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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JANUARY, 1940

THE END OF AN AGE?

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

PENGLER'S *Downfall of the West* was the first of a long series of books on the same theme. The artificial schématism of Spengler's philosophy of history, with its theory of cycles of culture and civilization, did not win much acceptance from trained historians; its astonishing vogue in Germany was a symptom of the profound pessimism which crushed the German nation for fifteen years after the Great War. But the conviction or suspicion that we have reached a turning-point of civilization, such as marked the end of Graeco-Roman culture at the disruption of the western empire, is widespread in Europe generally. We have had books by Nicholas Berdyaeff, a Russian exile living in France; by Huizinga and Heering in Holland; by Drucker, an Austrian; by Lippmann, an American; by de Reynold, a Swiss; by Count Keyserling, a Baltic Baron; and by our own countrymen, F. A. Voigt, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley and Christopher Dawson. I will try to summarize the views of some of these authors, and to give my own opinion on the present world-crisis.

It is obvious that the present war has greatly increased the probability of a *culbute générale*. The next two years may be decisive for the fate of Europe during the present century. What that fate will be it is impossible to say. We have been dragged into an ideological war against Hitlerian Nazism, an act, in my opinion, of ruinous and almost inconceivable folly. We might have learned from earlier experience in La Vendée and in Russia what is the result of supporting counter-revolutionary movements in other countries. In Germany there were millions of anti-Nazis, who in a few years would probably have rescued their country from a hateful tyranny. Now they all have to rally to the government, or to

be traitors. It will not be seriously argued that our attack upon Germany was a piece of knight-errantry on behalf of the Slavs of Eastern Europe, who are nothing to us. The Cabinet, which a year ago was pacific, seems to have been worried into war by the Socialists, who with incorrigible fatuity believed that Nazism is capitalistic, that Russia is unaggressive and democratic, and that Stalin, who has never concealed his hatred and contempt for popular government, would help France and England against Germany.

It is surely plain enough what our true policy would have been. We ought to have made it clear to the French that though our defensive alliance with them would of course be honoured if France were directly attacked, we had nothing to do with any pacts which they might have made with other countries, and that if they went to war in consequence of such pacts we should consider France the aggressor and stand aside. Hitler has again and again offered to come to terms with us on the basis of acknowledging our maritime supremacy, while we left him a free hand to recover what Versailles took from Germany and Austria in Eastern Europe. He made these offers sincerely, not that he has any objection to telling lies, but because no nation, and certainly not Germany, can afford to keep both the largest army and the largest navy. This understanding would have done no harm to France, for Hitler has entirely abandoned any idea of aggression against that country, and indeed would like to make an alliance with the French.

But it will be asked, can we allow Germany "to dominate the world by force"? This is sheer nonsense. There is only one nation which might conceivably dominate half the world by force, and that nation is not Germany. In 1914 the Teutonic Empires wished to try conclusions with the Slavs. The French eager to recover their lost provinces, entangled us in what became a world-war, the main result of which was to save Russia from irreparable disaster. This conflict will some day—not just yet—have to be decided; the rivalry between Slav and Teuton has gone on for many centuries. Time is altogether on the side of the Slavs, who, as Bismarck said, multiply like rabbits, while the Germans multiply like hares. (The vital statistics are given in the introduction to my new book,

Pacifist in Trouble). Some of us may live to wonder what possessed us to break down the sole barrier against the domination of Asia and the European continent by post-bolshevik Russia, which will be far more formidable than the empire of the incompetent Romanoffs.

The complete uncertainty of the future makes this article very difficult to write. But I think that most of the writers whom we are to consider have underestimated the force of habit and tradition, the intrinsic strength of the western industrial system, and the recuperative power which modern technology has given to civilized societies. Even now I believe that twenty years of peace would stabilize our institutions and bring to an end violent revolutions, the futility of which has been amply demonstrated. Even if Europe were submerged in a welter of barbarism the United States, which after this suicidal war will be the only great Naval power, will remain intact, and if the British Dominions beyond the seas are menaced, they will look to America for protection.

NICHOLAS BERDYAEFF has had the unusual experience of being punished both by the Czarist and the Bolshevik governments. As a theologian he has a European reputation. The intensity of his religious convictions makes his books very impressive, and they throw interesting side lights on the differences between piety in the Eastern Orthodox and in the Roman Catholic Church. As a publicist he has written *The End of our Time* (1933) and *The Fate of Man in the Modern World* (1935).

An unknown era, he says, is upon us. Something in the soul of modern man was shattered before his historical values were upset. We are witnessing the end of the Renaissance, and of the Humanism which was its spiritual basis. Our faith in man is shaken to its foundations. This is a time of spiritual decadence, of loneliness and dereliction. At the beginning of the Renaissance there was a flowering of brilliant genius. Such golden ages usually follow the fusion of two races or two cultures. In this case there was first a Christian Renaissance, in the thirteenth century, and then an efflorescence which we must not call pagan, but which owed its splendour to the recovery of the art and literature of classical antiquity. In so far as

there was a struggle between the natural and the spiritual man, the natural man won the victory.

The so-called Enlightenment was a pale reflection of the Renaissance, which was finally killed by the mechanization of modern civilization. The Renaissance began with a vigorous affirmation of man's creative individuality; it ended with a denial of it. Man is now depersonalized. Liberty, whether of action, speech, or thought, has been wholly destroyed over a great part of Europe. This is the beginning of barbarization. We have to look forward to a new dark age, like that which followed the fall of the Western Roman Empire.

It is quite certain, Berdyaeff thinks, that we cannot go back to the discarded ideas of the nineteenth century. Liberalism, democracy, socialism and communism are as much out of date as conservatism. They all belong to an age which has passed away for ever.

What then is the way to escape? The only hope for humanity, he says, is in a return to Christianity—the Christianity of the persecutions and the catacombs. Asceticism must once more be held in honour; the nations must return to a simpler mode of life. Berdyaeff casts a wistful eye on the Church-directed civilization of the middle ages.

Now nobody can dispute that if we were all as good Christians as a few men and women now are, this earth would be a delightful place to live in. But is there the slightest hope that 'the world' will ever be converted? The Founder of Christianity cherished no illusions of this kind; of all teachers He was the most discouraging. His followers, whom He called to a life of heroism and self-sacrifice, were to remain in permanent conflict with "the Prince of this world, who hath nothing in me". It is quite right to point out that Christ has offered to mankind a remedy for the miseries that beset us; but to suppose that 'the world' will soon listen to Him is a survival of nineteenth century optimism, the myth of a law of inevitable progress.

There is another deduction to be made from Berdyaeff's diagnosis and prognosis of the diseases from which Europe is suffering. Although he is fiercely opposed to Bolshevism, which he regards as Antichrist *in propria persona*, he has retained from his earlier allegiance to the revolution the habit of using

'bourgeois' and 'capitalism' as swear-words which excite him to fury, and make him rant like a Hyde Park orator. We must remember that until his exile he had never known the happiness of living in a free society, nor had he any first-hand knowledge of western civilization. Moreover, Russian thought is always destructive. Berdyaeff will sweep away liberalism, democracy, and especially socialism; but what would he put in their place?

A reasonable man may very well think that modern industrialism has produced all the fruits that it is capable of bearing, and that something analogous to a rotation of crops may bring to light new cultural values. Aristotle, as is well known, believed that all the arts develop until they reach their natural limit, and then "come to a stop". It is difficult, for example, to imagine any further progress on the lines of Greek art after the golden age. Modernist painters and sculptors have said the same of Renaissance art in Italy and Holland. They cannot do better, and they are not content to produce inferior copies; so they seek inspiration from the savages of Benin and geometrical patterns.

The same argument may be applied to politics. What is not respectable is to deny that the nineteenth century—the period between two Great Wars—was, except in the fine arts, the culminating point of civilization up to date. Historians will call it the wonderful century. In politics it was the epoch of the great Liberal experiment of peace, individual liberty, and popular government. In science it witnessed more progress than the whole of previous history taken together. In economics it enormously increased wealth and population. It brought into existence a great middle class, neither poor nor rich, who lived in tolerable comfort and were as well educated as their natural limitations permitted. It made the common man better off than he had ever been before, with higher wages and more opportunities for education and amusement than had ever fallen to his lot in earlier times. The amazing advances in technology were the result of strenuous competition, and could not have been reached in any other way. In literature it may bear comparison with the most famous periods. To pelt this wonderful age with scurrilous abuse stamps those who so behave as ignorant and prejudiced fanatics. Whatever changes in our

social order may be possible or desirable, to scorn and throw away the gains of the nineteenth century would be to plunge the world into barbarism. No other age is comparable with it for real progress. The age of the Antonines, in which Gibbon would have liked to live, was pleasant enough for well-to-do Roman citizens; it was not so agreeable for the slave or the provincial. It was also living on its intellectual capital. Except in law and religious philosophy, a Sahara of the higher intellect was already in view. Nor would any of us have liked to live in the middle ages. Whether we read a social history of the earlier medieval period, like Luchaire on the time of Philippe Auguste, or such a book as Huizinga's *Waning of the Middle Ages*, we find ourselves in a turbulent and violent age, emerging from barbarism and sunk in vice and crime.

The most interesting part of Berdyaeff's estimate of the present situation is his account of the forces which produced the Russian revolution. He has passed through communism and understands it; he loves Russia and believes in its future.

Revolutions are always infamous and always ineffectual, but they may be inevitable. They are a progressive decomposition of an old society and its culture. They are like an infectious epidemic; nothing can stop it from taking its course. Temperature will rise till the patient is delirious, and then it will fall below normal. Those who inaugurated the revolution or willed it always perish in it. In the Russian revolution the Bolsheviks were the realists, the constitutional democrats the dreamers. The victory of the latter would have been a negation of the traditions of the Russian people. Bolshevism was, in an inverted way, in accordance with Russian ideas; the Russians have never desired constitutional government. A counter-revolution can be effected only by after-revolutionary forces, developed in the womb of the revolution itself, which generates the anti-toxins which will ultimately destroy it. The French Revolution created Napoleon, who brought it to an end. The *émigrés* from France could do nothing, nor can the *émigrés* from Russia. The revolution has destroyed every kind of freedom in Russia; the counter-revolution must restore it. Russia was a vast shadowy land of peasants, an educated caste numerically very insignificant, and at the apex of society the unhappy Tsar,

whose fall dissolved society. The doctrinaire revolutionaries who made the revolution are dead, with Stalin's bullets in their skulls. Russia is now ruled by a new class of vigorous young men who graduated in the school of war, hard, grasping, and cruel. The same seems to be true of Germany and Italy. These are not really communists; they are the germ of a new *bourgeoisie*. "They are capable of turning communism into Fascism overnight." (They have already done so). There are already signs of a return to Christianity, "the religion of truth crucified."

The later book shows the same merits and the same defects, such as the amazing statement that "capitalism destroyed all national feeling in the working classes". It was one of the revelations of the Great War, and of the Nazi revolution, that when patriotism came into conflict with class-animosity, the latter went down almost without a struggle. The author is even more pessimistic than before. "A cycle of catastrophes and collapses has begun."

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING was, like Berdyaeff, a Russian subject. He was one of the great landowners, of German extraction, in Esthonia. After losing his property and his country he lived in Germany, and for several years was head of a sort of Academy, the School of Wisdom, at Darmstadt. He has been a great traveller, and has published his reflections on the different cultures and national characters of Europe, Asia, North and South America, of which books the *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* is best known. *La Révolution Mondiale* was published in 1934.

He agrees with Berdyaeff that we have reached the end of an epoch. There has been a cataclysmal eruption of the lower, "telluric" forces of human nature, which has caused unparalleled horrors in Russia and other countries, but which has at the same time aroused a splendid vitality and joyous confidence in the young. This exaltation is to be noticed in Russia, Germany, Turkey and Italy. These young men reject with scorn all the values of the last century. Liberty, democracy, socialism are no longer words to conjure with. They fear neither death nor misery; they are ready to die and more than ready to

kill. Courage and faith are the only magnets that attract them.

Nevertheless, this apparent regression to savagery, this barbaric rejection of all that mankind has hitherto agreed to honour, may be the precursor of a new spirituality. The line of evolution which began in the eighteenth century had finished its course. It had no promise for the future. It ended in the dehumanization of man, in the reign of the machine, and in the vulgar worship of mere quantity.

Keyserling looks for a new Renaissance, rather pagan than Christian in character, since in his opinion Christian ethics separated spiritual values too sharply from "telluric". He wants a new ascetic nobility, an idea which recalls H. G. Wells's "Samurai", imagined in a past phase of his thought. But there may, he thinks, be a great Christian Renaissance, which will start in Russia.

Materialism and internationalism are both now discredited in Germany and Italy. The new nationalisms, first called into activity by Napoleon, have for the time destroyed internationalism. They have also put an end to class war, by establishing the integral unity of a people.

The notion that the dictatorships are anti-socialist is of course quite erroneous. On the contrary, nationalism is the most propitious form of State for socialization, since such measures will there meet with least resistance.

If Count Keyserling had lived in England or North America, or in one of the smaller countries belonging to the North Western European group, he would hardly have spoken of a 'world-revolution'. We have had no revolution, in the ordinary sense of the word, and do not seem likely to have one. Where are these hard, grasping, cruel young men whom he has seen in Russia, Germany and elsewhere? The type is unknown in this country, where an attempt at social revolution in 1926 ended in football matches between general strikers and police. It is not only that in the group of countries mentioned, and in their colonies, the middle class is strong enough to resist 'liquidation', but we have, properly speaking, no proletariat. The British workman is no proletarian; he is a *petit bourgeois*. The theories of Marx have hardly touched him.

Events have already falsified his views of Russia and Germany. "The Hitlerian régime is non-imperialist." This could hardly be said now. The U.S.S.R. has swung back towards the pre-revolutionary Russia. There may be a remarkable religious revival there, but in other respects this semi-oriental nation can hardly be a pioneer to the West.

His new monastic order does not sound hopeful. History does not encourage the belief that monasticism can flourish without a definite religious basis, without a rule of celibacy, and without the protection of a powerful Church. Societies pledged to obey certain rules may of course do useful work.

The impression which Keyserling's book makes upon me is that he has exaggerated the gravity of the situation by concentrating his attention on certain continental countries, and paying no attention to the very important group who speak English, and their cousins in the North-West of the European Continent.

J. HUIZINGA, well known as a medievalist, published in 1936 an excellent little book called *In the Shadow of To-morrow*, with the sub-title, "A diagnosis of the spiritual distemper of our time". It is enlarged from an address delivered at Brussels in 1935. He takes from St. Bernard the motto, *Habet mundus iste noctes suas et non paucas*. In one of these 'nights' the world is groping its way.

We are in a demented world. Everywhere "men's hearts are failing them for fear, looking at the things that are coming on the earth". All that seemed sacred and immutable has become unsettled. There was a false dawn after the war, but darkness soon returned. There have been in history other periods of hope, soon to be disappointed. Such was the age of Erasmus, and of the French Revolution. Revolutionaries are buoyed up with the hope of sudden radical change; but we cannot speed up or retard the slow evolution of the historical process.

There is no close parallel in history to the systematic undermining of the social order which we see about us. Until now, the professed aim of reformers was always to restore something which they believed to have existed before. The doctrine of evolution has destroyed faith in revivals, and the modern type of *enragé* wishes simply to sever all ties with the

past. Every ideal which men have pursued for thousands of years is scorned and repudiated.

And yet the pulse of society still beats vigorously, and history knows of no great sudden changes. "It is quite possible that later periods will view our own simply as the aftermath of the Great War." Until the outbreak of hostilities last autumn I was inclined to take this view, and unless the present war is protracted to the ruin of the belligerents I still think Huizinga may be right. The steady progress of science, which is still healthy, should check despondency.

Still, the diagnosis is and must be disquieting. Huizinga gives great importance to the growth of a disintegrating relativism in philosophy and even in science. There is no longer anything absolutely true or false, right or wrong. Pragmatism allows us to believe whatever we wish to believe, and denies that truth has any other meaning than what suits us. So far has anti-intellectualism gone in discrediting rationalism, that "reason has to look to faith to save it from dissolution". Every puerile superstition, of which educated persons in the last century would have been ashamed, has taken heart of grace.

The repudiation of all ethical standards has encouraged the most shameless Machiavellianism in Germany; several instances are given. Huizinga points out very sensibly that there is no reason why the State should be the only super-moral organization. Not only may other States claim the same privileges, but groups within the State will place themselves above the moral law. The logical result of State-worship is absolute anarchism and Satanism.

Morality in practice is perhaps no worse; but the standard of ethics has deteriorated seriously. The romantic depreciation of virtue is a literary *genre*. In international ethics the collapse is complete. There has been a great increase in what he calls puerilism—turning play into work and work into play. Modernist art reveals the deep degradation of taste.

War is an anachronism and an abomination; no good can ever come of it. But the spirit of the peoples is corrupted and poisoned by hatred artificially stimulated. Like Keyserling, he appeals for a new asceticism, and a return to decent standards, which means a return to religion. He is not, I think, without

hope that, if we can keep the peace for a generation, Europe may regain her equilibrium.

Professor G. J. HEERING's book, *The Fall of Christianity*, is an incisive indictment of the Churches for their failure to stop war. The present state of affairs is a deep stain upon our civilization, and the followers of Christ have not realized their responsibility.

More important for our present purpose is *The End of Economic Man* (1939) by PETER DRUCKER, an Austrian who after acting as financial editor of the *Frankfurter General Anzeiger*, joined an international banking house as economist, and was an adviser for British insurance companies. In 1937 he went to New York as correspondent for several British newspapers. He is therefore a highly competent economist and financier.

Fascism and Nazism represent a fundamental revolution. They are the only effective political force in Europe; they have reduced democracy to impotent defence. Communism has definitely lost its fight. The West has wisely left it to cut its own throat in Russia, and it has done so.

It is not true that in Germany a majority hostile to Nazism is held down by terror, nor that Hitler's success is due to clever propaganda. Both in Italy and Germany all the means of propaganda were in anti-fascist hands until the victory of the two dictators. The phenomenon can be explained only by "a radical change in the order of values." The new order has no positive ideology, but is based on a negation of all the old ideas. Fascism is anti-everything. It is anti-liberal and anti-conservative; anti-religious and anti-atheist; anti-capitalist and anti-communist; anti-war and anti-pacifist; against big business and against the small tradesman. The author heard a Nazi agitator wildly applauded when he exclaimed, "We don't want lower bread prices, we don't want higher bread prices, we don't want unchanged bread prices; we want National-Socialist bread prices." This, he says, came nearer to explaining Nazism than anything he has heard since.

He ventures on the paradox that the masses believe in Fascism because they do *not* believe in its promises. The masses were in despair. They recognized that Marxism is dead, and that socialism has become trade-unionism, a movement *within*

capitalism. But the great slump in 1929 shook men's belief in capitalism. Capitalism however has not failed as an economic system; "it has succeeded beyond the wildest dreams". But "there is no possibility of reconciling the supremacy of the economic sphere with the belief in freedom and equality as the true aims of society". (Incidentally, he makes too much of "equality" all through the book. Of the windy French triad, we have chosen liberty, the French equality, the Americans fraternity. The Englishman cares little for equality.)

What we have to look for, according to Drucker, is the rejection of economics, and the search for a non-economic standard of values. The "Nazi miracle" is the introduction of a non-economic industrial socialism. This change in the standard of values all over Europe owes much more to the Churches than is usually admitted. Both Catholics and Protestants have worked for "the integration of the structure of industrial society into a non-mechanical order".

As an expert economist he has much to say on Nazi economics. Nazism rejects absolutely the American creed of "consumptionism", and returns to the economics of John Stuart Mill, who believed in thrift and saving. Both in Germany and Russia expenditure is drastically controlled, and a huge surplus is created, which is compulsorily invested in government loans. In Germany these loans are devoted to non-productive expenditure on armaments, which, it would seem, must lead at last to a crash; but, as Drucker says, expenditure on guns is not more unproductive than on champagne, cigars and cosmetics.

Are the totalitarian States unlike the rest of Europe? National character is the last resort of baffled historians. Why then did democracy collapse in Italy and Germany? Italy did *not* "lose the peace", and for some years it looked as if Germany might assume the lead in a democratic movement against imperialism. But in both countries the *bourgeoisie* had no social prestige, and in both countries the great experience of the nineteenth century was not middle-class ascendancy but national unification. The Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire had prevented national unity in Italy and

Germany. Mussolini early realized the significance of the victory of Cavour over Garibaldi and Mazzini.

Totalitarian militarism serves the vital social purpose of supplying a non-economic basis of society while leaving unchanged the façade of industrial society. The end is not purely military. To make everybody at all times a soldier is to introduce real equality, or at least a career open to the talents. This policy was not in accordance with the views of the German army chiefs, who regard a conscript army as a serious military drawback. The merits of the policy are that it abolishes economic privilege, and substitutes the honour-code of an army for private profit motives. The appeal is to heroic self-sacrifice, one of the oldest ritual concepts of mankind. It has captured a large part of the post-war youth in all the totalitarian countries. It is the best, not the worst, of the young men who have been so attracted.

But though this kind of sacrifice offers an ideal for the individual, it makes society irrational and senseless, and the majority in those countries know it. "In spite of all propaganda, the masses in the totalitarian countries fear war even more than those in the democracies." The spontaneous and general rejoicing of the German and Italian people after the Munich accord was enough to prove this. The people are therefore being bled white for objects which are repugnant to them.

The governments attempt in vain to escape from this *impasse* by the persecution or defamation of personified demons, such as the Jews, the communists, and Winston Churchill. The attempt to find a persuasive non-economic motive has after all failed.

Organization has become an end in itself. A vast bureaucracy drains the revenue and strangles the vitality of the nation. An all-pervasive tyranny recalls the caste-system which wrecked the urban civilization of antiquity. But the masses have no alternative. They must live on parrot-cries which do not persuade them, for they have nothing better to say or do. Every fascist crowd is gripped by hysteria. The totalitarian war against liberty and religion is a proof of weakness, not strength; it has its roots in black despair.

Nothing has done more harm than the insane notion of the Left Wing in the West that a united front between the democracies and "democratic Russia" was possible. "There must eventually be an alliance of Russia and Germany against the West. It is a nightmare to-day; it may be a reality to-morrow." "The continued existence of the democracies is the gravest danger to the stability of the totalitarian régime." "The two Powers may arrive at an agreement by partitioning Poland."

Drucker has proved to be right; I at least was not at all surprised. But eventually, as I have said, the conflict between Teuton and Slav must be decided, and Time is on the side of the Slav.

"The next decade will decide whether Europe can find the forces which will lead her out of the *impasse* into which the collapse of Economic Man has led her, or whether she has to grope her way through the darkness of totalitarian Fascism before she finds a new, positive, non-economic concept of Free Man."

(To be concluded)

THE GERMAN NAVY'S STRATEGY

BY HERBERT ROSINSKI

TO a superficial observer the war at sea might appear almost like a repetition of the last war. Once again he will find the Grand Fleet lying apparently purposeless in its northern harbours at Scapa Flow and elsewhere. Once again the work of the British control, proceeding in its shadow, is slowly but inexorably choking German oversea communications in its deadly stranglehold. Once again German counteraction, unable to break that deadly vice in open battle, has had to take the form of a roundabout attack by submarine, mine, aerial and surface raiders direct against the British lines of communication.

Yet beneath that deceiving superficial similarity the eye of the naval expert will immediately discover profound differences. One of these differences has already been pointed out by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond in his penetrating fundamental analysis of the naval side of the war in the October issue of this review: the fact that the German Navy to-day has no battle fleet corresponding to the powerful High Sea Fleet she possessed in 1914. The other is less easily perceptible and unknown even to most naval experts, yet in the long run probably no less significant and no less important. It is the fundamentally different outlook with which the German Navy has entered upon and so far conducted the present struggle: the change from a strategy aiming on traditional lines at "command of the sea" to a strategy of concentrated "trade warfare" directed against the British oversea lines of communication.

This second difference is not simply the result of the former. The German Navy has not turned to trade warfare merely because of the lack of a substantial battle fleet. Even with the same relative battle fleet strength as in 1914 the German Navy would to-day conduct her war against British Sea Power on

fundamentally different lines to those she pursued during the World War. For since its conclusion her ideas on naval warfare and naval strategy have undergone a profound and fundamental revolution, as the result of the breakdown of her original strategic conceptions during that conflict. It is by understanding that revolution in her strategic ideas that it is possible to understand the "inner motives", the hopes and the assumptions, upon which she is basing her present campaign.

The German Navy had entered the World War with a conception of Naval Strategy modelled more upon the familiar features of land warfare than the characteristics of the war at sea, of which she had so far had no large scale experience. Despite all lip service paid to a vague notion of "command of the sea" German naval thought at that time saw in naval warfare essentially a military duel between the two opposing fleets. To make ready the German Fleet for such a decisive struggle in a great pitched battle had been the central idea of Great Admiral von Tirpitz and his band of devoted collaborators for nearly two decades. Behind the obsession of that belief everything else had receded into a dim background. That such a battle would take place within a few weeks of the outbreak of the war nobody entertained the slightest doubts. With its "brutal superiority" the Grand Fleet would sally forth into the Heligoland Bight to impose the traditional close-range blockade upon the German North Sea ports. Then would be the favourable hour for the German Navy to force the issue near her own bases, where the mass attacks of her destroyer flotillas brought to a remarkably high pitch of efficiency, could be utilized to the utmost advantage. Under such favourable conditions, on her own ground, it was thought not inconceivable that she might be able to get the better of the Grand Fleet despite the latter's marked numerical superiority.

When, therefore, in the autumn of 1914 one week after the other passed without the Grand Fleet appearing to fulfil this preconceived picture, the plans of the German Admiral Staff collapsed over night like a house of cards. Too late the German Navy realized that the exceptionally favourable position of the British Isles athwart the western outlets of the North Sea enabled the Grand Fleet to reverse the rôles of attack and

defence and to enjoy all the advantages of the "command of the sea" from her far away base at Scapa Flow, without having first to acquire it by close range blockade and pitched battle close to the enemy's ports. Trained for a battle within a radius of a hundred miles around Heligoland, the German Navy thus found herself before the truly perplexing situation that the enemy, instead of coming forth to offer itself to a counterstroke, was able to sever all German sea borne communications—with the exception of those running through the Baltic—without the Navy being able to strike one single blow in their defence. Pent up in the innermost corner of the North Sea, the German Navy found herself as unable to shake off the stranglehold, which slowly choked the life out of her country, as to attack in her turn the vital communications of the Allies. The result was in the words of a German post-war naval critic a strategic "vacuum" in which the German Naval Command continued to keep its gaze hypnotically fixed upon the Grand Fleet, trying, in vain, by highly hazardous and strategically purposeless raids against the British East Coast to lure her into the hasty exposure of part of her forces. First the German oversea cruisers and later the German submarine campaign broke down in their attack against the weakly protected British lines of communication behind the shield of the Grand Fleet, because of the lack of adequate co-operation on the part of their own main forces.

This tragic picture of the powerful High Sea Fleet, built and trained at such tremendous cost and effort, lying for a great part of the war useless in its North Sea ports until the day when it had to sally forth to the ultimate surrender at Scapa Flow, was the dominant impression which the German Navy took away from the War. The memory of it continued to pursue the minds of those who had devoted their life to the upbuilding of that force. In vain did the official interpretation attempt to lay the fault for this helpless inactivity at the door of the various naval commanders-in-chief and of the fettering influences of the Imperial G.H.Q. In 1926 a Vice-Admiral on the retired list, Wolfgang Wegener, formulated his opposition to the official version in a small memorandum *The Naval Strategy of the World War*.

In this study Wegener for the first time pointed out that the

strategy of the German Navy before and during the World War had been suffering from a fundamental misdirection of her efforts. Obsessed by the conception of war as a naval duel the German Navy had utterly failed to realize that battles were not ends in themselves, but merely the means towards the real end of naval warfare : the control of the vital sea communications. That end, however, the German Navy from her hopeless geographical position in the North Sea was obviously incapable of achieving ; in the North Sea the battle she had been seeking with such ardour would have been strategically without effect, even if it had ended in her victory. To break that spell, wage real naval warfare and effectively threaten the superior British position at Scapa Flow, something more was needed than strategically purposeless raids against the East Coast : a strategic offensive carrying the German Fleet through the Danish Sounds to a position at Skagen, commanding the Nordic trade route running though the Skagerrak and, from there, to the S.W. Coast of Norway and, finally, if necessary, across the North Sea to the Shetland Islands. In that way lay not only the certainty of a truly decisive battle, but also hope of breaking open the doorway to the Atlantic.

Admiral Wegener's study created the most profound impression in German naval circles. Its frank criticism of German naval thought both before and during the War might be resented. Its positive proposals could be easily demonstrated to disregard all the realities of the situation. Yet all this could not seriously detract from the fact that its author had for the first time laid his finger upon the fundamental weakness of the German Navy's strategy and for the first time had directed her eyes upon the real aim and objective of naval warfare.

Yet Wegener's discovery, that the real task of a navy lay not in seeking sterile victories, but in assuring the maintenance of its country's vital sea communications, was but the first step towards the development of a new German naval doctrine. At first sight, in the then state of the German Navy, it might have seemed merely destined to bring home to the Germans the hopeless position to which she had been reduced at Versailles. If the tiny force left to Germany could no longer hope to hold its own even against a second rate Sea Power, how much less

was it capable of assuring the German transatlantic communications, which the mighty High Sea Fleet had failed to maintain in 1914. The manner in which this apparently hopeless proposition was solved, or rather circumvented, when ten years later the resurrection of German sea power under the Third Reich imperatively demanded a fundamental strategic idea, was highly ingenious. The New School of German naval strategy, which arose rather abruptly sometime around 1936, and rapidly permeated the whole service with its ideas, based its picture of the rôle of the German Navy upon two main tenets. The first of these was that, according to the express statement of the *Führer* and the Anglo-German Naval Treaty of June 1935, a conflict with the British Fleet was henceforth utterly out of the question and need no longer be taken into any consideration. That contingency eliminated, the task of the German navy would be to assure Germany's transatlantic communications against "other continental powers", by which designation German naval writers clearly understood a Franco-Russian coalition. That aim the German Navy was believed fully capable of fulfilling, in view of the fact that war at sea was no longer directed upon the outdated notion of acquiring a general or "absolute" command of the sea. Instead, the new school claimed, belligerent parties would in future confine their efforts to the direct defence of their own and the attack of the convoys, without first attempting to brush their opponent off the sea altogether. Great pitched battles would no longer take place and such smaller or greater clashes, as might occur, would arise out of the accidents of trade warfare, not however to be sought for the establishment of a general supremacy.

It needs but a glance at the map to understand how such a state of mutual trade warfare, as envisaged by these German naval strategists, would have fitted exactly the case of the German Navy in such a struggle against a Franco-Russian combination. In that case a neutral Great Britain would actually have interposed like an impenetrable screen between the German and French areas of local predominance. From her very unfavourable position, in the extreme S.W. corner of the North Sea, the French Navy would have been powerless effectively to attack German convoys crossing the North Sea.

The effect would have been, as a recent German pamphlet described it "as if the estuaries of Elbe and Weser were for all strategical purposes projected to a line running from Scotland to the S.W. coast of Norway". Once that line was reached, merchantmen could be dismissed into the immense space of the open Atlantic with its unlimited possibilities for evasive routeing, while the French on their side would have been able to maintain their predominance in the Bay of Biscay. Thus in this particular case, as the leading French naval expert Admiral Castex agreed, the German Navy would indeed have found itself able to fulfil the fundamental task of maintaining its vital Atlantic communications, without having first to wrest a general command of the sea from its opponent.

The full significance of this fundamental change in the German Navy's outlook from its original concentration upon the enemy's battle fleet to cruiser warfare against his communications revealed itself, however, only in the third phase, when from the autumn of 1938 onwards the German Navy's thoughts—despite platonic protestations to the contrary—began to turn more and more towards the problem—so lightly dismissed as out of question—of a naval struggle against Great Britain. On the *defensive* side, indeed, the specious pleading contained in the New School's doctrine that the days of "absolute" command were past promptly revealed itself. By no stretch of imagination was it conceivable that Great Britain would be satisfied with utilizing the overwhelming numerical superiority at her disposal merely for the convoying of her merchantmen and cruiser warfare against German convoys, instead of establishing with it an "absolute" command even more firm and unchallengeable than the one maintained by her during the World War. Before the overwhelming superiority of British Sea Power the whole edifice of expedients by which the German Navy had claimed to be able to fulfil its fundamental defensive functions hopelessly collapsed and was silently dropped overboard. One well known Admiral naïvely remarked that a conflict with Great Britain "would confront German Naval Strategy in the North Sea with some very difficult tasks". On the *offensive* side, however, the turning of German naval strategy towards "cruiser warfare" fitted her needs in a struggle

with this country as perfectly as its defensive aspect had fitted the case of a struggle with France alone.

For the German Navy, in her present pronounced inferiority in battleship strength, to dream of challenging the Grand Fleet's overwhelming superiority would have been not only hopeless, but nothing short of madness. Even to attempt her old game in the World War and try to cut off individual ships and sections of the British main forces in the North Sea would have meant, at the best, a fatal dissipation of effort and the repetition of her former error of making the enemy's armed forces and not his communications the object of her actions. By concentrating, on the other hand, all her forces—relieved from protective duties except in the Baltic—upon the one aim of direct attack by cruiser warfare—submarine, aerial and surface—upon the British convoys behind the shield of the Grand Fleet she would attack her opponent's weakness instead of its strength and might hope to inflict at least severe, possibly even decisive damage. For such an attack she could muster strong forces. Her submarine fleet of some 70 units built or nearing completion, represented a force such as she had not been able to achieve in the World War until 1916, after two years of conflict. Thus, in contrast her submarine attack would not be intensified gradually, parallel to the strengthening of the defence, but would be able to start in full force at the very outset of the campaign at a moment when the chief measure for the defence, the grouping of merchantmen into convoys, had only just been able to start and would not be completed for many weeks to come.

Above all, however, the submarine campaign would this time not be conducted as an isolated action by itself, as during the World War, but in strict co-ordination with all other weapons at the disposal of the German Navy. In the North Sea it would be supplemented by the as yet untried weapon of aerial attack against convoys of which naval experts in all countries had formed great expectations. In the Atlantic submarine warfare and cruiser warfare by powerful surface raiders would be able to act in closest co-operation. During the World War the German Navy had let her submarines be beaten by the weak convoy escorts of destroyers and armed auxiliaries, because she had never attempted to send out cruisers through the

British lines of blockade and roll up the convoys behind it. Now the submarine was to force the isolated merchantmen into convoys, thus providing huge targets for the surface raider to swoop down upon and overwhelm. In the three—now two—pocket-battleships, originally constructed for cruiser warfare against the French communications in the Bay of Biscay, the German Navy possessed the ideal vessels for the application of that strategy. With their heavy armament of six 11 inch guns and fairly strong armour, they were able to overpower without difficulty any escort vessel short of a battleship or battle cruiser, while their speed of 26 knots enabled them to evade all battleships with the exception of the three British battle cruisers "Hood," "Renown" and "Repulse" and the two French battleships, "Dunkerque" and "Strasbourg." Against them, or even against the five weaker 10,000 ton cruisers with 8 inch guns built or building for the German Navy, the weak escort vessels built or projected in this country would stand no chance whatsoever, as Admiral Meurer triumphantly pointed out with remarkable frankness in the article already quoted by Admiral Richmond. How serious in fact that threat was considered to be can be seen from Mr. Winston Churchill's speech in the House of Commons in which he successfully pleaded for the retention of the five old battleships of the Royal Sovereign class as a stiffening for important convoys.

Since then the German Navy has had the opportunity of testing its strategic doctrines in practice. If they have enabled it to avoid the flagrant errors of the World War the results of the first four months of the war have so far failed to bear out the great expectations based upon the New Strategy. The submarine menace, after initial successes, which, however, never approached anything like the sinkings at the height of the unrestricted submarine campaign in the spring and summer of 1917 have been safely kept under control. The mine, in the World War only a subordinate branch of submarine warfare proper, has begun to decline from the dramatic prominence into which it had sprung for a moment. Aerial attacks against men-of-war as well as convoys have so far proved wholly unsuccessful. Most surprising of all, however, co-operation between surface raiders and submarines has proved a complete failure. All that the much

vaunted pocket-battleships have been able to achieve has been the capture of a few isolated merchantmen, far less than the weak German oversea cruisers of 1914; while they have completely failed to bring off that wholesale attack and destruction of convoys, which naval experts in both camps feared—or hoped for.

One fundamental reason for the upsetting of the German Navy's calculations, despite their incomparably clearer grasp of the principles of naval strategy compared with the World War, can be pointed out. It is the understandable, but nevertheless fatally erroneous neglect of the fundamental rôle of Great Britain's command of the sea. In the World War it was the "Command" established by the Grand Fleet from Scapa Flow that formed the pivot that supported everything else: the control of the High Sea Fleet within the North Sea, the deadly blockade and the whole system of commerce protection by convoys that beat the submarine. The German Navy failed to break it and probably would have failed to do so, even if she had understood it better. In the years after the War the German Navy, despairing of ever being able again to wrestle for the "command", tried to console itself by the special plea that the "absolute" command was neither necessary, nor up-to-date. To-day the German propaganda does not cease to proclaim that the German Navy *has* wrested the "command" from the British Navy in the North Sea and in the open Atlantic. Yet all these claims and all these fulminations are unable to alter or even to disguise the fundamental fact that that command exists, firmer than at any other time, and that upon this rock all the German Navy's plans for a super commerce warfare must gradually, but inexorably shatter themselves.

THE TWILIGHT OF NEUTRALITY

BY W. FRIEDMANN

THE present war is essentially the climax of a continuous and steadily intensifying international social crisis, which broke out twenty-five years ago, and in the process of which many established values, political, cultural, social, economic, legal, have been shattered. Not the least significant of the issues in the present war is the onslaught upon the conception and law of neutrality, as it had crystallized during the 19th century. Neutrality was badly shaken by the war of 1914 to 1918 but just managed to survive. The League of Nations and its principles of collective security purported to abolish neutrality in principle. With the collapse of the League many thought that Neutrality had risen like the Phoenix from the ashes, but in fact, as the present war shows in full clarity, political and social conditions had so much changed that Neutrality, as we know it, cannot survive.

First, what were the essential features of Neutrality, as it is at present desperately, and perhaps hopelessly defended by countries like Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavias? The law of neutrality is mainly customary, but much of it has been crystallized in the Declaration of Paris of 1856, the Hague Conventions which are still theoretically binding between the parties, *i.e.*, the great majority of states, and in the Declaration of London of 1909, which purported to codify the law of maritime warfare, but was not ratified and to-day may well be described as the tombstone of an epoch.

Neutrality, as it stood in 1914, was essentially a passive attitude taken towards the belligerents by all other states. These states, within the sphere of governmental activity and responsibility, were charged with impartiality towards the belligerents and with abstention from interference in the war. Thus no transport of belligerent contingents through neutral

territory was permissible, no enlistment campaign for either belligerent could be permitted, and no neutral bases could be used by either of the belligerents.

The most essential feature of that conception of neutrality, which is now so decisively challenged, was that neutral duties did not extend to neutral trade. The tacit assumption was that trade was universally private. Neutral merchants were free to trade with either belligerent, at their own risk, and subject to certain restrictions which, through centuries of adjustment and a continuous tug-of-war between neutrals and belligerents had become well established: belligerents had the right to search neutral ships for contraband, *i.e.*, articles designed to further the conduct of the war or to blockade certain parts of the enemy coast. But, in principle, neutral trade was free, even enemy goods borne in neutral ships. The result was that it was possible for neutral trade to flourish in time of war, while neutral governments could show complete detachment. Where military and geographical conditions were roughly equally favourable to both sides, belligerents would, on the whole, not interfere too much. Where that was not the case, as in the respective position of the Allies and the Central Powers towards the United States in the last war, the handicapped belligerent would be likely to interfere. The potentiality of bigger neutral responsibilities arose from the fact that no government is indifferent to the commercial prosperity of the whole or part of its citizens and would therefore act to protect their freedom of trade.

The last war produced many cracks in this structure, especially through the extension of contraband in modern warfare. Both sides went on extending their lists of contraband, until they included practically every article of any importance which might, directly or indirectly, reach the enemy. Moreover, Germany, less favourably placed in her overseas commerce than the Allies, soon resorted to illegal attacks upon neutral trade. After the United States had joined the war, it was left to a few smaller neutral countries, notably Holland and the Scandinavian states, to maintain the rights of neutral trade and a certain balance in their commercial relations with both sides.

The conclusion of the war, and the first post-war era brought

an attack upon neutrality of a quite different character. The League of Nations Covenant revived the medieval idea of just and unjust wars and excluded, for members of the League, neutrality in all those wars which the League Covenant outlawed. In a war of aggression by any state against a member of the League it was the duty of every member immediately and automatically to break off economic relations with the aggressor. This League principle, even while the League had some measure of authority, remained an ideology rather than a principle of action. The lack of universality of the League, numerous international treaties expressly stipulating neutrality between parties of which at least one was a League member, resolutions and declarations restricting the obligations to apply economic, let alone military sanctions automatically, and leaving their application ultimately to the discretion of every member, these and other factors kept neutrality alive under the League. As a distinguished international lawyer has put it :

Neutrality and collective security are complementary concepts ; the more there is of the one, the less there is of the other.*

When the League collapsed as an effective factor in international relations, many thought that the old rules of neutrality could simply resume their former position. Others realized the change in international political and social conditions and the difficulty of each neutral defending its status singly ; they therefore put forward schemes of collective neutrality, implying collective neutral action to protect the status of neutrality. It is obvious that such schemes raise even greater problems than the principle of collective action evolved by the League. In both cases there is the danger of being involved in war, but both on psychological and ethical grounds there is a stronger inducement to do so for a principle of international order like the League principle, than for the essentially negative principle of neutrality.

The collapse of the League left a world that had travelled a long way from the social economic and political conditions which had produced the rules of neutrality as laid down in the Hague Conventions and the Declaration of Paris. But law, largely owing to the traditional conservatism of its professional

*Professor Lauterparht (1936) *Politica* 133 et seq.

interpreters, often persists long after the conditions which produced it have vanished. Hence to-day all belligerents still profess to be bound by a law of neutrality which is largely inapplicable.

The principal factors which make a restoration of the old law of neutrality impossible, because they have created a quite incompatible political and social international situation, seem to me to be the following :

1. The increase of state control over the formerly private sphere of trade and commerce, as a permanent, not merely a war time feature.
2. The predominantly economic character of modern totalitarian warfare, which makes it imperative to strangle the entire economic life of the enemy and thus to cut him off from all international trade as far as is in the power of the opponent.
3. As a counterpart to factors 1 and 2 the formation of a new economic conception, incompatible with the principle of general international trade, upon which the law of neutrality is based. This conception envisages closed economic blocs, most of them dominated by one powerful state.
4. The ideological, crusading and aggressive character of present day war, the climax of a deep conflict of political and social systems, each of which must and does tend to incorporate the neutral not only economically, but also politically, so that no neutral can be indifferent "in thought" although various motives may induce him to remain impartial in action.
5. As a result of these factors the present war is characterized by the threat to the independence of small nations, who are traditionally the mainstay of neutrality.

The emergence of the State as the direct or indirect controller of economic life affects the basic assumptions of the customary rules of neutrality to such an extent that it is remarkable that so little notice there has been taken of it. That international trade was private, was so much taken for granted before 1914 that neither the Hague Conventions nor the Declaration of London even mention the fact ; yet it is vital to the operation of the cardinal rule that the duty of abstention from interference with the war and of impartiality towards the belligerents is confined to the government of neutral countries, while neutral trade with either or both of the belligerent parties may be continued in whatever way business motives, geographical considerations or sympathies may determine, and subject only to the restrictions which, as mentioned above, may be imposed by the belligerents. But what happens to this rule, when the government owns or controls merchant shipping, as in Soviet Russia, or the United States (formerly) or controls the international trade of the

country by means of export and import control, planning of production, allocation of raw materials and shipping space, by a rigid system of currency control? The latter form of state control applied, even in peace time, to Germany, Italy, Japan, and as far as trade in war materials was concerned, to Great Britain and, through the nationalization of the arms industry, to France. In Soviet Russia all trade is state trade. As the Spanish Civil war has shown in particular, international trade thereby ceases to be a purely commercial matter and assumes political significance. Trade becomes a part of state policy. The problem was brought out by the recent Soviet note to the Allies protesting against the blockade. *Inter alia*, it stressed the fact that all Soviet merchant ships are state owned and should, therefore, not be subject to interference. If this argument were adopted, it would give Soviet Russia a privileged position among all neutral nations.

In modern wars state control is reinforced, in order to co-ordinate the national machinery for war purposes and pursue the war more effectively. The last war went far in the direction of totalitarian government, on all sides. Although the allied Powers attempted, as far as possible, to return to pre-war conditions, when the war was finished, the growing complexity and urgency of social problems, and later on, the danger of war did not allow it. State interference, in trade and industry, whether planned or unplanned, whether through direct state industry and commerce or through tariffs, subsidies, currency regulations, etc., speedily increased, whereas all totalitarian states made state control a matter of principle. The outbreak of the present war therefore found all nations much better prepared, although not in equal measure, to assume full control of economic life for the cardinal purpose of conquering the enemy economically. It started where the last war ended, with unrestricted submarine and mine warfare by Germany, and a complete blockade of Germany's seaborne trade by the Allies, through a list of contraband covering practically everything, and the cutting off of all trade with Germany. For countries exposed to the full pressure from both sides, such as Holland, Belgium or the Scandinavian states the combined effect of these

measures is very grave, especially as Germany at least backs her own measures by military pressure on these neutrals.

The Law of Neutrality as it has developed during the last few centuries, is largely the result and expression of a balance of power in Europe, a code of behaviour developed by big nations which found it, on the whole, preferable to respect neutrality because the disadvantages of not doing so would have outweighed the advantages. When the balance of power was destroyed, as in the Napoleonic era, neutrality went by the board. When the balance of power was restored, neutrality reappeared. Economic conditions, geographical position, military strength may make it worth while for both sides to respect neutrality rather than destroy a source of supply for the enemy. But of the smaller European neutral countries, whose economic existence is bound up with respect for the traditional rules of neutrality, it appears that Denmark is at present the only one in this highly precarious position. In view of her close economic relations with Great Britain, especially her large supplies of vital foodstuffs to this country, and of her military helplessness towards Germany, it would seem the natural course for Germany to force Denmark into abandoning her commerce with Britain. This was attempted, but apparently soon given up, and the reasons are not difficult to find. Denmark's agricultural capacity depends largely on concentrated animal feeding stuffs imported from overseas and subject to the allied blockade. Reprisals by Britain would ruin Danish agriculture and thus destroy an important source of food supplies for Germany as well as make an important customer of German goods insolvent. Thus, for the time being, a precarious balance is maintained. This balance, however, hardly exists in regard to say Sweden or Holland. For Germany the exclusive control of Swedish iron ore and timber, to the detriment of Great Britain, may outweigh the disadvantages of violating her neutrality. In the case of Holland, it is her special position as a transit country for German goods, and her vital strategic position in a war with Britain which upsets the balance.

On the whole, then, the totalitarian character of modern warfare and the pre-eminence of the economic weapon makes that balance of power which supported the law of neutrality, a

rare exception, and the wish to violate neutrality, in order to hit the enemy's economic life, the rule.

The economic war policy just described has a positive counterpart: the substitution of coherent, closed and self sufficient economic blocs for the general and indiscriminating international trade of the 19th and early 20th centuries. Despite cross currents, the tendency is unmistakable. Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, all pursue, in different ways and with different emphasis, the creation of powerful blocs under their leadership, blocs which would be cemented by economic as well as by political ties. Similar tendencies are more vaguely discernible on the American Continent. Smaller countries, like Belgium and Holland, the Scandinavians, the Balkans, are included in these schemes, mainly as suppliers of raw materials or agricultural produce, in exchange for industrial products. Others, like Poland and Czechoslovakia, have already been brought in.

There is no room, in any of these plans and campaigns, for the impartial detachment which is the essence of neutrality. This new conception of closed economic empires is fostered by the relentless economic struggle of the present war. If Germany wants to prevent Holland or Sweden from trading with the enemy, or perhaps with anyone but herself, she must find a substitute for these vital sources of livelihood. Since she cannot pay cash for goods in foreign currency, she would force them into her own economic system by a mixture of military threats, barter trade and I.O.U.'s. If, on the other hand, Britain's measures are to succeed, if Holland is to be deprived of her vital transit trade with Germany, she will have to be found substitute markets, or fall an easier prey to German aspirations.

These economic tendencies are strongly reinforced by a non-economic factor: the crusading and missionary character of the new totalitarian imperialism. The Russian penetration of the Baltic, Balkans or Asia may be in the name of the liberation of the working people, the German drive towards the Low Countries or Scandinavia in the name of the colonizing mission of the Germanic master race, and both may, in fact, be animated by the same lust of power of a few men, but there is no doubt that both wish to spread, with political and economic domination, their social and political creed. No country, once in the German

or Russian Lebensraum, will be able to continue a way of political life different from that of the conqueror. And although on the other side the battle cry is Freedom and the independence of nations, it follows that round this battle cry will rally all those who believe in the values implicit in such a battle cry, especially when held against the creed of the other side. If the United States acknowledge that there can be no moral neutrality in the present war, this is certainly true of all European nations which are, actively or passively, in the battle zone. This is more and more strongly realized by many of the countries which have hitherto been only too anxious to avoid commitments and to maintain an attitude of absolute, if apprehensive impartiality. Hitherto blocs like the Scandinavian bloc have not gone beyond emphasis on common values and interests. They have carefully abstained from military understanding and now may find themselves overpowered singly, one after the other.

So far the discussion has mainly centred round the traditionally neutral smaller nations. They, indeed, are being forced to adhere to some powerful bloc, whether aggressive or defensive. There are, on the other hand, a number of powerful nations which seem quite well able to remain neutral and to enforce respect for certain elementary neutral rights. As for these great nations, it is well to distinguish between the neutrality of Italy and Japan on one hand, and the United States on the other. (As for Russia, her neutrality in the struggle between the Allies and Germany was never more than the abstention from direct military action.)

The neutrality of Italy and Japan has nothing of the passive attitude of abstention and impartiality which is the traditional conception of neutrality. Of the smaller nations it can be said that neutrality in wars between big powers is vital to them, part as it were of the air they must breathe to live. But for Italy and Japan neutrality—for the time being—is an intensely active policy of imperialistic nations. They see for the present, and for obvious reasons, the greatest advantage in an attitude of watchful balance, while "keeping their powder dry". The eclipse of Neutrality does not mean that all nations must be at war; it does mean that the particular combination of political

abstention and impartiality with private commercial activity, essential to the smaller nations, has disappeared.

The one Great Power which has had an essential part in the geographical position on one hand, and her enormous importance as a reservoir of supplies to belligerents in other Continents, is the United States. And it is significant that this very country should have voluntarily abandoned for herself the status which she was instrumental in consolidating throughout the 19th and early 20th centuries. The neutrality legislation of 1937 to 1939 signifies that the particular combination of political abstention and profitable trade is no longer considered as practicable. But the alternative solutions are hitherto tentative. What is clear is that there are in the United States, two conflicting tendencies: either to withdraw from European affairs, develop an American sphere of interest and, perhaps, an American civilization, in conjunction with the other American states, which is ultimately possible only by an abandonment of many trade and other interests in Europe, and, perhaps, also in Asia; or to maintain an economic, political and ideological interest in Europe, which means ultimately an active interest in the European struggle. Even in the last war the United States could not maintain both her neutrality and her European commitments and interests. How much less likely is it in the present war, in which the economic warfare started where it stopped in the last war. The United States has not yet finally chosen between these alternatives. The Neutrality Act of 1937, by its compulsory embargo on all war materials, and its discretionary embargo on other materials, unless transferred before transport to the purchaser and carried in other than American ships, strongly points in the direction of withdrawal. This tendency is strengthened by the 1939 Act, in so far as it introduces the cash and carry clause and bans American shipping from the war zone—an unprecedented step taken by one of the greatest maritime powers able to protect its merchant fleets against illegal interference. The positive counterpart of that policy is represented by the growing activity of the Pan-American Conference, and, quite recently, by the Panama Declaration of Neutrality, which creates a protective ring round the American Continent. But

it is weakened by the cancellation of the embargo on war materials, coupled with the cash and carry clause, which, in effect, enables the Allies alone to make purchases and thus invites the wrath of Germany. It is a compromise solution. Since then, the Russian invasion of Finland has produced a reaction in America which may well make the pendulum swing far in the other direction. Be that as it may, eventually the one or the other alternative must prevail. The present compromise is not likely to be permanent.

Neutrality, as we know it, has been the result of a certain political condition of Europe, in existence throughout the greater part of the last few centuries, when a certain number of powerful states kept each other in check, a system for which the existence of neutral countries was essential. While subject to perpetual fluctuations, it attained sufficient stability to allow the growth of rules of conduct and a moral code sufficiently respected to justify the name of "International Law". But a period of social revolution combined with ruthless imperialism, leaves no room for neutrality, whether political, economic or moral. It may be that the world will transform itself into a number of closed zones isolated from each other. It may be that eventually a more closely knit world order will arise out of the present chaos. Or it may be that some imperialistic power achieves the mastery over at least a part of the world from which, after ruthless domination, a Pax Romana may eventually arise. These issues have to be fought out, and everyone, individual and nation, will have to take part in the struggle. While the struggle lasts, there can be no neutrality.

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

By H. G. WELLS

(Continued)

THE NEW TYPE OF REVOLUTION.

LET us return to our main purpose, which is to examine the way in which we are to face up to this impending World Revolution.

To many minds this idea of Revolution is almost inseparable from visions of street barricades made of paving-stones and overturned vehicles, ragged mobs armed with impromptu weapons and inspired by defiant songs, prisons broken and a general jail delivery, palaces stormed, a great hunting of ladies and gentlemen, decapitated but still beautiful heads on pikes, regicides of the most sinister quality, the busy guillotine, a crescendo of disorder ending in a whiff of grapeshot. . . .

That was one type of Revolution. It is what one might call the Catholic type of Revolution, that is to say it is the ultimate phase of a long period of Catholic living and teaching. People do not realize this and some will be indignant at its being stated so barely. Yet the facts stare us in the face, common knowledge, not to be denied. That furious, hungry, desperate, mob was the outcome of generations of Catholic rule, Catholic morality and Catholic education. The King of France was the "Most Christian King, the eldest son of the Church", he was master of the economic and financial life of the community, and the Catholic Church controlled the intellectual life of the community and the education of the people absolutely. That mob was the outcome. It is absurd

to parrot that Christianity has never been tried. Christianity in its most highly developed form has been tried and tried again. It was tried for centuries fully and completely, in Spain, France, Italy. It was responsible for the filth and chronic pestilence and famine of medieval England. It inculcated purity but it never inculcated cleanliness. Catholic Christianity had practically unchallenged power in France for generations. It was free to teach as it chose and as much as it chose. It dominated the common life entirely. The Catholic system in France cannot have reaped anything it did not sow, for no other sowers were allowed. That hideous mob of murderous ragamuffins we are so familiar with in pictures of the period, was the final harvest of its *régime*.

The more Catholic reactionaries revile the insurgent common people of the first French Revolution, the more they condemn themselves. It is the most impudent perversion of reality for them to snivel about the guillotine and the tumbrils, as though these were not purely Catholic products, as though they came in suddenly from outside to wreck a genteel Paradise. They were the last stage of the systematic injustice and ignorance of a strictly Catholic *régime*. One phase succeeded another with relentless logic. The Marseillaise completed the life-cycle of Catholicism.

In Spain too and in Mexico we have seen undisputed educational and moral Catholic ascendancy, the Church with a free hand, producing a similar uprush of blind resentment. The crowds there also were cruel and blasphemous; but Catholicism cannot complain; for Catholicism hatched them. Priests and nuns *who had been the sole teachers of the people* were insulted and outraged and churches defiled. Surely if the Church is anything like what it claims to be, the people would have loved it. They would not have behaved as though sacrilege was a gratifying relief.

But these Catholic Revolutions are only specimens of one single type of Revolution. A Revolution need not be a spontaneous storm of indignation against intolerable indignities and deprivations. It can take quite other forms.

As a second variety of Revolution, which is in sharp contrast with the indignation-revolt in which so many periods of

unchallenged Catholic ascendancy have ended, we may take what we may call the "revolution conspiracy", in which a number of people set about organizing the forces of discomfort and resentment and loosening the grip of the government's forces, in order to bring about a fundamental change of system. The ideal of this type is the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia provided it is a little simplified and misunderstood. This, reduced to a working theory by its advocates, is conceived of as a systematic cultivation of a public state of mind favourable to a Revolution together with an inner circle of preparation for a "seizure of power". Quite a number of Communist and other leftish writers, bright young men, without much political experience, have let their imaginations loose upon the "technique" of such an adventure. They have brought the Nazi and Fascist Revolutions into the material for their studies. Modern social structure with its concentration of directive, informative and coercive power about radio stations, telephone exchanges, newspaper offices, police stations, arsenals and the like, lends itself to quasi-gangster exploitation of this type. There is a great rushing about and occupation of key centres, an organized capture, imprisonment or murder of possible opponents, and the country is confronted with a *fait accompli*. The regimentation of the more or less reluctant population follows.

But a Revolution need be neither an explosion nor a *coup d'état*. And the Revolution that lies before us now as the only hopeful alternative to chaos, either directly or after an interlude of world communism, is to be attained, if it is attained at all, by neither of these methods. The first is too rhetorical and chaotic and leads simply to a Champion and tyranny; the second is too conspiratorial and leads through an obscure struggle of masterful personalities to a similar end. Neither is lucid enough and deliberate enough to achieve a permanent change in the form and texture of human affairs.

An altogether different type of Revolution may or may not be possible. No one can say that it is possible unless it is tried, but one can say with some assurance that unless it can be achieved the outlook for mankind for many generations at least is hopeless. The new Revolution aims essentially at a change

in directive ideas. In its completeness it is an untried method. It depends for its success upon whether a sufficient number of minds can be brought to realize that the choice before us now is *not* a choice between further revolution or more or less reactionary conservatism, but a choice between so carrying on and so organizing the process of change in our affairs as to produce a new world order, or suffering an entire and perhaps irreparable social collapse. Our argument throughout has been that things have gone too far ever to be put back again to any similitude of what they have been. We can no more dream of remaining where we are than think of going back in the middle of a dive. We must go through with these present changes, adapt ourselves to them, adjust ourselves to the plunge, or be destroyed by them. We must go through with these changes just as we must go through this ill-conceived war, because there is as yet no possible end for it.

There will be no possible way of ending it until the new Revolution defines itself. If it is patched up now without a clear-headed settlement understood and accepted throughout the world, we shall have only the simulacrum of a peace. A patched-up peace now will not even save us from the horrors of war, it will postpone them only to aggravate them in a few years time. You cannot end this war yet, you can at best adjourn it.

The reorganization of the world has at first to be mainly the work of a "movement" or a Party or a religion or cult, whatever we choose to call it. We may call it the New Liberalism or the New Radicalism or what not. It will not be a close-knit organization, toeing the Party line and so forth. It may be very loose-knit and many faceted, but if a sufficient number of minds throughout the world, irrespective of race, origin or economic and social habituations, can be brought to the free and candid recognition of the essentials of the human problem, then their effective collaboration in a conscious, explicit and open effort to reconstruct human society will ensue.

And to begin with they will do all they can to spread and perfect this conception of a new world order, which they will regard as the only working frame for their activities, while

at the same time they will set themselves to discover and associate with themselves, everyone, everywhere, who is intellectually able to grasp the same broad ideas and morally disposed to realize them.

The distribution of this essential conception one may call propaganda, but in reality it is education. The opening phase of this new type of Revolution must involve therefore a campaign for a re-invigorated and modernized education throughout the world, an education that will have the same ratio to the education of a couple of hundred years ago, as the electric lighting of a contemporary city has to the chandeliers and oil lamps of the same period. On its present mental levels humanity can do no better than what it is doing now.

Vitalizing education is only possible when it is under the influence of people who are themselves learning. It is inseparable from the modern idea of education that it should be knit up to incessant research. We say research rather than science. It is the better word because it is free from any suggestion of that finality which means dogmatism and death.

All education tends to become stylistic and sterile unless it is kept in close touch with experimental verification and practical work, and consequently this new movement of revolutionary initiative must at the same time be sustaining realistic political and social activities and working steadily for the collectivization of governments and economic life. The intellectual movement will be only the initiatory and correlating part of the new revolutionary drive. These practical activities must be various. Everyone engaged in them must be thinking for himself and not waiting for orders. The only dictatorship he will recognize is the dictatorship of the plain understanding and the invincible fact.

And if this culminating Revolution is to be accomplished then the participation of every conceivable sort of human being who has the mental grasp to see these broad realities of the world situation and the moral quality to do something about it, must be welcomed.

Previous revolutionary thrusts have been vitiated by bad psychology. They have given great play to the gratification of the inferiority complexes that arise out of class disadvantages.

It is no doubt very unjust that anyone should be better educated, healthier and less fearful of the world than anyone else, but that is no reason why the new Revolution should not make the fullest use of the health, education, vigour and courage of the fortunate. The Revolution we are contemplating will aim at abolishing the bitterness of frustration. But certainly it will do nothing to avenge it. Nothing whatever. Let the dead past punish its dead.

It is one of the most vicious streaks in the Marxist teaching to suggest that all people of wealth and capacity living in a community in which uncoordinated private enterprise plays a large part are necessarily demoralized by the advantages they enjoy and that they must be dispossessed by the worker and the peasant, who are presented as endowed with a collective virtue capable of running all the complex machinery of a modern community. But the staring truth of the matter is that an uncoordinated scramble between individuals and nations alike, demoralizes all concerned. Everyone is corrupted, the filching tramp by the roadside, the servile hand-kissing peasant of Eastern Europe, the dole-bribed loafer, as much as the woman who marries for money, the company promoter, the industrial organizer, the rent-exacting landlord and the diplomatic agent. When the social atmosphere is tainted everybody is ill.

Wealth, personal freedom and education, may and do produce wasters and oppressive people, but they may also release creative and administrative minds to opportunity. The history of science and invention before the nineteenth century confirms this. On the whole if we are to assume there is anything good in humanity at all, it is more reasonable to expect it to appear when there is most opportunity.

And in further confutation of the Marxist caricature of human motives, we have the very considerable number of young people drawn from middle-class and upper-class homes, who figure in the extreme left movement everywhere. It is their moral reaction to the "stuffiness" and social ineffectiveness of their parents and their own sort of people. They seek an outlet for their abilities that is not gainful but serviceable. Many have sought an honourable life—and often found it, and death with

it—in the struggle against the Catholics and their Moorish and Fascist helpers in Spain.

It is a misfortune of their generation, that so many of them have fallen into the mental traps of Marxism. It has been my absurd experience to encounter noisy meetings of expensive young men at Oxford, not one of them stunted physically as I was by twenty years of under-nourishment and devitalized upbringing, all pretending to be rough-hewn collarless proletarians in shocked revolt against my bourgeois tyranny and the modest comfort of my declining years, and reciting the ridiculous class-war phrases by which they protected their minds from any recognition of the realities of the case. But though that attitude demonstrates the unstimulating education of their preparatory and public schools, which had thrown them thus uncritical and emotional into the problems of undergraduate life, it does not detract from the fact that *they had found the idea of abandoning themselves to a revolutionary reconstruction of society*, that promised to end its enormous waste of potential happiness and achievement, *extremely attractive*, notwithstanding that their own advantages seemed to be reasonably secure.

Faced with the immediate approach of discomfort, indignity, wasted years, mutilation—death is soon over but one wakes up again to mutilation every morning—because of this ill-conceived war; faced also by the reversion of Russia to autocracy and the fiscal extinction of most of the social advantages of their families; these young people with a leftish twist are likely not only to do some very profitable re-examination of their own possibilities but also to find themselves joined in that re-examination by a very considerable number of others who have hitherto been repelled by the obvious foolishness and insincerity of the hammer and sickle symbols (workers and peasants of Oxford!) and the exasperating dogmatism of the orthodox Marxist. And may not these young people, instead of waiting to be overtaken by an insurrectionary revolution from which they will emerge greasy, unshaven, class-conscious and in incessant danger of liquidation, decide that before the Revolution gets hold of them they will get hold of the Revolution

and save it from the inefficiency, mental distortions, disappointments and frustrations that have overtaken it in Russia.

This new and complete Revolution we contemplate can be defined in a very few words. It is (a) outright world-socialism, scientifically planned and directed, *plus* (b) a sustained insistence upon law, law based on a fuller, more jealously conceived restatement of the personal Rights of Man, *plus* (c) the completest freedom of speech, criticism and publication, and a sedulous expansion of the educational organization to the ever-growing demands of the new order. What we may call the Eastern or Bolshevik Collectivism, the Revolution of the *Internationale*, has failed to achieve even the first of these three items and it has never even attempted the other two.

