underlying meaning, for instance, of the President's famous speech in Chicago on October 5th, 1937, when he spoke of the necessity for common action by all like-minded nations to protect civilization from the dangers now threatening it. And the true interpretation both of that speech, and of his dramatic interventions at different stages of the present European crisis, is that he was using each occasion as it arose, not to declare American policy, but to make the people of the United States think more clearly about their position in the modern world. How far has he succeeded? Has his doctrine of international solidarity begun to displace neutrality in the American mind? The evidence on which to answer this question is neither complete nor consistent. But, as time passes, the evidence grows clearer. The first point that stands out is—that this America which proclaims neutrality as its official policy in a European war is not neutral on what may be called the moral issues of the present

crisis. America has vehemently made up her mind that the dictator States represent a danger to American ideals and that the democracies deserve American sympathy in any attempt to resist aggression. American sympathy — yes! American support—no. But the denial of active American support is not made with the same emphatic conviction as it used to be.

Moreover, there is instructive evidence of the movement of American opinion in the action of Congress on re-armament. Six months ago—even after Munich—political observers in Washington were saying that the President would have a stiff fight to get his armament programme through Congress. Indeed, as late as January, when Congress assembled, it was freely predicted that the voting in both Houses would follow the lines of existing divisions on the New Deal, with the Republicans and the Conservative Democrats opposing the President, and the New Dealers supporting him in his demand for greater expenditure on arms than America had ever sanctioned except in the Great War. These predictions were completely falsified by the event. The programme passed both Houses by overwhelming majorities. And Mr. Walter Lippmann, commenting on this result in the *New York Herald-Tribune* on March 23rd, said that it was manifest that Congress here represented “the real opinion of the great mass of the people . . . that aggressions abroad *do* concern the United States and that increased armaments are necessary”.

Here, then, is the first contradiction among many. In March Congress sanctions an immense American Air Force, and formidable reinforcements of the American Navy. In May the same Congress maintains the first part of the Neutrality Act which forbids the sale of American munitions to European belligerents, and leaves the traffic in non-military commodities in time of war to the ordinary processes of supply and demand. This may not seem to be a contradiction. It may even be said to conform to George Washington's maxim of foreign policy, laid down in his farewell Address in 1796 :—

“ . . . nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded . . . 'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world . . . taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishment, on a respectable defensive

posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies ”.

But the contradiction becomes glaring when we realize how completely the American of to-day violates Washington's principle of moral neutrality, or neutrality in opinion. America has already taken sides; and such is the vehemence of the American temperament that both moral and statutory neutrality might be submerged overnight in a wave of feeling provoked by some act of aggression. It is therefore important for the foreign observer to watch the working of moral motives in the American mind: more important, indeed, than to try to strike a balance between the conflicting ideas that beset the American mind at any given moment. America moves by moral judgments; and is already far on the way to some simple ethical conclusion on a great issue before she realizes that, officially and by statute, she is committed to an apparently contrary course.

This moral marrow of the American spirit is the key of American action. It lives unimpaired by all the waywardness of American life. It dictates the private opinion and the public judgment of the nation; and even Hollywood, which in superficial appearance, escapes all Puritan trammels, comes to heel at the crack of the moral whip. In the field of foreign relations its power is well-nigh unlimited: for, while in cold blood the average American believes in isolation and subscribes both in letter and in spirit to all the maxims of the Farewell Address, he expounds with passionate conviction those very “antipathies”—“inveterate antipathies and passionate attachments”—against which he was solemnly warned by his most revered Elder Statesman. Europe, to-day, would do well to ponder the significance of this quality in the American nature; for, just as the attitude of America to any great issue arising in the foreign field is formed by moral reactions to events, so, in the end, American foreign policy must obey the same law. Not for nothing were the founders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the children of Puritan England. And the conscience of that England was perhaps the most significant export carried in the hold of the *Mayflower* in 1620. To this day America obeys the dictates of that conscience.

Now, in the earlier stages of the present prolonged crisis in Europe, the American was apt to distribute the blame impartially between the contending nations, with a strong inclination to find in the course of Anglo-French policy since 1918 the principal root of European discord. This again was a simple—an over-simple—moral judgment, delivered without much consideration of America's own responsibility, following the Senate's refusal to ratify the Treaty of Peace in 1919. Generalizing broadly, the American interpreted his own part in the Great War as an altruistic intervention inspired by the desire to create a new world order to replace the former chaos of conflicting sovereignties. He took the character of the Treaty of Versailles as his justification for refusing to co-operate in its execution: and, when the passage of the years showed that the dream of a new world was not coming true, he found in the actual condition of world affairs a convincing reason for isolation. The European, on the other hand, knew that the American argument was too simple and judged the American attitude as insufferably self-righteous. Being aware of the need for the assistance which American co-operation could have given to a continent in distress, he sought to silence the critical voice of America by denying her right to speak in a cause from which she had withdrawn. Thus recrimination reverberated across the Atlantic; and it was not until the dangerous character of the present crisis forced itself on the attention of American and European alike, that both began to take more realistic views, each of the other. During the Munich phase, America continued to pronounce her unfavourable verdict on European, and more especially on Franco-British, behaviour. And Europe again denied the propriety of this censure from an absentee America. Yet, even this denial of the American right to sit in judgment upon our European shortcomings is not wholly fair. Legitimate it is—and the temptation is almost irresistible—to tell America to hold her peace till she is ready to take part. Nevertheless, it must be resisted. These American verdicts upon European behaviour are not merely the idle comments of an exasperating and irresponsible spectator. They are the movements of a mind thinking aloud, and preparing itself for action to come. And they must be understood as such by every European who

appreciates the decisive importance of the United States in world destiny.

Whatever America may have thought of Versailles, or of Reparations, or of the Ruhr ; or, again of Abyssinia, Manchuria and " Munich " ; she now sees more clearly every day a moral issue arising in Europe. And, once more simplifying the matter in her own way, she refuses to waste tears over the spilt milk of past mistakes and fastens her attention upon the Axis Powers as the enemies of democracy and peace. This is the plain meaning of recent movements of American opinion, revealed by votes in Congress and by the interesting evidence of those polls of public opinion taken by the *Fortune* magazine and by Dr. Gallup of Princeton University. On it I quote Mr. Lippmann again :

" It may be asked whether this anatomy of American opinion does not leave out of account the immense hatred for war and the profound desire for peace. My own view is that American pacifism is not at all, like some pacifism abroad, caused by weakness and fear and decadence. American pacifism is itself the product of the Puritan conscience, which hates the waste and destruction and lawlessness and violence and unrighteousness of war as such. Where the issue between nations is not a moral issue, the Americans are, therefore, very pacifist. But they are not at all pacifist when they feel that something morally vital is at stake in a specific war.

The frontier spirit remains, and Americans are, once they are exasperated, very quick on the trigger.

Of all the people in America who become most impassioned about a moral issue in foreign affairs, the pacifists, the morally outraged pacifists, are the most ardent. The pacifists are, so to speak, the radical wing of American Puritanism. Mr. Hoover was profoundly right, therefore, when he said recently that the massacre of thousands of civilians by the aerial bombardment of London and Paris would produce an uncontrollable indignation in this country. The Americans would have to be a much older nation, a much more tired and morally disillusioned nation than they are in order to sit by and be willing to do nothing about a calculated horror of that sort.

* * * * *

If this is correct, then there are very practical conclusions to be drawn from it both here and abroad. The dictators should realize that, as indicated by the successive polls, by the tendency of the votes in Congress and by the drift of sentiment as seen by observers, American opinion is now in a state of imminent explosion. A spectacular unprovoked act of violence would almost certainly touch off that explosion. The European democracies and their allies should realize that another Munich will cause another return to isolationism, that they may expect assistance only in so far as they first show that they help themselves.

And the American Congress should realize that the only sure way to keep the American people out of war is to do everything that can now

be done to prevent war. Legislation designed to keep America out after war breaks out will almost certainly be shattered by the moral partisanship of the people. Therefore, the only legislation which can surely be effective is legislation which makes it clear, before the fatal decision is taken abroad, that war is too dangerous a gamble to be risked by the dictators."

We may safely accept this judgment. And, if it be asked what bearing it has on Anglo-American relations, the answer is not difficult to make. America will make her own decision, of her own will and from motives entirely her own. The American advocates of Anglo-American co-operation will play but a small part in influencing the result ; and appeals from this side of the water for that co-operation will play no part, except perhaps an adverse one. But, once the decision is made, whether it be for a partial, or a complete, American intervention to save democracy the driving force behind its execution will be immensely reinforced by the latent, and often open, sympathy with Britain which is a powerful sentiment in many parts of the United States.

Finally, let us remember that, while American eyes are fixed on the dictator States, they will also watch closely the conduct of Great Britain. It behoves us to show that our preparation for the emergency is earnestly and swiftly made, and that we hold in view, as our ultimate purpose, a constructive international policy inspired by the best traditions of Britain in the past. The argument from our conduct is the only argument which America will heed.

OURSELVES AND GERMANY : *A Minority Retrospect*

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

IT is said, and I do not know how to disprove it, that the differences of opinion on the events of the time, particularly the resurgence of Germany, have been sharper among us than at any earlier period within living memory. Certainly we have heard and are hearing great argument, perhaps none the less zealous and sometimes alarming because the numerical strength of the disputants is apparently unequal. There are, however, some points in this contest of our English thoughts and feelings which may be called points of agreement. For example, the intensity of the discussion is itself a sign that the interaction of the English and the German countries is one of the truly important matters in the world. It may also be admitted in general that the understanding between these countries, though at various moments not long ago it seemed to grow clear and to betoken an era of fellowship and serenity, has been affected by events and reverberations—and is at the moment anything but perfect.

On one other point, there is among English disputants, where I have had means to judge, a measure of agreement. Mr. J. M. Keynes perceived and put forward twenty years ago in "the Economic Consequences of the Peace" the sad fact that Versailles had done nothing whatever to ensure that the people of Central Europe would become our good neighbours. Some of us, indeed, insist that in reality we treated our late opponents at the close of the World War with laudable generosity. And, if we look back to the first five years or so after the Armistice, not with an eye to statistical business or the moves of individual policy but with a remembrance of the common sympathies of the time, we may know that we inclined towards a generous reconciliation with Germany. We went so far as temporarily to excite considerable animosity against us in the mind of

rance, and the war-rumour-dealers at one stage even augured that the next bombs to fall on London would not be German. Our Army of Occupation, by all accounts, having 'packed up' a War which had become not only horrible but infinitely dreary, behaved in the Rhineland in a manner which won the regard of the inhabitants. Still, the total action of which we were capable in those days was insufficient to make Versailles anything but a source of future trouble.

Meanwhile, the experiences of 1914-1918 were being reviewed by surviving participants—and were being condemned increasingly as a hideous error. As the tenth year of the uneasy peace approached, an obvious growth of feeling on this matter manifested itself in the publication and the eager reception of a great many books about the late War. These originated in many countries, but particularly in England, and the special characteristic of them all, particularly here, was a desire or rather a spontaneous tendency to examine all our yesterdays without vainglory or lingering hostility. In connection with this movement of literature, and partly strengthened and directed by it, there arose a widespread movement for organized pacifism. I thought that I could detect in it an element of convention, passing for conviction; but on the whole this pacifism and this determination against war, as an inhuman stupidity, appeared to be the genuine spirit of the whole nation. It would delight me if I could add that at the same time our popular feeling included a lively confidence in the League of Nations as a masterly aid in the quelling of the embers of war. Many hopes were centred there; nevertheless, though my impression may have been wrong, I gathered that the League was too remote or too puzzling in its machinery to catch the imagination of the ordinary Englishman. In any case, the awakened memories of four years (which had been four eternities) of frightful havoc, and the remaining distresses of all kinds which had been caused by the War, made us all stand for Peace ten years ago with a solemn resolution.

During the period concerned, the German people had not been precisely in easy street. My first glimpse of them out of uniform was at the time when their currency collapsed, and their wreck looked almost past salvage. It was a trial that was endured

with courage, but with evident and intelligible strain not to be lightly described. Still, the recollection of that people's tremendous displays of bravery and of ability in the War, and notably of the extraordinary efforts which had opened with the offensive of March 21st, 1918, suggested that even these problems would be solved. Like so many others, I expected that solution—and was more concerned (it may not have been a deadly sin) with our anxieties at home. For there were such anxieties, which a later generation should, but commonly does not, take into account. The day when Sir Henry Wilson was assassinated in London stares out of the past as a symbol of those burning questions; and the ultimate calling-off of the bitter warfare in Ireland can never be forgotten by those who lived then. Again, the giant strikes of those years, quite apart from the rights and wrongs of the parties in dispute, filled the thoughts of every citizen, and prevented us in the main from studying the situations of other countries and from considering how far we might be of service there. It was not imagined, outside England, that we could be of any. The General Strike, unless I misread the evidence in the distant country where I then was, was at first viewed as demonstrating our sinking into the confusion and futility long prophesied for us. Its picturesque, British ending was a marvellously successful retort.

In those days one heard it said by thoughtful Englishmen that a new leader (a "Messiah") was badly needed; some one whose personal force and effluence should lead us through our unrest and our complication. None arose. The same idea was spreading in Germany, and, as we now know (here also I hold that agreement is general) a leader *was* forthcoming. It is asserted by those whom I call the majority that the German people has been enslaved by those whom our Press so often calls, in its jovial style, "gangsters"; but from a detached point of view it appears probable that an inspiring personality, suited to German necessities, was recognized in the first onset—and has remained in power because of willing and grateful support. The degree of affection and of confidence given to German administrators by their countrymen varies, and this is admitted in the same way as similar attitudes are admitted by us with reference to those in office: but from all I have heard, or read,

communicated by Germans of various types and positions, there is never the least question or defection touching Adolf Hitler. He is indeed, whether other countries approve it or not, the Leader whose appearance was desired in the midst of former necessities and bedevilments such as in England, with all our troubles, we escaped. To the minority, therefore, the side argument as to the cleavage between the present German government and the German public appears to be a waste of words. The vision of Germany in revolution—perhaps at the call of a novel party eager to have Mr. Harold Nicolson's collaboration—is adduced as "a way out" of our misunderstandings; but it just will not do. Our approach to something of harmony with Germany must, to the best of my knowledge, be founded in a plain admission of the absolute trust that the Germans place in Hitler, who, after all, governs. It may be urged against such a declaration that some episodes in Germany have been enacted without the *Führer's* wish or attention—who shall say? But even were the notion reliably maintained, it would not overthrow the central fact. The *Führer* himself, devoted as his days and nights are to the reconstruction of a great nation, cannot ensure that every question is dealt with as he would himself have done; there are limitations even to Napoleonic energies. No Government can get everything right, even with modern accessories for rapid controls.

Here, too, for what it is worth, I confess my severance from our majority. None of them can admire German method, diligence, ingenuity more than I do, both as having seen them in a state of war and in a far from piping time of peace when, it may be conceded, the world at large has not been giving much encouragement or aid to a suspect political and economic drive. Yet the adversaries of Nazi Germany appear to demand utter perfection and faultlessness—or they announce the whole work to be contemptible. They fasten on this or that case of failure or worse—and it is possible to find such cases—and by that instance they protest that the rest of the plan is to be found guilty. What if this sort of argument be applied to our own form of government, or to that of any other country? We are greatly provoked if (as we have led the way) speakers or writers in Germany allude to our unsuccessful arrangements in India,

in Ireland, in Palestine. The German race is clever in emergency: it can make a paper suit, a Big Bertha, a pocket battleship, an amphitheatre, a motor highway and dozens of other things where most races would not have an idea. But perfection is not vouchsafed to any of the sons of men.

The German people is essentially and traditionally disposed to friendship with the English; and in this regard a minority retrospect of recent years is unhappy. Aware of a very circumscribed knowledge, I submit a detail or two in support of my claim. The sense of kinship in Germany is so vivid that the ancient relationship we have with their people is not forgotten and is not (even after our tremendous conflict) treated except as a permanent thing. It is valued with deeper emphasis because this kinsman, the Englishman, has "made his way in the world"; all heats and irritations are subject to that admiration. A veteran whose Shakespearean studies are known through Germany expressed the matter to me thus:

"The pity is that England does not realize what a rich capital she has in the affection of the Germans, not only among the highly educated; you find the same attitude in the ordinary working people. You have this great advantage, if you will only use it."

As for the knowledge of English life and character among the Germans, it should not be necessary to speak, but present-day discussions show that it is. It is the fact that the country abounds in men and women who read our newspapers and our literature. I see, in my mind's eye, my friends crossing the café floor to get *The Times* from the usual rack. If the number is confiscated, all England rings with the news; but the old principle works—that the news does not notice the dog who bites the man, but the man who bites the dog. As I write, I receive a German university periodical, containing an article on English studies, written by one who is supposedly a ferocious Nazi. His article, for German readers, includes not one word on the squabblings of the time but presents the ideals of the lover of our literature, and calls for a profound application to English writings in a style of simple dignity and the long view, which I wish I could hear more often at home. (Almost at the same moment there comes from Munich an anthology of poems by those who fell between 1914 and 1918, of all nationalities. "*Sie alle fielen . . .*" Of such publications no headline speaks).

Still speaking for the minority, I cannot see much prospect of persuading the opposed debaters that Germany is in normal circumstances very much our friend. The counter-argument may run that the German may be so individually, but not his Government. On that point I have made my note. Another subsidiary point may come in: what evidence will the majority consider as relevant or worth meditation? Many, of course, who have seen Germany for themselves are of their number. But there is a habit of rejecting direct observation and retaining a good thick venerable prejudice. It is not always so venerable. Let anything happen in Europe or beyond, which may be attributed to a dictatorship's wantonness—and instantly the stately or suburban homes of England are loud with the armour-plated assertions of "authorities" on the local circumstances. Bezonia is in the headlines—at once men who must have been passionately interested in the Bezonians since Mr. Gladstone asked, in a moment of scholarship, "Under which king, Bezonian?", give me the benefit of their life-work. And their name is Legion. To be exact, I am conscious of sharing this ubiquity; yet it does not help. We have become, as I see it, unprofitably ready to build up strong and threatening opinions on very slender bases of knowledge. Some European questions are really too complex to be set about in this lusty way.

Is this entirely our fault? Yes. But there is something to be said for us, in passing. We live in a journalistic country. It is posters, posters all the way. As I sit on the bus top I hear kindly Britons reading out aloud the strident inscriptions of the hour: "Nazi Fury" over this, "Hitler Recalls Envoy" over that, "Mussolini's Ban on Euclid", "Heligoland Prepares". Our next encounter may bring on some reference to the state of the world, and then our means of discussion may be sub-conscious. However, I am told that people grow inured to these queer injections of pride and prejudice. The Continent does not, for it does not have them. We are the *corpus vile*. But whose fault is that?

In September last an especially dangerous international situation was reduced to a shadow, and a prospect of cheerful peace substituted, through the action of four leaders, and probably through that of Mr. Chamberlain most of all. He at

any rate made the surprising first move, and the *Führer* did not (in the English of the placards) "rebuff" him; M. Daladier and the Duce joined in, and, if it is not inconvenient to recall it, General Göering contributed to the occasion. The outcome was peace, and not a dull kind of stoppage but a point of departure for conference and evolution. Press correspondents quite looked about for nice things to say about their usual foreign ogres. It was reported that out of this occasion even a fresh treatment of the Jewish question might well result. What followed? I can only give the impression of a single observer, but it will haunt me all my life. An English statesman had exchanged an honourable promise of peace and reasonableness with a foreign leader. We were all apparently overjoyed. Within a few days, our Press loosed a tremendous denunciation of the peace pact, and the foreign leader was abused with the strangest excess. We were assured that it had been a question of bluff, and that our bluff ought to have been better. At such a time, with the fate of millions depending on a word perhaps, our Prime Minister ought to have thought in terms of sharp practice. What an ideal for the English character! I speak for the minority—I hope I do more.

Since then the course of events has not surprised me. It has been often alleged that Bismarck, by oblique action, secured the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Some future historian might find a parallel—but, let us trust, not all the way—in the sequel to Munich. Herr Hitler's latest speech has given the hint that the democracies might pay more attention to their Press; and, but for that hint, I should occupy space here on the point. It has seemed to me that our published references to foreign affairs and statesmen were lacking in some respect—in our traditional sense of humour, maybe? In our national *sang froid*? In our bearing as the greatest empire in the world? True, we have been confronted with actions which, in isolation, have struck us with astonishment and (seen so) assumed forms of violent injustice; but their complete history requires our patient consideration. Our opinions are officially free; but our judgment has been shaped for us more than a little, and, unless the unexpected happens, the English will go on (all told) under a periodical direction which has been curiously amplified since the

racial discriminations in Germany. It does not seem to me at all unnatural that the German propagandists have taken part in the paper warfare, or that of the wireless waves. They do not, through some odd trait in their disposition, realize that they always begin these exchanges. We are consequently very much hurt when, on our hammering out the word "Aggression", they send over the word "Encirclement". But surely this whole department on both sides ought to take a long holiday; and if they are to start again, let them toss up for first innings.

In the *Sunday Times* of November 6th, 1938, Miss Enid Bagnold published an article, in her most brilliant style, and with the most evident passion for truth, on a tour through Germany. She spoke of the marvellous vitality of the people there under their present Government; she depicted the energies in action, not for some ridiculous and desperate scheme of war, but for the improvement of the country itself in spiritual and material resources. What she had felt, as she said—as if impersonally and through a multitude of receptive moments—tallied with my own natural feelings during visits to Germany under Hitler. The prevailing sense I had, and it does not fade, was of a great clearness and freshness of life, a pervading revival of national dignity and personal unselfishness; something like the quality that Wordsworth once knew in France and expresses in a famous passage of "The Prelude". There was, or I believe there was, a nervous strain on certain types of people (I do not refer to those against whom the State was taking drastic action); but the whole effect was similar to what Miss Bagnold described. It is unlikely that the spirit of Germany has changed since November last; and I am sorry that the English public is given so little sense of it, apart from the political topics, of which we are given so much. It is high time that the flourishing ordinary life of Germany, the whole remarkable range of it from the workshop to the opera, should be made once more a part of our news. The monotony of the present disproportional system, suppressing those humanities, is equal to its immorality. We ourselves must be the chief losers by it.

To these observations, which are intended as a contribution not to a frequent arguing match so much as to the fuller examination of the subject of argument, and to the good

relations of England and Germany—utterly necessary to the survival of both, as the great German novelist, Hans Grimm lately reasoned—not much can now be added by me. I have had no occasion to speak of the charges made against the German régime, and I should not wish to defend some of its actions; but my purpose was to appeal for a broader view of Germany as it is, and a keener search for what is valid in our general decisions on Germany and other countries not ruled according to our preferences. The chief thing, however, which may emerge from the minority suggestions is the last: we shall be wise, for some time to come, to avoid tabloid philosophy. Neurosis is abroad, and it lives upon catch-phrases. It is so easy to repeat, after Munich, 'I can't hold up my head', and recently, 'War is inevitable'. It is easy, but wrong. The Ten Commandments suffice as useful bywords. Or, if they have been mislaid in the turmoil of the last year or two, there was a new Commandment—which does not lead to millions of smashed bodies, and shattered lives, and a chaos out of which the few may crawl faintly back towards another jumping-off point for inferno.

LA SITUATION STRATEGIQUE INTERNATIONALE

BY GENERAL J. DUFIEUX

IL s'agit d'examiner dans toute leur étendue les conséquences militaires possibles de la politique suivie depuis cinq ans par les Etats totalitaires.

Si l'Italie s'est taillé en Afrique un empire colonial dont les dimensions dépassent de beaucoup celles des territoires qu'elle contrôlait en 1914-1918, l'Allemagne s'est, au contraire, forcément concentrée sur elle-même, puisqu'elle n'a plus aucune colonie. Mais ce défaut de terres lointaines n'a pas diminué son influence dans le monde entier. On sait, en effet, que ses anciennes colonies avaient attiré peu d'Européens et que leur développement était encore très peu avancé lorsque la guerre éclata. En revanche, dans toutes les parties du monde, le nombre des Allemands était considérable. Leur activité économique et culturelle se déployait avec intensité, au grand bénéfice du commerce, de l'influence et du prestige germaniques. Lorsque le canon retentit, les positions ainsi acquises servirent longtemps, particulièrement en Amérique, les intérêts du Reich et facilitèrent singulièrement sa propagande. Les maladresses de certains agents n'y mirent pas obstacle de façon trop gênante jusqu'au moment où des attentats répétés dressèrent aux Etats-Unis l'opinion et les autorités contre des agissements qu'il n'était plus possible de tolérer.

Le manque de colonies actuel ne place pas l'Allemagne, quo qu'elle en dise, dans une situation sensiblement différente de celle de 1914 au point de vue de son existence générale. Elle a repris, en l'amplifiant par tous les moyens, son action d'influence et de propagande dans tous les pays. Le triomphe du national socialisme a donné à ces infiltrations germaniques une virulence et un développement extraordinaires.