Putting it at its compactest, it is the triangle of Socialism, Law and Knowledge, which frames the Revolution which may yet save the world.

Socialism! Become outright collectivists? Very few men of the more fortunate classes in our old collapsing society who are over fifty will be able to readjust their minds to that. It will seem an entirely repulsive suggestion to them. But it need not be repulsive at all to their sons. They will be impoverished anyhow. The stars in their courses are seeing to that. And that will help them greatly to realize that an administrative and constructive life may be far more interesting than a life of mere acquisition and spending.

From administrative control to administrative participation and then to direct administration are easy steps. They are being taken now, first in one matter and then in another. On both sides of the Atlantic. Reluctantly and often very disingenuously and against energetic but diminishing resistances. Great Britain, like America, may become a Socialist system without a definitive Revolution, protesting all the time that it is doing nothing of the sort.

In Britain we have now no distinctively educated class, but all up and down the social scale there are well-read men and women who have thought intensely upon these great problems we have been discussing. To many of them and maybe to enough of them to start the avalanche of purpose that will certainly develop from a clear and determined beginning, this

conception of Revolution to evoke a liberal collectivized world may appeal. And so at last we narrow down our enquiry to an examination of what has to be done now to save the Revolution, what the movement or its Party—so far as it may use the semblance of a Party—will do, what its Policy will be. Hitherto we have been demonstrating why a reasonable man, of any race or language anywhere, should become a "Western" Revolutionary. We have now to review the immediate activities to which he can give himself.

POLITICS FOR THE SANE MAN.

Let us restate the general conclusions to which our preceding argument has brought us.

The establishment of a progressive world socialism in which the freedom, health and happiness of every individual are protected by a universal law based on a re-declaration of the rights of man, and wherein there is the utmost liberty of thought, criticism and suggestion, is the plain, rational objective before us now. Only the effective realization of this objective can establish peace on earth and arrest the present march of human affairs to misery and destruction. We cannot reiterate this objective too clearly and too frequently. The triangle of collectivization, law and knowledge should embody the common purpose of all mankind.

But between us and that goal intervenes the vast and deepening disorders of our time. The new order cannot be brought into existence without a gigantic and more or less co-ordinated effort of the saner and abler elements in the human population. The thing cannot be done rapidly and melodramatically. That effort must supply the frame for all sane social and political activities *and a practical criterion for all religious and educational associations*. But since our world is multitudinously varied and confused, it is impossible to narrow down this new revolutionary movement to any single class, organization or Party. It is too great a thing for that. It will in its expansion produce and perhaps discard a number of organizations and parties, converging upon its ultimate objective. Consequently, in order to review the social and political activities

of sane, clear-headed people to-day, we have to deal with them piecemeal from a number of points of view. We have to consider an advance upon a long and various front.

Let us begin then with the problem of sanity in face of the political methods of our time. What are we to do as voting citizens? There I think the history of the so-called democracies in the past half-century is fairly conclusive. Our present electoral methods which give no choice but a bilateral choice to the citizen and so force a two party system upon him, is a mere caricature of representative government. It has produced upon both sides of the Atlantic, big, stupid, and corrupt Party machines. That was bound to happen and yet to this day there is a sort of shyness in the minds of young men interested in politics when it comes to discussing Proportional Representation. They think it is a "bit faddy". At best it is a side issue. Party politicians strive to maintain that bashfulness, because they know quite clearly that what is called Proportional Representation with the single transferable vote in large constituencies, returning a dozen members or more, is extinction for the mere party hack and destruction for party organizations.

The machine system in the United States is more elaborate, more deeply entrenched legally in the Constitution and illegally in the spoils system, and it may prove more difficult to modernize than the British, which is based on an outworn caste tradition. But both Parliament and Congress are essentially similar in their fundamental quality. They trade in titles, concessions and the public welfare, and they are only amenable in the rough and at long last to the movements of public opinion. It is an open question whether they are much more responsive to popular feeling than the Dictators we denounce so unreservedly as the antithesis of democracy. They betray a great disregard of mass responses. They explain less. They disregard more. The Dictators have to go on talking and talking, not always truthfully but they have to talk. A dumb Dictator is inconceivable.

In such times of extensive stress and crisis as the present, the baffling slowness, inefficiency and wastefulness of the party system become so manifest that some of its worst pretences are put aside. The party game is suspended. His Majesty's

Opposition abandons the pose of safeguarding the interests of the common citizens from those scoundrels upon the government benches ; Republicans and Democrats begin to cross the Party line to discuss the new situation. Even the men who live professionally by the Parliamentary (Congressional) imposture, abandon it if they are sufficiently frightened by the posture of affairs. The appearance of an All-Party National Government in Great Britain before very long seems inevitable.

Great Britain has in effect gone socialist in a couple of months ; she is also suspending party politics. Just as the United States did in the great slump. And in both cases this has happened because the rottenness and inefficiency of party politics stank to heaven in the face of danger. And since in both cases Party Government threw up its hands and bolted, is there any conceivable reason why we should let it come back at any appearance of victory or recovery, why we should not go ahead from where we are to a less impromptu socialist *régime* under a permanent non-party administration, to the reality if not to the form of a permanent socialist government ?

Now here I have nothing to suggest about America, I have never, for example, tried to work out the consequences of the absence of executive ministers from the legislature. I am inclined to think that is one of the weak points in the Constitution and that the English usage which exposes the Minister to question time in the House and makes him a prime mover in legislation affecting his department, is a less complicated and therefore more democratic arrangement than the American one. And the powers and functions of the President and the Senate are so different from the consolidated powers of Cabinet and Prime Minister, that even when an Englishman has industriously "mugged up" the constitutional points, he is still almost as much at a loss to get the living reality as he would be if he were shown the score of an opera before hearing it played or the blue prints of a machine he had never seen in action. Very few Europeans understand the history of Woodrow Wilson, the Senate and his League of Nations. They think that "America" which they imagine as a large single individual, planted the latter institution upon Europe and then deliberately shuffled out of her responsibility for it, and they will never think other-

wise. And they think that "America" kept out of the war to the very limit of decency, overcharged us for munitions that contributed to the common victory, and made a grievance because the consequent debt was not discharged. They talk like that while Americans talk as if no English were killed between 1914 and 1918 (we had 800,000 dead) until the noble American conscripts came forward to die for them (to the tune of about 50,000). Savour for example even the title of Quincy Howe's *England expects every American to do his Duty*. It's the meanest of titles, but many Americans seem to like it.

On my desk as I write is a pamphlet by a Mr. Robert Randall, nicely cyclostyled and got up, which urges a common attack on the United States as a solution of the problem of Europe. No countries will ever feel united unless they have a common enemy, and the natural common enemy for Europe, it is declared, is the United States. So to bring about the United States of Europe we are to begin by denouncing the Monroe doctrine. I believe in the honesty and good intentions of Mr. Robert Randall ; he is, I am sure, no more in the pay of Germany, direct or indirect, than Mr. Quincy Howe or Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes ; but could the most brilliant of Nazi war propagandists devise a more effective estranging suggestion ? . . .

But I wander from my topic. I do not know how sane men in America are going to set about relaxing the stranglehold of the Constitution, get control of their own country out of the hands of those lumpish, solemnly cunning politicians with their great strong jowls developed by chewing-gum and orotund speaking, whose photographs add a real element of frightfulness to the pages of *Time*, how they are going to abolish the spoils system, discover, and educate to expand a competent civil service able to redeem the hampered promises of the New Deal and pull America into line with the reconstruction of the rest of the world. But I perceive that in politics and indeed in most things, the underlying humour and sanity of Americans are apt to find a way round and do the impossible, and I have as little doubt they will manage it somehow as I have when I see a street performer on his little chair and carpet, all tied up with chains, waiting until there are sufficient pennies in the hat to justify exertion.

These differences in method, pace and tradition are a great misfortune to the whole English-speaking world. We English people do not respect Americans enough; we are too disposed to think they are all Quincy Howes and Harry Elmer Barneses and Borahs and suchlike, conceited and suspicious anti-British monomaniacs, who must be humoured at any cost; which is why we are never so frank and rude with them as they deserve. But the more we must contain ourselves the less we love them. Real brothers can curse each other and keep friends. Someday Britannia will give Columbia a piece of her mind, and that may clear the air. Said an exasperated Englishman to me a day or so ago: "I pray to God they keep out of the end of *this* war anyhow. We shall never hear the last of it if they don't. . . ."

Yet at a different pace our two peoples are travelling towards identical ends, and it is lamentable that a difference of accent and idiom should do more mischief than a difference of language.

So far as Great Britain goes things are nearer and closer to me, and it seems to me that there is an excellent opportunity now to catch the country in a state of socialization and suspended party politics, and keep it at that. It is a logical but often disregarded corollary of the virtual creation of All-Party National Governments and the suspension of electoral contests, that since there is no Opposition, party criticism should give place to individual criticism of Ministers, and that instead of throwing out governments we should set ourselves to throw out individual administrative failures. We need no longer confine our choice of public servants to political careerists. We can insist upon men who have done things and can do things, and whenever an election occurs we can organize a block of non-party voters who will vote if possible for an outsider of proved ability, and will at any rate insist on a clear statement from every Parliamentary candidate of the concrete service, if any, he has done the country, of his past and present financial entanglements and his family relationships and of any title he possesses. We can get these necessary particulars published and note what newspapers decline to do so. And if there are still only politicians to vote for, we can at least vote and spoil our voting cards by way of protest.

At present we see one public service after another in a mess

through the incompetent handling of some party hack and the unseen activities of interested parties. People are asking already why Sir Arthur Salter is not in control of Allied Shipping again, Sir John Orr directing our food supply with perhaps Sir Frederick Keeble to help him, Sir Robert Vansittart in the Foreign Office. We want to know the individuals responsible for the incapacity of our Intelligence and Propaganda Ministries so that we may induce them to quit public life. It would be quite easy now to excite a number of anxious people with a cry for "Competence not Party".

Most people in the British Isles are heartily sick of Mr. Chamberlain and his government, but they cannot face up to a political split in wartime, and Mr. Chamberlain sticks to office with all the pertinacity of a Barnacle. But if we do not attack the Government as a whole, but individual ministers, and if we replace them one by one, we shall presently have a government so rejuvenated that even Mr. Chamberlain will realize and accept his superannuation. Quite a small body of public-spirited people could organize an active Vigilance Society to keep these ideas before the mass of voters and begin the elimination of inferior elements from our public life. This would be a practical job of primary importance in our political regeneration. It would lead directly to a new and more efficient political structure to carry on after the present war has collapsed or otherwise ended.

Following upon this campaign for the conclusive internment of the played-out party system, there comes the necessity for a much more strenuous search for administrative and technical ability throughout the country. We do not want to miss a single youngster who can be of use in the great business of making over Great Britain, which has been so rudely, clumsily and wastefully socialized by our war perturbations, so that it may become a permanently efficient system.

And from the base of the educational pyramid up to its apex of higher education for teachers, heads of departments and research, there is need for such a quickening of minds and methods as only a more or less organized movement of sanely critical men can bring about. We want Ministers now of the highest quality in every department, but in no department of

public life is a man of creative understanding, bold initiative and administrative power so necessary as in the Education Ministry.

So tranquil and unobtrusive has been the flow of educational affairs in the British Empire that it seems almost scandalous, and it is certainly "vulgar", to suggest that we need an Educational Ginger Group to discover and support such a Minister. We want a Minister of Education who can shock teachers into self-examination, electrify and rejuvenate old dons or put them away in ivory towers, and stimulate the younger ones. Under the party system the Education Ministry has always been a restful corner for some deserving party politician with an abject respect for his Alma Mater and permanent officials. During war time, when other departments wake up, the Education Department sinks into a deeper lethargy. One cannot recall a single British Education Minister, since there have been such things in our island story as Ministers for Education, who signified anything at all educationally or did anything of his own impulse that was in the least worth while.

Suppose we found a live one—soon—and let him rip !

There again is something to be done far more revolutionary than throwing bombs at innocent policemen or assassinating harmless potentates or ex-potentates. And yet it is only asking that an existing Department be what it pretends to be.

A third direction in which any gathering accumulation of sanity should direct its attention is the clumsy unfairness and indirectness of our present methods of expropriating the former well-to-do classes. The only observable principle seems to be widows and children first. Socialization is being effected in Britain and America alike not by frank expropriation (with or without compensation) but by increasing government control and increasing taxation. Both our great communities are going into socialism backward and without ever looking round. This is good in so far as that technical experience and directive ability is changed over step by step from entirely private employment to public service, and on that side sane and helpful citizens have little to do beyond making the process conscious of itself and the public aware of the real nature of the change, but it is bad in its indiscriminate destruction of savings,

which are the most exposed and vulnerable side of the old system. They are expropriated by profit-control and taxation alike, and at the same time they suffer in purchasing power by the acceleration of that process if monetary inflation which is the unavoidable readjustment, the petition in bankruptcy, of a community that has overspent.

The shareholding class dwindles and dies; widows and orphans, the old who are past work and the infirm who are incapable of it, are exposed to a painful shrinkage of their modes of living; there is no doubt a diminution of social waste, but also there is an indirect impoverishment of free opinion and free scientific and artistic initiative as the endless societies, institutions and services which have enriched life for us and been very largely supported by voluntary subscriptions, shrivel. At present a large proportion of our scientific, artistic, literary and social workers are educated out of the private savings fund. In a class-war revolution these economically very defenceless but socially very convenient people are subjected to vindictive humiliation—it is viewed as a great triumph for their meaner neighbours—but a revolution sanely conducted will probably devise a system of terminable annuities and compensation, and of assistance to once voluntary associations, which will ease off the social dislocations due to the disappearance of one stratum of relatively free and independent people, before its successors, that is to say the growing class of retired officials, public administrators and so forth, finds its feet and develops its own methods of assertion and enterprise.

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Let us turn now to another system of problems in the collectivization of the world, and that is the preservation of liberty in the socialist state and the restoration of that confidence without which good behaviour is generally impossible.

This destruction of confidence is one of the less clearly recognized evils of the present phase of world-disintegration. In the past there have been periods when whole communities or at least large classes within communities have gone about their business with a general honesty, directness and sense of

personal honour. They have taken a keen pride in the quality of their output. They have lived through life on tolerable and tolerant terms with their neighbours. The laws they observed have varied in different countries and periods, but their general nature was to make an orderly law-abiding life possible and natural. They had been taught and they believed and they had every reason to believe: "This (that or the other things) is right. Do right and nothing except by some strange exceptional misfortune, can touch you. The Law guarantees you that. Do right and nothing will rob you or frustrate you."

Nowhere in the world now is there very much of that feeling left, and as it disappears, the behaviour of people degenerates towards a panic scramble, towards cheating, over-reaching, gang organization, precautionary hoarding, concealment and all the meanness and anti-social feeling which is the natural outcome of insecurity.

Faced with what now amounts to something like a moral stampede, more and more sane men will realize the urgency for a restoration of confidence. The more socialization proceeds and the more directive authority is concentrated, the more necessary is an efficient protection of individuals from the impatience of well-meaning or narrow-minded or ruthless officials and indeed from all the possible abuses of advantage that are inevitable under such circumstances to our still childishly wicked breed.

In the past the Atlantic world has been particularly successful in expedients for meeting this aspect of human nature. Our characteristic and traditional method may be called the method of the fundamental declaration. Our Western peoples, by a happy instinct, have produced statements of Right, from Magna Carta onwards, to provide a structural defence between the citizen and the necessary growth of central authority.

And plainly the successful organization of the more universal and penetrating collectivism that is now being forced upon us all, will be frustrated in its most vital aspect unless its organization is accompanied by the preservative of a new Declaration of the Rights of Man, that must, because of the increasing complexity of the social structure, be more generous, detailed and explicit than any of its predecessors. Such a Declaration must become

the *common fundamental law* of all communities and collectivities assembled under the World Pax. It should be interwoven with the declared war aims of the combatant powers now; it should become the primary fact in any settlement; it should be put before the now combatant states for their approval, their embarrassed silence or their rejection.

In order to be as clear as possible about this, let me submit a draft for your consideration of this proposed Declaration of the Rights of Man—using "man" of course to cover every individual, male or female, of the species. I have endeavoured to bring in everything that is essential and to omit whatever secondary issues can be easily deduced from its general statements. It is a draft for your consideration. Points may have been overlooked and it may contain repetitions and superfluous statements.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

Since a man comes into this world through no fault of his own, since he is a joint inheritor of the accumulations of the past, and since those accumulations are more than sufficient to satisfy the claims that are here made for him, it follows:

- (1) That every man without distinction of race, of colour or of professed belief or opinions, is entitled to the nourishment, covering, medical care and attention needed to realize his full possibilities of physical and mental development and to keep him in a state of health from his birth to death.
- (2) That he is entitled to sufficient education to make him a useful and interested citizen, that special education should be so made available as to give him equality or opportunity for the development of his distinctive gifts in the service of mankind, that he should have easy access to information upon all matters of common knowledge throughout his life and enjoy the utmost freedom of discussion, association and worship.
- (3) That he may engage freely in any lawful occupation, earning such pay as the need for his work and the increment it makes to the common welfare may justify. That he is entitled to paid employment and to a free choice when there is any variety of employment open to him. He may suggest employment for himself and have his claim publicly considered, accepted or dismissed.
- (4) That he shall have the right to buy or sell without any discriminatory restrictions anything which may be lawfully bought or sold, in such quantities and with such reservations as are compatible with the common welfare.

(Here I will interpolate a comment. We have to bear in mind that in a collectivist state buying and selling to secure income and profit will be not simply needless but impossible.

The Stock Exchange, after its career of four-hundred-odd-years, will necessarily vanish with the disappearance of any rational motive either for large accumulations or for hoarding against deprivation and destitution. Long before the age of complete collectivization arrives, the savings of individuals for later consumption will probably be protected by some development of the Unit Trust System into a public service. They will probably be entitled to interest at such a rate as to compensate for that secular inflation which should go on in a steadily enriched world community. Inheritance and bequest in a community in which the means of production and of all possible monopolization are collectivized, can concern little else than relatively small, beautiful and intimate objects, which will afford pleasure but no unfair social advantage to the receiver.)

(5) That he and his personal property lawfully acquired are entitled to police and legal protection from private violence, deprivation, compulsion and intimidation.

(6) That he may move freely about the world at his own expense. That his private house or apartment or reasonably limited garden enclosure is his castle, which may be entered only with his consent, but that he shall have the right to come and go over any kind of country, moorland, mountain, farm, great garden or what not, or upon the seas, lakes and rivers of the world, where his presence will not be destructive of some special use, dangerous to himself nor seriously inconvenient to his fellow-citizens.

(7) That a man, unless he is declared by a competent authority to be a danger to himself or to others through mental abnormality, a declaration which must be annually confirmed, shall not be imprisoned for a longer period than six days without being charged with a definite offence against the law, nor for more than three months without a public trial. At the end of the latter period, if he has not been tried and sentenced by due process of law, he shall be released. Nor shall he be conscripted for military, police or any other service to which he has a conscientious objection.

(8) That although a man is subject to the free criticism of his fellows, he shall have adequate protection from any lying or misrepresentation that may distress or injure him. All registration and records about citizens shall be open to their personal and private inspection. There shall be no secret dossiers in any administrative department. All dossiers shall be accessible to the man concerned and subject to verification and correction at his challenge. A dossier is merely a memorandum; it cannot be used as evidence without proper confirmation in open court.

(9) That no man shall be subject to any sort of mutilation or sterilization except with his own deliberate consent, freely given, nor to bodily assault, except in restraint of his own violence, nor to torture, beating or any other bodily punishment; he shall not be subjected to imprisonment with such an excess of silence, noise, light or darkness as to cause mental suffering, or to imprisonment in infected, verminous or otherwise insanitary quarters,

or be put into the company of verminous or infectious people. He shall not be forcibly fed nor prevented from starving himself if he so desire. He shall not be forced to take drugs nor shall they be administered to him without his knowledge and consent. That the extreme punishments to which he may be subjected are rigorous imprisonment for a term of not longer than fifteen years or death.

(Here I would point out that there is nothing in this to prevent any country from abolishing the death penalty. Nor do I assert a general right to commit suicide, because no one can punish a man for doing that. He has escaped. But threats and incompetent attempts to commit suicide belong to an entirely different category. They are indecent and distressing acts that can easily become a serious social nuisance, from which the normal citizen is entitled to protection.)

(10) That the provisions and principles embodied in this Declaration shall be more fully defined in a code of fundamental human rights which shall be made easily accessible to everyone. This Declaration shall not be qualified nor departed from upon any pretext whatever. It incorporates all previous Declarations of Human Right. Henceforth for a new era it is the fundamental law for mankind throughout the whole world.

No treaty and no law affecting these primary rights shall be binding upon any man or province or administrative division of the community, that has not been made openly, by and with the active or tacit acquiescence of every adult citizen concerned, either given by a direct majority vote of the community affected or through the majority vote of his publicly elected representatives. In matters of collective behaviour it is by the majority decision men must abide. No administration, under a pretext of urgency, convenience or the like, shall be entrusted with powers to create or further define offences or set up by-laws, which will in any way infringe the rights and liberties here asserted. All legislation must be public and definite. No secret treaties shall be binding on individuals, organizations or communities. No orders in council or the like shall be permitted. There is no source of law but the people, and since life flows on constantly to new citizens, no generation of the people can in whole or in part surrender or delegate the legislative power inherent in mankind.

There, I think, is something that keener minds than mine may polish into a working Declaration which would in the most effective manner begin that restoration of confidence of which the world stands in need. Much of it might be better phrased, but I think it embodies the general good-will in mankind from pole to pole. It is certainly what we all want for ourselves. It could be a very potent instrument indeed in the present phase of human affairs. It is necessary and it is acceptable. Incorporate that in your peace treaties and articles of federation, I would say, and you will have a firm foundation, which will

continually grow firmer, for the fearless cosmopolitan life of a new world order. You will never get that order without some such document. It is the missing key to endless contemporary difficulties.

And if we, the virtuous democracies, are not fighting for these common human rights, then what in the name of the nobility and gentry, the Crown and the Established Church, the City, *The Times* and the Army and Navy Club, are we common British peoples fighting for?

(To be concluded)

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STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

1.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

THE Russian invasion of Finland has re-awakened interest in the war on land. We have now to guess what are Stalin's, as well as Hitler's, intentions. Is he merely seizing the opportunity to strengthen his strategic position in the Baltic at the expense of Germany, or is the invasion of Finland only an initial step in a greater expansionist programme? Does he aim at securing an opening to the Atlantic at the expense of the Scandinavian countries? Has he designs to bring the Balkan Slavs into the Russian fold, or has he ambitions like those of the Tsarist *régime* which threatened our interests in India and the middle East?

These questions are being canvassed but whatever Stalin's intentions are it seems evident that he has started with a serious blunder in Finland. One can hardly doubt that he expected that the Finns would yield to threats, or at most that their resistance would not amount to more than a gesture if he resorted to actual use of force. There is a considerable amount of evidence that the determination of the Finns took him by surprise and that he was far from ready to overcome it. Obviously, his immediate object was to seize the strategic positions the surrender of which he had demanded in the course of negotiations. That is to say the Mannerheim Line and Viborg which defend the Karelian isthmus; Hangö, at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland; and Petsamo, the ice free port in the Arctic which serves the valuable nickel mines at Salmijärvi. The attack on Hangö was a particularly futile attempt, for time and again it has been proved that ships engage coast batteries at a great disadvantage. The batteries even if clearly visible form very small targets and they can

be put out of action only by a direct hit, whereas the ship presents a large target and one easy to range on. For a serious attempt to capture the place a well organized landing outside the range of the fortress guns would have been necessary. In this case, owing to the weakness of Finland's Air Force and the long extent of coast which has to be watched by her troops, possibly a feasible operation. The more obvious course would have been to concentrate on the defeat of the main Finnish Army which would automatically have led to the surrender of Hangö. If that had been Stalin's object there were various ways in which his navy could have co-operated with his army.

At Petsamo in the north there are similar indications of little expectation that serious opposition would be encountered; for though the port was seized without difficulty the troops which were landed ran out of supplies when they became engaged in further operations.

On the Karelian isthmus and on the north side of Lake Ladoga the Russian invasion was of a more formidable character. The troops used in the initial attack were of good quality and well equipped. The Finns, however, have offered stout resistance and reinforcements hurried up by the Russians appear to have been ill equipped and quite unfitted for a winter campaign. As was to be expected the Finns have been driven back from their forward positions. Additional reinforcements in large numbers are now said to be assembling behind the Russian front and a major attack supported by a heavy concentration of aircraft is expected. Whether it will succeed or not must depend on the skill and determination with which it is delivered. The restricted nature of the front in this case allows the advantages of the defensive to be fully exploited unless great disparity in the scale of armament of the opponents proves decisive. What we may, I think, conclude from the course of events, is that the original force deployed was probably no greater than would have been required to occupy the positions and country from which the Finnish Army was expected to retire, and to deal with such resistance as might be offered by determined groups. In fact that Stalin visualized the operation as the advance of an army of occupation which would encounter

little opposition. The absence of any serious attempt by the Navy to co-operate would seem to confirm this impression.

The most striking evidence that Stalin was relying on threats is given by the bombing of Helsinki on the first two days of the war. One cannot believe that he would, from humanitarian motives, have abstained from using his vast superiority of air power to the full extent of its potentialities if he had intended the attack to be crushing. Snowstorms may have prevented the immediate renewal of the attack to make the threat even more brutal than it was, but evidently there have been opportunities to renew it in subsequent days.

The only operation in the original Russian advance that seemed intended to deal with protracted resistance was the offensive across the waistline of Finland, aimed at Finnish communications with Sweden by the railway skirting the north end of the Gulf of Bothnia. This may have been because the central lake area of Finland is particularly favourable to prolonged guerilla resistance—resistance which could best be dealt with by cutting off supplies. The Russian offensive on this line, however, is likely itself to encounter many supply difficulties, as its own communications are vulnerable to guerilla attack in addition to the natural difficulties of the route and lack of roads.

What are the prospects of the Finns being able to maintain their resistance if Stalin employs the immense forces at his disposal to crush them? One or two attacks may be repulsed but the fact that the Russians have an inexhaustible supply of fresh troops with which to renew attacks can hardly fail to be decisive. The advantage of numbers is not so much the weight they give to the attack as the power they confer of bringing in fresh troops against troops becoming increasingly exhausted. Of recent years a good deal has been written discounting the value of numbers and exalting the powers of defence conferred by modern weapons. Yet numbers not only supply a reserve of fresh troops but enable points of attack to be multiplied and thereby produce results which, where forces are equal, can only be gained by mobility and skilful manœuvres. It is possible, too, to exaggerate the new powers of defence. For, holding the initiative, the offence can concentrate superiority of force at

the selected points of attack even where no great total superiority of numbers exists. That local superiority of numbers may prove decisive if troops are economically used. What modern weapons do undoubtedly confer is power of delaying action which may be used with advantage by a numerically inferior force where there is room for manoeuvre in retreat. This power is, however, largely discounted where the terrain favours the free movement of mechanized troops and observation from the air, as was the case in Poland.

Applying these arguments to the Finnish situation we can see that the Mannerheim position in spite of its strength and restricted frontage lacks depth. It must, therefore, be held with a determination which will impose a great strain on troops subjected to repeated attacks and who have few reserves to provide relief.

Should, however, the Finns eventually have to retire from the isthmus they may, if they can conduct an orderly retreat, be able to delay further Russian advance for a long period. The terrain does not favour the movement of mechanized forces and it affords much cover from air observation. Moreover, the difficulties of maintaining supplies would probably limit the numbers of troops the Russians could maintain as the distance from their bases increases. The abandonment of the Mannerheim positions need not therefore bring Finnish resistance to an end, provided that the Finnish Army is not utterly exhausted in the attempt to hold it.

What will be interesting to learn is whether Stalin's entanglement in Finland will affect his power to supply Germany with Russia's surplus products. It may at least impose an additional strain on Russia's not too efficient railway system.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

TRUE to the principles laid down in that notorious book *Kriegsbrauch im Landkriege**, issued by the German General Staff for the guidance of German officers, Germany has now removed every vestige of restriction upon the operations of her naval forces. The submarine protocol of 1936 is cast to the winds. The neutral has no rights. Neutral territory has not so far been violated, but the threat to Holland and the bullying attitude assumed towards Belgium and Sweden leave no doubt that if it shall suit her to attack them she will do so. There will then remain only the sinking of hospital ships to complete her record of international crime.†

Though the German submarines opened their operations with some regard to their engagements under the submarine protocol—with the exception of the sinking of the *Athenia* which will take its place in the world's remembrance with that of the *Lusitania*—that restraint was temporary only, and her observance was only partial. Her submarines, sent out in readiness before the war (planned by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, who most strangely had not made similar preparations to attack her) did it is true, on most occasions, in the early stage, summon the Merchantman with warning shots, did not torpedo vessels without warning, and permitted the crews to take to their boats. The protocol, however, laid down that the crews and passengers should be placed in a position of safety and did not acknowledge that an open boat in stormy seas and at a great distance from land or assistance, was so to be described: many of the sinkings took place in such conditions, resulting in a loss of many lives, both of the crews and of the passengers. Now, however, she has thrown off completely the thin mask with which she pretended to give a semblance of legality and adhesion to her word. Her submarines have returned to their practices of

*The German War Book. Translated by J. H. Morgan. John Murray. 1915.

†Germany sank fourteen hospital ships in the war of 1914-18.

1917-18. They sink without warning, any ships they meet. It is now plain that the German aim is deliberately to terrorize the weaker neutrals into desisting from all trading with Great Britain. Nor, indeed, does it matter to these new representatives of civilization whether the ships be bound for England or elsewhere. A Dutchman on her way to the Indies, or a Swede or Norwegian to Spain is fair game. Such protests as the neutrals may make are treated with contempt and the threat of invasion is held over their heads unless they comply with the demands to cease their traffic.

To add to this an indiscriminate mining has been adopted. The danger to neutral shipping which the development of the contact mine had created was observed by the world during the Russo-Japanese war; and the Hague Convention of 1907 made an attempt to set some limits upon the use of this weapon. Owing to the opposition of the German representative, and the support of some smaller Powers, the British proposals to forbid mining in the open sea were rejected. The convention consequently allowed the laying of mines in the open sea. It was accompanied by what has been described as no more than "benevolent expressions" which stultified the attempted safeguards. The provisos were that the positions of the mines should be made known to neutral shipping "*as soon as military exigencies permit*"; and that mines should not be laid off an enemy's coast "*with the sole object of intercepting commercial shipping*": in other words, that a blockade by the use of mines was illegal. That elastic curiosity, the German conscience, was therefore free to decide what "military exigencies" were and how long those exigencies would last; and, as Sir Edward Satow pointed out, the second proviso would prove futile, since "a belligerent has merely to allege a different object to make it illusory as, for example, to prevent an enemy from finding shelter or receiving supplies from a port". In fact, the convention was a sham, as Germany intended it should be. The dupes who supported him in its emasculation are perhaps now able to appreciate the effects. That sturdy defender of British sea power, the late Mr. Gibson Bowles, to whom eternal thanks are due for having saved the country from the "Declaration of London", was abundantly right in his

criticisms of the then British Government in having "most unwisely" ratified the convention. "I feel myself absolutely confident," he then wrote, "that neither by the law of nations nor by any Convention whatever can the unrestricted and deliberate assassination of harmless neutrals by concealed mines be either sanctioned or justified. And I feel equally confident that if and when the question arises our Prize Courts will so decide."*

It has not fallen to our Prize Courts to make a decision, but to the Government itself; and the Government have so decided, with the result that retaliatory action in the form of stopping German exports has been ordered. The German cries out that this is illegal; a cruel war upon women and children. He should study the doctrines of his own country. Benevolence towards the community finds no place in them. "The errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are the worst," wrote Clausewitz, "war is an act of violence which knows no bounds. The exhaustion, impoverishment and devastation of the whole country is the aim in war." The sole sanction which he recognized for observance of the laws of war is the fear of reprisals. Since it has seemed good to the German mind to render the sea unsafe for neutral navigation and to commit open murder upon neutrals on the sea she has no cause to complain, and no standing for complaint, if retaliatory action, is taken. The neutral is too weak to defend his own interests and the lives of his countrymen. Retaliation is, admittedly, a two-edged weapon: once breaches of the law are begun and retaliation ensues, the end cannot be foreseen. The rights of retaliation are governed by the proviso that the acts are not excessive in comparison with the injuries, and Japan has apparently advanced the view that the Order-in-Council is excessive. But it is probable that if floating mines were laid off the approaches to Osaka, Yokohama and Nagasaki in an attempt illegally to blockade Japan her attitude towards the situation would be markedly different.

It is indeed a curious trait of the German character that while he resorts to the use of force without limit, proclaims ruthlessness as the ruling principle of war, insists that humanitarian claims,

*The Times, September 9, 1914.

such as the protection of civilians and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit, he cries out in impassioned tones for sympathy when a modicum of his own principles is applied to himself. He has shown small sympathy with the fate of women and children, when he invaded Poland, when the *Deutschland* bombarded the open town of Almeria or when he besieged Paris in 1870; nor, when he sent out his submarines in anticipation of war, in the hopes of starving England, was the suffering of women and children to be any restraint upon their action, which, indeed, had no other aim than starvation. The cry, however, of starvation is a false cry, and those who in this country allow themselves to be taken in by the German propaganda would do well to read the excellent pamphlet written by Sir William Beveridge on the subject.* In this analysis the fact is made clear that no sea blockade which the Allies can bring into operation will starve the German people, who have the food resources of Europe open to them. "Nothing that Britain is able to do can prevent German women and children from being fed or secure that they are fed. That decision lies in the hands of the Nazi party and their Soviet friends." That is an elemental truth which cannot be too widely understood. Germany possesses—and indeed boasts that she possesses—adequate supplies of all sorts of foodstuffs except fats. It lies with her Government to decide how those supplies are used. It can if it chooses devote them to feeding the guns, as it has done for the last few years: or it can devote them to feeding the people. The choice is theirs: and they, of all people with the *Kriegsbrauch in Landkrieg* and *Mein Kampf* as their bibles are the last who are entitled to complain when the Allied seapower is used to weaken their military effort by a reduction of their supply and of the raw materials of munitions.

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The narrow seas are a scene of strenuous work as they were in the last war. In a new book of Reminiscences Admiral Bacon resumes his comments on the Dover Patrol.†

*Blockade add the Civil Population. Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. No. 24. 3d.

†From 1910 Onward, by Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon. Hutchinson. 21s.

Though the situation to-day is different, the enemy having as yet no footing in the Low Countries, this addition to the Admiral's previous works on the Dover Patrol is interesting. He makes some well-weighed observations on the planning of operations in general, he shows the difficulties of the work in the Straits. He ranges over a wide experience in many activities, from the development of the submarine to the production of 15-inch howitzers and the management of the Ministry of Munitions: and if in some pages he is bitter the reader can form an opinion as to whether he has cause for bitterness. One thing, in particular, he shows: that we took life at sea and the deeper study of war too lightly in the years between 1900 and 1914.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE peculiarities of this Great War increase as time goes on, and in some respects, it does indeed answer to the description 'phony' as dubbed by Mr. Henry Ford. The three main contestants are in it up to their necks, straining every nerve and tissue to accumulate a vast reserve of force, and yet so little kinetic energy do the cars of Juggernaut possess that its Finnish offshoot is being accorded space priority in the organs of the Press. Only on the water are there signs of life, or death, as the tale of sinking rises and the U-boat plunges to its doom.

Even in the air, where at least there is freedom of manoeuvre still, an unexpected hesitancy clogs the wings of flight, repeating in that element, though with a more liberal interpretation, the state of equipoise that reigns upon the ground. An enormous amount of preventive work is being done by the Coastal Command, which flies unceasingly, and daily, a mileage that is greater than the earth's circumference on its various duties out at sea. The North Sea is quartered by its aircraft as if it were a chequer-board, it hunts successfully the submarine, it overlooks the safety of the convoys and, on occasion, they have assisted disabled warships home to port. But otherwise the air activity is universally subdued. The units of the Home Defence are continually alert and at their stations, and lose no opportunity of measuring their prowess against the enemy when he raids or reconnoitres. In this vital duty they have indeed scored a series of outstanding successes, but there again it is purely defensive work and bears no real relation to the offensive power which air force has in leash and ready to discharge. On the Western Front it is much the same. Just as on the ground there is patrol activity and small offensives of a strictly local nature, so up above there is intermittent scrapping when a clash fortuitously occurs and, besides that, those puzzling reconnaissance flights, mainly conducted in the hours of darkness, which, we have it on the best authority, possess considerable

value. It is not for the general public to question the high necessity of these daring flights far over enemy territory, but it would be grateful for discreet enlightenment as to their underlying purpose and to the results that are achieved. The Air Force casualty roll is mounting and it is only natural to presume that a proportion of the loss therein recorded may be attributed to this particular form of flight.

No one would suggest that either side should immediately have recourse to the form of bombing that endangers civilian life in mass. That phase of warfare from the air has been plainly put aside for the present and may never be reached. It is reserved, apparently, for use against those weak opponents who do not dispose of considerable air power, and whose ability to reciprocate is therefore small or non-existent. We have seen the system at work in Poland, and may see soon a repetition further to the north when the Finnish power of resistance wanes. But in the case of two air powers not too unevenly matched, whose Home Defence is strong and whose main centres of population are equally attainable, the sheer absurdity of such form of mutual destruction must appeal to the most brutish brain. Apart from that, however, there must be a host of objectives possessing a purely military significance on which continual or repeated air attack cannot but obtain result. We have them by the score and the enemy's ventures against Scapa Flow, the Firth of Forth and the Shetland sea-base are instances in point. The fact that these attempts on our Fleet and on our Fleet Air Arm have decreased of late is no doubt partly due to the ill-success of the endeavour. But much more is it attributable to the not unsuccessful offensive which the enemy is conducting, by mine, torpedo and by ocean raider, against our shipping, a method of inflicting loss that is satisfying for the moment because the result is soon apparent for all the world to know. As an offset to this condition of affairs we are heavily, and not unsuccessfully, engaged on the economic sea-front of our enemy, we have beached his mercantile marine for the duration of the war, and we have administered a crushing blow to his U-boat fleet. Economically the balance is decidedly in our favour, though it is unfortunate that Eastern Europe is a huge back area from which the enemy can draw a large propor-

tion of the consumable supplies and raw material that he must have for the prosecution of the war. In that wide-spread region the British Navy cannot operate its stranglehold and Nazi resistance to economic warfare must therefore be prolonged.

And yet he also has his vulnerable points and we our purely military and legitimate objectives, attainable by air. We have already smoked out three at widely separated intervals, Brunsbittel, Borkum and Heligoland to wit, though in the aggregate this does not represent a large endeavour for three months of war. The significant fact is that on the two latter occasions our aircraft came off scot-free from the enemy's defences, ground and air, implying that we are improving in the technique of approach and amassing the most useful of all experience in the subtleties of surprise attack. On the face of it our energies might be well directed to more frequent repetition of this form of enterprise, which would be carrying the offensive to the enemy and, in some sort, off-setting the depression caused by his toll of casualties to our mercantile marine. This is doubtless much in the minds of those responsible for our strategy in the air, and an increase of these activities may be confidently looked for in the near future. There are tempting targets all along the North Sea coast of Germany and beyond. If the enemy can fly as far afield as Scapa Flow and Lerwick, in the Shetlands, we can at least reach Stettin in the Bay of Pomerania. It is readily believable that in the air, as on the ground, we are crouching for a spring, and that when we feel assured of a sufficient weight of reserves behind us we will let fly in all directions. The promises of Canada are bright and our home establishments, both industrial and training, are working overtime to turn out flying crews and aircraft. There is not the slightest doubt that ere long we will not lack either for equipment or personnel, bidding fair even greatly to surpass the Nazi output. But in the interim the enemy's sea offensive proceeds apace and without cessation. Intermittent raids, on one occasion by machine-gun bullets only, on the Nazi coastal bases, whatever the success which may attend them short of major victory, may be inspiring to our morale, and possibly can do effective damage, but they provide no adequate reply, unless the tempo quickens up considerably,

to the enemy's persistent blows to our marine. Neutral opinion, moreover, so largely saturated with German propaganda, is being subtly taught to belittle these performances and, in some cases, to deride the claims which we advance for a complete success. We cannot afford to neglect this body of opinion, for the goodwill of the neutral Powers is indirectly a reinforcement to our strength, and the more they are convinced in the face of propaganda that we hold our own and more the readier they will be to assist us in the intricacies of our dealings with them in matters affecting the blockade.

THE NEW EUROPE

BY STORM JAMESON

IT is possible that Europe cannot now be saved. The most optimistic, the best-grounded belief in the victory of France and England, cannot make less of the fact that we have been driven into a position of extreme danger. The course of the war can be predicted with confidence but not with certainty. Western civilization has made the mistake of having a second Great War, and such persistent silliness might turn out to be incurable. Our civilization—it is conceivable—might be too silly to live. Its future historian, probably Chinese, would disentangle the various causes of its decay, economic nationalism, the shortsightedness or ignorance of some national leaders, the power lust of others. He would find that in the First Great War men who proposed to study and attempt to cure the deeper causes of the instability leading to war were rebuked for not realizing that the important thing was to win; that precisely the same arguments were urged in the Second Great War. He might perhaps decide that the root cause of the decay of civilization in the twentieth century was nothing more and nothing less than atrophy of the imagination.

The grounds on which we hope for a military victory are good. It would be foolish to expect defeat and damned foolish to count on easy or even on wholly satisfactory victory.

It is difficult to be sure on what English people do now count. The lack of visible excitement, the matter-of-fact patience, on which foreign observers have commented, are not the whole story. Very many people, not pacifists, are profoundly perplexed. They accept the fact of war, they do their duty by the war, but they remain baffled, deeply uneasy, often without being able to put their bewilderment into words. The fault is not theirs. It is not their fault that the words 'We are fighting to end Hitlerism' wake an echo—'We are fighting to

end Kaiserism'—and that with the echo comes the hollow feeling of standing in a place of echoes. The labour of a Churchill to roar loud enough to drown it is wasted. You cannot silence an echo by shouting. Every young man leaving his house in new khaki uniform is accompanied by one or two or three dead young men, also in khaki, and it is in fact their presence, their constant mute 'What, again?' which gives us this sense of emptiness, of questions unanswered. As the war goes on this feeling will spread and strengthen. There are ways of dealing with it. One is to go on talking with blithe Fourth Form cheerfulness about destroying Hitlerism. Another is the Churchill way of calling up contempt and hatred of the enemy. Both are the worse for wear, and the second corrupts.

If the echoes are to be silenced, if the hidden bewilderment is to be checked, we must be given hope that this war is being fought to secure something better than another brief interval of 'peace' before another breakdown. Statesmen who do not realize this, publicists who make light of it, are, in a real sense, in a sense the future will make bitterly clear, enemies of the people.

The immediate cause of the war is the inflamed nationalism which divides the States of Europe politically, economically, and to a varying extent socially. The situation was always dangerous. It became more dangerous at each stage of the policy of financial and economic restriction. It became abnormally dangerous after March, 1933.

Governments which adopt policies of restriction may do so in defence of the existing power and interests of their country. Or with the deliberate intention of establishing a self-sufficiency which will aid them in extending their power by force. In the Marxian thesis governments are the façade behind which 'monopoly capitalism' ruthlessly pursues its own interests, and precipitates war when these interests are threatened by external rivals or by internal revolution. This thesis is too crude to be valuable. There can be no question that the influence on a national government of powerful interests is socially anarchic and a threat to peace. The influence of a Great Interest is not used with a view to benefiting the nation as a whole. It is used to advance the power of the particular Great Interest.

The member of the *Comité des Forges* who said, '*Monsieur, quand les intérêts atteignent à l'ampleur des nôtres, ils se confondent avec l'intérêt national*', was talking through his balance sheet. It is to the interest of a particular industry to acquire subsidies, to set up tariff walls against foreign competitors, and a powerful industry does not hesitate to bring pressure on its government to achieve these ends. It urges arguments of national interest. If it were possible for Great Britain to pursue policies of restriction in isolation it would have an advantage over the rest of the world. But restriction is countered by restriction; trade barriers rise everywhere; international commerce and finance are dislocated; the unemployment in countries, temporarily relieved, worsens. That the aggravated state of tension, political and economic, will encourage and seem to justify warlike policies in one or more countries is inevitable. The government did not intend this when it agreed with the gentlemen of the *Comité des Forges* or of the Federation of British Industries. Nor did the Federation of British Industries.

The monumental egoism and the crass stupidity of these people—in the long run their policy operates even against themselves—do not justify the Marxian thesis. A particular industry which is pressing the government for restrictive legislation does not do so in the teeth of enlightened Trades Union opposition, aware that restrictions are not in the interests of the workers as a whole. The pressure is applied by competing industries, not by capitalists as a class. Restrictions on immigration, a serious cause of international tension, are upheld by the Trades Unions—exactly as it was self-interest and not enthusiasm which made the English Trades Union leaders anxious to see the standard of living raised among the workers of other countries. The extent to which the official leaders of the workers are able to identify their interests with those of the capitalist owners of industry is a matter for congratulation or irony, as you like. It disposes of the spectre of 'monopoly capitalism' plotting war.

Europe in the interval between our two Great Wars seemed to be choking itself to death. Trade channels dried up, money ceased to circulate, barriers were raised against the movement of people and ideas. It is not a new spectacle. It is a return,

at a more complex level, to an old one. Only for a short period during the nineteenth century was there a Western European movement against the policy of restrictive laws and tariffs. It did not last. In Bismarck and post-Bismarck Europe, political imperialism and the sectional demands of Great Interests helped each other to bring on us a disastrous Great War and a disastrous peace.

The strain of the 1914-1918 War forced the Allies to set up an economic organization of the sort which has just been re-started between this country and France. Machinery was created for the joint administration of transport and the supply of raw materials and food. It worked with conspicuous success. So well, in fact, that the attempt was made to continue the system after the War with the intention of extending it to neutrals and to the enemy nations. The plan was smothered in infancy by the United States, rich enough at the end of the last war to get away with murder. On November 8th, 1918, a despatch from Washington destroyed the only chance the world had of being able to say that some millions of men did not die uselessly. 'After peace over one-half of the whole export food supplies of the world will come from the United States, and for the buyers of these supplies to sit in majority dictation to us as to prices and distribution, is wholly inconceivable.' Thus nothing of value for the future came out of the deaths. The League of Nations, deprived of economic co-operation, was crippled. The outlines of a new world, shocking to sound business sense, were hurriedly erased. There is no likelihood that an English spokesman of the interests concerned would, in the same circumstances, have made a different answer.

Left to pull themselves together as best they could, the older European democracies were chiefly anxious to make themselves secure. The demand for security came from all parties and sections, from industrialists demanding subsidies and restrictive tariffs, from Trades Unions demanding fixed wages, from agriculture demanding tax reliefs and fair prices. The impulse was as much a matter of morale as of economics. In talking of the moral shock of the War we are talking of an effect which can neither be measured nor denied. Four years of organized slaughter exhausted, and roused fears and a sense of guilt

which found expression in cynicism, real and assumed, a taste for Real-politik, a disbelief in the value and dignity of the individual.

Propaganda for restrictions on trade and immigration, for subsidies and protection, went down easily in a disorganized world. The great slump which followed the great boom gave an opportunity to powerful industrialist interests which they did not miss. The Smoot-Hawley tariff system was followed by Ottawa. Both measures had as a result a further dislocation of world trade and a sharpening of international tension. Without respect to Beaverbrook and the Federation of British Industries it was a sight too much to pay for the sectional advantages achieved.

We are accustomed to regard as normal and proper that aspect of economic nationalism which a government pursues when it takes steps to see that the country is not excluded from trading with and investing in territories abroad, or cut off from essential supplies. So long as the world is partitioned between rival sovereignties it is clear that a government which neglected its opportunities in this struggle for economic strength would be behaving with a highmindedness it could not justify to its traders when these were excluded from a valuable territory by some other Power, or to its Defence Council when this saw itself deprived of necessary raw materials. We accept as natural the risks of tension and conflict with another Power equally anxious about its prosperity and defence. An ideal solution—the recognition by responsible statesmen that they must agree to adjust their respective claims—used to hang suspended in our minds like Olympus watching the duels of Greek and Trojan. Bismarck's Germany had no use for these charming cloud-forms; the Third Reich has made an end of them. After 1933 the normal economic tensions were aggravated by the triumph in Germany of a nationalism divested of any rags of liberal thought or respect for the rule of law. The motives and intentions of Germany's new leaders in their struggle for power contained from the first elements it would be inadequate and silly to call economic. As inadequate as it was to interpret the Nazi triumph as a subtle conspiracy of German industrialists—'the death throes of monopoly capitalism', or whatever the

neo-Marxian formula was. Nazi Pan-Germanism, busy about rebuilding the Holy Roman Empire, desired power for the sake of power. Its economics are those of a barbarian leader in search of wealth. It wishes Lebensraum not only to make sure of unhindered access to raw materials and economic opportunities but to seize and portion among its own people the territory of defeated and dispossessed nations, as in Poland, and to impose forced labour on its subject races, as it is doing on the Poles and Czechs. The imprisonment, pillaging, and killing of Jews and political opponents in these countries, and in Germany and Austria, is a yet cruder form of the Nazi reversion to methods of conquest more familiar in the earlier history of Western Europe than—before 1933—they were to us. Totalitarian conquest is an old practice writ new, with the help of the aeroplane, the wireless, and the by no means new methods of the secret police. Its avowed object, the enrichment of the dominant ('Aryan') race, has not been achieved yet only because the French and English governments, having hoped vainly that each successive conquest, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, would gorge the monster, at last stiffened themselves to throw the bodies and wealth of their own subjects across its path. That they were driven to do this is as much a measure of their own past incompetence and lack of vision as of the medieval brutality of totalitarian ambitions.

Even now the Government talks of crushing Hitlerism as though, that done, we should have no more serious trouble in the world. Obedient literate apes support it in this and reprove an attempt to raise the wider issues. So do interested industrialists—interested only in reducing a formidable and unscrupulous rival. It cannot be said too often or too energetically that by itself military victory will settle nothing, except—for a time—the hopes of the Pan-Germans. If nothing comes of victory but a reshifting of the balance of power the war will have been fought in vain, as was the last war, and the most we can hope for is an interval of peace long enough to get the war memorials unveiled. Unless the principles of economic nationalism are reversed, unless nations resign their absolute power to disorder the living conditions of the whole world to their own temporary profit, we shall simply repeat, at a more despair-

ing level, the experience of 1919-1929, and of 1929-September 1939.

Socialists believe that national ownership and control of means of production would of itself remove the frictions that lead to war. Governments controlling their national industries, without the selfish pressure of 'monopoly capitalists', would make sensible arrangements with each other. It is possible. A discussion on the point would be profitable in Junior Common Rooms. The *conditions* for the emergence of a group of States preferring a liberal and democratic socialism do not exist now. It is difficult, except in the air of academic discussion, to conceive of any probable end to this war which would establish the necessary conditions. Apart from this, it needs an act of faith to rest comfortably in the belief that national Socialist States would be immune from the temptations to which all sovereign States, in absolute control of vast economic resources, are apt to give way. Even a sovereign State led by a Socialist Ministry, able to dispose of economic powers to the temporary benefit of its own industries, might deviate into nationalism. An impartial and even kindly survey of the present leaders of the Labour Party and the Trades Unions does not raise up visions of them working salvation in the midst of the earth; it would be easier to make one's act of faith in the superior wisdom and address of a Socialist government if one had never listened to a Dalton or a Bevin. To transfer the ownership of industry to the State would remove, it is true, the pressure on the government of sectional groups of capitalists and Trades Unions clamouring for protection and exclusive privileges. But pressure now exerted by sectional interests could be openly and as insistently started up in the name of public interest. On what sure hope can we base a confidence that it would not be? It is true that the Socialist parties adhering half-heartedly to the Second International make international professions, and true that the foreign policy of the Labour Party before 1931 was largely directed by liberal international principles, which could not be said of Henderson's successor. But so long as States have absolute powers of restriction and exclusion which can be used for the short-term enrichment or relief of the nation, so long is abuse of these powers possible and probable. And so

long will the common interest in peace of both rich and poor States be overlooked in the pressure on the one to defend its right to adopt any economic policy it likes and to keep its privileges in raw material areas, and on the other to attack it.

In the proper sense of the term, there is no economic organization in Europe; the international cartels set up to deal with certain basic raw materials have not been proof against sectional pressure. There are a number of independent States, whose economic arrangements are made and needs satisfied (or not) in a disorderly and grotesquely uneconomic fashion. Practices of restriction and exclusion which offer immediate gain to national industries are pursued without regard to their long-term effects, and a large part of the resources and energy of every nation are drawn off to defend its right to practise economic anarchy. In this condition of anarchy the very existence of a State is bound up with its ability to defend itself against other sovereign States pursuing the same policy. The defeat of this country by Germany would not lead straight to an economic reorganization of Europe on rational healthy lines. The defeat of Germany by the Allies in 1918 did not. The economic anarchy was allowed to persist until it ended in a conflict aggravated by the readiness with which the German nation tolerates and admires the Hero as Conqueror.

The choice between anarchy and some measure of federalism cannot wait. Whatever the internal politics of the chief European nations at the end of the war, they must either sacrifice as much of their sovereign independence as will allow them to establish the framework of an economic order, or perpetuate a Europe strangled by traffic barriers and crushed by the burden of defending its right to choke to death. If it were merely a question of slaughtering every twenty years an unstated number of men, women, children, our statesmen would doubtless resign themselves to the disagreeable necessity; they would either set up a Ministry of Cenotaphs or the Lord Privy Seal would get the job; and our religious leaders would accommodate themselves. But it has become a question of the survival of States, that is, of statesmen. If we do not organize Europe it will fall to pieces. The process, even for statesmen, will be damnably unpleasant.

It is possible to argue that the economic federation of Europe is impossible—that Europe is past praying for. It is not possible to argue that it is not desirable and not urgent. There is no palatable alternative. A German hegemony in Europe would impose on its subject races the order now existing in Czechoslovakia and turn Europe into a concentration camp. An Allied victory which does not establish international economic co-operation will settle nothing but the date of the next war. There must be an end to the present uneconomic and brutish disorder with its waste of life and wealth. The readiness with which people have seized on the ideas of federal union now current is a measure of our past hopelessness. The ideas are not new. The form given them by the English Society for Federal Union and in Streit's *Union Now*, and their eager acceptance in this crisis of Europe by people of all sorts, are new. Streit's book, and an excellent Penguin book, *The Case for Federal Union*, by W. B. Curry, provide the material on which people may form their own judgment. In my opinion it is rash to base any hopes on the willingness of America to enter into any form of federal union with the European democracies. If the chances of economic reorganization in Europe are bound up with America they are non-existent, and Europe is done for. It would be better to leave completely aside any notion of inducing the United States to co-operate in this form and at this stage. That co-operation in some form between a federated Europe and America could and would be established I have no doubt. But Europe ought, before inviting the participation of America, to cleanse herself of her disease of economic nationalism. The co-operation of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire is, on the other hand, essential; appeals addressed to the United States to support a policy of economic and social reconstruction would be better directed to them.

The first essential of peace and order in Europe is a limitation of sovereignty. States must be prepared to resign their powers to adopt financial and trade policies which, whatever temporary advantage they offer to the particular nation, are certain to end badly. International conferences and leagues or associations of independent States are useless without the machinery of economic co-operation. The power to control trade and

finance, to deal with other States and groups of States, to control and limit armaments, to enforce respect for international law, to control the use of raw materials, to govern and educate in colonial territories and to prepare them for self-government, to reconstruct and develop certain social services in Europe (*e.g.* communications, medicine), should be handled by a federal European Council, or Parliament—what does the name matter? With effective economic and social co-operation the political causes of friction between member States would be reduced to a minimum. But unless the nations of Europe are able to limit their sovereignty to the minimum degree necessary for the establishment of a central economic and financial authority, they are done for. We are done for. And serve us right. There is no room now in Europe for the destructive quarrels, economic and military, of gangs of armed States. (Valiant efforts to prove that England is not part of Europe and could remain profitably neutral have been silenced by the logic of events). There must be order and there must be economic co-operation. Without it, western democracy is at an end. There are some virtues in nationalism, but the nationalism which has strangled trade and movement in Europe, given their opportunity to a Hitler and a Himmler in a country somewhat prone to these diseases, robbed us of hope, and brought us to the edge of destruction, has outlived its uses. Unless we have determined to use it to destroy ourselves.

It will not be easy to replace uncontrolled State sovereignty by some form of economic and social federation, but nothing less is worth fighting for. Without the hope of such a new departure, the irony of this war following the war to end war would be unbearable. We have been brought to the edge of despair in the last few years. The maiming and slaughter of children and defenceless people in the streets and fields of their countries, the misery and humiliation of tens of thousands of exiles, the suicides, the foulness of concentration camps, the torturing of prisoners—these things have made our lives bitter, have made the spectacle of Europe a horror. The ideals of social justice, tolerance, freedom, are being ground to dust between the fragments of a disordered Europe. A mad and destructive nationalism has done this. Nothing matters but to get rid of it.

The League of Nations failed to achieve order in Europe because its most powerful member States were not willing to act with the self-restraint of civilized individuals. In fact they could not. Individuals have common interests. States, as sovereign bodies, have an immediate interest in preserving their power which overrides their interest in keeping the peace. Each member of the League did as it pleased and—as long as it was convenient—paid Geneva the civility of meeting there to discuss the resulting conflicts. The League's power to act as a living body resided only in its members. We were lately invited by our Government to lament the failure to function of a power it had consistently misused and neglected. The League never had an economic organization, nor means to create one. Its dusty state now does not alter the fact that one half of the machinery of international co-operation, and an invaluable knowledge and experience—it would be out of place to speak of the hopes of permanent officials and common men—is in existence, to be reconditioned and put to work. A generation has grown up which not only knows not Joseph but is bored by him. It is natural, but it is not a reason for talking about the League as though it were only fit to be forgotten. A recent writer in *The Times* pointed out that 'the League raises from all its European members an annual sum not much larger than that spent every year by the London County Council on main drainage'. In a federated Europe enough would be saved on armaments to provide a Reconstruction and Development Fund that would not be a mockery.

We must be prepared to achieve federal union in Europe by stages. A basis exists in the Oslo Group, and in the re-created mechanism for Franco-British co-operation. It is not utopian to make plans for the common economic and social organization of western Europe, including Norway, Sweden—and Germany. Germany cannot be left outside, and we ought to agree that we are fighting this war to compel her to come in. It cannot be ignored that there is a German problem distinct from the Nazi problem. That extraordinary German mysticism which poisons her with the idea of her 'higher right' to conquer the world can only be cured by living in company with other nations. Germany must be held open, must be denied opportunity to shut herself

up and breed maggots. No matter what politicians who dislike having to think about the beastliness of concentration camps may say, the internal policy of Germany has become very much our concern. Her frontiers must be kept open to the passage of ideas, and freedom of speech and opinion demanded as part of the reparation she owes the rest of Europe. (It seems sometimes that the only thing to do with Germany after this war would be to insist on the children being educated abroad. I fear it is impracticable—but what a pity). For the sake of Europe, of which she is an integral part, we cannot allow Germany to go on corrupting herself with lies. No more than we can plan the organization of Europe—it is silly to speak of reorganizing what has never been organized—without her energy, her capacity for idealism, her decent virtues. Ruritanian plans to dismember Germany, put about by a few persons not notable for their political sagacity, will—if they are given enough publicity—stiffen German resistance. Is this what their authors want?

To say that the obstacles to inducing States to limit their sovereignty are too great is to say that we cannot save Europe. If the war were to end this week, some measure of federation would still be an instant practical necessity. This war, in effect a civil war, will decide the issue between civilization and anarchy.

It is not simply a question of peace terms to end this war, but of terms of peace for Europe. The peace terms themselves must provide the *conditions* for organization and reconstruction. It is unlikely that we shall be given another chance. Possibly we have not been given one this time. We must assume that we have.

W. H. DAVIES : THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY RICHARD CHURCH

MR. W. H. DAVIES has just published another little book of poems, called *The Loneliest Mountain*.^{*} At the beginning he puts a note which says that "whatever happens, the present book ends my career as a living author." I recall, however, that he said much the same thing in 1910, when he published his fourth book of verse and called it *Farewell to Poesy*. He was forty years old then. He is sixty-nine to-day. There is thus less reason to doubt his present resignation.

But I do doubt it, for I know the man. I cannot say, as Mr. Shaw said in 1907 when he wrote his famous preface to Mr. Davies's *Autobiography of a Super-tramp*, a book which is now safely a classic, that "I hasten to protest at the outset that I have no personal knowledge of the incorrigible Super-tramp who wrote this amazing book." So what I have to say here is likely to be coloured by my admiration and affection for this remarkable man, and I had better explain at the beginning what I owe to him, so that for the moment I can forget it. To talk of one's affections is to dispel them, at least temporarily (as William Blake said), and that is what I want to do now so that I can write of his poetry without bias.

I first met that poetry in 1911, when I was lent a volume called *Nature Poems*. It happened at a moment in a youngster's life when he is very exalted by his youthful discoveries in the new field of literature. That is a period of magnificent intolerance. Only the best will do; Milton, Spenser, and the other immortals who have just begun to make the newcomer's acquaintance. So when I was offered poetry by a living man I felt a certain condescension.

How quickly that condescension was dispelled! I fell under

^{*}Cape. 3s. 6d.

the spell of Mr. Davies's simplicity at once. I have remained under it ever since. But more of that later. I want first to speak of the man. I met him in 1918, a few months after my first book of verses had been published by his publisher, Fifield. It was a happy coincidence for me, because the publisher showed my book to Mr. Davies and in due course I received a postcard, written in a script that looked like a collection of blackthorn buds. It invited me to call and see him in his rooms near the British Museum. It explained that I must knock loudly with the knocker, because the bell was out of order and that owing to the war it could not be put right.

I followed these instructions, and thus began an acquaintance which developed into a friendship. And one cannot discuss friendships easily in public. I found a small but sturdy man, who because of the accident described in his autobiography, walked round the room with a hopping limp. His face was a warm brown, his suit was brown, and his eyes were large, shining, and still more brown. He was like a bird; a sparrow, a thrush, a nightingale; a touch of wildness, a brilliance of vision, a shyness, a voice rich and musical.

He gave me tea, and talked kindly about my first effort as an artist in verse-making. I listened to what he said, and some of it has stuck: especially one thing. It was this. "Never lose your enthusiasm." He then went on to speak of the brilliant beginners, with scholarship and much more at their command, whom he had seen degenerate into disillusioned literary men, bored by everything and especially by literature. He warned me not to become one of those. It sounded a simple enough axiom then. I have realized since how much wisdom lay behind it, and how difficult it is to live up to it. It has been a sort of lifeline to me, and it will be until I and my enthusiasm are removed elsewhere by Time, that greatest of all Enthusiasts.

I could tell a thousand and one stories which would throw light on this man and his character, both as friend and poet. They would all be benevolent ones, for I have never known him do a mean thing. Even in his animosities and shrewdness he has the quality of innocence; the quality which is the main-spring of his work. Of all the many writers whom I have met since—he was the first—I have met none in whom the man and

his work are so completely identified. Davies's poetry is Davies. The appearance, the colour, tone, movement, joy and fear of the man are exactly those found in the verse. This is an important matter for a critic to note. I suppose, from what evidence I can find from contemporary records, that Wordsworth was the same. It means that Davies is a *complete* poet ; not a clever literary man. He is a unit ; limited to himself ; and that self is a singer. The knowledge and wisdom which he brings to the singing are restricted to his own experience. He explores it as completely as a sparrow explores a patch of a stable yard.

My first conception of the man was of a being endowed with an extraordinary kindness. It showed in his eloquent eyes, his whimsical smile which caused his strong mouth (the mouth of an old salt) to break into a smile so that his dry, shag-cured lips almost parted, but not quite. And from that not-quite a little bubbling sound of mirth, sheer delight, escaped. As I got to know the man better, I learned how much that delight signified ; the generosity behind it.

It became a habit for me to go to tea with him once a week. I always found him waiting with an egg which he put on to boil as soon as I arrived. He said that I was too thin, and needed extra nourishment. A year or so later, when I called as usual, I found one day a visitor there. It was Roger Ingpen, then a publisher. The result of that meeting was my second book of verse. A long time after I learned from Roger Ingpen that if it had been necessary, Mr. Davies had offered to finance the volume from his very meagre income and Civil List pension. Events like that are epochs in one's life. The reader can understand why I want to put such things aside for a moment, while I try to assess the value of this body of poetry which Mr. Davies says has now come to an end. I still don't believe him. I know that as long as he lives, and can look out of a window, or stare into a fire, even if from the bed of a man crippled with age and infirmity, there will ensue some songs about light and warmth and all that they symbolize for this man gifted with an infinite genius for gratitude. He knows this too. He says, in his valedictory volume,

How softly now my Days go by—
How quietly the Moments glide !

Yet, underneath, I feel the rush
Of a swifter, stronger tide.

And though my Days glide softly by,
I ache from the throbs and fears
Of a terrible tide that, underneath,
Is carrying off my *Years* !

And I must quote another proof, if proof be needed.

Be damned, you cheeks, be damned and sink ;
Body, bend double, sag and shrink ;
Go dry, poor Skin, go thick and dry ;
Sweet light, collect in neither eye ;
Body, be damned—shall I not find
Your faults redeemed by my unfailing Mind ?

A Mind that's strong enough to bear
A Dream-child every day of the year ;
A Spirit full of young desire,
With growing pains, to reach up higher—
Is there no joy for men that think ?
Body, be damned, bend double, sag and shrink !
Fools have their second childhood, but the Great
Still keep their first, and have no second state.

I have quoted that poem because it takes us much further in our estimate of this poet's lifework. You see that he says in these latter days what he said to me personally twenty-one years ago. This is an example of what I mean by the man and his work being in identity. In telling me to keep my enthusiasm he was expressing the same conviction as where he says, as a poet, that " the Great still keep their first childhood, and have no second state." For Mr. Davies, childhood is the symbol of enthusiasm, the immediate curiosity, the passion of interest, the complete absorption of self in the discovery of something. Davies the poet is a child still. He has a child's particularity which is yet such an oddly unscientific power, because it has no sense of relationship or classification. Davies the poet is still a child in his attitude to Nature because he never wants to codify it, or generalize into principles what he sees, hears and smells. Compare, for example, his knowledge of trees with that of Tennyson. One could almost make botanical drawings from Tennyson's references to trees and flowers. But with Davies you will find that his reference is usually to a few generalized types ; the cherry tree, the plum tree, the oak. But I doubt if on his daily walks he will be able to, or care to, distinguish one from the other, except during the flowering season. It is the

same with the animals and birds whom he loves so much. He loves them too as a child loves them ; with capital letters. Search his poems and you will find a thousand references to the robin, that ' feathered bully ' the sparrow, or to the nightingale with " the moon's white beams across her throat ". But that will be about all the natural history in which Mr. Davies cares to indulge. It is an astonishing thing how a poet, so genuinely enraptured with beast, bird and plant, can go all his life singing about them, yet never be curious to know their variations, their specific habits and qualities. The poetaster, with woolly mind, might remain thus addicted to generalizations, but nobody would read his verse. We read Mr. Davies, however, and we recognize true poetry, that strange and exciting power, in his lyrics with their eighteenth century habit of apostrophizing things and labelling them with capital letters. As he says to-day,

I have no ears or eyes
For either bird or flower,

but even so he conjures a world of minute and factual happenings down to the reader's hand ; and a shy, elusive world it is too. His lyrics give us the same feeling, that sort of skin-caress delight, which we experience when we persuade a robin to come and feed from our hand, or when—as happened once to him—a butterfly alights on the pencil with which we are writing.

It is therefore absurd to call Davies a nature poet. Nature poets, with their meticulous catalogues—such as John Clare gives us—can be bores. Davies, with his handful of references which he repeats again and again, is never a bore. On the contrary, he puts a sort of enchantment upon us, just as a thrush does when we hear it in autumn prophesying of next year's spring. The emotion is a kind of nostalgia, a harkening back to the morning of life, of time, the lost realm of innocence, where everything is wonder, and nothing is knowledge.

How then does he manage to do this ? We see how limited he is in *what* he says. A technical examination of his verse further reveals how limited he is in *how* he says it. His devices have all been used before by the Caroline minor poets, and by the fanciful verse-makers of the eighteenth century. Yet Davies can be as playful and fanciful as he likes, and he catches our hearts.

My Fancy loves to play with Clouds
That hour by hour can change Heaven's face ;
For I am sure of my delight,
In green or stony place.

You see the vagueness of it, and the Augustan habit of those capital letters. But you will also see in that verse—an early one taken from his first selected volume of poems—the explanation of his power over the reader. " For I am sure of my delight in green or stony place " is an absolute truth which defines the man and the poet. It identifies them too, so that the two become one, and remain one throughout the long life of this remarkable personality. Even in misery, pain, and rage, Davies is sure of his delight. He distils that aromatic drop of song from his surroundings, though he may be sitting in the hold of a sailing ship, tending sea-sick cattle ; or lying in a Canadian hospital, in the casual ward, after his foot has been cut off by a locomotive.

I spoke of rage. That brings us to another side of this poet. It is a side which has also found expression in a simple prose that earned the praise of Shaw, who said of the *Autobiography of a Supertramp*, that " this book, which is printed as it was written, without any academic corrections from the point of view of the Perfect Commercial Letter Writer, is worth reading by literary experts for its style alone." It is worth reading because it burns with rage, a fine, clear rage as lucid as his delight, as free as his joy. But here again the emotion is not detailed, is not worked up into a political or social principle. A few tramps, a few hungry old beggar women, a cheated prostitute, a brutally used child, a tortured animal ; these are the material with which Davies feeds his divine rage, and which are sufficient to make him realize that what he sees here on earth merits some thought about an afterworld, a presiding God, and a personal soul within himself. It is significant that his first book, published from a Walworth doss-house, was called *The Soul's Destroyer*. Since then he has never ceased to sing, between his moods of sheer delight in momentary lovely things, of the fatal cruelty of man, of beast and bird, of the waves of the sea, which with a blind indifference pursue a destiny of destruction that Mr. Davies is not scientist enough to pretend to understand or

explain, but which he can expose in songs as excoriating and horrifying as the events they portray.

I saw that woman go from place
To place, hungry for her child's face ;
I heard her crying, crying, crying ;
Then, in a flash ! saw the Sea trying
With savage joy, and efforts wild,
To smash his rocks with a dead child.

But in this outcry of pain there is the same detachment as in his delight. It is the detachment of the child, the bewilderment that is also an ecstasy, the fear that is also enthusiasm. Yes, enthusiasm. And that is where we started from. But that is where we always come to with this man's work. It forms a complete sphere, a little world of its own. That is why it is likely to take its place in the cosmos of English poetry, a permanent planet.

THE BALTIC UPHEAVAL

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

OBVIOUSLY, definitely, the clock has been put back in the Baltic. and twenty years of history are undone.

This is certainly not the least remarkable among the great political changes which have taken place in Europe during 1939, a year of destiny if ever there was one. Of its astounding events the upheaval in the Baltic is in its way perhaps the most surprising, because all forecasts, apparently quite soundly based, suggested a different development not only as possible but practically inevitable. In this case the unexpected happened ; in other cases expectation was realized. The tragic Munich Agreement of Mr. Chamberlain with Herr Hitler, the source of so many evils, led most observers, outside British Government circles, to foretell the destruction of Czechoslovakia and even of Poland by Germany ; and those sad prophecies have been fulfilled. The shadow of Munich likewise fell and lay dark and heavy on the Baltic. Fear of Hitler's expansionist aims filled the hearts of all the small nations that lived along its shores, especially the Baltic States, commonly so called—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, for, as all could see, the threat to them was direct and manifest.

German pressure on Lithuania and local Nazi activities in Memel in the closing weeks of 1938 seemed to indicate plainly enough where the start would be made. This apprehension was amply justified when in the early spring of last year Hitler seized Memel and like a conqueror issued orders to the Lithuanian Government which had perforce to accept them. For all the world it looked as if the stage was set for a great German drive up the Eastern Baltic, with Hitler's dominance assured throughout that area. But the drive did not come off according to plan ; it did not come off at all, and not Hitler but Stalin holds those States in his hands to-day. He got them so

easily that general interest in their fate, which was keen at the outset, waned appreciably until the brave resistance of the Finns to the Soviet's invasion of their country, and the deepening concern of Scandinavia, called universal attention to the Baltic again.

The high points of the story were all in 1939. Of what had gone before I gave an account exactly a year ago in the *FORTNIGHTLY* in an article entitled "Baltic Trends." It took the line, unavoidable as things were, that though the Baltic States had proclaimed their neutrality Hitler was about to make himself their master. The Soviet scarcely came then into the picture. But among the movements toward the end of the year was a proposal by Finland and Sweden to refortify the Aland Islands; it was brought before the League of Nations early in 1939 and bitterly opposed by the Soviet's representative, who characterized Finland as pro-German. The next Baltic event of importance was a pendant to Hitler's rape of Czechoslovakia in the shape of his seizure of Memel, already referred to. More significant still, even from the Baltic point of view, were the demands he proceeded to make on Poland. It is true that she possessed only a small part of the Baltic littoral, but for years she had maintained a policy of collaboration and good neighbourliness that was in the nature of an understanding with the little Baltic States, whose political freedom and territorial integrity she all along stoutly championed. It seemed as if Europe was falling in pieces, and it is at this point that the interest of the story quickens.

The British Government, with an effect of extraordinary abruptness, executed a complete *volte face* as regards foreign policy. On March 31 Mr. Chamberlain informed the House of Commons that the Government, in the event of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence, and which the Polish Government considered it vital to resist, would feel bound at once to lend that Government "all support in its power." He added that the French Government authorized him to state that it took a precisely similar attitude to Poland. Colonel Beck, then Polish Foreign Minister, came to London, and on April 6 it was announced that Britain and Poland would enter into a permanent agreement—an alliance, in fact; but as

the "Agreement for Mutual Assistance", as the instrument was termed, was not signed till August 25 the considerable period of five months which intervened between Chamberlain's categorical statement and the signature of the treaty was regarded in some quarters as significant of a certain indecision on the part of the British Government, and was held to throw doubt on its good faith.

Meanwhile Hitler had denounced the Polish-German Treaty of 1934 and the Anglo-German Naval Treaty. His speeches at that time—April—made it clear that he had no truck and was not going to have any truck with what he then styled the "Bolshevik Russia of Stalin." In England and elsewhere in less degree there was much talk of the formation of a Peace Front which the Soviet might join, to say nothing of its assisting Poland with its forces or at least of securing her against attack from the rear in the event of a German war. Yet as early in this story as May 3 the resignation of M. Litvinoff of the post of Soviet Foreign Commissar which he had held for several years might have notified the world that Stalin had in view some important fresh departure in his policy. The appointment of M. Molotoff as Litvinoff's successor should have given point to that idea. It was not appreciated in England.

Anyhow, in May-June British delegates went to Moscow with the object of getting Stalin to bring Russia into the Peace Front, but after a beguiling welcome they presently discovered that the atmosphere had become a little chilly, particularly, it was alleged, as they were not the sort of high officials Stalin had expected to greet. It was said that Lord Halifax himself had been invited in mid-June to the Kremlin, and had turned the invitation down. It may be recalled that the efforts of the British Government to induce Stalin to collaborate in the Peace Front were considered by Germany as part and parcel of the "encirclement" policy. In mid-June, as it happened, Lord Halifax in a letter to the British Ambassador at Berlin wrote of a conversation he had just had with the German Ambassador in London in the course of which that diplomat said that much of the anti-British feeling prevalent in Germany was due to all the discussion going on about the "British anti-aggression negotiations with Russia." Germany resented

the regrouping of the Powers Britain was organizing as it "was designed to operate as coercive pressure upon her." Lord Halifax, of course, replied by saying that "if anybody was encircling Germany it was herself by the policy she persisted in pursuing."

Readers of our newspapers, virtually our only tolerably full sources of information respecting the Moscow negotiations cannot fail to remember how uncertain and twisting they were, endowed with what hopes and fears, what "ups and downs, mostly downs!" On May 25 Mr. Chamberlain stated that if all went well a British-French-Soviet defence agreement would soon be concluded; the inference to be drawn was that things were going well; and a final draft of the British proposals was dispatched to Moscow. But Molotoff quickly repudiated such optimism; admitting that England and France had taken a "step forward", he yet declared that on the question of guarantees to Central and East European States no progress had been achieved at all. He said that the proposals did not provide for assistance to be given by Britain and France to the Powers on the north-west frontiers of the Soviet, Finland, Estonia and Latvia, who might be unable to defend their neutrality against aggression. As Lithuania did not border on the Soviet it did not come into Molotoff's purview. He went on to say that unless guarantees were given to these States the Soviet could not assume obligations toward the five Powers which England and France had already guaranteed. Here was a serious difficulty, and, as it proved to the end unsurmountable.

Now we come to specific Baltic questions again. During May Germany was by no means idle; she busied herself with Danzig and Poland, and to counteract the Moscow negotiations she offered non-aggression pacts to most of the Baltic countries—Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Sweden, Norway and Denmark; first Denmark, and then Estonia and Latvia accepted and signed such a treaty. It is impossible to suppose that at that moment there could be collusion between Hitler and Stalin; the Baltic States were in no sort of position to bring those two Great Powers together for or against them, but, as it turned out, they later involuntarily helped, it may be said, to do just that as part of the price paid by Hitler to the Soviet. Stalin, by his

mouthpiece Molotoff, would not then yield. The three Baltic States to be guaranteed or none—so said Molotoff inflexibly. In England there was a good deal of reluctance about guaranteeing the three States, and all the more because they did not want any guarantee, but kept on proclaiming their neutrality and their independence. For them to identify themselves with the Peace Front was to antagonize Germany—as late as Midsummer last year it was Germany and not the Soviet that remained their principal preoccupation; it was still Hitler that was the menace to their independence, so dear to their hearts.

No one who had visited them and got to know the depth of that feeling of theirs could be surprised that they declared they would fight for their neutrality, for their independence went with it. To hear them talk of it was very moving. The sentiment of these States found magnificent expression in Riga, the Latvian capital, in a tall, slender, graceful and beautiful obelisk called the Monument of Liberty. "This monument was built," says Riga in its municipal records, "to express the joy and pride of the Latvian people at winning back freedom and independence after centuries of bondage and oppression." Alas, how ironic all that sounds to-day!

July passed into August and still those British-French negotiations with the Soviet continued in Moscow—without result. In the meantime Hitler and Stalin had secretly come to terms for the overrunning and dismemberment of Poland—and much else as was evident afterwards. A treaty of non-aggression was signed at Moscow on August 23 by Molotoff and Ribbentrop. Commenting on it next day in the Commons Mr. Chamberlain said he would not attempt to conceal from the House that the announcement of this pact came as a most unpleasant surprise to the Government. Farther on in his speech he remarked that the announcement was hailed in Berlin, with extraordinary cynicism, as a great diplomatic victory which removed any danger of war, since "we (the British) and France would no longer be likely to fulfil our obligations to Poland." He added, "we felt it our first duty to remove any such dangerous illusion." He did not refer to the Baltic, but how its small States must have been wondering what effect the Hitler-Stalin deal was to have on them; they were not left

in doubt very long. Its effect was seen at once in Poland in a German invasion of that country on September 1 from the west and a Soviet invasion from the east on September 17, followed swiftly by the destruction of that unfortunate land and the enslavement of its people.

Poland had been a great State of thirty-five millions and was now fallen down in bloody ruin in four weeks before the German and Soviet dictators in alliance! She had been a support and a friend to the Baltic States, and now she was gone, her name erased from the map, her Allies, England and France, powerless to prevent her obliteration. It was soon known that Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Finland had been summoned to appear in the person of their Foreign or other Ministers at Moscow for the purpose of entering into treaties of "mutual assistance" with the Soviet, the mutual assistance being entirely derisory so far as the small States were concerned. By agreement with Hitler, Stalin was in effect about to pronounce sentence on them. Estonia came up first, then Latvia, and Lithuania next. Let us consider, very briefly, the political and economic situation of the three States at that time. They had been independent for twenty years; they had not been given but had achieved their freedom after bitter fighting against both Bolsheviks and Germans in 1919-20. They emerged as democratic republics, and the Soviet made peace with them in 1920.

Their leaders were Konstantin Paets, Estonia; Karlis Ulmanis, Latvia; and Antanas Smetona, Lithuania. By a singular coincidence of history these men are their leaders to-day, though changes took place during the intervening years in the leadership and in the political status of the republics. Internal as well as external strains and stresses led to a semi-Fascist government being adopted some years ago by all three States; Estonia struggled back under Paets to a parliamentary system in 1937; Latvia and Lithuania were still semi-Fascist in September, 1939. But unquestionably all three were enjoying an orderly and peaceful existence, unvexed by political disputes of a serious kind, and their fear of disturbance came, as already said, not from inside but from outside. They had small armies, proportionate to the size of each State, but of little account against a Great Power—insufficient, in fact, to defend and

maintain their neutrality. From the economic point of view all three States were modestly prosperous; they had successfully developed their industries, chiefly agricultural, and the balance of trade was favourable; they exported large quantities of bacon, butter, eggs and farm produce to England, as well as other commodities; Germany was their biggest customer, but they tried hard to hold and increase the British traditional interest in the Baltic. I remember very well one of their statesmen telling me in Riga in 1934 how delighted they would be if England would adopt them as members of the Empire.

For their protection and for mutual benefit they had formed themselves into the Baltic Entente, on the model of the other Ententes of our time. But it did not serve them in their visit to Moscow. Overwhelmed and stunned by the dark fate of Poland at the hands of Hitler and Stalin, they thought it would be suicidal to oppose the Soviet; they capitulated and surrendered their independence on terms that left their vassalized States still in being with a certain life of their own. On September 29 Estonia signed a Pact of Mutual Assistance with the Soviet which placed her politically in the latter's power by permitting the occupation within her territory of specific ports and districts as Soviet naval and air bases. Next, treaties of the same sort were signed by Latvia and Lithuania with Moscow. Before the War of 1914-18 Tsarist Russia had a great war-harbour at Libau, renamed Liepaja by Latvia, whose resources were of course inadequate to keep it up, and it will probably now become a great Russian port again, whether for peace or war. It is ice-free all the year round and in it the Russians realize once more their old Baltic dream of a "warm-water" outlet to the sea. More to mortify the Poles than please the Lithuanians the vassalization of the latter's country has been soothed somewhat by the Soviet's rendition to it of Vilna, though whether that city contained much above two per cent. that was genuinely Lithuanian is doubtful. Nor is it likely that Vilna will replace Kaunas (Kovno) as capital of Lithuania; as matters stand Kaunas is the better and far livelier town.

In due course Soviet troops took over and garrisoned the ports and proposed air bases, but what must have been the

feelings of Paets, Ulmanis, Smetona and patriots like them at that desecration of their freedom? Apparently, however, the bulk of the population is settling down, resolved to make the best of the situation, but it is scarcely possible to suppose that Sovietization is very remote. One other feature of the Hitler-Stalin compact respecting the three States which has not so far been mentioned in this article was the repatriation of their German elements—the “Balts”—to Germany, which in this instance meant parts of the western provinces of Poland annexed as the result of her collapse and disintegration in September. In the great majority of cases the three States saw the Balts depart without shedding many tears over them. A notable fact was that whereas Nazis like Rosenberg had claimed in their propaganda that the Eastern Baltic was German because most by far of its people were German, the actual number of those repatriated amounted to only a small percentage of the population; a further number of Balts declined to move from their old homes, but were not really numerous. The order for repatriation came from Berlin in a very peremptory manner, and allowed little time for the “evacuees” to prepare for their departure. A special correspondent of *The Times*, in a message from Riga dated October 15, explained this precipitate haste as caused by Hitler’s extreme need to obtain from Stalin the gold for the sale of Germany’s Baltic interests that had been part of their bargain. What was evident “beyond peradventure” was Stalin’s determination to dominate the Eastern Baltic; he succeeded with Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania without any trouble, but not so with Finland.

At this writing it is not certain that the Soviet is going to subjugate the Finns, though with the odds so heavy against them—170 millions to about four millions—they are hardly likely to do more than put up a very good fight, which, however, if it continues for an appreciable length of time, may play havoc with the Hitler-Stalin plans—and not only for the Baltic. The wonderful stand Finland is making is already an epic of the Northlands that echoes all round the world. When Stalin summoned her representative to Moscow in the second week of October she had before her eyes what had happened to Estonia and the other Baltic States, knew what to expect, and was

determined not to yield up her freedom, but short of it to be as conciliatory as was possible. The Soviet proposals for “improving relations,” as Molotoff phrased it, but which would have made Finland another Bolshevik vassal, travelled back and forth between Moscow and Helsinki three times during the rest of October; the Finns made important concessions, but insufficient to satisfy Stalin, whose aggressive spirit was unmistakably plain. The Kings of Sweden, Norway and Denmark—the Scandinavian group—conferred with Kallio, the Finnish President, at Stockholm, expressed their sympathy for the Finns, and reaffirmed their neutrality. From America and all the ends of the earth came warm messages of sympathy and strong denunciations of Soviet aggression.

In November the Soviet, undeterred, increased its demands, but Finland stood firm; a deadlock ensued, and her Moscow Mission again went home, though the negotiations were declared to be suspended, not broken off. The Soviet then began a fierce and unscrupulous propaganda campaign against Finland on the familiar Nazi model; indeed all through those weeks of strain it was that model that was followed—and rather bettered—by the Soviet Press. A manufactured incident on the frontier by the Soviet forced the tension higher but in the west war, it was thought, would not break out. On November 27 Finland definitely rejected Stalin’s terms; three days later President Roosevelt offered to mediate, but on the morning of that day the Soviet, without a declaration of war, began hostilities by bombing Helsinki and other Finnish centres from the air, and by marching across the frontier above and below Lake Ladoga. Everywhere, except in Germany but not universally there, the attack was condemned as an act of absolutely unprovoked aggression—without the shadow of any excuse. Even British liberals and other Leftist elements who had cherished somehow or other fond hopes of Soviet Russia and her “idealism” abandoned their illusions and spoke of “aggressive Bolshevik Imperialism.” “Where now,” asked the shocked *News Chronicle*, “is the idealism and the faith in the creation of a better world which on every anniversary of the November Revolution drew to the Red Square thousands of men and women from every corner of the earth in celebration?” On

the twenty-second anniversary the Soviet was attacking the Finns, but not making much of a job of it—thanks to the courage, determination and tenacity of the defence.

In trying to estimate what the upheaval in the Baltic portends this definite, unequivocal unmasking of Stalin and Soviet policy, which I have purposely narrated in some detail, seems to me much the most important factor. We know now where we are with Moscow just as with Berlin; Hitler and Stalin stand together as the super-gangsters of this age, and we have to face the grim fact that they are allies, not rivals, at present, whatever may be said to the contrary or the future may disclose. It is no wonder that Sweden and Norway are deeply anxious, the one for her iron ores, the other for her fiords on the North Sea, so readily available for German and/or Soviet submarines. But predatory desires like wishful thinking can leap and extend far beyond the Baltic; if Stalin wants Finnish nickel mines and takes them, why may not Hitler do the same with Rumanian oil, the one brigand the complement of the other? As Lord Halifax, on December 5, after remarking that Hitler to gain a free hand in Poland had bartered what was not his to barter, namely, the liberty of the Baltic peoples, said "The sequence of events showed how wide was the damage once the floodgates were open." The floodgates remain wide open. We in England have to make up our minds to a possible grave and incalculable extension of the war, and govern ourselves accordingly.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THERE is little use in adding to the general chorus of execration which has redoubled its energy since the Russians made their onslaught on Finland. Yet the news from there, ravage and disgusting though the details are, does not rouse such fierce reactions as what comes through from the tortured and ravaged peoples of Poland and of Czechoslovakia. And we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is in Germany no element that will raise effective protest against such barbarities of repression; for deep seated in the German mind is a belief that ruthless brutality is a mark of the virile. They can be proud of it. How this consists with their other qualities, might well puzzle psychologists: for, as I have known from experience that touched me more nearly than if I had been the sufferer, a stranger, struck down with deadly illness among Germans, will meet with more helpful kindness and truer sympathy than one could count on in England or in France. Yet—setting aside the question of what may be counted as legitimate in actual war—there is the belief in Germany that power has the right to use inhuman methods to enforce its will, and even an admiration for ruthlessness in acting on that belief. There is in every country—England is no exception—an element which shares this frame of mind and is infuriated above all things by the resistance of the weak. But there is also in free countries, and perhaps above all in England, an element which will make its voice heard and obeyed. That is why the Irish struggle of twenty years ago ended as it did. Facts that were not publicly avowed began to be known and men like Lord Grey of Fallodon spoke out. In Germany there is no equivalent for such men; nor has there been at any time. It cannot be fear that keeps all German voices silent, if there are voices insistent to be heard,

for Germans, as every day shows us, will meet death as valiantly as any race. The lack of this restraining element on armed power is the thing which makes German pre-eminence a danger to Europe; and the presence of it is what entitles England to take the lead on behalf of civilization—or rather, to share it with France.

* * * * *

Such leadership is the costliest privilege in blood and treasure that the world has ever seen. America is resolute not to have any share in so burdensome an honour—which indeed may end in financial prostration. Yet if Germany has recovered after the utmost exhaustion and defeat, France and England may well hope to do as much after victory. To a certain extent their task has been shared by the Low Countries, which at least have made ready to defend themselves; it seems certain that Belgium made it clear that if Holland were attacked, Belgium would not remain neutral—knowing well that its territory would be the next to be violated. The Scandinavian countries, perhaps wisely, have determined—so far at least—to wait while aggressive war rages on their borders; wisely, for we are here in the region of the unknown. Poland, of all European countries except Belgium the least protected by nature, was rapidly overrun—though not without great cost—even before the appearance of a second invading host ended a resistance thus taken in the rear. But Poland offered many military objectives in its great centres of population; weather helped mechanized operations, and everywhere the air force had an easy field. In a land of few cities, where lake, and forest cover a vast proportion of the surface, neither tanks nor aeroplanes can have the same efficiency; and in desultory warfare the very sparseness of population is an advantage to the defence. Russia may well have embarked on a very long drawn out war against resolute riflemen, who will not lack the support at least of hundreds of volunteers from across their border.

But whatever happens, the Baltic will no longer be a German lake. Sweden will need to conserve all her forces to resist interference with what remains of her right to free navigation. It is possible however that Russia may in time raise objection

to the blocking by German mines of channels which Russian shipping may desire to use. There are many reasons why the restriction of *Lebensraum* which have resulted from Herr von Ribbentrop's famous compact must be singularly displeasing to German military men. They must see the prospect—after they have crushed France and England—of another and not a smaller war staring them in the face.

* * * * *

It is curious to contrast the present situation with that of, say, 1917. Then, the neutral countries in Europe could be counted almost on the fingers of one hand: and outside

A Contrast

Europe, war, the same war, was in a score of regions. Now, the greater part of Europe looks on with anxiety while two duels are in progress: one of gigantic Russia against a small but elusive and determined opponent: the other, that in which France and England are pitted against the monstrous might which France and England, in honest horror of war, permitted Germany to build up. One must notice how widespread the conviction has become that war cannot be profitable. Even the Balkan countries, most belligerent of European states, appear inclined to pursue peace by methods of reason, however great the difficulties which that pursuit may encounter—difficulties which are the legacy of several wars. But Italy, which led the way in preaching through every village school the cult of arms, now leads in peace-making—much assisted by the growing fear of Russian intervention and the growing willingness to resist Germany's imperious demands. The Duce does not, at least publicly, put forward embarrassing claims. He probably feels that he can wait till in an exhausted Europe his terms may be difficult to reject.

At all events we may be thankful for any limitation of the field of combat: though so far as naval warfare is concerned, it is ocean-wide: and whether on sea or land, the allied forces of freedom are engaged against the most formidable thing known to humanity—a drilled and disciplined fanaticism. Nothing can resist that but a faith that is unshakeable, and a will to victory no less resolute than the fanatic's. Fortunately, by land and by sea, there is evidence enough that it exists in Great Britain; by land, in the general bearing of the people; by sea,

nowhere more conspicuously than in the rush of fishermen all along the coast to man mine sweepers when a new menace was formidably developed. And to crown this unenlisted voluntary heroism—not undisciplined, for the seaman's life is a discipline—there was the 'Rawalpindi's' magnificent defiance, wasteful of everything, except the one thing which mattered before all and above all—the thing which can beat and will beat fanaticism—the maintenance of a superb tradition, built up through centuries of freedom. And the same was true of the 'Exeter', 'Achilles' and 'Ajax' off the South American coast.

* * * * *

This war in its present shape is no longer the confused indecipherable welter that raged by Ypres and along the Somme; indeed we seem almost back in the days of chivalry when the mounted knight was sent out to do his deeds by individual prowess. He does them now often almost out of eyesight's reach, engaged in duels miles aloft; not always, perhaps not often, actually single-handed, as in the air fights of twenty years ago; it is like the combats of the heroic chariot fighters, each with his charioteer. What we read of now may be, probably are, like the prelude encounters in ancient wars between picked champions before the general *mêlée*. That may come, probably must come; it will not find either England or France unprepared, nor a temper neither less fine than those opening encounters have shown. And if we are not misled by all the reports, it is proved already that equipment on the allied side is not equal but superior to what it has to meet.

One thing perhaps should be noted. Captains of German merchant vessels, ordered by British warships to heave to, obey a general order and scuttle their craft, trusting in the tradition which ordains that they shall be rescued by the ship which they cheat of a prize. It has been suggested in letters to the press that this tradition should be set aside, and that such voluntary castaways should be left at the mercy of wind and waves—like so many crews and passengers suddenly mined or torpedoed far out at sea. In this way it is held that losses might be in future avoided, since the risk would not be taken if such penal consequences were foreknown. It seems that advocates of such

a course do not realize what would be lost; a prestige of civilization worth more than many thousand tons of shipping; and in the last resort, worth more as aid to victory. If a British ship acted in so German a fashion, there would be swift loss of the sympathy which to-day gathers on the side of England even in countries where—as in the case of the United States—England is not traditionally popular. In short, England cannot afford to fall below her own standard of honour—least of all, on her own element, the sea. Not even to catch the 'Bremen'.

* * * * *

A problem which begins to force itself on notice is the attitude of Italy. While Russian methods and German develop every day fresh resemblances, Mussolini appears determined to make it clear that Fascism as understood in Italy is no relation of Bolshevism. There has been no mistaking Italy's resentment of the murder of Poland; and about Finland (where the Axis is not involved) angry demonstrations have taken place. It is reported that Italian aeroplanes are being supplied to the Finns. But the real anxiety for Italian statesmen concerns the Balkans, and the threatening language now held towards Rumania by a Russian press which certainly does not say anything disapproved by Stalin. None of the Balkan States—not even Bulgaria which is credited with some sentimental attachment to Russia—can wish to see Red armies on their own soil; and even to see them on a neighbour's territory—however much they may dislike that neighbour—would be far from reassuring. What Italy can do, if she takes a risk, proof will be needed to show; but it seems certain that if Germany or Russia are moved to be sitting together in the Balkans, as they have acted around the Baltic, there will be an end of the Axis—which even to-day shows evidence of nearing breaking point.

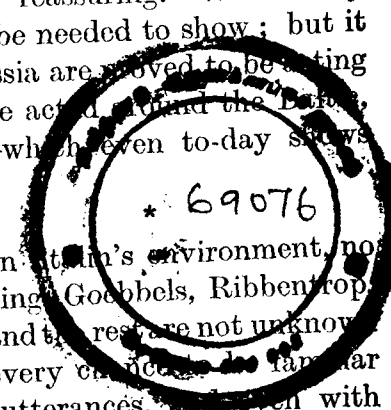
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What the play of forces may be in Stalin's environment, no ordinary European can guess. Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Hess, von Brauchwitz and the rest are not unknown quantities; we have every one of them familiar with their individual utterances, and even with their voices; and much of what we hear recalls the savage

Italy's
Attitude

Chivalry
Returns

In Stalin's
Region



phrases with which Tacitus branded the surrounders of Otho and Vitellius. But over Russia a veil hangs, behind which looms up this one heavy enigmatic figure—menacing all Europe; yet clearly, above all menacing his German ally. The proclamations which go out to-day addressed to Finland will most assuredly, when the time comes, be addressed to the tillers of the soil and the factory hands in Germany—and most of all in Prussia. They may well find a very different response to that which they met in Finland. But the hour to make them will not be till nerves in Germany have been worn by fierce encounters and by steadily increasing privations. Then there may be a great killing, and Europe will be lucky if what perishes is the worst in Hitler's Germany and not the best.

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UNCOMMON SENSE

By WICKHAM STEED

THE 20 YEARS' CRISIS 1919-1939. An Introduction to the Study of International Relations. By Professor E. H. Carr. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

A WORLD TO MAKE, by J. Daniel Chamier. *Arnold*. 12s. 6d.

These two books were written and set up in type before the war broke out. The authors of both preferred to leave them unchanged. In this they have been wise; for except at one or two points, and where terms like "pre-war" or "post-war" refer to the war of 1914-1918, not to the present war, the books do not "date". They are full of common sense in an uncommon degree.

Much learning has not obscured the clearness of Professor Carr's thought which is always working to distinguish between appearance and reality and to call things by their names. Of his many good chapters I like best his discerning essay on "Morality in International Politics". If he does not keep the balance quite even between "realists"—who hold that relations between States are governed solely by power, and that morality plays no part in them—and the "Utopians"—who aver that the same code of morality is applicable to States and to individuals—he gives the devil (or the "realist") his due, and lets the "Utopians"

feel the keen edge of criticism. Yet he recognizes as a matter of common sense that "some recognition of an obligation to our fellow-men, as such, seems implicit in our conception of civilization"; and he adds: "One reason why a higher standard of morality is not expected of States is because States in fact frequently fail to behave morally and because there are no means of compelling them to do so". Whether or not there is such a thing as an International Community, Professor Carr thinks "there is a world community for the reason (and for no other) that people talk, and within certain limits behave, as if there were a world community. There is a world community because, as Señor de Madariaga puts it, 'We have smuggled that truth into our store of spiritual thinking without preliminary discussion'."

The main problem to-day is how to harness this sense of a world community to some practical arrangement, or the beginnings of it, in such fashion as to transform our "spiritual thinking" into political action. Professor Carr puts the thing in a nutshell when he writes: "There is no escape from the fundamental dilemma that every community, and every code of morality, postulates some recognition that the

good of the part may have to be sacrificed to the good of the whole. The more explicitly we face this issue in the international community, the nearer we shall be to a solution of our problem."

Here Professor Carr links up unexpectedly with Mr. Chamier's *A World To Make*. Though Mr. Chamier's "world" is chiefly England he puts his case tersely in one short paragraph: "Life was once a hasty journey through a vale of tears; now that it is a residence we naturally want to make it as comfortable as possible". And his idea of "comfort" includes spiritual comfort. How uncomfortable as a "residence" the present world is for many people in this country he shows in his chapter "Bread and Circuses" which awakens memories of the 19th century social reformers, and particularly of Charles Kingsley's "Alton Locke". But it is the level-headed sanity of his outlook and of his criticism that is most striking and most refreshing. I confess that I opened his book distrustfully. His biography of the ex-Kaiser, published some years ago under the title *Fabulous Monster*, struck me at the time as a piece of special pleading not always respectful of known facts. But I went through the pages of this book rejoicing, and vowed to read them again as soon as a benign fate should grant me a little leisure.

Nowhere is Mr. Chamier saner than when he says: "The salvation of Parliamentary Government must lie in its not being a farce". This sentence was obviously written before the outbreak of war last September. Then the Deputy-Leader of the Labour Opposition was adjured from Ministerial benches to "speak for England"—and

did so. Whatever strength Communism may possess or acquire, Mr. Chamier believes, is derived from real grievances and sufferings, and signifies "that a part of the nation, with a fierce fanatical sincerity, rejects our celebrated Parliamentary Government as a farce". Since he wrote, Communism has gained no ground. Many who spoke contemptuously of Parliament as a "talking shop" have come to feel that to have a talking shop is at once a safeguard and a privilege—indeed, a condition of political freedom.

I like this book. And I hope that others who may read it will like it, too.

PARLIAMENT, by W. Ivor Jennings.
Cambridge University Press. 25s.

It is a fact of high significance that the Opposition parties should have declined, on the outbreak of the present war, to share the responsibilities of the Executive Government. They have preferred to retain the rights and exercise the proper function of an Opposition in the Legislation Body. Their decision adds further testimony to the strengthening conviction—manifested in many different quarters—that Parliament has still an important part to play in the control of public policy, in the administration of affairs.

Hardly had I finished the preceding paragraph when *THE FORTNIGHTLY* for December reached me and I read at the outset of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's *Ebb and Flow* as follows: "The House of Commons is something very far from a mere registering machine. It has forced the Government to tackle resolutely some of the more intolerable consequences of defects in foresight which were to be expected in such an

upheaval. . . . On the whole Parliament is doing its job in a way that must give satisfaction to all who have at any time belonged to the House of Commons . . ."

Most cordially I welcome this confirmation from an old colleague of the impression made upon my own mind by recent events. And testimony to the same effect reaches me from other quarters.

All this adds topical interest to the imposing volume just published by Dr. Jennings. Some three years ago he published a very able study on *Cabinet Government*. That the present volume should be as attractive to the student of politics as its predecessor is not to be expected. In *Cabinet Government* Dr. Jennings was on almost virgin soil. The ground covered by the Legislative side of Government has on the contrary been assiduously cultivated. That is quite natural: Parliament is not only a much older body than the Cabinet; it is the parent body. We used to be taught that we must look to the Privy Council for the parentage of the Cabinet. But that is only a half truth. The Cabinet has sprung from the loins of Parliament, of which it is, in effect, the Executive Committee.

Well-trodden as is the ground covered by Dr. Jennings in the present volume he has treated an old theme with remarkable freshness and originality. He has given us not the stereotyped history of the evolution of Parliament, but an analysis of its actual functions and procedure. Nor is it a bare analysis. With amazing industry Dr. Jennings has assembled numberless illustrations of the points he sets out to emphasize. He is concerned not with

theory of parliamentary government, but with the realities—with Parliament at work, its offices, its procedure, the process of legislation, the machinery by which it attempts with indifferent success to control public expenditure, and so forth. That a small error should not slip in now and again amid such masses of detail is inevitable. Thus in comparing the work of the Estimates Committee and the Public Accounts Committee Dr. Jennings says of the former: "For the most part it duplicates work done more effectively by the Public Accounts Committee." Dr. Jennings echoes a common opinion. But having served on both Committees I respectfully disagree. The P.A. Committee enjoys the greater prestige and has advantages denied to the Estimates Committee. In particular it can command the services of the Controller and Auditor General and his very competent staff. But the functions are not duplicated. The Public Accounts enquiry is wholly *post mortem*. It may insist on exhumation in order to ascertain the cause of death. But the money has been spent. The Estimates Committee is (technically at least) concerned with current expenditure, though it has, I admit, little power to control it. But at the lowest it educates a score or so of private members in the task of scrutinizing the form of public accounts, and suggests improvements in the form. If the Government and the House would take the Estimates Committee more seriously, and refashion financial procedure in such a way as to give it a real measure of control it might function almost as effectively as the Budget Committee in the French Parliament.

Dr. Jennings is mistaken (p. 89) in assigning to the leader of the House the task of proposing the election of the Speaker. The Speaker is the servant of the House not of the Government. It is properly left, therefore, to private members to propose and second his election. Again—a much smaller error—Mr. Asquith resigned not in 1915 (p. 121) but towards the end of 1916; and to say that he was “ejected” by Mr. Bonar Law is to state as a fact what is still a matter of controversy.

But these are but spots in the Sun. Dr. Jennings has performed a herculean task; he has written a most original book on a hackneyed subject, and a book which may almost be described as indispensable to all who would know how Parliament actually does its work. If every aspirant to parliamentary honours were required to pass a preliminary examination, Dr. Jennings's *Parliament*, as well as his *Cabinet Government*, would certainly be included among the “set books.”

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, by H. Hensley Henson. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

When Bishop Henson was first invited by Lord Stamp to write a book on the Church of England in the *English Institutions Series*, he expressed some hesitation on the ground of his “publicly stated conviction that recent events had rendered the Establishment morally indefensible”. But in spite of his initial hesitation the Bishop has written a first-class book upon his subject. It is possible to regard the Church of England as the most typical English Institution, as a microcosm of English ways and opinions. Bishop

Henson notes that “moderation in Church and State is the distinctively English note”, and illustrates the remark with an apt quotation from Lord Halifax's pamphlet, *The Character of a Trimmer*. “Our climate is a Trimmer . . . our Church is a Trimmer between the frenzy of fanatic visions and the lethargic ignorance of Popish dreams; our laws are Trimmers . . .” On this basis, the fact that Doctor Henson is against the Establishment, and what he describes as Erastian subordination, is no real disadvantage. The reader observes the writer's opposition to Establishment, and that this opposition does not affect the clarity and fairness of the presentation of the facts. Indeed he may even be led to ask whether there may not be in modern conditions some deeper justification for an Establishment, modified in serious respects from the present form, which has escaped Doctor Henson—such a justification, for example, as Mr. T. S. Eliot, has lately published in his *Idea of a Christian Society*.

In any event, the English Institution is excellently portrayed. Chapter after chapter fills one with admiration alike for the firm grasp of history, and the sense of reality, as well as for a noble English style, and the many happy quotations from the Anglican classics! There is no living representative of the Church of England, who writes better, or with more eloquence than Doctor Henson: and that Church is fortunate in having a man of such brilliant gifts, as an expositor and critic, to serve it with his pen. The book ought to be studied; and churchmen generally should be grateful for its publication, not least because it sets forth the historic origins of the Church in and of

England the relations of Church and State, and its position as a *Via Media*, with such directness and vivacity. Those with responsibility in the State, as well as those with responsibility in the Church, will do well to ponder the various criticisms, none of them negligible, with regard to the working of the system, and the imperative need of reform.

There is nevertheless a real lack in the book, which prevents it from being a complete *Speculum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. Doctor Henson is too devoted a disciple of Doctor Butler, author of the *Analogy of Religion*, and a former Bishop of Durham, to be sufficiently alive to either the devoutly evangelical or the catholic strains in the Church of England. The missionary church, and the deeply worshipping church, both elude his appreciation. Archbishop Cranmer is (and well he may be) his hero: and he does full justice to his gifts, including his gift of liturgical expression. Archbishop Laud also wins his homage. But the characteristics of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, and those who are spiritually akin to him, fail to strike an answering chord. Indeed when Doctor Henson speaks of spiritual independence, he thinks perhaps more of the legal content of that word spiritual, than of the special functions of a spiritual society. There is little in the pages to guide the inquirer as to the meaning of the varied worship which the Church of England offers up in Cathedral and Parish Churches, or that mystical element which is never quite suppressed in any generation of English churchmen. The perfect book about the Church of England has not yet been written. If it could be written, it would contain

much of what Doctor Henson describes. But it would have a warmer colour, with some of that enthusiasm, which his illustrious predecessor in the see of Durham deplored, and certainly with something of the quality of that *Ecclesia Anglicana*, which appears in the pages of *John Inglesant*. It would also have something to say of that social reform of which churchmen so different in other ways as Charles Kingsley and Charles Gore were the champions. The Church of England is a church with its roots in the past; and with many anomalies. But these various qualities together may surely help it to speak with new force to the present generation.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

LITTLE MADAM: A BIOGRAPHY OF HENRIETTA MARIA, by Janet Mackay. Bell. 15s.

Drama was indicated when the Catholic daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Médicis became Queen of a half-Puritan England. The implication was amply realized in fact. The central period of her life is part of the high theme of the seventeenth century. Her personal fortunes were involved more closely with political events than those of any English Queen Consort, hardly excepting Catherine of Aragon and her immediate successors. Her story belongs moreover to the most controverted period of our history: controverted still, and rightly, since history does not bid us (in the words of Bishop Stubbs) to exclude party feeling or personal sympathy.

Henrietta Maria's name is yet doubtfully familiar to the wider public. It was unhappily Englished from the charming Henriette-Marie at her first

coming as the bride of Charles I; and it has never tripped readily from our tongues. She should rather be thought of as another, and not the least renowned, Queen Mary. That was her official style after the Restoration, and the battle-cry of the ammunition column she led to the King from overseas.

This vivid life, led against a continually stormy background, has received less than chivalrous treatment from contemporaries or historians. Her figure lives rather as the impetuous adviser of the King to his undoing. She was less wronged than wrong. Thus Gardiner: "Her long course of foreign intrigues did more than anything else to bring the King to the block". Her son was loyal and affectionate—he followed Clarendon's counsels against hers. These two rarely achieved more than a surface civility. Thus we miss a notable portrait from Clarendon's great gallery. Cromwell is there; the Queen is missing.

Her judgment was nevertheless an asset to the King at critical moments; it might have been more often but for his stubborn conscience. Her courage served and might have saved him. Both were held in the religious dilemma of the age. He refused equally to yield to his wife's Catholicism and to the popular Puritanism. Yet she could clearly see where Laud was leading him. The Queen loathed the Scottish Prayer-Book little less heartily than Jenny Geddes.

Until the middle of the nineteenth century there was no adequate biography of Henrietta Maria. The publication of her private correspondence by Mrs. Everett Green in 1857 provided the first rich store of material (its discovery

something of a romance). This has been supplemented since from her copious correspondence, notably by Baillon and Ferrero, who transcribed the confidences she poured out to her sister Christine, Duchess of Savoy. None of these will call up the emotions of her ill-spelt letters to Charles. "My Dear Heart", she began—and ended "Adieu, My Dear Heart!"

Miss Janet Mackay has rightly preferred to write a personal rather than a political book. She emphasizes the unhappier early years in England, and dates the reconciliation from the death of Buckingham. Her claims to originality in the first of these cannot be admitted without qualification; but the picture of the first disappointment, based on the grumbles of De Tillières, and of subsequent squabbles derived from French sources, is an able piece of work. The best chapter is that which deals with the landing at Bridlington and the renewal of Royalist hopes before Marston Moor. Here the movement is swift; inevitably it halts after the death of the King. It is well to avoid many dates in the text; the use of a chronological table in an appendix is not a complete substitute. A readable "war-time" book; for this gallant life belongs to the continuing story of England.

W. THOMSON HILL.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

NORTH CAPE, by F. D. Ommanney. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

It was some years ago that, as the sun set over the Arctic Ocean, we were sitting in the little saloon of the research ship "Pourquoi pas?" and

Dr. Charcot turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "I wish someone would have the courage to write a book upon cannibalism on Arctic expeditions". That ship, her owner and her crew have now been claimed by the very sea the secrets of which they did so much to uncover, but had Dr. Charcot been alive to-day I am sure that he would have been among the first to welcome Mr. Stefansson's new book; not only because it fulfils his wish, but also because he would have been among the first to recognize the great amount of practical experience and the scholarship which has gone to the writing of it.

Mr. Stefansson has, long ago, earned for himself a unique place in the history of Arctic exploration and he has examined the five mysteries which he has chosen from the point of view of the knowledge which he has himself acquired and the technique which he has been primarily responsible for evolving during the course of the last thirty years. All the evidence which exists has been carefully co-ordinated and examined and the sources of such information have been listed for the benefit of readers. But this book is no dry-as-dust text book, it has all the elements of the good detective story allied to the unfailing fascination of the North, with the added attraction that the exploits of which it tells are true.

For sheer excitement the story of How Andrée Died is perhaps the best, and that of the Lost Franklin Expedition the least satisfactory, but this is merely because the threads in the latter are so numerous and so diffuse. When it comes to the question of the Disappearance of the Greenland Colony there is one point which has been left

untouched and one is tempted to ask, even while agreeing with Mr. Stefansson's theory, how it is that no single trace of the Icelandic language is to be found among the Eskimo to-day?

This book will appeal to everyone, the uninformed reader will find plenty in it to intrigue and to excite, and the reader who has himself experienced the conditions of which it tells will find much valuable information between its covers, while for the scholar there is here a mine of historical fact. If some there are who are tempted to deplore the loss of life in the Arctic, they can find their answer in the words "... a more readily measured benefit, is through the knowledge which followed the disappearance of Franklin and Levanovsky"; these men by their deaths were successful in advancing that object which lay so very near to their hearts, the discovery of the secrets of the North.

This point of view will have no appeal for Mr. Ommanney who has no love for the North and no interest in it; he is a Londoner and is interested in his fellow-men. The object of his voyage in a trawler was simply the study of the men who worked aboard her; witness his own words, "The vast grandeur and desolate loneliness of Nature are quite without significance if mankind has not stamped his imprint upon them".

Mr. Ommanney finds Nature so insignificant that he has not even taken the trouble to consult the chart which he tells us was on board; had he done so he would have realized that the North Cape does not happen to be the most northerly point of Iceland, and he would not ask us to believe that the Sergeant could have been shipwrecked

in the particular circumstances which are described in the *Faxaflói*, in a south-east wind. We should also have been spared his highly original and totally inaccurate description of the ocean currents round the coast of Iceland, in which the Gulf Stream is misplaced by several hundred miles and the Irminger current is ignored, with the result that the drift of the sea ice has been transferred from one side of the country to the other.

The lack of the small amount of research which would have prevented these inaccuracies spoils the book, but it will, nevertheless, remain as an outstanding study of the trawlermen, their lives and their characters. There are no attempts to show them other than as they are, no attempts either to glorify or to belittle their achievements, and a thorough understanding and appreciation of their fine qualities and their little weaknesses. It is not only into the characters of the crew that this book gives us an insight, we can also find in it something of the townsman who has gone a-roving. The style shows clearly the reactions of the author, the keen anticipation of adventure, changing through boredom to impatience to be home again, and the gradual swing round to the deep sea fisherman's attitude towards fish preservation.

R. ANSELL WELLS.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL: YESTERDAY, by Ernest A. Baker. *Witherby*. 16s.

THE VICTORIAN AGE, by Professor R. B. Mowat. *Harrap*. 7s. 6d.

With its tenth volume, entitled "Yesterday", Dr. Baker's *Brobdingnagian* task is finished. We are not,

possibly from prudential motives, to expect a "To-day". Dr. Baker's method, speaking generally, is to indicate what his author has made of life, or what life has made of his author, and then to trace the working in his compositions of the experiences undergone.

The four greater lights of "Yesterday" are Conrad, Kipling, Galsworthy and Bennett. The method is especially applicable to the first-named, who only turned to literature in middle age, after choosing the career of seaman. The long years afloat intensified Conrad's native tendency to introspection. Misfortune and exile had been the lot of his family, and this, together with the hardships and tragedies of life at sea, disposed his mind to melancholy. We see the outcome in his novels, whose exotic beauty and strange charm receive ample recognition from Dr. Baker. The salt tang of the sea pervades them, with more of its storm than of its calm. Kipling, Dr. Baker holds, was a heaven-born journalist, who as he developed left journalism far astern. "There has been no finer story-teller in English." Justice is here done to his amazing variety, with some censure of the vulgarity into which some of his enthusiasms occasionally betrayed him.

With the other pair it is plainer sailing. Both were realists, though susceptible to romance. It may be thought that, of the two, Bennett goes nearer to reality. Setting out to interpret their age, they succeeded in reflecting in their mirrors restricted sections of it. There is a certain narrowness about their writings. It is possible to weary of the Forsytes, with their perpetual valuation of everythin

y what it cost or what it will fetch. As to Arnold Bennett, that most capable entertainer, not even the Five Towns could monopolize his observation and his unflagging curiosity; but he was often superficial.

Over D. H. Lawrence Dr. Baker blows hot and cold. At one moment he says that "the suppression of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* may well be defended"; at another he terms Lawrence a victim of officialdom and the Philistines. Now if any normal person will read *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, which contains Lawrence's interpretation of life, he will probably have no appetite for fiction written round its preposterous and revolting theories. . . . Novel-readers, in particular, should fall with avidity on "Yesterday".

There is much "good, confused feeding" in *The Victorian Age*. The title is somewhat misleading, for only the years from 1840 to 1880 are considered. Of its sixteen chapters, too, three are devoted to French and Italian affairs, and five to features of social history in the United States. The former depict the Second Empire at its zenith and its fall; the latter contain some delightful writing on the correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson, and on the Concord transcendentalists, also an instructive account of the rise and growth of the Republican Party. The other half of the book deals with matters of government, progress and literature among ourselves.

It is doubtless difficult, with so large a canvas, to escape errors. Mrs. Carlyle did not lose her life "in a carriage accident." She died of a heart attack when driving alone in Hyde Park. Remarking on Browning's tendency to

go to history for his topics, "even an ecstatic lyric of love", writes the author, "takes unerringly an historical direction—the American Civil War:

"In one year they sent a million fighters forth, South and North."

But does it? If so, Browning had indeed the gift of prophecy, for *Love Among the Ruins* was written and in print six years before that struggle began. This will divert American readers.

H. C. MINCHIN

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1939, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

TALES FROM THE SAXON SHORE, by S. L. Bensusan. *Routledge*. 10s. 6d.

MY WIFE ETHEL, by Damon Runyon. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. O'Brien, who annually seeks "the fresh, living current which flows through the best contemporary work" this year has a fairly high-register on his ammeter. It derives largely from the American section. Not only is the American short story less of a set art form, more vigorous and alert; one has also the recurrent feeling that whereas most of the English episodes are described, the American are felt. This may be due to some extent to the American abolition of the observer as a useless impediment. The reader is never a third hand recipient of any experience. Like the wedding-guest he is invariably confronted with the Ancient Mariner in person.

The most striking difference between Mr. O'Brien's two sections, however, does not concern technique. It is the paradoxical calm that reigns in the English stories and the unrest that

prevails across the Atlantic. The Escapists who have renounced Europe as 'done' and who would fain follow their lost prophets who have gone to preach the gospel in the Land of Plenty should read such stories as *Bright and Morning Star*, *The Blue Sash*, *Eustacia*, and reflect. With the unrest goes a note of fear. It is a new note in the country of opportunity and experiment. It wars with the old pioneering spirit. In more than one story we can feel wanderlust pinned down by the Depression; the itch to see what is just around the corner overcome by the fear of losing what small stake or job is still left. "A man has no right to have false pride when his family ain't eating," says Albert Maltz in the most terrible of the stories, *The Happiest Man on Earth*. The man is happy because he persuades his brother-in-law to allow him to become a driver of nitro-glycerine lorries, a job in which one in every five men is blown to smithereens. Still, he can earn good money for his impoverished family until the fatal jolt.

And stories such as *Prelude*, in which a gang of hooligans wreck an old Jew's newspaper stand while the crowd look unprotestingly on, and *The Crazy Guy*, which relates how a poor, misguided machine-hater is murdered and branded as a Red, add the question-mark to Mr. Sinclair Lewis's four year old warning *It Can't Happen Here*.

The English section, with stories by Walter de la Mare, H. E. Bates, T. O. Beachcroft, Elizabeth Bowen, Gerald Bullett and Malachi Whitaker, has perhaps more entertainment value. There is a greater range of mood, an absence of ferment, more of what we

expect the short story to be. Leslie Halward in *An Impossible Child* recalls Katherine Mansfield, and Geraint Goodwin's *The Lost Land* goes deeper in experience than any other story in the first half of the book.

The two other volumes are variations on individual themes, each played by a virtuoso. Mr. Bensusan extracts from the Essex marshlands and their folk more than any visitor or even 'furrin resident' can hope to glimpse. East Anglia has always seemed to be one of the bleaker, sparser parts of these islands so far as character is concerned. Time and again Mr. Bensusan has stepped in to correct the error. *Tales from the Saxon Shore* is one of the happiest of his collections. His countrymen are people one can laugh at, laugh with and respect.

Damon Runyon has forsaken his molls and gangsters for domestic felicity. Joe Turp writes what I suspect to have been a weekly letter about the small buffets and solaces of his daily life. As the experiences of a good family man should, they all centre around *My Wife Ethel*. Runyon's style remains unchanged; uncanny is his ability to have three people speaking in one sentence with an innumerable sprinkling of 'ses' and yet leave the reader no obstacles to trip over. The episodes are short, the humour is not broad; often the effect is more of an essay than of a tale. Joe, Ethel, Uncle Dan, and their circle are well worth meeting. The effect is as if a youthful Hiram P. Pooter had married Madge Caudle while she was still a flapper and unsoured, and they had lived their garrulous existence in a lower middle-class Brooklyn apartment.

JOSEPH SELL.

MISCELLANEA.

BUT WHO HAS WON? by John Scanlon. *Allen & Unwin*. 6s.

Sustained irony is one of the hardest asks a writer can set himself. It says a good deal for Mr. Scanlon's perseverance that, after *Pillars of Cloud* and *Very Foreign Affairs*, he is still continuing to wield his bludgeon. The victims, as usual, are the politicians, of any and every party, in their slucubrations about trade and peace—with special reference in this new volume to the growing of food at home. The author's own evangel, apparently, is some form of syndicalism. Thus he says in the last page but one:—"When the producers of the world choose a Parliament of producers we will be able to say the People have won". Like the C.N.T. in Spain his pet aversion is "the political mind"; and he does not seem to realize that, living as we do in States, it can only be through better and more responsible politics, on the contrary, that democracy can become a reality.

MRS. MINIVER, by Jan Struther. *Chatto and Windus*. 7s. 6d.

That delightful character, Mrs. Miniver, representative of all that is best in the good women who read *The Times* and of the ideals of their husbands appears now in book form, a little preciously, Mrs. Miniver might think, bound in pink and fancy and enclosed for sale in a dove grey box. Mrs. Miniver is very welcome. She can be read with the Ovaltine or a whisky and soda; she is never out of place and should always be at hand. Mrs. Miniver has a tranquil mind. She fits like a glove, as the expression is, into every situation and her thoughts are

of the pleasantest, when pleasantness is rare.

YOU AND HEREDITY, by Amram Scheinfeld. Edited by J. B. S. Haldane. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

This is yet another of the "knowledge-made-easy" volumes, which enjoy a justifiable popularity. This particular book sets out to debunk all our pet theories and old wives' tales and it succeeds within a couple of pages in making one realize how hopelessly ignorant man is about man. Illustrations and sketches are good, holding the imagination to the page and when one has finished learning all there is to know about sex, one turns to lighter if still serious subjects, such as the chances of avoiding baldness and the colour of one's children's eyes.

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CORRESPONDENCE

From MR. HENRY W. NEVINSON,

President The National Council For Civil Liberties.

To *The Editor*. THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Sir,

HABEAS CORPUS.

The writ of Habeas Corpus has always been regarded as one of the most fundamental safeguards of the liberty of the British subject. Every schoolboy is taught that the Englishman's freedom from arrest or imprisonment without proper trial in a court of law is one of the most important characteristics which differentiate English constitutional democracy from continental despotisms. Judge after Judge through English legal history has laid emphasis on the importance of this writ in preserving the Englishman's independence from the consequences of a mere whim of an arbitrary Executive and it is all the more disturbing, therefore, that Habeas Corpus should have been in fact suspended from time to time during the present century with little opposition and few protests.

The first attempt to suspend Habeas Corpus was in Regulation 14 B of the Defence of the Realm Act in the last war. By that Regulation the Home Secretary took powers to intern anyone who was of hostile origins or associations and whom he considered to be a danger to the realm. The legality of the Regulation was challenged in the courts, and all lovers of liberty should read Lord Shaw's dissenting judgment in the case of *Rex v. Halliday*. Unfortunately in that case the majority of the House of Lords decided that the Regulation was within the powers conferred by Parliament on the Executive and the consequence has been that since that date the Government has been encouraged to advance further and further in the same field.

After the war the Defence of the Realm Act and the Regulations made thereunder ceased to have effect. As regards Northern Ireland, however, Habeas Corpus was effectually suspended by the Civil Authorities (Special Powers) Act, Northern Ireland, 1922 and 1933. The Government next turned its attention to the colonies. On January 9th, 1936, a special Ordinance was issued in Ashanti to provide for the detention and removal of a certain Chief, and Section 6 of this Ordinance prohibited the right of any court, by a writ of Habeas Corpus, to inquire into the legality of the detention. Subsequently a Deportation Ordinance was introduced in Sierra Leone which also provided that no writ of Habeas Corpus should issue calling in question the legality of any order made under that Ordinance. In August, 1939, the Prevention of Violence Act was passed in England giving the Home Secretary power to detain persons suspected of being implicated in crimes of violence for a period not exceeding five days. This limitation of period was only obtained after the National Council for Civil Liberties had made strong representations on the subject. The attempt—and, to a certain extent, the successful attempt—of the Government to suspend Habeas Corpus in this

particular kind of case was a first taste of the sort of thing we were to expect when war broke out.

The outbreak of war last September naturally resulted in a repetition of many of the Regulations made under the Defence of the Realm Act referred to above. By 18 B of the Regulations made under the Emergency Powers (Defence) Act the Home Secretary may make an order directing the detention of any person whom he has reasonable cause to believe to be of hostile origins or associations or to have been recently concerned in acts prejudicial to the public safety or the defence of the realm. After the decision in *Rex v. Halliday* it is quite impossible for us to question the legality of this Regulation, but nevertheless it is necessary to emphasize that it strikes a most serious blow at the fundamental principles of British justice. It is not necessary for the Secretary of State to prove that the person whom he orders to be detained has been guilty of any offence under the criminal law. Indeed, the reason for the use of the Regulation is, of course, the fact that it would be impossible to secure a conviction of the person in a court of law. It is true that there are certain safeguards under the Regulation providing that the internee may make objections against the order to the Advisory Committee and so on, but at the same time the fact cannot be escaped that the personal liberty of British subjects is left to the will and the whim of whoever may be holding the office of Home Secretary. It would be interesting if we could hear the views of the Judges who graced the High Court Bench in the 18th and 19th centuries on the Regulation introduced by His Majesty's Government in 1939.

Although we have been brought up to believe that English democracy is continually developing and "broadening down from precedent to precedent" it is clear that in regard to the liberty of the subject the history of the last twenty years has been a story of reaction. It is essential that the principle that no man in England can be detained without charge and without trial should be re-established if we are once again to be able to pride ourselves on the fact that personal liberty is properly protected by the law of the land.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. NEVINSON,

(Hon. D.Litt., LL.D.)

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D. : 1937, "The Challenge of International Law". Born in 1860 Dr. Inge is yet another of the older generation whose energy never seems to flag and whose perception is as keen as ever. We count ourselves fortunate in securing *The End of An Age?* for publication, for in it we can read the considered judgment of a scholar whose reputation has been world-wide for forty years. Popularly—at least in England—he will be best known as Dean of St. Paul's in which position he served from 1911 to 1934, but as lecturer, preacher, and scholar he has long been honoured.

Herbert Rosinski : A former lecturer on Military and Naval strategy to the German Naval Academy at Kiel, 1932-36, Dr. Rosinski has made a deep and continual study of strategy. For the German Naval High Command he translated the works of Admiral Castex. His recent book *The German Army* was very favourably received in the autumn of last year and he is engaged at present in writing a book on the same subject as his article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* this month.

W. Friedmann : An international lawyer with a growing reputation in this country, Dr. Friedmann has now been in England for a number of years and is a lecturer in Law at University College, London. He is a frequent contributor on problems of Jurisprudence and International Law to legal journals and readers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* may recall his previous article for this journal in October,

1937, "The Challenge of International Law".

Storm Jameson : A well known novelist Miss Margaret Storm Jameson has recently been turning her attention more and more to international politics and the question of world peace. Like so many of her fellow men and women she feels that the immediate cause of war is the inflamed nationalism which divides the States of Europe into hostile bands preventing peace, organization and reconstruction. Her statement will be greatly welcomed.

Richard Church : Poet, novelist and critic, Mr. Church has won fame in all three of these spheres. Readers will be glad to know that a new novel is to be expected from him shortly and that the article which appears in this issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* is the first of a series, to be published every other month throughout 1940, on modern poets.

Robert Machray : No one has a better knowledge of Eastern Europe than Mr. Robert Machray and no one has had a longer experience of his subject. Considerably over eighty Mr. Machray has been a great traveller right up to the time of the present war and he has written for us many valuable and extremely sound articles over a period of more than forty years.

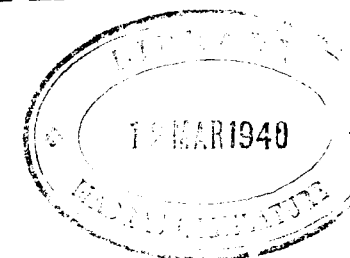
Notes on our contributors Mr. H. G. Wells, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

FEBRUARY, 1940

BEYOND THE WAR

By H. A. L. FISHER



THE second German War upon which we are now embarked has been launched, so far as Britain is concerned, with a singular unity of feeling and purpose. Everybody agrees that the Nazi Government of Germany is so evil alike in its methods and ideals and constitutes so great a danger to the general safety that it must be sharply resisted. Save for a handful of pacifists the whole country takes up the challenge. The Opposition Parties have been even more vehement than the Government in their eagerness to read the Nazis a lesson. The English idealists who can generally be expected to stand for peace on this occasion have thrown their whole weight into the opposite scale. So successfully have the Nazis converted the benevolence of an easy going and indulgent people into a fierce feeling of moral indignation.