Comme toute l'activité du III^e Reich, dans tous les domaines est orientée vers des fins militaires, on peut penser que le même

esprit anime les agissements de ses ressortissants partout où ils s'installent. Et si le gouvernement hitlérien réclame et fait réclamer par sa presse la restitution de ses anciennes colonies, on peut être certain que ce n'est ni pour restaurer son économie branlante sur les bases de l'autarcie, ni pour assurer à sa population surabondante le fameux "espace vital" entré dans sa phraséologie officielle, puisqu'aucune de ces colonies n'a été dans le passé et ne peut être dans le présent terre de peuplement. On sait, au surplus, comment il s'est, depuis mars 1938, donné cet "espace vital" en Europe même. Ce que veut le Reich, c'est la possession de points stratégiques, comme Douala au Cameroun, parce que les progrès des transmissions, ceux de la T.S.F. en particulier, ceux de son aviation et de sa marine de guerre lui permettraient alors de mener la vie dure aux marines marchandes britannique et française et de perpétrer de mauvais coups sur les colonies voisines des deux pays.

Cette considération, qu'aucun sophisme ne peut contredire, dicte sur cette question leur devoir aux puissances occidentales si elles ne veulent pas, en cédant à des revendications obstinées, mettre elles-mêmes dans la main de leurs adversaires éventuels des instruments dangereux pour leur sécurité sur les grandes routes maritimes.

Mais, même si cette faute n'est pas commise, le développement rapide des marines de guerre allemande et italienne donne à l'axe Berlin-Rome des facilités pour gêner le commerce franco-britannique dans les parties délicates des routes maritimes venant de tous les points du monde. Les travaux exécutés en certaines régions de la Méditerranée et de la mer Baltique, les revendications des deux puissances de l'axe, les buts secrets, mais qu'on peut deviner, de leur propagande nous indiquent leurs visées proches et lointaines. Il n'est pas jusqu'aux accords économiques recherchés avec une frénésie tenace par l'Allemagne surtout, qui ne soient symptomatiques, non seulement des besoins de l'axe Berlin-Rome, mais aussi de ses appétits.

Actuellement, les efforts des deux complices semblent porter sur deux régions : d'une part, la Pologne et les Etats Baltes, d'autre part, l'ensemble du bassin méditerranéen, plus particulièrement la partie orientale de ce bassin.

Ce que l'Allemagne convoite, c'est la Roumanie, les bouches du Danube, l'accès à la mer Noire. Lorsque Hitler a lancé Mussolini sur l'Albanie et Corfou, il pensait que l'affaire se liquiderait sans fracas, dans les conditions où lui-même avait réglé le sort de l'Autriche et de la Tchécoslovaquie. Il lui paraissait que son second pourrait, à la faveur de cette conquête rapide, masser dans le pays nouvellement rattaché à la couronne romaine des moyens militaires suffisants pour impressionner la Yougoslavie et la Grèce et les rendre incapables d'opposer la moindre résistance aux volontés de l'axe. Il avait compté sans la maladresse italienne et sans le sursaut immédiat du bloc anglo-français. Le réaction britannique, en particulier, fut si forte à propos de Corfou que le gouvernement de Rome n'osa pas faire occuper cette île, et le bénéfice attendu de l'opération ne fut pas aussi complet que l'avait espéré le chef d'orchestre de Berlin.

Le coup d'arrêt marqué par la position très nette qu'ont prise l'Angleterre et la France a donc empêché l'exécution intégrale d'un dessein qui ne visait à rien de moins qu'à obliger la Bulgarie à se déclarer pour l'axe, rendant ainsi la situation politique et militaire de la Roumanie intenable.

Affaire manquée. Mais dans les Etats totalitaires on ne peut rester sur un échec. N'ayant pu atteindre la Roumanie par le Sud, le *Führer* a cherché à y parvenir par le Nord. L'obstacle, de ce côté, c'est la Pologne. La tactique maintenant classique du national-socialisme a été tentée ; campagne de presse, menaces, espoir d'intimidation, offres d'entente moyennant des concessions naturellement unilatérales, mais dont une propagande insidieuse faisait valoir dans le monde entier la modération et le but de pacification. Nous connaissons maintenant ce thème, qui comporte des variations diverses. Mais cette fois le chancelier du Reich s'est heurté à un double obstacle : la résistance inébranlable de la Pologne, l'entrée en ligne de l'Angleterre qui, contrevenant à des traditions diplomatiques constantes, s'est décidée à se porter garante de l'intégrité du territoire polonais, corridor et Dantzig compris. La France n'avait pas besoin de se déclarer ; elle est déjà liée à la Pologne par un traité militaire ancien.

Le *Führer* a compris, il a rentré ses griffes ; mais, pour ne pas perdre la face, il a servi en pâture à son peuple un pacte militaire avec l'Italie, il l'a même annoncé avant qu'il ne fût signé. Mais, comme il lui faut des réalités plus substantielles qu'un triomphe de presse sur une anticipation, il s'est attaqué par sa diplomatie aux Etats baltes ; et, comme la Lithuanie paraît solidement liée à la Pologne, il s'efforce de se donner le concours de la Lettonie et de l'Esthonie.

Ainsi la manœuvre entamée au Sud par l'annexion déguisée de la Slovaquie et qui n'a pu se poursuivre immédiatement en direction de la Roumanie est reprise au Nord ; l'encerclement de la Pologne est cherché de ce côté par les pays Baltes. Mais en même temps un travail d'infiltration et de propagande se poursuit sans arrêt en Yougoslavie, où il faut malheureusement constater qu'il obtient quelques résultats, et en Bulgarie, où l'on fait miroiter aux yeux des patriotes la possibilité d'une reprise de la Dobroudja et d'un accès à la mer Egée à travers le territoire hellénique.

Les considérations qui précèdent semblent beaucoup plus politiques que stratégiques. Il n'en est rien. Lorsqu'il s'agit de l'Allemagne, il ne faut jamais perdre de vue que l'Etat tout entier, dans tous les modes de son activité étroitement dirigée (industries métallurgique et chimique, agriculture, alimentation, laine, drap, cuir, optique, électricité, transports, travaux publics, etc.), est orienté vers, des fins militaires. La même orientation se retrouve dans la politique extérieure et la propagande du Reich. On a pu dire, il y a longtemps, que la Prusse n'était pas un peuple, mais une armée. Combien cette définition s'applique avec plus de force encore à l'Allemagne d'aujourd'hui, où la jeunesse est enrôlée dès l'âge la plus tendre dans des formations de tournure militaire et où, depuis janvier dernier, tout Allemand est soldat sans interruption de 17 à 45 ans—puisqu'il, avant et après son service militaire, il est intégré dans le parti nazi et doit être exercé chaque semaine ! Il faut donc bien voir que toutes les revendications, toutes les manœuvres allemandes ont un but stratégique à double fin : un résultat atteint peut servir, soit à détendre le ressort moral du pays visé et à obtenir ainsi, sans coup férir, le maximum de succès, comme on l'a vu pour l'Autriche et la Tchécoslovaquie, soit à se donner

un élément de force supplémentaire pour le cas où la guerre devrait éclater.

En un temps où la force militaire d'une nation ne consiste plus, comme autrefois, en une armée limitée à quelques dizaines ou à quelques centaines de mille hommes, mais est faite de toutes les activités spirituelles et matérielles du pays, poussées au maximum de rendement, il faut comprendre que l'œuvre de la stratégie commence dès le temps de paix, qu'elle est étroitement liée à la politique extérieure, qui la conditionne et peut donc la servir largement ou lui être nuisible. C'est pourquoi les hommes d'Etat ne sauraient aujourd'hui, sans faillir à leur mission, se désintéresser des grands problèmes militaires.

Leurs décisions dans le domaine politique ont, en effet, très souvent des conséquences plus ou moins favorables à la conduite d'une guerre éventuelle ou, plus simplement, à la valeur d'un potentiel militaire de la nation qui lui permet d'obtenir de nouveaux avantages sans déclencher un conflit—ou bien l'oblige à céder sous la pression adverse, parce que ses dirigeants lui ont enlevé les moyens de résister avec chances de succès. Les exemples de ce que nous disons ici sont assez récents et convaincants pour que nous n'insistions pas davantage sur ce sujet. Mais il nous a paru nécessaire d'exposer ces considérations liminaires, avant d'entrer dans le vif du sujet.

Pour étudier la situation stratégique internationale, telle qu'elle se présenterait dans le cas d'un conflit général, il faut d'abord voir quels pourraient être les théâtres d'opérations, leurs caractéristiques, les forces qu'y pourraient déployer les armées en présence, les résultats qui y seraient cherchés. Par "armées" nous entendons, non seulement les forces terrestres, mais aussi—cela va de soi—les forces aériennes et navales. On ne peut plus, aujourd'hui, les séparer les unes des autres. Il faut même bien voir que le nouvel élément de puissance introduit dans les conflits humains par l'emploi de l'aéronautique n'a pas encore fourni toute la valeur de son intervention et qu'il est appelé sans doute à un développement plus rapide et plus important que les autres forces nationales, en raison des progrès remarquables du moteur dans ces dernières années. Le grand ennemi de l'aviation, les conditions atmosphériques, n'est pas encore vaincu, mais il recule sérieusement ; la télégraphie sans fil permet de rassembler

très rapidement les données météorologiques et d'en faire une synthèse valable sans perte de temps, la pratique du vol sans visibilité arrive à vaincre les dangers du brouillard et des nuages et même à s'en faire des auxiliaires pour tromper l'ennemi, enfin la vitesse accrue des appareils les garantit contre la surprise de changements atmosphériques qui pouvaient toujours survenir lorsque les expéditions aériennes étaient lentes, donc forcément de longue durée. Aujourd'hui elles seront foudroyantes pour les petites distances, très rapides pour les moyennes et les grandes.

Les théâtres d'opérations doivent être envisagés par rapport à l'axe Berlin-Rome.

A L'Ouest, sur terre, c'est toute la frontière française depuis la Méditerranée jusqu'à la mer du Nord, avec une interruption le long du Jura, si les puissances de l'axe respectent la neutralité de la Suisse, et une autre au Nord-Ouest de la Moselle si elles renoncent à violer les territoires de la Hollande, de la Belgique et du Luxembourg. Cette dernière hypothèse est bien invraisemblable dans le cas où elles se décideraient à une action contre la France et l'Angleterre : contre la première, elles seront amenées à tourner les solides fortifications qui s'étendent jusque-là, contre la seconde elles voudront se donner les bases aéro-navales de la mer du Nord.

A l'Ouest encore, c'est le théâtre d'opérations navales constitué par la mer du Nord, la Manche et l'Océan Atlantique ; partie capitale de l'échiquier stratégique, puisque c'est dans ces mers que baignent les Iles Britanniques, et la plus grande partie des côtes françaises—puisque tout le ravitaillement de l'Angleterre en dépend, ainsi que celui de la France pour une bonne partie. On sait le mal qu'ont fait aux deux pays les quelques sous-marins lancés par l'Allemagne sur les grandes voies maritimes de l'Europe vers les deux Amériques. On ne peut douter du rôle que seront appelés à jouer dans les mêmes parages les "cuirassés de poche" et les grands sous-marins que le Reich commence à construire.

Au Nord, la mer Baltique ne semble pas appelée à jouer un rôle considérable dans l'ensemble d'un conflit mondial. Facilement fermée aux détroits danois, garantie contre tout développement de la lutte sur une vaste étendue de ses côtes par la neutralité certaine de la Suède et de la Finlande, elle verra

sans doute bloqué, dès le début, le débouché maritime de la Pologne par la flotte allemande. Il ne semble pas, jusqu'à plus ample informé, que la flotte russe basée à Cronstadt soit en état de disputer au Reich la maîtrise de cette mer. La possession et l'organisation du port de Memel donne un atout de plus aux Allemands depuis quelques semaines.

A l'Est, l'Allemagne aura une grosse partie à jouer pour venir à bout de la Pologne. La Prusse Orientale au Nord lui donnait déjà un moyen de tourner les défenses de la Vistule. Les positions stratégiques nouvelles que l'occupation de toute la Tchecoslovaquie lui a assurées depuis mars dernier lui permettent de les déborder par le Sud, à la condition que la Hongrie soit neutre ou, mieux encore, consente à se laisser occuper par des troupes allemandes dont la présence aux portes de la Transylvanie serait de nature à immobiliser la Roumanie. Ce sont bien des facilités pour une agression de grand style contre la Pologne.

Sans doute, dans l'état actuel des choses, une pareille décision entraînerait automatiquement l'entrée en ligne de l'Angleterre et de la France. Mais il n'y a qu'à regarder une carte de l'Europe pour se rendre compte des difficultés qu'éprouveraient les deux puissances occidentales à faire sentir leur action d'une façon utile à la Pologne, autrement qu'en attaquant directement l'Allemagne sur sa frontière Ouest. Grave décision, qui donnerait à ces deux puissances figure d'agresseurs, car le Reich n'attaquera certainement pas de ce côté, s'il décide de porter son effort principal sur la Vistule. Dès lors, aux termes de son pacte, l'Italie entrerait en lice à son tour, et la guerre s'allumerait dans le bassin de la Méditerranée, avec toutes les conséquences que comporte une telle extension du conflit. Du coup la plus grande partie de l'Europe serait en feu. C'est dire quelle importance capitale présente pour l'avenir du monde la résistance de la Pologne à la volonté d'hégémonie allemande.

Au Sud, la géographie et les situations acquises ont compliqué le problème. Et là il ne peut être traité sans faire intervenir dans son examen les pays de l'Afrique du Nord, depuis le détroit de Gibraltar jusqu'au canal de Suez, c'est à dire le Maroc, l'Algérie, la Tunisie, la Libye, l'Egypte, et ceux du Levant et de l'Asie Mineure : Palestine, Syrie, Turquie. On voit par là quelle est l'importance de ce théâtre d'opérations, dont les côtes

opposées sont si peu éloignées qu'il est impossible de séparer l'étude des opérations maritimes de celle des opérations terrestres. Les unes et les autres se pénètrent. Quant aux opérations aériennes, elles coiffent les autres avec une remarquable facilité dans ce domaine tellement restreint pour les possibilités actuelles de l'aviation que l'on trouve partout des bases pour les avions et des plans d'eau abrités pour les hydravions, leur assurant toutes commodités pour agir dans toute l'étendue de la Méditerranée.

En raison de l'importance que de ce fait acquerrait ce théâtre d'opérations, par où passent, pour l'Angleterre et la France, les routes les plus courtes pour gagner l'Empire des Indes et les richesses de l'Extrême-Orient et des Indes Néerlandaises, les voies les plus faciles aussi pour drainer les pétroles de ces régions fortunées, nous nous arrêterons quelque peu sur la situation présente des puissances dans ces parages.

Les points vitaux sont : le détroit de Gibraltar, le canal de Sicile, le canal de Suez, la région de Salonique, le canal d'Otrante.

Le détroit de Gibraltar est vital pour l'Angleterre, si elle veut avoir accès à la Méditerranée. Il est étroit (15 kilomètres de largeur seulement) : il n'est donc pas besoin de canons à longue portée pour y rendre le passage difficile, soit de la côte espagnole, soit du Maroc qui, là, est espagnol aussi. Nous envisageons un peu plus loin le rôle éventuel de l'Espagne dans un conflit général. Cette faible largeur du détroit facilite aussi l'action des sous-marins, des vedettes lance-torpilles, et des barrages de mines. En contre-partie, elle facilite aussi la surveillance du passage, et l'Angleterre, solidement installée sur le rocher de Gibraltar, est bien placée pour l'exercer avec fruit. Pour la France, le détroit ne présente pas un intérêt aussi grand puisqu'elle a un accès direct à la Méditerranée par ses côtes méridionales ; mais la fermeture de ce passage empêcherait tout trafic entre ses ports du Midi et ceux du Maroc, ainsi qu'entre ces derniers et les ports d'Algérie, et de Tunisie. Et cela peut, au point de vue militaire, avoir de sérieux inconvénients.

Le canal de Sicile, entre cette île et la Tunisie, était gardé, jusqu'à ces dernières années, à l'entrée Ouest par le grand port

militaire français de Bizerte, à la sortie Est par l'île britannique de Malte. Mussolini a jugé que le point d'appui de Trapani, à la pointe Ouest de la Sicile, ne suffisait pas à faire pièce à Bizerte. Il a décidé, voici deux ans, de faire de l'îlot rocheux de Pantellaria, placé au milieu même du canal, une base offensive d'hydravions, de sous-marins, en même temps qu'un observatoire qui, par temps clair, voit les côtes de Tunisie. Les abris creusés dans le roc et les excellents emplacements de batteries que recèle cet îlot font de son possesseur le véritable portier du canal de Sicile.

La région de Salonique, avec son port, donne à celui qui la détient des possibilités d'action, suivant les besoins, vers les Dardanelles, vers Smyrne, vers la Yougoslavie et la Bulgarie méridionales. La récente main-mise de l'Italie sur l'Albanie peut préparer une poussée, aussi bien sur cette région que directement sur la Yougoslavie ou sur la Grèce de Janina.

Le canal de Suez est la grande artère par où passe tout le commerce de tous les riverains de la Méditerranée, de l'Angleterre et du reste de l'Europe, ainsi que de l'Amérique orientale avec les Indes et l'Extrême-Orient. L'activité du trafic y est considérable en temps de paix. En temps de guerre, le passage y est théoriquement libre pour tous ; mais rien n'est plus facile que de l'interrompre, et l'aviation aurait beau jeu pour y couler des navires qui finiraient par obstruer complètement le canal et arrêter la navigation. Le bloc anglo-français contrôle les pays qui bordent le canal : Palestine au Nord, Egypte au Sud et à l'Ouest. Indépendamment d'autres raisons, on perçoit facilement pourquoi il serait grave que ce contrôle passât à l'axe sur l'un des côtés seulement.

Le canal d'Otrante est tenu par l'Italie sur les deux rives depuis l'annexion de l'Albanie. Mussolini la contrôlerait mieux encore s'il possédait Corfou, qui est une île grecque. Mais on sait que l'Angleterre a fait un *casus belli* de l'occupation éventuelle de Corfou par les Italiens. Quoi qu'il en soit l'Italie est bien placée maintenant pour permettre ou interdire l'entrée de l'Adriatique.

Elle est également en bonne posture pour surveiller les routes de la Méditerranée, aussi bien dans le sens Ouest-Est que dans le sens Nord-Sud ; les dernières, en Méditerranée

occidentale, intéressent surtout la France et son empire africain, appelé à jouer un rôle considérable en cas de conflit dans cette région, les premières, indispensables à l'Angleterre pour ses relations avec les Indes et l'Extrême-Orient, nécessaires aussi à la France pour ses communications avec la Syrie, l'Indo-Chine, Madagascar. Les deux puissances occidentales pourraient assurément, pour une grande partie de leurs besoins, se servir de la route du Cap, mais elle est plus longue et, pour le pétrole, plus précieux que jamais en temps de guerre, la liberté de la Méditerranée importe au plus haut point.

Mais si l'Italie, par ses bases aéro-navales de Sardaigne et de Sicile, est en mesure de gêner sérieusement le trafic anglo-français en Méditerranée, si, du fait de l'aviation, Bizerte et Malte ont perdu de leur valeur, la France et l'Angleterre peuvent replier leurs bases au-delà des possibilités normales du bombardement aérien adverse. L'Italie, enfermée dans la Méditerranée, ne jouit pas du même avantage. Ses ports, dont les plans d'eau sont en général peu étendus, sont tous dans le rayon d'action de l'aviation, et sont exposés à des bombardements anglo-français. Leur vulnérabilité s'ajoute à l'asphyxie des importations si nécessaires à la vie de la péninsule ; viandes et graisses, textiles, houille, pétrole, caoutchouc, fer, cuivre, étain, 70% de ses importations lui viennent par Suez et par Gibraltar. Que deviendra-t-elle lorsque ces voies lui seront fermées ? La liberté des communications maritimes est pour ses populations un besoin vital. Or, dans la zone méditerranéenne, cette liberté est à la merci des escadres franco-anglaises qui peuvent fermer les issues et arrêter tout le trafic à destination de l'Italie.

Si la France et l'Angleterre peuvent, pour une partie de leur trafic, se servir des routes de l'Atlantique, il ne faut pas se dissimuler que ce trajet majore du double la longueur du parcours, donc le temps employé à l'accomplir, et qu'il augmente singulièrement l'importance du tonnage nécessaire par rapport à celui qui sert sur les courts itinéraires de la Méditerranée. Les flottes marchandes française et même britannique sont-elles en mesure de faire face à une pareille surcharge ? Avec les pertes inévitables que leur feront subir les sous-marins, on peut en douter.

Il faudra donc débiter par une action de force, avec de gros

moyens, pour balayer la Méditerranée et en rendre l'usage impossible au bloc anglais-français ; œuvre nécessaire et qui demandera du temps, même avec une supériorité matérielle indéniable. Ce résultat obtenu, toutes les craintes qu'on peut avoir pour la Tunisie ou l'Egypte disparaissent, car la Libye, base nécessaire d'une entreprise offensive de ce genre, et qui devrait tout tirer de l'Italie, même l'eau pour la consommation des troupes, verrait ses ravitaillements et évacuations exposés aux coups des maîtres de la mer. Elle ne tiendrait pas longtemps.

Dans ces considérations sur les théâtres d'opérations possibles, nous n'avons parlé ni de l'U.R.S.S. ni de l'Espagne. Ces deux pays pourraient jouer, dans un conflit général, un rôle considérable ; l'U.R.S.S. en fournissant des matières premières et certains armements, avions et chars par exemple, à l'un des partis en présence, l'Espagne en observant une rigoureuse neutralité ou, au contraire, en ouvrant ses ports et ses terrains d'aviation à l'un ou à l'autre des belligérants. Nous croyons que, dans l'état où l'a jetée la guerre civile, l'Espagne a tout avantage à rester neutre. Mais si certaines satisfactions raisonnables ne lui étaient pas accordées, elle pourrait se tourner du côté de l'axe Berlin-Rome, d'où sont venus déjà de précieux secours à son gouvernement actuel, et donner bien des ennuis graves au bloc anglo-français. Ce bastion jeté à l'extrémité Sud-Ouest de l'Europe, ouvre, en effet, sur deux mers, la Méditerranée et l'Océan Atlantique. Ses côtes peuvent jouer un rôle important en cas de conflit généralisé. Il ne faut pas oublier non plus qu'il y a un Maroc espagnol, dont la neutralité assure aux Anglo-Français la tranquillité dans la partie Ouest de l'Afrique du Nord et la maîtrise incontestée du détroit de Gibraltar. Mais si l'Espagne adhère à l'axe Rome-Berlin, comme elle en est sollicitée, la liberté du détroit serait bien compromise et la France se verrait obligée de prendre des précautions particulières et très importantes pour la sécurité du Maroc dont elle a le protectorat.

A l'autre extrémité de l'Europe est le colosse russe, dont l'attitude pose un grand point d'interrogation. On ne sait ce que peut valoir son armée, après les coupes sombres qu'a faites Staline dans son commandement à tous les degrés de la hiérarchie. L'U.R.S.S. dispose néanmoins d'une aviation considérable, dont

certaines appareils sont excellents, et de chars, qui en Espagne se sont montrés supérieurs aux chars italiens et allemands envoyés à Franco. Ces moyens lui permettraient d'agir efficacement dès le début d'un conflit général.

C'est là que le problème polonais se présente avec toute sa gravité. L'U.R.S.S. est en mesure, soit de prendre à revers les forces polonaises engagées dans la lutte avec les armées allemandes, soit d'aider ces mêmes forces par l'appoint immédiat de son aviation et de ses unités mécaniques. La décision prise aura donc une valeur capitale pour la tournure de la guerre.

Or la question européenne se pose ainsi. Les deux partenaires de l'axe Berlin-Rome ont misé sur le développement frénétique de leur armement. Ce développement a des limites posées par la pénurie de certaines matières premières, et par les besoins de main d'œuvre. Déjà le Reich manque de main d'œuvre pour certaines fabrications et, si l'autarcie rend la question financière presque secondaire pour lui, comme pour l'Italie, il n'en faut pas moins à ces deux Etats disposer d'un stock d'or ou de devises suffisant pour des achats indispensables à l'étranger. Si les dictateurs veulent éviter la faillite ou une révolution intérieure, il leur faut, dans un délai relativement bref, justifier leurs armements par de nouvelles conquêtes.

Le bloc anglo-français devra alors, sous peine d'une déchéance le conduisant inévitablement à l'acceptation de l'hégémonie de l'axe, qui sera avant tout une hégémonie allemande, réagir avec promptitude. La raison lui commandera de mettre d'abord l'Italie hors de cause par une forte action maritime et aérienne qui rendra la vie rapidement impossible à ce pays, dès lors privé de tout ravitaillement.