With this feeling is mingled a deep and an unprecedented sense of humiliation. We know all about the stupidity of war. We vowed to ourselves on our last occasion of experiencing it that as far as possible we would endeavour to prevent the recurrence of this accursed thing. And here after an interval of twenty years the plague returns more formidable than ever and rendered still more humiliating by the grotesque and debasing measures which in all belligerent countries are taken against enemy aircraft. We ask ourselves whether we are not standing on the grave of European civilization; whether the fate which has overtaken Madrid and Warsaw is not also to submerge London and Paris, Munich and Berlin; whether war and the preparation for it are to become the main preoccupation of mankind, and all our values of culture and charity are to go by the board. Every mind is haunted by the same question. How can society be secured from a recurrence of these ruinous visitations? What lasting good, other than a

delivery from a present ill, can this fighting bring us? Though the war has not yet fully begun, public discussion already turns on the peace.

It is in these circumstances that Mr. Wells, who has long figured on the stage as the prophet of the World State, comes forward once more in the pages of the *FORTNIGHTLY* to expound his familiar doctrine and to invite us all to consider with knowledge how otherwise to put down the folly of war. It is his orientation that a free discussion conducted as Mr. Wells would see it on a philosophic plane and in the widest terms may do in the political direction to the public mind and create an atmosphere in which the best men of all countries can at least attempt to breathe. But do not let us expect too much of it. The Treaty which will end this war, though it may be influenced by philosophers, will be made by statesmen and by statesmen acting under urgent and conflicting pressures. I fear that these hardened politicians are not likely to think the world state to be a practical or even a helpful suggestion. They will dispute the efficacy of the dose, and they will doubt whether the patient is ready to receive it. With the history of the United States in their minds they will know that even the best contrived federal union is not a certain prophylactic against war. Nor will they be hopeful that a constitution which cannot fail to confide to Asia the supreme direction of the world's affairs (in view of the vast preponderance of the Asiatic population) will meet with success in Berlin or in Washington. Mr. Wells, however, commands a wide audience in many lands. He is the most rousing and persuasive of popular writers, and if the shape of politics were not determined by human feelings he might go some distance in academic circles with his intellectual campaign.

One of Mr. Wells's excellent sayings is that only when we have succeeded in working out a common basis of ideas with our antagonists and allies shall we reach a position of equilibrium. I agree. That is the whole problem and the whole difficulty. How are we to reach this common basis of ideas? Mr. Wells's method is to throw into the arena the idea of the world state as the only solution which will not be futile and absurd. I doubt whether the world state will get him very far in his search for a common basis of ideas with Nazi Germany unless he is prepared

to concede as a preliminary a Nazified world. It is indeed difficult to conceive an idea more diametrically opposed to the Nazi way of thinking and more likely to affront Nazi prejudices. My fear would be that Mr. Wells's medicine will prove too repellent. It is a very strong mixture, a weaker mixture has more chance of being taken by the patient. I can imagine a Nazi, and though the Nazis are only a fraction of the German people, they are and are likely for some time to be a very dominant fraction, saying of Mr. Wells: "Does this admirable English novelist, who has given us so much enjoyment, really imagine that our Fatherland, the land of Siegfried and Barbarossa, of Luther and Fritz, of Bismarck and Hitler, is to be governed by a Council of Chinamen and Hindus?" and on that ground rejecting much that is undoubtedly valuable in Mr. Wells's plea for larger political units and more scientific economic planning.

I confess that I am not disposed to propound an elaborate and detailed programme of war aims. What the heads of the French and British Governments have said upon that subject is for the moment sufficient for me. The war has only just begun and we can neither measure its duration nor foretell its course. Our Allies, the French, will claim to have a large say in the settlement. The War is fought on their frontier and they contribute at the moment by far the greater part of the land army. Our forces are operating under the command of a French General. Decidedly the French will wish to be consulted as to the future shape of Europe, a continent in the affairs of which they are more directly concerned than ourselves; and yet scheme after scheme is put out in this country, one more charming, attractive and ingenious than the other, but having all this common feature that they leave France out of account. Even that experienced publicist Sir Walter Layton, who makes many promising suggestions in a plan which he has published in the *News Chronicle* only considers France as a country whose Colonies are to pass under international control. The French do not like this kind of thing. For France will have her say and Germany too. I am content then to follow Lord Halifax:—

We are fighting in defence of freedom; we are fighting for peace; we are meeting a challenge to our own security and that of others; we are

defending the rights of all nations to live their own lives. We are fighting against the substitution of brute force for law as the arbiter between nations, and against the violation of the sanctity of treaties and disregard for the pledged word.

As to the peace settlement I think it sufficient at present to say that we are determined to right the wrongs which have been inflicted upon their neighbours by the German Government, and to take whatever measures may be most effectual for the better organization of peace in Europe and in the world.

We cannot neglect history: for one of the troubles for Europeans is that they have developed to a very high degree the commemorative instinct. The Hindu does not trouble himself about the human past. Human life in his view is so poor and fleeting a thing as not to be worthy of commemoration, but the European commemorates his ancestors, and even the smallest nation lives largely in its past. When, therefore, we begin to consider how best we can attain a common basis of ideas among nations we cannot altogether discard the legacy of memories with which each one of us is equipped and which, do what we may, shapes our attitude towards the problems of life and affects that important part of our behaviour which is based on sentiment rather than on reason.

Now Europe in the course of a century has experienced two general wars and two general peace settlements. The struggle of the dynasts against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France was followed by a conservative and reactionary peace. The Bourbons were restored to France and to Spain. The Prussians were posted on the Rhine. The peninsula of Italy, which had tasted of liberty under Napoleon, was for the most part consigned to the keeping of Catholic and conservative Austria. The brief flame of Polish liberty was extinguished and central Europe passed under the control of the three autocratic monarchies of Russia, Prussia and Austria. This Treaty was not left undisturbed. There were little splutters in 1820, a more serious upheaval in 1830, a general conflagration in 1848. Yet the Treaty of Vienna must not for that reason be condemned; for it gave to Europe a much needed period of rest, enabled parliamentary institutions to be tried in France, and owing to the fortunate accident that the victorious powers had an alternative government ready for the French and friendly to

themselves, and that a moderate and statesmanlike Englishman presided over the settlement, was a peace singularly divested of vindictive retribution. Talleyrand and Wellington shared the same political outlook in the world. There was no ideological gulf between them.

Prussian militarism not Jacobin conquest was the enemy in the last general war. It follows that the Treaty of Versailles was as radical and democratic as the Treaty of Vienna was conservative and reactionary. The war had been won by the democracies in the West, by France, England, Italy and America. The military autocracies were crushed. The little suppressed national groups which had long chafed under alien governments were given autonomy. At Versailles Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia received their charters of liberty. By this same much maligned settlement the Croats and Roumanians of Transylvania were able to unite with their kinsmen across the Border. If self-determination be a wise principle, if it be good that men should be ruled by Governments of their own choosing then the political map drawn at Versailles, though far from being perfect, was the best map Europe has known.

It is the more important to lay stress upon this liberation of the Slavonic peoples as one of the dominant features of the Peace Treaty, because the present war has arisen out of Hitler's determination to reverse it by force. The very part of the Peace settlement which seemed to Western democracies to be the most definite improvement in the re-ordering of Europe has been that which has been most bitterly resented by the Germans. There must be no mistake here. There are many Germans who are anti-Nazi, who condemn the shameful persecution of the Jews, who wince under the abasing system of espionage, who lament the suppression of all liberty, and detest the brutality of the party bullies, but all believe in the *Führer's* foreign policy up to the point at which he made his pact with Stalin. Most warmly do they applaud his revision of the Eastern frontier. A united Germany supports the obliteration of the Poles.

In his search for Eastern conquest and expansion Hitler was prepared to close the Western account. In *Mein Kampf*, his early spiritual autobiography, he advocates friendship with

Britain and acquiesces in the loss of the German colonies. Alsace Lorraine, a troublesome province in any case, he was willing for the present to leave to France. But now that the war has actually come these Western questions are reopened and will be vehemently pressed. We can have little doubt but that the aim of Nazi Germany will be to pull down the French and British Empires. They will not succeed, but they will try.

Human institutions if they are to have any success must meet the needs of human nature. In 1919 no western statesman would have thought it compatible with the feelings then prevailing in Europe, and not in Europe only, to suggest the abolition of national sovereignty. The invasion of two small sovereign states had been the occasion for the war. The conviction that small states were as fully entitled to respect as their large and powerful neighbours was one of the cardinal principles on which the peace was framed. And the war so far from tending to promote a great and close aggregation of power had exactly the opposite effect. Small sovereign states were multiplied. The idea of a British Federation, which in the nineties was widely popular, receded into the background. We heard of it in 1917. In 1919 it was dead.

Within the limits of what was then possible the framers of the Covenant of the League gave the world an instrument which, had the will to peace been as general as was then assumed that it was likely to be, would have proved adequate to its task. The real cause for the present catastrophe is not the badness of the Covenant but the opposition of Germany: "the menacing empty chair of Germany", as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald called it, the chair so tardily filled, so precipitately abandoned, and the furious preparation for total war which ensued. That great virile population in the heart of Europe must always exercise a dominant influence on the continent. With the aid of the Germans the League could have kept Europe quiet. With Germany struggling to reverse the Treaty settlement the position of the League was inevitably precarious. The absence of America was a serious blow. The defection of Germany was fatal. The real lesson of recent events is that whatever form of constitution we devise for Europe no peace can be assured unless France, Britain and Germany can co-operate to maintain it.

There are some who think that the whole solution of the German question is the substitution for the unitary German state of some form of Federal union. Such a union, of course, would be no novelty in Germany, but a reversion to the conditions which prevailed before the age of Bismarck, and it may well be that in a *régime* of perfect liberty federalism, despite its cost, would fit the rich varieties of German life and temperament better than the present strict and cast-iron unity. It is not for us, however, to prescribe alterations in the internal constitution of the German Reich. The German people and the German people alone must settle the form of their own Government. That they should ever, save under dire compulsion, abandon the union which was made with blood and iron would surprise me.

One lesson which emerges from the war is that the new states created by the Peace Treaties were too small to maintain themselves in independence of one another. It is natural, therefore, to ask whether, in the event of another German reverse, the small powers of the Middle East and South-East could not be usefully grouped together into larger unions. Our thoughts turn to a possible Balkan Federation including Turkey and Greece, and to a Danubian Federation including Hungary, German Austria and Czechoslovakia, and perhaps to a Polish-Lithuanian Federation; but here again the dominant factor must always be the desire for union emanating from the peoples concerned. A forced union is no union. Unless these small states have been taught by experience that in their own interest they should come together no external force will produce the kind of union which is likely to endure. In fact what is wanted for the success of Federal Union here as elsewhere is in Mr. Wells's excellent phrase "a common basis of ideas". Is there at present such a common basis in the Balkans, in that society so poor in material wealth, and save among the Croats, so low in its general standard of education, and cherishing so many fierce dividing memories that only a long process of economic and educational progress reinforced by external danger would seem able to ensure a durable political combination? Not that we should at once despair of a Balkan Federation. The influence of Roberts College at Constantinople has been so far helpful, and

from it have come a number of public servants belonging to different Balkan states who have been brought up in the tradition of Western standards. Roberts College, however, is not enough. Only when it is supported by a first rate system of secondary education available for the very poor will there be a body of educated opinion strong enough to sustain so difficult a fabric as a Balkan Federation against the fierce localism which pervades this whole region and results from the long uneducative tyranny of the Turks.

The prospects of some kind of Federation in the Danube area are more promising. What has been a free trade area once may become a free trade area again. If the Habsburgs are unlikely to be recalled to Vienna, it is not so improbable that the states which formerly constituted the Habsburg Empire will some time or other unite in a fiscal union or a loose Federation. Such a federation, however much sacrifice of sentiment it may involve, is so much in the economic interest of the population of the Danubian basin, that unless common sense has taken final leave of the world, it ought to be one of the earliest features of the post-war reorganization of Europe.

It is premature to speculate on the future of Poland. This unhappy people, after a brief hour of liberty, has been partitioned between the Nazi and Soviet tyrants. No one is now in a position to affirm that one of the results of the present war will be the restoration of Polish liberty or if this be so to define the limits of the new Polish state. If, however, Poland should be revived, her future ability to maintain herself will depend on her consenting to enter into some kind of federal union with Lithuania. The feeling between these two peoples, whose union in the past synchronized with Poland's period of greatest military influence, is now unhappily very bitter. The Lithuanians have not forgiven the Polish seizure of Vilna. The Poles have not forgiven the Lithuanian claim to Memel. Perhaps in the magnitude of the disaster which has now overcome these two peoples the seed of better relations may be sown.

A partial extension of the federal principle on some such lines as these might pave the way to a wider measure of European federation. The idea of a federation of Europe has, indeed, been more than once ventilated in the past but never with

support from practical statesmen. One has only to ask oneself the question How is the Federal Council to be constituted, to realize the formidable character of the difficulties which would have to be surmounted. On any basis of population, and it would be difficult to find any other basis, Germany would have twice the weight, the Balkans nearly twice the weight, and Russia more than three times the weight of Britain. In all circumstances and at all times Britain would be in a minority in the body which decided the size of its army and navy, the direction of its foreign policy, its monetary and fiscal system. And if in a European federation the weight of this island would be slight, in a world wide federation it would be slighter still, even if it were possible to reckon the Indian vote as British.

These objections would certainly be grave. They would undoubtedly be pressed. Nevertheless a federation, in which Britain might enter as a member, even as a member in a permanent minority, would not be unthinkable if there were a real basis of common ideas between the different members of the Federation. Such a basis of common ideas exists now in the United States. It has not always existed. There was a time when a difference on Slavery provoked a civil war. It was then decided that unity could not survive in a nation half slave and half free. Nor, as that brilliant American journalist, Dorothy Thompson, has observed could it now survive if American society were inflamed by differences of political religion as fierce as those which divide the European Commonwealth. "One may ask oneself, if he wishes, how long it would be possible to hold the United States together if California were a Soviet Commonwealth, Pennsylvania a Fascist State, New England, a society based on racial unity and making most of its laws from this point, and New York a political democracy?" Miss Dorothy Thompson puts her finger on the important point. "Union depends upon the universal acceptance of certain rules and moral precepts."

It is common knowledge that there is in Europe at this moment no such universal acceptance of certain rules and moral precepts. The psychological and moral unity which alone could dispose nations like France and Britain to become members of a Federal European State is conspicuously wanting. Never

indeed has the opposition between national ideas been so sharp and absolute. If Mr. Wells could find acceptance in Russia and Germany for his table of the Rights of Man, if Germans and Englishmen could learn to use political terms in the same way, if, for instance, the German could be brought to consider war not as a good thing and the prime end of statesmanship, but as an abominable thing which statesmen should strive to avoid, then a great step towards some closer European union, some better international order could be taken.

(To be concluded)

WAR EFFORT AND RECONSTRUCTION

BY HUGH QUIGLEY

THE most disappointing feature of the war so far has been the lack of originality betrayed by both sides.

The conduct of the war has produced a number of surprises, mainly on the negative side, but one would have expected some daring experiments in the administration and control of the war effort itself. As far as Great Britain is concerned, we have apparently been content to adopt, without very much question, the organization for war production which came into being during the last war. Some modification has occurred, but certainly no real attempt has been made, either to understand the character of the present hostilities, or even to assess the war value of the different kinds of effort.

The war of 1914—1918 was, in the final analysis, an economic war. It began and ended in stalemate on the battlefield and produced no decisive results at sea. What is changed in this war, however, is the public appreciation of certain main issues, which, if they are known to those in charge of the national effort, have been deliberately withheld from the public, or at best understated.

The cause of the war was fundamentally economic, partly by the refusal of Germany to face up to the immense work of reconstruction caused by defeat in the last war, and partly by the deliberate efforts, of Great Britain and the United States particularly, to secure special markets for themselves and for their industries during a period of acute trade depression.

The conduct of the war must also be economic. This means that our survival chances, as a nation, depend more on our ability to maintain a normal volume of production and to increase rather than decrease our export trade, than on our power to maintain an immense army in the field. If this is the

case, and developments during the last four months appear to have moved in that direction, we shall require all our organizing and administrative ability to effect the transition from peace to war time conditions, without weakening our peace effort or misdirecting our war activity. There has been no war in which the danger of misdirection, owing to imperfect understanding of the situation, has been so great.

No single nation engaged in the war, and least of all Great Britain, can afford to squander human life with the same prodigality as in the last war. The public will simply not tolerate a repetition of Passchendaele and the Somme, where the bankruptcy of military judgment and the failure to organize the military machine properly so exhausted our human resources that we almost lost the war.

In this war, after a quarter of a century of a stationary birthrate with even a tendency towards decline, we cannot afford to lose any considerable part of our population, because we are moving towards the position of exhaustion of human resources similar to that which led to the decline and ultimately to the dissolution of the Roman Empire. I do not say that the condition is as serious as that which occurred in the second century of the Christian era, but the position has to be faced that, with a prospect of a steady decline in population, any sudden reduction in our productive resources must make it impossible for us either to finance a prolonged war effort or to meet the obligations imposed by the war after the advent of peace.

We did not begin this war with the munition shortage which characterized 1915—1916; we have sufficient liquid cash and credit resources to make good our immediate deficiencies by purchases abroad and industry may easily reach a stage where the volume of war material may be entirely in excess of what may be consumed during the present war. Munitions are among the most perishable of commodities; they cannot be carried on from one war to another because, as a result of concentration of scientific research on development work, they become almost immediately out of date or unsuitable for the equipment involved. The speed of obsolescence of aeroplanes is to be measured only by the capacity of manufacturing plants

to change over from existing to new models. One may have the position where, even under the most hotly contested war, the consumption of munitions may not at any time overtake the production, so that the war may end with an immense accumulation which has no capital value. If such an accumulation has been created as a result of the restriction of civilian effort, of decline in the cost of living and deterioration in the equipment of the machinery of our modern civilization then the war will have been lost, no matter what the state of discomfiture of the enemy may be.

In this war we are not engaged so much in destroying Hitlerism, as in upholding certain standards which have been the result of social and economic research and experiment since the conclusion of the last war. It would be intolerable if our great housing schemes, our town planning efforts, the reform of education, the planning and designing of new industrial areas, the construction of new and more beautiful centres of population, were to be rendered impossible in the future because we made no provision during the years of war for the maintenance of the industries and services, whose business it is to carry out those schemes. On the other hand, against an enemy intelligently led and extremely well advised on those higher tactics, some considerable sacrifice may be necessary, but such sacrifice must have something more than a purely temporary justification. It must be examined against a background of greater social advance after the conclusion of the war.

Democracy, as a method of government, is on the whole more wasteful of human labour than a dictatorship, wasteful in the sense that it is unable, through lack of organization, to make the fullest use of the labour supplies available to it. It is a moot point whether it is better to give a worker sufficient to keep him alive without actual employment, or to give him the same amount of money and keep him employed. There is only a short step between the form of national economy as practised by Hitler, where forced labour is widely employed, and unadulterated slave economy in the classical tradition, and it may be one of the merits of democracy that it does not lend itself to conditions verging on such a development. The price represented by unemployment may be well worth the escape from slavery.

That, of course, is at the moment a purely theoretical question and would only arise if the equipment of the modern state were so perfect and so well advanced that no great improvement could be expected from deliberate state action, based on the encouragement of employment. Such a position has not arisen and cannot possibly arise, because civilization does not exist in a vacuum; a condition of its life is the power to adjust and grow like any other living mechanism, and a measure of its growth is the incompleteness of the national equipment resulting from it.

The exhaustion and destruction caused by a war in a sensitive and intricate modern state may be such as to threaten the very existence of a democracy and destroy the material and social basis of its civilization. When, therefore, one says that the major preoccupation of a State at war is economic reconstruction, one is merely saying that war is only incidental, and the result of the war must be fatal if the social and economic status of the country is so lowered as to be incapable of maintaining employment and actuating the machinery which conditions its existence.

The very planning of military effort on the actual battlefield is such as to produce, almost automatically, a condition of stalemate. The immense preparations which are being brought to a conclusion in France, covering defence in depth, are so complete and so complicated that even the leaders of small units would have some difficulty in fitting those units into a plan of campaign which, not based on fixed conditions, would entail highly elastic offensive activities. Any major change in position resulting from a successful offensive in depth, would entail with it such difficult and extensive adjustments that some considerable time would require to elapse before it could be completed; and it is in fact a condition of modern warfare that it should be almost completely immobile. The power of defence has overtaken the power of offence, and a knowledge of military tactics, based on a study of the past, is less important to the army commander than a knowledge of the principles of management, a great part of it no different from that ruling in civil life.

If this is the case, then the complication and the difficulty

comes right back to our whole industrial system. The State has not only to fit its economic and industrial life into the requirements of the excessively complicated war machine, but it has to keep the machine continuously alive, and this does not mean so much control of the volume of output as of its incidence. The principle at issue is not so much the accumulation of stocks on the site, as an orderly succession of supplies and equipment to fit into an exact schedule, in much the same way as contractors make their contribution to the erection of a large building. The speed and quality of the erection depends on such an orderly succession.

Now, the leaders of the modern army, largely because they have no real acquaintance with the conditions of large-scale industrial production, have only, at best, a very sketchy idea of what their system means in terms of industrial effort, and what is more important, in terms of efficient industrial organization. It is a curious comment on the conduct of the war so far that this fact has not yet been appreciated by the Government. It has not yet seen fit to bring into active consultation those who are most familiar with the conduct and management of large industrial aggregations, and it has shown almost complete inability to make use of the personnel of industry which is expert in organization.

When, therefore, one characterizes the present war as being economic in its origin and in its effects, one must distinguish between the day-to-day and the long-term interpretations of economic effort. We shall defeat the enemy, not because we have superior industrial and economic resources, or even superior finance, but because we can apply better the principles of industrial organization which are necessary to the harnessing of our industrial equipment for the purposes of war, and success in doing so must come back to an exact knowledge of what we have available for the purpose. The productive capacity of an industry can generally be deduced from the production machinery actually installed in it, and from its previous volume of production, but no one knows, or has even studied with reasonable care, what its capabilities would be, granted more complete control of the operation of the machine on the one hand and more sensitive control of labour on the other.

During the first eight months, and perhaps during the first two years, of any war, the political and psychological influences improve the efficiency of the individual worker, but once war has set in, inefficiency increases beyond any hope of improvement, and only the very careful regulation of the machine itself can make good this deficiency. In this sense the interpretation of war effort as economic is tantamount to saying that the harnessing of our industrial effort is, on the whole, more important than the exchanges of hostilities between two sets of fortifications.

In the broader sense, however, the economic interpretation is really somewhat different. It may mean the possession of materials and commodities and finished articles in greater quantity than the enemy, but a more important interpretation is the capacity to maintain a supply of those materials and articles without interruption during all the fluctuations of a long protracted campaign. It means, not the power to concentrate the whole of our industrial production on the provision of such materials and articles for the armed forces, but the capacity to insulate the national industrial and economic system from the severe fluctuations and the exhausting demands imposed on it by the war. The country which will be able to maintain a very high volume of what is regarded as civil production, at the same time as it is maintaining the war machine at a high standard of efficiency, will almost certainly win the war; but the capacity to combine these two things is something which is far beyond the scope of any politician, or for that matter, the majority of our industrial leaders. It depends on a combination of planning technique with a profound appreciation of the immediate requirements of a modern industrial state during a period of peace. The restraint of imports and the imposition of rationing will not be together successful if they are not based on an exact appreciation of what is and what is not necessary to social welfare during a period of war strain. It is perfectly possible for a country with less resources than our own so to arrange them that it will be able to make superior use of them. The velocity of economic activity may be more important than its volume.

If this general proposition is true, then it means that the proportion of the national population available for the

immediate conduct of war operations must be much less than on any previous occasion. The effect of mechanization has not been to release for active service larger numbers of men, but to force back into industry men who normally might be in the trenches, no matter whether the place of industrial activity be Great Britain or some repair shop behind the lines in France. The consequence is that we are forced to conduct the war with a smaller number of men and employ them with much greater economy and with much greater skill. Mass attacks are not an example of military tactics but of stupidity.

The characteristic of the intelligent conduct of the war is the capacity to dispense with large numbers and yet obtain greater results in the quality and success either of offensive or defensive operations. In this the lesson of the last war has been well learned, as far as it is possible to judge from the very limited experience at present available.

If this is the case, then we must expect some similar development on the home front. Despite opinion to the contrary it is not necessarily a sign of weakness or of bad organization on the part of the Government that the volume of unemployment should show no signs of decrease. It may be better to have a considerable surplus of labour available during the early period of any war, provided that there is an intention to use this labour, not on producing munitions, but on meeting the demands of a population already excessively intent on war activity. If the requirements of the fighting services, owing to good industrial organization, are being met by the industrial machine, with, in addition, a surplus of unemployed labour, then criticism should not be brought to bear on the failure of the Government to absorb those workers but on its failure to maintain a sufficiently large section of normal peacetime industrial and economic effort to make those workers directly useful. Unemployment testifies to our inability to segregate useful civilian activity from essential war activity, the principle of segregation being the maximum concentration on both.

To carry out deflation of civilian effort on a scale adopted by the Government is tantamount to restricting to within very narrow limits the basis on which our war effort must be established, and such a restriction must, in time, cause a serious

undermining of that very effort. The national income on which the cost of any war must ultimately be founded must be kept as high as possible, if only to ensure that the burden of taxation will not be beyond our capacity, but such an income is not created so much by the industries producing war goods as by the industries and services which add to our economic wealth, and they are by no means the same thing. To impose rationing on coal, for example, and cause an increase in unemployment in the coal mining industry, which is what has occurred during the first four months of this war, is the worst kind of economic waste.

During the last war, rather more than 60% of the total industrial effort of the country was devoted to war purposes, and it was found impossible to increase that proportion without dangerously weakening the economic structure of the country. This effort was supplemented by an immense importation of munitions of war and equipment from the United States of America, financed mainly by loans, and this importation was, on the whole, equivalent to something like an additional 10% to 15% of our national production. In other words, the conduct of the war brought with it a demand on our resources not much short of three-fourths of our total national production.

During this war, when it is impossible, owing to the Neutrality and Johnston Acts, to raise any loans in the United States, and imports from that country must be financed either by gold or by credits resulting from exports, we almost certainly will not be able to supplement our own effort by an additional 10% to 15% as in 1914-1918, and if we are unable to do so, we have the terrible problem of diverting an even greater proportion of our labour force to war work and maintaining in existence a much more complicated national economic and social structure.

The Great Britain of 1940 is very different from the Great Britain of 1914, and the difference is partly measured by the immense industrial expansion in South-East England and partly by the increasing mechanization of agriculture. The standard of living is higher, and more complicated, in the sense that it requires a much more varied and intricate network of industries to satisfy it, and many of those industries have become absolutely essential to the maintenance of the civilian

population. Unless there is a drastic restriction in the whole of our standards and methods of life, the proportion of our national effort required for the maintenance of the civil population must of necessity be even higher than it was in 1914-1918.

How is this difficult and dangerous problem to be solved? At the present time it has not been seriously felt, owing to the fact that, as a nation, we are largely living on stocks—stocks of manufactured goods as well as of foodstuffs—but such stocks must approach exhaustion within a comparatively short period of time.

A further difficulty may be caused in an entirely opposite direction. If the state of siege warfare continues for a prolonged period, then there must be a crisis of accumulations resulting from the excessive production of instruments of war which may not be used. We may produce so many shells, so many aeroplanes, so many guns, so many army trucks and tanks, that we shall have difficulty even in storing them. That may appear a fantastic theory, but the production of aeroplanes, for example, is already very much in excess of destruction through war operations. The war may come to an end through negotiations, leaving us with not only a surplus of industrial and productive capacity devoted to war purposes, but also an immense surplus of war material. The problem confronting the new War Material Disposals Board will be infinitely more complex than that which confronted the similar Board at the end of the last war.

It cannot be too often emphasized that the principal strain on the industrial machine is not represented so much by the production of munitions as by the necessity, not only to maintain a very large proportion of the population in unproductive activity, but also to support a much higher standard of living in that population than it has had hitherto. An army of three million men is very much better fed and better clothed than three million unemployed civilians. It is quite possible to have a crisis of accumulations and at the same time a state of excessive strain on our industrial production.

The Government has consequently, through very careful planning and very exact budgeting, to economize to the maximum in the labour at its disposal. It does not achieve

any real economy by building new factories, which are in any case surplus to our normal industrial requirements, but through the proper use of the capacity in existing works, and the use of this capacity is something which can only be carried out efficiently by highly skilled experts in the art of management.

The last and most difficult problem is presented by the problem of economic reconstruction, which cannot be deferred until hostilities come to an end. Even a comparatively simple building or public work requires initial planning and preparation which may extend well over a year, and, in certain more complicated schemes, as long as three years.

If the war came to an end, for example, in 1941, the restriction of civilian effort to within 30% to 40% of our national production would continue almost unchanged for at least a year, and it might be followed by a short-lived industrial boom when the deficiencies caused by the war were being made good. At its best, however, the post-war situation would entail the unemployment of three to four million workers, and the existence of such a high volume of unemployment would almost certainly cause a disturbed situation verging on revolution. Only a well planned scheme of national economic reconstruction would serve to defer at least such a large volume of unemployment. It would not eliminate it entirely but it might reduce it to manageable proportions.

The planning, however, of any policy of reconstruction, as the war of 1914—1918 showed, cannot be carried out by a ministry appointed in the last fifteen months or so of the war. The Ministry of Reconstruction only worked out plans on paper after the conclusion of the war, and their application was spread over a period 1920 to 1939. They are, in effect, still being applied at certain points. American experience has also shown that public works expenditure would take fully three years to begin to have any effect on unemployment. It is necessary for the Government, if only to ensure a continuation of the present social system, without serious disturbance, to create now a Ministry of Reconstruction, whose business it is, not only to prepare plans, but to carry those plans forward to a point where they can be placed on contract.

If some determined policy is not adopted, aiming at the

immediate application of reconstruction on a national scale, then in the chaos resulting from the conclusion of hostilities we may run the danger of losing the very things for which we are supposed to be fighting. This war, more than any previous war in our history, has emphasized the necessity for exact industrial and economic planning, to apply not only to the period of hostilities, but after peace has been declared. It has shown that the great problems concerning the Government are not to be found on the battlefield at all, but in the study of human economy, exact control of our industrial productive equipment, the maintenance of as broad a civilian basis for the entire national activity as possible, and the avoidance of distortion and misapplication, not only of economic effort, but also of the difficult and intricate thinking which must precede the planning of our future.

LOOK TO THE END

BY HELEN SIMPSON

AT the beginning of September, after a sleeveless errand to a Government Department which shall be nameless, I found myself in company with two women of some reputation in the world of scholars and writers, whose reception by the said Department had been no more encouraging than mine. We knew each other well enough to talk shorthand, and in the course of a couple of hours conversation had discovered that our reactions to the world situation were pretty much the same; that our hopes for the future were by no means finally obscured; that we retained our belief in the power of the individual, more especially of the artist, to influence thought and through thought action; and that we proposed to start doing something about it there and then, despite

"The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

Merit need not be patient so long as this country retains a free press and free speech; and as for the insolence of office, any creative intelligence is a fool that puts itself in the way of such obstructiveness. We perceived quite clearly that as individuals, with leave to cry our Ducdames all over England by means of the printing press and the living voice, we had more immediate and realizable powers in our hands there and then than any Government Department could afford to depute to us.

We set to work, during that week and the next, to draw up a memorandum showing forth the aims we were agreed to shoot at, using our three sets of wits as a prism by which to break up the life about us into its components and to guess at the elements that looked dangerous in it.

The first of these elements was fear. Human beings at this present time are fear-conditioned to a degree which would seem to put them almost beyond help. Constructive effort is

paralysed by the prospect of living unsatisfactorily and dying unsatisfied. Further, by a paradox observed and recorded long ago (in Luke ix. 24, for those who have the curiosity to investigate) this exaggerated fear of death seems to result directly from the fear of life, but tends to diminish as a strongly constructive hold on life is achieved.

Fear, then, was the first thing to tackle. We had not such data to work upon as the files of Mass-Observation no doubt afford. We could, and did, look at our own reactions to the prospect of death. We should miss life, we decided, and had the natural animal objection to being hurt. But we did not resent dying. Reason good: that all three of us were engaged in activities which suited our turn of mind. All three were creators of one sort or another, occupied to the full stretch of our powers on work which only incidentally was "gainful employment". If life represented a pound we were getting, say, nineteen shillings worth, and had no feeling that somebody somewhere had swindled us over the deal.

Returning from this excursion into the clearing of the particular we returned to the jungle of the general with some sort of notion that the way to dispossess fear was to encourage the imaginatively constructive side of the human mind as against the assimilative. There is a maker in all of us, as anyone knows who has watched the goings on at a good nursery school. There is also a dogged power to stow away dead facts in the hope that they will rise up into money one day. So they may, but at the cost of creativeness, the barrier against fear. Two of us, the educationalist and the political candidate, took due note of this.

We had reached our second point: against fear must be set a real value for life which must be such as to satisfy man's nature as a whole. No value for life is real that involves the denial of any part of human personality. There was some argument before that conclusion was reached, and it had to be amplified in point 3.

"We believe that absolute value cannot and must not be ascribed to any objective or authority within the framework of history. Any such ascription can only lead to an increasingly violent conflict of dialectical opposites."

That clears the ground. Anyone can think of a dozen historical instances to prove it. The one which comes to my mind is that of a not very remote ancestor who, during the Revolution in France, went all out for reason. Emotions were in the air like thunder, crackling and thumping and causing despondency and alarm; but a handful of revolutionaries really did try to direct this storm by the use of the power to put two and two together. They were not the men who installed fatuous goddesses of Reason here and there in churches. They were sincerely anxious that those Frenchmen who killed, or suffered, or voted should be actuated by a purpose which could be expressed in the form of a syllogism. Not all of these incorruptibles stayed the course, many being mown down by righteous enthusiasts who preferred to do their thinking with their solar plexus; but those who survived were the men who cheered when, ten years after the death of Louis XVI, the whole French nation went off on that most irrational of quests, the search for military glory. My ancestor, who after being President of the Revolutionary Convention, served Napoleon with genuine devotion, is reported to have said that while Reason might be regarded as the wife to whom one had obligations, no man should be condemned for taking a mistress now and then among the follies.

Beware of false absolutes; it came to that. And if any enquirer, walking in a world whose disguises are contrived to deceive even the elect, should ask how these false absolutes are to be known, it may help him to remember that a false absolute gives unconditioned validity to one side of man's nature at the expense of the whole; and to bear in mind the excellent advice of the Butcher in the *Hunting of the Snark*, who, while conceding the greatest possible latitude to all those concerned in the cooking of the Jubjub, urged them to have due regard to order:

"Still keeping one principal object in view.
To preserve its symmetrical shape."

The third statement carried us back to an aspect of the first. When dialectical opposites clash in the spheres of political or economic activity, war is inevitable, even though it may go directly against the will of the average man. He sees the cataclysm approaching, cannot trace his own part in it, despairs

of his own and his fellows' powers, and views himself as a helpless puppet in the grip of forces too big for him. He begins to think: I didn't want this. None of us wanted this. It is out of our control. A world in which such horrors are out of man's control is not a good place to be alive in. With that he loses the will to live and consciously sometimes, but more often without understanding in the least what he is at, begins to aim at death rather than life; losing thereby the power to fight constructively against that which is destroying him. Between two terrors he seeks safety, as threatened animals do, in stillness, non-action. And the terrors overwhelm him.

What fixed point will afford this threatened creature the leverage he needs if he is to move his world of fear, and jolt the kaleidoscope to a less menacing pattern? We are not to look for this point, we agreed, within the framework of history. Where then? And what of the principle of relativity, which would seem to deny the possibility of discovering any such fixture at all? This principle undoubtedly works and has been approved in physics. Should it not be extended to cover the whole range of man's activities? And if it is so extended, can we not rely upon it to preserve man from making himself a lop-sided nuisance to his world? Unfortunately, no; since in such a case the principle of relativity itself becomes an absolute, on the one hand destroying man's hold on life by leaving him without direction, on the other forcing him to violent reaction in which, demanding some ultimate authority, he erects one of his own.

What we need, then, the symposium agreed, is an absolute reality outside time and the "drift of becoming"; a reality which gives sanction for the value of the individual personality. The most convenient and familiar name for this absolute reality and ultimate authority, which gives both sanction and sanctity, is God.

If man ceases to fear; if he knows himself to be worth something, *sub specie aeternitatis*; if that value comes from his relationship to an unchanging authority; if he is aware that his fellows share that relationship and therefore that value in the light of that same authority; what will be the effect on him as a social animal?

First, perhaps, a right balance between the individual and the community, and between one community and another. This country is at war, not for lack of the desire for peace, but because a generation ago a number of gentlemen round a green table, surveyed by their own approving images reflected in long mirrors and untroubled by voices from the future, made a treaty in which peace was regarded as something bought and paid for, to have and to hold. They were like those villagers who built a wall round the cuckoo, so that it should be spring all the year round in that place.

Peace obviously is not static. Peace is as much a question of balance, intrepidity, and anxious skill as the progress of a funambulist across Niagara on a rope. Nor is stability attained by standing still. Neither peace nor a stable world (save in the Augean sense) can be an end in itself. Both are by-products, the by-products of a right balance between communities, or between the individual and the community. And this balance is only to be attained by a ceaseless activity, a creative activity, directed to some real standard of value by individuals whose personalities are neither lop-sided nor stunted by pressure of the society in which they have to live, and for which they have a conscious responsibility.

From which it seemed to follow that political schemes which regard man in one of his aspects only—for instance as “the worker”—will not give the stability and satisfaction which is their avowed object. They see their human material in too few dimensions. An individual may be a worker; he is also a husband, possibly a father, a creature who eats, sleeps, smokes, idles, likes or dislikes the country, fills in coupons, and feels the need to be valuable or important to someone. He may choose to take out this last need in keeping a dog. But a dog does not afford the necessary link and relationship with fellow men; indeed it is more than likely to lead to such sentiments as: The more I see of mankind, the more I love my Airedale, which is lop-sided behaviour again. Man must be considered as a complete personality, capable of self-discipline in a self-disciplined community. Anyone requiring a modern instance here might do worse than look up those pages in Mr. Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* which deal with the conduct of a

Government camp for dispossessed men and women in California, and ponder a saying of one of the camp denizens to the effect that the more cops you have the more you want. But the aim of this discipline should go beyond the immediate problem of order to a fundamental; the fulfilment of man's whole nature in relation to absolute reality.

Having got this far in our discussion, inevitably the Utopias came up for consideration, and notably that scrap of Butlerian wish-fulfilment, the museum of the machines in Erewhon. There is always a tendency, when women are talking freely to each other, to deplore machines. Few of us understand or can keep our tempers with any form of machinery; we use cars and household gadgets roughly, impatiently, as we would never dream of using an animal; we are resentful of the machine's insensitiveness, which it combines with a malignant power to requite unimaginative handling by going wrong. This is understandable enough, since most of the primary female tasks are still best done by hand—cooking, sewing, caring for babies. Shops lure us with the label, hand-made. Moreover, the machines, taking away drudgery in certain matters, have left instead a leisure which has all the weight of boredom, save for those women who are equipped by education or an enquiring temperament to find their own uses for it.

The three who were talking this matter out very soon put away the notion of a hand-made world. It just will not do at this stage of development except—the qualification is important—as a means of having fun. It is delightful that my daughter should learn to bind books, and that she should make me Christmas presents of blotters and such; but I have my living to earn, and I should fare very poorly if Messrs. Heinemann were to take to binding copies of my novels by hand alone.

Machines are necessary and must stay. The past, on the other hand, is irrevocable and must go. There is no salvation in any scheme for life which ignores or will not face the facts of our changing world; the speeding up of communications and transport; the power to make and destroy which we have learned to draw from earth, sea, and air; the power to learn and to know. Nor is there salvation in any scheme for life which refuses the past as a foundation. Mankind is still a very few

generations away from the jungle. We cannot afford to throw away our acquired experience, and no authority derived from sacred books—Marx, Mrs. Eddy—is sufficient to enable us to dispense with it wholly.

Keeping one eye, then, on the perspective of history, while still rejecting history's right to condition their absolute values, the three women could view this present war as a calamity, but one not necessarily destructive of all civilized effort, all hope. Indeed there is at present in this country (Germany too, who knows?) a new and healthy outburst of hope which the war seems to have released. It is as though those of good will had been waiting for war to break down false standards and make room for constructive effort, seeing it as the surgeon's knife which may restore to the West its power to function creatively.

These groups, scattered all over England, are taking the long view. They refuse to accept the platform platitudes—final cataclysm, end of civilization and so on. They are trying, as the women in an old panelled room were trying, to discover what sort of a world they want when it is all over, and determining to work at that conception until, and after, they have brought it near to reality. Here and there a shadow from the mirrors of Versailles mouths destruction; for instance, "Germany must be dismembered." But for the most part this scattered yet strong thought is creative. Those who look forward take the lean seasons in their stride, refusing to build a wall round the cuckoo.

Very well. Let groups plan, let imaginations toil at the outline of their brave new world. What can individuals do?

They can use the platforms their vocations afford to make known the needs and suggest the future of such aspects of the community's life as they are competent to judge. Thus the educationalist of our trio, while agreeing in general that creative activity should be stimulated, offered to our memorandum this resolution:—

To endeavour to awaken the nation to the need for an entire overhaul of the aims and methods of education in this country. This is at present directed chiefly or wholly to the end of securing gainful employment; and is neither satisfactory in itself (i.e., in producing wise and happy citizens) nor even successful in its avowed purpose, since it is powerless to check unemployment, and does not fit people for the useful employment of

leisure. The nation must be encouraged to take a wider view of the function of education, in better accordance with the needs of human nature and the duties of good citizenship, and to demand of its government that the necessary money for this better education shall be forthcoming. That is to say: education which fits the citizen for peace must be taken at least as seriously as those departments which arm him for war, and the necessary expenditure of thought and money must be cheerfully incurred.

The writer set up as her more particular job:

To explain to the people as well as I can what is happening, why it is happening, and how it concerns themselves; to encourage them to form instructed opinions and act upon them.

To stimulate enjoyment in spiritual and mental exercise, and to correct the over-emphasis upon bodily comfort and conspicuous waste in the better-off sections of the population.

To emphasize the value of active individual thinking and feeling and to do away with the prevalent reliance on spoon-feeding and mental dope.

The political candidate undertook:

To emphasize that economics, though considered to-day as constituting the fundamental structure of society, was not always so considered, and need not in the future be so considered.

To awaken the nation to a livelier understanding of the importance of the creative arts in the life of the community, and to secure for these a national political recognition commensurate with their great actual and still greater potential influence.

This is by no means an unambitious programme. It must not be supposed that the authors of it believe themselves capable of achieving it without help. But they have faith in the individual's power to set change in motion; they are painfully aware that destructive revolutions happen when the mass of people fail to shift their mental habits quickly enough; they know that speed in effecting such change is now, for this country, a factor of safety; they believe that the immediate task for all those who wish to hasten and guide the powers of change is to weaken the habits of mind which are most likely to resist it.

We cannot stop what is coming. We can only mould it. If we do not shape events they will shape themselves, as they have done in other countries. "And it shall come to pass that instead of a sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and burning instead of beauty."

THE END OF AN AGE?

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

(Continued)

L'*Europe Tragique* (1934) by GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD, is another very able book, which arrives at conclusions not very unlike those of Drucker. The author however is a Catholic, and not entirely unfriendly to Fascism.

The nineteenth century ended with the outbreak of the Great War. As a form of civilization the modern world began at the Renaissance and Reformation, and ended in 1914. Liberalism and socialism, "*ces frères ennemis*", are dead, with their myths of prosperity, progress and the goodness of human nature. The masses are always "of yesterday or the day before". Ideas when received are already out of date. Liberalism, at first an ideal, became a mechanical system.

Since the date which began the new era, we may count three generations. The first, who fought, were murdered, mutilated, ousted from employment. They were bitter and went to extremes, some to communism, others to Fascism. The second, physically and mentally enfeebled, were hard, unsentimental, dissipated, unhappy. The third has ideas and aspirations, but only material. These are the new world. We see them everywhere, keen and ruthless, rushing about in coloured shirts, a mixture of soldier, chauffeur, sportsman, cinema actor. They have no scruples and no compunction; they wish to destroy the old world.

We are in a revolution, but near the end of it. Fascism, the new absolutism, may be the social and political form of the new age. As the French revolution ended in Napoleon, so the present revolution has thrown up a new Cæsarism, a counter-revolution.

Three currents cross and mix in the nineteenth century—

positivism and rationalism, the great scientific movement; romanticism; optimism.

Marx, one of those dangerous men who have only one idea, was a Jew with apocalyptic dreams of hatred and vengeance. "Half-intellectuals are always seduced by dialectic;" but the communists seldom read Marx himself. In any case, his catastrophic theory has taken its place among unfulfilled prophecies, and *Das Kapital* is "a dusty old book for the library of dead ideas". Syndicalism is more up to date than Marxism; Fascism owes much to Sorel, though it eschews his idea of class-war.

Liberalism is "the most agreeable form of government, but the most fragile". It seemed for a time to have realized the ideal of Vigny. *Le moins mauvais gouvernement est celui qui se montre le moins, que l'on sent le moins, et qui coûte le moins cher.* Liberalism was doomed from the moment when socialism entered politics. Democracy tried to mediate between them, but was itself devoured by *étatisme*, the omnipotent State. To save his essential liberties the individual is ready to sacrifice his political rights.

The National State is installed to put an end to disorder and to act by authority. To terminate the struggles of parties it will suppress, if necessary, the parties themselves; to stop parliamentary confusion, it will suppress, if necessary, the parliaments themselves.

And yet liberalism, democracy and socialism are the three corner-stones on which any new *régime* must be built. The forms may change, but the spirit of these great experiments must be retained.

It is not necessary to summarize what de Reynold says about Fascism and Nazism; he follows the same line as other writers on whom I have commented. But he points out that the middle-class in Germany have been proletarianized by the inflation, and that ninety per cent. of Germans are without property. The conditions seem to be favourable for a social revolution, if Hitler ever loses the unquestioning faith which the people are still willing to repose in him. If the Allies win the war, Germany may break up in civil war and revolution.

F. A. VOIGT's *Unto Cæsar* (1938) had an immediate success

which it well deserved. He makes several points to which other critics of the present situation had not called attention. One reason why Marxism is so entirely out of date is that in spite of his boasted adherence to scientific evolutionism, the mind of Marx was essentially apocalyptic. The victory of communism was to be a final consummation, to be brought about catastrophically. Hence his hatred of all social reformers, of all 'gradualism'. This fierce opposition to the social democrats led the Bolsheviks to help the parties of the Right to overthrow the Weimar republic. "The German communist party, the most powerful communist party outside Russia, by its combined arrogance and obsequiousness, its stupidity, its amorality, its crude violence, and the sectarian narrowness of its doctrine, brought annihilation upon itself and disaster upon its followers."

He also shows that Hitler was placed in power, not by the industrial magnates (a really absurd supposition) but by a revolt of the despised 'little man', the *petit bourgeois*, who had been armed in the Great War, and who made himself master of the greatest military power in the world. But Nietzsche, like Herbert Spencer, saw that socialism leads straight to tyranny. "It is the younger brother of almost obsolete despotism, having aspirations that are reactionary in the deepest sense, and striving for the downright destruction of the individual, who is regarded as an unjustified luxury of nature, to be improved so as to become a serviceable organ of the collectivity."

Without Sovietism there would have been no Nazism, though the Soviet is now Nazi. The technique of Nazism is far superior. The doctrinaire element in Bolshevism was its undoing; Nazism enthrones brutish instinct. Hitler is a man of the people, which neither Marx nor Lenin ever was; he also understands the power of the middle class, as they never did. Like Nietzsche, he despises the Germans as "a stupid herd of sheepishly docile people". "If the last German were to perish, the last pacifist would perish too." In one respect Marxian and National Socialist literature resemble each other. "There is not a trace of pity, magnanimity, forgiveness, or any generous feeling, not one word of respect for honour or for righteousness—not one

trace of toleration, not the slightest appreciation for a foe who might be brave, or even right in his own way".

Voigt draws an interesting comparison between Hitler and Mussolini. The Italian 'Duce' is a modern *condottiere*, an opportunist of the Napoleonic type, and a man of genius. He is an unbeliever. But though Hitler is vastly inferior, we must not belittle his superb qualities as a demagogue and psychologist. For it was not a moribund constitution that he overthrew, but one which was efficiently governed by decree. He won his way by the free use of political assassination, in which he is an avowed believer. "The demoniac creature with the black hair and little black moustache seems like the incarnation of all that is sinister and terrible in man, of all that he has said about the Jew."

The modern effort to establish universal peace is mainly an English effort. After the war it was a profoundly humanitarian revolt of the outraged conscience against war and hatred. The movement took unwise forms, such as the desire for 'sanctions', a method which might be used with deadly effect against ourselves. As for enforcing peace all over the world, we could do it only (if at all) by subordinating all our other interests to the one purpose of war. The idea is either disingenuous or quixotic. Nevertheless, Voigt thinks we must maintain powerful armaments against the risk of attack by Germany.

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON's *Religion and the Modern State* (1935) and *Beyond Politics* (1939) represent the point of view of an enlightened Catholic who is also well known as a historian.

Is the new relation between society and the individual the inevitable result of mechanization? The old sense of stability has been destroyed, the new State is in search of a new faith. The real cause of the evils of industrialism was the spirit which sacrificed the individual to the economic process. In a sense, capitalism and communism are paths to the same goal, the mechanization of human life. But no social system can claim the whole of human life. Nationalism without God becomes a principle of hatred and destruction.

The Great War dealt a very heavy blow to idealism, optimism, and humanitarianism; it aroused dormant instincts of cruelty

and violence. Communism has failed, except (if it be an exception) in the antiquated and pre-industrial polity of Russia. Its partial success in Spain and Mexico illustrates the same fact; quite contrary to the opinion of Marx, it has the best chance of victory in backward countries.

The strength of Fascism is in its appeal to the lower middle-class. Its chief progenitor was Sorel, though he hated the God-State, and preached the class-war. The resemblance is in Mussolini's syndicates and corporations. Russia is now under a pure State-capitalism, and the importance of the army increases. Since 1929 Roosevelt has been a kind of constitutionist dictator, and there is nothing inconceivable in a democratic totalitarianism which might be as tyrannical as Fascism.

Parliamentary democracy is possible only when parties are agreed upon essentials; it belongs to the philosophy of liberalism, the great achievements of which no unprejudiced person can deny. "The real fault of the socialists is the principle of class-war; of the Fascists their appeal to violence." The idea of the totalitarian state was advocated by Rousseau, and earlier by Hobbes. The new State resembles a religious or military Order. National feeling and class-interest, if deified, may demand human sacrifices far exceeding those of West Africa or Aztec Mexico.

The cult of nationalism had its origin not in established national States, but in Germany, Italy, and Poland. The revolution in Russia arose out of the ruins of autocracy; Italy and Spain reverted from unassimilated and exotic liberalism to the Latin tradition of authority and order. In Germany there was a tradition of military discipline and submissiveness to the State. With us, popular government must mean something more than the abolition of privilege; freedom must offer positive values, for an authoritarian government is probably more efficient than a democratic.

The last book that I shall comment on is *Ends and Means* by ALDOUS HUXLEY (1937).

Although there is an infinite diversity of opinion as to the means of social progress, the best men are really agreed as to the end which we ought to pursue. Disinterestedness is the ideal. The free man is the disinterested man. And this

supreme virtue has always been based on the belief in a spiritual reality underlying the phenomenal world and imparting to it whatever value or significance it possesses. The Gospel of Christ, for those who have understood Him best, has been a gospel of disinterestedness, and the same doctrine is found in India, in China, in the Stoics, and in Spinoza.

But instead of advancing towards this ideal goal, the peoples of the world are rapidly moving away from it. At no period has organized lying been practised so shamelessly, and the aim of the liars is the eradication of charitable feelings and decent behaviour. There has been a general retreat from monotheism to idolatry—the worship of some grotesque local divinity. Judged by the only acceptable criterion of progress, the world is in regression.

Political and economic reforms are not enough. They can bring about certain changes, but they are superficial. There must be a change in the individual will. Violence can achieve nothing except the results of violence—counter-violence, suspicion and resentment, and among the perpetrators a tendency to use more violence. A tradition of violence is formed; acts of violence are reckoned heroic and virtuous; recovery from such a condition is slow and arduous.

Since the Great War we have heard much of the necessity for "a planned society", a phrase which the Fabians used in the last century. But the truth is that the planning is designed to transmute free countries into the likeness of the dictatorships, organized for slaughter and rapine. The defence of democracy against Fascism means the transformation of democracy into Fascism.

The British sea-power was tolerated on two unwritten conditions—first, that we should keep our land army too small to threaten any continental nation, and second, that we should open our ports to foreign trade. Now we have armed ourselves to the teeth, and closed our ports, just when we have become more vulnerable than ever before. "Greater folly could scarcely be imagined."

In practice, a planned economy means not only friction with other Powers; it means our subjection to a vast, rapacious, and tenacious bureaucracy, probably much less competent than

private management. Every extension of planning activity takes the country another step towards dictatorship.

Porro, Quirites! Libertatem perdimus. Why are we in process of throwing away our most treasured possession? Huxley has a plain answer. "No country can be really well prepared for modern war unless it is governed by a tyrant, at the head of a highly trained and obedient bureaucracy. The extreme centralization of power is not only necessary if war is to be waged successfully; it is also a contributory cause of war. The State is made the instrument of an individual's manias of persecutions and grandeur."

There is thus one villain of the piece—War, mass murder organized in cold blood. It is war, and the preparations for war, which destroy liberty, stimulate senseless hatred, and fear which is unhappily not senseless; which impoverishes the world and impedes social reforms. It is war which endangers the very existence of civilization, and may not improbably plunge Europe into another dark age. "Every road towards a better state or society is blocked by war, by threats of war, by preparations for war."

The only remedy is in the growth of disinterestedness, of a super-personal consciousness "in which the subject-object relation no longer exists". This means mysticism, and Huxley accepts this conclusion without demur. The fruits of mysticism are toleration and charity. It rests on a theory of the ultimate nature of reality, a theory which is common to all the higher religions. There are absolute and eternal values, in which ultimate reality is knowable by us. To follow the good, to revere the true, to love the beautiful—this is the whole duty of man.

* * * * *

There is much agreement in all these books, which have not been chosen because they represent any one school of thought. Their authors all agree that the end of the nineteenth century marks a real *fin de siècle, ipsa clausula saeculi*, as was said sixteen hundred years ago. Some of the shibboleths of the last century are dead and buried past recall. The myth of a law of inevitable progress, which inspired so much vigorous optimism in "the century of hope", has been proved to be quite untenable.

The superstition that the ballot-box is a Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of God survives only in America. It is becoming plain that the antagonism between classes was a product of the industrial revolution in its earlier stages, and need not be a permanent evil of human society. Communism and Syndicalism are out of date, and much also of Victorian Socialism, which now exists mainly as a justification for the pillage of minorities. Romanticism, especially in sex-relations, is discredited. These are not subversive changes. They are the result of historical developments which it is not difficult to understand. They are a natural reaction against one-sided movements in an era of rapid expansion and over-confident anticipations.

But need we throw out the child with the bath-water? In this country, at any rate, our liberties are much older than the so-called industrial revolution, as old, Wordsworth tells us, as Shakespeare and Milton. Militarism is the parent of Fascism, but I cannot think that we shall be permanently militarized. Tradition is very powerful, and in England it is not only the tradition of a ruling class.

If we could be delivered from the curse of militarism, there is no reason why life should be unusually difficult for the next generation. Our population will soon be stationary, with a slight tendency to decrease, a movement rendered necessary by the progress of labour-saving inventions. There has been a great stimulus to production, so that if international rivalries once more permit a free interchange of commodities, there need be no more serious poverty. We are told that there may soon be revolutionary changes in agriculture, which will enormously increase the available quantity of food. Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley both attach great importance to the American invention of "soilless farming", which may make England independent of imported food. I do not know whether practical farmers agree with these two distinguished men of letters. The experiment has not yet been tried on a large scale.

There will undoubtedly be great social changes after the war. The geese that laid the golden eggs and the ducks that laid the silver eggs will both have had their necks wrung. Since no government will dare to make large cuts in the "social services",

which fleece the classes who will soon lose nearly all that they have, we may see inflation and the repudiation of the national debt. In any case, there will be an end of the English upper class who are half ruined already. The country house with its park is one of the few beautiful things which we have to show to the visiting foreigner, and though few would wish to introduce a semi-feudal aristocracy into a country where it does not exist, some regret will be felt at the disappearance of an institution which has meant much in English history. This change, however, was inevitable even before the outbreak of the present war. In many parts of the country hundreds of picturesque black and white cottages, built for the labouring class, have been saved from destruction by being repaired and fitted up for impecunious gentlefolk, who live happily in these cramped quarters and do their own household work. The well-born lady is generally a much better cook than the workman's wife.

There has indeed been a great change in the upper and upper-middle classes in their attitude towards money. In the last century the rewards of what Mr. Tawney calls acquisitiveness were so great that there was every inducement to make and save money. The passion for augmenting private wealth gave a character to our civilization. The coarser vices, which interfere with industry and accumulation, were discouraged, but the standards of value were vulgarized, and departed widely from the ethics of the New Testament. The poor, even when they were not oppressed, were despised, and among the upper class the "marriage-market" was a very sordid affair.

The danger now is that it may no longer be worth while for an enterprising man of business to run risks and encounter endless worries, in the attempt to make money which will be promptly confiscated by the State. Large businesses will be languidly directed by salaried managers; but the indifference of the younger generation to money—they marry cheerfully on a bungalow and a baby-Austin—is a very remarkable change, which we ought not to regret. No doubt the knowledge of methods of birth control has something to do with it, and though the scare of 'depopulation' has been absurdly exaggerated, it is most undesirable that young couples belonging to our best stocks should resolve to have no children. The nation may also lose

heavily if there is no longer a class of men who, having private means, are able to devote themselves to research in science or scholarship. There is no nation in which so much first-class intellectual work has been done by men who have not been university professors. On the other hand, State-aided education throws open the possibility of intellectual eminence to many who in the last century were excluded from it. We need have no more mute inglorious Miltons, or potential Darwins condemned by poverty to a local reputation as collectors of beetles.

To sum up, I think that those who have diagnosed our period as the end of an age have mistaken an acute fever for a constitutional malady. Civilization has had a severe shake, which, it might have been supposed, would bring a tottering social order to the ground. If Marx and his disciples had been right, Western capitalism could not have survived the shock of the Great War. It staggered, but recovered its equilibrium except in countries where industrialism has never taken root. The Great War cost us ten thousand millions in unproductive expenditure, and a million lives; but ten years after the armistice there was more money in the country, and a larger population, than in 1914. It is instructive to compare the diagnosis of our modern social physicians with the equally pessimistic predictions of our ablest publicists in the years between 1820 and 1850. These lugubrious estimates were continued till the very eve of the most remarkable outburst of prosperity that England has ever known. I certainly do not expect that the middle of this present century will see anything like the heyday of Victorian England; the present year has destroyed any such hopes; but the tendency to regard revolutions as permanent breaches in the continuity of civilization must be discounted. As for those who welcome such shocks as harbingers of a better social order, I think that the critics whose views I have summarized are right in saying that revolutionary programmes have been discredited by the course of events.

The abandonment of democracy on the greater part of the European continent is perhaps more significant than the economic crisis. In part, this is the necessary consequence of militarism; but not entirely. Von Sybel prophesied long ago that universal suffrage would sound the death-knell of

parliamentary government. Democracy is the artificial equality of unequals; and when 'the people' is not the nation, but the largest and least educated class, it is inevitable that party politics degenerate into competitive mass-bribery. There can be no consistency in foreign policy, which is blown hither and thither by gusts of popular sentiment, excited to frenzy by propaganda. Aristocrats like Wellington and Castlereagh, after the Napoleonic War, guided the country much more wisely and moderately than Lloyd George and his colleagues. Castlereagh wrote to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool, who was in favour of harsher measures against France: "It is not our business to collect trophies, but to bring back the world to peaceful habits. The more I reflect upon it, the more I deprecate this system of scratching such a Power (as France). We may hold her down and pare her nails so that many years shall pass away before she can again wound us. But this system of being pledged to a continental war for objects that France may one day reclaim from the particular States that hold them, without pushing her demands beyond what she would contend was due to her own honour is, I am sure, bad British policy." It is indeed very bad British policy.

All forms of government are bad, and we are perhaps not likely to give up democracy in favour of any obvious alternative. But the superstitious glamour which still surrounds the name in America has almost faded away with us. As Bernard Shaw says, a satisfactory anthropometric method in politics has yet to be discovered. Some check on the *arbitrium popularis aurae* is obviously desirable. To give the power of the purse to a class which pays no taxes can only lead to a reckless policy of plunder and extravagance. Nor can it be seriously contended that the kind of men who rise to power under a democracy are likely to be those who can be trusted to govern the country wisely. We have yet to experience the result of giving unchecked power to trade-union officials and blatant demagogues.

(Concluded)

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

1.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

IT is still rash to forecast with confidence Germany's military policy for this year. If it were not for economic factors her position is so strong that she might well elect to remain on the defensive indefinitely, hoping to impose on the Allies the necessity of either taking the offensive under unfavourable conditions, or of agreeing to peace terms tantamount to defeat. She would still have ample reserves of force to carry out offensive operations against the Northern or Eastern countries over which she desires to exercise absolute control. She can be attacked only on the frontage between the Rhine and the Moselle unless the neutral States on either flank gave passage to the allied armies; this, we must assume, they will never do unless they themselves are attacked by Germany. On such a narrow strongly defended front, and with the possibility of surprise excluded, the chances of an allied offensive proving decisively successful would be small. Even if the Siegfried position could be overrun there would still be the bulk of the German Army behind it. That in its simplest form is the purely military strategical situation; but, of course, it is complicated by economic factors. Can Germany with her economic life undermined by the blockade remain on the defensive? From the tone of the speeches of the Nazi leaders about Christmas time it would certainly seem that the economic pressure of the blockade is already acutely felt. But is it enough to force Germany to abandon her strong defensive position and to embark on an offensive policy which the growing strength of the Allies makes increasingly dangerous? So long as she could have reasonable hopes of obtaining supplies from Russia and the Danubian countries, and could rely on the friendly co-

operation of Italy in the economic field, there were obviously strong arguments in favour of a defensive policy. If an offensive course had been chosen it would probably have been dictated more by the ingrained offensive instincts of the German General Staff and confidence in the quality of their army and air force than by cool calculation of the chances of success. In that event it seems probable that the German air force would have been used exclusively in furtherance of the action of the army, especially as there would then be little risk of exposing the civil population to air reprisals, and even in the case of failure it would still have been possible to continue the war defensively.

Has Russia's war in Finland affected the alternatives open to Germany? Obviously it must have greatly diminished the prospects of getting economic relief from Russia. It would seem to have stiffened the attitude of the Danubian States and rendered that of Italy less markedly friendly. The Scandinavian countries are whole-heartedly with Finland to the extent of giving her substantial help. Altogether as long as the Finnish war goes on Germany's economic outlook is not likely to improve so far as it depends on supplies obtained from neutrals. If that is so there is a greater probability of her being forced to adopt an offensive policy in the West. Will she, rather than follow so dangerous a course, try to improve her position by taking steps to bring the Finnish war to an end? If she could persuade Russia to accept a rebuff and to call off the Finnish war it would no doubt be to her best interests. Russia would at any rate then be in a better position to afford her supplies, and the neutral States would be conciliated. To pose as a peacemaker would be good propaganda. It is hardly conceivable that Stalin would agree to such a course unless Hitler offered a substantial inducement. But what can he offer? It is clear that Stalin looks for another solution and expects his partner to help him to crush the Finns. The mere threat of German assistance might achieve that object but it certainly would further antagonize the neutral States. It would be even less helpful to Germany if the Finns refused to yield to threats and she were forced to intervene actively. No doubt, without making any great effort, she could help Russia

to overrun Finland but would it bring a compensating reward or improve her economic position? It might embroil her with the Scandinavian Powers and though she might be able to spare sufficient forces to overcome resistance, it would mean the loss of material she receives from them as neutrals for a time. I confess I find it hard to believe that Germany, though she may use threats, will actually resort to force either against Finland or the Scandinavian countries with a view to getting economic relief. An attack on Rumania in order to get complete control of her products is perhaps less improbable. That, however, might lead to serious entanglements in view of the somewhat changed attitude of Rumania's neighbours.

The conclusion I draw in the present involved situation is that unless Germany can successfully mediate between Finland and Russia she will be compelled for economic reasons to abandon hope of fighting a defensive war in the west, and must accept the risk of taking an offensive initiative. Whether she will consider the chances of achieving victory with her army less good now that the strength of the Allies has so greatly increased, and will in consequence turn to the idea of unrestricted air warfare, seems open to question. In the latter case she might employ her army mainly with the object of making air attack on Britain more effective. That is to say she might use it to secure possession of Holland and Belgium without risking an attack on the Maginot Line. Thereby she might also hope to draw large forces of the Allies out of their fortified positions in order to support the Dutch and Belgian Armies. No doubt she would prefer that to meeting them on ground of their own selection.

I do not believe that it will be long before we know what Germany means to do, for though she might like to wait to see the outcome of the war in Finland there is the growing strength of the Allies to consider. Hitler will continue to threaten the smaller neutrals, but that to the Low Countries is, I think, the only threat likely to be carried into effect in the present stage of the war.

Finland's series of victories has been so remarkable that there is perhaps a tendency to attribute them to the inefficiency of the Russians more than to the tactical genius of the Finns and the

generalship shown by their leaders. The power of modern weapons admittedly favours defence and the temptation to rely on defensive action is great, particularly to the numerically weaker side. The Finns have, however, shown the truth of the doctrine, so well illustrated by Stonewall Jackson, that numerical inferiority is no bar to offensive tactics. In extreme cases, such as in guerilla warfare, success of the weaker side depends entirely on looking for and seizing opportunities for attack. I have little doubt that the Finns' use of the offensive is largely due to Mannerheim's teaching and example however much they may have a natural instinct in that direction. Like all good fighters the Finns have shown that they can stand stubbornly on the defensive when, as in the Karelian Isthmus, the situation demands it. There they have apparently earned a well deserved respite and the Russian failures must have resulted in desperately heavy casualties.

Immediately north of Lake Ladoga in spite of Finnish victories the Russians appear to persist in attacks, presumably in the hopes of eventually turning the Mannerheim position. So far they have had little success and the Finns continue to strike back. It is, however, I think, a theatre of vital importance as affecting the main Finnish army's position, and it offers the Russians several roads to facilitate their movements. Further north the Finnish victory in the Suomussalmi neighbourhood was of a decisive character—pressure in that direction is not likely to be renewed for some time though the Russians have apparently a branch railway to Uhtua which might assist them eventually to concentrate a fresh force.

Between Salla and Kemijarvi the situation is more critical. The distance to the Murmansk railway is short and there is a serviceable road to Kemijarvi. At one time the Finns, having driven back the first Russian thrust, threatened to surround it and cut its communications. The Russians, however, brought up a fresh division and advanced again. The Finns evidently have not given up hopes of effecting another coup but presumably they have an advanced base at the Kemijarvi railhead and its capture would be serious. The railway without rolling stock would not be of much assistance to the Russians. More serious, however, would be the threat to Rovaniemi

where the Arctic road to Petsamo starts. Rovaniemi is evidently the base both for the Finns' Salla force and for their troops at Petsamo. It must be the first chief Russian objective and their Petsamo force appears to have started on a new drive south towards it, presumably hoping to co-operate with the force from Salla. There are in fact more indications of generalship in these Russian moves than is apparent elsewhere. Any check, however, to either of the Russian columns would have serious consequences for them owing to their long lines of communication subject to harassing action and possible interruption by weather conditions.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

“DO not be deceived into imagining that Time is working for us. Time is neutral and will be on the side of the strongest. We must annex it.”

M. Reynaud spoke those words opportunely. There has been too much complacent acceptance of the belief that Time works for the Allies. Time is, as he said, neutral : but it is also unforgiving to those who misuse or lose it. Lost time can rarely be recovered in war for it means lost opportunity which never recurs. To allow ourselves to sit still in the comfortable belief that we are cutting off some 45 per cent. of the 63 million pounds' worth of Germany's foreign trade, and to wait, like a terrier outside a rat's hole, for an inevitable surrender in the course of time is a grievous error.

We do well to cast our eyes upon the book of experience. In many of our past great wars we have isolated, or partially isolated, our enemy by sea. But it has not been that isolation alone which brought eventual victory. It has been the fact that the enemy was deeply engaged in military operations on the continent, and it was the continuation of the burdensome cost of his military campaigns and the impossibility of replenishing his military resources that made sea-power so effective as an instrument.

There are, in fact, three great elements in a struggle of the character of that in which we are now engaged : the protection of our existing trade and that of our allies ; the destruction of the oceanic trade of the enemy ; and the extension of our own export trade.

If we look at the Napoleonic wars we see that, though France, after Trafalgar, was largely cut off from the sea, and after 1808 Napoleon's hopes at Tilsit of building up a great continental Navy, were dissipated, French exports actually increased with the Continental Powers. By every means French goods were pushed into the European markets : while at the same time the

British ministers, recognizing the financial dangers to this country, used every possible means, from smuggling to oversea expeditions, to find and develop new markets for British goods without which it would have been impossible to continue the struggle.

That struggle was, in its final essence, one of endurance, a contest of staying power, begun by France “without a single reliable ally in Europe to support us, in a Europe, moreover, that had been terrified and disgusted by our extortions and encroachments which left no interests unchallenged.”* The resemblance to the Germany of to-day, hated and feared by all, without a single reliable ally, is notable : but no less notable is the fact that Napoleon was able to hold out against the British sea-power from 1805-1812 ; that Britain herself suffered an industrial crisis, with unemployment and threats of revolution ; and that she owed her own safety, and Europe its liberation, largely to the two grand errors of Napoleon—the Peninsular war and the attempt to force Russia into the continental system, which ruined her merchants and led directly to the disaster of 1812.

Staying power has played its part in many ways in our wars. Fear that the burden was becoming too great has, on more than one occasion, hastened the country into a premature peace. The Lord Sandwich of 1748 warned Anson that though expense was being urged as a reason for making peace, where had the same reasoning left the country at the end of Queen Anne's war ? Had not the premature peace been the cause of all the subsequent wars of the century ? It was better to hold on in the race between a financial crash in England and a social upheaval in France resulting from hunger and commercial distress. Time, in other words, was neutral. If we wish it to incline its favours to ourselves we must increase our own staying power by expansion in our export trade and decrease that of the enemy by making his trading with those nations which are untouched by sea power as difficult as possible.

What the coming months have in store for us at sea can only be a matter of guesswork. The River Plate battle removed a threat, and the action taken in neutral countries against German supply ships and at sea has made Germany's cruiser

*Napoleon and Talleyrand, by Emile Dard, p. 60.

warfare increasingly difficult. We cannot, however, suppose that further attempts will not be made at oceanic sporadic warfare either by means of men-of-war or armed vessels. Though she possessed no base abroad, during the war of 1914-1918, armed merchant ships like the *Möwe* and *Wolf* were able to make long cruises in the Atlantic and Indian oceans; but the injury they did was slight; and to-day, with the improved measures of convoy and the intense hostility which Germany has aroused in many nations by her policy and conduct, it will be more difficult both to make successful attacks on shipping and to obtain the necessary supplies from neutral sources.

We do well to expect a renewal of the submarine campaign which has unquestionably lulled owing to the heavy losses sustained. New craft will be coming into service, manned by new crews. There is no reason to suppose they will do better than their predecessors. To what shifts Germany is now reduced in order to keep up the spirits of her people, is shown, perhaps, by her latest essay in frightfulness, wherein, in order to regain their confidence she has sent her airmen to attack fishing vessels and even lightships in the North Sea, garnishing her reports of their action with accounts of engagements with British auxiliary and outpost ships. We are reminded in this description of the trawlers whom she has bombed and machine gunned, of the behaviour of the Russian fleet in the celebrated Dogger Bank action, when the fishing fleet took the form in Russian eyes of Japanese torpedo boats. But whereas that was a mere error of fright and incompetence, the German attacks are deliberate. By no possibility can a trawler with her trawls down be mistaken for a mine sweeper or scout. Strategically, this form of warfare is futile, so futile that one is led to the belief that some amateur in war is directing the German naval campaign: if there is one obvious and unmistakable sign of amateurishness it is the employment of force upon operations which have no influence upon the course of the war other than the arousing of hostility and hatred. The bombardments of coastal towns in the late war may have had the object attributed to them by Dr. Rosinski in his article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* last month—that of bringing about actions with inferior British naval forces. But these aerial murders have not even that

possible intention: for no sooner do British fighter aircraft make their appearance than the bombers make off with all haste into the clouds. The object is in fact no more than terrorism: a particularly foolish form of pressure to attempt upon the seafaring people of this country.

It is indeed interesting to compare the behaviour of Blake and Tromp, in dealing with the fishing industry in the seventeenth century, with that of the German paladins of to-day. Those English and Dutch commanders treated the fishermen with kindness, sending them back to harbour unharmed after warning them not to fish in prohibited areas: and the same generosity was shown to the French boats fishing in the Channel which were exempted from the general seizure of shipping provided they did not act improperly. Though, later in the war of 1652-54, fishing craft were taken into harbour, mainly in order to deprive the enemy of the crews for manning their fleets, no act was done to the men resembling the brutal behaviour which we have seen used by the German aircraft: and it was against the fighting ships which guarded the fishing fleet that Blake ordered action—again a direct contrast to the flight of the German aircraft from the British fighters when they appear upon the scene of bombings.

To summarize the situation at sea. The first German cruiser campaign, and the submarine campaign have both failed to achieve their objects; the mines, though causing losses are being mastered; and the aircraft, unable to achieve any results against the navy, has had to have recourse to despicable and unfruitful attacks upon unarmed fishing and coastal craft.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE air phase of the war has been brisking up of late and, although we ourselves have not brought our bombers into use as yet, the enemy is gradually developing a species of attack that is altogether new. This is a considered series of attacks by air on shipping in which the bomb is supplemented by machine-gun fire. It began with assaults on units of the fishing fleet and several hapless trawlers went in that manner to their doom to the accompaniment of vociferated protests from the press and pulpit, while the Prime Minister himself took the opportunity to denounce such wanton outrage. At first sight it does indeed seem as if the enemy had discarded his last vestige of humanity. The men were engaged in a peaceful occupation and, in some instances, individuals among them had not hesitated to rescue Nazi bomber crews from a watery grave after the destruction of their aircraft. It is a poor and unchivalrous return! It is also, of course, against the laws of war. But those laws have been broken universally by the enemy in the conduct of their war at sea, and, given that one brutal, staring fact as the standard of behaviour one can see a certain barbarous logic in this their latest example of unscrupulousness. Every laden trawler, for instance, is a contribution to the problem of our food supply, judged by the enemy to be our most exposed flank.

Much more serious in the sense of intrinsic loss is the now developing Nazi habit of attacking larger ships from the air, so that to their natural enemies, the mine and torpedo, is added the bomb. It is surprising, when the matter is faced squarely, that the Nazi Air Staff have neglected this extension of the use of aircraft for so long. For as long as the informal bombing truce exists between the opposed air forces, so that the bombers are held in leash until one side or the other breaks the pact, so long

will the enemy have at disposal an immense surplus of bombing energy. There is no question of distances being too great for the Heinkels and the Dorniers. Aircraft which can lightly undertake reconnaissances as far afield as the Orkneys and the Shetlands could quarter the North Sea waste of water, in search of victims, as hounds go through a covert, singling out their prey with the vulture vision of a Condor of the Andes. It is strange indeed that Germany's large bomber fleet has been hitherto allowed to eat its head off, like hunters in a frost, rather than be sent out on these destructive North Sea missions against our own and neutral shipping, so helpless when thus attacked unless in a convoy. Can it be explained on the score of an acute petrol shortage, a relic of the Polish campaign so wastefully conducted from the air?

There is little doubt, however, that after a few notable successes in this field of endeavour the enemy will redouble his effort, while we, for our part, must tighten up our convoy regulations and further develop the system of air escort for the convoys. We also have surplus fighter strength to play with, so long as the air attacks on England do not culminate.

Meanwhile, as and when the sinking of ships by bomb becomes a major Nazi enterprise we find ourselves again at that disadvantage which our peculiar circumstance confers. In other words we cannot answer back, and this for the simple reason that, to all intents and purposes, there is no shipping belonging to the enemy for us to sink. Even if there were it is more than doubtful whether we would avail ourselves of the opportunity. We insist in standing before the world as knights in shining armour and, in the long run, provided that we keep our end up, that attitude of righteousness may well be beneficial as well as merely redounding to our credit. But in the interim, and while the weary war drags on, we must look to hard knocks as the price of our forbearance. Both sides are stripped and in the ring, but our opponent uses the principle of all-in wrestling while we abide by the strict rules of the game. It is magnificent, but is it war?

The unfortunate fact is that we shall never be otherwise than on the defensive in the air until the bombing ban is lifted. That is not to detract from the value, both material and moral, of our

minor air offensives over the Frisian Islands, the Bight of Heligoland and nearby vicinities. But those courageous enterprises must be considered in relation to the war at sea, separately compartmented, for they are solely preventive in their origin and are for the relief of shipping rather than part of a general policy of the air. What is meant is that, whereas the enemy's bombing objectives are numerous and widespread over the surface of the sea, ours are closely confined to a small and well-protected area. He can strew his bombs at will, but we can make no adequate rejoinder and, insofar as that condition continues to obtain, the air phase of the war will remain a one-sided affair. With stalemate on the ground and a mutual restraint above, which yet leaves the enemy free to conduct a harassing offensive against our weakest flank, the traffic of our cargo vessels, the attrition process, however slow, goes steadily against us.

Who will be the first to break this curious and shadowy arrangement not to bomb inland cannot be foretold. But if we continue to regard the German populace as unhappy victims of the war, instead of as participants with eager hope of victory, it is much more likely to be the enemy than ourselves, in which case he retains the initiative in this respect as well. It is, in any case, doubly certain that he would attempt the destruction of our capital from the air, and the dislocation of our Midlands industry, once he succeeded in emerging on the North Sea coast after a successful invasion of the Low Countries. Military strategists comfort themselves and their readers with the reflection that even so the west extension of the Maginot Line would render France secure. So indeed it might, but that fact will not operate to prevent in any way a series of sustained air offensives over England, and it seems as if we must wait upon the enemy's convenience before our bombers get to work.

TOUGH GUY

By LLOYD SMITH

JESSIE stood in the big oak doorway. She was soft and black and desirable—as soft and black and desirable as a night on the Mississippi. And the little black jockey, looking at her with wide, black eyes, felt that he had missed his boat.

They called him Tough Guy. He laughed a little contemptuously to himself. But maybe he wasn't so tough after all. What had he done anyway? He had done some crazy dangerous things and got away with them. But he hadn't done what he really wanted to do. He wasn't tough enough for that.

And maybe this girl could tell him a thing or two. She worked for Michael Brand—she opened the door and served the drinks—but she wasn't part of Michael Brand's world. The Tough Guy could see that in a glance. Michael Brand was one of the most suspicious owners on the race-track—but there wasn't anything suspicious about Jessie.

And maybe she could tell them all a thing or two. All the suspicious owners and trainers—and all the suspicious jockeys—who drank strong whisky and patted themselves on the back and spent long futile hours in the smoky futile saloons—and didn't know that they had all missed their boat.

* * * * *

The little negro jockey started his career somewhere along the banks of the Mississippi twenty-one years ago. His mother, who was big and black, wanted him to be a success so she gave him two things—a name, James Byron Johnson or something like that—and the bitterness which is the heritage of every black man.

He lost the name in the saloons of Harlem before he was ten, but he didn't lose the bitterness. Harlem brought that closer

to him. It made his mother's bedtime stories vivid and real and understandable.

Now he was just Tough Guy—the little black jockey who was as clever at losing a race as he was at winning one. The little black guy with the black bowler hat and the black cigar whom nobody trusted and of whom everybody was afraid.

He got the title when he half-killed the white boy who called him nigger, and then hit the policeman who arrested him. He did three years in an industrial school for that. When he returned to the streets at the age of fourteen he had a reputation to live up to. So he started smoking cigars and hating everything and everyone in sight.

He found hating easy—it seemed to be right in his line. He found it particularly easy to hate men who tried to be tough but couldn't take the consequences.

Michael Brand, for instance—he found it particularly easy to hate Michael Brand.

The man was a crook—there was no doubt about that. Everyone knew he was a crook—the tough guy knew he was a crook—but no one had the proof.

That's what burned the little jockey up. He didn't mind a man living dangerously—breaking the rules of the game. That was all right, that was what he liked. That was exciting and bitter and tough. But Brand wasn't tough. Oh no, he was quite safe hiding himself from the world behind the big oak door. He was just a sleek little trickster that didn't get caught.

It wasn't tough to take the rake-off and let someone else take the consequences. And the little black jockey with the big black cigar didn't like it a bit.

* * * *

As soon as Jessie opened the door and saw the tough guy standing there she decided she liked the look of him. She didn't say anything, Jessie wasn't like that. She was just the little negress who opened the door and served the drinks. She didn't talk much and showed her feelings less. But nevertheless she had feelings—very definite feelings.

And the tough guy liked her too. Her blackness was a touch of friendliness he had not expected to find in that place.

He liked her soft wavy hair. He liked her soft dreaming eyes. And he liked her soft resonant voice.

"Yo' wants to see Mistah Brand?"

The tough guy took the bowler hat from his head and the cigar from his mouth. He smiled as brightly as he could—he wasn't used to smiling—and nodded.

"Mistah Brand is expectin' me", he said.

She hesitated. "Yo' mean yo' knows Mistah Brand?"

He nodded.

The idea occurred to him that maybe Jessie knew more about the little man in the house than she might be supposed to know.

Her eyes swept searchingly from his neat little feet to his curly black hair. They lingered for a moment on the bowler hat that was too hard and shiny and the cigar that was too big and black.

Maybe she was going to warn him about Brand—maybe she was going to tell him that the less he had to do with that guy the better. But all she said was "This way please." She said it sadly. And when she preceded him through the spacious hall she walked sadly. He knew what she was thinking.

"Another sucker—that's all. Just another sucker swallowing the bait and walking right into the trap. Just another sucker—listening to wild stories and walking right into Mr. Brand's study."

The tough guy didn't like the idea of the little negress thinking he was a sucker. And he didn't like the idea of her feeling sad because of him either. He wasn't troubled much with thoughtful feelings—he didn't have them very often. But this one was very definite. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Listen honey", he said slowly—she turned her black eyes on his—"Yo' don' need to feel sorry 'count o' me. Ah's 'quainted with this guy—Ah know what Ah's walking into."

* * * *

The tough guy came into the room slowly and closed the door behind him. He stood, hat in hand, looking at Brand. The owner's eyes rose to meet him. They were small grey eyes that were at the same time piercing and shifty. The tough guy looked from them to the small sharp features and the small

flashily dressed body. Brand was seated behind a big polished desk looking like an important business man.

The little negro put the cigar back in his mouth and the hat back on his head and sauntered over to the desk. He felt good and he didn't know quite why. Maybe it was because of what he was going to do to Brand. Maybe it was because he couldn't help thinking of Jessie—he liked thinking of Jessie.

"It sho' would be nice if yo 't' pervide me wif a seat", he said, his rich Mississippi voice rolling the words out softly and slowly.

Brand was irritated. His small eyes rose swiftly to the jockey's face. "I'm not here to be nice," he said curtly, "I'm here to do business. If you're interested in business O.K.—if not you can get the hell out of here."

The tough guy smiled to himself. He wasn't sure whether he was altogether interested in business or not.

"Cute li'l lady yo' got to welcome yo' guests," he said. "Ah sho' would like to make dat gal's acquaintance. What's her name?"

Brand rose to his feet hesitantly. Like the rest of them he was afraid of the tough guy. He felt uneasy and hadn't the faintest idea how to handle the situation.

The jockey waved him to his seat and pulled a chair up to the desk for himself.

"O.K." he said condescendingly, "let's yo'n' me do some business. Course ah'd sooner be sociable, but if business is what yo' want then business it's gotta be—an' if business ain't excitin' enough—guess I can always get de hell out of here."

The tough guy was enjoying himself. He puffed languidly on his big black cigar, his hat perched at an impertinent angle on his round black head.

"But that would be a pity, cause yo'n' me both knows you can't get along without me. The' ain't nobody else could crowd de favourite and get away wif it. If I declines to offeh my 'sistance yo' sho'ly will be in a tough spot, Brand."

The tough guy laughed and leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied expression on his face. Brand was fidgeting restlessly. His eyes were watching the jockey as though he were a big black avalanche poised above him, ready to roll and crush him out of existence.

"O.K. tough guy", he said. "We know you're good all right—what are your terms?"

The jockey puffed his cigar and looked thoughtful,

"Yo' desires me to ride Midnight in de Atlin Stakes?" he said slowly. Brand nodded.

"An' yo' desires dat Big Noise win de Atlin Stakes?"

Brand took his cigar from his mouth and leaned forward. "Big Noise has got to win the Atlin Stakes".

The tough guy puffed his cigar and looked thoughtful.

"Ranton's one de bes' horses dat ever came out of an American stable." He pushed the bowler hat farther back on his head. "Ranton's de only horse in de race. Ah knows that—yo' know that—they all know that. An' yo' askin' me to crowd him out of it wifout them knowing what's happening?"

"You've done it before."

"Judges all oveh the place—stands packed wif people holding tickets on de favourite—sho' I've done it befo'."

"And you'll do it again?"

"Sho' I'll do it again."

Brand looked relieved.

The tough guy was leaning calmly back in his chair, an indefinite smile playing about the corners of his thick lips.

"What makes yo' think yo' can trust me?" he said, looking at Brand intently.

The little man's face seemed sharper and narrower than ever. He leaned forward, his arms folded on the desk. "Listen, tough guy", he said quietly, his eyes steady for the first time during the interview, "as far as we are concerned this racing business is a dangerous racket. Sure they're after me. But they're after you too. Don't make any mistake about that. It's O.K. while we're on top, while we're smart enough to dodge them—but by God if we ever make a slip it'll all be over."

"What do yo' mean, 'it'll all be over'?" The negro's voice was contemptuous. "Cowardly little rat", he thought, "tough to a point all right—but after that just as scared as the rest of them."

He dropped his cigar butt and watched the smoke curling languidly upward for a moment. Then he ground the butt into the polished floor with his heel and went on talking.

"It's lak this: I haven't got a lot o' money to lose de way yo' have. An' I haven't got a reputation to lose de way yo' have—Ah been up fo' three years already—guess ah can take it all right. An' racin' ain't so important to me as it is to you. Been thinkin' a bit of gettin' me a wife an' settlin' down somewheres along de Mississippi. Raise a bunch o' kids maybe an' bring them up to be good American citizens."

"Cut the comedy," said Brand.

The tough guy lit another cigar and looked thoughtful. "Yes sir," he said slowly, "Think ah'll do that ve'y thing."

"Do what?"

"Git married an' go souf. Maybe raise a bunch of kids."

"What the hell has that got to do with the race?"

"Jes this," said the tough guy getting slowly to his feet, "it doesn't matter to me if ah do get caught. It'd mean permanent suspension—but what does that matter. I ain't interested in racing any mo'. Ah wouldn't go to jail. You would but ah wouldn't—ah'd jes be through wif racin'."

Brand had risen too and crossed to where the jockey was standing by the window. He looked taller when he was standing and he had an ominous expression on his face.

"So you don't think you'd go to jail?" he said with a sneer in his voice.

"Oh no," said the tough guy with a careless wave of his cigar, "I won't go to jail. But they got enough on you to put yo' way till you've fo'gotten what a racetrack looks lak. All they need is jes one little piece of certain proof—jes one little slip—an' one of these days yo' goin' to make it."

"Yes—maybe one of these days I will," said the owner with a smile the tough guy didn't like. "But I haven't made one yet, and I guess that's where I've got you beaten."

The tough guy was puzzled.

Brand crossed to his desk. "I've got a little yellow envelope here," he said quietly. "Maybe you remember it—maybe the only slip you ever made—but as you say, one slip is enough."

The jockey remembered all right. He remembered with a shock. This was something he had not expected. That envelope would mean more than suspension if it ever got out of the owner's desk.

"Say it wif flowers—Say it wif drink—But whateveh yo' do don' say it wif ink." He mused.

"Exactly," said Brand.

The jockey shrugged his shoulders. "O.K." he said simply, "Ah guess yo' win."

* * * * *

The tough guy was mounted high on Midnight, the big brown three year old. He paraded the horse past the stands, his small round head looking very black above the bright white and green of the Brand stables.

"Well, tough guy," he thought to himself, "they may not know it, but they's gwine to see a great race." He felt the big horse moving slowly and rhythmically beneath him. "What yo' say, Midnight—let's you'n m'e put on a show fo' them." His thick black lips parted in a smile revealing the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

"The tough guy ridin' his las' race," he mused. "Ridin' clear out de race track—maybe ridin' right behind de bars." He wondered vaguely just what the little yellow envelope would mean. Maybe ten years, maybe twenty—no way of knowing. But whatever it was it would be the end of all this. No more crowded stands, no more excited cheering, no more flying colours, no more pounding hoofs.

"The tough guy in a blaze of glory—one grand exit—an' den—" he paused in his thinking, "den dey won't be any tough guy—dey'll on'y be a number—a number all dressed in striped close on de rock pile—an' after dat—" he paused again "after de number dey'll be James Byron Johnston an' Jessie an' de Mississippi."

For the last time he brought his mount to the barrier. For the last time he heard the bell and the whirr of the tapes—heard the old familiar roar of the stands—music that would not ring in his ears again. He had no regrets—he gripped the big horse with his knees and held the rein tightly. He thought of Jessie and the Mississippi—just the little black girl and the river—and he felt good.

He saw it rolling—the Mississippi wide and silent. Rolling slowly and inevitably through the south. Rolling through the white fields of cotton—rolling through the black fields of cotton

pickers. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to be one of them—one of the black cotton pickers—black with the burning sun of Africa—black with the hatred and bitterness that, like the Mississippi, had rolled slowly and inevitably through many generations.

The field swept round the first bend closely bunched together. He felt Midnight straining for her head—he held the rein tightly.

"Just a moment, old girl, the show isn't starting yet. In a moment or two maybe, but not yet." He eased the mare into an easy position on the rails. Big Noise was a length in front, then there came a big grey horse from Kentucky—the white clad jockey lying on his back looked small and grotesque—and on the outside, striding easily, waiting its time, came Ranton. The quick blue eyes of his rider flashed over the field occasionally, then fixed themselves intently on the track. The jockey was smiling. Ranton was a racing certainty.

The tough guy thought of Jessie and felt good. He remembered her soft, full voice and her black flashing eyes as they had been when they were together after the interview with Brand. He remembered how good they had felt together. And he had talked of marriage and children for the first time in his life. Marriage and the Mississippi—and it had felt good and natural. And he remembered how bitter they had felt when they talked of Brand and the little yellow envelope in the desk.

But Jessie had been different—she was bitter all right—but she was bitter in a different way. He was bitter and he wanted revenge. She was bitter but she didn't want revenge. She didn't want to get her hands on things and tear them apart as he did. She only wanted the opportunity to live decently and happily and constructively. And they called him tough guy. Well, maybe he wasn't so tough after all—maybe he wasn't half so tough as the little black girl who opened the door and served the drinks. The little black girl who knew what it meant to be black, and still wanted to do something good in the world.

But it was something in his blood—it was part of him and he couldn't help it.

The closely bunched field was nearing the stretch. Ranton was still in the same position riding easily, the jockey still

smiling. The tough guy had moved up to fourth place. There was no doubt or hesitation in his mind. He knew what he was going to do.

The mare was pulling on the rein, the pace was quickening. Ranton was still waiting—there would be a moment or two yet.

The jockey was talking half aloud, half to himself. "Might have got away wif suspension—but not now—not while Brand has dat envelope—but it won't be de fus' time. An' what's it mattah if I fo'get what a racetrack looks lak—I'll not forget de Mississippi. But befo' dat dey's something I've got to get out o' mah system . . ."

They swung into the stretch closely bunched. Big Noise was still holding the lead—the big grey horse from Kentucky was following—the jockey still tiny and grotesque. Ranton was still waiting.

The little negro loosened his grip on the rail and swung the horse to the outside. "O.K. Midnight," he said softly, "Yo' 'n' me's on our way." In a flash they were abreast of Ranton. The little black jockey was more excited than he had been in his life. There was only the cool rush of the air on his face, and in his ears the pounding of hoofs—and in his mind the Mississippi, slow and wide—and Jessie soft and black and desirable.

He was second now with the huge Kentucky horse looming like a shadow at his saddle. Something swelled in his veins and his heart was thumping wildly—its pounding mingling strangely with the pounding hoofs. With all his strength he swung the horse towards the rail. The bitterness in him swept him on like an avalanche—on through the path of the big grey horse from Kentucky.

* * * * *

The tough guy pushed the bowler hat back on his head and blew a huge puff of black smoke into the room. It drifted slowly toward the window—slowly like a sign of danger toward the polished desk and the polished little men in the white suit who sat behind it.

Brand's hands were shuffling papers nervously. His eyes rose to meet the calm, swaggering figure of the jockey, they swept round the room searchingly, then back to the jockey again. He didn't say a word.

The tough guy walked with an air of calm superiority toward the desk. He thought of Jessie and felt good.

"It sho' would be nice of yo' to offer me a seat," he said.

The owner put down the papers and gripped the edge of his desk. "I don't like the way you're acting." His voice was anything but steady.

"Oh!" said the jockey.

"What the hell happened out there?"

"Yo' didn' see de race? Dat's too bad—it sho was exciting." Brand rose to his feet. The tough guy motioned him down again. "Now don' you be gettin' all excited," he said. "Big Noise won all right. Guess yo'll get yo' money..." The jockey paused and dropped into the chair beside the window—"seems as the's a little misunderstanding though."

"What are you talking about?"

"They were flyin' de objection flag when I lef' de track," said the tough guy with a careless wave of his cigar. "Somebody mus' have de idea de race wasn't on de level. So't of unreasonable, don' you think—but dat's de way some people are. Of co'se two or three of 'em did pile up, so't of—but afteh all—accidents will happen." The tough guy laughed.

"So you double crossed me?" Brand's voice was lifeless. He looked at the tough guy from eyes that were bitter and hopeless. Perhaps he had always known it would come to this—only his terrible fear had forced him to adopt the air of pride and smugness that till now had so completely surrounded him. But now it had gone—not a trace of it remained.

The tough guy puffed his cigar and watched the owner cowering. He felt good. He felt as though his mission in life had been accomplished and now he was free to sit back and view with satisfaction the completeness of his work.

He rose to his feet, flicking his cigar ash onto the polished floor. "Sho Ah double-crossed yo'," he said, "An' in a little while dey'll be comin' to get you—all on account of me." He smiled. "An' den dey'll be comin' to get me—all 'count of you an' dat envelope. But befo' dey get here dey's a little matteh ah wants to 'tend to—"

Brand half rose, then slipped helplessly back into his chair. The tough guy laughed and closed the door quietly behind him.

The little black figure walked slowly, hat in hand, his small feet sinking into the deep grass. There was no cigar in his mouth now—he found more satisfaction in the taste of the cool sweet air. No black cigar—no black bowler hat—no tough guy. Only James Byron Johnston waiting for one last moment with the only girl he knew.

Waiting with the warm south wind on his face for one last moment of softness and blackness—knowing that some day the moment would be forever—knowing with a thrill of satisfaction that, though it were twenty years, it would be worth waiting for—knowing with a pang of longing that, though it were only six months, it would seem like a century.

"Done bus' dat rock boys, in de middle of de mo'nin',

On de way to de jail boys—yes, back to de jail."

For the first time he began to wonder if waiting would be possible—if he hadn't made a mistake after all—if maybe it would have been better to let his hatred smoulder until it faded out beside the slow placid river.

But the girl behind him had no doubts. She knew what it meant to be black. She knew he had taken the only road he knew. There was something in his system that he had to get rid of. And now it was gone and they were free to do what they wanted to do, to go where they wanted to be.

Yes, now—not five years, not ten years—but now.

He wakened from his dreaming with a start. He felt the soft arms around his shoulders and opened his eyes to see the soft black fingers playing with a little envelope.

NEUTRAL BELGIUM

BY BETTY BARZIN

KING Leopold's decision, in October, 1936, to withdraw from the former Allied *bloc* was as much the outcome of a gradual disappointment in the foreign policy of the Allies as the result of internal pressure from the Flemish section of the population who wished to break away from the political influence of France. So when dark clouds again began to roll up on the political horizon, even those—and they were not a few—who had disapproved of the new foreign policy of Belgium decided that the King had been wise, that there would be war again, and that Belgium, this time, might conceivably remain outside the conflict. For Belgium is, to a certain extent, the pulse of Western Europe. Many far-seeing Belgians were aghast when Germany was allowed to re-occupy the demilitarized Rhineland zone; when nothing was done to prevent the *Anschluss* of Austria; when the Munich agreement was signed sealing the doom of Czechoslovakia. Belgium never entertained great hopes as to the effectiveness of the League of Nations. But once upon a time Belgium *did* believe in the Locarno Treaty. Little did the population realize that neutrality could be a burden, both moral and economic.

No sooner had war been declared than Belgium was divided into two camps. Forgetting their neutrality, thousands of Belgians expressed the greatest enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies, remembering that had it not been for their intervention in 1914 Belgium might have ceased to be. Others, mainly in extremist Flemish and Rexist quarters, chose to recall that the policy of independence meant that Belgium was not in any way to differentiate between the Allies and Germany. The task of the Belgian Government in the early days of September was most difficult: the Cabinet had no power to stop the manifold attacks on Poland's aggressor which were

expressed on all sides. King Leopold appealed to the Nation and cautioned all his fellow-countrymen: Belgium has proclaimed its neutrality, he said, and Belgium has never broken its word; neither in act nor in speech should this pledge be betrayed. But the surge of opinion was so high, that only a fraction of the population and the press obeyed the King's wish. When thousands of Frenchmen were called to the Colours, and when subsequently the Polish residents in Belgium left for France to join the Polish Legion, there were unforgettable scenes on the Brussels railway platforms. When the first news of the British raid on Cuxhaven arrived, the joy and satisfaction which welled up in Belgium were certainly as great as in France and England. One can scarcely blame the German Embassy in Brussels for resenting all the many written and spoken proofs of the fact that Belgian neutrality was a matter of State and not a matter of opinion. Things went even further: the harshness of the treatment inflicted by Germany on the beaten Poles was compared with the harshness of the treatment Belgium had known under German occupation twenty-five years ago; Franco-Belgian, Anglo-Belgian and Belgo-Polish organizations set to work to provide the greatest number of tokens of friendship to the Allies. But nowhere, not even in the most extreme Flemish Nationalist quarters, was a finger raised or a word spoken in favour of Germany.

The Pierlot Government which was in office at the beginning of September immediately realized the tremendous difficulties with which it would be faced, and an enlarged Ministry comprising 18 members chosen from the various shades of the three traditional political Parties—Catholic, Liberal and Socialist—was formed at once. By this means it was hoped that criticism of the Nazi system would become less violent. This number has since been cut down to 14 owing to the great cost of running 18 separate Departments. At the first meeting of Parliament after the outbreak of the war, the President of the Belgian Chamber, the Flemish Catholic leader Franz Van Cauwelaert (to whose anti-French activities the 1936 policy of independence was to a great extent due) in his Presidential speech expressed the view that, although neutral, the population of Belgium could not be expected to crush its

conscience. The leaders of the main political Parties spoke on similar lines. Thus, the key-note of Belgian opinion was established once and for all : Belgium is neutral in the present conflict, but, at heart, Belgium remains true to those who rushed to its rescue in 1914.

Then came a series of attempts, on the part of the German representatives, to bring pressure to bear upon the Belgian Government. The German Ambassador, Herr von Bulow Schwante, paid constant visits to the Belgian Foreign Office and protested almost daily against the unusual form of neutrality which prevailed in the country. These persistent German activities did not fail to impress the Belgian Government. Warnings were issued to the press and the public by responsible Ministers ; an attempt was made to introduce some form of press censorship, but this was promptly checked by the Belgian press itself, for freedom of the press is one of the most treasured Articles of the Constitution. When a British plane crossed the Belgian frontier and two Belgian airmen were wounded while attempting to chase away the British Aircraft, the most was made of this incident by the Belgian authorities ; but the man in the street suggested that, since the plane was British, it should have been left alone, and the stiff attitude of the Belgian authorities was interpreted by the Belgian population as a sign of pro-German inclination. But this interpretation was grossly unfair ; all the Belgian Cabinet was guilty of was fear of German bullying.

As time went on, however, this feeling of fear also began to affect the population. A number of Belgians have gradually adopted the fallacious argument that open disapproval of German activities might necessarily bring about a German invasion. Clear-thinking Belgians naturally understand that the probability of an aggression on Belgian territory depends solely on German strategy or rather on the German need for taking some desperate action and that no sentiment whatsoever will be taken into account, but German pressure by means of personal contacts, press and radio attacks has become so strong that public pro-Ally demonstrations are gradually subsiding.

German propaganda has made the most of some complaints uttered in Belgian business circles on account of economic

difficulties brought about by the British Blockade. The long detention by the British Contraband-Control Commission of Belgian ships and of cargoes destined for Belgium has obviously caused a good deal of apprehension for the economic future of the country. Belgium, it must be remembered, almost entirely depends on its export trade ; and this export trade in turn depends largely on Belgian imports of a number of commodities which undergo various forms of industrial transformations in Belgian workshops and factories. The fact that about 600,000 Belgians are mobilized by no means improves matters, and in the early days of the war, the economic outlook was very bad indeed. The Germans naturally attempted to improve on this heaven-sent opportunity. German propaganda increasingly harped on the notion that whereas Germany asked for nothing better than carrying on normal trade with Belgium, even improving this trade whenever possible, Great Britain was determined to strangle Belgium economically and thus force it to take up arms on the side of the Allies. A fraction of Belgian opinion has unfortunately accepted this view.

Then came the German Counter-Blockade. And the Belgians who are wise and matter of fact, promptly realized that they had to choose between the British and the German Blockade, while the Government attempted to obtain maximum concessions from both sides. Negotiations with the Allies appear to be satisfactory ; those with Germany, less so, for Germany interprets every form of friendly understanding between Belgium and the Allies as an act of hostility against the Reich.

But much has been made since the beginning of the war of the economic difficulties with which Belgium is faced. It would be wrong to minimize these difficulties, but at the same time it must be remembered that now that the political status of Belgium is clearly defined, its economic position becomes easier inasmuch as German threats may be looked upon with less anxiety than was the case a few weeks ago. The German Counter-Blockade gives the Belgians an argument which they did not possess at the time when they were the victims of the Allied Blockade only. It is now a question of choosing between two evils, and somehow the Belgian choice goes automatically

towards the Allies. Moreover, the Allied Blockade of German exports gives many Belgian industrial concerns a chance of new prosperity. As was wisely pointed out by a British expert, neutral countries possessing adequate industrial machinery are in a position to create new industries. Industrious and efficient Belgian manufacturers are already at work, and the leniency shown by Britain and France will help Belgian industry. Germany officially announced in December that she would stop coke and coal exports to Belgium to punish Belgium for its lack of "economic neutrality". There will be further blows of that kind, but compensation is expected from Allied quarters. Some Belgian industries will naturally suffer, but on the whole, the Belgian economic outlook, as much as its political outlook, is infinitely happier now than it was two months ago. The Port of Antwerp is suffering badly; it has lost about 60% of its activity. On the other hand, shipyards are in full prosperity, since Belgium must now build a mercantile marine. But the tears which are still being shed over the inevitable ruin of the Belgian Nation are due to Dr. Goebbels's propaganda rather than to latest facts.

Public finances, however, are in a poor state. The costly mobilization of Belgian manhood, following upon a period of economic depression, is a heavy burden. Taxation and cutting down of expenditure is expected of neutrals as well as of belligerents, and Belgian patriotism and commonsense will, after a good deal of grumbling, provide the means of balancing the heaviest Budget Belgium has ever known. The mobilization alone costs nearly 1 million Belgas per day.

From time to time, Berlin puts out a feeler with a view to ascertaining whether small neutral countries will yield to the argument that they cannot themselves take care of their neutrality and that, in consequence, Germany must take steps to ensure its maintenance. Belgian reaction to this feeler is nil. When the history of present events is written, it will probably be found that German diplomatic pressure on Belgium achieved the very opposite of its aim. That part of Belgian opinion which refused to submit to the Government's appeal for neutrality in speech and writing, has propagated the view that the cause taken up by the Allies is also the cause of all small

independent nations and that, first and foremost, it is the cause of Belgium. Even the most ardent 'neutral' in Belgium cannot but share this point of view. Several Flemish leaders who formerly fought against the influence of France have admitted in public that, should Germany win this war, the cause of Flanders would be doomed, for an independent Flanders can only be achieved within the borders of a free Belgium. The Germans, these leaders point out, consider the Flemings as a *Bruderstamm*. If they were ever to lay hands on Flanders, Flanders would lose all hope of any independence. Thus, strange as it may seem, to the outside world, perhaps the main objection to complete submission to German pressure has come from Flanders. But it was difficult for the Flemings, who have done so much in the past to break away from France, suddenly to advocate a bold stand against Germany without preliminary and careful preparation of Flemish opinion. They cautiously waited for an opportunity, which came sooner than they expected. It was provided when the alarm was sounded in November and King Leopold rushed to Holland to meet Queen Wilhelmina and despatch the Belgo-Dutch Peace telegram.

Perhaps it should be explained that, whilst everybody in Belgium prays for peace, many patriots disapproved of that telegram for two reasons: it was not addressed to Poland; it did not state that reparation for the many sufferings caused to independent nations should be an essential condition of any peace proposals. The former reason speaks for itself, so does the latter and no effort of imagination was needed for patriotic Belgians to conceive what would have been the feelings of Belgium, two months after the outbreak of the 1914 war, had the Government of a neutral country suggested peace, without mentioning that peace negotiations could only be considered if the restoration of Belgian independence was its prime condition. This was said and written by few, but thought and felt by all.

The meeting between the Belgian and Dutch Sovereigns was interpreted in various ways. Some suggested that it was caused by sheer panic resulting from the threatening attitude adopted by Herr von Ribbentrop in private conversations with the chiefs of the Belgian and Dutch Missions in Berlin; others explained that the pressure of concentrated German troops on

the frontiers of both Belgium and Holland were precipitating a Belgo-Dutch alliance; a further version was that the meeting was destined to impress Germany. The truth has not yet been told, but whatever the truth may be, the incident has helped to clarify the position of Belgium.

It must be remembered that there is an essential difference between Dutch and Belgian neutrality in this war. Holland has received no guarantees and has asked for no pledges beyond the solemn promise made at the outbreak of war that Dutch territory would be respected by every belligerent provided that the other camp did not transgress it. Belgium, on the other hand, when she proclaimed her policy of sovereign independence in 1936, made it quite clear that this independence left Belgium sole judge of the attitude she was to adopt in the event of war. Britain and France, and shortly afterwards Germany, formally acknowledged this status by means of written guarantees. At the outbreak of war, Belgium stated that she had chosen to be neutral; but this choice by no means implies that Belgian neutrality in the present conflict is static. On the contrary, Belgian leaders have never overlooked the possibility that the vital interests of Belgium may sooner or later force Belgium to adopt a different attitude. The November alarm which was sounded when it was believed that Germany aimed at the establishment of naval and air bases on the Dutch coast, was the first of these possibilities. It is obvious that, should the German Command be master of the mouth of the Scheldt, the vital interests of Belgium would be at stake. In view of her neutral status, Holland refuses to enter into a military alliance with Belgium, but Belgium feels entitled either to go to Holland's help if threatened, or to give a sovereign interpretation to Article 16 of the Covenant and allow the Allies free passage to rush to the help of the Dutch.

THE NEW WORLD ORDER

Whether it is attainable, how it can be attained, and what sort of world a world at peace will have to be

BY H. G. WELLS

(Continued)

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.

AND now, having completed our picture of what the saner elements in human society may reasonably work for and hope for, having cleared away the horrible nightmares of the class war and the totalitarian slave-state from our imaginations, we are able to attack the immediate riddles of international conflict, and relationship with some hope of a general solution. If we realize to the depths of our being that a world settlement based in the three ideas of socialism, law and knowledge, is not only possible and desirable, but the only way of escape from deepening disaster, then manifestly our attitude towards the resentments of Germany, the prejudices of America or Russia, the poverty and under-nourishment of India or the ambitions of Japan, must be frankly opportunist. None of these are primary issues. We sane men must never lose sight of our ultimate objective, but our methods of getting there will have to vary with the fluctuating variations of national feeling and national policy.

There is this idea of federalism upon which I have submitted a criticism in a previous issue. As I have shown there, the Streit proposals must either take you further or land you nowhere. Let us assume that we can strengthen his proposals to the extent of making a socialistic economic consortium and adhesion to that Declaration of Rights, primary conditions for any federal union; then it becomes a matter of mood and

occasion with what communities the federal association may be begun. We can even encourage feeble federal experiments which do not venture even as far as that upon the path to sanity, in the certainty that either they will fade out again or else that they will become liberal realities of the type to which the whole world must ultimately conform. Behind any such half-hearted tentatives an educational propaganda can be active and effective.

But when it comes to the rate and amount of participation in the construction of a rational world order we can expect from any country or group of countries, we are in a field where there is little more than guessing and haphazard generalizations about "national character" to work upon. We are dealing with masses of people which may be swayed enormously by a brilliant newspaper or an outstandingly persuasive or compelling personality or by almost accidental changes in the drift of events. I, for example, cannot tell how far the generality of educated and capable people in the British Empire now may fall in with our idea of accepting and serving a collectivism, or how strong their conservative resistance may be. It is my own country and I ought to know it best, and I do not know it detachedly enough or deeply enough to decide that. I do not see how anyone can foretell these swirls and eddies of response.

The advocacy of such movements of the mind and will as I am speaking of here is in itself among the operating causes in political adjustment, and those who are deepest in the struggle are least able to estimate how it is going. Every factor in political and international affairs is a fluctuating factor. The wise man therefore will not set his heart upon any particular drift or combination. He will favour everything that trends towards the end at which he aims.

The present writer cherishes the idea that the realization of a common purpose and a common cultural inheritance may spread throughout all the English-speaking communities, and there can be no harm in efforts to give this concrete expression. He believes the dissociation of the British Empire may inaugurate this great synthesis. At the same time there are factors making for some closer association of the United States of America with what are called the Oslo powers. There is no reason why one

of these associations should stand in the way of the other. Some countries such as Canada rest already under what is practically a double guarantee; she has the security of the Monroe Doctrine and the protection of the British fleet.

A Germany of eighty million people which has been brought to acquiesce in the Declaration of the Rights of Man and which is already highly collectivized, may come much earlier to a completely liberal socialist *régime* than Great Britain or France. If she participates in a consortium for the development of what are called the politically backward regions of the world, she may no longer be disposed for further military adventures and further stress and misery. She may enter upon a phase of social and economic recovery so rapid as to stimulate and react upon every other country in the world. It is not for other countries to dictate her internal politics, and if the German people want to remain united as one people, in federated states or in one centralized state, there is neither righteousness nor wisdom in preventing them.

The Germans, like the rest of the world, have to get on with collectivization, they have to produce their pattern, and they cannot give themselves to that if they are artificially divided up and disorganized by some old-fashioned Quai d'Orsay scheme. They must do the right thing in their own way.

That the belligerent tradition may linger on in Germany for a generation or so, is a risk the Atlantic powers have to take. The world has a right to insist that not simply some German government but the people generally, recognize unequivocally and repeatedly, the rights of man asserted in the Declaration, and it is reasonable to insist also that Germany remain disarmed and that any aggressive plant, any war plane, war-ship, gun or arsenal that is discovered in the country shall be destroyed forthwith, brutally and completely. But that is a thing that should not be confined to Germany. Germany should not be singled out for that. Armament should be an illegality everywhere, and some sort of international force should patrol a treaty-bound world. Partial armament is one of those absurdities dear to moderate-minded "reasonable" men. Armament itself is making war. Making a gun, pointing a gun and firing it, are all acts of the same order. It should be illegal

to construct anywhere upon earth, any mechanism for the specific purpose of killing men. When you see a gun it is reasonable to ask: "Whom is that intended to kill?"

Germany's rearmament after 1918 was largely tolerated because she played off British Russophobia against the Russian fear of "Capitalist" attack, but that excuse can no longer serve any furtive war-mongers among her people after her pact with Moscow.

Released from the economic burdens and restrictions that crippled her recovery after 1918, Germany may find a full and satisfying outlet for the energy of her young men in her systematic collectivization, raising the standard of her common life deliberately and steadily, giving Russia a lead in efficiency and obliging the maundering "politics" and discursive inattention of the Atlantic world to remain concentrated upon the realities of life. The idea of again splitting up Germany into discordant fragments so as to postpone her ultimate recovery indefinitely, is a pseudo-democratic slacker's dream. It is diametrically opposed to world reconstruction. We have need of the peculiar qualities of her people, and the sooner she recovers the better for the whole world. It is preposterous to resume the policy of holding back Germany simply that the old order may enjoy a few more years of self-indulgence in England, France and America.

A lingering fear of Germany military aggression may not be altogether bad for the minor states of South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor, by breaking down their excessive nationalism and inducing them to work together. The policy of the sane man should be to welcome every possible experiment in international co-operations, and if these supra-national understandings duplicate and overlap one another, so much the better. He has to watch the activities of his own Foreign Office with incessant jealousy, for signs of that Machiavellian spirit which foment division among foreign governments and peoples and schemes perpetually to frustrate the progressive movement in human affairs by converting it into a swaying indecisive balance of power.

This book is a discussion of guiding principles and not of the endless specific problems of adjustment that arise on the

way to a world realization of collective unity. I will merely glance at that old idea of Napoleon the Third's, the Latin Union, at the possibility of a situation in Spanish and Portuguese South America parallel to that overlap of the Monroe Doctrine and the European motherlands which already exists in practice in the case of Canada, nor will I expatiate upon the manifold possibilities of a sincere application of the Declaration of the Rights of Man to India and Africa—and particularly to those parts of the world in which more or less black peoples are awakening to the realities of racial discrimination and oppression.

I will utter a passing warning against any Machiavellian treatment of the problem of Northern and Eastern Asia, into which the British may be led by their constitutional Russophobia. The Soviet collectivism, especially if presently it becomes liberalized and more efficient through a recovery from its present obsession by Stalin, may spread very effectively across Central Asia and China. To anyone nourished mentally upon the ideas of an unending competition of Powers for ascendancy for ever and ever, an alliance with Japan, as truculent and militarized a Japan as possible, will seem the most natural response in the world. But to anyone who has grasped the reality of the present situation of mankind and the urgent desirableness of world collectivization, this immense unification will be something to welcome, criticize and assist.

The old bugbear of Russia's "designs upon India" may also play its part in distorting the Asiatic situation for many people. Yet a hundred years of mingled neglect, exploitation and occasional outbreaks of genuine helpfulness should have taught the British that the ultimate fate of India's hundreds of millions rests now upon no conquering ruler but wholly and solely upon the ability of the Indian peoples to co-operate in world collectivization. They may learn much by way of precept and example from Russia and from the English-speaking world, but the day for mere revolt or for relief by a change of masters have passed. India has to work out for itself, with its own abundant brains, its escape from chaos and its own manner of participation in the struggle for a world order, starting from the British raj as a datum line. No outside power can work that

out for the Indian peoples, nor force them to do it if they have no will for it.

But I will not wander further among these ever-changing problems and possibilities. They are, so to speak, wayside eventualities and opportunities. Immense though some of them are they remain secondary. Every year or so now the shifting channels of politics need to be recharted. The activities and responses of the sane man in any particular country and at any particular time will be determined always by the over-ruling conception of a secular movement towards a single world order. That will be the underlying permanent objective of all his political life.

There is however another line of world consolidation to which attention must be drawn before we conclude this section, and is what we may call *ad hoc* international systems. The essential idea of *ad hoc* internationalism is admirably set forth in Leonard Woolf's *International Government*, a classic which was published in 1916 and still makes profitable reading.

The typical *ad hoc* organization is the Postal Union, which David Lubin, that brilliant neglected thinker, would have had extended until it controlled shipping and equalized freights throughout the world. He based his ideas upon his practical experience of the mail order business from which he derived his very considerable fortune. From that problem of freight adjustment he passed to the idea of a controlled survey of world production week by week and month by month, so that a shortage here or a glut there could be foreseen and remedied in time. He realized the idea in the form of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which in its heyday made treaties like an independent sovereign power for the supply of returns from nearly every government upon earth. The war of 1914 and Lubin's death in 1919 checked the development of this admirable and most inspiring experiment in *ad hoc* internationalism. Its history is surely something that should be made part of the compulsory education of every statesman and publicist. Yet never in my life have I met a professional politician who knew anything whatever or wanted to know anything about it. It didn't get votes; it seemed difficult to tax it; what was the good of it?

Another *ad hoc* organization which might be capable of a considerable extension of its functions is the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, who control the lighthouses and charting of the seas throughout the world. But it would need a very considerable revision and extension of Mr. Woolf's book and, in spite of the war stresses that have delayed and in some cases reversed their development, it would be quite beyond our present scope, to bring up to date the lengthening tale of *ad hoc* international networks, ranging from international business cartels, scientific and technical organizations, white-slave-trade suppression and international police co-operation, to health services and religious missions. Just as I have suggested that the United States and Great Britain may become complete socialisms unawares, so it is a not altogether impossible dream that the world may discover to its great surprise that it is already practically a cosmopolis, through the extension and interweaving of these *ad hoc* co-operations. At any rate we have this very powerful collateral process going on side by side with the more definite political schemes we have discussed.

Surveying the possibilities of these various attacks upon the complicated and intricate obstacles that stand between us and a new and more hopeful world order, one realizes both the reasons for hope in that great possibility and the absurdity of over-confidence. We are all like soldiers upon a vast battlefield; we cannot be sure of the trend of things; we may be elated when disillusionment is rushing headlong upon us; we may be on the verge of despair, not knowing that our antagonists are already in collapse. My own reactions vary between an almost mystical faith in the ultimate triumph of human reason and good-will, and moods of stoical determination to carry on to the end in the face of what looks like inevitable disaster. There are quantitative factors in the outlook for which there are no data; there are elements of time and opportunity beyond any estimating. Every one of these activities we have been canvassing tends to delay the drift to destruction and provides a foothold for a further counter-offensive against the adversary.

In the companion predecessor to this book, *The Fate of Homo sapiens*, I tried to drive home the fact that our species has no more reason to believe it can escape defeat and extinction, than

any other organism that plays or has played its part in the drama of life. I tried to make clear how precarious is our present situation, and how urgent it is that we should make a strenuous effort at adjustment now. Only a little while ago it seemed as though that was an appeal to a deaf and blind world, invincibly set in its habitual ways even if they led plainly to destruction. I went into the question whether this inclination towards pessimism reflected a mood or phase in myself, and I threw out a qualifying suggestion or so; but for my own part I could not find any serious reason to believe that the mental effort that was clearly necessary if man was to escape the fate that marched upon him would ever be made. His conservative resistances, his apathy, seemed incurable.

Now suddenly everywhere one meets with alarmed and open and enquiring minds. So far the tremendous dislocations of the present war have been immensely beneficial in stripping off what seemed to be quite invincible illusions of security only a year ago. I never expected to live to see the world with its eyes as widely open as they are to-day. The world has never been so awake. Little may come of it, much may come of it. We do not know. Life would amount to nothing at all if we did.

WORLD ORDER IN BEING.

There will be no day of days then when a new world order comes into being. Step by step and here and there it will arrive, and even as it comes into being it will develop fresh perspectives, discover unsuspected problems and go on to new adventures. No man, no group of men, will every be singled out as its father or founder. For its maker will be not this man nor that man nor any man but Man, that being who is in some measure in every one of us. World order will be, like science, like most inventions, a social product, an innumerable number of personalities will have lived fine lives, pouring their best into the collective achievement.

We can find a small-scale parallel to the probable development of a new world order in the history of flying. Less than a third of a century ago, ninety-nine people out of a hundred would

have told you that flying was impossible; kites and balloons and possibly even a navigable balloon, they could imagine; they had known of such things for a hundred years; but a heavier than air machine, flying in defiance of wind and gravity! that they *knew* was nonsense. The would-be aviator was the typical comic inventor. Any fool could laugh at him. Now consider how completely the air is conquered.

And who did it? Nobody and everybody. Twenty thousand brains or so, each contributing a notion, a device, an amplification. They stimulated one another; they took off from one another. They were like excited ganglia in a larger brain sending their impulses to and fro. They were people of the most diverse race and colour. You can write down perhaps a hundred people or so who have figured conspicuously in the air, and when you examine the *rôle* they have played, you will find for the most part that they are mere notorieties of the Lindbergh type who have put themselves modestly but firmly in the limelight and can lay no valid claim to any effective contribution whatever. You will find many disputes about records and priority in making this or that particular step, but the lines of suggestion, the growth and elaboration of the idea, have been an altogether untraceable process. It has been going on for not more than a third of a century, under our very eyes, and no one can say precisely how it came about. One man said "Why not this?" and tried it, and another said "Why not that?" A vast miscellany of people had one idea in common, an idea as old as Daedalus, the idea that "Man can fly". Suddenly, swiftly, it *got about*—that is the only phrase you can use—that flying was attainable. And man, man as a social being, turned his mind to it seriously, and flew.

So it will certainly be with the new world order, if ever it is attained. A growing miscellany of people are saying—it is *getting about*—that "World Pax is possible", a World Pax in which men will be both united and free and creative. It is of no importance at all that nearly every man of fifty and over receives the idea with a pitying smile. Its chief dangers are the dogmatist and the would-be "leader" who will try to suppress every collateral line of work which does not minister to his supremacy. This movement must be, and it must remain,

many-headed. Suppose the world had decided that Santos Dumont or Hiram Maxim was the heaven-sent Master of the Air, had given him the right to appoint a successor and subjected all experiments to his inspired control. We should probably have the Air Master now, with an applauding retinue of yes-men, following the hops of some clumsy, useless and extremely dangerous apparatus across country with the utmost dignity and self-satisfaction. . . .

Yet that is precisely how we still set about our political and social problems.

Bearing this essential fact in mind that the Peace of Man can only be attained, if it is attained at all, by an advance upon a long and various front, at varying speed and with diverse equipment, keeping direction only by a common faith in the impossibility of drawing any picture of the new order as though it was as settled and stable as the old order imagined itself to be. The new order will be incessant; things will never stop happening, and so it defies any Utopian description. But we may nevertheless assemble a number of possibilities that will be increasingly realizable as the tide of disintegration ebbs and the new order is revealed.

To begin with we have to realize certain peculiarities of human behaviour that are all too disregarded in general political speculation. We have considered the very important rôle that may be played in our contemporary difficulties by a clear statement of the Rights of Man, and we have sketched such a Declaration. There is not an item in that Declaration, I believe, which a man will not consider to be a reasonable demand—so far as he himself is concerned. He will subscribe to it in that spirit very readily. But when he is asked not only to subscribe to it as something he has to concede by that same gesture to everybody else in the world, but as something for which he has to make all the sacrifices necessary for its practical realization, he will discover a reluctance to "go so far as that". He will find a serious resistance welling up from his sub-conscious and trying to justify itself in his thoughts.

The things he will tell you will be very variable; but the word "premature" will play a large part in it. He will display a tremendous tenderness and consideration with which you

have never credited him before, for servants, for workers, for aliens and particularly for aliens of a different colour from himself. They will hurt themselves with all this dangerous liberty. Are they *fit*, he will ask you, for all this freedom? "Candidly, are they fit for it?" He will be slightly offended if you will say "As fit as you are." He will say in a slightly amused tone, "But how *can* you say that?" and then going off rather at a tangent, "I am afraid you idealize your fellow-creatures."

As you press him, you will find this kindness evaporating from his resistance altogether. He is now concerned about the general beauty and loveliness of the world. He will protest that this new Magna Carta will reduce all the world to "a dead level of uniformity". You will ask him why must a world of free-men be uniform and at a dead level? You will get no adequate reply. It is an assumption of vital importance to him and he must cling to it. He has been accustomed to associate "free" and "equal" and has never been bright-minded enough to take these two words apart and have a good look at them separately. He is likely to fall back at this stage upon that Bible of the impotent genteel, Huxley's *Brave New World*, and implore you to read it. You brush that disagreeable fantasy aside and continue to press him. He says that nature has made men unequal, and you reply that that is no reason for exaggerating the fact. The more unequal and various their gifts, the greater is the necessity for a Magna Carta to protect them from one another. Then he will talk of robbing life of the picturesque and the romantic and you will have some difficulty in getting these words defined. Sooner or later it will grow clear that he finds the prospect of a world in which "Jack's as good as his Master" unpleasant to the last degree.

If you still probe him with questions and leading suggestions, you will begin to realize how large a part the *need for glory over his fellows* plays in his composition, (and incidentally you will note, please, your own secret satisfaction in carrying the argument against him). It will become clear to you, if you collate the specimen under examination with the behaviour of children, yourself and the people about you, under what urgent necessity they are for the sense of triumph, of being better and doing better than their fellows, and having it felt and recognized

by some one. It is a deeper steadier impulse than sexual lust ; it is a hunger. It is the clue to the unlovingness of so much sexual life, to sadistic impulses, to avarice, hoarding and endless ungainful cheating and treachery which gives men the sense of getting the better of someone even if they do not get the upper hand.

In the last resort this is why we must have law, and why **Magna Carta** and all its kindred documents set out to defeat human nature in defence of the general happiness. Law is essentially an adjustment of that craving to glory over other living things, to the needs of social life, and it is more necessary in a collectivist society than in any other. It is a bargain, it is a social contract, to do as we would be done by and to repress our extravagant egotisms in return for reciprocal concessions. And in the face of these considerations we have advanced about the true nature of the beast we have to deal with, it is plain that the politics of the sane man as we have reasoned them out, must anticipate a strenuous opposition to this primary vital implement for bringing about the new world order.

I have suggested that the current discussion of "War Aims" may very effectively be transformed into the propaganda of this new Declaration of the Rights of Man. The opposition to it and the attempts that will be made to postpone, mitigate, stifle and evade it, need to be watched, denounced and combatted persistently throughout the world. I do not know how far this Declaration I have sketched can be accepted by a good Catholic, but the Totalitarian pseudo-philosophy insists upon inequality of treatment for "non-Aryans" as a glorious duty. How Communists would respond to its clauses would I suppose depend upon their orders from Moscow. But what are called the "democracies" are supposed to be different, and it would be possible now to make that Declaration a searching test of the honesty and spirit of the leaders and rulers in whom they trust. These rulers can be brought to the point by it, with a precision unattainable in any other fashion.

But the types and characters and authorities and officials and arrogant and aggressive individuals who will boggle at this Declaration and dispute and defy it, do not exhaust the resistance of our unregenerate natures to this implement for the establish-

ment of elementary justice in the world. For a far larger proportion of people among the "democracies" will be found, who will pay it lip service and then set about discovering how, in their innate craving for that sense of superiority and advantage which lies so near the core of our individual wills, they may unobtrusively sabotage it and cheat it. Even if they only cheat it just a little. I am inclined to think this disingenuousness is a universal weakness. I have a real passion for serving the world, but I have a pretty keen disposition to get more pay for my service, more recognition and so on than I deserve. I do not trust myself. I want to be under just laws. We want law because we are all potential law-breakers.

This is a considerable digression into psychology, and I will do no more than glance at how large a part this craving for superiority and mastery has played in the sexual practices of mankind. There we have the ready means for a considerable relief of this egotistical tension in mutual boasting and reassurance. But the motive for this digression here is to emphasise the fact that the generalization of our "War Aims" into a Declaration of Rights, though it will enormously simplify the issue of the war, will eliminate neither open and heartfelt opposition nor endless possibilities of betrayal and sabotage.

Nor does it alter the fact that even when the struggle seems to be drifting definitely towards a world social democracy, there may still be very great delays and disappointments before it becomes an efficient and beneficent world system. Countless people, from maharajas to millionaires and from pukkha sahibs to pretty ladies, will hate the new world order, be rendered unhappy by the frustration of their passions and ambitions through its advent and will die protesting against it. When we attempt to estimate its promise we have to bear in mind the distress of a generation or so of malcontents, many of them quite gallant and graceful-looking people.

And it will be no light matter to minimise the loss of efficiency in the process of changing the spirit and pride of administrative work from that of an investing, high-salaried man with a handsome display of expenditure and a socially ambitious wife, into a relatively less highly-salaried man with a higher standard of self-criticism, aware that he will be esteemed rather by what he

puts into his work than by what he gets out of it. There will be a lot of social spill, tragi-comedy and loss of efficiency during the period of the change over, and it is better to be prepared for that.