La partie Sud de l'axe ainsi réglée, les Anglo-Français devront alors reporter toutes leurs forces sur l'Allemagne. Mais il faut que, pendant l'action en Méditerranée, la Pologne tienne en échec l'offensive allemande. Elle le pourra dans de bonnes conditions, si elle reçoit à temps le secours de l'aviation et des unités mécaniques russes.

On le voit : Russie et Espagne sont les deux questions posées à la diplomatie et à la stratégie anglo-françaises. Il faut que ces questions soient résolues sans tarder. Il y va de l'avenir de la civilisation occidentale.

THE DEFENCES OF THE DUTCH

BY LILO LINKE

I WAS staying in a small hotel at the Dutch seaside when the hotel-keeper's wife came running to tell me that war had broken out—the news had just come through on the wireless. Her husband followed out of breath to say that the war was still far away, between Italy and Abyssinia (the name Albania was still too new to him to be remembered). The incident is significant. Few Dutchmen are any longer ready to get up and say that a war in which Holland would be involved is out of the question.

For a long time—too long a time, some might think—Holland felt safe behind her wall of neutrality. But Munich and Prague both left their mark, though neither as deep as that caused by the Easter Crisis. In those days, rumours persisted that on April 11th the Germans were ready to invade the country and were only scared off at the last moment by Holland's wakefulness.

Once again, as in September last, the Government called up the frontier defence battalions. Everywhere in the streets, especially in front of the newspaper offices, people were crowding together to read and discuss the latest reports. Gloom descended, though the tulips were ready to blossom. The Prime Minister, M. Colijn, thought it wise to give an explanation on the radio: the Netherlands were not apprehending any hostile action from any side, merely wanting to demonstrate that they were determined to maintain with every means at their disposal their well-proven policy of independence and neutrality. At the same time he hinted at further measures destined to increase the efficiency of the frontier defences. For days soldiers moved eastwards to the Dutch-German frontier, or took up their positions along the coast. But, though the guns there pointed across the Channel, they were certainly not directed against Great Britain. For argument's sake people told me that they would fight against the British, should they

be the first to violate Dutch neutrality. But at heart they all knew from which side they were threatened.

There is no need here to discuss in too much detail the various steps taken in the interest of Dutch rearmament. Like other countries, the Dutch had cut down military expenditure to what appears now a dangerous extent. Gradually the policy was reversed. In February, 1938, the annual contingent of conscripts was raised from 19,500 to 32,000 men, the training period prolonged from 5½ to 11 months; more arms were commissioned in Holland and abroad.

In a speech in the First Chamber in February last, van Dijk, the Minister of Defence, welcomed the suggestion that general conscription with a two-year training period should be introduced, but declared that, unfortunately, the financial position of the country ruled out any such measure, at least for the time being. There is a wide scope yet for raising the annual quota further, merely by applying somewhat less stringent conditions of physical fitness.

As far as possible, air force, army, and navy are being strengthened. Special attention is given to the fleet—after all, Holland is still the third largest colonial Power. Yet nobody, either inside or outside the Netherlands, can believe that, however much money were spent, Holland would ever be in a position to defend herself single-handed against a major power. The Dutch are convinced that any attack either against the motherland or the Indies, would call the British to their side. In February last, during the debate on the defence budget, Mr. de Savornim Lohman—leader of the Christian Historical Union, one of the three government parties—took the British-Dutch identity of interests for granted when he declared :

“The Berlin-Rome-Tokio axis means danger to our colonies. Japan may, in the Far East, choose a moment when the British fleet is occupied near Europe so that for the moment it could not come to the assistance of the Netherlands, even in case of a direct attack on India. That creates a completely new situation. The time is not far back when our only care was for the maintenance of our neutrality. To-day we have to admit that we may have to face the possibility of a direct attack on Java, an attack which in the beginning—in the long run I believe we shall get assistance—we shall have to meet by our own strength”.

But neither Holland's own armaments nor the extent of

outside assistance will finally decide her chance of resistance against possible attack. Her vital and absolutely decisive weapon is the water.

“Tell me”, I said to a high Government official, “is this talk of flooding the country more than mere romancing”?

“It's the centre piece of our defence programme”, he said quietly. “Here, have a look”. He spread out a map and pointed at the southern provinces where Maas, Waal, and Lower Rhine creep like three blue snakes from the east towards the sea. Quickly he drew a finger through the centre, down from Utrecht, across the part of the country where the network of the rivers is most densely spread.

“This is the region where the dykes will be cut”, he said, leaving the exact place vague. “All this part is below sea-level. The water will spread eastward, till it reaches the foot of the hills, east of Utrecht, further south at Nijmegen, and parallel with the frontier”.

“And what happens to the big towns in the west, with their two million people”?

“You mean Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague? They'll lie behind the dykes, in safety”. And then he added: “Safe from the water, I mean”.

“And the inhabitants of the flooded zone?”

“Everything is planned for their safety”, he said evasively.

“Has the problem been discussed in public? Has anything been printed about it?”

“Not more than I've just told you”.

It was obvious that that was as far as he was willing to go. I was treading on delicate ground. The flooding of the country, though foremost in everybody's mind, is rarely referred to in public discussions. Its military effectiveness is never doubted. As a proof, the Dutch recall the flooding of the Yser valley in Belgium in October, 1914—the Germans never got across. No means of surmounting this obstacle have since been invented by the attacker. The foreign layman is apt to overlook the fact that the flooded territory is covered by an irregular network of rivers and canals varying in depth and width, which will disappear under the even surface of the water, forming inescapable traps. Maybe there is no need for further artifices.

One day I sat talking to a friend at Utrecht.

"There won't be a stone of this house left on top of the other—the town is part of the area that will be flooded", he said casually. The human mind seems ready to accept anything as natural if it is only given time to get used to it. It was I who shuddered, not he.

If the water has been allotted the most important task, it may be assumed that the soldiers are chiefly relied upon to put a brake on the enemy's advance, long enough to give the water a chance of rising to a sufficient height. Of course, the Northern provinces of Groningen, Drente, *etc.*, and the important centre of the mining-industry in the south-eastern province of Limburg, which hangs like a drop on the body of the country, have also to be defended; but there seems little hope that this can be successfully done by Holland alone against a determined onslaught by vastly superior forces.

As for an air-attack on the densely populated towns in the western zone, no really effective defence could be devised. Evacuation is out of the question. Where should the people go? Also, as the Minister of Defence pointed out, it is necessary that work should be carried on as far as possible, especially since the responsibility for the rest of the country will fall on these towns. No, people there will just have to stick it, that is all.

That, in turn, depends on the general morale of the country. Already there is no lack of indications that the old fighting-spirit of the Dutch is re-awakening. The Social-Democratic Workers Party (S.D.A.P.), for instance, which for years stood in the forefront of those advocating disarmament, has abandoned its pacifist attitude; but gradually, of course, as far as the majority of the politicians are concerned—who here as elsewhere seem to dread most the accusation of inconsistency. In February 1938, the majority of S.D.A.P. members voted for the increase in the number of men, though they still opposed the longer term of service. But a year later, in February last, the new defence budget got as good as all of the Socialist votes.

This changed attitude of the Party has induced the Government to repeal the order that members of the S.D.A.P. were, like Nazis and Communists, forbidden to join the armed forces as professional or reserve officers, or to serve in the

Ministry of Defence. To any outside observer the general suspicious attitude against the S.D.A.P. must always have appeared somewhat surprising. There was little in the Party programme that could really frighten the most conservative Dutchman, and even less did the behaviour of the Party's adherents suggest that they were anything but painstakingly respectable citizens. But then, in this as in many other respects life in Holland still has a definitely pre-war flavour, however up-to-date it may be on the technical and engineering side.

Too many people have gained the impression that the Dutch are, spiritually, on the decline; that they are smugly satisfied with their life in this best of all worlds; that they believe too exclusively in hard cash as the foundation of existence. Perhaps one of the effects of the Nazis battering against the door of European civilization will be a re-awakening in the hearts of the Dutch of that grim fighting spirit that made respectable burghers strong enough to resist the ruthless Spanish army. It would be a good thing.

There is a changed mood. Hatred of the Germans is growing all over the country. And, since the German Nazis are still like far-away pigeons on the roof, the antagonism finds a ready object in the sparrow that the Dutch hold in their hands—the refugees. They are accused of misbehaving in many ways. It may be true in a very few cases, but on the whole the German refugees behave as well or as badly as everybody else. No, the chief reason held against them is one that nobody will admit—they are disliked because they are Germans. The man in the street is not subtle enough to distinguish between Nazi and refugee. His primitive instincts are aroused, and any reason will do as justification.

The elections for the Provincial States at the end of April provided an excellent means of taking the political temperature of the country. The public interest, however, was so predominantly taken up by international affairs that it is doubtful whether a large percentage of the 4 million electorate would have gone to the poll—if voting in Holland were not compulsory for all men and women above the age of 25.

As usual, the result of the elections chiefly went to prove how firmly entrenched the old-established parties are. The main explanation is provided by the close link that exists between

the political and the religious life of the country, or, in the case of the Social Democratic Workers' Party, between politics and *Weltanschauung*. Thus a double pull is exerted.

So conservative is Dutch political life that even the Communists maintained their negligible number of seats. After all, Communism has existed long enough to make a safe number of converts. That is more than the Nazis can say for themselves. They bore all the odium of upstarts and were once again, and this time apparently finally, defeated, thus bringing to an end the five-year career of Holland's pocket-dictator, ex-engineer Antoon Adriaan Mussert, at the early age of 45.

When for the first time he competed in the elections for the Provincial States in 1935, he stunned the whole of the country by obtaining about 8% of the total votes. In 1937, in the elections for the Second Chamber, everybody was surprised to see them reduced to a mere 4%. By April, 1939, he was already so obviously on the decline that a further loss was taken for granted. Of his 44 seats he could only hold 21—compared to the 186 of the Roman Catholics, and the 124 of the Social Democrats.

The reason for his defeat is not that he missed his chance, but rather that he never had one. His movement is, in composition, tactics, *etc.*, closely akin to that of Mosley over here; he made the same sort of blunders; and just as the English, so the Dutch would not stand for it. Nobody ever assumed that the 40,000 members he boasted of at one time were able to finance out of their own pockets the extensive propaganda carried on with the help of a large daily newspaper, a good many weekly magazines, countless pamphlets, posters, and meetings. But the banking code forbade a closer examination of his funds.

As the Nazi menace from without increased, the N.S.B. were driven to declare that they, too, believed in Dutch independence and would prefer the worst government at the Hague to the best in Berlin. But Colijn's Government saw no reason to abandon the policy of excluding Nazis from all positions under the Crown. Only in March the burgomaster of a small frontier town was dismissed by the Queen for declaring that he would fight alongside the Germans.

Less easy to understand than the political defeat of the N.S.B. is the fact that the Nazis could draw no support from the ranks of the unemployed. For years now Holland has had an average number of about 360,000 men out of work. Their situation seems as hopeless as that of Great Britain's miners. But, though the N.S.B. kept pointing out that under Fascist rule abroad work had been found for everyone, the argument made as good as no impression on the Dutch working class.

If Herr Hitler left Holland untouched, Germany would once again possess a lung to breathe with. If he invaded the country, he would be faced with the most obstinate resistance which even he in the long run would find insurmountable. To defend themselves, the Dutch will dare the utmost and are therefore not to be trifled with. "Colijn", so declared the leader of the Social Democrats last Easter to the thunderous applause of the Party Congress, "will never go to Berlin". Neither is Queen Wilhelmina the sort of person likely to lose heart at threats.

But, should a war between the major Powers break out, Holland might all the same be drawn in. The Germans may attempt by force to get control not only of Holland as a military base, but of Dutch food and Dutch trade. Dutch-German trade-relations, it must be remembered, are at present not what they ought to be. Of Holland's total imports in 1938, only 21.3% came from Germany, compared to 30.6% in 1929. And that whilst during the same period imports from Great Britain have shrunk to a much lesser extent from 9.4 to 8.1%. In regard to Holland's export, the picture is even less favourable: Great Britain is by far the better customer—20.5% in 1929, 22.5% in 1938. The Germans who in 1929 bought more than the British—22.9%—now can only afford about a third less.

Much depends on the historic aim which Hitler has set himself. Does he feel sent by Providence to resurrect the Holy Roman Empire of the later Middle Ages, of which for 800 years Holland formed part? An unofficial Nazi spokesman, Professor E. Banse, wrote in 1934:

"The maternal soil of our people in all its extent from the Cape Gris Nez to the Memel, from the Königsau in Sleswig-Holstein to the Salurner Klause in Southern Tyrol, shall it not at last form one united country, the real Germany?"

THE PROGRESS OF TELEVISION

BY EDWARD LIVEING

THE B.B.C.'s London Television Service, opened at Alexandra Palace in November, 1936, remained up to the end of 1938 the only service providing regular programmes for televising in the home

Other countries are now coming into the field. Germany has started a regular service with sound and vision programmes between 7 and 9 p.m. and with three hours of test programmes in the day-time. In the United States a public television service was inaugurated on the occasion of the opening at the end of April of the World's Fair in New York. The transmissions average about two hours a week, but preparations are being made for a large extension of activity, not only in time-duration, but also in the establishment of transmitters to cover many areas besides New York. France also has made progress recently with her system. Parisian viewers have the advantage of receiving their transmissions from an aerial on the top of the Eiffel Tower. The service has been brought up to date, and some of the camera equipment is similar to that in use at Alexandra Palace. The French Government aims at a long-term plan of development, with stations at Lyons and Lille representing the first stage in the establishment of a nation-wide network. As to other countries, Italy and Japan are planning to start regular programmes by the end of this year, and Finland hopes to have a service available in time for televising the Olympic Games in 1940. There are no other countries "in the field", and even in those where television has been inaugurated, the transmission of programmes is limited to receivers in and around the capital cities. This is not in the least surprising if we take into account the technical, artistic and financial problems involved in the development of this medium.

The programmes offered to British viewers, in a weekly

schedule of about eighteen hours, fall into several categories which can be listed generally as outside broadcasts, studio-produced items, and reproduction of films. Of these the most sensational in terms of "news" value, and the most controversial in regard to relationships with other interests, have been the outside broadcasts. From the moment that the Coronation Day figured in the television service, the remarkable power of this new medium for keeping people, in the quiet of their own homes, in touch with contemporary events was vividly demonstrated. Mobile television had become an accomplished fact. Despite bad weather the whole of the procession was televised from Apsley Gate, Hyde Park Corner, and it was estimated that more than 10,000 people witnessed the scene on television screens. Since that date viewers have had the opportunity of seeing a wide array of events in public, social and sporting life—the Wimbledon Tennis Tournaments, the Lord Mayor's Show, the Cenotaph Ceremony on Armistice Day, the Prime Minister alighting from his plane at Heston after his visits to Berchtesgaden and Munich, the Derby, the University Boat Race, the Cup Final, Trooping the Colour, the Test Matches from Lord's and the Oval, boxing-fights such as those between Ford and Phillips, McAvoy and Harvey, and Boon and Danahar. More recent still in memory have been the scenes of departure of the King and Queen for their tour of Canada and the United States. Plays, revues and musical comedies have been televised from the stage, and the camera and microphone have been used to take the viewer into familiar haunts, such as the Zoological Gardens and elsewhere.

Methods and apparatus used for these outside broadcasts are extremely ingenious and interesting. In the central London area the mobile units can be linked by a special television cable, installed by the Post Office, with Alexandra Palace. Outside this area the units employ their own transmitters, and their signals are picked up at the station and re-broadcast. The latest type of unit consists of three vehicles, the most important of which is the scanning van. It is in this van, which houses the control room equipment, that the producer co-ordinates the activities of the microphone and camera operators. He uses two receiver screens, one showing the picture which is being

transmitted to the television station for radiation, the other a 'pre-view' from one of the other cameras in circuit. When he is satisfied with the 'pre-view' picture, he tells the vision mixer to go ahead with 'fading-in' the new and 'fading-out' the old picture. In a complicated outside broadcast, including a considerable number of points from which shots of scenes are being made, the skill and ingenuity of a producer are taxed to the utmost. The camera operators may be scattered over a wide area; each of them wears headphones, and the producer, talking almost continuously into his microphone, can thus keep in touch with all of them, advising adjustments of focussing and other details. The second van is used for outside broadcasts beyond the central London area, and contains an ultra-short-wave transmitter; while the third van houses a petrol generator, for providing the transmitter and the scanning van with the necessary power. A valuable addition to these mobile units has been a 'fire-escape' aerial which can be projected to a height exceeding 100 feet in a few minutes.

In the London service, the production of plays, cabaret shows, ballet performances, and so forth, in the studio has attained a style and method peculiar to television. Viewers watching the unrolling of a play in their homes can have little idea of the extremely complicated process of its manufacture. They see the actors in their settings, but are entirely unaware of the intricate lighting arrangements, the camera operators working on their trucks, which can be moved to and fro to take medium-shots or close-ups, the microphone-boom operated inconspicuously by the microphone men, the marshalling activities of the studio manager, and last, but by no means least, the producer himself in the control-room co-ordinating the work of all concerned.

The whole process is more complicated than the shooting of a cinema-film, and, moreover, once the rehearsals are over, and the show is 'on the air', there can be no turning back, no re-shooting of scenes—a fact which imposes a strain on producer, caste, studio-manager, camera and microphone men, heavier than anything experienced in film production. Nearly all the producers in the London Television Service have had previous experience in production for the stage or the cinema—some for

both, though theatrical experience preponderates. In fact, previous experience of visual production has been an almost essential requisite at a stage when long periods of training are not practicable. The problem, however, of drafting in to the television sphere of the B.B.C. those producers, whose talents as masters of radio play and feature productions in sound broadcasting it would be a mistake to lose, is now being faced, and arrangements are being made for training them in this new technique.

Films still continue to be used in British television. They help to provide the "news" element, and both the British Movietone News and the Gaumont British News are reproduced. Other film material appearing in the programmes includes old Walt Disney cartoons, occasional "shorts", and, from time to time, foreign feature or documentary films. But it is unlikely that viewers can expect any considerable increase in the number of films shown on their screens. The fact of the matter is that producers and exhibitors are not prepared to sell the rights of films for fear of "box-office" losses. This applies not only to the televising of films before their appearance on the cinema screen, but also to subsequent televising. There have been a few exceptions, including British comedy films such as Jack Hulbert in 'Jack Ahoy' and Cicely Courtneidge in 'Aunt Sally', and certain foreign films such as 'The Student of Prague', 'La Kermesse Heroique', and 'So Ended a Great Love'. But on the whole the film industry is, and not without reason, unprepared to co-operate whole-heartedly with television in present circumstances. Nor are those immediately responsible for the television service in this country inclined to regard films as ideal material artistically for their programmes. In fact their view is that what is prepared intrinsically for showing in public is not altogether suitable for consumption by the fireside.

So much for actual programme activity. Now let us consider the broader issues confronting television in its relationship with the "outer world". There is the great technical problem of extending the service throughout the country; there is the question of relationships with kindred arts and enterprise—the stage, the cinema, sporting interests and so forth. And neither

of these subjects can fall into perspective without regard being paid to the inevitable matter of finance. Last, and by no means least important are the present and future reactions of the public itself, for most of whom broadcasting is by now a familiar institution, but television less so.

The question of relationships between television authorities and other interests is certain to engage increasing attention as television gets more fully into its stride. The extent and forms of co-operation will almost certainly vary in accordance with the widely differing circumstances and outlook existing in various countries. In the United States, for instance, where broadcasting is competitive and financed by advertising, where, moreover, broadcasting does not rely financially on license revenue, and where circumstances and material outlook are more conducive to a link-up between certain artistic and industrial interests, it is more likely that there will be a greater tie-up between the resources of Hollywood, cinema exhibitors, entertainment agencies, and the broadcasting companies. Such co-operation might result in a frequent incorporation of televised events and entertainment of all kinds in cinemas, and *vice versa*, the use of a considerable amount of film material in the programmes provided for the televiewer.

British broadcasting, on the other hand, throughout its career has always inclined more to the development of high artistic standards, and standards which conform intrinsically to the radio medium, than to sensationalism, "stunts", or box-office methods. Not only has the B.B.C. been able to pursue this policy by virtue of its monopoly, but, moreover, its policy, on the whole, has been consistently backed by its listeners. And the reason for this is that our style of broadcasting has aptly mirrored the national sense of tradition in this respect—a tradition very dissimilar from the more exciting tempo and the easier-going culture of the New World. Indeed, the policy pursued in sound broadcasting seems likely to be carried forward into the Television Service of this country. Those responsible for the Television Service have found that, on the whole, film material is not altogether suitable to the new medium, and it is obviously the intention to build up distinctive art-forms arising quintessentially from television rather than to

attempt to assimilate too much material not specifically designed for it. Again, as already noted, the interests of cinema producers have to be taken into account in any estimate of this question.

The position in regard to what television can give the cinema in this country is, however, rather different from that of the potential contribution of the cinema to television. (This matter came to a head last February following the public reproduction of the B.B.C. transmission of the Boon-Danahar boxing fight). In particular, the interest of cinema exhibitors has been aroused. Sir Harry Greer was their spokesman in his recent speech as Chairman at the ordinary General Meeting of Baird Television Ltd. He referred to the vast strides that had been made in the manufacture of cinema sets, and to the Boon-Danahar fight as "a historical landmark". He mentioned that the Company had under negotiation a contract for the manufacture and installation of cinema equipment in a large number of cinemas, and he also said that "every cinema would in self-protection instal television, not only in competition with each other, but in self-protection against the attraction of the home set".

The point of view of the B.B.C. was put by Sir Stephen Tallents in a speech to the Radio Manufacturers' Association last March. He said :

"A great variety of legitimate interests are involved—the manufacturers of television equipment for places of public entertainment, the promoters of outstanding events, the film producers and distributors, the owners of cinemas, the artists and authors and performers among them. Some of these interests have hastened to express their hopes and views. Others, and those not the least important, are still silent. Not all the views, which have been publicly expressed are in harmony; and, partly for that reason, not all the hopes which took the air so gaily in the first flush of the Boon-Danahar fight success seem likely to land again safely. The B.B.C. believes that it is taking the wise and public-spirited course in concentrating on the development of that now certain success—home television—and at the same time co-operating, as real and promising opportunities occur, in experiments which may shed light on what is bound for some time yet to be a complex problem."

Indeed, the present attitude of the B.B.C. is that large screen production of television programmes is still regarded as experimental, and that permission to use its transmissions in this way will be subject to certain necessary restrictions. The

B.B.C.'s present policy is not to oppose experiments in large scale re-diffusion before paying audiences, when the programmes concerned are of really national importance and interest, independent of commercial promotion; or again when the subject is a sports event, the rights in which are held by a promoter. This latter category could easily have presented many complications. The B.B.C.'s policy here is to raise no objection to re-diffusion if agreement on terms is reached between the re-diffuser and the promoter, subject only to certain conditions. These conditions must include the undertaking that no exclusive rights shall be given to any one group or system, and that all applications shall be granted rights on equal terms, based approximately on the relative seating capacity of the theatres concerned. Should the promoter object, the B.B.C. acts accordingly and withholds permission to reproduce.

There is one other factor which comes into the situation, namely, that many important events take place at times exceedingly inconvenient to cinemas with their scheduled programmes. It is unlikely that any cinemas will drastically alter such schedules except in the case of events of very outstanding interest or importance. On the whole, therefore, we can assume that frequent reproduction of television is not likely to become a large-scale movement in places of entertainment in this country. There is, of course, the possibility that the many interests involved may attempt to secure new legislation affecting the monopoly of the B.B.C. in regard to the televising of events. But it is doubtful if, even as things are at present, the British Parliament would sanction something that might severely damage the development of a valuable national service; and less likely still in the future, when facilities for televising will have been considerably extended.

On this question of extending the service beyond the London area, Mr. Ogilvie, the Director General of the B.B.C., said recently:

"We have now come to a critical landmark in television work. We have developed the resources, not merely with a view to the benefit of a thirty or forty miles radius around London, but as the nucleus of a national system. The speed at which we can go forward depends on two things. Firstly, the result of technical experience as to the means of transmission, and secondly, the question of finance".

Both the financial and technical aspects are closely related. Moreover, the whole situation is complicated by issues not readily apparent to the public. In the first place, it has to be remembered that hitherto it has not been found possible to extend the effective radius of a television station to more than about forty miles. It is true that reports on reception of Alexandra Palace have come in from much further afield than this radius, and even from so far afield as Holland. But most of these are what could only be explained as "freak" reception. It may be, however, that in course of time further experimentation will lead the way to longer distance results.

There is, therefore, the difficult problem of the location and number of stations to cover the country. If, for instance, the television facilities were to be extended through the country comprehensively and in the very near future, they could not be established on the lines of the present B.B.C.'s regional scheme adopted for broadcasting. An infinitely greater number of stations would be needed, and their siting would involve a wide variety of considerations. Again, there is the question of whether to use a cable system installed by the Post Office, the cost of installation of which is extremely high, or to employ wireless link, which might be less costly, but possibly less technically satisfactory.

It will not in any event be practicable to offer the provinces, through the Television Service, the same amount of local expression as has been afforded them through the medium of sound broadcasting—for the simple reason that expenditure on a visible and audible medium must be vastly higher than that on an audible medium only. Whatever is done, it can be taken for granted that, for a long period to come, there will have to be centralization of studio production at Alexandra Palace. Outside broadcasts, however, would no doubt gradually come to be taken from places all over the country; events, no matter where they were held, and so long as they were of universal interest, would be secured for the viewer by the despatch of mobile units. But it is not likely that local stations would have the opportunity of mirroring for the benefit of local viewers many events of purely regional significance.

One thing is certain; the B.B.C., the Post Office and the

wireless industry, as represented by the Radio Manufacturers' Association, are all extremely anxious to proceed as quickly as possible with the extension of the present Television Service to the provinces. It is likely that the next station to be established will be one at Birmingham which would serve a potential audience of three to four million people.

Some idea of the cost of a Service extended to the whole country may be gained from the fact that the capital expenditure on the London Service up to September 30, 1938, less depreciation written off, was approximately £126,000, and the revenue expenditure up to that date, including depreciation and programme, engineering and staff costs, was approximately £660,000. To meet the rapidly growing costs the Civil Estimates for the last financial year ending March 31, 1939, provided an extra grant of 15% of the net listeners' licence receipts, additional to the normal 75% handed over by the Treasury, to be earmarked specifically for television and foreign language broadcasts. This was estimated to produce £610,000, of which approximately two-thirds, or £406,000 would be required for television.

It may well be asked from what quarter the capital outlay for extending the television service, let alone the maintenance of running costs, will be forthcoming. This is indeed a serious question. At present viewers pay no additional licence fee on television sets, and it is doubtful if any Government will raise the cost of licence, especially as the Service becomes more easily available throughout the country and this form of home entertainment gains in popularity. But the money will have to come from some quarter or another, and the present writer would hazard the guess that if, eventually, the public was faced with the alternative of an increase in their wireless licence or the introduction of sponsored programmes, they would choose the first. There must, however, be a long interim period before a general service can materialize, and it is precisely during that period that the B.B.C. is faced with the enormous outlay of maintaining and developing side by side two separate types of broadcasting.

It can be definitely stated that television is now growing enormously in popularity. No official figures are

available as to the number of television sets at present in use, and, although the radio trade is able to keep check of sales, these figures are not made public. But there is no doubt that, even before the Radio Exhibition at Olympia last August, there had been a gradually increasing momentum in sales of sets, and that as a result of the Exhibition many manufacturing firms received orders that would keep them busy for several months. The television correspondent of *The Observer* stated in the issue of September 4th last year, that "10,000 new television sets will be installed in homes before Christmas if the confident expectations of those responsible for the wonderful show at Olympia are realized". In the issue of the *Sunday Times* of February 26th, a correspondent estimated that the sale of sets was proceeding at the rate of five hundred a week. From investigations which the present writer has himself made in various parts of the Home Counties in recent months, it is obvious to him that there has been a quite remarkable acceleration of interest and purchases.

There is still a good deal of misunderstanding as to the cost of televising apparatus. To-day there are something like fifty to sixty different models, produced by some twenty manufacturers and available to the public at prices ranging upwards from £22 for an add-on vision unit to a mains-operated Sound Receiver. This gives a picture of 5 x 4 ins. Prices for one-piece sets, offering pictures of 7½ x 6 ins., are about £30. Sets offering 10 x 8 ins. pictures cost about £40, while a 22 x 18 ins. screen for public use costs between £120 and £200.

Symptomatic of increasing interest is that over four thousand viewers sent in completed forms to a recent television questionnaire organized by the B.B.C. It was found that 91% of these forms had come in from those who owned television sets for entertainment only, and not for business. The first report issued by the B.B.C. after an analysis of a sample of 1,200 of the replies has already shown remarkable enthusiasm on the part of viewers coupled with keen sympathy regarding production problems. Plays and variety programmes direct from the theatres, news reels, "Picture Page", the weekly topical magazine, and light entertainment generally appear to be the most popular programmes. Outside broadcasts of sporting and other events

come next, followed by full-length plays, cartoon films, demonstrations and talks. The popularity of studio drama was a remarkable feature of the response to the questionnaire, and the preference was for full-length rather than short plays. Another interesting sidelight on viewers' preferences was that, whereas 44% expressed a neutral opinion about men or women announcers, the remainder showed an overwhelming preference for women. It would seem, therefore, that, whereas women announcers in this country have never attained any popularity with listeners, they have come into their own with viewers.

Just as television is producing a revolutionary effect in production methods, so, too, the present listener to sound broadcasting must be ready to alter his habits if he wishes to make the best use of his new instrument as a viewer. Many people have become accustomed as listeners to regarding broadcasting, and especially the music programmes, as a kind of pleasant background to their domestic life. It is quite impossible to treat television in this way, for the simple reason that it requires visual as well as auditory concentration. In any event, to obtain the most satisfactory results from one's set it is best to watch television in a dark room—though pictures are now so bright that they can be viewed comfortably enough in subdued light. We have become so used to one remarkable invention following another in this twentieth century that our appreciation of any innovation is dimmer than it used to be. But television remains a constant source of wonder and pleasure, even to the experienced viewer. There is every reason for British pride in the pioneer work that has been achieved in introducing it to this country, and every hope that the lead taken by the B.B.C. will be maintained in the future.

ALAS ! MOTHER HUBBARD—A Story

BY GEORGE WODEN

Stanby's uncle told us this story at the Old Boys' dinner.

I HAVE never had much time for art, though I'm fond of pictures, and I was pretty good with a pencil when I was at school. From what I see nowadays the youngsters get a far better chance than we did. Our drawing lessons were a joke when they were not a bore. Only one kid in our form ever took them seriously, and he was a freak.

Hubbard his name was, and we called him Mother Hubbard, because he wore his yellow hair long and he was a timid girlish creature. We held him down one day and cut his hair for him. Oh, what a sight! We tried to chum up to him afterwards, we were so sorry for the poor devil, but in the end I think we detested him because his ragged head became a sort of public disgrace: he wouldn't have his hair cut; he said he was waiting for it to grow. The Head called him into his room one day, and the next day Mother Hubbard's hair was trimmed. But he let it grow longer than ever.

Yellow hair and blue eyes didn't make a beauty of him. A nose too small and a mouth too big spoiled his face, and his long lanky body was mere skin and bone. I don't think he had enough to eat. His people were very poor. His father, I believe, had been a gentleman, and there was a faded sort of refinement in the youngster which kept us from being too brutal to him. At times, when he drew a caricature of one of the masters, he was almost popular. But he was never one of us. I don't think he wanted to be.

He was a shocking scholar. That didn't lower him in our eyes: we despised the swots. His drawing—well, that was useless; none of us took it seriously, and the fear of ridicule kept him silent. I don't know why his parents kept him so long at school: he was doing no good. When at last he left he just

faded away—out of sight out of mind. He had not even carved his initials on a desk.

His mother died; she had been ill some time; and not long afterwards his father married again. Mother Hubbard told me all this one night when I happened to meet him in the High Street. He would have passed me without recognition, but he looked so wretched I couldn't help myself: I stopped him, and took him into the George. I was going to offer him a drink, but I gave him a square meal as well. Naturally the food and the drink went to his head a bit, and he grew confidential. I was embarrassed, but there was no escape. His father had married a virago: the old fellow couldn't call his soul his own. The lad hated his stepmother, and she hated him. He was out of work again, couldn't keep a job, and he was going to run away from home as soon as he could gather enough money. If he couldn't get the money he would go without.

I confess I jibbed at that. I was suspicious, and then I was ashamed of myself because I felt forced to offer to lend him money, and he wouldn't hear of it.

"No, no!" he said. "I'm an artist, not a beggar. Just look at these," he said, "and you'll understand".

He opened a portfolio he had with him, and explained: this was some of the stuff he was doing at an evening class in the School of Art; and he was doing a lot more at home.

The moment he opened that portfolio he became a new man, and I caught some of his enthusiasm. I was more than astonished: the stuff was marvellous. In those days, you know, Beardsley was all the rage, and a new standard in style and decoration was rousing quite ordinary folk to talk art. This was the real thing. No doubt about it.

"Dammit", I said, "you ought not to be here, wasting your time and talent. You ought to be in London. You would make a fortune".

"I'm going", he said. "I'll make it".

He was excited, his hand trembled, but he was quite serious; and I was as sure of his success as he was: he had only to show his portfolio to the right people in London, and the trick was done. We were only youngsters, you know, and we had had a drink or two.

We parted in high spirits. "Good luck, old man. Don't forget me grubbing away here".

"I'll never forget", he said.

You know what youngsters are.

I went along to the Art School one day out of curiosity. I knew a girl there, and she assured me that Mother Hubbard had talent. She showed me one of his pictures, a still life, bottles and things, and honestly I was impressed, so much so in fact that I went round to see him. I remember that visit. I saw his stepmother, and this is the answer I got from her: "Him? Gone!" And there was I standing with the door banged in my face.

I didn't see him again for years.

Our firm had some trouble over a block of property, and I was sent out one day to see the place. At the end there was a small public house, "The Rose and Crown". The sign was down, and a man was repainting it in the yard. His back was towards me when I saw him, and he moved to look at his work. That loose-limbed movement stirred my memory, and I went forward. Sure enough, he was Mother Hubbard, much older, unnaturally aged, but I was so surprised, and pleased to see him again, I didn't first notice the ghastly change in the man; for he was a man now, with a sort of elderly reserve that embarrassed me. I saw that he didn't really want to speak to me: the poor fellow was humiliated. In fact for what seemed a long time we just stood and stared at each other.

"Bad luck?" I said.

"Looks like it".

Indeed it did. The poor chap was nearly in rags, a long lean scarecrow. I was so distressed that I turned away to the inn sign and went into raptures, real raptures.

"You like it?" he said.

"Wonderful!" I said. It was an exaggeration. Nevertheless, the thing was good, vivid and lively, startling in those days.

He jerked his thumb towards the pub door. "The boss doesn't like it".

"What?" I said. "I'll soon tell him".

I walked straight into the pub, found the landlord, and talked him into enthusiasm. Then I stood drinks.

I intended to go back the next day, but I couldn't, and when

at last I did Mother Hubbard had disappeared. I tried to trace him, but I was very busy and soon abandoned the search.

The following Christmas I was at the fancy dress ball at the School of Art, and I found him sitting in a corner sketching. This is what had happened.

He ran away from home to seek his fortune with one pound eighteen and six and a portfolio of drawings. The summer was past, and if he didn't go soon he would not be able to sleep out of doors to save money. That was his first blunder. He ought to have gone by train to London. While he was saving money he was losing time, and he had not the stamina for sleeping rough. When he got as far as Luton his clothes were drying on him after heavy rain, and he was all of a shiver. He couldn't sleep out of doors again: he was ill, in a strange place, and growing frightened. He had a cheap meal in a cookshop, and wandered out, hoping to find a lodging house. The poor devil was shy: he hadn't the pluck to stop people and ask; but he was growing desperate, and at last he asked a lamplighter, who gave him some more or less complicated directions which, of course, he forgot. However, he managed to find lodgings, in a mean street, and the next day he was in a raging fever, delirious.

When he recovered enough to go out of the—workhouse infirmary, I think it was—he hadn't a penny. In fact, he hadn't even a hope left. What? Go on to London? Or go home? Poor fellow, he didn't know what to do. He stood in the street, and wept. And then he wandered about.

The shops were shut, the street deserted. Nobody saw him. While he stood there, helpless, a girl came rushing out from an entry beside a tiny public house, and only by grabbing at each other did they manage to keep from falling.

"My father!" she said. "My father!"

He followed her through the entry, and indoors, and she pointed down the cellar steps which led off a passage to the back premises. Down they went; she had left a candle burning; and there was her father lying in a heap at the bottom. She had thought he was dead, but now he was recovering consciousness, and the job was to haul him upstairs. He was a big shapeless man. Oh, they had an awful time with him, for she was only a little thing, and Mother Hubbard had not much

strength even when he was well.

The girl ran for a doctor, and Mother Hubbard waited with her father. Then, of course, in the evening—it was a Sunday—the pub had to be opened, so Mother Hubbard stayed on and served in the bar till closing time. When they shut the place he begged the girl to let him sleep on the floor, anywhere. He showed her his drawings, told his dreams, and naturally they comforted each other in their trouble. Next morning he was up early, opened the pub, and worked as he had never worked before. In the evening he drew caricatures of the customers, and by Saturday night he had nearly doubled the takings.

You can guess: he married the girl.

Unfortunately he was an artist. He couldn't settle in contentment to that drab monotonous life. The pair of them had mistaken sympathy for love, and they lacked the power to adjust themselves to reality. He had always been a dreamer: and so he sought refuge in his dreams. Trade suffered, of course. His father-in-law lost patience with him. They quarrelled. Maybe he would have run away, but fate took a hand again: the old man died suddenly, he was a heavy drinker, and the brewery company, who owned the house, put in a new manager. So Mother Hubbard came home, bringing his wife and two babies, and worked at anything he could get.

He was still only a youngster, though old in experience, a quiet simple soul. I was sorry for him even while he compelled my admiration. Either he had tremendous courage or he was a maniac, a man of one idea. He was working for some Jews who employed men to go from house to house persuading people to have photographs enlarged, and then persuading them to have the enlargements turned into oil paintings. Mother Hubbard was doing the painting for them, at seven and six a portrait. I don't know what the customers paid—guineas, I suppose, in instalments. This work, mind you, was done at night. All through the day Mother Hubbard was studying at the School of Art. "I'm lucky when I get five hours' sleep", he said. Poor soul, he looked bad. "Oh, but I'll be all right", he said. "By-and-by I'll be able to get a job teaching art, and then I'll have leisure to paint". And he chuckled pathetically, "I can paint, you know".

Oh, he had faith in himself.

I was so impressed that when I wished him luck I said, "Don't forget me when you're famous". Honestly, at that time I thought he would be. Soon afterwards I met one of the life men at the School of Art, and he told me, "We've got a wonderful student, a freak with talent, genius perhaps". Naturally I guessed, Mother Hubbard; and I was quite proud when I said, "Oh yes, I know him well".

He finished brilliantly at the School of Art—and in due course became a teacher, though not in our town. I forget where he went. I saw him only once, when he was back for his father's funeral. There was a great change in the man: he had filled out, and he looked almost prosperous. Then for years I lost trace of him.

It would be—what?—ten years later when I saw him again. His hair was thin, going grey already, and his face had a haggard, worn expression which made him look years older than he was. He was back again working for the portrait enlargement people, and I saw—he didn't need to tell me—that he had lost his soul. He told me the whole story: how he had lost his job as a teacher, couldn't work to order, couldn't bully the kids who tormented him, couldn't respect stupid authority and—dammit, if he hadn't made me laugh, I should have wept.

"I hated every minute of it", he said, "hated it, hated it". And then he told me how his wife had run away with some rascal, and come back at the end of three months. "I forgave her", he said, "The children needed her". I was astounded, angry, in fact, at his quiet resignation. And then he made me laugh telling me how he had decorated his house and sat in a bucket of whitewash. "Sometimes", he said, "I worry, and it turns my bowels to water, and I rail against fate, and against people, myself included. But it only makes me ill, and I struggle to be calm. Some day", he said, "when the children are grown up, maybe I'll have time to paint again—I'll never have money. But if only I can buy paint, just a few materials, and I have time, I'll be happy". He sighed. "It's many years to wait, and maybe I shan't live to see it, but I hope, and there's comfort in hoping".

I felt so sorry for him I—oh, I couldn't speak. At last I—

felt I must help him; but he wouldn't listen to my offers.

"I don't want charity", he said. "I want time, to paint, and peace of mind".

Poor Mother Hubbard.

I went away to London. Occasionally I returned on visits to my parents, and after they were gone I came once a year to see my brother. I never saw or heard anything of Mother Hubbard. Of course, I was not likely to come into contact with him. When I came back two years ago and took over my brother's business I remember wondering one day what had happened to the poor fellow, and then I must have forgotten him until three months ago. I happened to be passing the Art Galleries, and I noticed that they had a special show on. I strolled in, and I met an old friend who told me he had just got a picture by an artist named Hubbard. That stirred my memory. "Mother Hubbard?" I said. Then I had to explain, and—oh—blowed if I could think of his Christian name.

My friend insisted on taking me along to his place to see the picture, and at the first glance I recognized it: a beauty—a nude—girl sponging herself in a bathtub. Painted more than thirty years ago, but as fresh, and lively, and—oh, delightful.

My friend explained. "My old uncle bought it, years ago", he said. "I don't know what he paid. He knew I admired it so he left it to me".

My curiosity was roused. There are not so many art dealers in our town that you can miss any. I soon found one who knew Hubbard, and he chuckled at my enthusiasm. "Years gone by, perhaps", he said, "the man may have had a touch of talent. I've seen so many promising young fellows", he said. "I wouldn't exactly say genius, not to-day, anyway. I'll show you what I buy from him". He took me away into the back premises where the framers were working, and showed me a lot of paintings on cardboard, box lids and things, the same picture over and over again, a country cottage, and a pair of lovers in the lane—sentimental tosh for working class parlours—dreadful.

I couldn't believe my eyes.

"My God!" I said. "My God!" I was horrified.

The dealer grinned. "Not exactly genius, eh?"

I was so flabbergasted, worried about it, I arranged to go

back when Mother Hubbard brought in the next lot of daubs commissioned. The dealer said, "Now don't worry about him. His two sons are doing pretty well, and one daughter is married to a decent fellow, in quite a respectable position. And, as you see, the old man's pottering away, making a living".

"But I tell you", I said, "I swear he had real talent, genius".

The man smiled: he couldn't swallow that. I think he pitied my ignorance.

And so I met Mother Hubbard again, a poor old creature; yet he had a contentment—I can't call it gaiety—which he had never had when he was young.

He was delighted to see me, and I took him out for a drink. He had lost his awkwardness, all that self-conscious timidity which had made him so queer and so difficult to approach in the old days. He told me quite frankly, and he has told me since: "My curse was my talent", he said. "I sacrificed everything to it, and it was a Moloch, insatiable. Now I'm free. I can't paint, and I know it".

"But you could paint", I said. I was angry with him.

Dammit, he laughed.

"Alas, Mother Hubbard!" he said. "It's true: I could paint. And some day I was going to show the world. But, my boy", he said, "the world doesn't particularly want to be shown; it's indifferent. And I don't mind confessing to you", he said, "when I went to the cupboard—you know the old rhyme—the poor dog got none—when I realized that my talent was gone I wept, I wept like a child. It was weeks, months, before I realized that I was free at last. Thank God! Mark my words", he said: "art is a curse to a poor man: it makes him too lonely, enslaves him; the ecstasy and the sacrifice are more than he can bear; and he can't enjoy what he can afford. That's the God's truth", he said. "I ought to know".

I see him occasionally, and we enjoy a drink and a chat. His cheerfulness doesn't seem to be a pose: he really is cheerful, resigned. But when we have parted I can't help thinking of the old days. And sometimes when I'm calling on this friend of mine, and I look at that picture, I feel angry at fate, and sad too. He ought to have been a great man. Alas, Mother Hubbard!

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEW SPAIN

By ROBERT SENCOURT

WHAT are to be the relations between General Franco and the Western Powers? Here is a factor of vital importance in the whole strategic tension of Europe which has now to be worked out not only by the diplomatists whose special business it is; but also in relation to the public opinion in which they have to do their work. Franco's case must now be carefully considered even by those who had no original sympathy with it.

If the hurtling weight of a martial and puissant Spain were thrown with that of the Central Powers against France and England, it might turn the scale. It might tempt those hungry Powers to engage against their wealthy neighbours and redress what they assert to be their wrongs. What then is the relation of Spain to the rival groups? Spain and Franco are now one. For all political purposes the Left in Spain has ceased to exist. If it wished to express itself, it would be silenced by a ruthless censorship; and its survivors there are few and divided.

Franco is bound to the Central Powers by gratitude and honour, because they, either with a Machivellian foresight of his victory, or in their suspicions of the Russian help given to the other side, supported him in his extremity, not much with men, but to a crushing extent with aeroplanes and artillery. He believes in their corporative philosophy; he repudiates parliamentary government and the theories of democracy. Since educated Spaniards can understand Italian, they can read Italian newspapers, periodicals and books: and in addition to all this the Minister of Propaganda, Franco's brother-in-law, Señor Serrano Suñer, has given through the newspapers—in the short summary of reliable news that they contain—an inclination to favour the Central Powers, to despise the democracies, and to cultivate the affinities of his Phalange with National Socialism.

So much for one side of the picture. The other side is less known ; but it too weighs. Franco could not have won the war without petrol : that petrol came from America on a credit given by Standard Oil. He was also dependent on the £20,000,000 which in the years of war, as the Board of Trade returns show, he obtained from Great Britain for the balance of trade in his favour. Thirdly, he has envisaged a monarchy in regard to which England has great influence. Fourthly, his country is war-weary and exhausted, he is hard put to it to feed his starving areas. His transport both on the road and railway is on the verge of breakdown. He has no means to buy supplies of raw materials to start his industries. He still needs petrol. He still needs his surplus of trade with England : for England alone takes his marmalade, his sherry, his tomatoes to the value of millions of pounds. But all these considerations are subsidiary to one point : Franco has an immense coast line—and practically no navy. His coast line comprises hundreds of miles in the Mediterranean ; an important distance in the Atlantic between Gibraltar and Portugal ; another great stretch from the northern frontier of Portugal to the Pyrenees. He cannot entrust the defence of those ports to either the German or the Italian navies against the French and British navies. He would therefore be virtually powerless against the Western Powers and could not engage them in war—unless he were mad. But all we know of Franco shows him to have been a man of exceptionally balanced judgment, a man of deliberation, a man who measures his ends by his means. The idea of him engaging against Britain therefore is unthinkable and absurd.

But there is one possibility to mention. Suppose Germany or Italy sent 500 aeroplanes to one of his bases. He must either as a neutral intern them or he would be taking sides. If he were to take the side of Italy in a desperate struggle with the Western Powers, he would bring the weight of Britain and France against him. He would therefore be obliged to assert his neutrality at any cost.

But are his people friendly ? The Spaniard certainly feels a grudge against England for non-intervention, and for what, rightly or wrongly, he believes to have been the attitude of her newspapers. Spaniards are now again more suspicious because

of the conversations with the Russians, whom they hold to be principally responsible for their woes. Nor have they forgotten how much international intervention came through France, supported sometimes by French weapons and munitions. On the other hand, France is their nearest neighbour, and French trade is also a necessity.

The position then taken by Spain with regard to the rival European groups becomes this. War is unthinkable. The trade which is necessary is driving her towards France and England ; and, though gratitude, honour and ideals incline her towards the Central Powers as governments, that does not mean she entertains feelings of revenge or hatred for the people of France or England. On the contrary, she is well aware that in both she had many partisans, and distinguished supporters.

This question of the attitude of Spain towards the Western Powers involves of course not only Great Britain but France. France will be assessed by what she does. A remarkable article in the *Domingo of San Sebastian*, April 23rd, 1937, in insisting that Spain's only wish for the future is peace, pays a warm tribute to Marshal Pétain as "the soul of honour". He had tried to persuade his Government to complete the arrangements which it made through M. Bérard after the fall of Barcelona. The Spanish Government demanded the return of those properties to which either they as a Government, or their people as individuals, had a rightful claim, and, besides this, a treatment of the refugees to which they would agree : Franco's agents were to be free to make propaganda in the refugee camp, and all who accepted it to be at once sent to Irun.

Those, of course, were not the majority. There were a certain number of republicans and democrats who honestly hated the affinities of Franco's *régime* with fascism. But these were not numerous among the refugees. More numerous were the anarchists, the communists, and the vaguer but hardly less enthusiastic individual idealists who, even if their convictions were less positive than negative, held their political faith with all the uncompromising fervour and obstinacy which marked on the other side the heroes of the Alcázar. Among the 3,000,000 of Catalonians there were at least 350,000 who, rather than come to terms, fled in torturing confusion till they reached the French

frontier. There, had they not been allowed to cross, they might well have turned to bay, which would have meant on either side a hideous slaughter. They were saved from that by the French letting down the chains, and letting the hungry hordes stream in : there were, it is estimated, 225,000 soldiers, and 150,000 civilians. Of these civilians 68,000 were sufficiently young to be called children, some were quite old men. Of the soldiers some 75,000 availed themselves of Franco's terms and returned to Spain through Irun. What of the other 300,000, half civilians, half soldiers? For the number of civilian refugees was about seven per cent. of the population of Barcelona—and of these nearly half were children.