Yet after making allowances for these transitional stresses we may still look forward with some confidence to certain phases in the onset of World Order. War or war fear will have led everywhere to the concentration of vast numbers of workers upon munition work and the construction of offensive and defensive structures of all sorts, upon shipping, internal communications, replacement structures, fortifications. There will be both a great accumulation and control of material and constructive machinery and also of hands already growing accustomed to handling it. As the possibility of conclusive victory fades and this war muddle passes out of its distinctively military phase towards revolution, and as some sort of Peace Congress assembles, it will be not only desirable but necessary for governments to turn over these resources and activities to social reconstruction. It will be too obviously dangerous and wasteful to put them out of employment. They must surely have learnt now what unemployment means in terms of social disorganization. Governments will have to lay out the world, plan and build for peace whether they like it or not.

But it will be asked, "Where will you find the credit to do that?" and to answer this question we must reiterate the fact that money is an expedient and not an end. The world will have the material and the hands needed for a reconditioning of its life everywhere. They are all about you now crying out to be used. It is, or at any rate it has been, the function of the contemporary money-credit system to bring worker and material together and stimulate their union. That system always justified its activities on that ground, that is its claim to exist, and if it does not exist for that purpose then for what purpose does it exist and what further need is there for it? If now the financial mechanism will not work, if it confronts us with a *non possumus*, then clearly it resigns its function.

Then it has to get out of the way. It will declare the world has stopped when the truth will be that the City has stopped. It is the counting-house that has gone bankrupt. For a long

time now an increasing number of people have been asking questions about the world counting-house, getting down at last to such fundamental questions as "What is money?" and "Why are Banks?" It is disconcerting but stimulating to find that no lucid answer is forthcoming.

One might have imagined that long before this one of the many great bankers and financial experts in our world would have gone forward with a clear and simple justification for the monetary practices of to-day. He would have shown how completely reasonable and trustworthy this money-credit system was. He would have shown what was temporarily wrong with it and how to set it working again, as the electrician does when the lights go out. He would have released us from our deepening distress about our money in the Bank, our little squirrel hoard of securities, the deflating lifebelt of property that was to assure our independence to the end. No one of that quality comes forward. There is not so much as a latter-day Bagehot. It dawns upon more and more of us that it is not a system at all and never has been a system, that it is an accumulation of conventions, usages, collateral developments and compensatory expedients, which creaks now and sways more and more and gives every sign of a complete and horrifying social collapse.

Most of us have believed up to the last moment that somewhere distributed among the banks and city offices in a sort of world counting-house, there were books of accounts, multitudinous perhaps and intricate, but ultimately proper accounts. Only now is it dawning upon comfortable decent people that the counting-house is in a desperate mess, that codes seem to have been lost, entries made wrong, additions gone astray down the column, records kept in vanishing ink. . . .

For years there has been a great and growing literature about money. It is very various but it has one general characteristic. First there is a swift exposure of the existing system as wrong. Then there is a glib demonstration of a new system which is right. Let this be done or that be done, "let the nation own its own money", says one radio prophet earnestly, repeatedly, simply, and all will be well. These various systems of doctrine run periodicals, organize movements (with coloured shirt complete), meet, demonstrate. They

disregard each other completely and contradict each other flatly. And without exception all these monetary reformers betray signs of extreme mental strain.

The secret trouble in their minds is a gnawing doubt that their own proper "plan", the panacea, is in some subtle and treacherous way likely to fail them if it is put to the test. The internal fight against this intolerable shadow betrays itself in their outer behaviour. Their letters and pamphlets with scarcely an exception, have this much in common with the letters one gets from lunatics, that there is a continual resort to capital letters and abusive terms. They shout out at the slightest provocation or none. They are not so much shouting at the exasperating reader who remains so obstinate when they have been so clear, so clear, as at the sceptical whisper within.

Because there is no perfect money system by itself and there never can be. It is a dream like the *elixir vitae* or perpetual motion. It is in the same order of thought.

Attention has already been drawn, in our examination of Mr. Streit's proposals for *Union Now*, to the fact that money varies in its nature and operations with the theory of property and distribution on which society is based, that in a complete collectivism for example it becomes little more than the check handed to the worker to enable him to purchase whatever he likes from the resources of the community. Every detachment of production or enterprise from collective control (national or cosmopolitan) increases the possible functions of money and so makes a different thing of it. Thus there can be endless species of money—as many types of money as there are types and varieties of social order. Money in Soviet Russia is a different organ from money in Nazi Germany, and that again is different from French or American money. The difference can be as wide as that between lungs and swimming bladders and gills. It is not simply a quantitative difference, as so many people seem to imagine, which can be adjusted by varying the rate of exchange or any such contrivance, it goes deeper, it is a difference in quality and kind. The bare thought of that makes our business and financial people feel uncomfortable and confused and menaced, and they go on moving their bars of gold about from this vault to that, hoping almost beyond hope that no one will say anything

more about it. It worked very well for a time, to go on as though money was the same thing all the world over. They will not admit how that assumption is failing to work now.

Clever people reaped a certain advantage from a more or less definite apprehension of the variable nature of money, but since one could not be a financier or business director without an underlying faith in one's right to profit by one's superior cleverness, there did not seem to be any reason for them to make a public fuss about it. They got their profits and the flats got left.

Directly we grasp this not very obscure truth that there can be, and are, different sorts of money dependent on the economic usages or system in operation, which are not really interchangeable, then it becomes plain that a collectivist world order, whose fundamental law is such a Declaration of Rights as we have sketched, will have to carry on its main, its primary operations at least with a new world money, a specially contrived money, differing in its nature from any sort of money conventions that have hitherto served human needs. It will be issued against the total purchasable output of the community in return for the workers' services to the community. There will be no more reason for going to the City for a loan than for going to the oracle at Delphi for advice about it.

In the phase of social stress and emergency socialization into which we are certainly passing, such a new money may begin to appear quite soon. Governments finding it impossible to resort to the tangled expedients of the financial counting-house, may take a short cut to recuperation, requisition the national resources within their reach and set their unemployed hands to work by means of these new checks. They may carry out international barter arrangements upon an increasing scale. The fact that the counting-house is in a hopeless mess because of its desperate attempts to ignore the protean nature of money, will become more manifest as it becomes less important.

The Stock Exchange and Bank credit and all the arts of loaning and usury and forestalling will certainly dwindle away together as the World Order establishes itself. If and when World Order establishes itself. They will be superseded, like egg-shells and foetal membranes. There is no reason for

denouncing those who devised and worked those methods and institutions as scoundrels and villains. They did honestly according to their lights. They were a necessary part of the process of getting *Homo sapiens* out of his cave and down from his tree. And gold, that lovely heavy stuff, will be released from its vaults and hiding places for the use of the artist and technician—probably at a price considerably below the present quotations.

Our attempt to forecast the coming World Order is framed then in an immense and increasing spectacle of constructive activity. We can anticipate a rapid transfiguration of the face of the earth as its population is distributed and re-distributed in accordance with the shifting requirements of economic production,

It is not only that there is what is called a housing shortage in nearly every region of the earth, but most of the existing accommodation, by modern standards, is unfit for human occupation. There is scarcely a city in the world, the new world as well as the old, which does not need to have half its dwelling-places destroyed. Perhaps Stockholm, reconditioned under a Socialist *régime*, may claim to be an exception; Vienna was doing hopefully until its spirit was broken by Dollfuss and the Catholic reaction. For the rest, behind a few hundred main avenues and prospects, sea and river fronts, capitols, castles and the like, filthy slums and rookeries cripple childhood and degrade and devitalize its dulled elders. You can hardly say people are born into such surroundings; they are only half born.

With the co-operation of the press and the cinema it would be easy to engender a world-wide public interest and enthusiasm for the new types of home and fitment that are now attainable by everyone. Here would be an outlet for urban and regional patriotism, for local shame and pride and effort. Here would be stuff to argue about. Wherever men and women have been rich enough, powerful enough and free enough, their thoughts have turned to architecture and gardening. Here would be a new incentive to travel, to see what other towns and countrysides were doing. The common man on his holidays would do what the English milord of the seventeenth century did; he would make his Grand Tour and come back from his journeys with

architectural drawings and notions for home application. And this building and rebuilding would be a continuing process, a sustained employment, going on from good to better, as the economic forces shifted and changed with new discoveries and men's ideas expanded.

It is doubtful in a world of rising needs and standards if many people would want to live in manifestly old houses, any more than they would want to live in old clothes. Except in a few country places where ancient buildings have wedded themselves happily to some local loveliness and become quasi-natural things, or where some great city has shown a brave façade to the world, I doubt if there will be much to preserve. In such large open countries as the United States there has been a considerable development of the mobile home in recent years. People haul a trailer-home behind their cars and become seasonal nomads. . . . But there is no need to expatiate further in a limitless wealth of possibilities. Thousands of those who have been assisting in the monstrous clumsy evacuations and shiftings of population that have been going on recently, must have had their imaginations stirred by dim realization of how much better all this might be done, if it were done in a new spirit and with a different intention. There must be a multitude of young and youngish people quite ripe for infection by this idea of cleaning up and re-settling the world. Young men who are now poring over war maps and planning annexations and strategic boundaries, fresh Maginot lines, new Gibaltars and Dardanelles may presently be scheming the happy and healthy distribution of routes and residential districts in relation to this or that important region of world supply for oil or wheat or water-power. It is essentially the same type of cerebration, better employed.

Considerations of this sort are sufficient to supply a background of hopeful activities to our prospective world order. But we are not all architects and gardeners; there are many types of minds and many of those who are training or being trained for the skilled co-operations of warfare and the development of a combatant morale, may be more disposed to go on with definitely educational work. In that way they can most easily gratify the craving for power and honourable service. They will face a world in extreme need of more teachers and fresh-

minded and inspiring teachers at that. At every level of educational work from the kindergarten to the research laboratory, and in every part of the world from Capricornia to Alaska and from the Gold Coast to Japan, there will be need of active workers to bring minds into harmony with the new order and to work out, with all the labour-saving and multiplying apparatus available, cinema, radio, cheap books and pictures and all the rest of it, the endless new problems of human liaison that will arise. There we have a second line of work along which millions of young people may escape the stagnation and frustration which closed in upon their predecessors as the old order drew to its end.

A sturdy and assertive variety of the new young will be needed for the police work of the world. They will be more disposed for authority and less for teaching or creative activities than their fellows. The old proverb will still hold for the new order that it takes all sorts to make a world, and the alternative to driving this type of temperament into conspiracy and fighting it and, if you can, suppressing it, is to employ it, win it over, trust it, and give it law behind it to respect and enforce. They want a loyalty and this loyalty will find its best use and satisfaction in the service of world order. I have remarked in the course of such air travel as I have done, that the airmen of all nations have a common resemblance to each other and that the patriotic virus in their blood is largely corrected by a wider professionalism. At present the outlook before a young airman is to perish in a spectacular dog-fight before he is five and twenty. I wonder how many of them really rejoice in that prospect.

It is not unreasonable to anticipate the development of an *ad hoc* disarmament police which will have its greatest strength in the air. How easily the spirit of an air police can be de-nationalized is shown by the instance of the air patrols on the United States—Canadian border, to which President Roosevelt drew my attention. There is a lot of smuggling along that border and the planes now play an important part in its suppression. At first the United States and Canada had each their own planes. Then in a wave of common sense, the two services were pooled. Each plane now carries a United States

and a Canadian customs officer. When contraband is spotted the plane comes down on it and which officer acts is determined by the destination of the smuggled goods. There we have a pattern for a world struggling through federation to collective unity. An *ad hoc* disarmament police with its main strength in the air would necessarily fall into close co-operation with the various other world police activities. In a world where criminals can fly anywhere, the police must be able to fly anywhere too. Already we have a world-wide network of competent men fighting the white slave traffic, the drug traffic and so forth. The thing begins already.

All this I write to provide imaginative material for those who see the coming order as a mere blank interrogation. People talk much nonsense about the disappearance of incentive under socialism. The exact opposite is the truth. It is the obstructive appropriation of natural resources by private ownership that robs the prosperous of incentive and the poor of hope. Our Declaration of Human Rights assures a man the proper satisfaction of all his elementary needs *in kind*, and nothing more. If he wants more than that he will have to work for it, and the healthier he is and the better he is fed and housed, the more bored he will be by inactivity and the more he will want something to do. I am suggesting what he is likely to do in general terms, and that is as much as one can do now. We can talk about the broad principles upon which these matters will be handled in a consolidating world socialism, but we can scarcely venture to anticipate the detailed forms, the immense richness and variety of expression, an ever-increasing number of intelligent people will impose upon these primary ideas.

But there is one more structural suggestion that it may be necessary to bring into our picture. So far as I know it was first broached by that very bold and subtle thinker, Professor William James, in a small book entitled *The Moral Equivalent of War*. He pointed out the need there might be for a conception of duty, side by side with the idea of rights, that there should be something in the life of every citizen, man or woman alike, that should give him at once a sense of personal obligation to the World State and personal ownership in the World State. He brought that into relation with the fact that there will remain in

any social order we can conceive, a multitude of necessary services which by no sort of device can be made attractive as normal life-long occupations. He was not thinking so much of the fast-vanishing problem of mechanical toil as of such irksome tasks as the prison warder's, the asylum attendant's; the care of the aged and infirm, nursing generally, health and sanitary services, a certain residuum of clerical routine, dangerous exploration and experiment. No doubt human goodness is sufficient to supply volunteers for many of these things, but are the rest of us entitled to profit by their devotion? His solution is universal conscription for a certain period of the adult life. The young will have to do so much service and take so much risk for the general welfare as the world commonweal requires. They will be able to do these jobs with the freshness and vigour of those who know they will presently be released, and who find their honour in a thorough performance; they will not be subjected to that deadening temptation to self-protective slacking and mechanical insensitiveness, which assails all who are thrust by economic necessity into these callings for good and all.

It is quite possible that a certain percentage of these conscripts may be caught by the interest of what they are doing; the asylum attendant may decide to specialize in psychotherapeutic work; the hospital nurse succumb to that curiosity which underlies the great physiologist; the Arctic worker may fall in love with his snowy wilderness. . . .

One other leading probability of a collectivist world order has to be noted here, and that is an enormous increase in the pace and amount of research and discovery. I write research, but by that I mean that double-barrelled attack upon ignorance, the biological attack and the physical attack, that is generally known as "Science". "Science" comes to us from those Academic Dark Ages when men had to console themselves for their ignorance by pretending that there was a limited amount of knowledge in the world, and little chaps in caps and gowns strutted about, bachelors who knew a passable lot, masters who knew a tremendous lot and doctors in crimson gowns who knew all that there was to be known. Now it is manifest that none of us knows very much, and the more we look into what we

think we know, the more hitherto undetected things we shall find lurking in our assumptions.

Hitherto this business of research, which we call the "scientific world", has been in the hands of very few workers indeed. I throw out the suggestion that in our present-day world, of all the brains capable of great and masterful contributions to "scientific" thought and achievement, brains of the quality of Lord Rutherford's, or Darwin's or Mendel's or Freud's or Leonardo's or Galileo's, not one in a thousand, not one in a score of thousands, ever gets born into such conditions as to realize its opportunities. The rest never learn a civilized language, never get near a library, never have the faintest chance of self-realization, never hear the call. They are under-nourished, they die young, they are mis-used. And of the millions who would make good useful eager secondary research workers and explorers, not one in a million is utilized.

But now consider how things will be if we had a stirring education ventilating the whole world, and if we had a systematic and continually more competent search for exceptional mental quality and a continually more extensive net of opportunity for it. Suppose a quickening public mind implies an atmosphere of increasing respect for intellectual achievement and a livelier criticism of imposture. What we call scientific progress to-day would seem a poor, hesitating, uncertain advance in comparison with what would be happening under these happier conditions.

The progress of research and discovery has produced such brilliant and startling results in the past century and a half that few of us are aware of the small number of outstanding men who have been concerned in it, and how the minor figures behind these leaders trail off into a following of timid and ill-provided specialists who dare scarcely stand up to a public official on their own ground. This little army, this "scientific world" of to-day numbering I suppose from head to tail, down to the last bottle-washer, not a couple of hundred thousand men, will certainly be represented in the new world order by a force of millions, better equipped, amply co-ordinated, free to question, able to demand opportunity. Its best will be no better than our best, who could not be better, but they will be far more numerous, and its rank and file, explorers, prospectors, experimental

team workers and an encyclopædic host of classifiers and co-ordinators and interpreters, will have a vigour, a pride and confidence that will make the laboratories of to-day seem halfway back to the alchemist's den.

Can one doubt that the "scientific world" will break out in this way when the revolution is achieved, and that the development of man's power over nature and over his own nature and over this still unexplored planet, will undergo a continual acceleration as the years pass? No man can guess beforehand what doors will open then nor upon what wonderlands.

These are some fragmentary intimations of the quality to that wider life, a new world order can open to mankind. I will not speculate further about them because I would not have it said that this book is Utopian or "Imaginative" or anything of that sort. I have set down nothing that is not strictly reasonable and practicable. It is the soberest of books and the least original of books. I think I have written enough to show that it is impossible for world affairs to remain at their present level. Either mankind collapses or our species struggles up to the hard yet fairly obvious routes I have collated in this book, to reach a new level of social organization. There can be little question of the abundance, excitement and vigour of living that awaits our children upon that upland. If it is attained. There is no doubting their degradation and misery if it is not.

There is nothing really novel about this book. But there has been a certain temerity in bringing together facts that many people have avoided bringing together for fear they might form an explosive mixture. Maybe they will. They may blast through some obstinate mental barriers. In spite of that explosive possibility, that explosive necessity, it may be, this remains essentially an assemblage, digest and encouragement of now prevalent but still hesitating ideas. It is a plain statement of the revolution to which reason points an increasing number of minds, but which they still lack resolution to undertake. In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I have stressed the urgency of the case. Here I have assembled the things they can and need to do. They had better summon up their resolution.

(Concluded)

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EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

AT the beginning of a fateful year it is well to measure what has ebbed, and where the tide flows strong; I do not see what should dishearten men of good will. In Finland there is valiant "repulse of the invading sea"; since the Boer war of forty years ago there has been no such example of what a small people, trained to use their natural advantages, can do against a great Power; and it is at least not certain that the Finns will be left to succumb slowly under the accumulating weight of opposition—as must happen when the conditions of weather change, unless help comes. But General January and General February will be good protectors and many things may happen when spring comes—and before that.

During those months the Western front can be only an exercising ground—valuable doubtless for the Germans, but not less for their opponents, and above all for the new British levies—among whom will be mixed some proportion of those troops from overseas whose repute stood so high in the last conflict. This is going to be, for the Allies, a much less wasteful war than the last. Some people incline to grumble because there is nothing happening; but thousands of us who spent more than one Christmas in muddy trenches, and made preparation for costly raids, are thankful for the lack of news, and for stray reports of much comfort in the Maginot line.

Meanwhile the seas of the world are open and there Germany and Great Britain (well assisted by France) are straining their resources. What happened at the River Plate set the prestige of British genius for naval warfare higher perhaps than it stood at any time between 1914 and 1918. It was magnificent and inspiring; yet I do not know but there is more remarkable valour in the crews of these little vessels that go out to sweep

for mines—or to trawl for fish. The German aircraft try, ruthlessly, to drive unarmed fishermen off the seas; it is an attack on *morale*, and since everything that destroys is now adopted as legitimate in war one must only pray that it fails, and if it fails, thank heaven for the longshoremen's courage. It will not be amiss, also, to see that the catch which they bring to land out of such danger finds a ready and profitable market. Buying fish is one of the best ways to help the war effort.

* * * *

One fact which has not been fully recognized gets some underlining in the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs* where Mr. Allen Dulles writes of "Cash and Carry American Neutrality". After the last war, the United States decided to establish a parity of naval strength with Great Britain, which, since the demands on America's fleets were greatly less than those involved by the conditions of the British Commonwealth, meant that the United States possessed ultimate supremacy of sea power. This power is not to be used. Since insistence on the rights to trade or travel might involve the assertion of them by force, America has decided to abandon them. American ships under their own flag are forbidden to enter the "zone of combat" which is defined as extending from Bergen in the north of Norway to the north coast of Spain; American citizens are barred from crossing it without special permit; and they are absolutely forbidden to travel on any vessel belonging to a belligerent. Within this zone therefore—a handsome stretch, both in latitude and longitude—Germany can break whatever established rules she pleases (if there are any rules left) without incurring risk from the resentment of the United States. The strongest naval power in the world resigns to Europe the task of policing the seas; and to this very considerable extent it strengthens the hand of Germany in Germany's attempt to abolish all security of navigation. England and France, which control the sea roads, profit by the fact that they can purchase from America whatever they can pay for and carry at their own risk. But in the task of dealing with what is purely destructive, and lurks below the surface of the water, they get no help.

Germany knows that whatever neutrals she may damage will be neutrals not strong enough to strike back. Thus the horror of war has withdrawn half of civilization from its legitimate task of protecting civilization. To that extent pacifism has made progress, and piracy is the gainer. It is true that if American trade were conducted in American vessels there probably would be collision between American claims and the law enforced by Anglo-French blockade; so that Germany, without appearing on the surface of the seas, might bring about a state of hostility between America and those belligerents whose purpose America avowedly approves. This foreseen danger is avoided through America's surrender of rights—but avoided at a price: probably the price is worth paying, but we are all driven back on the question whether if Germany's action (both by sea and land) is piracy, any civilized state is justified in refusing to intervene against it. Since formal condemnation by international public opinion has failed to prevent what civilization regards as crimes, is not united action on behalf of civilization necessary?

* * * *

Many considerations that bear on this topic are discussed with much lucidity in Professor E. H. Carr's book *The Twenty Years' Crisis*. He begins by saying that since the last war everybody has become interested in international politics—not unnaturally, since the man in the street realizes how closely they are connected with his chances of being bombed, or called out to fight. Previously, such matters were left to professionals: but after 1918 the man in the street found himself discontented with the result; a new machinery was set up to deal with them, and there were high expectations from the League of Nations. That machinery has failed, by general consent, and Professor Carr points out, justly, that its whole basis was "utopian". He quotes Sir John Simon for the opinion "that when public opinion, world opinion, is sufficiently unanimous to pronounce a firm moral condemnation, sanctions are not needed". That was spoken in 1932, with regard to Japan and Manchukuo: Italy's attack on Abyssinia followed, with a demonstration that even 'sanctions' were not effective. Those who expressed

their 'firm moral condemnation' of Italy's action had, Mr. Carr says, not made sufficient allowance for the element of power, which in realistic politics cannot be excluded. There is however the question whether too much concession may not be made to this factor. Those who pronounced for sanctions had the power to stop Italy—certainly at considerable risk; but it is arguable whether it would not have been in the end wiser and cheaper to take the risk.

For after that demonstration of defiance with impunity, power ran amok. Italy and Germany did as they pleased in Spain, Germany occupied the Rhineland and then came the seizure of Austria. Pledges were hardly even scraps of paper, and all over Europe, the democracies appeared to be on the run. Yet in England, and even in France, war was still felt to be an excessive remedy for a violation of those clauses in the Treaty of Versailles which forbade Germany to fortify German territory, and forbade one German state to join up with another. In so far as these prohibitions had been part of a Utopian settlement, Utopianism had been merely what Professor Carr calls "a disguise for the interests of the privileged powers". But when Czechoslovakia was threatened, something different was at stake. Limiting his criticism of "utopian" thinking, Professor Carr observes: "It is a basic fact about human nature that human beings do in the long run reject the doctrine that might makes right." He recognizes the existence of "an international stock of common ideas, however limited, and however weakly held, to which appeal can be made, and of a belief that these common ideas stand somehow in the scale of values above national interests. This stock of common ideas," he says, "is what we mean by international morality." I should prefer to put it shorter. The idea of justice is common to humanity.

* * * * *

Now for the Czech people the image of Justice was their national existence, an ideal cherished through centuries of enslavement. Adapted to its environment, it had not time to be. But when Professor Carr says "The liberal democracies scattered throughout the world by the peace settlement of 1919 were the product of abstract theory, struck no roots in the soil, and quickly shrivelled

**The Idea of
Justice**

away", he says what Europe knows to be untrue in regard to Czechoslovakia. A thriving state was cut down and stamped upon; whether the roots are destroyed, time must show. But so far as murder of one nation by another could be done, it was done then, and both France and England found themselves something like unwilling accomplices before the fact. Then Poland followed; but this time, the case was foreseen. Yet France with England could only give warning of retribution if the deed should be done. We are now engaged in the endeavour to make good the promise of that warning—for it was a promise no less than a threat.

Mankind learns slowly, and it may be utopian to foresee a settlement under which even the smallest state in Europe can exist no less securely than Switzerland or Holland has existed, with its own moderate provision of defence. Yet in the time of the Wars of the Roses, or in the day of Jeanne d'Arc, it would have been even more utopian to imagine the England or the France that we to-day take for granted. Such realized utopias are the result of political action, to which, as Professor Carr rightly urges, both the utopian and the realist must contribute. Since we can base no stable order on the unaided force of world opinion, then the leaders of the European world must be prepared to maintain with power whatever they establish as answering to their sense of justice. The alternative for Europe is disagreeably apparent. How far beyond Europe, the European sense of justice could operate must depend on the co-operation of those European communities which live outside of Europe. We can count, at present, on their applause, if we maintain our conceptions of justice, even by the barbarous methods of war, and be thankful that their consciences will allow them to sell aeroplanes (on receipt of cash) for us to carry, —amongst other destinations, to the Finns.

On behalf of the FORTNIGHTLY, I may be allowed to say an affectionate farewell to 'Cornhill' whose long series is now ended. Many a young author had cause to be grateful to it: Stevenson chief of them, for through it under Leslie Stephen's editorship he became known to lovers of literature, long before he was a best seller. The world of writers was deeply in debt to its

**"Cornhill"
Memories**

publisher, George Smith, and though his greater gift to letters was the Dictionary of National Biography, I associate him even more closely with the Magazine. If there is anywhere a literary Valhalla, he surely has a comfortable seat there, with a warm atmosphere of welcome about it. 'Cornhill' dinners in old days were great occasions: I came away from my first with E. V. Lucas, who complained that it ought to have been serialized and eaten in instalments. But we did not tax our generous hosts with vain expense; that largeness suited an age which (as Dean Inge has been saying in this REVIEW) had a spacious splendour and genial culture—of which *Cornhill* was an excellent expression. Alas for all that is gone: Longmans, Temple Bar, Macmillan's and now Cornhill. Only Blackwood survives of those old fashioned literary monthlies—long may it flourish.

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December 19th, 1939

DEAR SIR,

Capricornia is certainly one of the most important books of this year and I think the best written and finest spirited novel that has ever come out of Australia. The story is rich, varied and eventful; few readers will leave it unfinished. It deals with one of the profoundest and most moving of human problems, the intermixture of races. It is alive with that life which deep indignation, resentment and pity can give and yet, in spite of the warm pulse of feeling in it, Herbert never loses his artistic control. So far as I know, this great book is the first picture ever made of that strange North Queensland of bush, plantation and sea, sunlit and fecund, in which English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, mingle their blood with Japanese, Javanese, Chinese, and the fine handed, deep feeling Australian black.

Very sincerely yours,

H. G. WELLS.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE GOOD FIGHT

By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

HITLER SPEAKS, by Hermann Rauschning. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

OUR WAR AIMS, by Wickham Steed. Secker and Warburg. 3s. 6d.

FOR WHAT DO WE FIGHT, by Sir Norman Angell. Hamish Hamilton. 6s.

Dr. Rauschning's new book is perhaps the most telling answer imaginable to those who feel uncertain why we are at war. One may be exceedingly critical of Dr. Rauschning's new method of reconstructing conversations which took place six years or more ago. One may even ask how much confidence a man deserves who, upon his own showing, condoned so much iniquity for so long. But these objections are by no means insuperable. The idea that the savage beast of Hitlerism could be tamed, and should on no account be provoked, was as prevalent among conservatives in Germany as it became among politicians in Great Britain and France. If they have all been slow to face the truth, they do not therefore deserve to be condemned as dishonest. The melodramatic finish of *Hitler Speaks*, though it is not inconsistent with medical diagnoses of the *Führer's* condition, is, I think, superfluous, but the main tenor of Nazi discussion is undoubtedly true,

according, as it does, with all kinds of independent evidence. It is a forceful presentation, more accessible to the general public than Dr. Rauschning's earlier work, of the Nazis' deification of force, their Satanic *mystique*, their passion for conquest and above all, their determination to reintroduce slavery, with all the Slavs they can reach as their serfs. To those who read this book it will become fairly clear that we are fighting to be delivered from evil.

Mr. Wickham Steed devotes a good deal of attention to the historical background of National Socialism, and particularly to Fichte whose importance is seldom appreciated in England. For it was Fichte, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, who declared that (in Mr. Steed's words) "A people which, like the German, has remained true to Nature can, however, if it finds its own homeland too small, gain more space by conquering the territories of its neighbours and driving out their inhabitants . . . or it can raid its neighbours, taking from them every thing worth having, and bringing back their inhabitants as slaves . . ." How little difference, whether it be Fichte or Hitler who speaks.

Both Mr. Steed and Sir Norman Angell are primarily concerned to explain what we mean this time when

we make the traditional claim to be fighting for freedom, and it is interesting to observe the deep conviction of so old and honourable a pacifist as Sir Norman that the traditional claim is justified to-day as it never was before. He believes that, far from scorning ideologies, we must have a conscious creed, and he defines this as a belief in "the right of each member of a society, whether that member be nation or person, to protection from violence, from killing, from extinction; or from the threat of those things as the only alternative to another's lawless will." "It has been Britain's genius in the past," Sir Norman writes, "to recognize that 'force belongs to the constitution alone'; to-day she must fight for this principle in international affairs.

Mr. Steed and Sir Norman Angell both conclude in favour of some kind of federation. Mr. Steed particularly emphasizes the necessity for every adherent to the world organization of the future to renounce "not only the making of war as an instrument of national policy but also the sovereign right to be neutral towards any such war-maker." Above all, as Sir Norman also insists, the nations must hang together if they do not wish to hang separately, and follow the example of the North American States which were long ago successfully united. Sir Norman points out how much harm is done by the spreading propagation of the notion that the British Empire is a great imperial unit; even we ourselves do not fully appreciate its decentralized federal qualities which may make it a very fitting nucleus for a world federation. He would have us offer federal membership within it to non-British

states like Denmark and Sweden; he advocates some kind of Franco-British federalism at once.

It is possible to criticize both these books with regard to one or two details—Sir Norman Angell's bold assertion, for instance, that a movement against Hitler is already beginning in Germany. Finnish resistance to Russia has made them both a little out-of-date in their comments on Russia, though Mr. Steed's chapter on 'the Russian enigma' remains interesting. The main criticism to be made is that, while both writers are intensely aware of the need for a clear brief statement of why we are fighting our second war against Germany this century, in fact, for the purpose, they both have too much to say and may therefore find themselves in danger of preaching mainly to the converted.

UNDECLARED WAR, by Elizabeth Wiskemann. Constable. 12s.

HITLER'S ROUTE TO BAGDAD, by Barbara Ward, the Hon. Barbara Buckmaster, Clare Hollingworth, Vandeleur Robinson, Lilo Linke. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Of the many metaphors which hard-pressed writers have called into use to describe Germany's unceasing pressure (*Dynamik* the Nazis call it) none is more apt than that of the German octopus (the title of a chatty work by an American, Henry C. Wolfe, in 1938). The tentacles extend everywhere in Europe, but particularly south-east, and the little fish are in a perpetual state of commotion in consequence. Here are two books mercifully free from the customary indignation and snap judgments as to Nazidom as such—

two books which really present the situation as seen from the side of the little fish. They are both informative and well-written, and the reader can take his choice according to whether his (or her) preference is for a work of art or a compendium of knowledge. It is virtually an all-women cast—which is, I suppose, a portent: if this sort of thing goes on the mere male will soon be reduced to chicken-farming!

Miss Wiskemann's title is well chosen. Those who consider war these days exclusively in terms of blood and slaughter are just old-fashioned: and the German expansionists have, of course, been remorselessly pursuing their aim of hegemony over the whole European continent—and beyond—ever since the Allies, and particularly Britain, abdicated, so to speak, from the European responsibilities which the outcome of the first German war imposed upon them. Elizabeth Wiskemann, whether writing of Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia or 'Poles, Ukrainians and Balts', has first-hand experience to draw upon, and it is that, *plus* a considerable artistic sense and a sly humour, which breathes life abundantly into her study. An introductory section—of five pages only—focussing the conditions of territorial confusion and perversion of the nationalistic idea in this part of Europe, which "have thus provided magnificent material for the nihilism of the Nazis", is particularly brilliant.

In Hungary we witness the gradual gripping of the tentacles, as the Magyar ruling elements, in their caste-blindness, doing everything to encourage revisionism and neglecting social reform, played the Nazis' game. Too late they realized where this com-

plaisance led; and even then, as Miss Wiskemann observes, "their growing hostility to Hitler's Reich is restrained by the advantages Dr. Schacht and his successors offered them"—as wheat-exporters, specifically. The Nazi tricksters, primarily propagandists without principles, are adept at playing upon entirely contradictory ideas and impulses. And they have certainly made headway with their efforts to destroy Hungarian industry or else get it under direct German control. In Rumania, too, "the new German scowl"—Miss Wiskemann's theme is Europe after the Munich Agreement—seems to have been very effective. I am glad to see that she is not taken in by British official pooh-poohing of the German-Rumanian Trade Treaty of March, 1939.

In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, despite the many adverse influences, there are notable "signs of incorrigible health". The students of Belgrade showed, for instance, on the occasion of Matcek's visit in October, 1937, that they are still on the side of democracy against the all-pervading authoritarian régimes—the only university circles east of Switzerland, by the way, that have "rejected the obscurantisms fostered by post-war disillusionment". Miss Barbara Ward in the 'compendium' book takes a more favourable view of Dr. Stoyadinovic's policy—which, naturally, infuriated the kind of people Miss Wiskemann was likely to meet. It is not simply, I think, a case of distance lending enchantment—one feels that Miss Wiskemann is not so much at home among the Slavs. Where she is at her happiest is in her analysis of the forces at work in Switzerland and the robust democracy of the federal

system. A concluding chapter pithily indicating the sundry devices of the Nazi technique rounds off a splendid piece of work.

The contributions to 'Hitler's Route to Bagdad' are equally meritorious, with that of Lilo Linke on Turkey perhaps the best piece of writing. What Clare Hollingworth has to say, incidentally, in her section on Bulgaria, about the disinclination of the British dwellers in the Balkans to mix with the 'natives' is, of course, a true bit—and one of the chief reasons for our continual loss of ground. Is it *hauteur*, shyness or just downright stupidity?

W. HORSEFALL CARTER.

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP, by Vera Brittain. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

The trend of this book is implicit in the title. It is not *Winifred Holtby*, a biography, but *Testament of Friendship*, the story of a relationship. The relationship began at Oxford, and retained, as does the book, an undergraduate flavour. Vera and Winifred in spite of the interruptions of the adult world, husband, children, careers, family, social work, were able to go on with the college life, living in the same house, working side by side, sharing their triumphs and comforting one another in their defeats. The friendship retained to the last the glow and the generosity that belong to undergraduate friendships, they were always wonderful people to each other, and wonderful writers. The glow, the generosity and the ardent affection are in every line of this book, and like the brandy in plum pudding, keep the mass of sentimental and undisciplined verbiage from going bad.

It is inevitable that Winifred, as she

emerges from the portrait, should be Winifred as one person saw her, and that other relationships should dwindle in importance and recede, her relationship, for instance, with her mother, a woman in her own way as notable as Winifred, who stood for very much more in her daughter's life than this book would give us to think. It is inevitable that this should be one view of a personality remarkable for its many sides. It does not follow that the view is the least true, or the less interesting. No one else could have known so much of the intimate life or of the private heart.

It has been said that Winifred was the first of the "new women" enjoying their emancipation without having been warped by any share in the struggle for it. To me, who doubt if either men or women are as new as all that, it seems that she was the type of the two decades that divided the two wars. She embodied the hopes and aspirations of the post-war world, its social conscience, its nobility of intention, its trust in societies and committees, good works and good will, its pacifism that was to fade as the post-war world found itself becoming pre-war, its internationalism that was a dream obscuring the growth of the most acute nationalism, its socialism that was not deep rooted enough to stand against the backwash of reaction. But no one is just a type, and Miss Brittain has certainly succeeded in evoking a person, a generous, unselfish and gracious woman, much loved, unsparing of herself, full of kindness, vitality, courage and intelligence, more important, perhaps, as a personality than as a writer and leaving a far greater gap than most people can hope to do in the lives of their friends.

LETTICE COOPER.

PRELUDE TO VICTORY, by Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., M.P. *Cape*. 18s.

General Spears's method of writing history is to bring the searchlight of reason and intelligence to bear on a single phase of a wider subject, and by so doing to illuminate the whole. That he does so most successfully is beyond question and *Prelude to Victory*, a study of the first three and a half months of 1917, in France, is an absorbing story and a most important document.

As Liaison Officer General Spears knew, probably, as much of the difficulties and the imponderables of war as any other man. In those months, which preceded the victory of Arras and the tragedy of the Aisne, he learned to fear many things, and among them the obstinate character of General Nivelle, the interference of the politicians, the weather, the lack of proper preparation for the big attack, and above all his premonition, only too well founded, that changed circumstances had destroyed all hope of victory.

The narrative begins with the fall of Joffre and the introduction of General Nivelle as Commander-in-Chief at the end of 1916. General Nivelle's success at Verdun was to prove the fatal precedent for the Aisne. As the tale unfolds and the attempts of the politicians and the French to place Sir Douglas Haig under General Nivelle's orders become apparent, the quarrel behind the lines grows bitter and alarming. After the Calais Conference Sir Douglas was not prepared to involve himself in discussions hateful to a soldier, but General Robertson, whose fine character is brilliantly described, fought hard for the British Army. By the date of the attack relations had

improved between Haig and Nivelle, but by this time Nivelle's own generals were extremely sceptical of the chances of success. The conference at Compiègne was called and after a most difficult day it was decided to attack. General Nivelle's only fear was that he would be unable to come to grips with the enemy!

The chief lesson of General Spears's story is the old one that man finds it difficult to admit his mistakes and that once he has determined on a course, he hazards his personal reputation which is, too often, his dearest possession. The book is an *exposé* of war, of leaders, blindly leading, and men blindly though courageously following.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

DOWN STREAM, by Leonard Mosley. *Michael Joseph*. 10s. 6d.

WHEN FREEDOM SHRIEKED, by Rothay Reynolds. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

In the days of long ago the boys of Britain had books written for them by Henty, Kingston, Ballantyne and others. The successors of these gentlemen have had their field invaded by those who chronicle the simple facts of our modern Europe. Neither of these two thrilling books have to do with the present war, but the conditions which they place before us, the prelude of war, do not leave much for the writers of fiction. These pages are alive with adventure and—believe them or not—they are all perfectly true.

Mr. Mosley, dashing like another crusader across Europe, has usually been accompanied by another very cool and competent journalist, his Scottish wife. What happened to them on the French boat, captained by a most amorous and most capable Breton, when Franco's warship tried to capture

COUNTRY RELICS, by H. J. Massingham. *Cambridge University Press*. 15s.

OXFORD, by Christopher Hobhouse. *Batsford*. 8s. 6d.

LONDON FABRIC, by James Pope-Hennessy. *Batsford*. 10s. 6d.

"There is something dream-like about every craftsman's work," says Mr. Massingham: "there are presences about like himself and he is never alone." In other words, he is a creator: not so much with his brain as with his hands. "These men hope in their hands", as Ecclesiasticus expresses it; and though they are not to be found in high places, yet "they will maintain the state of the world".

It is true that just now their dignity is in eclipse. In every village their numbers have dwindled to a poverty-stricken minimum; and their children, who should have learned from them, have all gone into the towns. But "mechanization is properly applicable only to big farms," says Mr. Massingham, "and big farms are an unprofitable relic of the past": so the future may be with the craftsman and his hands after all. Or again: "My 'Bygones' might easily become the ambition of the future if the supply of petrol promised to give out". But what if the invincible scientist should have discovered by then another basis of power? Of course the conventional reply to any criticism of the debacle into which the machine has precipitated us is "We shall learn to control it". But does this not imply a faith in human nature at present quite unjustifiable? Or may it be that this self-discipline is one of the phoenix-flames that will rise from the present ashes?

Certain it is, anyway, that those

craftsmen, hoping in their hands, were the salt of the world; and Mr. Massingham is doing the greatest service in saving some of their tools and properties from destruction by giving them an almshouse in his garden Hermitage. His precise qualification here is his lack of sentimentality. The descriptions with which he has accompanied Mr. Hennell's sensitive drawings of the Hermitage's contents (ranging from Long Plough to thatcher's tackle, from Latten bells to lace-maker's outfit) are so exactly informative that a factory-hand might almost learn from them how to get back their use into his hands. Then, too, Mr. Massingham has not only, in his Hermitage, saved these tools and implements from destruction, he has also, in his book saved from oblivion hundreds of the local names that accompanied both them and their uses. Merely for its compilation of facts, *Country Relics* would be extraordinary (an invaluable reference book for all time), but it goes much farther: it includes a gallery of fine portraits of some of the old craftsmen who still survive and it gives, in their own words, the secret of that service whereby they supplied the community with exactly what it needed and in the best possible taste.

Mr. Massingham's hope is (briefly stated) in a return to small farms and apprenticeship; and if ever that future should thereby include men who again "hope in their hands" no small measure of gratitude will be due to such writers as he. Finally, a word of congratulation ought not to be omitted for the publisher, who has had the imagination to let Mr. Hennell (of "Change in the Farm") do the drawings.

There are plenty of facts, also, in Mr. Hobhouse's *Oxford* and Mr. Pope-Hennessy's *London Fabric*; and the books are full of excellent prints, plans and photographs. Mr. Hobhouse's method is to take every phase of Oxford's history (Mediæval, Renaissance, Reformation, etc.) and give it to us in complementary panels: as it was, as it is. Mr. Pope-Hennessy's method, on the other hand, is to conduct a feminine companion (Perdita) around the sights of London and combine instruction with wit and whim. Both methods are at least novel and lend themselves well to their respective author's attitudes, the one slightly donnish, the other slightly mannered. Both authors have their pronounced preferences: Mr. Hobhouse, for instance, dislikes Hindu undergraduates of the "minor lawyer class", proctors, leftists and women undergraduates ("docile and literal, they continue to flock to every lecture with mediæval zeal"), whilst Mr. Pope-Hennessy has a melancholy penchant for crypts. Both, in fact, have an original angle of approach and are the more readable for that.

C. HENRY WARREN.

LET THE PEOPLE SING, by J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

MY AMERICAN, by Stella Gibbons. *Longmans*. 8s. 6d.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON, by Robert Neumann. *Dent*. 8s.

THE BLAZE OF NOON, by Rayner Heppenstall. *Secker & Warburg*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Priestley's recent novel is in the vein of *The Good Companions*. The formula is similar, a collection of warm-hearted characters down on their luck and uniting to fight against unscrupulous opponents. There is the same seedy

theatrical flavour, and the name of the hero, Timmy Tiverton, seems to echo that of Jerry Jernyngham. Mr. Priestley's theory that We Have Been Here Before has never been better exemplified. Virtue triumphs once more, after another theatre riot; the show goes on, the people sing, and it is hinted that democracy has overthrown fascism. The characters include some bright young things and some stuffy old ones who appear to have strayed from the works of P. G. Wodehouse, and there is a sublimely bogus Professor in the routine Hollywood manner.

Miss Gibbons's *My American* is an equally trite romance, written more earnestly and seriously, and without the consolation of Mr. Priestley's extravagant absurdities. This is neither truth nor fairy-tale, but a stale compromise between the worst elements of each. It is, in other words, the usual romantic novel of the more competent sort in which the tedium of the action is relieved by the verisimilitude of secondary detail. The orphan heroine is cared for by a baker's family, finds employment in the office of a boys' paper, and becomes a successful novelist. Her destined hero, her American, grows up meanwhile in alternate chapters, until the heroine goes to America and the two stories are joined together. The background of London life, journalism, lecture tours and so forth is moderately entertaining in a garrulous way, but the major characters are no more than vague outlines in a general fog.

Mr. Robert Neumann in *By The Waters Of Babylon* also uses a familiar formula—the group of people brought together by chance—but his characters are neither grotesque nor unsubstantial. They are a party of Jews, brilliantly

portrayed, trying to enter Palestine; and in a series of compact characterizations Mr. Neumann records the individual pilgrimage which brings each one to his place in the group. This is a cross-section of Jewish life, an epitome of the variety of Jewish types, written with a remarkably objective sympathy. The essentials of a character are concentrated into twenty or thirty pages, and a credible person stands intimately revealed before us. Mr. Neumann winds the many threads of a world-wide story into the little pattern of a few lives, almost free alike of reproach and of extenuation. When he describes atrocities he borrows the broad irony of Voltaire's 'It pleased God to send the Bulgarians to our castle'. When the reforming Jew is sidetracked, it is by other Jews. Mr. Neumann has the ironical stoicism, the stoicism free from apathy, of the humorous philosopher. *By The Waters Of Babylon* is not so much a novel as a comprehensive documentary of the modern Jew, panoramic in its scope, shrewdly observed, swift and dramatic in its changing fortunes, sardonic and poignant by turns, and constantly lit by a deeply civilized understanding and a finely poised sympathy.

The Blaze of Noon (which has an enthusiastic preface by Elizabeth Bowen) is a first novel, written in the first person of a blind masseur. The subject is a love-affair between the narrator and a somewhat indistinct heroine, both of them acutely sensitive to the fine shades and undertones of mood and feeling. Isolated from the obligations and hindrances of the external world, and—in the case of the narrator—cut off from the visible world altogether, the two characters become

completely preoccupied with themselves in the 'courtly' tradition which renders sexual love an end in itself, an exercise in nice discriminations and self-possessed artistry. As characters they rank somewhere between the story tellers of the *Decameron* and the engaging marionettes of *Chin P'ing Mei*: no more than useful illustrations in Mr. Heppenstall's disquisition upon the art and nature of the Erotic. The hero tends to remain a pontifical voice detailing an analysis; the heroine has virtually no existence except as a lover. That perhaps is a necessary limitation for Mr. Heppenstall's purpose, but it does prevent the plot from acquiring that density and momentum which it would gain from being rooted in a wider field of circumstance.

DESMOND HAWKINS.

WE SAW HIM ACT. A series of essays collected and collated by H. A. Saintsbury. *Hurst & Blackett.* 21s.

At a time when the greatest glory of the English stage, its tragic side, is apparently buried in a dreamless sleep, it is good to be reminded by this book of Irving and his Lyceum, in that decade which has been so absurdly called "The Naughty Nineties", and of the excitement which his acting caused.

This book brings it all back as if it were yesterday. It was my good fortune also to be a playgoer in those days, and I still remember, as if from yesterday, the crush in the long passage that led from the Strand to the pit doors, the hush of anticipation amid which the curtain rose, and the long roar of applause to which it usually fell, the unforgettable face and voice of the actor, the Burne-Jonesian beauty

of Ellen Terry, the crowd three deep standing all round the pit, and my Father saying to my Mother, as we stepped into a cab after the first night of Irving's 'Richard III.': "He is better than Macready."

Mr. Saintsbury has had the happy idea of calling upon a number of his professional brethren for their memories of the great man, and the result is a book hard to lay aside. With its portraits from the hands of such artists as Sir Bernard Partridge, Phil May, and other masters of black and white, the whole story seems to come to life, and even a reader who never saw Irving should have no difficulty in catching something of the thrill.

That period was one in which both the European and the American stage were particularly rich in tragedians, and they all flourished in London, where large and excited audiences gathered to enjoy and applaud Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth, and Adelaide Ristori. The peak of the period was reached when Irving and Booth alternated the parts of Othello and Iago at the Lyceum. Irving's Iago was one of the most grimly fascinating of all his performances, and he certainly never looked handsomer than in the suit of crimson velvet which he wore for the part.

All the previous records of the Lyceum box-office were put into the shade. The daily and illustrated papers rose nobly to the occasion, and one can still catch all the excitement of the time from their records in pen and pencil. The scenes outside the theatre every evening as the audience were assembling, or departing, also made their appeal to the black-and-white artist, and although those who lived through it took it all calmly, as

in the natural order, we who can now look back upon it know how very fortunate we were, and are, to have seen—and to remember.

H. M. WALBROOK.

CALLING FOR A SPADE, by Richard Church. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Sharing Mr. Church's adventures in buying and re-inhabiting an Essex cottage is the next best thing to owning the cottage oneself. For those who do not care for organ notes and starlings in the chimney, to say nothing of mice in the bedroom and water which must be fetched from the bottom of the garden, it may even be a better thing, although it is not always advisable to admit it. Mr. Church has the lightness of touch which illuminates every incident, and the homely warmth of the book is not the least of its attractions.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

17 MAR 1940

The Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, O.M. : It falls to few to make their presence felt in more than one sphere of life but Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, who has been Warden of New College, Oxford, since 1925 enjoys renown in half-a-dozen different ways. Celebrated as a scholar and a historian, he turned his attention to politics during the last war when he became M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield; he was President of the Board of Education from 1916 to 1922 and among other things was President of the British Academy from 1928-32, Trustee of the British Museum and until the present war a Governor of the B.B.C. His famous *A History of Europe* published originally in three volumes was brought out in 1935 at the age of seventy. His article which we are publishing in the February and March issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY is of the utmost importance.

Hugh Quigley : Chief Statistical Officer of the Central Electricity Board, Mr. Quigley had a distinguished University career and served in the last war. Since that time he has devoted his attention to economic problems and he has written a number of books both on economic and other subjects. He has a fine knowledge of foreign languages and wide interests.

Helen Simpson : Like one or two other writers of distinction Miss Simpson has been turning her attention more and more towards the problems, particularly

the social problems, of our time. A Parliamentary candidate in the Liberal interest she has a first-class ability to express her point of view, and her recent broadcast "A Woman Looks Round" was declared by many to be the best talk since the outbreak of war. She still finds time, however, to write novels and to indulge in her hobby of cooking.

Lloyd Smith : Even THE FORTNIGHTLY had not heard of Mr. Lloyd Smith before his story was submitted for publication. A very young author—he is 22—his style displays an unusual maturity and as his story suggests he has lived on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

Betty Barzin : Living as she does in Brussels, Miss Barzin has excellent opportunities at the moment for studying reactions in a much talked of spot in Europe. She is a keen observer of all that goes on and if events have left her behind by the time her article appears in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY, that is due to the time lag in publishing. Miss Barzin is the wife of the professor of logic at Brussels University and was at one time Acting Press Attaché at the British Embassy.

Notes on our contributors Mr. H. G. Wells, Dr. W. R. Inge, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, General Sir Charles Gwynn, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MARCH, 1940

THE POLISH TRAGEDY

BY HERMANN H. FIELD

(An eye-witness account of events in Poland by an American observer)

THE military, political, and administrative collapse of Poland in the course of the 18-day German-Polish war, cannot merely be explained by the errors in immediate military preparations and strategy.

The military deficiencies were themselves conditioned by political factors in foreign and internal policy. Both of these had created a most unfavourable basis for successful military resistance. The Polish population expected the Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, to forestall Nazi aggression on their territory. But it was the Beck government that stripped Poland of all her diplomatic defences and left her isolated in eastern Europe. Poland had inevitable points of conflict with an expanding fascist Germany—the Corridor, Danzig, Upper Silesia, and Ukraine, the *Drang nach Osten*—and would sooner or later become the object of Nazi aggression. Yet Colonel Beck at once encouraged the Nazi régime in 1934 with a far-reaching treaty, and at the same time wrecked M. Barthou's plan for an eastern collective security pact, based on Paris, Prague, and Moscow. From this the Beck government advanced to helping Hitler in his aggression against Czechoslovakia in 1938, thus destroying the last barrier against German advance east and abetting in the encirclement of Poland itself. Through her partnership in the rape of Czechoslovakia, Beck's Poland cornered a few towns for which she paid with her entire national territory a year later. In September, 1939, I saw Polish peasants staring at the bombers overhead with incredulity. They were not *Junkers*, but planes of Czech manufacture. The simple peasant wondered how that had come to pass.

CXLVIII

Against the imperialist aims of Hitler the Warsaw generals began to set forth their aims, which were not those of the Polish population. They spoke of the annexation of East Prussia and of the whole of eastern Germany. There were even certain hopes of acquiring a Polish protectorate over Slovakia. The romantic and heroic military tradition of Poland had become distorted in the minds of her generals into a megalomania blinding them to the reality with which it was their responsibility to deal.

But the most fateful blunder of the government was in its relations with the Soviet Union. Throughout the summer Polish public opinion looked increasingly toward Russia for help, and was perplexed by the government's failure to secure it. By the end of August and in the succeeding weeks, under the clarifying impact of events, this was one of the most frequently heard criticisms of the government. Poland, backed by the military and economic power of Russia, could have eliminated the danger of German aggression. The government, however, representative of one of the most decadent and reactionary class minorities in any European state, was more afraid of Russian help against Hitler than of Hitler himself. It feared that Russian help would strengthen the demand for land reform and would increase the democratic ferment against itself. At the Moscow negotiations between England, France and Russia, the Polish government helped to create those obstacles which finally made any practical agreement impossible. By refusing the aid of the Russian army on Polish soil, Beck and his generals not only helped to push Europe into war but delivered their people, unprepared, undefended and unknowing, into the massacre that followed.

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But the most serious weakness certainly lay in the internal social and political contradictions. The backward, often semi-feudal social structure kept most of the population in a state of permanent poverty. The government, based on a military dictatorship, was supported only by a small minority. Nearly all parties, from Left to Right, were in opposition. Opposition was especially strong among the peasantry. Impoverished by the backward conditions of Polish agriculture, they had for years

shown an increasing restlessness and impatience. Their demands for agrarian reform, as well as demands for greater democracy and social improvement, were only too often met with brutal repression and the concentration camp. I remember vividly just before an air raid in Krasnik seeing hundreds of concentration camp inmates being "evacuated" towards the east. Shackled to one another by the feet, they had been tramping for days along the dusty road, exposed to air raids and helpless to take cover. It was one of the most incongruous and bitter sights of the war.

Nearly 40% of the population belonged to national minorities. These 12 million people, consisting of some 6 million Ukrainians, 3½ million Jews, 1½ million White Russians and 1 million Germans, also opposed the government as symbolical of their unequal status and of Polish oppression against them. Under the circumstances none of these non-Polish minorities could be expected to feel a deep loyalty to the Polish state. Their support was mainly the choice of the lesser evil. This was especially the case with Polish anti-semitism, which sometimes took on forms almost as brutal as in Nazi Germany. Despite the liberal support which the Polish Jewish community gave to all measures of defence in the critical days, the government continued to maintain an attitude almost reminiscent of their fascist opponents toward this minority.

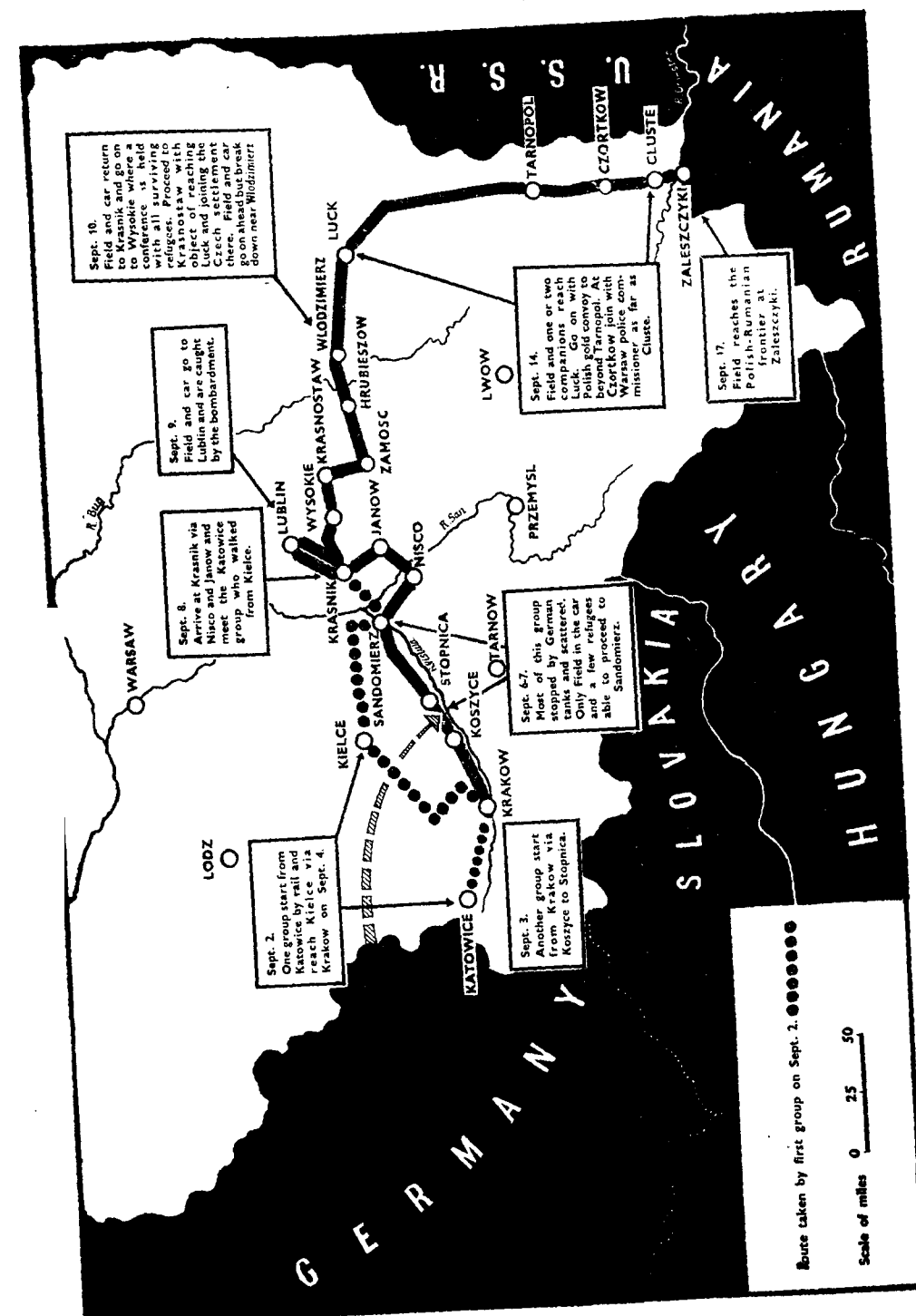
Such an overpowering adversary could only have been met by a close harmony between the leadership and the nation, and a development of the initiative of the population, as was the case in Spain. During the summer it was still hoped that a wider democratic basis would be found. But this did not happen, and the Polish nation had to fight for its existence under the leadership of a government despised at heart by its people and completely unfitted to wage a war for liberty against fascism.

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The predominant feature of the Polish campaign was the complete fluidity of all operations. Not only did the German mastery of the air break down the difference between front and hinterland—the first measures of the war were the raids in the interior—but in the operations on land there was a complete

absence of real fronts throughout the war. It was a mobile war in the widest sense. The strategy of the invaders was to prevent the formation of any sort of defensive lines, and at the same time to drive thin wedges and make rapid encircling movements around strategic enemy concentrations.

Shortly after dawn on September 1, 1939, the invasion began with the bombing of important military objectives, not only in the border regions but far into the central areas of Poland. Before Poland was aware that the war had started most of the Polish aerodromes with a large part of their plane equipment had been bombed. The raid on the Krakow aerodrome at 5.30 that morning was typical. Although the sirens were sounded the population tended to think that the raiders were Polish planes making at last the long-heralded A.R.P. rehearsal. This belief still seemed to persist even after the planes had power dived on the outskirts of the city, and released their bombs, which could clearly be seen falling from the planes, especially as not a single Polish plane rose to meet the attackers. It was not until some hours later that it became known through the radio that actual air raids had occurred on points as far east as Lublin. But it took three more days for the Krakow population to realize that these were not merely extended frontier incidents, but a full-scale invasion. For, after all, their allies France and England had not yet moved a finger. By the time of the Franco-British war declaration the Germans were already half way to Krakow on the road from the frontier. On September 3, all rail communication out of Krakow was stopped by successful raids on the station area. By the evening the provincial and city government, and the police department, were preparing to leave, and general panic began in the city. By the next morning all the roads to the east were clogged by the fleeing population, young, old and sick, on foot with baggage, and in every sort of vehicle. They had no guides, no distinct idea as to why and where. They paralysed the countryside like swarms of locusts, and ahead of them village after village emptied itself and deprived them of their last means of sustenance. Gradually this grew to be the picture anywhere in Poland, from north to south and west to east. In Krakow there was still a semblance of direction: the Germans were



generally supposed to be advancing behind, from the west. But it was not the invasion on land which mainly produced these mass migrations, but the war from the air. And this gave no direction except to get out of the towns. So the population dragged itself from place to place, each time caught in a new stream. At the other end of each road there were also towns, and often they had also been visited by the raiders. Thus the streams often passed each other in opposite directions on their futile and annihilating flight.

The quick action of the German raiders on the first morning at once fatally crippled the Polish air force. The *Luftraum Polen* was at once in German hands. For eighteen days I moved in a zigzag course from Krakow to the Ukraine. But never during the innumerable daily air raids did I see a Polish plane rise to challenge the bombers. Though occasional Polish scouting planes and chasers circled low over the countryside at quiet moments, they invariably disappeared at the sound of approaching planes, as they were hopelessly outnumbered. Thus the only remaining defence was the anti-aircraft batteries. But in hundreds of bombed towns and villages there was not a single anti-aircraft gun, and one often saw peasants in their futile anger shooting with old guns at the planes that had appeared over their village. At points defended for strategic reasons anti-aircraft batteries proved fairly satisfactory in defending localized objectives, but often increased the danger to the civilian population. The worst raids in which I found myself—Sandomierz, Krasnik, Lublin, Hrubieszow—were indiscriminate attacks from high flying planes on towns with limited anti-aircraft defences, in which much greater disorganization followed than in raids on relatively undefended objectives. Apparently the Germans simply increased the intensity and area of bombing without further consideration for the civilian population. The worst feeling was the utter helplessness, as one watched the plane formations approach and circle over the towns, without having any means of intercepting their pre-determined course. This was certainly one of the factors that helped to break civilian morale.

Another serious handicap was the absence in most of the smaller towns of adequate medical or fire fighting equipment,

as well as the lack of proper A.R.P. precautions. The havoc in these towns was terrific, as a good part of the houses was of flimsy wooden construction. Such areas could be destroyed with a scattering of small explosive and incendiary bombs. In the small town of Krasnik, I witnessed a raid in which 70 dead were counted two hours later, mostly inhabitants of the Jewish ghetto. Many of these people bled to death, as no preparation had been made for such an eventuality. Not even the horse carts, let alone the motor vehicles, could be found to move the casualties, and after the first half hour no bandages or first aid material could be had anywhere in the town. Rescue work meanwhile was almost impossible owing to the spread of the fire, there being no adequate fire fighting equipment. Although zigzag A.R.P. trenches had been dug in small numbers in most of the towns, the main concentration of these was usually in the Ryneks—the Polish town squares around which most of the administrative and often military buildings were grouped. Thus the trenches often proved to be in the most likely area for an air raid, and were an especially good target. Usually no attempt was made to camouflage them, and during the destruction of Lublin, which I witnessed, the Place Litowski was one of the worst hit spots, with the horror of machine-gunning the crowded area added to the bombing.

This mastery of the air the Germans used to disorganize the hinterland—the railway junctions, bridges, telephone lines, radio stations, electricity works, and transports moving along rails and highways. Thus from the first days of the war the Polish command began to lose its most vital lines of communication and its civilian bases. As troops attempted strategic reformation, they lost contact with the various sections and were swallowed up in the complete chaos of the countryside behind them. Units became as scattered on this account as through the enveloping movements of the enemy. Army units thus were often unaware of the general position in their own vicinity, and would suddenly find themselves cut off from an unexpected side, as was the case of the Polish troops defending the north bank of the Vistula between Krakow and Sandomierz about September 7. At that time the army command of this front at Sandomierz had already fallen back, leaving the

defending troops isolated with the Germans sweeping down from the north behind them, before they even appeared on the south bank in front of them. During the second week practically all contact with the high command and the central government became disrupted, as the German aviation followed them at every step, and never allowed them to rest. All attempts to reorganize the scattered troops were frustrated by immediate aerial bombardments as at Krasnik on September 8 and the next day at Lublin, filled to three times its normal population owing to the evacuation stream from Warsaw. The Warsaw government was successively bombed on its arrival in Lublin, Luck, Krzemieniec, Tarnopol, and Zaleszczyki on the Rumanian border.