Communists and anarchists unite to cultivate idealisms very different from those of Spanish Catholicism and the Spanish Army. They have learnt their philosophy from the farthest Left, from the propagandists of Russia, whether Lenin or Bakunin, and they maintain it with the flamboyant stubbornness so marked in the Spaniard's temperament. This is not less true of the recalcitrant girls than of the refugee soldiers : the countries they approve are two—Mexico and Russia. Many of them believe that they can last out for a world war and that they will get it back on Franco yet.

It is no use pretending that these people are welcome guests in France. At first they were welcomed by the Left, though naturally execrated from the Right. But in a short time they made themselves extremely unpopular among whatever people they came. They demanded to be treated as heroes of revolution ; their bearing was militant and uncompromising ; their appearance handsome but dirty ; their habits rough. And the French felt them to be ungrateful. The police who guarded them, the nurses and doctors who tended their sick found it a very unpleasant experience, because the French are used to order, and these people were unmanageable.

Their story is little known in England. But it reflects great credit on the French authorities. At a moment when their Government had the soundest reasons for coming to terms with Franco, and for not welcoming any embarrassment, the French suddenly accepted and attempted to provide for these hordes of wretched, difficult, and in some cases delinquent people. The

suffering of course was extreme for the sick ; and even when shelters were found for them, they were apt to be turned out by their robuster comrades. As for the women and children, they were sent off by trainloads to any town, even hundreds of miles away, where a garage or shed, with straw for beds, could be found to accommodate them, and there they were fed with food equal to, or often better than, that given to the French conscript.

So now for two months the problem has remained. It has been costing France more than three million francs a day, which is at the rate of £6,000,000 a year. England is prepared to contribute ; and the Red Cross has come generously forward, asking for money or clothes from any who will give, and all should give. But the problem remains. Mexico will take a small quota, America will take 350, England reserves individual judgment, Russia refuses absolutely. And so do Germany, Italy and Belgium. France continues to shoulder an unsavoury burden—unsavoury in a literal sense, for these people do not give forth the odours of health and cleanliness.

Nor is this the end of the problem. A number approximately equal is no doubt facing Franco in the zone that he has now captured. They are the radical elements who supported Negrín against Miaja : there will be some of them in every centre.

Franco has his remedy : it is the labour gang. He employs them on reconstruction. If there is mutiny, he will no doubt court-martial them. But he does not regard the problem as insoluble : and they enter into his scheme of work for all. It may be that France will have to ask him to deal also with the refugees there. Two months have passed, and no other alternative has been suggested. The problem therefore remains : it is one which cannot be burked in the tense, anxious days in which we live, when every nation has to be prepared for a supreme effort. Meanwhile, Franco proclaims that he is prepared to maintain outside his country the intellectuals he is unwilling to receive.

But the starving millions in what Franco, not unjustly, calls the liberated zones demand our sympathy. Our Government has already sent 50 lorries containing 500 tons of food, and more

are needed. None, as we have seen, need fear that our efforts will lead to strengthening a potential enemy. All that is required is that we should recognize the needs of a starving people, who are not yet able to live a normal life, and for whom we can provide of our abundance. For there is a surplus of wheat production in the world. Where could it be better employed than in feeding the Spanish people? A practical gesture of that kind would not only do direct good; but it would also mean more than any ideological propaganda. Our Government showed great foresight in sending lorries to convey their provisions. For since Franco's means of transport are worn out, he has been practically dependent on Italian lorries to feed the recently conquered areas. It has been suggested that our great motor manufacturing firms should complete the Government action with gifts of any lorries they have to spare, were they even not the latest models. Again the gesture would do direct good; but it would also build up a reputation for the generous firms.

During the war, Franco encouraged visits to certain areas where battles had been fought. He had abundance of food, and, until last October, of petrol also; every visitor brought him foreign currency, and could bear witness to the normal and unrestrained life the territories were leading. (It is true that this effect was partly neutralized by delays at the frontier, and the taking of finger-prints, and sometimes of rigorous searching). After the fall of Madrid, however, and even after that of Barcelona, Franco felt a great strain in providing enough food for the new areas, transport was still more constricted, and visitors were not encouraged, whether journalists, tourists, or even business men. That restriction will last until the summer provides fruit, harvest, and more vegetables. But, as soon as the time has come, the old tourist attraction of Spain will return with the added zest which recent events, and the familiarity of Spanish names have given to the masses of newspaper-readers. Visitors to Spain will find less destruction and less change than they expect.

On crossing the frontier, fussiness, disorder and individualism, and waste of time are a first introduction to the traditional contrasts of Spain; the contrast between heroism and laziness, between piety and selfishness, between endurance and gluttony,

between courtesy and surliness, between bonhomie and pride, between self-sacrifice and utter thoughtlessness. The Spanish character is very little changed, and that is what makes Franco's feat so extraordinary. The Spaniard has remained an individualist in spite of being the plaything of rival totalitarianisms. And on both sides there has been a remarkable seesaw between incredulity, or acquiescence, on the one side, and on the other, fierce conviction. As time has gone on, both sides tired of the war, and felt a desire to return from effort to normal life.

The religious need was one craving of the Spanish heart, amusement was another but the most pressing was simply food. The question of Franco's relation to the Spanish people is his capacity to provide for their essential needs. The reason the Republic failed was because it starved them. But the secret of the war has been the triumph of Franco's organization. Beginning with nothing but some 25,000 Moors in Africa, he created and equipped an army of 700,000 men. In an age when war is a question hardly more of attack than of transport and munitions, he amply provided this huge army with both. Some of his material, including, as we saw, the great part of his artillery and aeroplanes, came from abroad. For all these importations he paid in kind when he bought them. He organized his supplies so that all the inhabitants of his territories were sufficiently provided for themselves, had a surplus to feed his armies, and furthermore could provide immediately and amply for the territories he conquered. He exported large quantities of minerals, of vegetables and fruits, and of wine and at the same time he cut down his imports. But perhaps the most remarkable of his feats has been the manner he has dealt with the regions he has subdued. He found them all starving, disorganized, ruined. With a lynx eye on this political failure of his adversaries he not only at once provided them with food, but replaced their currencies, provided employers with credits, and in a short time from Bilbao, Santander and the Asturias there was an increase of production above the times of peace.

The populations have accepted his advancing troops with cheers, and continued to live in acceptance of his *régime*, in spite of having heard for a considerable period a propaganda which

described him as a cruel tyrant captaining hordes of foreign invaders—and having been invited to join the proletariats of the world to combat fascism. But people's political opinions are always guided by their stomachs and their pockets.

The truth is, of course, that the Republican propaganda did not deal with this primal motive. Franco's avowed aim/all through was to provide every hearth with a fire, every table with bread; and the arrival of his troops restored to the conquered regions a very normal Spanish life; a life where there is very much less patriotic discipline than in France but where there was no shortage of food until, of course, the capture of the Madrid Valencia zone with 8,000,000 of starving people forced rationing on the whole country.

Apart from their traditional contrasts, the Spanish people keep their ancient customs; their heavy meat meals, taken at late hours. For dinner is still apt to begin at ten at night. Such a habit cannot make for efficiency—and does not add to the attractions of travel. Another difficulty is that of the over-fed and, in general, the spoilt child. The Spanish mother still thinks it a sign of love to be indulgent. The Spaniards, therefore feeling it a duty to gratify their cravings wherever those may lead them remain revengeful. This creates a great difficulty in the present Spain, where there are reds and whites in the same family. That will be the drama of the months, of the years to come—the fight of generosity against logic, of forgiveness against revenge.

Such questions are largely questions for the Church to answer. In the days of the Republic, good Catholics complained that the standards of the priesthood were slackening: but heroism has long since paid the debt. The Spanish Bishops have followed the Pope in preaching admirable exhortations to charity and pardon. But piety is one thing and practice is another. Spain will never forfeit the splendid ceremonies of her worship, but that is no reason why she should not know more of the Bible. If the clergy were less interested in the length, or thickness, of bathing-gowns and more in teaching their people the New Testament, they would help to make Spain easier for Europe to understand. Can they do so, or will they guard the ways they share with Africa? Ford, who knew Spain better than any of us, declared that Spain is both unchanged and unchangeable.

If so, the Englishman's task is to adapt himself and enjoy her strangeness, her frankness, her strong flavours of individuality, her sense of the dignity of human nature, her indifference to comfort, her exchange of perseverance and thoroughness for bursts of convulsive energy; for even though the old political intrigue is much diminished, and perhaps for that very reason, the Spaniard has not lost his enjoyment of the sense of being himself. For the present he is tired of faction, tired of war, and though much impoverished may recover for the reason that, for the present, Spain can make a united effort under a leader whom, not without reason, she enthusiastically accepts.

So, for the Englishman to succeed in Spain, the only way is *not* to look back at that republic which haunts the Spaniard's memory with an impression like that of the burning cities of Sodom and Gomorrha. The secret of its difficulties was, of course, the link with Russia. The name of Russia is not loved. It is regarded as being responsible for the loss of hundreds of thousands of Spanish lives, of hundreds of millions of capital. Any toleration of Russia seems therefore like betrayal. The English will need to go on their own line. The British Council will set to work and will endeavour to make up for the time lost, and meanwhile every Englishman who can show friendship with Spain is doing constructive work, and insuring his country against the menace which the idea of war still continues to exert, and must exert till Franco is able to point out the definite facts of the situation which already ensure his neutrality—and therefore urge Italy also to be equally wary.

We have therefore certain solid encouragements in viewing the Spanish situation. Spain was not in the September crisis, is not now, and cannot be without huge changes an extension of an aggressive Axis. Since this is so, Italy's own possibilities of aggression are very much diminished.

Therefore, we have every reason to go forward in placing Spain in a solid position, solid that is, not only in being at peace with herself, but solid in her normal relations of cordial intercourse with France and England. She has, it is true, abandoned parliamentary government, but so have Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and, not least important, Portugal. If it does not render them obnoxious to us, why

Should there be any difficulty about Spain? The Axis does not and cannot exercise a military control over her: and where it is a question of sympathy, we must set patiently and practically to work. The Spaniards assess deeds. They began to be cordial to our naval officers only when we rescued their men from the sunken cruiser *Baleares*: they have already responded to the gifts of food and transport which they owe to the Foreign Office. They will, no doubt, appreciate in time the efforts of the Red Cross with the Refugees. When the time comes, they will again welcome the British tourist in those hotels which after 1925, like their roads, made such a wonderful advance. They will appreciate the capacity of Britain and France to absorb the products of their mines; and meanwhile the plain Britisher, as he begins the day on marmalade, rounds it out on sherry, and eats a spring tomato, may add to his relish of them by realizing that he is taking part in an international act without which Franco could never have carried on and which still holds him fast to that cause of peace for which we need advisedly to work. The way to win Spain for our friendship is to trust her.

THE CHANCES OF THE MONARCHY IN SPAIN

BY MANUEL CHAVES NOGALES

IT is clear that, now the Republic has been overthrown, the only opposition which can be offered to the totalitarian State represented by Franco—a State which is the vassal of Germany and Italy—must be a national institution; the Spanish monarchy. But what, at this moment, are the chances of the monarchy in Spain?

The Phalangists, who are the core of the new *régime*, consider the Spanish monarchy as an institution which has accomplished its historical mission. The young Primo de Rivera held that it was an institution which had definitely reached extinction. In the eyes of the Phalangist the monarchist belongs to what they call in totalitarian countries the “residual fauna”. Indeed, the monarchists who docilely linked themselves with Franco’s movement have shown for the Phalangists much the same humility and submissiveness as, in the opposite camp, the liberal Republicans observed towards the Communists. And therefore to suppose to-day that it is the monarchists who have triumphed is rather puerile. A balanced consideration of the surviving monarchist forces will quickly convince one of the contrary.

The monarchy collapsed in 1931 because the support of the Army, the only one which it possessed, was suddenly withdrawn. To be more exact, it was betrayed by two military leaders, on whom it had showered favours; Franco and Sanjurjo. From that moment there was not a single soldier capable of drawing his sword to defend the monarchy. That collapse, following immediately on the defection of the Army, was quite logical; the only genuinely monarchist force in Spain was the “traditionalist” movement, or the “*requetés*” of Navarre, unyielding opponents of the liberal Alphonsine monarchy, which had beaten them in the civil wars of the nineteenth century.

The Spanish monarchy, without the support of the military, and faced with the hostility of the Carlists and the disaffection of the liberals from the time of Primo de Rivera's Dictatorship, was bound to succumb without offering any resistance. Even to-day even after the terrible experience of this civil war, not one of these three elements—liberals, traditionalists, the Army—would lend itself to the restoration of that monarchy and that monarch. To a Spaniard, whatever his political outlook, the idea of re-establishing Alphonso XIII on the throne is simply grotesque.

Even at the time of the proclamation of the Republic the monarchists were practically non-existent. The socially conservative classes did not concern themselves with the question of the form of government and were willing to adapt themselves to the new *régime*; even the Catholics, under the direction of the Company of Jesus and Catholic Action, decided to collaborate with the Republic, in the hope of gaining control of it, and converting it into a clerical and reactionary republic.

The revolutionary propaganda of the Communist Party, which pressed insupportably on the young Republic, served as a pretext for the first attempts at reaction which, with General Sanjurjo's rising in Seville, took place under the sign of the Republic and under the Republican flag. In the life-and-death struggle which was carried on between revolution and reaction the question of the monarchy was not even introduced.

The Alphonsine monarchists, consisting of a few dozen aristocrats, recently ennobled for the most part, personal friends or close servants of the dethroned King, united in the small nucleus of *Renovación española*, whose only real strength lay in a great organ of public opinion, the newspaper "ABC" which was the property of the brilliant Marquis de Luca de Tena. This tiny group could count on no solid base in Spanish opinion, and its activities would have remained valueless if it had not sacrificed its Alphonsinism to seek a little chance of life among the only popular monarchist forces existing in Spain; that is, the traditionalists, the ancient Carlists or famous *requetés*. And so there came into being the group of T.Y.R.E. (Traditionalists and Spanish Renewal) whose leader in Parliament was Señor Calvo Sotelo.

In spite of this, the monarchists continued to play an insignificant part in Spain's political tragedy. The Confederation of Autonomous Rights (C.E.D.A.), led by Gil Robles, was the real reactionary power fighting against the revolutionary tendencies of the Republic. The monarchists, Alphonsists or Carlists, grouped together or separated, were only supernumeraries.

When, in 1936, the Spanish generals rose in rebellion their only aim was to gain control of the Republic in order to govern with it. The failure of their *coup d'état* led the military to ask help of international Fascism to begin and carry on the civil war. From the hands of Spanish Phalangism they fell first into the clutches of Italian Fascism and next into those of German Nazism. On the other hand, they never believed either in monarchism or in the monarchists, whom they systematically kept from positions of control, merely taking their money, their flag and their hymn, in order to dissimulate the unnational tendency which the military movement was bound to acquire. In Franco's Spain, to be a monarchist meant to be a suspect. The Marquis de Luca de Tena, most fervent of the Alphonsists, was forced to hand over the political editorship of his paper to a young Phalangist; Señor Quinones de Leon, in Paris, and the Duke of Alba in London were allowed to carry out their duties abroad only under the strict surveillance of trusted Phalange supporters, and were continually in danger, even now, of finding themselves disowned.

Nevertheless, in the course of the war one undeniable fact has been made clear. The only Spanish troops on which Franco can count are those of the traditionalists; the *requetés* of Navarre. Apart from the Moors, the foreign legionaries, the Italian divisions and the German technicians, the only ones who have fought well have been the *requetés*, battling bravely "for God, country and King". As the *requetés* have fought much better than the Phalangists (who are good at repression behind the lines, but not so good when it comes to front-line warfare), General Franco was not able to keep them out of the government of the State, as with the Alphonsists; so the attempt was made to strip them of their monarchist character by forcing them to mix with Phalange to form one Party, to which political power was to be attributed in

the totalitarian State, under the title of "Traditionalist Spanish Phalange".

As a result of this crude manoeuvre the only genuinely monarchist power in Spain is distorted and inescapably chained to the adventure of Fascism. In order to incorporate the traditionalist monarchists into Fascism, Franco employs a specious expedient which consists in identifying the anti-liberal, anti-democratic and anti-parliamentary absolutism of the old monarchy with the totalitarian State. But it is not possible to compose a lasting agreement between Traditionalism, the anachronistic survival of Imperial Spain, and Phalange, the imported revolutionary product. Brought together by the war, these two utterly discrepant elements will remain united only while the war lasts. The only thing they have in common is, on the international plane, their hatred of the Western Powers; of France and even more concretely of England.

What then is this monarchy which, so it is hoped, will safely solve the international problem raised by the Spanish civil war? The monarchy sought by the "traditionalists"? Those who suppose this are making a grave mistake. A traditionalist monarchy in Spain would have no mission but that of leading the Spaniards against the Western Powers, at whose expense its supporters dream of reviving that Spanish Empire of the sixteenth century of which General Franco speaks.

There is no other restoration possible. The Alphonsists who are partisans of a liberal, constitutional, and parliamentary monarchy, do not count; they scarcely exist. They were some few dozens aristocratic and landowning families which the civil war has ruined, and to-day they have either to evolve or perish. Some of them have become Phalangists, others traditionalists; the rest will gradually take refuge in Paris or London and conspire against the totalitarian State in company with the Republicans.

At the present moment they continue to give warm support to Franco because they believe in the possibility of success of that dynastic mystification which they have so carefully prepared and by which Don Juan, son of Alphonso XIII, might mount the throne, not as his father's legitimate heir and continuing of his line, but as the prince of the "traditionalists", the only monarchists with whom Franco must reckon, because it is they

who have won the war for him. Without the *requetés* Franco would have had foreign soldiers only to fight his battles.

The heir of the Carlist branch, Don Alfonso-Carlos, having died without issue, they claim that the traditionalist succession comes back to the Alphonsine branch in the person of the Infante Don Juan; otherwise the legitimate heir would have to be sought by going back to the Bourbon founder, in which case the throne would probably go to a prince of the house of Bourbon-Parma. This mystification of passing off a son of Alphonso XIII as a Carlist prince is the only hope of those who work for a monarchist restoration in Spain.

In other words, in order to make possible this restoration, which the rulers of Britain and certain among the rulers of France dream of, it would be necessary first for the traditionalists to gain control of the Phalangists, rendering abortive the national syndicalist revolution, shaking off the tutelage of Italy and overthrowing Franco; and secondly for the Infante Don Juan, the traditionalists' candidate, to betray them and convert the anti-liberal, anti-parliamentary, absolutist monarchy, imperialist and Germanophile, for which the *requetés* have fought, into a liberal monarchy, evolving, as did the Alphonsine monarchy, in the orbit of the western Powers. Such an operation involves nothing less than snatching the victory from the two sectors of Spanish opinion which have won the war, Phalangists and Traditionalists, and bestowing the fruits of it on the little group of Alphonsists who have never succeeded in making themselves felt in the struggle and have only managed to have their old mistakes forgiven by dint of submissions and financial sacrifices.

We must not deceive ourselves. A monarchy such as the English conceive for Spain would only be possible there if England were able and willing to create it and to impose it by the methods which Germany and Italy have employed to create and impose the totalitarian State.

As for the real will of the Spaniards themselves, everything which we may say on that count is, at this moment, perfectly superfluous.

The confidence which Europe shows that the new Spain can get rid of the present mortgage on her independence is flattering

for the Spaniards, but it is very likely excessive in so far as concerns Spain's feeling for national independence. No one with the slightest knowledge of history should forget that, from the time of Viriatus until El Empecinado, that feeling was the exclusive possession of the popular classes and never of the aristocracy which has never succeeded in freeing itself from foreign bondage and has never scrupled, whenever it has thought necessary, to bargain away the country.

The legend of the Spaniards' proud independence has no foundation in history other than the unconquerable fidelity which a people, in open and perpetual revolt against the leaders of the State who have invariably betrayed it, has shown for the national substance. In Spain the heroes of national independence were always *guerilleros*, fighting in scattered warfare; "Reds", as we should call them. Once the Reds are conquered and humiliated, it is unwise to believe too much in the independence of Spain.

THE FRENCHMAN'S MILITARY SERVICE

By D. R. GILLIE

"EVERY Frenchman owes military service," states the law of 1905 "It is equal for all".

It has not always been so. The modern term "universal military service" has replaced that of "conscription" which stood for the right of the State to raise such men as were required with very little regard for a just distribution of the burden. The idea of universal service is usually traced back to the *levée en masse* of February 1793. But France faced Germany in 1870 with what was essentially a professional army, the result of fifty-five years during which she had waged only colonial wars, or wars of limited objective and effort. The Government had only enrolled a fraction (chosen by lot) of each year's contingent of potential recruits. These men served from six to eight years—and by the end of their service were so cut off from civilian life that they often re-enlisted for a further period in the hope of a pension. The great majority of the recruits came from the villages; the bourgeois could always secure exemption. The majority of the nation was thus spared hardship, while an entirely unjust measure fell upon the minority. During this half century the democratic character of the officer's corps of the Napoleonic era was lost. This army was almost as much an instrument for putting down the government's enemies at home as for protecting the country's frontiers or for conquest overseas.

One of the first acts of the French Government after peace was restored, was to introduce by the law of 1872 universal military service for all but priests and schoolmasters. The full period was five years, but this was only served by about half the contingent. Men with university degrees only served one year. Others were released after six months if they drew a "lucky number". This very unjust system was gradually modified

in practice so that the time served was rarely more than 40 months. In 1889 the maximum time of service was reduced to three years but one third of the contingent was still privileged by release after one year. Priests were now included. It was the law of 1905 which reduced the service to two years and made it equal for all. The period was raised again to three years for all in 1913. It was reduced after the war to two years, and in 1928 to one. Then in 1935 it was decided to make use of a clause in the existing act in order to keep the recruits with the colours for a second year to make up for the low birth-rate of the years 1915-1919.

During the reorganization of the army after 1870, the most intelligent officers were drawn into the new staff college,—since it was in staff work that the French Army had most obviously lagged behind the Prussian. The outlook of the regimental officer who had to handle the new types of recruit was naturally shaped to a great degree by the traditions of the old army, in which the recruit was often illiterate and was turned into a disciplined automaton, looking forward fatalistically to years of military service. An educated recruit was a very different problem. There were bitter, sometimes unjust, complaints in the press about treatment in barracks, and a literature of ridicule and satire grew up, directed against the officer class. The future Marshal Lyautey in an anonymous article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* of March 15th, 1891, on "The Social Rôle of the Officer in Universal Military Service" mentions a class of cavalry officers for whom it was good form to boast that they knew all their horses individually but not their men. This clash between the Republic and the army, a clash between two political traditions, was long drawn-out and costly. After the victory of the Dreyfusards, it led to a period at the beginning of this century during which the military budget was cut disastrously low and recruitment of officers and N.C.O.'s was for a short period almost halved.

But the conflict was not only costly, it was eminently fruitful both for the Republic and for the Army. The old aristocratic caste of officers with their fine traditions, and their limitations, were being replaced or supplemented by a new type, for the enlarged citizen army required a much bigger *cadre* than the

old long-service force. Competition to enter the military schools was keen and their intellectual level was kept high. Since officers could no longer look forward to constant short wars to lend interest to their careers, their attention was concentrated more and more on their function as educators, and it was soon realized by the best amongst them that a citizen army could not be created by technical military education alone.

Lyautey's article, already referred to, represents a change of outlook complementary to the conflict which raged around the Dreyfus case and historically no less important. Lyautey urged that unless the period of military service was also one of moral and civic education, it was likely to be one of demoralization at a most impressionable age. He appealed to officers not simply to react in anger against criticism and attacks, but to consider whether there was not some degree of justification for them. Finally he pointed out that the rôle of "social educator" which he expounded greatly enhanced the interest of the military vocation. His conception as a doctrine, was at the time novel and startling, though the practice of many officers already conformed to it. It is now a commonplace of French military ethics and reflected in the general instructions of the *Manuel du Gradé de l'Infanterie*.

An intelligent and humanly considerate treatment of conscripts is enforced to-day not only by the pressure of democratic public opinion and the rising standard of education amongst the men, but also by the quantitative limitation of French man-power. It is to no one's interest that a recruit should be a square peg in a round hole. A modern army requires the greatest diversity of services and an equal diversity of aptitudes.