In large part this was made possible by the uncanny efficiency of the German information service. Without doubt the hostile German and Ukrainian minorities provided nuclei for spying and diversion. Not only were telephone lines destroyed by clusters of small bombs dropped along the highways, but I saw many instances where the same results had been achieved through broken telegraph poles or trees that had been made to fall on to the lines. The bodies of people by the roadside, shot out of hand, were often eloquent evidence of the awareness of spies on the part of the population. The Germans also sometimes landed individuals from planes for this purpose, as I had occasion to witness on the evening of September 7 when I was driving from Sandomierz to Krasnik. That night it was intended that the troops falling back on Lublin should move along the road and hide in the vicinity of Krasnik during the next day. It was a lonely stretch of road and the telephone communication between Janow and Krasnik had been destroyed. Under cover of dusk a German plane had landed in some fields about 300 metres from the road, but the exact spot had not been found before dark by the peasants rushing around with pitchforks. There was good reason to believe that the landing was not merely for spying, but specifically to disorganize with machine guns, mines, or grenades the military retreat at that night. Since no telephone warning or courier was available along this deserted stretch, the military guards commanded me to run the

gauntlet without lights to give the warning through to the command at Krasnik.

But the most startling element was the absence of any real continuous front, especially in southern Poland. In the Poznan district, and then at Kutno, Radom, and Modlin in the Warsaw district there were isolated fronts for a while, but they quickly became isolated arcs behind which the main Polish forces found themselves imprisoned due to their bad strategic position. Meanwhile German troops poured in from the South and North, and moved East, thus destroying the possibility of a second line of defence along the Vistula, San, and Narev, before the Poles even had a chance to fall back on it. As I passed along the North bank of the Vistula between Krakow and the San on September 5 and 6, the Poles were making a belated effort to meet the threat of a crossing of the river by the Germans pouring down from Slovakia. But before these even came in sight of the Vistula, other motorized German columns came around Polish Silesia from the North-West and surprised the Poles from behind. Thus 36 hours after the fall of Czestochova, the whole of South-Western Poland had to be abandoned up to the river San, although except for a few narrow tank thrusts, little of the territory had actually been occupied by the German troops. With the simultaneous disorganization of the hinterland described above, and the absence of co-ordinated mechanized Polish forces, the Germans were free to push long motorized tentacles deep into Polish territory without serious threats to their lines of communication. This situation enabled the Germans always to maintain the initiative, crippling strategic centres, surprising the retreating Poles by outflanking movements, and isolating the various parts from each other. The San-Vistula-Narev line was outflanked across the San on the South and from East Prussia on the North. Before a retreat on to a second Bug line might have been undertaken, the Germans were moving down from the North behind the Bug toward Brest.

The only answer would have been arms of the same potency, and at least fortifications. The pride of the German army was its technical arm; that of the Poles its cavalry. A qualified Czech military observer described to me how at Pultusk, North

of Warsaw, this Polish cavalry was sent against an avalanche of tanks and practically wiped out by them. Just as real fortifications were absent along the Polish Western front, so also no advantage was taken of the inner defensive possibilities. As far as I could see, no attempt at real resistance was made except by the troops bottled up in the central area. Many recruits, called up too late, wandered about on foot, bewildered by the unexpected turn of events. I remember an incident when recruits of a village which had been evacuated by the officers, were ordered to join their regiment at Krakow, which at that time was already occupied by German troops. Few of the soldiers I talked to each day along the road from west to east had ever made contact with the enemy or been able to make use of their guns. From the first day of the war they had moved east step by step, hoping always to make a stand, but caught instead in an ever greater confusion. Each day I hoped to get out of what at first I presumed to be the front area into the second line and the hinterland. Often by evening it would appear as if I had got ahead of the retreating stream into towns where civil life was still functioning. But during the night it would all change, and by morning the town would be deserted with the authorities and police gone, with all vehicles gone, and all shops closed. I consoled myself that it would all be different when once I was behind the Vistula-San line; and when this too proved illusory I pinned all my hopes on the Bug. But here the chaos turned out to be even greater. The military petrol supply began to fail. Civilian and military cars were strewn along the roads, deserted by their occupants because of lack of petrol or because of such an inferior alcohol mixture that the cars failed to function, while only a few days previously in the panic following the bombardment of Lublin I had had to wade through petrol 4in. deep on the floor to get to the pump.

Only when I reached Luck, the capital of Wolynsk in the eastern Ukraine, far behind the Bug, did I begin to realize that all was lost, and that the whole of Poland from west to east had become one vast No Man's Land. Then, like the Polish government and command, like all of official Poland who had gone before, I also took the crowded road south,

south, on and on, to the Rumanian border and to safety before the Germans could cut off the last retreat.

In the face of the bankruptcy of the military and political leadership the Polish soldier displayed a deep devotion to Poland. Misguided, uninformed, and deprived of an even chance to fight, these soldiers to the last kept on believing in the freedom of their country and the rightness of their cause. Nothing can be more demoralizing than the sort of endless retreat they had to endure without a single chance to face their adversary in the open. Even when they arrived at the Rumanian border, they still had the forlorn hope that somehow they would soon be able to turn and fight. The defence of besieged Warsaw with the heroism of its soldiers and civilians, was further evidence of this, as was the resistance of the troops bottled up in the Poznan district, at the Westerplatte, and at Radom. Their task had been the impossible one of holding the west and advancing against the Reich, and they were finally wiped out at Kutno, trying to break through to Warsaw. What could have been achieved if the population by and large had identified itself with the resistance was suggested by Lwow, where a German attack reaching into the suburbs was beaten off with the active participation of the civil population. Among these heroic defenders were the same Jews who were despised and mishandled by Polish society. If the political basis of the country had been different, if the means at the disposal of the soldiers had been better, if there had been some fortifications, the war might perhaps have taken a different course. The blind social reaction, the violation of minorities, and the consequences of a suicidal foreign policy made Poland incapable of defending itself as a national state, and delivered its people into a massacre that ended in Nazi domination.

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On the evening of September 14 the police arsenal in Luck was opened and pistols and ammunition were doled out to every Pole who wanted them. An atmosphere of strained expectancy hung over the town. The Germans had crossed the Bug near Brest in the north, and were invading the suburbs of Lwow in the south. But in Luck that night it was not the advance of the Germans that preoccupied all minds, but the fear of an

uprising by the Ukrainian population. As long as the Polish army was making a show of resistance, the unarmed Ukrainian population maintained a latent hostility, expressing itself at most in sabotage. But now that they saw the whole military equipment rolling in an endless stream south-east on the road to Rumania, the Ukrainian desire for liberation rapidly approached the boiling point. In the streets of Luck that day the Ukrainians walked around with a sarcastic indifference and amusement at the plight of the Poles. In a few hours this might take on a much more violent form. The Ukrainians, especially the somewhat Germanophile Luck middle class, were expecting that the German seizure of Lwow would be coupled with the proclaiming of a Ukrainian state under German tutelage. On the whole it was a question of the first bidder to help them, rather than a pro-German leaning. Across this also cut the undoubted hostility of the Jews and of the poor peasantry to the Polish landowners, which however was still more violent against the German invaders. I talked to Ukrainians who made their determination to become free at once very clear. I was present in the police headquarters when munitions were being doled out to the Poles. The German servant in the house where I stayed was waiting for the arrival of the Germans. The Jewish lawyer who owned it felt paralysed, as there seemed no course that fitted his situation except utter resignation. I talked to Czech colonists, and they felt that the inevitable storm might already have broken before dawn. That night I slipped out of town, together with the last of the Polish gold, in a convoy of buses assembled outside the bank under cover of darkness.

On September 16, when I left Tarnopol on the last lap towards the south-east corner of Poland, south-eastern Poland was laid bare right to the Rumanian frontier. Lwow had temporarily beaten back the advance, but was rapidly being encircled. The only remaining organized resistance was from the troops bottled up at Kutno and Warsaw. The government had disappeared and could not be located, save for an evacuation commissioner, the former Governor of Krakow province, who was supervising the evacuation into Rumania. By this time no further attempt was being made to reform the scattered troops. Instructions now were to rush everything across the border to

save it from German capture, and a long line of military vehicles, moveable cannon, ambulances, tanks, lorries, and aeroplanes overhead were moving through the remaining unconquered salient towards Rumania. The south-eastern corner of Poland was overcrowded with refugees and equipment, while the German bombers came over and tried to disorganize even this miserable stream. The disintegration was complete, and eastern Poland was ready to bow to an "independence" at the hands of Hitler.

It was at this critical moment on the night from the 16th to the 17th that Russian troops began to cross over on to Polish territory all along the eastern border. For months before the war, the possibility of Russian help as part of a general defensive system had been visualized among the population, and even during the war there were often rumours to this effect. Despite the breakdown of the Anglo-Russian negotiations, it was hopefully said that Russia could not allow Nazi Germany to acquire a foothold in the Ukraine. In the event, Russia did stop the German advance.

That morning I was still some 30 miles from the Rumanian border. The restrained evacuation of the previous day along this road had suddenly turned into a headlong flight in a cloud of dust. No attention was paid to the surprised officers who were supposed to stop and examine each car before it could proceed to the frontier town. I tried to find out but no one knew just what had happened. Some said the Germans had broken through behind us, others thought it was ahead of us. And then some began to say that Russian tanks had been seen. The lorry with soldiers on which I was, was stopped some 10 miles from the frontier. All traffic was diverted to the right. But as the road ahead was the shortest line to safety across the frontier, I persuaded the driver to take a chance. We got through to the frontier town, much to the surprise of the people there. They told us that we had just missed running into the advancing Russians. Actually General Prchala, the Czech Legion general, who was behind us, was captured, but released again after he had established his identity to the Russian commander. We crossed the high frontier bridge across the Dniester, and found ourselves on Rumanian soil with thousands

of Polish refugees, all crowded together into the hollow near the bridgehead.

Shortly after our arrival, a flight of German planes passed over Zaleszczyki and dropped a parting bouquet of bombs on this congested little town. They were probably the last bombs that fell in eastern Poland. There across the river a strange lull seemed to settle over everything. Then a man jumped up on to the bridge and announced to the thousands of refugees that the Russians had arrived on the other side in Poland. There was clapping and cheers. Then on second thought, discussion. Some said it was the Russians who had come; others that it was the Bolsheviks. And so it was all afternoon. There were now two streams on the bridge; one still coming out, the cars from Warsaw, the officers, those who were bound with the old Poland, who had trekked from West to East. But another stream began going back on foot—Ukrainians and Jews and peasants and even some soldiers. A lorry-load of Polish aviators demanded their arms back from the Rumanians, and marched back to offer their services to the Russians. Peace had come with lightning rapidity and the Nazi military machine and the bombers were falling back all along the line.

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Russia's action in invading eastern Poland has been criticized on two main grounds. It has been called the stab in the back which produced the final Polish collapse. It has also been represented as an armed aggression against another people.

The charge that Russia undermined the Polish defence against the Nazis ignores the actual sequence of events in Eastern Poland. By September 17 control of Eastern Poland had completely slipped out of the hands of the Polish state. Lacking any form of organized government or military command, there was not even any effort to suggest a hope of rallying on Polish territory. Meanwhile some 10 million people were faced with the spread of Nazi oppression over their territory without any means of resistance. The Russian move came at the eleventh hour. A further delay would have meant that Nazi Germany had not only conquered the Poles, but had enslaved the Ukrainians, the White Russians, and one of the largest Jewish concentrations in Europe.

The 12 million national minorities in Poland, were opposed to Polish rule which they identified with their unequal status. In addition the primarily agrarian population was also very restive as a class in face of the semi-feudal conditions imposed upon it by the large landowners of Eastern Poland. Furthermore, both the Ukrainian and White Russian minorities were arbitrarily separated from their larger national groups within the Soviet Union through the annexation of western White Russia and western Ukraine following the Polish-Soviet war. Their inclusion into the Polish state did not correspond to ethnic factors. Nevertheless, Russia was prepared not only to respect the integrity of this multi-national combination, but to defend Poland against Nazi aggression as a whole, as part of a European defensive system. But when the negotiators last summer refused such help, and opened the country to the German invasion that followed, Russia was not bound to accept the delivery of the Ukraine and White Russia into German hands.

There is no doubt that an overwhelming part of the population of these regions welcomed the Russian advance. There is no reason why we in Western Europe should declare that it was a violation when the vast majority of those concerned regarded it as the opposite. During the last days in Poland, before the advance, and the following weeks in Rumania, I had plenty of evidence of the concrete assistance on the part of the local population in welcoming the Russian troops which they regarded as their friends. A reflection of this could be seen weeks later in Bucharest where outside the Russian legation daily long queues formed of refugees from Poland who wished to return to their country. It is true that at a few points in north-eastern Poland, isolated military formations offered some resistance. But this is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the Polish army not only was strongly controlled by the ideology of the ruling section, but also was cleansed of all national minority elements. There was no popular resistance.

For the populations involved, the present settlement is more satisfactory than anything they have experienced during the preceding 20 years. There is no reason why a future Poland arising after the war should be dependent on the inclusion of

INDIA AND HER FUTURE

BY SIR JAMES CRERAR, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

ANY close appreciation of the present state of affairs in India and, still more, any attempt to deduce the probable course of future development, would necessitate a careful review of much past history. For the purposes of a summary survey it must suffice to recall some of the outstanding land marks of the last five years.

On August 2, 1935, the Royal Assent was given to an "Act to make further provision for the government of India". This great enactment—and no legislation of equal magnitude and moment has ever been contained in a single Act of Parliament—was the fruit of many years of investigation and consultation. In it the utility of all methods of enquiry and debate was exhausted and the limits within which, at this phase of development, the legislature of Great Britain could directly contribute were nearly, if not wholly, attained.

The Act made three fundamental provisions which are organically interdependent. It provided for a very complete measure of responsible self-government in the provinces of British India, for a federation of the British provinces and the Indian States, and for certain constitutional guarantees to cover transition to the juridical and factual consummation of what is commonly called 'Dominion Status.'

The first of these provisions was brought into operation by Order in Council on April 1, 1937. The second remained open pending further negotiations with the Indian States on which, for reasons of which some will be dealt with later, no conclusion has yet been reached. As the result of general elections held earlier in the year, the Congress party had decisive successes in three provinces and majorities in three others. A wise policy of conciliation towards the States, many of which had bitter memories of the activities of Congress in the days of its

irresponsible opposition, a determination to reassure minorities of the fallacy of their apprehensions and suspicions and, above all, an energetic and constructive programme in the field of India's grave and urgent domestic problems were clearly indicated, not only as the statesman's plain duty but as the most effective form of political propaganda. To have achieved such a policy would have given the Congress an indisputable claim on the confidence of the country and rendered any design, if such a design were anywhere entertained, to obstruct India's further advance politically impracticable. Even to have attempted it would have far outweighed in value a multitude of manifestos and manœuvres.

It must be recognized that the Congress ministries were confronted by inherent difficulties in the work of administration which had taxed, and not infrequently defeated, the best efforts and the accumulated experience of their predecessors. They had also peculiar difficulties of their own. They had never held office before and hitherto had devoted to agitation time and talents that would have been better bestowed on something more positive. They had made extravagant promises which they could never hope to redeem. And—an even more serious handicap—they were dominated by the central caucus of their party, which had not much regard for the needs and desires of the constituencies to which it did not recognize any responsibility. To this last cause was due a grave tactical blunder at the outset. There can be little doubt that immediately after the elections opinion among the supporters of the Congress in the provinces was for the most part strongly in favour of accepting office and 'working the constitution.' Acting, however, on the *diktat* of the Congress Working Committee, they made a concerted demand on the provincial governors for an undertaking in restraint of the exercise of the special powers conferred upon them, in certain contingencies, by the Government of India Act. It was obvious that no governor could lawfully contract himself out of statutory provisions which gave him no power of dispensation. The demand was, therefore, unconstitutional. To concede it would, moreover, have been a betrayal of interests for the protection of which, in the main, these powers had, in the general settlement, been reserved. Fortunately, better

counsels and

has generally probably the pressure of provincial opinion, which to realities been sounder in its instinct and more responsive ministries as the central Junta, prevailed and the Congress

What India needed office without the obnoxious stipulation. in which most sorely needed at this point was some respite impede the work of social and economic reconstruction, routinely long years consumed in a sterile and destructive daily agitation, could receive the attention for which, with questing increasing insistence, it clamoured. Other outstanding warrants, whatever their difficulty, were not of an order to authorize any further delay and there was now the amplest sufficient in Indian hands to actuate a programme of reform of the country to absorb the material resources and the best energies

The country for a generation.

years obsolete technique and ingrained habits of so many stop of quite gratuitous wandering in the wilderness proved too prodigal. Genuine efforts were being made by some of the provincial governments to deal faithfully with their task, but again the central control intervened. The federal plan whose fate was still in issue was, of course, a perfectly legitimate target for criticism. But, if it was not of a nature to justify the diversion of effort from the more immediate duties of the provincial governments, still less could it justify the violent and indiscriminate propaganda against the Indian States which was the next *démarche*. The federal plan dissatisfied the Congress because it did not give them unlimited control at the centre. One object of this attack upon the States was to torpedo this plan, and it had some success in this short-sighted objective. Delicate negotiations were in progress in regard to the accession of the States to the federation and, naturally, the alarms and suspicions aroused by Congress activities were a stumbling block. This was another error in tactics. To have accepted the federal scheme, with whatever protests or reservations and to have consolidated their position in it would have been a shorter cut to such part of their ambitions as the rest of India was ready to tolerate, and would, indeed, have been a perfectly constitutional course. The course actually taken not only alienated the Indian States but increased the

distrust among the other parties and the minorities in British India.

This distrust was already lively enough owing, in part, to another unfortunate circumstance. It may well be believed that in the Congress Ministries there were at least a few fair and public-spirited men who had no deliberate desire to deal unfairly with the minorities. But they had little or no control over the machine, Congress 'Gauleiters', the subalterns of the party who had no such prudential scruples and all the arrows of their kind. It is doubtful whether the party headquarters had any effective discipline over these people. However, of the late be, incidents occurred well calculated to justify men's always minority communities, especially the Muslims, in their latent suspicions of Congress politics. The result has been to exacerbate the tension between Muslim and Hindu. It is a pitch which experienced observers declare to be unprece-

This was the general position when war was declared. It immediately made it clear that on one issue, at any rate, India could be united. It was indeed to be anticipated that the Indian States, inspired by their traditional allegiance to the Crown, would once more offer their fullest moral and material support. In view of the delicate and searching character of the negotiations regarding the federal plan, involving, as was inevitable, a good deal of hard bargaining on both sides, it would not have been surprising if their ardour had been perceptibly cooled by the frigid wind of calculation and if their tenders of service had been accompanied by, at any rate, some hint of stipulation, express or implied. It is for ever to their credit that their response has been made with all the old enthusiasm of loyalty and that it has been unreserved and unconditional. Nor has the response of the rest of India, in all fundamentals, been any more open to doubt, though, in more than one quarter, it has been more qualified. It has been universally recognized that a Nazi triumph would import a special and deadly menace to India. The outrages of which Germany has already been guilty before and during the war, her philosophy of racial arrogance and the divine right of might, and, in particular, perhaps, her ignoble warfare on religious institutions and cultural traditions more ancient than her own

have been calculated most profoundly to move the deepest instincts of every creed and class in India. Whatever its worst enemy may charge to the British account, the fate of Bohemia and Poland has left little doubt that a Nazi régime would recall such things as have not been dreamt of in India since the days of Timur and Ala-ud-din Khilji. It becomes a minor count that such a régime would spell not merely the negation but the destruction of all her political aspirations.

On the positive side, there is more general appreciation than the commonplaces of current controversy would suggest of the great advance which the Government of India Act has effected and of the wider prospects which it opens. Further, in spite of the bitter war of words waged for so many years, the solid benefits of British rule in the past in the social, economic and industrial fields are too palpable to be denied except by those who are still interested to do so for propagandist purposes. Even these shop-soiled recriminations have lost most of their point now that the political power and the control of resources for all these purposes rest in Indian hands.

Finally, the spirit of ruthless and faithless aggression which is abroad in the world to-day—"the very beating of its wings" is literally to be heard—has brought more nearly home the security which India enjoys by reason of the vital position she holds in the general strategical scheme of imperial defence.

India, as a whole, therefore is, by instinct and conviction, at one with England in the war. This basic fact must be borne constantly in mind when we assess the situation. The war has presented Congress with a new and a vastly greater opportunity to vindicate itself in the eyes of India, of England and of the world as the authentic representatives of a great nation. The Congress has not so far grasped the opportunity. In law and in fact, India was at war when the Crown was at war and Indian troops were sent out of India without, it was complained, any consultation with the Indian Legislature. It may be that had time permitted, some such consultation would have been a prudent and proper course to take, even if it could be no more than a courteous gesture, but the fact that India was at war was an ineluctable corollary of the course of events elsewhere. The first step of Congress was to withdraw its representatives from

the Central Legislature. Then certain demands were put forward. So far as these can be formulated with any cohesion, they require that Great Britain should here and now define precisely the political changes to be effected in India on the conclusion of the war; and—it is not quite clear whether this is an elaboration or an alternative—that a constituent assembly, representing all Indian parties and interests, should at once be summoned, whose decisions should receive legislative sanction forthwith. These demands are evidently not practical politics. It is as impossible for His Majesty's Government in Great Britain to bind themselves in detail to any post-war settlement in India as it is to formulate and commit themselves irrevocably to the form and contents of the general post-war settlement. A Machiavellian mind might have accepted the proposed constituent assembly, with the reasonable proviso that its conclusions should require such measure of agreement as is required, for example, for an amendment of the constitution of the United States. It may be confidently predicted that no such conclusions would have been reached. The Federal Chief Justice has pointed out how ill-adapted such a large and unwieldy body is to frame the vast and complex structure of a constitution; moreover, the proposal has excited the most violent opposition of the minorities, especially of the 70 or 80 million Muslims. They oppose it because they fear that the institution of any unrestricted form of majority rule would reduce them to the state of political helots under what they call a 'Hindu Raj.' The Indian States, on their part, are no less apprehensive of a central government, in which they should have no part, being armed with federal powers which vitally affect their interests and might even threaten their existence. Under no pressure, from the war or otherwise, could the British Government betray these interests, even if it were clear, as it is not, that it had anything to gain by doing so. The existing safeguards must be in some form or other retained until they can be replaced by the consent of those concerned.

The Government of Great Britain has not been content with pointing out these difficulties. They have defined their policy as the attainment by India of Dominion Status under the Statute of Westminster with the least possible delay. They

have pledged themselves to co-operate in removing the obstacles and have promised an unrestricted survey of the whole field on the conclusion of the war. Meantime, the Viceroy has been authorized to propose means for the association of Indian leaders with the conduct of India's part in the war by direct representation on the Governor General's Executive Council and by other provisions for close and continuous co-operation. Lord Linlithgow has made strenuous efforts to promote agreement, but, so far, in vain. The response of Congress was to direct the Ministries in all the provinces under its control to resign. The automatic consequence has been that in these provinces the administration has been assumed by the Governors in direct relations with the permanent civil services and the great measure of responsible government set up by the Constitution of 1935 has been suspended. The Muslims have celebrated the departure from power of the Congress Ministries as a Day of Thanksgiving.

This, formally and superficially, is an outline of the position as it now stands. If that were all, it might well provide food for much melancholy reflection in the present and still graver augury for the future. But it is not all. There are other governments in India which have taken a different view of their duty and their interests and beneath all these alarms and excursions there are deeper elements which move powerfully and cannot but assert themselves. As has already been said, the attitude of India is unmistakeable and unshakeable. Her contribution will take a form notably different in many respects from her great achievement of 1914-18. It will be different, but it will be more massive and more rapidly deployed. Her man-power is more than unimpaired. Indian troops are already on French soil; it is well known that many more have taken their posts at other strategic points; recruiting offices in India have been overwhelmed by the throng of applicants; for the first time Indians have been recruited in England direct to British units. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that in the combatant services India can at least equal her previous effort and that it will be more economically, more efficiently and more promptly applied. In the field of economic warfare, which is recognized to be of not less decisive importance,

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India is vastly better equipped than in the last war. The position has recently been admirably reviewed by Sir Frank Noyce, a former member of the Governor General's Council in a lecture to the East India Association, and only a few illustrative facts can here be cited. First, as regards organization. In the last war an Indian Munitions Board did not come into operation till 1917. The Indian Stores Department and a Standing Committee of supply officers to plan a war economy have been at work for many years. On the outbreak of war, a Department of Supply was immediately established and an Economic Resources Board has also recently been formed. The development of old and the creation of new industries have made India self-sufficient, or more nearly so, in a great range of commodities—a fact which, whatever its ultimate commercial implications, is an invaluable war-time asset. In iron and steel her production has risen from 305,000 tons of pig-iron and 49,000 tons of steel in 1914, to 1,575,000 tons of pig-iron, 977,000 tons of steel-ingots and 935,000 tons of finished steel in 1938-39. As regards raw materials of special value in war, she retains her monopoly of jute and can increase her already great production of oil seeds, cotton, rubber and sugar.

These facts, apart from their direct bearing on India's war potential, have their political implications. In some important respects her resources and her powers of production fall far short of a completely self-sufficient economy. Nevertheless, it is apparent that, on the material side alone, she has already the position of a leading unit in the British Commonwealth of Nations. This must not be forgotten in any present attempt to estimate India's claims in the post-war settlement. It will not be forgotten in India. But the immediate lesson to draw is that internal unity and co-operation with the rest of the Empire will have a political value for transcending any constitutional forms. The forms will follow the facts; they will not create and will do little to control them. The obstacles to a further great political advance are not in England, but in India; the task and the means of surmounting them are in Indian hands. Self-government is not a thing which can be conferred from without. The greatest creative contribution that the British Parliament could make is embodied in the Act of 1935. Any

further legislation it may have to undertake is likely to be more a recognition of new facts than a construction of new forms.

There are, however, some directions in which Great Britain and her representatives may at this juncture render timely and useful assistance. While discussions are in progress or may be resumed, a prudent commentator will do well to remember that *incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*. But this much may, perhaps, be said without rebuke. The Congress party, as has already been argued, made a serious error in tactics when the Government of India Act was first put into operation. A friend of India will recall with greater satisfaction that wiser counsels prevailed. There is something analogous in the present position and the demands that have been put forward. Nothing irreparable has yet happened; nothing, indeed, that mutual toleration and practical good-will cannot amend. But the traditional British methods of settling local communal dissensions are not methods applicable to a general settlement on a national scale. Great Britain cannot impose such a settlement; she can only promote it by mediation. But the limits which necessarily govern any such mediation should be clearly understood. Great Britain can undertake to implement any agreed settlement that does substantial justice, but she cannot undertake, in default of such a settlement, to impose any scheme of unlimited majority rule on which might be based the dictatorship of a single party. She cannot do so because it would be a plain breach of her engagements and responsibilities and because no plan conceived in defiance of the vital principle of government by consent could bring forth anything but disaster. Democracy is not simply the rule of a majority; respect for the indefeasible rights of minorities and of the individual is equally of its essence. On the other hand, the minorities should recognize that reasonable claims must not be made an excuse for mere intransigence if they are to vindicate themselves as yielding to none in their aspirations for India as a nation. If so much is conceded by all parties, much more can be accomplished without further waste of time. The wise course and that most appropriate to the emergency would be to follow the example of this country by the formation of governments representing all the main political groups. The

immediate deadlock would be resolved and perhaps the way pointed to a more permanent and comprehensive concordat.

There follows the question of defence, which is not only the immediate question but has a vital bearing on India's progress to 'Dominion Status.' There are two directions in which British effort might at this time profitably be exerted. The first is the increased association of Indian political leaders with the prosecution of the war. The approach made by the proposals already put forward should be persevered in and pressed. It should not be excluded or side-tracked by debate on other matters by no means so relevant to present necessities. In the second place, it is to be hoped that the pre-occupations of the war, however insistent, will not impede or delay all possible measures to accelerate the ultimate aim of a Dominion Army for India. The formation of a corps of Indian officers with the necessary experience and seniority must be a matter of time, but Indian opinion would regard it as a strange and a suspicious anomaly if it did not receive a great impetus from the participation of her present army in the war.

So much for the present. In the endeavour to envisage the nature and extent of post-war developments in India, there is one momentous consideration which in this country should be borne constantly in mind. We recognize that the war will precipitate incalculable changes in the social, economic and political structure not only of Europe but of the world. We may agree that this is a necessary as well as an inevitable consummation. Let us remember that this will apply with not less force to India. We must therefore be prepared for developments greatly exceeding in extent and rapidity what might have been the prudential limits of a peace-time policy. Our dispositions, now and later, should be directed to provide that, so far as may be, the perils of a great transition be mitigated since they cannot be averted. In India the first thing needful is a clear conception of the end to be pursued, a determination that the realities of which it must be composed are not obscured by obsolete formulas or diverted by the vendettas of power politics. Independence and secession, as things stand and are likely to stand for so long as it is now profitable to speculate, are but wild and whirling words. To attempt to translate them

into fact would require vast armaments, naval, aerial and military and, to support them, a vicious system of economic autarky under the burden of which even India's vast resources would be exhausted, her social and political structure would collapse and her most cherished native traditions would be imperilled. As a dominion of the British Commonwealth, a cardinal point in its strategical defence, an equal partner in a natural economy of mutual benefit, and with a continually growing strength of influence in its councils, her position would be impregnable.

The plain truth is that the present time is an acid test of the extent to which India is, or is in the way of becoming, a nation : a nation equipped by her heritages of culture, her internal cohesion and the most advantageous application of her natural resources to take her place in a new world order in which a regenerated spirit of nationalism may operate not as a poison but as a salutary leaven. If she can now but lay hold of the things essential to internal unity, she will have the golden opportunity, which has rarely presented itself in the unforgiving history of nations, to choose, in pursuing her own manifest political advantage, the better part also in a higher category of values.

(A second article on India and Her Future, by Edward Thompson, will be published in the April issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

BEYOND THE WAR

BY H. A. L. FISHER

(Continued)

A MORE promising suggestion is that a federation should be formed between states which do share the same moral and political principles, which do talk the language of civilized man and continue to cherish the values which are part of the classical and Christian legacy of Europe. The League of Nations, it will be remembered, was founded on the assumption that its member states would be peace loving Democracies, sharing in all essentials a common outlook on the problems of life, and ready to speak the language of civilized man. And now that many of the member states of the League have ceased to be democracies and that some have turned their back on civilization, Mr. Clarence Streit, a young American writer, comes forward with a proposal for a federal union of Western Democratic States, of the United States, the British Empire, France, the Scandinavian States, Belgium and Holland, etc., etc., and with a scheme for devolving upon the federal Government the control of foreign policy, war, currency and other fundamental subjects. Mr. Streit has no difficulty in showing that were such a Federation to be established it would be a great force making for stability and peace, and that a federal union is necessarily free from many of the infirmities which beset a league of sovereign states.

That an American should propose such doctrines indicates the extent to which the European and Asiatic controversies of the century have affected the American outlook on the world. Politically America refuses to confess that she can be other than isolationist. Intellectually and morally she partakes in the great movements of the outer world and, so long as she may be spared the trials of war, is pleased that her weight should be

felt beyond the ocean. But from this greater willingness to take a hand in international affairs it is a very long journey to *Union Now*. In no quarter of the United States would there be support for a proposal to overturn, as Mr. Streit so valiantly suggests, the sacred ark of the American constitution.

The wheels of history no doubt revolve more rapidly in war and if this war should drag itself out and American public opinion be so greatly stirred by the course of events to lead to intervention, a recommendation such as that made by Mr. Streit, might command a certain academic audience. For the present it would certainly founder on the rock of American opposition. Even the prospect that Britain would be permanently outnumbered in the Federal Council would not appease the average member of Congress.

In a word I regretfully regard the suggestion of *Union Now*, in the shape proposed by Mr. Streit's book, as wholly and utterly impracticable. Are there not, however, short of an actual Federal Union, several steps which might be taken towards a closer co-operation between the democracies of the Atlantic in such a state of public opinion as we may hope to see generated in the course of the next few years? The annihilation of distance as Mr. Wells reminds us provides a strong argument in favour of large political units and also renders them more easy to work. With the aid of the telephone an Australian cabinet can get through its agenda though its members be separated one from another by a distance as great as that which divides Paris from Moscow. Downing Street talks to Cape Town and Canberra, and Cape Town and Canberra talk to Downing Street. There is now no obstacle to the conduct of elaborate consultations over vast distances of intervening space.

It would, therefore, be not a chimerical but an entirely practical project to extend the system of consultations which now binds together the different parts of the British Empire, or rather to base an entirely new network of relations upon the principles which have hitherto been successfully applied within the limits of our Commonwealth of Nations. Such a network need not be brought into being instantaneously; it might be extended gradually from one subject to another. A Joint

Advisory Commission, representing the different nations concerned, might be appointed to frame proposals for a common currency, which if duly ratified might be subjected to revision at quinquennial periods. Other commissions might similarly report and advise on other subjects of common interest. Again there might be a general stocktaking of foreign policy and defence carried out at a periodical Conference such as now every three years brings representatives of the British Empire together at Downing Street. Confidence, as Burke observes, is a plant of slow growth, and the degree of confidence necessary to support any close union is far more likely to be generated by the development of a habit of constant consultation on important questions of common interest than by embarking, far in advance of public opinion, upon an attempt to frame a Federal State.

The German pressure has in itself been a material factor in drawing closer the ties between the Scandinavian countries and the British Empire and again between the British Empire, France and the United States. One of the results of the war is likely to be a readiness for co-operation between nations whose sympathies in the main question of resistance to Nazi aggression are identical; and advantage should be taken of this feeling while it lasts to create some more durable machinery for mutual consultation than now exists.

It is tempting to allow the fancy to play among new combinations of States, a Balkan Block, a Danubian Block, a Mediterranean Block, an Atlantic Block. Such combinations may, if matured, help towards greater stability, but we are still brought up against the central problem from which all our difficulties flow, the satisfaction of the Germans. It may at once be said that Nazi Germany will never be satisfied. So long as the spirit now animating the Nazi party and directing the Nazi policy remains, the gulf between Germany and civilization is unbridged. A change in the German outlook is a vital condition both of German and European health. There have always in every generation been Germans who have taken a broad humanitarian view of Germany's duty towards the world, who have valued liberty and refinement of mind and desired to see their country's influence in foreign countries depend upon

the many contributions to the arts of man which the Germans are in a position, if rightly guided, to make. These Germans are now without voice or authority in their own country. They look on helplessly while their Government pumps poison gas into their famous schools and universities, and by its cruel persecution affronts the conscience of mankind. It is not to be believed that the Nazi yoke will indefinitely be tolerated. That it has now become unbearable by Germany's Western neighbours gives us encouragement to hope that some day it will become unbearable by the Germans themselves. If that happens, we must see to it that the Germans are taken into genuine partnership and that the strength of this mighty and industrious people is used not against but in aid of the general welfare of the world.

When the States of Europe (including the British Empire, the members of which should now draw closer together) have received their new formations, they will, let us hope, be grouped in a League under a new constitution, but availing itself of the machinery, the personnel and the traditions of the *Société des Nations* which met for the first time at Geneva in November, 1920. There might be some advantage in a stipulation that the Assemblies of the League should be held periodically in a German city. It should be one of the functions of the League to frame a scheme for the progressive diminution of armaments and to supervise its execution.

Politics however are not enough. The war economy of the self-sufficing states is both a consequence and a cause of that international mistrust which breeds such misery in the world and has led to this catastrophe. A freer trade is essential to the economic convalescence of Europe. Everybody knows this. All the experts are agreed upon it. There can be no question that if the affairs of the world were settled by long-headed disinterested men in the general interest either reciprocal trade agreements would be multiplied or tariff barriers would everywhere be lowered and some temporary pooling system established by which for a given period of years loss of customs revenue might be partially made good on a proportionate basis. Freer trade (including access to colonial markets) would not, of itself, ensure peace, but we have only to call in mind the sensible improvement in Anglo-American relations resulting from the

very small instalment of free trade contained in the Anglo-American agreement, to realize how great an effect might be expected from the adoption of a wide plan for the gradual lowering of tariffs, even if no great reduction were effected at any one stage. A beginning might be made even now by a Zollverein of the Balkan States.

I note that the Labour Party has put forward proposals for an international army and for the international government under mandates of the Colonial possessions of European powers. Since the Labour Party may one day be called upon to govern the country its recommendations deserve careful study, the more so since each branch of its policy has in the past received support from responsible French and British statesmen. M. Bourgeois, for instance, was a leading figure among the many Frenchmen in public life who at the end of the last war advocated the establishment of an international police force, while Mr. Lloyd George was a vigorous advocate of a much wider extension of the colonial mandate system than France and the Dominion Premiers were at that time willing to concede. There is nothing novel then about these ideas. Most people who have been thinking about politics seriously in this country must be asking themselves whether a plan so directly calculated to deliver mankind from the fear of war is in fact practicable. The difficulties, of course, are very great. All the nations of the world must in the first place be brought to agree to the limitation of their armaments by land, air and sea, to a figure corresponding to the needs of internal police and the discharge of international obligations, and on no account to increase their armaments beyond that limit. Our experience gleaned from the efforts of the League to hammer out an all round scheme of disarmament show how difficult it is to reach any such understanding. We move in a region in which no principle of arithmetical justice survives the shock of fear, resentment or ambition. The late Lord Esher was bold enough to propose a simple plan; the figure of 100,000 prescribed for the Germans in the Treaty of Versailles was to be taken as a basis and the size of other armies related to that figure as the population of other countries were related to the population of Germany. It is hardly necessary to say that France refused to look at a proposal

which would have left her with an army of 50,000 men. And even though an addition was allowed in respect of French colonial establishments it was not to be expected that such an allowance would be welcome to the Germans, one of whose grievances against France is her possession of that wide tract of Northern and Central Africa, whose admirable levies helped her in the late war to balance the numerical superiority of her adversaries.

Let it also be remembered that this limitation of national armies, if it is to be founded on principles of justice and effectively observed must not be limited to Europe alone. Asia, North America and Africa must be included in the scheme. If, for instance, it should be the case that China has on foot 10 million armed men, the fact will have repercussions throughout the world. There must be world-wide agreement as to the figures and world-wide supervision to secure that the figures are observed. It is generally thought, though the argument is open to question, that the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments will facilitate the adoption and maintenance of this system of limitation. I regard the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments as a matter of quite secondary importance, provided that all manufacture is strictly controlled and that armament profits are limited. The really valuable measure, if this could be carried out and enforced, would be an all round limitation of the size of national armies, supplemented by a further agreement only to permit such military aircraft as might be employed as part of an international police force. Our Labour Party advocates the formation of such an international police force. Where, however, is the force to be stationed and by whose authority is it to be moved? Immense and formidable questions, only to be solved by a conscientious and world-wide determination to allow no obstacle founded on national pride and prejudice however formidable to stand between the world and the preservation of peace. From such a mood Asia and Europe and America are now far removed.

A shorter easier and more practical method of reducing international mistrust would be the abolition of military aircraft altogether. At the end of the last war the vanquished countries were successfully deprived of certain offensive weapons of war.

The same kind of machinery which was employed then in relation to the armaments of a few powers might be employed at the conclusion of this war in relation to all powers. There can be little question but that the abolition of military aviation would bring such immeasurable relief to the whole human species that the great technical interest caused by its rapid development coupled with the extraordinary feats of headlong daring which military flying has brought in its train ought not to be allowed to obstruct this essential reform. Here again the difficulties are immense. The countries, weak in military aviation would welcome the change; those, like Japan, which are strong in their air arm would probably reject it.

Opinion must be educated. There are few human inventions which have so greatly reduced the general happiness of mankind as the invention of military aviation, or which are likely to lead to so much precautionary unproductive expenditure. There are few on the other hand which appeal so much to youthful imagination. The mass brutalities of mechanical warfare on land are contrasted with the feats of individual daring of the aviator. In all aviation, however, there is an exhilarating sense of human achievement which in the beautiful art of gliding reaches the highest pitch. It is not necessary to associate the conquest of the air with the butchery of innocent folk living on the earth. On every count a concentrated effort should be made to cleanse the air of military machines of every sort and description. Nothing could more effectively contribute to restore man's faith in the return of sanity to the world than success in this endeavour.

I note that schemes are put out in this country for placing much of Africa under international government. This, however, is one of the many questions which the British Commonwealth of Nations cannot solve single handed. Here we must march in strict collaboration with our French allies and with due recognition of the desires and needs of the natives of the African continent. We have a pretty clear notion of what the Africans are feeling about the present German Government and its chief. One of the most surprising results of the war has been the rush of the Africans to the French Colours. "What", asks M. Mandel, the French Colonial Minister, "is the profound

explanation of this prodigious crusade? It is because the native populations have been long aware that our country, which has brought them security and justice, knows no religious or racial distinctions between man and man, and that, after having improved their lot, it labours to incorporate them into the national life. As against this the native populations are aware that the German propaganda is founded upon a conception of racial superiority. It is the chief of the Reich himself who, in the master-book in which he has formulated his programme, has treated the negroes as half-monkeys (*demi-singes*), and has accused of 'criminal folly' those Governments of the white race who have 'sinned' he says, 'against the creator' in according them political rights. From that moment, how could these negroes not feel themselves directly menaced by the colonial claims of Germany? Meditate upon this fact of high importance; the peoples of the black race consider that the victory of Germany would expose them to the greatest peril which they have encountered since the abolition of slavery."

In view of these developments it is difficult to believe that France will ever willingly consent to the admission of an unregenerate Nazi Germany to an effective share in the government of African peoples. What might happen were the Nazis to be overthrown is an entirely different matter. Indeed one of the many difficulties in the way of any minute specification of peace projects is the uncertainty as to the character of the Germany with which we shall be compelled to deal when the war is over. Will Germany then be Nazi or Red, social democrat or nationalist? Will the Catholic and Protestant Churches make themselves felt against the votaries of Wodin? Will a Government emerge from among the Germans in whom their neighbours and enemies can repose confidence or will the Nazi fires die down only to burn again as fiercely as before? The character of the settlement will be related to these differing contingencies.

The attitude of the United States is another factor which cannot fail finally to influence the future settlement of Europe. The United States may succeed in preserving an attitude of political detachment from the European struggle. That is one

possibility. Another is that the United States may find herself against her original intention and desire sucked into the vortex, but withdraw from Europe as soon as peace is struck. That is what happened in the last war. But there is a third possibility, which, were it to be realized, would put an entirely different complexion on the European settlement, and that is that the United States, whether actively drawn in or not, should undertake to assume an active responsibility in the sustentation of European peace. There is no country which would benefit more than Germany were this third alternative to be realized.

What then is our conclusion? It is first that anything in the nature of a full statement of peace aims, seeing that this must be the joint work of the French and British Governments and must depend upon such uncertain factors as the duration of the war, the nature of the German Government and the action of the United States, is at present premature, that the stability of the European fabric would be improved were local consent to be obtained for a Balkan, a Danubian and possibly that of a Polish-Lithuanian Federation; that the time has come when the various members of the British Commonwealth having asserted their national right of independence might usefully draw more closely to the mother country; that by periodical consultations, advisory councils and special standing commissions, the links between the democracies of the Western world might be strengthened and multiplied; that a great effort should be made after the war to put down military aviation throughout the world and at once to lower the tariff barriers which are ruining Europe.

There remains the question of Germany, the insistent, the formidable question of Germany. The war is not likely to facilitate the solution of the German question. For many years and even generations the world may continue to suffer from the uneasy strivings of this formidable and ambitious people to win for itself a more considerable place in the sun. But another alternative is conceivable. It may be a lesson of this war for the Germans that the crushing burden of armaments necessary to challenge with success the Western Democracies is not worth the price, that an economic penetration of Russia, the Balkans

and Asia Minor would be a less costly and much more profitable enterprise, and that in the long run it would be more to the advantage of the German people to co-operate with their Western neighbours than to endeavour to destroy them. Were such to be the evolution of German policy, the formation of a West European block within the League might be possible and fruitful. In the last analysis the Italians and French, British and Germans have much in common, Greece, Rome, Christianity, the universal language of music, philosophy and science, an almost homogeneous village life. There is, despite the long and melancholy tale of European wars, a common foundation of European culture. Much of that precious inheritance the Germans under their present leadership renounce. But this Nazi fever will not infect the body politic for all time. Hard experience will bring its lesson. The bad diplomatic tradition of the bumptious parvenu power working through perpetual menaces of war will break on the wheels of history, the fiery racialism will lose its appeal, the grandiose historical generalization will prove delusive. Other leaders will arise who will lay stress not on the hatefulness of Germany's neighbours, but upon the many things which the leading peoples in Europe have in common. For we Europeans are more of a piece than the political fanatics would have us believe, and there are things less likely than that France and Britain will at last find a *modus vivendi* with the Germans and Italians, who have helped with them to build up the fabric of European civilization. When and how such an understanding may be reached we cannot say, but since, without such a settlement there can be no durable peace, we may hope that when the guns have ceased to fire, men of good-will will endeavour to reach it.

(Concluded)

THE EQUALIZATION OF EDUCATION

BY SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN

THE Government meant well in their evacuation scheme when this war started. They thought first about the children. But their plans have been in the aggregate a failure. Evacuation was not compulsory. Therefore more than half the children of the great cities affected never left home or have by now returned from their billets. The major part of our town children were left for four months to roam the streets.

A new start has got to be made. Certain experience has been obtained and seems to point the way for the immediate future. Whatever is done should be compulsory in order that proper school organization may be preserved. Evacuation under certain conditions has definite advantages. The city child soon likes the country and gains by living there. Wherever there is communal feeding the health of the city child is improved whether the homes from which they come are poor or well-provided. The most successful schools evacuated are those which have been kept together as units.

If an era of bombing begins this year and there is to be a new exodus by the apprehensive city populations, the Government ought to remove whole schools and find accommodation for them in large houses requisitioned for the purpose in the safer areas. The billeting on cottagers and small householders cannot be anything more than an emergency arrangement or become universal. The clash of personalities and call on regulated goodwill cannot stand a prolonged strain. But the establishment of country boarding schools instead of day schools for city children is likely to be a greater gain for them than for the children of the well-to-do, who as a class adopt it as a general rule. But it has got to be done on a handsome and fearless scale to meet the situation and not, as

is now proposed, on a basis of voluntary registration, and an undertaking to send the children away and to leave them in the reception areas. The Government ought now to be scheduling all the country mansions, camps and large buildings available for a prolonged exodus of the children. To keep education going on at least a level with its pre-war efficiency ought to be our present demand, whatever other social services or amenities or personal prosperities have to pay for it.

A much bigger question is what will happen to education after this war. It would be an error to assume that a return to normal is then likely to meet the demands of the time. In every direction at present men and women are envisaging after the war a world entirely different from the collapsing society which maintained itself precariously for twenty years between the two great wars. The new international security is expected to be of a different order from that of 1920 and 1939.

But if there is a more democratic frame to the new international world it must have its counterpart in a more democratic society at home. The demand for an equalitarian world will be pressed as it never has been before.

Our education system has many merits and greater possibilities. There is a not illiberal system of opportunities through which the clever children of the masses can go to secondary schools and the best of them to the universities. In spite of this educational ladder our system is frankly undemocratic. It creates and maintains class separation. In education in Britain there are two nations. The well-to-do have their own system. They do not use the elementary schools at all for their children. From small private schools their boys go on to expensive so-called public schools, which are the opposite of public in character. Whether clever or brainless their sons go on to the universities as of right. Though the workers are not excluded from the universities by name it is only the clever few who get grants and scholarships who can enter from below this promised land.

The worst result of the present situation is that (of these two sections of the population) as far as education is concerned, the well-to-do are a satisfied nation. Being politically the most powerful they have not shown themselves enthusiastic about

increasing taxes and rates to the extent necessary to give equal opportunities to the whole population to those which they enjoy themselves. In the last 15 years there has been no progress. A sham measure for raising the school age was passed and simultaneously a considerable restriction of the free opportunities for advanced education. Quite clearly in the era out of which we are passing, the limit had been reached of the kind of educational opportunities which the mass of the people could expect. The creed within which we have hitherto confined our national policy runs something like this: "The industries of the country demand the rise from the ranks of the cleverest to become the managers and foremen of industry. Therefore popular education should give a good chance to exceptional brains. But universal education would make the workers feel their power, and make them want, as a class, to exercise control."

These are the old governing conceptions which cannot survive this war. The defeat of Fascism means a democratic conception which goes far further. If there is to be victory for our democracies it must mean real democracy at home, which will in general terms be a determination on the part of the working masses to have some control over their own lives. In some form, democracy in industry must come. That is to say that democracy shall be applied to the industries in which the people work as it is already applied to municipal and national affairs. Resistance to economic change is bound to be great, but there is no need to expect the same kind of resistance to the equalization of education which must accompany economic change and make it possible. Nowhere more than in education is the contrast greater between Fascism and the democracies. In the Universities of Germany under Fascism there are half the students there were before the Hitler régime. The progress of the great democratic countries stands in glaring contrast. But England does not lead the democracies. It will lag behind until it adopts a new conception of education, where the United States and Soviet Russia have already shown the way. In both of these great Republics there is at least a conception of universal education. In America, as so often, the reality lags behind the conception; but in one sphere the contrast

is very striking. The United States has a university-student population of a million. Soviet Russia has more than 600,000; but in Britain there are only 54,000. This discrepancy is not to be accounted for by the size of the population in the countries. In both the expenditure on education has been on a scale which we have not yet begun to conceive. In America university endowments have come largely from private sources. In Russia all the resources of the nation have been at the disposal of educational advance.

When once it is admitted that no child in Britain shall be debarred from the best advanced education the necessary millions will be forthcoming for providing hundreds of new schools, and the training of thousands of teachers. The argument that we cannot afford it will vanish in face of the demand of the unsatisfied nation.

It is certainly none too early now to consider what the changes are likely to be. The main certainty is that the future after the war will be a time of extensive economic change. After the war, if it is rapidly concluded and even more if it is disastrously prolonged, the reward which the mass of our people will expect is that they shall not sink back a second time into the general poverty, unemployment and profiteering of the last twenty years. The ruling forces of Britain have got to show a generous and far-reaching readiness to establish a new Society if they hope to avoid such a clash as has never yet taken place in our country when great changes were impending.

The advantage of a revision of our educational standards as a first effort after the war will be that there is less here to create class conflict. The building up of knowledge, culture, health, character for the whole population can be made to serve many forms of society. It is quite possible for the greater part of our middle classes to co-operate in securing an educated democracy, and for all to work together with the consciousness that this will mitigate the difficulties of the transition to industrial democracy.

As after the last war, we shall have to face a situation in which thousands of young men will be released from the tension and boredom of militarism, wanting to finish their interrupted university studies. There will be the same rush for secondary education as there was in the years 1919 and 1920 which was

only choked off by the utter inadequacy of the provision which existed to meet it. In the Soviet Union in the past 6 years, 20,607 new schools and colleges have been built. Only one thing need prevent our country in the first 6 peace years from making an addition on a similar scale to our own schools. Has it got the will to do it? The wealth is here. The knowledge is here. For decades an army of well-informed, earnest and capable education directors, officials and inspectors have been denouncing the bad and unhealthy schools and the over-crowded classes, which spoil the efforts and break the hearts of many of our elementary teachers. Every year thousands of boys and girls who want advanced education and are capable of profiting by it, are turned on to the overcrowded labour market because there are not enough places in secondary schools and no provision for their maintenance.

The first clause in the new charter of a democratic Britain ought to be the right to free secondary and university education for every British child. Any party which represents the masses after the war is certain to stake out the whole claim.

The only question is whether as a nation we are yet capable of willing it without the turmoil of internecine conflict.

WHAT IS ROME DOING ?

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

"I LOVE England, and I count on you, Lord Cavan, to see that our relations regain their old warmth." The date was last spring, the scene was Rome, the voice was vibrant, and the speaker was Mussolini. The sentence opened a window for a stifled world, and the window is open still. England never was in real danger of war with Italy. Before the Duce made his impressive declaration to the Field-Marshal who had fought as Italy's ally and remained Italy's friend, the aged Pope Pius XI a few weeks before his death received Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax with an equally arresting cordiality. He spoke of a grim menace overhanging Europe, pointed to the portraits of two Englishmen, John Fisher and Thomas More, and said to the English leaders, "You know better than I do what is in the English race".

Even before Pius XI died in February, 1939, the Vatican and Mussolini were coming very close together; and we forget too easily that it was to Mussolini's intervention that we owed deliverance on September 29, 1938, from the predicament of having to fight on behalf of a country not less difficult to defend than Poland while our defences were unprepared.

This intervention received no tangible sign of reward and, in the ensuing months, Italian newspapers barked first at France, then at England, but, as Count Ciano now proves, the high diplomacy of Italy pursued a course as uniformly favourable to the Allies and to peace, as Mussolini boldly declared to Lord Cavan. In doing so he was following a policy arranged with the Holy See.

Impressive statements which dovetail into the situation have lately been put out in Rome. One was the speech of Count Ciano, of which nothing like a full account has appeared in England. The other two pronouncements came from the

Pope : his allocution on Christmas Eve with particular reference to the war and the wide statement of his policy made in his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*. When these documents are compared we get a most valuable light on the murky situation in which we now find ourselves.

For let us face the fact of the confusion into which we have brought ourselves by ignoring—if not countering—the two powers in Rome. We are not at war in the technical sense of trying to annihilate the enemy's army. We are, in spite of certain fine engagements of Air Force and Navy, really busy with sanctions. And there is a probability that these sanctions will not work because Germany's resources are good for two years, and during that time she can organize help from Russia.

But suppose the Allies could succeed in freeing Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria, how could they maintain their decision afterwards? In the meantime, then, sanctions, if successful, would begin by starving millions of the people they are intended to rescue. The process, of course, is still more sinister for Germany. But the obstinate fact remains that Stalin did much to engineer this war as a means to Bolshevism : and that he was not wrong when he declared that war works for revolution. When he had failed to inveigle the Allies into war over Czechoslovakia, he changed his tactics and made advances to Hitler, and induced Hitler to begin hostilities. Stalin immediately made great gains in Poland and the Baltic States : and he pursued his aggression against Finland. The Western World has had ample opportunity to estimate the malevolence of his schemes against which both powers in Rome have urgently warned us for a number of years.

Such then is the situation : it is above all uncomfortable for Germany ; but it offers no promises to the Allies ; and it falls in only too well with sinister plans for the ruin of Europe. These menaces bear on not only the belligerents but also the neutrals. They too are in danger as the cases of Finland—and now Scandinavia—have too tragically shewn.

It would be natural in such a case if the neutrals were to suggest a way out ; it would be natural for the belligerents to look for a neutral authority who could supply those counsels and means of mediation which would work for a constructive

peace. It was with this very aim that they founded the League of Nations. But as events have proved, the need was less for a political machinery than for wisdom supported by moral force. If such a wisdom, supported by such a moral force could be embodied in an international institution, would not such an institution answer the real needs of the time ?

Such an international institution is one of the powers at Rome : in the Vatican, Christianity has an international organ with a palace and secretariate in direct political relation with the belligerents, and many other powers ; and which is recognized among them all as august and competent. There are many Christian bodies sharing much more than what divides them : but there is one really organized and international body, with adherents as numerous as all other Christians put together. This Church appears to most of Europe to be the normal type of Christianity ; it shares with all Christians the morals and ideals of the New Testament. Is it not perhaps reasonable to expect that where Geneva failed this surviving organism will and does fulfil the international need ?

If we want to consider how the Holy See acts in war, we have every opportunity to consider what it did, and how we responded, twenty years ago. The Pope then declared himself against the violation of Belgian neutrality, being the only neutral power to do so : Germany therefore accused him of being hostile. He steadily pursued a plan for a peace by negotiation founded on justice. On August 1, 1917, he proposed basic principles to the belligerents. These were the reduction of armaments ; the establishment of compulsory arbitration ; free commerce on the seas ; the cancellation of indemnities ; fresh guarantees of Belgian neutrality ; and the reference of disputed frontiers, including those of the Balkans and Poland, to a plebiscite. The Pope said that the war was becoming more and more a useless massacre.

How was this proposal taken ? "The whole tenor of the document, and even the psychological moment selected for its despatch, tend to confirm the belief, unreservedly expressed by the Entente diplomatists in Washington, that it bears plain and large the marks of German inspiration." Such was the immediate comment of *The Times*—Mr. Wickham Steed then

being its editor. If the official reply of the Government was more favourable, there was no trace of that in any English publication. But Count de Salis, then representing His Britannic Majesty at the Holy See, said that what really wrecked the Pope's plan was the vagueness of the German answer which, after long delays, omitted to say a word on giving up Belgium; and that this omission was more disconcerting to the Pope than a flat refusal.

The Pope's appeal urged finally that a solution of the economic question was supremely important for the future, especially for that for the States at war. The Pope in fact saw the situation clearer than any economist or financier who could make his voice heard. But neither side would listen. The great economic unit of mutual well-being in Austria-Hungary was broken up, Russia was pushed into Bolshevism, all hopes of a negotiated peace disappeared and Europe was remoulded at Paris and Versailles by enactments which I heard Sir Valentine Chirol sum up in the words *C'est une paix qui tient en elle tous les germes d'une guerre juste et durable*.

On January 1, 1922, the Pope, worn out by his efforts, and his sympathy with the sufferings of Central Europe, died. His successor waited a year till he published his first encyclical: but its theme in 1923 was still the distress caused by the war. He saw not only territories afflicted with hunger and disorder: he saw the nations still embittered: and diplomatic intrigue supported by the polemics of journalists. The peace of public documents was no peace; for peace is the relationship of mutual well-being, very different from the ruined industry, the stifled commerce, the deterioration of literature and the arts, and the class warfare which the Pope saw all too wide in Europe in 1923. Life as a whole, he said, was worsened, and worst of all, harm was done to the interests of the soul.

Who can deny that this diagnosis was accurate? Who can deny that he was right in saying that advantages gained to the detriment of others are the very harbingers of disaster? Who will dispute his warning that true peace can be found only where justice is tempered with charity? When he prescribed "the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ" for the healing of Europe, he went to the root of Europe's evil. If Europe is at war to-day,

it is because the Allied powers persistently refused to listen to the counsels of this voice of neutral and international Christianity. And as far back as 1923 Mussolini, as Count Ciano now reminds us, warned them that it would be so before 1940.

Year followed on year up till 1936 without their taking thought for the immigration problems of their ally, Italy, or for either the economic well-being of Central Europe, or providing against the danger of German revenge. Up till March 1936, the Allies had the whiphand of Germany—for the Rhineland was still demilitarized. Germany, of her own free will, had entered into an agreement at Locarno to keep it so. The demilitarized Rhineland was thus built into the foundations of the sacred temple of law and justice in Europe. Yet, when Hitler prepared to smash this integral stone, he found his project easy. Poland, Czechoslovakia and France begged England to join with them in vindicating the law: and Italy begged it. But, Mr. Eden being Foreign Secretary, England refused to move, partly because a lethargic sentimentality for Germany had obscured her sense of the law: partly because the French had entered into a pact with Russia which had provided Hitler with his excuse; partly because of her quarrels with Italy. Such was the final demoralization of a Europe that had consistently ignored the counsels and warnings of the Holy See.

From that time on the situation has deteriorated by each leap and bound of a German tyrant who had developed to the highest degree the combination of violence with lying: and at the beginning of September there was a clamour that the succeeding outrages of Pan Germanism had become intolerable: they had: but the *original* causes of the war were three weaknesses in the Allied powers: their failure to coerce Germany by economic well-being: their failure to vindicate the law in keeping a hold on Pan-Germanism: and the insane gullibility of at least one section of them in accepting engagements with a Russia which had sworn to destroy them. In all these alike they had gone flat against the advice of the one authority of organized international Christianity, as well as against the Italian policy.

But now the war has begun the allied aims cannot be clearly expressed, and the situation of Germany is constrained, miserable and devoid of hope. The vast process of ruin sweeps across

Europe as devastating as an avalanche; all the more sinister, perhaps, because massacre has given place to the strangling warfare which seeks not the defeating of an army but the ruin of a whole country.

It is obvious—is it not? that there is confusion. Previous experience suggests that it is worth while to listen to that same disinterested voice, those same counsels of spiritual wisdom, that same far-seeing sagacity which in the last war told us of truths since freely confessed but then truculently denied. There is, it is true, a very different disposition towards the Holy See from that of 1914 and the succeeding years. One great reason is that before 1914 the diplomacy of the Holy See itself had been sadly maladroit; it has long since remedied the defects, and is now in the hands of a consummate master. It did not then recognize the Government of Italy; it is now acting in closest cordiality with it. The Pope's praise of Italy is fervent. And what does Count Ciano say?

He tactfully passes over the fact that Italy asked for war to vindicate the law in the matter of the Rhineland; but he shows that she was slow to make her entente with Germany. The two powers combated the influence which Comintern had in Spain under the assumed name of "a Popular Front against war and fascism": but their leaders differed—not in violent uproar, yet very distinctly—over the subject of Czechoslovakia. Hitler planned and worked for war. Mussolini strongly intervened in favour of peace and secured it.

What happened in the succeeding year was disappointing to Count Ciano. In Western Europe the parties of the Left showed a revulsion against the work of Munich; and so did Hitler, who later broke his agreement and marched into Prague without consulting his ally; with equal disregard for his ally, he broke his agreement with that ally's friend, Poland: and did his ally agree that he should break his naval agreement with England? It was certainly not agreeable to Italy that he entered into an elaborate negotiation with their common and inveterate enemy, the Russia of Comintern and Bolshevism.

Italy's Foreign Minister has now vindicated his diplomacy of last year. He shows that though Italy entered into a military alliance with Germany, she made it a stipulation that Germany

should make no war for three years; she did everything she could for the integrity of Poland. Three years was yet enough time for Europe to work out with Italy a constructive scheme.

Count Ciano complains that it was still the proposals which the Western Allies made to Soviet Russia which gave the Nazis an excuse to intrigue in the same direction. The point is a good one, and made with extreme skill. How indeed can the Allies complain of Germany's securing a pact with Bolshevism when they did their best to secure a pact themselves? The question is a general one, and would be a final indictment of the diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax but for two reasons, each of which is overwhelming. The first is that all propaganda against Bolshevism was eliminated from German newspapers immediately after Munich, while Hitler began to transfer his criticisms from Stalin to Chamberlain. The second perhaps is stronger still; that Russia's condition for a pact was that the other side should give what it was not in their power to give; the independence of the Baltic States. Paris and London definitely refused this; Berlin ceded it, although she would be a diplomatic loser when the Allies would not. Count Ciano also leaves out of account Hitler's march into Prague which General Krivitsky tells us was arranged by Stalin in order to break Hitler's relations with the Western powers; a suggestion strongly supported by the welcome which Moscow's friend, General Sirovy, gave Hitler on his arrival. In fact, there is much reason to believe that both the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax were fully aware of Hitler's gravitation towards Stalin, and their object in approaching Moscow was not confidence in Moscow, but a distrust which obliged them to prevent, or at any rate delay, the Moscow-Berlin pact as long as possible. The French Embassy in Berlin has shown that it was aware of this danger as early as April 9th; and once the Quai d'Orsay had this information, the Western Powers had diplomatic reasons for approaching Moscow which they could not avow. The speech of Count Ciano also declares categorically that from the beginning of April he knew that the Germans were attempting to improve their relations with Moscow. Did he not guess it even a little earlier? And does not Stalin really vindicate Lord Halifax by his accusation that the object of the Western

Powers was not a sincere cleaving to Bolshevism, but an unscrupulous scheme to poison the brotherly love of Moscow and Berlin? Stalin met this scheme with some masterly double-crossing, but Count Ciano should consider the hypothesis that, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Lord Halifax being lovers of Bolshevism, England's protracted negotiations with Moscow were both subtler and more innocent than our leaders avow.

It was early in August that the inner circle of diplomats began to know that Berlin had embraced what Hitler had described in *Mein Kampf* as "the abortion of hell", and given the body of Germany to the boa-constrictor which he had prophesied would twist around her and crush her to death. Count Ciano tells us that he was first told of a trade agreement at Berchtesgaden; he did not, and could not, add—what nevertheless is now known—that Hitler savagely but unsuccessfully harangued him to join the new axis; but Count Ciano admits that he had no success in attempting conciliation with Poland, without adding the reason, namely that Hitler hoped that the bluff of his Moscow pact would discourage the Western powers from implementing their treaty with Warsaw.

Count Ciano leaves it to be understood that he joined with the Pope to warn Poland that she would be attacked on both sides, and that she had better make what terms she could. He did not repeat that, but we know from the British White Book that the Italian Ambassador in Berlin laboured tirelessly in the cause of conciliation.

The Pope makes it plain that he also knew what Count Ciano knew. He tells us that he foresaw as in a vision the desolation and misery that was about to overwhelm Poland. He said that he made every possible effort to prevent war by an understanding honourable to both parties; he states that his advice was not followed. Poland did not know the things that belonged to her peace; they were hidden from her eyes, as at a supreme moment the interests of peace had been hidden from Jerusalem. But nevertheless, the Pope spoke in the firmest terms of his continual loyalty to Poland. It has, he said, a right to the generous and brotherly sympathy of the whole world as it waits its resurrection according to the principles of justice.