Today every young Frenchman is required to present himself before the local *Conseil de Révision* for medical inspection at the age of 19. He is then judged either (a) *bon pour le service armé*, (b) *bon pour le service auxiliaire* (i.e. non-combatant), (c) exempted from service as unfit or (d) in case of military physical weakness which is likely to be passing, ordered to present himself again for re-examination next year. Normally he will join the army in the April or October after his twentieth birthday, but he can ask for successive postponements up to the age of twenty-five for any reasonable motive, i.e., in order to complete

his studies ; because he is engaged in some undertaking which it would be prejudicial to him to interrupt ; because he is supporting his family ; or because his brother has not yet finished his term of military service.

The moment of setting out for military service is both the first occasion on which a young Frenchman feels himself somebody, and on which he has left his family circle. It carries with it something of the tremors of an English boy leaving for boarding school. The Frenchman, however, is not 13 but 20. In the villages and small towns he often marches to the railway station behind a flag with the town band playing or the fire brigade doing its best to give the occasion a festive air. In the towns there may be press photographers at the railway station.

He arrives at the barracks with a small suitcase, and is immediately provided with a uniform (he may have had one made to measure before he set out), underclothes (he can wear his own if he wishes) and a box for his personal possessions. His military effects and this box form his *paquetage* which is stacked in an exactly prescribed fashion above his bed in the *chambrée*. The *chambrée* or military dormitory is a large airy but barnlike room with about twenty beds in charge of a corporal, who is himself a conscript in his second year of service. In every *chambrée* new arrivals are mixed with those who have already six months, a year or eighteen months service to their credit. The furnishing consists of the beds, the shelves and hooks above them, and usually a table with a bench or two in the middle of the room. A curtain extending about half the length of the bed can be drawn at night ; it is intended to prevent respiratory infection. The men eat in a refectory and have a canteen, as well as, in most barracks a *foyer du soldat* or club-room with a small lending library, billiard and table-tennis tables, etc. The *foyer* is presided over by a firm but maternal woman who addresses all soldiers as "*mon petit*".

The decoration of the interior of a barracks depends upon the degree of artistic talent available when the time comes for a repaint every three or four years. Mere whitewash is unusual. Commonplace stencil patterns of flower wreaths are often to be met with, but also quite ambitious frescoes on occasion and sometimes a decorative scheme which indicates wit and talent.

Playing cards were taken as a motive in a barracks near Paris, each suit representing one of the four companies lodged there.

The day starts at five or six in the morning according to the season and the situation of the barracks. Middle-day dinner is at 11.30, and the men are free till two, but not allowed to leave the barracks. Work is over for the day at 5 or 5.30 p.m. Those who are not on guard duty can then leave the barracks till 9 p.m. when there is roll call in the *chambrée*. Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday are free. Each soldier has 17 days leave a year but none in the first six months of his service.

His days are mostly passed in the open, and early rising makes the early "lights out" a necessity rather than a hardship. Each regiment is allotted for food a sum of money proportionate to the number of soldiers present. The quality of the meals depends a great deal on the intelligence with which this money is spent by the officer in charge. Exceptionally bad management would sooner or later bring complaints through a deputy to the Ministry of War. Frenchmen are nearly all interested in the problem of food, and the meals are therefore probably in most barracks at least as interesting as those served in many English homes, though inevitably simple. Each soldier receives a quarter litre of red wine with his dinner and with his supper. The majority of recruits put on weight during the first year of their service. Married recruits have a right to be garrisoned in their home towns and are allowed out of barracks two nights a week.

The problems of life in barracks are similar to those of life in boarding-schools—with allowance for the difference of age, and for the greater contrast in personal habits between men of every grade of social environment. There are, of course, some *brimades*, i.e., ragging or bullying, in spite of official condemnation and an officer, who learns of it, has to remember like a schoolmaster, that his intervention may make it worse for the victim. The extent of this evil it is impossible to estimate, and it is probably very spasmodic. In view of the greater maturity of both ragger and ragged it is less likely to be serious than in some English schools. There is more escape than for the schoolboy. A man serving as a private has at least his free time in the evening and his Sundays. A certain number of young

men are obviously quite unadapted to military requirements, but there are always a number of clerical jobs which must be filled. Practically all those who pass through the universities or an equivalent technical institute, obtain before doing their service a certificate of "military preparation" after a two-year course similar to O.T.C. training. Armed with this they do their service as *élève-officers* and become reserve officers. Their *chambrée* will be somewhat smaller than that of the ordinary conscript, and their comrades all of approximately the same social habits as themselves. They are, however, subjected during the first part of their training to a more restrictive discipline.

Those who choose the career of regular officer are subjected to the severest discipline of all. The cadets of Saint Cyr (equivalent to Sandhurst) sleep in a *chambrée* three or four times the size of those of the ordinary soldier and have the same restricted space for the *paquetage* above their beds. The cadets of the Polytechnique (the equivalent of Woolwich) have dormitories for eight or ten and studies for the same number. This does not prevent the Polytechnique from having an intellectual prestige equal to that of any other institution of higher education in France. A *polytechnicien* has to face in life the odium of being presumed a "high-brow", but if he leaves the army he starts civil life with an initial advantage which sets him well ahead of those who have passed through the *Ecole Centrale* (the civil engineering school).

Few Frenchmen are displeased when their term of military service is over. But very few would wish to have avoided it. (There is no party in France which demands the abolition of the general obligation; there are, of course, the 100% Quaker pacifists, but they are only a small sect). For most it offers the first taste of manhood, the first wide experience of men and things, the first emancipation from home life. Those who go to military service from the university are compelled in their contacts with comrades of very different training and origin to reconsider their ideas in terms of a severe test of human experience. These contacts are sometimes as stimulating as the years at a university.

On the whole one may say that military service has provided the Republic with a standard of civic solidarity and non-partisan

discipline, without which the *régime* might well have foundered. However bitter party feuds may be, Frenchmen are fundamentally conscious of the equalitarian comradeship of the service to which they may all be called back until they have passed their forty-ninth year. It is a common burden to be carried in a common loyalty. Above all, universal service has taken the army right out of politics.

The officers are well aware that they have a job to do, in which they would only be hampered, if the public suspected them of political ambition. They are too busy to have energy to spare for non-professional purposes. The political influence of the army to-day is simply the general staff's report to the Minister of War of what is in their view militarily essential. It is not another Boulanger that the Republic fears. Conscripts cannot be usefully employed for police duties such as Alfred de Vigny complained of 100 years ago. Attempts to do so have usually been very bad for discipline. It is for this reason that a body of militarily trained police 20,000 strong, the Gardes Mobiles, has been created to deal with rioters—not a large enough body to threaten constitutional government.

If, at any future date, the civil liberties of France should be threatened by the army it is unlikely to be through the political ambitions of her officers. It will be either because the civilian politician has failed hopelessly, or because modern warfare has become so totalitarian that it leaves no hole or corner in which civilian life can find a refuge—a state of affairs which would be regretted by no one in France more than by her professional soldiers.

CORSICAN FIBRE

BY MICHAEL LANGLEY

THE Frenchman of tidy habits is inclined to regard Corsica as a rather wild spot, lacking the extravagant attractions of the Côte d'Azur but providing a superb show of mountain and forest scenery and, for those equipped *pour la chasse*, plenty of chances to fish and shoot. But he has no special yearning to stalk mouflon or to lie in wait for partridge, snipe and duck. Nor is he keen about fishing. The Shropshire clergyman who crossed with me from Marseilles to Ile Rousse, descending later at Corte where the Tavignano and Restonica rivers meet, ought, he would say, to be the better hand with a rod. The Frenchman would leave the fishing, sketching and walking to the English, for he does not hanker to explore this maquis-covered patch beyond the Riviera's ornamental terrace. Yet the island is dear to him. He would relax *en famille* at one of the hotels in Ajaccio or Calvi; in conversation with Corsicans he would scorn all stories of bandits but dwell with relish on the high tempers that run here at election times; he would toy with the idea of doing the four-day Tour de la Corse, tot up his francs and decide that it would mean going back by boat instead of making the hop from Ajaccio to Marseilles with the Air France Paris-Tunis service; at sundown he would buy his drinks and smoke cigarettes at less than half their price on the mainland while watching Ajacciens stroll in the Cours Napoléon and Place du Diamant; almost certainly he would visit the house where Napoléon was born. And still he might not know why the island was dear to him.

It is so because it is an inseparable part of France. The affection of the Corsican of this Southernmost *département* for his compatriots north springs from his high valuation of freedom and independence. For the rights that freedom and independence carry are honoured among democracies, and in this one hundred

and fiftieth year of the Republic it heartens the Frenchman to feel that the Corsican and himself have a common bond. No national pretensions await the disillusioning blows of war. The Napoleonic tradition has ripened into a resolute spirit of defence. Home and the family and lifelong associations nourish the fibre of the defenders of democracy. And by reason of mountainous surroundings, the Corsican's home is his castle, much more so than the Englishman's flat. The defence of that castle has necessarily received close attention of late.

Corsica is little needed to-day as a shelter for ships running between North Africa and the South of France. Its value as a source of timber is not so great as in sailing vessel days. But the harbours of Calvi, Bastia, St. Florent, and Ajaccio in particular, make splendid seaplane bases, open in peace to civil aviation and in an emergency capable of protection by land batteries, anti-aircraft units and machines from an aerodrome under construction at Folleli-Orezza twenty miles south of Bastia on the east coast. When visiting Corsica last January, M. Daladier gave the assurance that "we are strong enough to defend you and guarantee your security". Had there not at the time been an anti-French outburst in Italy, extending even to the cry of "We want Corsica", such a statement could not have been necessary. Military and naval authorities embrace Corsica in the southern region of France. They regard Bonifacio as a most salient point, and the events of recent months have shown that the situation was well understood when plans were made three years ago for new strategic roads and the reconstruction of fortifications in and around Bonifacio, which town confronts Sardinia to the south.

Such precautions have never gone beyond a minimum consistent with the island's safety. But they have undoubtedly caused concern in an Italy infected by the geo-politic considerations and thoroughgoing strategy of German friends. The Italian now sees Corsica as a possibly hostile base athwart the Barcelona-Minorca route to Genoa, Leghorn, Spezia and Italy's industrial north. A government of uneasy conscience frets at the thought of aircraft concentrated in an island so close to the Italian coast. There is no doubt that in a general conflict in the Mediterranean Corsica would be regarded by Italy as a prize for which she would

pay dearly in aircraft, warships and landing parties, or equally probably seek to secure as a return for holding her hand, say over Marseilles, where the Italian population is large. In Corsica some 20,000 Italians have for years been happily settled and employed in agriculture, building and the local charcoal burning industry. That figure has dropped by roughly 1,200 since the Fascist Government offered its nationals who have been earning their bread on French territory one thousand lira and the promise of work if they return to Italy. The bulk of the 1,200 did not leave when two transports called at Bastia in March (carrying, it is widely believed, Count Ciano), but only after the invasion of Albania led the French military authorities to raise the land forces in Corsica to over 25,000, including Senegalese and North African troops.

This influx may have done something to deter a small minority of the Italians in Corsica from remaining, but it has given many the cue to enlist. Italians in Corsica were joining the French army at the rate of a hundred a week during April. With the Corsican they are pledged to France never to yield to predatory nationalism. France alone among Roman, Moorish, Pisan and Genoese has given the Corsican the freedom he demands, and he lavishes gratitude. 40,000 Corsicans fell in the Great War and for years afterwards the black worn by most of the island's population, then a quarter of a million, was contrasted with the happier appearance of the Sardinians. It would not be in the Corsican nature to draw back if there was ever danger even of this figure being surpassed. The virile manhood which engaged in vendetta until a generation ago to-day finds scope in France and her Empire. Six per cent. of French army officers and twenty-two per cent. of *sous-officiers* are Corsicans. Twenty per cent. of the Colonial administrative posts and a host of situations in French commercial enterprise overseas are held by men of Corsican origin. It is estimated that there are 900,000 Corsicans in the world, and of these an undisputed figure of 322,000 live in Corsica.

This population is curiously dispersed, the most densely populated areas outside Ajaccio (37,000) and Bastia (50,000) being found in the hills at about 2,000 feet. Long stretches of littoral, especially the malarial coast line facing Italy, have

been deserted in the past for the healthier uplands. Up there the cultivation of the chestnut for its extract, exported for use in tanning leather, is intense. This is perhaps the most valuable of Corsica's exports, which include cheese, wine, fruit, draught animals and hides, a total value in the last returns of 68 million francs. That is poor for a *département* of 8,721 square kilometres, ranking sixth in size in France. Against imports it leaves a deficit of 193 million francs and the impression that Corsica must be doing fairly well out of tourists. In normal times she does. The English colony of four or five hundred who used to winter in Ajaccio before the war is reduced to a few autumn leaves. But the influx of visitors, French and foreign, making the crossing on the Fraissinet boats from Marseilles and Nice, numbers 40,000 a year. Human curiosity, the Napoleonic connexion, the glamour of bandits and scent of the maquis are worth more to Corsica than the produce of her soil. The globe artichokes which recur on the hotel table come from plots that are not easily cultivated, hillside terraces rising step by step from the roads that wind steeply into the interior. And from the train that climbs laboriously into these mountains, screaming at mules and calves which wander onto the single track and stopping to get up steam on the steepest gradients, you can see at its best the maquis. Heather, broom, cistus, gorse, myrtle, lavender, wild olive and rosemary encroach on the railway embankment. And the figure which breaks through this luxuriant scrub is of a Corsican peasant. He is wearing a black hat and the loose fitting corduroy coat and trousers are black, the trousers held at the waist by a scarlet sash. And as the train creeps by there is a good-natured smile for French friends from the Corsican of untidy habit.

THE STATE OF DENMARK

BY TYGE LASSEN

ONE does not like to think of one's country—after several thousand years of mainly quiet progression—as an international “problem”. The vast difference between having a problem to be solved, or *being* one, is forcefully brought home by an invitation to write on the state of Denmark from the Editor of a periodical, which deals chiefly with the current affairs of a hectic Europe. Nevertheless, I would assure my readers that, *pace* William Shakespeare, nothing is rotten in the state of Denmark to-day—or at least no more than in any other country.

Unless interfered with from without, Denmark is not likely to present an international “problem”, but the Danes do have some problems of their own, needing treatment—and also some which, being inherent in the country's political geography, cannot be remedied. The first category includes mainly economic problems, while those in the second are chiefly of a strategic order. The two types overlap, however, to such an extent that they cannot be disentangled for piecemeal presentation. Hence the separate outlines will have to emerge gradually from the general chaos of condensed description.

When the rocks of Norway and Sweden emerged after the later glacial periods of prehistoric times, peninsular Jutland and the hundreds of isles later to be known collectively as Denmark came into being as low banks of moraine sands and diluvial clay, settled on top of mostly deep-lying foundations of lime and chalk. The uppermost of these geological formations to-day serve the needs of Denmark's only “natural” industry: the making of cement. Apart from this the nation's income from international trade and barter is derived partly from industrial activities based on the fabrication of *imported* raw materials into highly specialized goods, but mostly from the selling of

agricultural produce, for the production of which Denmark is eminently suited.

As Newcastle and points west and north know, Denmark commands mechanical power neither from rivers nor from coal or oil and must therefore import the two last-mentioned commodities for our many dairies and our relatively few factories. In exchange for coal and oil we supply the United Kingdom and other countries with butter, bacon and eggs, etc. Thus prescribed for by Mother Nature, Denmark always was, and always must remain, a chiefly agricultural country. The statisticians tell us that (roughly) 75 per cent. of Danish exports are agricultural, only the remaining 25 per cent. industrial. But the national income has for several decades been supplemented by secondary activities. In proportion to their small number of less than 4 million people the Danes take a very active part in world trade; they run a few plantations in the far East; they are engaged in shipping (Denmark has a fair sized commercial fleet), and as contracting engineers—the new railway system of Iran, and many roads and bridges all over the world are built by Danes; also they own and work several telegraph lines in different parts of the world.

Politically the Danish Crown was vested with absolute powers in a largely feudal system until 1849, when the much beloved King Frederik VII granted unto his people a democratic parliamentary constitution, modelled on lines similar to that of England. The Conservative Party held the government until 1901, when the Liberals came into power, to be succeeded several years later by the Radical-Liberals, a minority party which held the Cabinet from before the Great War, supported by the Socialist members in both Houses, and until 1920. For two periods after that year the Liberals were in power again—with Conservative support—but from 1929 to the present day, the Socialists *plus* the Radical-Liberals have been vested with the Government, the latter party holding 3 seats in the Cabinet, including that of the Foreign Secretary (Dr. Peter Munch, who was also Foreign Secretary during the War).

For several decades the Governments of Denmark have only been able to exist by a coalition of two parties; this is mainly due to changes—personally I should hardly call them

amendments—in the constitution in 1915, resulting in the majority-principle of the general parliamentary elections being supplemented by the so-called “relative voting” which provides the various political parties with supplementary seats, even when they cannot command the absolute majority of votes in a corresponding number of constituencies. This alteration aimed at a sort of “mathematical justice” in the parliamentary representation of political minorities; but this idea is hardly in keeping with the democratic principle of vesting the power in the majority-party. And the result, inevitably, was to make it well-nigh impossible for any single party to obtain sufficient parliamentary seats to govern the country without support from some satellite party.

The fault of this system, only in a still more pronounced form, was very much in evidence in Germany under the Weimar Constitution, as it is also in France to-day. In such circumstances no one political party ever gets a chance to try out the actual working of its basic ideas, because its secondary supporters in the satellite party always demand some influence for their dissenting views. Hence much bewilderment amongst the voting public at general elections.

This system also favours the creation of too many small political parties; Denmark at present has at least a dozen—to represent the views of less than four million people! And these circumstances furnish the key to some of the most important political problems. Our Socialists are strongly protectionist in matters of foreign trade, and their Radical-Liberal supporters have been forced to abolish—temporarily they say—their own free-trade ideals in order to retain their three seats in the protectionist Government, headed by a Socialist Prime Minister. To keep in a horizontal position the political scales of “mathematical justice” the Radical-Liberal Party, on the other hand, have up to now imposed their anti-militaristic views to such an extent that Danish armaments are smaller and less effective than those of our Scandinavian sister-countries. In Sweden, the Socialist Prime Minister has armed his country heavily, regardless of the primarily anti-militaristic ideals of his party, because he wisely deems the special and abnormal conditions of Europe to necessitate special measures of

precaution. And, I believe, his Danish colleague would like to follow suit, if the Radical-Liberal supporters of his Government did not prevent him from doing so.

In fairness it must be stated, though, that there is an increasing tendency towards the necessity for increased armaments even in Denmark, and a few preliminary steps in this direction have already been taken. The small but politically influential party of anti-militarists present their case in terms of ‘What is the good of spending millions on armaments, when Denmark will never be able, try as she might, to stage any effective resistance against an all-powerful potential aggressor? And the very existence of too many guns might even jeopardize our position by furnishing the excuse of a “menace” to be subdued by aggression from outside our frontiers. During the Great War 1914—1918, we kept outside the conflicts by being too harmless to be worth interfering with’.

On the other hand, an increasing number of Danes argue quite the contrary: ‘Even though Denmark might never be able to resist, unaided, a powerful aggressor, it is not likely that we should be singled out for any isolated attack. Our danger lies in becoming a pawn in some bigger game of war, and in that case even a comparatively small Danish army and fleet, created by our utmost efforts, might prove sufficient to make Denmark a none too tempting prey. Also we cannot expect any benevolent power to come to our aid, if the need should arise, unless we have given proof of our will and ability to share in our own defence’.

Which of the two views will eventually win the day remains to be seen, but the supporters of the latter seem to be steadily increasing. Closely linked with this major problem of Danish policy is the fact that a steady stream of totalitarian propaganda has for several years been directed against Danish shores. The results of this are somewhat difficult to gauge, as they have to be judged on the basis of data that seem inconsistent with one another. At the recent parliamentary elections the Communists as well as the Nazis registered an increase at the polling, but the former won no more than their previous 2 seats, while the Nazis gained 3 (out of a Lower-House total of 149) where they had hitherto held none. But at the same time the *Danish* votes

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in the frontier-districts of Slesvig (Southern Jutland) showed a notable increase, so that the Nazi advance may perhaps be ascribed to the inevitable results of the above-mentioned polling-system, which favours the formation of new political parties. The fact that other fractions, not subsidized from abroad, also increased their numbers, make this explanation likely. An indicator in the same direction is the mental attitude of the Danish people which is deeply alien to all totalitarian views. The mind of Hamlet was neither that of a serf, nor of a dictator.

On the other hand, one should not underestimate the importance of the lively trade, which for many centuries has existed between Germany and Denmark, as a potential carrier-wave for political influence. The middle-classes of Denmark have many ideals of liberty, culture and sporting-spirit in common with the sons of Albion. English is taught in all secondary schools and in some primary ones, and English books are more widely read in Denmark than any other foreign literature; Danish games and sports are closely allied in spirit and practice to their British counterparts. But British insularity has only in recent times given way to a more intimate and inviting attitude towards "foreigners"; and the Anglophile Dane never used to get much of a chance to mix with the English people or initiate friendships with residents of the United Kingdom—especially because travelling in England is expensive, poorly organized, and even more poorly advertised. Whereas the Germans, before Hitler and even more now, always gave tourists a warm welcome; they are born good mixers—and as individuals often very friendly and charming, aggressive only when organized in groups. It is cheap to travel in Germany, everything is done for the comfort of visitors, and the German language presents fewer problems to Scandinavians than does the English. Despite the short period of its existence "The British Council" has already done very much indeed to strengthen old ties and create new ones between Great Britain and other countries of democratic and liberal ideals. And this is just as vital for the future destiny of these ideals as any re-armament; but the importance of the former efforts has not yet been realized to the same degree as that of the latter. The

available funds for British cultural work abroad are very far from being sufficient and should therefore be multiplied in relative proportion to expenditures on armaments, both for the sake of British influence and prestige abroad and in order to counterbalance other influences, which at present are brought to bear heavily, being backed by immeasurably larger sums, on the democratic countries. Special attention should be paid to the creation of better and cheaper travel facilities for continental and Scandinavian tourists who want to visit the United Kingdom. Group-visits, holiday-arrangements, special tours for the individual visitor at a fixed inclusive rate, etc., should be initiated on a grand scale. I mention these matters purposely in connection with this article on the state of Denmark, because they are of just as vital importance to the future of the Scandinavian countries as to that of Great Britain. A good beginning has already been made through the English "Motoring Abroad Publications" and by several Scandinavian Youth-Organizations which have arranged special facilities for their members to spend a summer vacation in the United Kingdom; but all this is based on private enterprise which needs public recognition and extensive backing to develop sufficiently. And this thesis also applies to magazines and other publications—such as the ably conducted *Scandinavian Review*—which are published in London and abroad to minister to the mutual interests of the English and their continental friends; but the publishers serving such vital causes have so far been left to fight their battle single-handed.

Fortunately much more is being done in matters of trade. The old-fashioned British attitude of 'take our goods as we make them, or leave them unbought' is slowly giving way to a policy of better adaptation to the requirements and wishes of the purchasing public abroad, and sales have increased accordingly—especially in the case of Denmark. The vast difference in the size of population in Denmark, as compared with Great Britain, will always make it impossible for us to buy as much from England as she buys from us. But our efforts towards a better balance—from the British point of view—have already succeeded so far that to-day the Danes buy more *per capita* from England

than any other country outside the British Commonwealth of Nations.

This happy result was achieved despite the fact that Danish economics present some very knotty problems. Starting as it did with a slump in wheat-prices, the world economic crisis during the first years of the present decade inevitably struck agricultural Denmark with catastrophic force. For several years previously our trade-balance—in terms of economic values—was on the negative side, the deficit being counter-balanced by our income from shipping, transit trade, *etc.*; but these reserves also failed. So when England went off the gold-standard, Denmark had to follow suit. To keep the rate of exchange of our money at a fixed level of 22.40 kroner to the English Pound a special system of import licences (the so-called *Valuta-Central*) was introduced. It was initiated also with a view to increasing our exports by accepting imports mainly from the countries of our customers. The figures of unemployment in Denmark, unfortunately, ran rather high at that time, and our Socialist coalition Government, which is very much influenced by powerful trade unions, thought that the system of import licences might also be useful to create employment by the protection of home-industries. Several efforts were made along these lines, despite loud warnings from the opposition benches that curtailing of imports were certain to jeopardize our agricultural exports in these times of international barter. The passing years have borne out these warnings: agriculture has suffered, perhaps not so much in decreased volume of exports as because protectionism has maintained a high level of general commodities, except agricultural produce. Four-fifths of this latter has to be sold on unprotected markets abroad, so that many farmers were ruined, since their incomes decreased while their expenditure (wages, rates of interest, machinery, taxes, *etc.*) multiplied. And the measures of industrial protection, which might have proved sound in countries of more varied economic resources, failed dismally in Denmark where factories have to import everything. As those (roughly) 75 per cent. of the population, who have to rely directly or indirectly on agriculture for their incomes, became increasingly hard up, the

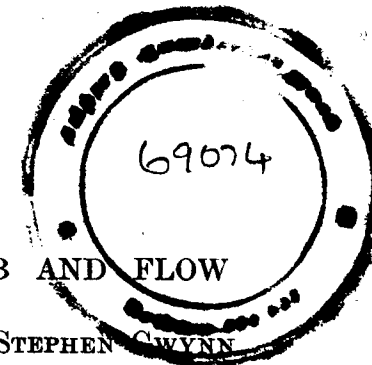
consumption of industrial products naturally suffered accordingly; while the trade unions by force of collective organization succeeded in keeping up the tariff of wages, unemployment soared to unprecedented figures, setting a new record in this year of grace in which we are celebrating the tenth anniversary of Socialist-trade union government.

As the United Kingdom cannot absorb the whole of our agricultural export, the surplus *must* be sold elsewhere, because interest has to be paid on the vast amount of capital sunk in the farms, dairies, agricultural machinery, *etc.*; so that it is impossible to cut down the rate of production. Also in this respect the protective system of import restrictions has proved fatal. Germany wants to buy the pigs which in waiting to be admitted to the English market have grown too fat to suit English tastes; but she cannot pay cash exclusively and demands German goods to be accepted in part-payment for Danish agricultural produce. This stimulates barter between the two countries and makes Denmark dependent to a certain degree on relations with the Germans, who are very capably working economic channels to carry political influence as well.

Thus the Danes to-day find themselves in a none too enviable position. Destined by the scantiness of natural resources and the lack of industrial power and raw materials to rely economically on barter, where only agricultural produce can be offered in exchange for nearly all other necessities, Denmark finds her political position as precarious as her economics. In normal times her position is fundamentally sound—but the present day is far from normal. Geographically placed next-door to dissatisfied neighbours of very determined views, she has to watch her steps very carefully; her foreign policy during the present century has necessarily been one of the strictest neutrality, making any kind of pact or agreement with outside Powers undesirable because it might involve her in some way or other in the eventual conflicts of the co-signatory Power. stands to reason, therefore, that the German demands at the beginning of May, 1939 for a bilateral non-aggression pact with Denmark kept lights shining all night from the windows of the Foreign Office in Copenhagen, and necessitated a conference in Stockholm between the Danish Foreign Secretary and his

colleagues from the other Scandinavian countries which had received similar demands.

This brings to the fore a point of vital importance to the future destiny of Denmark : inter-Scandinavian allegiance, not in the shape of definite military pacts but in the less tangible, yet very real and, in case of need, I hope, also effective form of active co-operation—founded upon similar feelings, which prompt members of the same family to assist one another when called upon. The relations between the Scandinavian countries are very happy indeed. Armed conflicts between these sister-nations are unthinkable and impossible, as Norway and Denmark proved a few years ago when they asked the International Court of Justice in the Hague to settle their divergent claims to certain districts in Greenland, and afterwards abided loyally by the decision. Each succeeding year of ever-gathering clouds on the horizon of Europe has brought home the necessity of increasing unity of purpose and loyalty of co-operation between the Scandinavian nations—each a mere handful of people, watching anxiously the development of European discord, yet by pooling their resources able to add considerably to the weight of their arguments when challenged.



EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN G. WYNN

HISTORY perhaps will decide that President Roosevelt's intervention in European affairs was epoch-making. To us, who are still very imperfectly informed, it seems to have averted the imminent likelihood of a blundering rush into war ; for a further and final surrender to Germany became impossible when the British Government gave its guarantee to Poland. Yet the manifest fact that neither Britain nor France could bring any immediate aid to the threatened country stood out so glaringly that there was strong temptation for Herr Hitler to attempt one more *fait accompli*. Movements of the German fleet towards the Western Mediterranean looked like a challenge, and were doubtless intended to terrorize the British democracy ; if this was bad psychology, that is not a new thing in German character ; and Great Britain's decisive action of adopting compulsory service had not yet been taken. Any hour, any day, might bring the irreparable ; and then President Roosevelt acted. He saw that the dictatorships held a priceless advantage in their swiftness of movement, and like them he acted swiftly. He saw that the dictators, men highly gifted with imagination, had fixed upon the air as the element specially adapted to speed. On a reckoning of force they had made themselves masters of the air. But the ether has other uses for the genius of inventive man. Hitler and Mussolini can to a great extent shut their frontiers against the written word ; they can lock up in their bureaux communications made through the channels of diplomacy. But they cannot as yet keep from public knowledge what is conveyed by vibrations through the air. President Roosevelt addressed the German and Italian nations through their official heads, and the message was in essence, ' Do you want war ? '

Such a challenge from the head of the most powerful State in the world was, he probably considered, certain to give pause even to the rashest; and he judged right. In the first place, it was found impossible to keep the text of his message from the German and Italian peoples; in the second, Herr Hitler, with whom the initiative lay, fixed a period of eleven days before he should reply. No man knows better than he how much even a pause of eleven days may be worth for those who are preparing to stem a rush; yet the pause was given because it had to be given. When the public answer came, one thing was clear; Herr Hitler could not assume before his people the responsibility of showing willingness to embark on war; and from day to day since President Roosevelt's message, war has grown less likely, and preparedness for defence has increased.

It should seem also that the message put heart into the British Government. Introduction of compulsory service followed, not done in the best way, but at least done swiftly, and coupled with the unexpected pledge to Rumania; coupled further with negotiations in Turkey, now happily completed, to extend the defensive front along the whole line of German's projected expansion. None the less, the key to the situation in Eastern Europe is Poland. Certainly Poland continues to be menaced and is not efficiently protected against most formidable damage. But the world knows, and the German people know, her determination and ability to offer a resistance which not even the Germany army can regard as other than serious, while Europe at large has welcomed the dignity and self-control with which Colonel Beck, in replying to Herr Hitler, stated her position. That statement has also made clear to all concerned what Germany means by her offer of pacts to the smaller countries which are her neighbours. Poland concluded such a pact of non-aggression. But when, after the German performances in Czecho-Slovakia, Poland thought it wise to accept a guarantee of aid from Great Britain should her vital interests be menaced, Germany at once denounced the pact which Poland had loyally observed. In short, the German offer of non-aggression to the Scandinavian and Baltic States must be taken to mean that each country which accepts it will be denied the right to seek or to give

**Poland—the
Key**

guarantees elsewhere. They would be in the position which England for a period imposed on the Boer Republic. And since Germany's intentions are singularly liable to alter—as indeed England's intentions have been on occasion—the security proposed is less tempting.

However, at the moment, one fact stands out. There has been resistance, and the stampede has been checked. Revived Poland owes a great debt to the European allies by whose aid she was restored to the fellowship of free nations. If the Great War had achieved nothing but that, it was an achievement worth much; and those in Europe who care for freedom and for international justice can see now with delight that Poland is nobly repaying her debt by a valiant determination to hold what was won back through blood and tears. Those who were proud of the part played in the Great War by the English-speaking race can be proud to see Great Britain commit her honour to a joint support with France of Poland's liberties, with which the liberties of all Europe, western as well as eastern, are inextricably bound up. But it is also good to recognize how swift and how skilful and how bold an assistance came, unlooked for, from the head of that great English-speaking people across the ocean, who are not England, and are not Europe, but begin to realize under his leadership that they also are part of European civilization, and cannot look on indifferent while it is degraded and destroyed.

Looking at the English scene, there is much that could be wished otherwise. This great and sudden reversal of policy for which Mr. Chamberlain's Government has made itself responsible, has, on a superficial view, not commanded that universal assent which was to be desired. Yet, in essence, agreement is there. No party, hardly even any fraction of any party, refuses to endorse the guarantees to Poland, Greece and Rumania; the only objection raised is that sufficient backing is not provided to make them effective. Mr. Chamberlain is blamed for not coming to immediate understanding with Russia; and he is the more readily blamed because great masses of the democracy distrust his leadership. That is not surprising, for these same groups of opinion hold him

**Eddies of
British
Politics**

and desires in all intercourse to keep the temperature down. When General Godley was in command of the Army of the Rhine he went to visit his friend General Haking, then High Commissioner at Danzig—a place where tempers were explosive. But whenever arguments became heated, the High Commissioner “always produced from the drawer of his table the latest mechanical toy, and proceeded to play with it. Curiosity and amusement on the part of the disputants did the rest”. In the same spirit—and with the same shrewdness—whenever the subject dealt with has bordered on controversy, General Godley slides off on to sport or entertainments. No subject is thrashed out. Nothing is said that could lead to dispute; yet he was in charge of the British Army on the Rhine when the French occupied the Ruhr. Fortunately he was on excellent terms with the French generals, and was one of the people who can always see two sides to the question. All his references to the first Labour Government are most friendly, and also to the deputations of Labour members anxious to inform themselves on the spot. In short, it is a very typical British soldier's book, for the British military tradition has a profound faith in good humour and good temper. Out of his immense experience, General Godley could have told us a great deal more, both about war and peace. But perhaps it is the best proof of his successful wisdom that he has kept so strict a bridle on his pen.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

DE GERMANIA

By WICKHAM STEED

GERMANY—HAMMER OR ANVIL?

By J. C. Johnstone. *Hutchinson*. 6d.

THE ECONOMIC RECOVERY OF GERMANY, by C. W. Guillebaud.

Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

GERMANY'S NEXT AIMS, by Oswald Dutch.

Arnold. 10s. 6d.

NAZISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY, by Mario Bendiscioli. Translated from the Italian by Gerald Griffin.

Skeffington & Son. 10s. 6d.

GERMANY RAMPANT. A Study in Economic Militarism. By Ernest Hambloch.

Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

The direct warrant for these five books is the threat of Hitlerite Germany to the civilized world. Behind it lies another warrant which Mr. A. L. Rowse recently defined when writing of Professor Edmond Vermeil's great work: “Doctrinaires de la Révolution Allemande” in words that deserve repetition:

The problem of Germany is the problem of Europe. There needs no apology for returning to it again and again, considering it now from this angle, now from that, since we have it with us always. If Germany involves Europe in another war, and is defeated, it will still be there. What are we to think of it?

What we think of it depends upon the range of our knowledge and experience. By “range” I mean length as well as

breadth and depth. If, in depth, none of these five books can bear comparison with Professor Vermeil's masterly analysis of German thought from 1918 to 1938, one of them—the smallest and cheapest of all—is of especial value by reason of its historical sweep and grasp upon essentials. This is the Hutchinson “Pocket” Special which Mr. J. C. Johnstone calls, in Bulow's phrase, “Germany—Hammer or Anvil?”

The publication of such a book at such a price at such a time as this is a national service. Could its appearance have been delayed a week or two, so as to have enabled its author to record the suppression of Czechoslovakia (on March 15) and the subsequent German acquisition of Memel, it would have been as nearly perfect as so compressed a work can be. I have found in it only one serious flaw—the suggestion that the so-called “war-guilt” clause of the Versailles Treaty “branded” the German nation with a “moral stigma”. Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty—the reparations clause which affirmed the responsibility, not the “guilt” of Germany and her allies for the loss and damage caused by their aggression—was not a moral indictment. When the German delegation at Versailles enquired whether this article were intended to cast a slur upon their nation they were informed that no slur was

implied since the article was solely a legal statement of claim for damages. The "aggression" of Austria-Hungary and Germany was not and could not be questioned. But the word "responsible" was deliberately mistranslated by the word "guilty"; and upon the mistranslation the Germans based their campaign against the "war-guilt lie" with the object of getting rid of reparations.

About the real "war-guilt" clause of the Treaty—Article 227—Germany made no fuss. It "publicly arraigned William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties". As Mr. Johnstone truly says in another connection:—

It is fundamental to remember that no important section of German opinion, and certainly none that had any chance of governing the country, has ever regarded the German defeat as the just retribution for an unsuccessful aggression. Of the makers and champions of the Republic it may be said, in general, that they looked upon Germany as the victim of the tragic blunders of the old régime, and as having nothing to repent of but errors of method.

So far, Hitler has improved upon the methods of the Second German Empire by scoring success after success for a policy of armed intimidation and of "bloodless" conquest. He has made William II of Hohenzollern look like an incompetent bungler. The number of Britons who know from experience how similar were the aims of pre-War Germany to those of Hitler is small and is rapidly decreasing. Mr. Johnstone's little book records the facts for the present generation. Hence its educational worth.

To those who still believe in economics

as the key to political problems Mr. Guillebaud's volume upon "The Economic Recovery of Germany" may be recommended as enlightening, provided always that his faith in the substantial accuracy of German official statistics be taken as well-founded. For my part I could wish that he had dealt with what seems to me the most interesting feature of the Nazi economy, that is to say, Hitler's theory that a nation's "power of work" is the only sound backing for its currency. The orthodox partisans of a gold standard, no less than supporters of currencies on a "price level" or a "managed" basis, would do well to think over Hitler's theory both in itself and in the light of its unexpressed political corollary that the "power of work" standard presupposes military and political power to compel other nations to accept German manufactured goods at German prices.

Signor Bendiscioli's "Nazism versus Christianity" is a lucid and, as far as the subject permits, objective study of the religious crisis in Germany and of its bearings upon Christian doctrine everywhere. He recognizes the fundamental clash between the racial teachings of Hitlerism and the Christian outlook which he regards as inseparable from Western civilization. In regard to this clash, he feels, the Christian conscience is not and cannot be neutral; for if the German world really wishes to reconstruct its legal system, its culture and its life on the foundations of pre-Christian Germanism "it would be a terrible monster, inflamed with all the greed and all the passions of the ancient world, and equipped with all modern implements" of destruction. "It would be a symbol as well as an example of the menace of modern

barbarism, and would indeed herald the downfall of Western civilization".

After a sober survey of the religious contest in Germany this Italian writer feels it to be "more and more difficult to cherish optimistic hopes". As far as the German churches are concerned, he may be right. But if he despairs of the ultimate triumph of a civilization largely inspired by the Christian ethic and by respect for the human personality I should not share his pessimism. Nazism and its works may be, indeed they are, almost wholly evil. Together, they form a "terrible monster". In spirit and method the Hitlerite revolution is what Dr. Rauschning has aptly termed it, "The Revolution of Nihilism", in comparison with which the Russian Revolution may prove to be constructive. Both Mr. Oswald Dutch, in "Germany's Next Aims", and Mr. Ernest Hambloch in "Germany Rampant", illustrate its nature and define its purpose. The former work is precise, well-documented, and in some respects indispensable to those who would understand Hitlerite policy as it has been and will be. With its statement that "the fundamental principles of German policy will not undergo any substantial change so long as the destiny of the people is in the hands of the present régime" none will quarrel who know or care to know the facts. And few Britons will be able to read without a sense of shame some of Mr. Oswald Dutch's pages, particularly his reproduction of Dr. Hubert Masarik's report upon the meeting between the Czechoslovak representatives and the British and French Prime Ministers at Munich in the small hours of September 30, 1938. Nor will any instructed reader doubt Mr. Hambloch's

account of the vision cherished by Adolf Hitler and his associates:—

Under the new All Highest War Lord, the Führer, the German is once more conscious of his mission. The powers of democratic darkness will be overthrown, and German honour will prevail. Conscious of his destiny as the Regenerator of Mankind, the German strides on to World Conquest or Downfall.

Surely it behoves the despised democracies, by timely union and with truer vision, to place the issue beyond a peradventure and to see to it that there shall be no "World Conquest" by the foes of human freedom.

BULGARIAN CONSPIRACY, by J. Swire. *Robert Hale*. 12s. 6d.

THE GREAT POWERS AND THE BALKANS 1875-1878, by Mihaile D. Stojanovic. *Cambridge University Press*. 12s. 6d.

To combat the interference of the Great Powers, King Alexander raised the slogan of "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples" and initiated the Balkan Pact. But it must be admitted that the natural turbulence, lawlessness and love of intrigue among the races liberated from the Turkish yoke have done much to postpone unity and settled peace. Mr. J. Swire's *Bulgarian Conspiracy* throws light both upon the unstable human element and upon foreign intrigue. Dr. Stojanovic's *Great Powers and the Balkans* covers ground adequately known to the historian, but is, as it were, a long introduction to the study of the Eastern Question and the rivalries of the European Powers.

Bulgaria has once again become a very important agency of Balkan unrest. Her development was thwarted by her

own treachery and miscalculated dependence upon Austria-Hungary in the Second Balkan War of 1913. Her German ruler fostered the spirit of revenge, and she came in on the wrong side in the Great War. She shared the ruin of the ambitions of the Central Powers, lost territory and became an impotent obscure little State nursing her grievances until the re-arming of Germany revived her hope of restitution. How she is liable to behave in the new era of European instability has now become of considerable importance, and Mr. Swire's almost encyclopædic volume on her troubled politics merits attention.

Serbs and Bulgars might well have pooled their interests and formed a more comprehensive Yugoslavia but for the German on the throne of Bulgaria. These peasant races with no aristocracy or even land-owning class might have been united under the Karageorgievitches, who are at least Balkan. The original mistake was made by Tsar Alexander II. of Russia nominating his nephew to be Prince of Bulgaria in 1879. His nephew Prince Alexander of Battenberg abdicated in 1886 and the Bulgarians chose another German, the extremely ambitious Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg at that time a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Prince Ferdinand, afterwards King or if you like Tsar of Bulgaria, was a clever and unscrupulous monarch who so far identified himself with the ambitions of his new country as to be able successfully to play off one political faction against another. Nominally he stood for a great Bulgaria; in truth he was but an arm of Austrian diplomacy. He deceived the masses of his simple subjects who had no manner of quarrel with their brother

Serbs. In the great war he served Germany. He lost his throne but received a pension. Unfortunately the dynasty was not swept away. His son Boris ruled in his stead.

Germany and Austria were out of the game, but another Great Power lent a hand to keep the Balkan ferment simmering. Italy did not like the emergence of an aggrandized Serbia. She coveted Dalmatia and conceived it to be to her interest to foment Bulgarian revengefulness and encourage her in revisionist claims. She subsidized the Macedonian revolutionary movement and dominating Albania took up a position flanking Macedonia so that when the Bulgars would be ready for a new war the Yugoslavs would be caught between two fires. And King Boris married an Italian princess.

Serbian Macedonia extending from the Vardar river to the mountains of Albania, inhabited by several races and Slavs speaking a dialect of their own, can as easily be called Serb as Bulgar. The Slavs are not nationally minded and are passive to a degree. Left to themselves they would never rise in revolt. But they must be made to appear determined to wrest their independence from the Serbs. The Macedonian revolutionary movement was organized from Sofia, and its real object was not the creation of an independent State but the annexation of South Serbia to Bulgaria. It raided Serb farms over the border; it held up and murdered men on the roads; it left bombs to explode in public buildings and all in the name of insurrectionary Macedonia which was all the while entirely pacific. Unfortunately for Bulgaria the Macedonian Committee developed into an enormous gangster

organization levying dues on the whole population of Bulgaria, committing murder and arson and inflicting on Bulgaria itself a terror which in the first place had been premeditated against Yugoslavia only. The astonishing story of the terror within Bulgaria is told in full in Mr. Swire's book. The author obviously distrusts Tsar Boris and if his estimate of the sovereign's character is correct one would be led to expect another treacherous Bulgarian attack upon the Serbs, should a conflict arise between Italy and Yugoslavia. The annexation of Albania must have resurrected the expectations of Bulgaria.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

RECORDS AND REACTIONS 1856—

1939, by the Earl of Midleton. *John Murray*. 12s. 6d.

Lord Midleton is unduly modest about his book: no apology for its publication is called for, and Lord Midleton may be assured that it will be cordially welcomed, and attentively read, by a large circle of interested readers. For the book has several outstanding merits: it is singularly free from egoism; it is (as biographies go to-day) commendably brief; above all, from the first page to the last it is eminently readable. As a contribution to the history of the time, the book has permanent value mainly, though not exclusively, by reason of the light it throws upon the historic triangular dual between Lord Curzon, Lord Kitchener and the Balfour Government. On the personal aspect of the quarrel between Lord Curzon and Lord Midleton I happen to have a special interest as it was, I believe, at a dinner of the Canning Club at Oxford (at which

I was present) that the reconciliation between the two old friends took place. But this is by the way.

The whole Curzon-Kitchener-Balfour incident was on every ground deeply regrettable. The matter is treated in great, though far from excessive detail, in Chapter XVI, and, needless to add with great tact and with every possible consideration for the reputation of both his friends, Curzon and Balfour. With Curzon his "ties were unusually close for a quarter of a century from 1897", though as Lord Midleton modestly adds "I had no more pretension to compete with him intellectually than any other Balliol Commoner has with a Balliol Scholar". (By the way, Curzon was never, unless my memory is at fault, a "Scholar" of Balliol). Just before going to India Curzon wrote to Lord Midleton; "You have been the Good Genius of my life for twenty years".

But Mr. Balfour also, was Lord Midleton's friend—as well as his political chief, and the full discussion of the whole incident is in pious fulfilment of a "pledge given ten or twelve years ago to Balfour . . . that since he was unable to complete his autobiography I would take care to give to the public whatever was requisite to make clear the position of the Government in these proceedings". To reinforce his own recollections Lord Midleton reveals the fact that in "deference to Balfour's wish", and in proof of the importance which he and his colleagues attached to a vindication of their conduct, an "official narration of this period should be compiled and deposited with the India Office". This was done in 1926 by Lord Midleton "after close scrutiny by officials and by Lord Balfour

himself". The pity of it is that such a document could not have been scrutinized also by Lord Curzon, and deposited as an 'agreed narration'—but that would probably have been impossible, even though a personal reconciliation had happily taken place some years before Curzon's death in 1925.

It is plain that from the first Curzon was determined to be an autocrat in India and that he treated the Home Government with some disdain. Friction had consequently developed long before Lord Kitchener's appointment, notably in relation to the policy of the Indian Government towards Afghanistan and Tibet. Incidentally, Mr. Francis Curzon mentions that Lord Curzon's document of 400 pages justifying his action vis-a-vis Lord Kitchener is still in existence. For reasons entirely honourable to Lord Curzon it was not published in his life time, but in view of Lord Midleton's statement that it was "the conviction of the whole Cabinet that despite Curzon's ability and knowledge his continuance in India in 1905 was a danger to the Empire" might it not now be simple justice to the memory of a great pro-Consul to publish it? It may be that, after Mesopotamia (in 1915) had vindicated the judgment of Lord Curzon in his controversy with Kitchener, further reference to the matter is superfluous. That is evidently a matter for Curzon's friends to decide.

Largely as the Curzon controversy looms it would be quite unfair to Lord Midleton and his book to suggest that there are not more of his "Records" that are not both interesting and important. Lord Midleton was almost continuously in office from 1886 to 1905; he was Secretary of State for War during the

greater part of the South African War (1900-1903) and for India (1903-5), and played a leading part in the abortive Irish Convention in 1917-8. As Secretary of State for War he was mainly responsible for the reforms effected immediately after the Boer War and in particular for the establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1902. In the latter connection he has a good deal to say about Lord Esher and his intervention in Military affairs; but though his criticism of the backstairs influence of Esher is severe, it is never bitter.

Of the author himself, history, I surmise, will say that he was representative of the best type of Englishman who with every temptation to a life of pleasure, devoted laborious days to the public service; filled high offices with credit to himself and advantage to the State; played a useful and unselfish part in local administration, and earned by sheer merit the rewards appropriate to the honourable discharge of the responsible duties imposed on him.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

I KNOCK AT THE DOOR, by Sean O'Casey. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

I THINK ALOUD IN AMERICA, by Odette Keun. *Longmans*. 12s. 6d.

INDIAN INK, by Philip Steegman. *Cobden Sanderson*. 10s. 6d.

It is not surprising to learn that Sean O'Casey's childhood was a very painful one. What is a miracle is the fact that a child could survive this pain let alone mature into the full consciousness of a Sean O'Casey.

Johnny Casside, as the author calls himself in this book, first came to know physical pain as soon as he tried to see

the light of day. That burning, searing pain was to increase as gradually he grew to consciousness. That cruel burning pain in his eyes, intensified only by light. There were other horrors too. There was poverty. There was the priest. There was the schoolmaster. One person shared this pain, his mother. She could feel for this pain behind his eyes. And she fought the added horrors of poverty, the priest and schoolmaster. Spiritual salvation and the three Rs were not so important as her child's sight. Didn't the doctor say he had to have as much air as he could get? And food too? She won for him the freedom of the Dublin streets after the priest and schoolmaster had done their best to beat the soul and sight out of him.

In these 'swift glances back at the thing that made me', Sean O'Casey casts back to episodes that happened in his life between the age of one and twelve. The result is a vivid description of Victorian Dublin, the brocade on the uniform of his sister's soldier boy lending colour to a drab parlour, and fragments of dialogue that must have been dedicated to posterity when spoken.

Thinking aloud is how Miss Odette Keun describes the process that went on to produce her latest book. The title of the book is apt. Miss Keun is honest, and I am certain that thought is not a vocal function.

Communism and Fascism stink, Democracy stinks, Europe stinks. Away from the stinks, she says, away to America, God's Own Country, Roosevelt's Own Country and, I suppose find some more stinks. Well, she'd had many faiths in her day, was her faith in America going to survive a

visit? She had believed in the Protestant Bible, The Catholic Church, Socialism, The War-To-End-War, Reconstruction, the Russian Revolution, The League of Nations, the Unshakeableness of the Pound Sterling, My Own Soul, and A Great Genius, and they had all exploded. Yes, she saw all her beliefs 'explode, one after another, with a very terrible noise and a very horrible stink . . .' The Russian Revolution was a particularly bad stink. Is Jew-baiting in America going to blow the bottom out of her faith in America as a stronghold of Democracy? Naturally, we all of us hope not, but not for the sake of Auld Lang Syne or Odette Keun.

Miss Keun's criticism of American social habits, politics and constitution is on occasions shrewd. Her wit is live, but her theories, which always develop into diatribes, would sound much better transcribed into music for brass bands. Her diatribe on Russia could be described as a Variation On A Theme By Trotsky. Her book has that appeal which is associated usually with the best tradition only in soap-box oratory. You've just got to listen to Odette Keun thinking aloud.

Philip Steegman, a young English portrait painter, found a shortage of patrons in this country and America, so packed up his traps and went East. It would have been better if he'd gone for no particular reason at all. Still, if one must have a reason for going anywhere, looking for patrons at least has the virtue of originality. He wasn't escaping stinks, and that's something.

His description of the Ganges, the main drain of India, is a prose painting in chrome yellow. His Indian

encounters are amusing if slightly superficial, a series of filmy, shadowy and flitting impressions. Occasionally he remembers he is a painter and lets the reader have it hot and strong.

"A painting", he says, "is just nothing more than an inevitable evacuation from his body . . . If a rare painter, by controlling his evacuations through his spirit, happens to perform a singular service to humanity, he had not done it with any deliberate intent. He has done his stuff. Art for art's sake is as futile as good for goodness sake". Personally I find Philip Steegman evacuating more ideas on the subject of painting than on his reactions to the Valley of Nepal. Description for the sake of description is as futile as chrome for chrome's sake.

MAX WOOD.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, by W. Watkin Davies. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.
JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD, by Lord Elton. *Collins*. 18s.

No doubt it was an accident that these two books should be published at the same time, but it was most appropriate. The two men were born within three years of each other. Both have been prime ministers of Britain. Both were ambitious men and achieved their ambitions. Ramsay MacDonald passed quickly through Liberalism to become the unquestioned leader of the Labour Party for thirty years and finished his career in the closest collaboration with the Tory Party. Lloyd George became the unquestioned Leader of Liberalism and despite some vasculations has remained a liberal leader, although, alas, without an army.

Lord Elton concludes his first volume of the life of Ramsay MacDonald at the end of 1919. The reader will be

impatient to read on for the life story is well told. Mr. Davies finishes his account of Mr. Lloyd George with 1914. That is a pity. We would have liked more although the full story is not yet ended. For it is difficult to sum up the career of so dynamic a leader in British history without considering much more than Mr. Davies has told us. It is to be hoped that he will produce a further volume, for there is no doubt that he knows his hero and writes of him with critical understanding and sympathy.

At the same time the student will be disappointed by the inadequate analyses of the philosophy of these men. Lord Elton for example, says rightly that MacDonald's "political argument is based upon the analogy with biology". I wish he had developed this idea at some length, for that is precisely what led MacDonald into the camp of Toryism. He regarded society as an organism, its classes as organs of the body politic, which would slowly evolve, through the growth of intelligence, into a socialist society. He abhorred the struggles and upheavals in society. They did not fit in with his theory of how society ought to evolve. He was always moralizing against the way society actually evolved and the weight of his influence was directed to the harmonizing of differences which refused to be harmonized. Hence the deeper the crises, the more he sought to preserve the stability of existing classes as the basis for his much desired slow orderly evolution, lest the decay of one organ infect the whole body politic. This explains why he finished in the camp of Toryism still protesting his loyalty to his socialist ideals. His socialism was a dream which influenced his practice. But his practice at best was akin to Disraelian Toryism.

Lloyd George was not one who thought of biological analogies. He breathed radical liberal politics from his earliest days. He grew amidst radical religious nonconformity. He was a member of a small nation suffering disabilities at the hands of Englishmen. He accepted present organization of society as quite natural, but he was convinced that the common people were not getting a square deal. He regarded the land lords as the principal exploiters of the people and he went for them with the gloves off. He was a grand fighter for the things in which he believed, although, as he reached positions of power, his opportunism too frequently became detached from his liberal principles and harnessed to his own power politics.

History will give due credit to him for his part as leader of Britain in the war years of 1914-18; but it will also have to record that he went dangerously near to forgetting his liberalism and becoming a leader of reaction when he flirted with Hitlerism as a bulwark against social revolution.

Mr. Davies tells us how clearly Lloyd George saw the fate of the Liberal Party long before the war and that the Limehouse campaign was his attempt to prevent the growth of the then very young Labour Party. 1919 saw the Liberal Party split in pieces and Lloyd George frantically striving to form a permanent coalition of the Liberals and Tories. In the light of his subsequent return to Liberal principles, when once he had seen the full significance of the growing power of Fascism, it is intriguing to ponder upon what would have happened in British politics, had he and Ramsay MacDonald changed places in the year

1906. Read these two most interesting and well written books and think it over.

J. T. MURPHY

THE THIBAUTS, by Roger Martin Du Gard. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

THE STRONGHOLD, by Richard Church. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE, by O. M. Greene. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

In novel-writing, as in so many things, the French are much better than we are. What English novelist can write the *conte*, as well, say, as Jouhandeau or Mauriac? And in the family saga—supposed to be our own preserve—how wretched Galsworthy must look beside Duhamel, Romaine or Du Gard? Galsworthy, indeed, grotesquely over-read and over-praised a few years ago, has disappeared completely, never to return. What makes the Forsytes so dead and the Thibaults so alive? Not (we must hardly denigrate ourselves to this extent) that English families are less alive, varied and unexpected than French; the reverse, if anything, is true.

Stephen Gwynn's life of a famous Irishman

Henry Grattan and his Times

"Mr. Gwynn has succeeded admirably in presenting that combination of statesmanlike ideas with the lack of statesmanlike qualities which makes Grattan one of the most interesting failures of political history."—
W. T. WELLS (*Fortnightly Review*).

A HARRAP BOOK

No, it is the method, the tradition, the style that is at fault. How well, for example, M. Du Gard describes adolescence: there is a ban on such sympathetic statement here. The two boys in *The Thibaults*, Daniel and Jacques, are the most vividly seen faces in the book; we feel the truth of their adolescent attachment, of their poetry writing, their love affairs, their hesitations, their dreams. Grown-ups nearly always make the mistake of treating children as either peons or monsters; and so it is here. The misunderstanding by parents and priests, of the relationship between the two boys strikes us as natural and short-sighted; and the passages depicting a reformatory school to which one of them is packed off are revealing. Such scenes would be impossible too, because outside the range of sympathy of an English writer.

And how readable M. Du Gard is! Slaving for years he has mastered a packed and vivid style. One thinks again of poor old Galsworthy and his lame slipshod speech and the tradition of bad writing going back to Dickens and Scott. But if your novelist is going to write badly he must have something remarkable to say; Galsworthy had nothing. Both in matter and manner *The Thibaults* is a remarkable book: as broad and humane as Duhamel, as sensitive in its understanding of immature emotion as Gide. Though long, it is not a page too long; and one is delighted to see that a further novel, dealing with the war years, is to be added.

Mr. Church has the misfortune of not being a Frenchman. That is to say, a small stretch of his story is autobiographical and therefore arresting; the remainder is Dickens, considerably

watered-down and given a touch of prettiness. The style smacks of lemon barley water, pleasant enough for a summer afternoon but not very filling. I did not personally enjoy this volume quite so much as *The Porch*, but it contains better passages. The descriptions of an operation, an air raid, a child birth, though here harshly enhanced, are impressive and somewhat unexpected. Mouncer, who died in the first volume, survives in poems which are recovered. He is one of the few convincing poets in modern fiction; for, oddly enough, he writes poetry. Perhaps the chief fault of Mr. Church's style is that he spreads it too evenly over his different characters. A love scene, whoever is speaking, inevitably begins: "You dear fool" or "You darling idiot". They all seem to have learnt in the same demure mid-nineteenth-century school. I would advise Mr. Church, in his next volume, to vary the address and title.

The Night of the Fire is a good crackling thriller. A barber in a Welsh village commits theft and then murder—and the story describes his adventures while he is being hunted down. The murderer's trade is fresh in a book of this sort, and the passages that deal with it are congenial. It makes a good thriller. But it lacks the hunt-the-slipper element of the detective story and the moral values of the psychological novels. It excites but does not disturb. Perfect night-reading for the insomniac.

G. W. STONIER.

LEONARD DA VINCI, *The Tragic Pursuit of Perfection*, by Antonina Vallentin. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Researches into the life and mentality of Leonardo of Vinci range from the

elaborate psychological romance of Merejkovski and the acute psycho-analytic monograph of Freud, to the superb prose of an appreciation by Pater or the revealing documents of the Notebooks of Leonardo himself.

Madame Vallentin has wended her way through this mass of scholarship with consummate ease and considerable care, and she has drawn copiously on the Notebooks as her best ultimate authority. From these, certain things indisputable, emerge; for everyone is agreed upon the diversity and profundity of Leonardo's interests and the scientific observations in which he indulged during his life-time. Among these activities painting and sculpture occupy a comparatively small space, though drawing is a much more consistent practice chiefly because of its inestimable value as illustration to scientific researches. But Leonardo's painting is inextricably mixed with his scientific discoveries and depends for its unmistakable character upon the intellectually curious attitude of his mind; in fact one may say that he is more scientific in his picture-making than any preceding Florentine.

First he is concerned with representing three-dimensional objects. He says, "The first aim of a painter must be to give the smooth surface of a picture the appearance of a relief standing out from the background. He who surpasses all others in this point deserve to be called the greatest." It is interesting to compare such an æsthetic philosophy with modern tenets, a comparison prompted throughout the volume by quotations from Leonardo's writings, though not indulged in by the author. Leonardo was therefore concerned with perspective, linear and aerial, and from this he passes naturally enough to mathematics and geometry. Realizing

the importance of light and shade in making his three-dimensional representation, he studies chiaroscuro, the fall of light, and finally optics. Pursuing the same essentially logical attitude, the outward appearance of objects is seen to depend largely upon their inner construction. Leonardo therefore becomes an anatomist to discover the play of muscles and the construction of bones and sinews; a geologist to discover the formation of rock structures; a botanist to observe the forms of vegetation; and soon scientific thought is extended from geology to geography, and cartography; from anatomy to comparative anatomy, dietetics and so on. Atmosphere is studied, cloud forms watched. Inquiries are set going on air currents, and from thence to the construction of a flying machine is but a step.

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However, Leonardo did not regard his scientific work or his intellectual curiosity as merely part of his plastic creativeness, for no painter—not even Leonardo could include all his discoveries in a picture. Nor is this necessary, since Art does not depend on erudition. Leonardo's curiosity is therefore much more likely to have been innate and fostered by the circumstances of early youth, as Freud suggests.

The weakness of Madame Vallentin's painstaking work lies in the lack of precision in the analysis of Leonardo's character, and the rejection of any but the more obvious evidence; and its strength in the fascinating picture she paints of political and social life in Italy in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries—especially in Milan. This life—in the last analysis—set the limits to the acceptance of Leonardo's genius, and Madam Vallentin recreates it unforgettably.

LEONARD GREAVES.

THE TRAGIC LIFE OF VICTOR HUGO,

by Léon Daudet. Translated by James Whitall. *Heinemann*. 12s. 6d.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

by Octave Aubry. Translated by F. M. Atkinson. *Cobden Sanderson*. 16s.

Two enemies. Passion still beats about them. The Second Empire has left traces in current history, not merely that which ended with the disaster of 1870. The Empress lived to see Sedan revenged. Victor Hugo died in 1885, while for a long generation yet the Strasbourg column in the Place de la Concorde was to be hung with immortelles. Yet it is possible to write the story of Eugénie without mention-

ing him; his can never be separated from the drama of the Empire.

Léon Daudet looks at Victor Hugo's life from the midst of a circle like his own: that of man of letters, journalist, politician—from the same Paris yet how different; its vitality intact, its hatreds red-hot, its love of pleasure defiant of all British conventions. No man is better qualified to tell Victor Hugo's story again, and it has been done with integrity, a ruthless candour and a narrative vigour in the modern French tradition. But English readers will find none of André Maurois' urbane extenuations.

M. Daudet married Hugo's granddaughter and has succeeded to his turbulent political heritage. Time has turned their rôles upside down. Hugo's invective was directed against "Napoléon le Petit". Léon Daudet is the leader of the French royalists. Englishmen find it difficult to enter into a rancour of parties of which we have no example in the same degree since 1714. The bitter memories of six different régimes in a century have passed us by. But it would be foolish to dismiss as mere extremism a passion which can dictate such books as Daudet's *L'Agonie du Régime* or *Le Stupide XIX Siècle*. The second looks back to 1789 as the source of all subsequent wounds on the body of France. The Empress too, as well as her enemies, did not forget Marie Antoinette: "L'Espagnole" after "L'Autrichienne".

Here M. Daudet leaves current politics save for an occasional biting phrase. His own immersion in them makes him a keen-eyed judge of Hugo's political life. The verdict is cruel. In exile "the scourge of the Empire . . . became the Robinson Crusoe of the English Channel".

Nineteen years passed. The exile's predictions came true. Five days after the Fourth of September Victor Hugo returned to Paris with a Proclamation in his pocket. The expectant dictator was ignored in the formation of the revolutionary Government. His Proclamation "was thought, and rightly, to be empty and bombastic. In a week Hugo was forgotten, so were his years of exile".

There is no hero to this book. Juliette Drouet is its heroine. Denigration of the private life of Victor Hugo spares this loyal, injured woman; herself the supplanter of Madame Hugo. Both were forced witnesses of a succession of squalid amours, continued into old age. His children were other victims. But the title justifies itself. The "tragic life" was that of Victor Hugo.

Octave Aubry's theme and method are different. His book is a sympathetic study of the Empress which gains by its fairness to the Emperor. Eugénie's mistakes are not spared. The Mexican adventure was hers more than his. As Regent her courage was greater than her political capacity. Sedan and all that followed have robbed neither Napoleon nor Eugénie of some touch of greatness. France rose again from the humiliation of 1870. But for the death of the Prince Imperial the Napoleonic tradition might well have had a later part to play. His loss, not that of the throne, was the Empress's tragedy. "He was the future": M. Aubry shows all this well.

Eugénie's exile at Chiselhurst and Claremont, Victor Hugo's in Jersey and Guernsey, bring them both into an English scene. Neither belonged there; neither could escape a destiny shaped or shaping elsewhere. But if the figure of the Empress retains

dignity as well as glamour, that of Hugo still defies defamation. M. Daudet judges rather than belittles him. He compares him in one of his aspects to Flaubert's Homais, the apothecary. The apothecary had his heroic moments. The Channel Islands saw the flowering of Victor Hugo's genius.

Translators have done their work well in both these books. Mr. Whitall has the more difficult task because Léon Daudet's prose, like his matter, is French and could be nothing else.

W. THOMSON HILL.

MISCELLANEA.

LIFE WITHIN REASON, by Ivor Brown (Liberal Book Club). *Nicholson & Watson*. 2s. 6d.

For this first volume the Liberal Book Club could not have made a happier choice. Thanks to a well-stocked mind and a rare sense of proportion—and, be it said, to the permanent contact with life which his profession of journalist-commentator and dramatic critic ensures—Mr. Brown is singularly free from those mental quirks and emotional fevers which have done so much to discredit the Liberal party politicians and their camp-following. Here he is

THE ARYAN PATH

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No. 6

The Failure of the Christian Churches. L. A. G. STRONG
Paternalism in Industry. GEORGE GODWIN
The Mystery of Coincidence. CECIL PALMER
Way of Knowledge. J. D. BERESFORD
The Child and Religion. ELIZABETH CROSS

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concerned as an unrepentant Radical "to discover why so many of our hopes have foundered", to reinstate reason in politics on condition that it be grounded in life and common sense. Too long have the doctrinaire scribes and the dabblers neglected the springs of political action, scorned the teachings of everyday psychology. It is a treat to find some one recognizing the itch for self-abasement, the "lust for obeisance" as 'one of the strongest traits of human nature'; inveighing against the comfortable assumption that only the anti-democratic States indulge in 'power-politics'; facing up to the fact that "what is murdering democracy to-day is not the old oppression from on top but the abject deification from below"; and, in general, pleading for a sane, clear-eyed vision undimmed by "the heady liquors of righteous indignation".

A FLYING START, by René MacColl. Cape. 8s. 6d.

By what standards is this slim autobiographical sequence to be judged? The author, now in the early thirties, passed through the normal stages of a cultured Hampstead home, (his father was the eminent art critic D.S.M.), University College School, Oxford and business in Brussels into a distinctly abnormal, not to say cyclonic, period as secretary to the incredible American millionaire, Van Lear Black, and thence, after some years, into the comparatively calm haven of journalism, the latter period including experience in America and India as well as England. He tells his tale competently and at times, vividly, especially when describing the adventures of his employer in flying and money-spending. But there does not seem to be any real justifica-

tion for such a book in these days when young men's out-of-the-way experiences are two a penny. The screen of life to-day deserves a more substantial or more entertaining theme.

REASON IN POLITICS, by K. B. Smellie. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Smellie's book is not history nor metaphysics nor political philosophy but a compound or mongrel product of all three, Part I. is a rather pedestrian and obscure, because too compressed, analysis of political thought from the earliest times up to Karl Marx. The second Part, which is much more worth while, discusses the inter-relations of the three branches of social science (adding economics) and concludes with two illuminating chapters on 'the State', which, however, are distressingly abstract for the ordinary English reader—and are also, incidentally, to a considerable extent, abstractions from the thought-webs of Continental jurist-philosophers like Hans Kelsen.

DAYS IN OLD SPAIN, by Gertrude Bone. Illustrations by Muirhead Bone. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

For the benefit of ordinary mortals the publishers have had the good sense to produce this distillation of the latter part of Old Spain, 100-guinea *magnum opus* of Sir Muirhead Bone. Lady Gertrude writes with sensitiveness and a fine sympathy for the people of Spain on whom their political shortcomings have visited the terrible tragedy of these last years. There are 50 special and utterly delightful illustrations, and two final chapters on Popular Life which introduce us to Dolores, Concepcion and Presentacion.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Pending the arrival of General Weygand, detained in Paris to report to his Government on a recent mission in South Eastern Europe, the party of French officers which recently came to visit the British military leaders was headed by General J. C. Dufieux. THE FORTNIGHTLY is particularly fortunate, therefore, in having secured from this distinguished officer an authoritative survey of the strategy of the present international situation: and we are paying our readers the compliment of publishing the article in the original French. General Dufieux was formerly Officer Commanding l'Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, and until his retirement a few months ago, Inspecteur General de l'Infanterie. He has also recently been at the head of the principal Training School for Reserve Officers.

The ties that bind England and Franco together are increasing all the time, and very many of our readers will be pleased to have a more thorough understanding of what conscription means to a Frenchman, as explained by D. R. Gillie. Darsie Gillie was correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Warsaw, Berlin and Paris—and then had a period of service with *The Times*. There are few journalists to-day with a more intelligent appreciation of French life

and values. We are publishing also a vignette on another corner of France of which little is heard usually, except the name. Michael Langley, who sends this article on Corsica, has contributed before to our columns. He is now on a visit to the countries of south-eastern Europe and the Near East with shores in the Mediterranean.

For the time being there is, outwardly, a lull in the international tension, and it is possible to stand back a little to survey the scene. We therefore asked Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., to focus the present state of relations between the two English-speaking democracies. He needs no introduction. In India as President of the Legislative Assembly, 1920-25, in China as Political Adviser to the National Government 1929-32, he had a record of distinguished service; and since 1937, he has been Director of the English-Speaking Union.

Coming nearer home we are fortunate in having an interesting paper on 'The State of Denmark' from Tyge Lassen, a distinguished Danish editor having numerous ties of friendship with this country. His newspaper is the *Aalborg Amtstidende*, published daily in North Jutland—the leading paper of that Island. Another country which is feeling the breath of the

German *Macht* impulse is Holland. Lilo Linke, who sketches the present mind and mood of the Dutch, will be known to many of our readers as the author of *Allah Dethroned*, the story of her wanderings in the new Turkey. A previous book of hers, *Restless Flags* gave an admirable picture of the fevered younger generation in post-war Germany. Robert Sencourt who appeals for a new approach by Englishmen to the Spanish régime, is the author of *Spain's Uncertain Crown* (1932) and *The Spanish Ordeal* (1938). Manuel Chaves Nogales, formerly editor of *Ahora* (Madrid) has remained outside the partisan strife which has rent unhappy Spain.

Many of us are unhappy about the disastrous turn that Anglo-German relations have taken in recent years. The broad human view—as distinct

from that of the politically-minded—is expressed in the article by Edmund Blunden. As poet and sensitive writer on literary themes Edmund Blunden needs no commendation. *Undertones of War* remains one of the most notable 'war' books. He is a Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford.

In the home field we confine ourselves to the new and swiftly-developing subject of television. Edward Liveing, who traces its progress over the past two years, was until 1937, North Regional Director of the B.B.C.—and he is an authority on all matters connected with broadcasting. He is a Director—and founder—of 'Motoring Abroad Publications Ltd.', which has just published its first number—'Motoring in Denmark'.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

P E P (Political and Economic Planning) have recently completed their survey on the Location of Industry, and the book can be obtained from the offices of P E P, 16, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, price 10s. 6d., postage 6d. extra. Like their other well known surveys, this study of the problem is marked by a thoroughness which is characteristic of the whole organization. The survey has taken four years to prepare, and a number of leading economists, town and country planners, and men with industrial and administrative experience have been considering questions such as "Is it inevitable that the South should attract more and more new industries at the expense of the North and West?" And again "Must everything be controlled from London, with the provincial towns acting simply as 'Branch offices' to carry out London's instructions?" The main proposal of the survey is that an Industrial Development Commission should be established to study the location of industry, to guide new growth by means of a licensing system, and to exercise nationally many of the functions now performed by the Commissioners of Special Areas in certain limited districts.

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The splendid P E P survey might well be read in conjunction with "The Home Market", published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin at 12s. 6d. This is a most entertaining as well as thoughtful production teeming with facts of great importance to the business world and of extreme interest to the sociologist. Symbols and charts are used to convey the main information very quickly and it is possible to tell at a glance that Lancashire and Cheshire are still more densely populated than the area in and around London. Here are a few facts and figures. Forty-five per cent. of the population of Great Britain is concentrated in ten big urban centres; between 1934 and 1937 the population of Great Britain increased by 607,000; by 1941 there will be 46,500,000 persons in Great Britain, and from that date the population will decline, if the present birth rate continues, to 5 million in one hundred years time. Fifty-four per cent. of British families now consist of less than four persons.

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A new publication, "Air Raid Defence", will be of interest to our readers, particularly as it is, in reality, the official bulletin of The Air Raid Defence League (incorporating the National Association of Air Raid Wardens), Fielden House, 10, Great College Street, Westminster, S.W.1. This League founded to bring together all those interested in Civil Defence, and to provide reliable and independent information and advice on the subject, has Mr.

Bernard Machell as its secretary, while Sir Arthur Salter, M.P., takes a very active part in its affairs. So far there have been three bulletins, the March issue dealing with Shelter Policy, the April issue with a general outline of Civil Defence, and the May number with Evacuation. Further bulletins will shortly be published dealing with the organization of Medical Services and the Warden Service. Life Membership of the League involves one payment of £21. Founder members pay £2 2s. per annum and ordinary members six shillings.

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Simpsons (Piccadilly) Ltd., in conjunction with Messrs. Foyles, held the first of their monthly Literary Teas on Wednesday, March 17, when Mr. Christopher Stone, Mr. R. C. Sherriff, Mr. Louis Golding and Mr. Collie Knox started the discussion "Are the English Understood". Unfortunately, Mr. Knox proved rather more shy than he is apt to appear in daily journalism, and it was said for him that he thought that authors should be read and not heard. Messrs. Simpsons' idea, however, is a good one. Informal tea gatherings will be held each month to discuss a subject of common interest with a lead given by a three or more literary lions.

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