We must remember, when he says this, that the Holy See is

acting in close accord with the Fascist Government. The Pope and the House of Savoy have exchanged their courtesies with impressive regard for their several positions of honour, and in an atmosphere of enthusiasm made yet warmer by a real devotion of the heart. This has been framed in one of the ceremonies which touches both the heart of Italy and the imagination everywhere of those that have a sense for these fine rituals of Church and State: nevertheless, there are marked distinctions between Count Ciano's speech on December 16, and the Pope's allocution eight days later. The Foreign Minister's speech is an epitome of history so arranged as to imply an arraignment of the Western powers for intriguing for long years with Bolshevism, and using it as a means to prevent either German or Italian rights being recognized. He says no word of protest against the German aggressions on Vienna, on Prague, or on Warsaw. On the other hand, he repeats the Nazi arguments, and supports the Nazi view. His contention—here amply supported—is that Mussolini worked to unite Central and Western Europe against Bolshevism; that he did not think of combat for Italian interests till this plan was rejected; and even then that he laboured for equilibrium and peace in Europe against democrats who showed too great a readiness to combine with Bolshevism for aggressive purposes.

It would be foolish to deny that Count Ciano put up an impressive case for his argument. But he entirely leaves out what the Pope had first suggested in his encyclical and reinforced in his allocution on Christmas Eve: the points that justice was sacred. Count Ciano does certainly admit that alliances bound the Allies to fight for Poland. But the Pope goes much further. He says that justice gives small States the right to independence, and that the idea that they—meaning evidently Vienna, or Prague or Warsaw—were menacing Germany was absurd. Treaties and engagements are sacred and must be enforced; they are part of the august architecture of that justice which is inherent in the dignity of man, and in the value of eternal principles, which in less philosophic and more popular language, means belief in God.

The remainder of the Papal allocution, like the encyclical, has been claimed as a denunciation of Nazi aggression, and a vindica-

tion of the Allies. This is indeed very different from the discourteous rejection of the Pope's proposals voiced by *The Times* in 1917; but reading the text in full shows that it is only one side. For it is clear that the Pope shares with Count Ciano the conviction that Versailles in itself, to say the least of it, lacked constructive vision, and that Geneva was used, not as a means of justice in accordance with the economic needs of the time, but as a means to coerce Germany and strengthen the forces against her. It never urged France to disarm; it never urged her to give Germany economic opportunities. It lacked provision for that change which Burke describes as the means of conservation. And the Pope suggests that, unless respect for law, and loyalty to justice, are strong in the hearts of rulers, then war can achieve nothing. The real cause of war is not ineffective diplomacy, but spiritual and moral faults.

This, as we saw, is historically true. If Germany and Russia combine to act in collusion and with no better intentions than they have shown in the last year, there is no happy outlook for war or for peace. The essential of the situation therefore is the battle for the soul of Germany. But since the outlook for Germany is quite as dark as that of any others, since both the Vatican and Italy have the ear of Berlin, since one can plead one argument, and the other another, constructive plans for a just settlement in Europe, can, nevertheless, still be put forward by them, and through them. They are playing a duet. Their common object is to save Europe. And what prospect have we of any solution to the difficulty except continued adjustment of the allied aims to those of the two powers at Rome, such as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax have already sketched more than once. A constructive sense of generosity, a willingness to adapt institutions to the needs of a changing world, freer trade and lesser armaments, as well as a fairness towards small nations; these are what the Pope demands. We have tarried long before admitting some of them; but most of us are inclined to admit them now; and Germany herself has nothing to gain by not accepting them.

The English may recognize the force of the case put forward in Rome; but logic for us English is never the last word. It is not easy for us to take a lead from the Vatican; and one would not

resuscitate a word which since the war, by one of those spontaneous impulses which make a censorship unnecessary, we have dropped from our vocabulary; but it is only fair to us to remember, if only in the interests of research, that six months ago there was such a word as fascism. The English take things another way; if newspapers are controlled, we prefer it to be by such an interplay of forces as no one can gauge. If national power is exerted, it should be economic rather than military. We prefer to harden outlines those with the indefinable elasticity of democracy. Since this is so, many will prefer to lean for a solution towards Washington rather than towards Rome. Very well. Let them do so. The result will work out very much the same. If Mussolini is one side of the Pope, Roosevelt is on the other. For Rome and Washington have now entered on a collaboration which very few foresaw to help us where it seems we cannot help ourselves out of a confusion where all our resources are being dissipated with no final end in view.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

EARLY in the war Mr. Chamberlain gave the House an assurance that in strategic policy the Government would be guided by the advice of the professional heads of the fighting Services. He has now explained the machinery which has been set up to ensure that all questions on which advice is required should be carefully considered from all points of view. If differences of opinion exist they will be brought to light and decisions can thus be come to with a full knowledge of pros and cons. We should have the more confidence in the machinery because it is the natural development and adaptation to war conditions of the existing organization of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and not one entirely new devised for war conditions. The establishment after the last war of the chiefs of the Staffs Sub-Committee of the C.I.D. was a notable step towards the co-ordination of the activities of the fighting Services, and the later appointment of an impartial chairman of the Sub-Committee in the person of the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence introduced an element much needed to eliminate long drawn-out indecisive discussions. This committee is retained but now reports direct to the War Cabinet. The important point is that its members are well accustomed to review strategical problems together and to give the necessary weight to the factors which affect each other's individual services. The establishment of the Committee has, in fact, done much to eliminate parochialism and to ensure that war should be conducted as a whole.

The ministerial Committee on Military Co-ordination set up last October is, of course, a war organization. Though the three Chiefs of the Staff are advisers to it one is not quite clear whether

they individually advise their respective ministers, or whether they tender advice as a Sub-Committee. Presumably there is no hard and fast rule, although the provision in terms of reference of the Chiefs of the Staffs Committee that it should "investigate and consider in common all matters referred to it by the War Cabinet" suggests that as advisers of the ministerial Committee the Chiefs of Staff normally tender advice individually. The point possibly requires elucidation in view of the well known fact that Lord Fisher in the Cabinet discussions of the Dardanelles scheme, felt himself unable to express views which conflicted with those of his ministerial chief. We should, I think, feel confident that if the organization works as it is intended to do many of the errors of the last war will be avoided. If similar machinery had existed then it is hardly conceivable that we should have allowed ourselves to be drawn into the desperate entanglement of the Mesopotamia campaign; the Dardanelles operations might have been turned into a brilliant success; and Kitchener's advice on the scope of the East African operations might have been heeded.

Perhaps more important still we may hope, as a result of frank discussion, to get through this war without mutual suspicion between political and military leaders. Mr. Lloyd George has made little secret of the fact that he looked on Robertson as an opposition to be out-manceuvred, Haig as a commander to be restrained if he could not be got rid of and even the fact that Robertson and Jellicoe worked in collaboration awakened his suspicions. That the soldiers equally were over suspicious and allowed their judgment to be warped may also be admitted. A suspicious man is easily turned into an obstinate one and one chary of giving frank advice. Conflict of views there are bound to be, but so long as the machinery that has been set up is not allowed to result in weak compromises it should work well. Its main object should be to secure proper consideration of every problem from all points of view followed by rapid decision.

If there are good prospects that our own war efforts will be effectively co-ordinated the outlook as regards our relations with our allies are even better. It is not merely that unity of command has been established; by all accounts the fighting

Services of the two nations have come to a better appreciation of each other's value than existed at any time in the last war. Those of us who recall the undercurrent of criticism directed against each other's methods and achievements which then prevailed in both armies, cannot but be cheered by hearing instead outspoken admiration. One might perhaps discount as propaganda complimentary reports in the Press, but there is no disputing the evidence of officers on leave given voluntarily and illustrated by examples.

It is, of course, fortunate that this time our contingent has arrived and is obviously steadily growing before our French Allies have made great sacrifices. They are not, as they were in 1914 when the B.E.F. arrived, smarting from early reverses and failure of plans for which much had been expected. Moreover the moral effect of our acceptance of compulsory service has contributed immensely to a good understanding. The respite has enabled the French to appreciate the efforts and sacrifices our Navy and sea-faring people are making. The appreciation is all the keener because this time the French Navy is not tied to the Mediterranean but is actively, and with notable efficiency, sharing out Navy's task in western waters. Co-ordination in fact has already shown itself to be more than a blessed word. May it remain a reality.

* * * * *

Finland continues to be the centre of interest and anxiety. Russia has begun to make full use of her immense numerical superiority both on land and in the air. Will the Finns become exhausted under the pressure of weight of numbers? On the long eastern frontier of Finland Russia has multiplied points of attack, but at no point on it is she likely to be able to produce overwhelming weight of numbers and material owing to lack of good communications. If the fighting could be confined to those points one could trust the superior qualities of the Finns to take full advantage of the difficulties of their enemy, even if at every point they were greatly inferior in numbers. Naturally, however, multiplication of points of attack makes heavy demands on the total available strength of the Finnish forces.

On the Karelian Isthmus the situation is different. There the Russians have adequate communications if they are worked

with reasonable efficiency. This not only allows them to produce a constant supply of fresh troops with which to renew attacks, but, and here danger lies, it enables them to make full use of their material resources—an unchecked flow of artillery ammunition, new tanks, etc. The Finns may be able to throw back one infantry or tank attack after another without suffering heavily, but there can be no escaping the constant casualties caused by artillery fire—and with unlimited supplies of ammunition artillery fire need never cease, though it may fluctuate in intensity. To gain a respite there is no alternative but to withdraw troops from exposed positions, and that, of course, is where the numerical weakness of the Finns makes itself felt. If reinforcements are not forthcoming sooner or later they will not have enough troops to find the necessary reliefs. But where are reinforcements to come from? The detachments opposing attacks on the eastern frontier and in the defences north of Lake Ladoga cannot be reduced indefinitely. As it is they are probably too weak to take full advantage of the successes they have achieved.

It must be realized too, that in the isthmus attacks cannot be met by purely passive defence. There must be local reserves for counter-attack as well as reserves available for relief. Without counter-attacks an enemy supported by artillery is bound sooner or later to make progress. A few lucky shells will knock out machine guns or anti-tank weapons and enable him to gain a footing in the defences. If he is not promptly driven out readjustment of the defensive line becomes necessary. Yet counter-attacks however necessary and successful they may be are apt to be expensive, if only because they are specially vulnerable to artillery fire. It is because in the isthmus the Russians can employ and keep supplied with ammunition, an immense number of guns that they can resort them to a wearing down procedure—attrition.

To guns it is difficult to find an answer. It is true they may be silenced by counter-battery fire at critical moments in the battle. That is to say the detachments which serve them may be compelled to seek cover. But the guns will come to life again for the chances of destroying them by direct hits is small. To attempt to get a direct hit means an immense

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the small vessel; the terrific experience they had in Eger, between the Czechs and the Sudete Germans you will read with envious absorption, for not only were they in the centre of historic events but Mr. Mosley has described them in a way that could not be bettered. Here we have the unspeakable Streicher in quite a jovial mood, here the most sinister perhaps of the gang, Heinrich Himmler, is admirably placed before us. Mr. Mosley is right in believing that if Hitler retires, of his own free will or otherwise, Goering will only succeed him if Himmler, head of the Gestapo, is willing. It was being said more than a year ago in Germany that Himmler has made all the necessary arrangements and that . . . but now perhaps it will more resemble the last act of *Hamlet*. Mr. Mosley is a valuable witness to the extreme forbearance of the Czech authorities in the Sudete regions, of which, by the way, I was also a witness. When Czechoslovakia is restored the Sudete districts which cannot be separated for economic reasons from the parts left to the Czechs after Munich, will return to Czechoslovakia by the will also of the majority of the inhabitants, after their experience of living for a few months in the Third Reich.

The iniquities of the Nazis are somewhat familiar to most of us by this time, but it is well that a highly trained observer like Mr. Rothay Reynolds, who managed to endure the life in Berlin from 1921 to 1939, has given us the noxious details in all their grimness. He is well acquainted personally with Hitler and his diagnoses of the various Nazi confederates are of great interest. He might have added that Ernst Toller was alas! found dead some months ago

in his New York hotel, and he is apparently not aware that Van der Lubbe, decapitated on account of the Reichstag fire, had spent his last few days with the Nazis, who were egging on the poor half-wit to accomplish what he thought would be a splendid exploit. But anyone who reads Mr. Reynolds's book will be extraordinarily well informed with regard to the ghastliness of the Nazi régime. No doubt it has to its credit the building of roads, the provision of holidays for many Germans in Italy (where they have not been very welcome) and so forth, but we need not complain because in this book these things are not fully entered upon, for they have been achieved at the price of destroying every atom of freedom—except for the self-elected leaders of the party—while the encouragement given to the baser passions of the S.S., the Black Guards and such organizations has provided the civilized nations of the world with a most arduous task when they, in the years after the war, will have to lead back the German people to the culture of other days.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MAHAN, by Captain W. D. Puleston.
Cape. 15s.

Few men have exercised such a profound influence upon their generation as the great American naval historian and discoverer of "Sea Power", Mahan, whose gospel came so opportunely to inspire the struggle of rival imperialisms at the turning of the century. Behind the message the man himself almost disappeared even to his contemporaries and to-day, when his writings are no longer read he is hardly more than a name. Perhaps this fascinating story

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of the man may help to turn interest again to the lessons he left us, now that the force of events has brought us face to face once more with those vital problems which he was the first clearly and consciously to analyse and formulate.

Captain Puleston has certainly spared no pains to produce the standard biography of Mahan and to collect every scrap of evidence that could in any way throw light upon his life and work. The list of family members, friends and colleagues, whom he consulted in person, is truly imposing; even more important is the fact that he has been able to bring together almost the whole of Mahan's correspondence, including his letters to Theodore Roosevelt and to Ivor Maxse of the *National Review*. These throw a remarkable light upon his attitude towards outstanding contemporary political issues in general and Great Britain in particular. Captain Puleston's zeal has not even stopped from inducing the ex-Kaiser to try—though in vain—to trace his own private copies of Mahan's works with their copious marginal comments, while a study on Clausewitz from Mahan's own library, by the under-scorings he made in it, has yielded valuable information as to his attitude towards his great predecessor.

The picture of Mahan's life which thus emerges from his pen is incomparably richer than that first drawn exactly twenty years ago by Carlisle Taylor. The prevalent impression, fostered by Mahan's own fascinating but not very reliable autobiography *From Sail to Steam*, had been that his great conception of the Influence of Sea Power on History had come to

him like a bolt from the blue, when he was suddenly called upon to lecture on naval history and tactics at the newly created Naval College.

Captain Puleston's most important individual contribution is to show in detail how, during those two dreary decades after the end of the American Civil War, until the call came that set him upon the path of fame, Mahan, while outwardly according to his own words "drifting on the lines of simple respectability as aimless as one very well could" was consciously and subconsciously meditating and evolving his theory.

The author rightly lays stress on Mahan's "minor writings," the series of essays, which Mahan wrote for various leading British and American periodicals, subsequently collected from time to time in book form. Coming after his great historical studies, which had founded his fame, these small, unpretentious articles, written according to the dictates of the day and of a pecuniary necessity, pathetically revealed in Captain Puleston's narrative, have so far been almost completely neglected even by close students of Mahan; yet in them his peculiar genius was able to express itself better than in the more ponderous books. Nothing is more impressive than the astonishing breadth of interests and vision revealed in these miscellaneous writings, extensively and most ably summarized by the author.

Looking back, after fifty years, it is surprising to see how brilliantly Mahan, in spite of occasional errors, diagnosed the great issues of his day and how fresh and challenging his ideas on war and peace still sound.

HERBERT ROSINSKI.

expenditure of ammunition, and even then a damaged gun is easily replaced. The advent of tanks has tended to displace artillery in the popular imagination, but in trench fighting it is still the gun that counts most. Tanks may achieve spectacular results but it is guns alone that can exercise unceasing pressure as well as playing its essential part at the moment of attack. If the Russians eventually succeed in forcing the Mannerheim defences I feel certain it will be because in this area alone they can exploit the full potentialities of artillery. Fortunately one may suspect that the Russian artillery is not very efficient; possibly it has been neglected in favour of tanks on which so far the Russians seem chiefly to have relied.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IN January it was observed that Germany had thrown off all restraint in the conduct of her sea warfare, although it had not then been anticipated that she would have descended to the depth of attacking lightships. She now deliberately announces that the neutral has no rights whatever in the North Sea and the sinking of his ships is a just retribution to him for failing to observe the German fiat against trading with England. Apart from its effect in the immediate struggle, and apart also from the effects on the lives and interests of neutrals, this new doctrine of sea warfare which Germany preaches to-day does demand the most intense consideration by the whole world. For if the precedents which Germany is seeking to set up are to be established for the conduct of sea warfare in the future, the rights of the neutral will disappear altogether, war at sea will become one process of unmitigated barbarism; and, incidentally the world can now get some idea of what Prussian domination of the sea would mean to all the other nations of the world.

Although Germany appears to have thrown aside all defence of her conduct, there is one exception to this in the case of Admiral Lützow, who, speaking recently in Berlin, has asserted that Germany is scrupulously observing the Mining Convention. This claim is made on the basis of the fact that Germany signed the Mining Convention with the reserve as far as Article One is concerned, namely, that Mines must not be sown with the sole purpose of intercepting seaborne trade. There was, however, another Article that mines must become innocuous when they broke loose and this is not observed; but over and above the mere letter of the Convention, there is the old principle of the Law of Nations of which that Convention was merely the expression, that the sea is the highway of nations, that neutral vessels have a perfect right to navigate in safety and are liable only to interruption in case of their breaking blockade or carrying contraband. Being found in one or other of these acts they are

entitled to be intercepted, boarded and searched, and if they are suspected of having committed any breach of conduct they must be brought before a prize court and their case adjudged before the Court. They may not be sunk without any attempt to establish whether or no they are guilty or not. To pretend, therefore, as the Admiral does that Germany is scrupulously observing the Convention because she happened to have refrained from signing one Article is the merest casuistry. It is to be observed moreover that the Admiral attempted, apparently only to defend the Mining policy of Germany, but that he had not the hardihood to defend the sinking of ships by submarines, in defiance of the Submarine Convention and of the most elementary principles of the Law of Nations. He would have found it hard to find a justification for the sinking of the Swedish ships, *Orania* and *Patria*, both without warning or investigation of whither they were going or what they were carrying, one of them 70 miles off the Scottish coast, the other one on a voyage from Rotterdam to Gothenburg; or to defend the sinking of a Norwegian ship bound from Norway to Philadelphia, or the Greek ship *Dracoulis*, sunk without warning by a submarine off the coast of Portugal. The list is endless; one after another of these enormities has been perpetrated. In many cases the actual act has been made the more criminal by the shelling of the crews as they attempted to escape in their boats. Let us hope that the Admiral had sufficient of the seaman's ordinary spirit of the sea to feel that he could not defend actions of that kind.

In justification of the Mining policy in the North Sea, the Admiral fell back upon the excuse that Great Britain had closed the Straits of Dover and had therefore forced neutral shipping to sail in an area which was a British area of operations and thereby, forsooth, rendered them liable to attack by mines. The statement that the Straits of Dover has been closed is untrue. The Straits are open for all traffic, but vessels passing there have to undergo search, and the innocent trader who is not carrying goods to maintain Germany, is perfectly free, after he has undergone examination, to proceed upon his voyage. A further excuse in another form is found for this preposterous form of German warfare by Dr. Goebbels. The neutrals, he says in his paper

the *Angriff*, have been warned not to send ships to England and therefore have nothing to complain of if their ships do not arrive. The writer assumes that in war one nation possesses the right to forbid others to trade with the enemy. It is true that attempts have been made in the past by some of the Northern powers to do this, but this is a claim which has never been admitted, nor could it ever be upheld except by superior force; it has no validity in law.

It is indeed interesting to observe the altered attitude of German writers on the question of the rights of neutrals. Writing in the *Angriff* and *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on the question of the rights of neutrals, the assertion is made that at all times the rights of neutrals to carry on trade with belligerents have been subordinated to the requirements of strategy. If the writers were better acquainted with the history of maritime war and the development of international law, such assertions could never have been made. Every beginner is aware that the rights of the neutral have been the subject of safeguard, that no free hand has ever been accorded to the belligerent. Certain concessions have been made to the belligerent, and the neutral has accepted certain modifications of his trading in recognition of the needs of strategy, but all of these concessions have been carefully guarded, and at no time in the history of sea warfare between civilized States has it been recognized that the belligerent is free to forbid the neutral State by the bare issue of a fiat, to trade with a power at war, with death as the penalty for refusal to obey. A feeble attempt is made to draw an analogy between the North Sea and the area between the Maginot and Siegfried lines. One of these writers observes that a car driven down between the lines on the Western front would be liable to destruction and maintains that the situation in the North Sea is the same, ships proceeding down the North Sea are in an area between corresponding lines and therefore militarily liable to destruction. The analogy is ridiculous.

In the last war, no cry was more loudly heard from Germany than that of the asserted illegality of the British measures by means of which the neutral was prevented from furnishing munitions and goods to the Central Powers. Then there was no cry that the neutral should not supply the belligerent.

To-day we are told that the neutral must not do so, that he is rendering active assistance to the Power concerned, and that this justifies the belligerent taking the necessary measures to protect his interests. This being Germany's attitude, she cannot have any complaint at the measures which Great Britain is taking to prevent supplies from reaching Germany, more particularly as they are taken without so far a single neutral ship having been sunk.

It is, of course, of no use whatever to fulminate against Germany's actions. The only way in which the law can be maintained, the law which Lord Bryce told us is the only thing which stands between us and primeval savagery, is through the action of the neutrals. In a speech in Congress on November 19, 1916, Mr. Elihu Root observed that if the Law of Nations is to be respected, the theory upon which the criminal law is founded must be adopted in respect to offences against international law and violations of that law must be treated as a violation of the rights of all, for the law which has been broken is the law of all. It is their protection as well as the protection of the State immediately attacked. These words of Mr. Root appear to be of particular appropriateness to the situation of to-day. The law governing the rights of neutrals has been broken, unless the great neutrals take steps—which smaller neutrals by reason of their weakness are unable to take—they themselves will find precedents being created from which they will at some time in the future suffer. It is not however merely in the cause of self-interest that this action is called for. Nations cannot be indifferent, Mr. Root said, to actions committed in deliberate and flagrant violation of the law, violation of the rights of one is violation of the rights of all, for the injury consists in the violation of the law which is the protection of all.

In the meantime it remains for the Allies to do what they can in the way of active defence both of themselves and of those neutrals who are ready to take advantage of such protection as the Allies are able to furnish. That protection at the present time consists mainly in the convoy system. According to the figures published in the last few days, only some 18 ships out of 8,000 have been lost in convoy. That convoy system will undoubtedly become increasingly effective, but it is probable

there will still be movements of ships outside the convoy system and some active measures will be required for the protection of individual small ships which, towards the completion of their voyage, are detached from convoy, and it seems probable that guards of some kind will have to be provided to protect the fishermen against attacks made by the German aircraft and submarines. Admirable as the work of the Coastal Command is, aircraft cannot always be on the spot in readiness to deal with an attack; only too often we read that after an attack the fighters of the Command have arrived and driven off the raiders, who subsequently disappear in the clouds. It appears that what will be needed is a defence which is actually on the spot and in readiness to deal with the aircraft when they make their attempts on the fishing and other small craft.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE Red air offensive over Finland by now, the various News Agencies inform us, has not left a single town unbombed in all her territory, and the world once more stands witness to the brutal effects of air power wielded by the strong against the weak. It is an old story now, though its moral edge can never be dulled by repetition. Perhaps in Abyssinia the ruthless cut to conquest was seen at its very worst, for there the defenders of their soil were completely fenceless not only against the high explosive bomb, but also from the dew of death rained on them from above. In China the Japanese have used their mastery of the air to the same unscrupulous effect, showering their missiles on the human ant-heaps of the cities, and consigning untold thousands to their death. The republicans in Spain have had a like experience while the Civil War was raging to an end, their foe secure in the knowledge that he need have no fear of reprisal. Again in Poland the German forces of the air, with no opposition to encounter from above and very little from below, were let go like a baying pack to devour and to harry a terror-stricken populace in regions far removed from any fighting front. And in each particular case a nicety was added to the general rack and ruin inflicted without favour or affection by the bomb. As if the high explosive were not enough to murder and to slay, or to drive the people from their ruined firesides and homes, the machine-gun has been called in to supplement those devastations and to turn its stream of lead on to individuals and little groups, comprising old and young alike, who offered themselves in innocence as targets. Not since those far off days in history when a town could be delivered over to the soldiery for sack and rapine has such barbarity been seen on earth. War could always be mass murder when the opposing forces clinched in deadly combat, but now it has extended its sphere of carnage to include entire populations, not excepting the sick, the dying,

the child just brought into the world and the babe unborn. A terrible indictment.

From all this horror of fearful expectation and slaughterous effect the Allied countries and the territory of Nazi Germany have been so far immune. When great states go to war, it seems, a mutual forbearance is exercised in this matter, and for a very obvious reason. Fair play then becomes a jewel, and the strange spectacle is provided of a vast bombing power on either side laid apart, as it were, for a well-defined purpose but too inflammable for use. It is all very well to destroy by air attack the country of an enemy who lacks the wherewithal to reply in kind. But the shoe begins to pinch badly when the opponent can equally dispose of air power and, acting on the well-known principle of biblical retaliation, can instantly commence to place his bombs. The cruel thing about the situation is that it is the martyrdom of the little countries, victims of the air power of the great, which has disposed the latter to observe this mutual, though unwritten, pact of non-aggression from the air. But for their sufferings under the deadly, one-sided weapon of the bomb the great states would have had insufficient data on which to base their conduct when opposed against each other, and perhaps by now, at the end of the sixth month of war, the capitals and many of the large cities in the belligerent countries might have been in ruins and laid to waste. Such a state of affairs may still be brought about, but for the time being, and possibly for long to come, the bomber will remain a sign of power held in leash rather than be put in use as an instrument of devastation.

Meanwhile the mere possibility of a denouncement by either side of the mutual forbearance pact hangs like a sword of Damocles over the heads of all three peoples concerned, suspended by the thinnest of hairs. The vast expenditure on A.R.P. is exclusively connected with it, and a great deal of the disruption of ordinary life can equally be traced thereto. The bombing crews, we may be sure, are itching to go to work, firmly believing in their potentiality for mischief and even, it may be, mildly depressed at the frustration of their design in war. Only a spark would be required to set the bonfires alight. A mistake in orders, over-zeal on the part of a formation leader, a pure

accident, loss of direction in the air or one objective mistaken for another, anything of the sort which could result in civilian casualties from the air and the fat would be in the fire. The next immediate step would be an act of reprisal, and from that to a freshening of the flames of mutual indignation until the bombers on both sides went at it hammer and tongs, each according to a considered policy of air bombardment, would be a matter of hours, so quickly do such gunpowder trains ignite. It suits both sides at present to cancel out their bombing strengths, but the menace is ever present of air attack on cities and no motive of humanity restrains the enemy.

On balance this mutual restraint is probably beneficial to the Allies, but only in the long run. At the commencement of the war there is no doubt whatever that the Nazi strength in bombers was considerably in excess of that of the French and British put together, and the enemy has been building busily ever since. So also have the Allies, who are enabled in addition to procure first-class aircraft from the U.S.A. There are, moreover, manufacturing resources in the Dominions, both Canada and Australia possessing an expanded industry which will ere long bring a great relief to bear on the British constructors' pressure of output and enable them to concentrate more especially on the service aircraft proper, as against the need for training types. We must by now be overhauling the Nazi lead in production, though slowly, and the longer the truce can last the better, in consequence, for us. It is strange, considering the German mentality and their war philosophy, that they did not make full use of their preponderance at the outset, and do in wholesale fashion over France and England that which the outpourings of their leaders, by word of mouth and print, gave threat of doing. It argues weakness that they did not, and that feebleness of purpose can only be related to a fear of the effect on their own people of murder from the skies. It argues, furthermore, that if they themselves do denounce the pact, and have eventual recourse to indiscriminate air attack, it will either be an act of suicidal desperation or the result of an improved strategical position that will weigh the balance heavily in their favour.

The question of air defence has also to be taken into considera-

tion, and it must have provided an unpleasant surprise for the enemy that their bombers visiting our shores and coastal waters have so consistently fallen to our fighters. In one of his earlier Parliamentary *résumés* of the war at sea Mr. Churchill made a trite rejoinder to the Nazi threat of submarine production on a moving belt. He drew careful attention to our successes against the U-boat up-to-date, and then very plausibly contended that the result of more and more appearing on the scene must logically be an increased toll taken of their number. The same would appear to apply to the bombers if they came in quantity, for just as one destroyer can sink U-boat after U-boat if it only gets the chance, so can one and the self-same fighter bring down bomber after bomber in the same area of sky.

On the whole, as said before, we are benefited by the mutual restraint on bombing, chiefly for the reason that all the time we are creeping up on the enemy's aircraft strength. In the interim, however, he can find employment of a sort for his bombing energy, while circumstances deprive us of a similar outlet for ours. He can, in other words, devote an increasing number of his bombers to air attack on shipping in the hope, vain though it may be, that by such means he can complete the allotted tasks of the mine and submarine, to drive our traffic off the sea. It is likely that in the early spring we shall see a large increase of this endeavour, which may at first attain a measure of success. But in the end it will be countered by various methods open for our adoption, and in the meanwhile a heavy toll will be taken of his bombers. He will then have shot his last sea-bolt, and must stand confessed as unable to do more. It is then that his desperate ill may require a desperate remedy, taking the shape on this occasion of indiscriminate bombing over France and England. We and France, each to his own taste, will provide an adequate reply, and that phase of war which we so much dread, but from which we shall not shrink, will break in its intensity. It may well be the prelude to an Allied victory.

TRUE AND FALSE VALUES

BY LORD DAVID CECIL

TO an ironical observer, the most curious feature of a hitherto uneventful war has been the collapse of the English *intelligentzia*—especially the *intelligentzia* of the left. Up till six months ago they seemed, with the exception of a few complete pacifists, to be united in a militant front against Fascism. To resist it was, in their view, the first obligation of every human being; their thinkers spoke with justified scorn of English weakness, their poets, headed by Mr. Auden, adjured us to throw aside all other considerations and concentrate on "the struggle". Now the war against Fascism has at last begun; and within a few months their morale is broken; any united front they may have tried to form is in pieces; the pages of weekly and monthly periodicals are scattered with their casualties. Some, Mr. Auden himself among them, are in America; others, like Mrs. Mitchison, clamour forlornly for peace at once on any terms; some, while hesitating to declare themselves against the war, seem to find it most unfair that they should have to fight it under the leadership of a conservative government; and hang back in consequence. But even those robust spirits who have managed to accept the war without question, do so in confused and disheartened mood. They feel they must support it because any alternative would be worse; but they clearly do not think any good can come of so doing. "The war" said one of them to me, "is like a dangerous operation; it stirs no enthusiasm and little hope". The fact that they now have the chance of defeating Fascism has mysteriously lost its power to cheer them up. They are even more depressed than when England seemed to be trying to come to terms with Fascism.

This is partly, no doubt, due to their being brought face to face with the actualities of warfare. The scale and destructive-

ness of modern war is such as to throw anyone into low spirits. Fighting Fascism is not so inspiring a thought, when one is confronted with the immediate prospect of the horrors it involves. Still this is not the primary reason for so violent a change of mind. The horrors of war will not last for ever. Science, which has made destruction easier, has made reconstruction easier too. Within a very few years of the last war the standard of living in England was higher than before: many wounds that would have killed people a hundred years ago can now be cured. No, it is not simply fear which has plunged the *intelligentzia* into despair. People never mind fighting if they think it is worth it. The trouble is that they don't think it worth it. For the present war does mark the end of an epoch of thought. Its peculiar circumstances have struck at the root of the chief assumption which lies unquestioned beneath every present-day civilization—the assumption of Progress.

Till the end of the eighteenth century the average person did not conceive of the world as naturally progressing towards something better. On the contrary, many of them took for granted that it was worse. They looked back to a Golden Age of the world's history—it might be Athens, it might be the uncorrupted life of simple noble savages—since when everything had tended to decline. Those who did not indulge in such fanciful dreams took for granted that human life was, roughly speaking, always the same. It had its good periods, it had its bad; much of it was inevitably stained with sin and misery; the best one could hope for was by combined luck and prudence to avoid its worst troubles. And they were further supported to face the ordeal of living by their religious beliefs. The world was only a transitory place of trial; if they passed these trials successfully they would be rewarded by an eternity of bliss. With the coming of the nineteenth century this whole point of view began to disappear. The discoveries of science seemed to undermine the facts on which religion had rested. And by 1900 the average educated person was not at all sure that he believed in a future life. But in compensation science had presented him with the spectacle of a world which to outward appearance was every day growing better; in which people had more to eat, were healthier, lived in better houses, and could

communicate with each other more quickly. Nor would he take this improvement to be against the natural course of human history. The theory of evolution, vaguely and imperfectly apprehended, had soaked itself into his general outlook. The nineteenth century may have been a period of particularly rapid improvement; but taking a broad view, man's lot throughout history was always getting better. Man's life, so far from being the same in all ages, was a shifting process in which the powers of light gradually prevailed over the powers of darkness. In consequence of this even those persons, who no longer believed in heaven, still were supported by hope for the future. The worst evils of life were steadily disappearing. If now men were not destined to see their final eclipse, their children, or their children's grandchildren, would. Anyway, such evils, as had been abolished, were gone for ever.

The great War of 1914 gave the first rude shock to this optimistic mood. Not only did man's destructive passions turn out to be still unpleasantly active, but the discoveries of science had served to make them more and not less powerful to perform their deadly work. The knowledge that had taught us to make anæsthetics had also taught us to make mustard gas; twentieth-century governments attacked their fellowmen as savagely as the superstitious forces of the old régime had done. This was disillusioning. And the immediate post-war period did go in for a good deal of noisy disillusionment. From Mr. Aldous Huxley downwards, the most up-to-date authors of the 1920's spent their time in exposing with ruthless sarcasm the hypocrisies of man's beliefs and institutions. But this disillusionment was not as deep as it was vociferous. The satirists of this period were not misanthropes; they did not criticize the human race for being of its nature bad. No, the assumption behind their diatribes was that the human race, though stupid, was harmless enough in itself. But that it had been led astray by Imperialism or Capitalism, or Victorian family life or conventional sexual morality. If it could be persuaded to listen to the voice of modern psychologists and modern social thinkers, disasters like the war could be avoided. Besides, this intellectual circle only represented a brilliant minority. The average intelligent person continued unques-

tioningly to believe in progress. The war to him was only a last explosion of the retreating powers of darkness, and the fact that those powers were strong enough to have caused such an explosion served as a sharper spur to encourage man to rid himself of the last relics of their domination, to clear the ground of the debris of out-worn institutions in order to build the world anew. "Progressive" became the great word of praise, "reactionary" of blame. And progressive-minded persons began to throw themselves into the task of searching out new policies by which Progress might be hurried on safely to success. The more moderate among them went in for the League of Nations abroad, and at home for a gentle advance towards socialism. The more extreme, intoxicated by the spectacle of the flaming bonfire of old idols that was roaring away in Russia, plumped for full-blooded Communism. Both parties did not doubt that the forces of history were on their side; and that the main evils they lamented in human society could and would be cured.

The twenty years that followed were not such as to confirm this faith. The League of Nations from the first showed itself at least as prone to human weakness as the institutions of former ages; and, when at last it had to face a really formidable test, it collapsed entirely. In no country did moderate Socialism score any great triumphs; and in two, Germany and Italy, it was defeated by a new and wholly unexpected force. Fascism, openly representative of all that civilized mankind must always abhor—persecution, war, superstition—rose, attracted enormous numbers of people to its support, and drove all other parties from the stage. It was clear we were not going to have the new world without another struggle. And when this struggle at last broke out, Russia, who had for years given itself out to be the only real believer in progressive thought, who, so its supporters alleged, genuinely put into practice the ideals to which others only paid lip service, first made an agreement with the arch-reactionaries, and then proceeded to make unprovoked war on a small and enlightened republic.

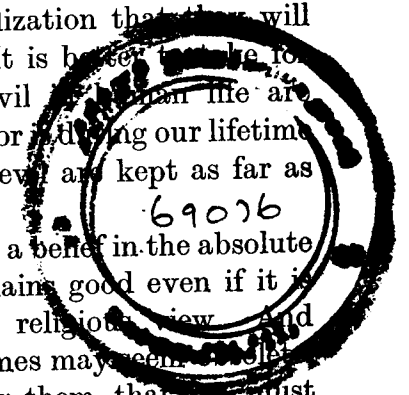
It is natural that the cumulative effect of these blows should have been shattering indeed to "progressive" thinkers. It is not only that they are forced to realize that the lessons of the

last war have not been enough to expel the savage from human nature, that the forces of darkness are still strong enough to be a threat to the very existence of the powers of light. The terrifying fact is that the forces of darkness come from what, in the progressive view, should be the forces of the future: the reactionaries, so far from being old people still soaked in the superstitions of a former age, are on the contrary revolutionary Governments, led by the youngest and most vital elements in their respective countries. Weimar Germany, so full of scientific enquiry and sexual freedom, has been destroyed by hordes of brutal youths who claim that they are the true builders of the new world. It is Soviet Russia, with its commissars and crèches and institutions for abortion and anti-God Museums, who is now attacking Finland with the unscrupulousness of Peter the Great and the persecuting fury of the Spanish Inquisition. Can it be that mankind does not really like progressive ideas and enlightened institutions? Or, hardly less disturbing thought, can it be that human virtue, unlike scientific invention, does not grow stronger, that war and persecution and superstition are always with us, ineradicable evils of this wearisome condition of mortality? If so, even if we are lucky enough to win this war we shall only secure peace for a period, and that period may well be one in which the ideas cherished by enlightened persons during the last hundred years make no appeal. Disillusioned by hard experience, people will feel it is no use trying to construct a new world. The words "progressive" and "reactionary" will fall out of use as having no applicability to the actual conditions of human life. If this is so, it is natural no doubt that "progressive" thinkers should despair. Their whole philosophy of life rests on an unconscious, unquestioning belief in the possibility of future improvement. If in the world, in which they live they find no ground for such a faith, their whole scheme of values collapses. Certainly they are to be pitied.

But it is partly their own fault; for the collapse of their belief means that it was not supported by the facts of existence. Their philosophy was not an evil one, like Fascism. The justice and toleration to which they aspired are humane ideals. But the idea of inevitable progress, on which they grounded their hopes of achieving them, was not based on reality. The analogy of

scientific improvement does not necessarily apply to human character. Plumbing and motor-cars may improve from year to year by a process of trial and experiment, but human virtue does not follow the same development. The strongest impression we get from reading about our ancestors is that, though the circumstances of our lives are different from theirs, their characters were much the same. Here and there you find a local and temporary improvement, here and there a decline. In England and Scandinavia people are perhaps more humane than they were in the eighteenth century; in Germany they are less. The general level of European culture is higher than in the Renaissance; but it would be a rash man who would claim that the most cultured persons of to-day had as rich a mental life as Shakespeare or Montaigne. As for "better worlds" and "enlightened institutions," the pages of history are thick with their ruins. To anticipate a heaven in this life needs a far blinder faith than to anticipate a heaven in a future life. No thinking persons will have to give up any strong belief in progress if their philosophy is to stand the shocks of experience. Let them continue to work for toleration and justice and enlightenment, but only because these things are in themselves good. Nor must they be depressed by the realization that they will never be fully achieved in this world. It is better to be granted that the forces of good and evil in human life are constant, and that the best we can strive for during our lifetime is to do our best to see that the forces of evil are kept as far as possible in check.

Such a point of view, of course, involves a belief in the absolute and eternal nature of virtue. Good remains good even if it is not triumphant on earth. This is the religious view. And though the religious formulas of earlier times may seem strange, it is to the conception of life underlying them that we must return. Christianity has compelled the mind of man not because it is the most cheering view of man's existence but because it is truest to the facts. It alone combines a realistic view of human nature with an ideal which can satisfy the higher aspirations of the spirit. Christianity teaches that human life can never be made perfect. Man is born in sin, and sinful he will remain till the final dissolution of the earth. But



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that is not to say we must acquiesce in his crimes. For we are only in part natives of this earth. Our souls spring from a spiritual world untarnished by evil. And they feel at peace if they obey the laws, not of this world, but of that world of the spirit. We must strive for truth and charity and justice, though we know that at best we can achieve them only in part. Even if we fail altogether it ought not to dishearten us; it is not by the standards of the material world that our actions are judged.

Nor need our misfortunes on this earth be without compensation. One of the worst results of the philosophy of Progress is that it has taken away the significance of suffering. If the aim of life is only to achieve complete happiness on earth, suffering is an unmixed evil, a dreadful, deplorable sign of failure. Modern thinkers, to judge by their novels, do think this. Their stories are as full of tragic events as "Othello" or "King Lear", but they produce none of the same feeling of tragic elevation. For tragic elevation arises from the belief that suffering, if taken in the right spirit, reveals as, nothing else can, the nature of the Universe. Lear is greater in his suffering than he ever could have been in his happiness. He faces the ills of the world and learns from them. This is the Christian conception; according to Christian doctrine God suffered for us, and it is in suffering, if properly approached, that we come closest to Him. In most modern novels suffering merely distorts and depraves the character. Catastrophe in them is no more tragic than a street accident. The adoption of a more Christian view of suffering should make writers able to achieve a profundity of vision unattainable to them under the flattening influence of the philosophy of Progress.

Indeed a less optimistic view of human conditions need not be depressing even to those who cannot accept the religious view of the universe. After all, it must be repeated, people did not take progress for granted till the nineteenth century; and they managed to be at least as happy as we are now. Neither during the persecutions of the Reformation nor the Napoleonic wars do we find the "intellectual" classes of society, lamenting that life was not worth living, that civilization was at an end. They enjoyed their pleasures when they came and as long as they

lasted. They did not need to be assured that there was going to be more and more pleasure in the future. They lived in the moment. They yielded themselves to the beauty of the world, enjoyed friendship and conviviality without thought of the morrow. Human beings can always put up with a certain amount of what is disagreeable to them if they accept it as inevitable. No rational person is made unhappy by the knowledge that they are not always perfectly healthy or that they have got to grow old. It is only the defects in human character, especially as exemplified in the social and political institutions, which blacken their whole outlook. They will have to learn to take for granted that it is not possible to get rid of these defects either. As a matter of fact they are much more likely to diminish them if they don't put their hopes too high. We should have avoided this war if we had concentrated on keeping the Germans disarmed and firmly punishing breaches of international law. We got into trouble because we took up huge schemes by which the very possibility of war and social injustice was to be eradicated. The jargon of the philosophy of Progress taught us to think that the savage and primitive state of man is behind us; we still talk of the present "return to barbarism". But barbarism is not behind us, it is beneath us. The savage elements in human nature lie always below the thin crust of civilization, waiting to burst out if we put too great a strain on it. Revolutionary changes do put such a strain. The result is that the crust of civilization breaks and the barbaric elements flame up through the cracks. It is to be hoped that the English intelligentsia are learning during this painful period to take a sadder and wiser view of human life. And that, if we are victorious, they will not urge us to build a new world in which the human passions that have disturbed man's lot since the dawn of history will be miraculously expelled. If they would remember that all human institutions, however theoretically perfect, have to be administered by human beings who are very far from perfect, they would plan less ambitiously and with more prospect of success. The Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world; and those, who try to set it up here more often produce a hell on earth.

WALTER DE LA MARE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

MOST great writers enter the world backwards. They are people who have a long journey before them, a life-journey in the land of self-expression, and they linger at the outset, gazing back at the fields and roofs of literature, where they first fed, and saw, and felt. Those are the moments of "sedulous" imitation, as Stevenson called them. Later, they have to turn and face their own experience, a narrow and forbidding path, in comparison with the wide view they are leaving behind.

It is characteristic of Walter de la Mare that he should have been conscious, even in those early stages of his travel, that he was thus walking semi-Janus-wise. He even made copy out of his apprenticeship, his period of sedulousness, and wrote a prose book called *Henry Brocken*, in which the characters are not reflections from people in his own world, but re-conjurings of names famous in fiction; Rosinante, Annabel Lee, Jane Eyre, and the like. He said, with an artful confidingness, "Some perhaps who read of the personages that cross these pages are already familiar with them face to face. They will have nothing but contempt for such poor shadows of them as I shall conjure up."

But what is interesting to the critic is that readers did *not* have contempt for those "poor shadows". Indeed, they were fascinated, horrified by them. Mr. de la Mare's already alert consciousness—that tool which a creative writer must never allow to be blunted—was skilfully at work. He was concentrating and manipulating all the disadvantages of youth and its sparse experience in life, and he was making a beautiful and original work of art out of what, if allowed to remain unexpressed, would have been the usual dilutant in his work for many years to come.

And it is to be noted that this book, and all his work preceding it, was written under the pseudonym of "Walter Ramel", which is another deliberate back-to-front stance.

But a victory, especially a quick victory, has its dangers. Mr. de la Mare evaded the long years of literary allusions, imitations and echoes which most writers have to pass through. But in evading them by so successful a device, he became somewhat the victim of his success, and made a habit of the backward search, knowing his own skill in utilizing it. Had he not been so skilful an artist, this habit might have circumscribed his genius. He might have become 'a poet of childhood'; a dreadful fate. It was a narrow escape, even so. Let us see how he escaped.

He is explicit on the matter. In his Introduction to Mr. Frank Kendon's *The Small Years* (a book which in my view is one of the most beautiful records of childhood in our language), he says :

Nor is it merely the plums of childhood that in memory taste so sweet. A curious delicious flavour may haunt even its duff. The commonest objects—a cupboard, a mug, a slice of cake, a door-bell, an old rocking horse, a picture on a wall, the light reflected from snow, an old man's beard, his alpaca coat, the white of his eyes as he knelt praying—such things as these were somehow more themselves and therefore more entralling. And it is not merely that growing older has bestowed on them a glamour evoked by time, envy and regret. Like runes scribbled on some grey old mouldering prehistoric stone, they had a secret meaning, though what precisely that meaning was we may not be able to say.

The key to his escape lies in that last sentence. Throughout his work, and amid all its variety, Mr. de la Mare has kept an unwavering pre-occupation with the riches of childhood. It may be this element in his vitality which gives him a certain affinity with the seventeenth poet Henry Vaughan, also an explorer in the same territory. But whereas Vaughan saw it with a Silurian, a Celtic eye, Mr. de la Mare sees it with more edge to his vision, a keener melancholy, a touch of Latin madness or excitement. It is to be remembered that he is of Huguenot stock.

So here we see him definitely exploiting his preoccupation, and thereby setting his style and his field of interests. He began at an early stage to see the world around him; of nature, of man, and even of God, as a sort of cryptic writing, a code

message condensing the realities of a more remote, and infinitely most vast and august, as well as more terrible universe which lies behind the quick-silver of the mirror, within the candle-flame, under the rhythm of the blood, and beyond the fence of logic. So in looking back to childhood, he is not narrowing down his range of vision. He is intensifying it, guiding it through a sort of ravine in the certainty that by this path he may find his way to that universe of realities.

Thus both his initial success, and the subsequent danger, are re-exploited, and the artist emerges mature. De la Mare's thumb-mark is on all he does. His idiosyncrasy can be recognized no matter what medium he is working in. And that is the sign of maturity. He has now reached such sureness of his own estate that he can dare to intellectualize it—during moments of certainty and comfort—without the fear of breaking through its fabric. This process is a necessary one for every artist. It is the means by which, during his 'off-moments' he sharpens his tools and perfects his technique. De la Mare is never afraid of, nor tired of doing so. In his latest book, the massive anthology *Behold, this Dreamer*, he has a long prefatory essay, and in that essay lies a footnote which I must quote entire because of its bearing on my exploration of his development, and also because it is an example of his technical equipment. For here is a prose paragraph which is flawless in its cadence. Read it aloud, and note the swing of the sentences, the cunning pauses of the parentheses, the gradual increase of volume until the last word 'introspection' rings home like a transitional chord at the end of a fugue by Bach. Such prose puts de la Mare among the masters; Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, and De Quincey (though this last has a more subtle use of the colon than Mr. de la Mare, or indeed than any other English writer). Here is the paragraph.

This "Unconscious" (so far as it is practicable) is now being actively explored—and the novice should fear to tread. It is a convenient but unanimating term for the reservoir of *elixir vitae* from which, throughout the waking day and at every moment of dream, is being drawn up into consciousness, even though it may serve its purpose unperceived, the imagery of recognition, recollection and re-creation. The submerged portion of an iceberg is the commonest metaphor for it; but that of an archipelago of humanity whose myriad island peaks are connected under the sea may be nearer the mark. Intuition in part depends on its resources;

and, past calculating, the faculty or poise or, rather, state of the mind which we call the Imagination. Its influence may be the cause of what fascinates or repels us in a fellow creature; and for the mystery, *l'inconnu*, which Man in his devotion seeks in vain to fathom in Woman. Its precious metals glint out of the quartz of the confirmed 'character'; it inspires the consummate actor; and more or less controls the born demagogue. It can be the devil in human affairs. Yet it nourishes the flower of mystical contemplation. It is the Hesperides of the Muses. As the utterance of verbal sounds with the vocal organs has its own sensuous aesthetic reactions, and facial expression intensifies the emotions it represents, so every natural posture of the body is the outcome and revelation of a state of the mind and of the unconscious mind. Even in the merest novice mimicry of the attitudes of the Buddha will induce some trace of the spiritual attitudes which they represent—a kind of empathy; and any true understanding of a piece of statuary is at least in part dependent on a similar intuitive process. What—in any original enterprise of mind or spirit—*can* man achieve, indeed, unaided by the reviving waters of this unplumbable well? A well lapped in darkness—and every metaphor is only a makeshift—into which we can peer only with the aid of a feeble taper, introspection.

You see from this paragraph, this footnote thrown in as an afterthought, what have been de la Mare's activities since the Walter Ramel days. He is still Walter Ramel, but with the consciousness of his backward glance intensified by the science of effort, of patient exploration. In between those moments of incandescent mood when his mind is in creative labour, he has been at work trying to find a rational explanation of what he has made, and of the vision which urged him to make it. He has been compelled to this by that ever-nagging sense of dishonesty from which the creative artist suffers about his work. He strives and strives; yet by some queer chemistry the permanent and living poem is born out of a sleight of hand as it were at the side of that strife. So the resting craftsman tries to fit the two gestures into one, to associate them from a single impulse, knowing that so long as his effort at creation remains slightly different from the actual movement of creation, he can never be sure of himself, or of the physical validity of his work. As he says,

a poem, however ethereal its contents may be, has been packed in a material verbal basket, has been distilled into a transparent phial. Yet its symbols carry it as lightly and unobtrusively as a rose carries its dew, or an animal its nature. It therefore has a formal and finished loveliness which few dreams can achieve, but which even dreams may occasionally bestow. It is exquisitely at liberty in a cage of words which it is not only a joy to examine, but which is as necessary to all that it holds for our delight as the skin of a cherry is for the security of its stone.

All his life as a writer, de la Mare has been occupied with this

tremendous effort to reconcile the elusiveness of his sources of interest with the solidity of his medium of words. In this he is no different from other poets. The difference is in the strategy by which he first set about the task, and the results achieved. I have tried to show how that initial strategy by its immediate success also fixed upon him a habit of thought and vision which has helped to make his mature work what it is, and to emphasize its distinction both in subject and expression. No other poet is so clearly betrayed by his phrase, his technical devices. Every sensibility which marks de la Mare's odd way of looking at life as it were in the reflection of time (like his hero in *The Return*) has an immediate hand in the forming of his rhythms, his almost *private* emphases, his completely habitual inversions. One critic, Mr. Forrest Reid, has pointed out that so strong has been the sensibility that the effect on the poetry has been to create a mannerism frequently in danger of self-parody. In the slighter poems this weakness is often apparent.

And the danger does not end there, in technical matters. The whole temper of his work, which I believe has been partly conditioned by that almost facile early maturing, is toward an oblique attack upon present experience. Thus his prose is never colloquial, and never contemporary. It belongs where he, by temperament, belongs, to the late seventeenth century. It is so slow, so richly weighted in movement, like the cadences of Hooker or Browne. At first, coming to it from modern utility prose, the reader is baffled, and inclined to murmur querulously about it being too literary. But soon its magic begins to work, compelling a discipline upon the mind. He sees the terrible reality and fearlessness of the poet's mind. Here is an example. "Why all this sleep?—seven, eight, nine, ten hours perhaps—with a living to make, work to be done, thoughts to be thought, obligations to keep, a soul to save, friends to refrain from losing, pleasure to seek, and that prodigious host of activities known as life?"

There is nothing he does not explore in this enquiry into the permutations of sleep; its depth, its range, its perversions. He says "for my own part, I have spent in sleep a far more active and adventurous existence than has been my outward lot in the waking day. What that may foreshadow who can

say? The fortunate perhaps may follow the liveliest careers in both. But the precise relation between the life of the imagination and that in the external world is obscure." De la Mare has tried in his work to shape a refractometer for gauging that obscurity.

But here the remarkable alertness of this poet's consciousness again shows itself. Out of all his weaknesses—and the greatest of poets has as much weakness as he is human—de la Mare makes artistic capital. No writer has ever been more awake to the dangers besetting his path. He even enjoys it, and dances near the brink of the precipices which he sees in his own nature.

O brave adventure; Ay, at danger slake
Thy thirst, lest life in thee should, sickening, quail;
But not toward nightmare goad a mind awake,
Nor to forbidden horizons bend thy sail—
Seductive outskirts whence in trance prolonged
Thy gaze, at stretch of what is sane-secure,
Dreams out on steep by shapes demoniac thronged
And vales wherein alone the dead endure.

Nectarous those flowers, yet with venom sweet.
Thick-juiced with poison hang those fruits that shine
Where sick phantasmal moonbeams brood and beat,
And dark imaginations ripe the vine.
Bethink thee: every enticing league thou wend
Beyond the mark where life its bound hath set
Will lead thee at length where human pathways end
And the dark enemy spreads his maddening net.

Throughout his work he refers, sometimes at length as in this quotation, sometimes in a single epithet, to the danger of his queer backward-walking progress through life and through his personal experience in this world, and even in possible other worlds co-existent with it. He sees his acute sensibility tending to a sort of inaction. He sees himself dreading to touch anything directly—even life itself, lest he should send it crashing into ruins. And he deplores his own remoteness, the result of that dread; and the deploration sets an overtone to his poetry, and affects its rhythm, giving it a certain frantic, dancing-in-the-distance quality. Not only in his verse, but also in his most realistic novels, this quality is perceptible. In one of his stories, *At First Sight*, he betrays himself in a casual description of a clergyman who "had done excellent, if rather active, work in the parish!" Note that antinomy.

But that inaction becomes a strength, a double strength. First, it pacifies his inward vision, the tortured scene of self.

I sit alone,
And clear thoughts move in me,
Pictures, now near, now far,
Of transient fantasy.
Happy I am, at peace
In my own company.
Yet life is a dread thing, too,
Dark with horror and fear.
Beauty's fingers grow cold,
Sad cries I hear,
Death with a stony gaze
Is ever near.
Lost in myself I hide
From the cold unknown :
Lost, like a world cast forth
Into space star-sown :
And the songs of the morning are stilled,
And delight in them flown.

It is a sad pacification, perhaps, but it is effective, and it leads to his second source of strength. It makes him see with that fierce intensity by which the mind's eye is lighted at times of crisis ; it gives him perpetually the vividness of grief, the clarity of fever, which his art enables him to utilize without despair or delirium. Look how he describes a winter morning.

Already dawn was clear and high in the sky, already the first breezes were moving in the mists ; and breathed chill, as if it were the lingering darkness itself on my cheeks. The air was cold, yet with a fresh, faint sweetness. The snow lay crisp across its perfect surface, mounded softly over the gorse-bushes, though here and there a spray of parched blossom yet protruded from its cowl. Flaky particles of ice floated invisible in the air. I called out with pleasure to see the little ponds where the snow had been blown away from the black ice. I saw on the bushes too the webs of spiders stretched from thorn to thorn, and festooned with crystals of hoar-frost. I turned and counted as far as I could my footsteps leading back to the house, which lay roofed in gloomy pallor, dim and obscured in the darkened west.

What a strange agony it is, this conflict within him, of clarity in near objects against an ever receding horizon. You see how he is forced to repudiate the pleasure, and to retrace his "footsteps leading back to the house". But what house is that ? It is the house where the poet in him was born, a tantalizing birthplace lost in obscurity, with doors opening from the back on ulterior paths leading away in the other direction, the direction of the mirror. "Have you ever," he asks, "seen

that door ? . . . its ruinous stone lintel, carved into lichenous stone heads, stonily silent in the last thin sunlight, hanging in peace unlatched. Heated, hunted, in agony—in that cold, green-clad, shadowed porch is haven and sanctuary. But beyond—O God, beyond ! ”

That is the keynote of his work, and the goad which whips him on to ever more tense and distilled self-expression ; an artist consumed by his own nerves, yet always emerging from the terror to a sort of humour and appetite for life finding an equipoise in his own pain, and a fecundity from the contradiction which has torn his life.

The first article in this series on modern poets by Mr. Richard Church—"W. H. Davies—the Man and His Work"—appeared in the January issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

FERTILIZERS—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

SEVEN years have gone their way since I met, in a nearby lane, a short elderly grizzled man ; with great authority he motioned me to stop.

"You're the gent what's bought the little old place on the hill," he began severely.

"Yes, that's true."

"Well, it's a pretty place enough, but you won't grow nothin' there."

"Why not," I asked him, remembering that the garden ground was as bare as the palm of my hand, save for an occasional crop of nettles.

"It can't be done, nothin' won't grow."

"You know that for certain?"

"I belong here," he replied with dignity.

"I am going to try to raise good fruit, flowers and vegetables, and to bring the place back to cultivation," I persisted.

The old man growled:—"Anybody can try; this here's a free country. You can waste your time and your money. But there," he went on, "it's a nice, healthy part. Folk don't die hereabouts."

"What do they do?" I enquired.

"They wither," he said, and turned his back.

Well, seven eventful years have taught me that my casual acquaintance was not well-informed. He has passed, and the land flourishes. The flower garden is a delight, and passes from strength to strength. We maintain excellent crops of every kind, under glass and in the open. They are remarkable in that they are grown to all intents and purposes on sand foundations. If the top soil was worth anything in days of old it has long been washed down the hillside. Sand was in charge in 1933.

The secret of success is a very simple one. I have proceeded steadily with the making of compost along the lines indicated by Rudolf Steiner. His methods have established a following in England, and a still larger one in Germany, though the Nazi authorities do not look kindly upon them. This is not only because the heavy industries supply mineral fertilizers, and business is business, but because the Steiner system tends to develop individuality and may lead even to further study of Steiner's philosophy.

The problem of very light soil in this country has been dealt with on the Suffolk and Norfolk borders by planting and ploughing in lupins and raising tobacco, but I wanted substantial crops of the everyday kind, and the first return to compost was based upon the common act of husbandry of a century ago, when labour was cheap and compost heaps were made on many farms, of grass cuttings, hedge trimmings, vegetable waste and ditch scrapings. All these were piled up and treated in haphazard fashion with farmyard manure, but the results were entirely satisfactory. Even at first sight it appears that what may be called the biological method of treating the land must be superior to that which relies on 'artificials.' Nature's own way gives an equal impulse to growth and decay, and I think the time has come when we should demand an enquiry into the question whether food taken from chemically-treated soil is as healthy as food that has been raised as Nature raised it before the first chemist appeared on the scene. The effect of artificials upon humus, earthworms and micro-organisms also calls for expert consideration. The question is very difficult because if scientists are prepared to accept chemical fertilizers because of the quantitative results, they are equally unwilling to accept the qualitative analyses of unorthodox experimenters like Madame Kolisko and Dr. Pfeiffer. Quality cannot be expressed quantitatively.

The question assumes a certain seriousness if we consider the incidence of disease. We are told that a hundred years ago ascertained human deaths from cancer in this country were 173 per million; to-day the cancer deaths are said to be over 1,000 per week. Among animals foot and mouth disease, liver rot, mastitis and bovine tuberculosis have increased at an

alarming rate. The growth of insect pests in orchard, field and vegetable garden has baffled the scientists, and as many as half-a-dozen poisonous sprays annually are advocated to keep orchards in good health. Turn to the report of the Poultry Technical Committee, published as late as 1938, and you see that the losses are so heavy that many poultry farmers have been driven out of business. The heaviest mortality now being experienced is avowedly due to a crop of ailments the cause of which is unknown, and for which (I quote the official report) 'no curative or control measures have been discovered'.

At every turn the capacity to resist disease appears to diminish. Last year a "Medical Testament" was signed by 31 members of the Cheshire Panel Committee. Speaking of the National Insurance Act the Committee stated that, so far as prevention of disease is concerned, the promise had not been fulfilled, and the fact should be faced. "Our daily work brings us repeatedly to the same point: this illness results from a lifetime of wrong nutrition." The report of the Peckham Pioneer Health Centre disclosed that in a survey of 1,666 members of 500 families it was found that only 144 adults and children and 17 babies, had no diagnosable disorder.

The question the layman may ask himself is whether deficiency diseases and the lack of resistance to be found in the human, the animal and the vegetable kingdom are not all traceable to denatured food, and if this is not the primary cause of the complaints that beset them all. If you go to one of the farms or gardens that are being run on the Steiner system by experts you will find not only that plants resist disease, but that no mineral washes are ever used. There is one at Bray, near Maidenhead, conducted by a lady who has given her life to propagating the new idea; in her tomato-houses I have found the finest fruit I ever handled, and she assures me that no spray has been used within its walls. Plants, Rudolf Steiner's followers will tell you, grow away from disease, if they are raised in healthy soil with natural, *i.e.* organic fertilizers.

The system I follow is not the only one. Sir Albert Howard, founder of the Indore method of composting, can record astonishing successes, and the choice between the two has been dictated in my own case merely because he admits sewage to his

prescription, and Steiner does not. On wider grounds it may be said that while Sir Albert Howard looks to humus to cure all the soil's troubles, Steiner offers farmers and gardeners a new system and a philosophy of farming.

The method of making a compost heap is very simple indeed. Choose a sheltered situation, dig down three to four inches, setting the soil aside to serve for a cover and then make a heap of all the organic material available; outside leaves of vegetables, pea and bean haulms, leaves, grass and hedge trimmings. If you have waste-wood that won't rot just burn it and use the ashes, and every weed you can get is welcome to the compost heap, though if it is a very strong kind put it in the centre, where the heat will be greatest. If you are afraid of docks and thistles and prefer to burn them, be sure to add the freshly burned ash to the compost heap for the sake of its mineral content. You keep the sides of the heap sloping and sprinkle it twice with unslaked lime, first when the heap is about 2ft. high and again at 4ft. At 5 or 6ft. cover your mound with the soil taken from the ground, but peat moss or bracken will certainly make a better cover. You add a little trench for watering, and use rain-water in which cow, poultry or pigeon manure has been stirred. I have added to all my heaps a certain amount of cow and pig manure in no fixed proportion. It has been regulated by the supply available, and I have inserted what Steiner's followers call 'activators.'

There has been a great controversy about them, some people regarding the activators as mysteries, though in truth they are nothing of the kind, and Dr. Steiner's early reticence was due to the fact that they had not been fully tried out. They are no more than what might be called, from the strictly quantitative point of view only, homœopathic preparations of silica, stinging-nettle, camomile, valerian, yarrow, dandelion and oak bark. The preparation is peculiar. They are buried, often in the entrails of animals or cow horns, for the greater part of the year before they are ready for use and then you make a hole in your compost heap and insert a small dose of each. This sounds a bit fantastic. Dr. Steiner admitted as much, adding "and so did mountain railways when their building was first proposed." But at least the preparations cost very little, and the results have

an eloquence that stills the outcries of those who think they have nothing to learn. The activators are prepared by the agriculturists who have had first-hand instruction from men who collaborated with Dr. Steiner. They are not necessarily members of the Anthroposophical Society nor do they make the preparations for profit, nor do you need membership to obtain them. The plants used are gathered in the season of their greatest growth activity and are stored in peat moss, but many people who have the facilities and the aptitude prepare them for their own use. Anybody who desires to test them can obtain the activators from Broome Farm at Clent, near Stourbridge, which is run on the Steiner lines by an independent group of enthusiastic workers. They are certainly worth while and those who are looking further than mere gain can find in their use and its implications a wider knowledge of the relations between mineral, plant, animal and man. Many of the proprietors of worthless 'specifics' for soil improvement are more secret about them (and for good reason) than Dr. Steiner ever was, and the curious part of both the Howard and Steiner systems is that they make the most enthusiastic converts. One of these, Mr. Alma Baker, of Malaya and New Zealand, has in the past two years published a couple of small books at his own expense for free distribution to all who are interested. He calls one of them "The Soil and its Products", and the other "Peace with the Soil", and at the age of 80 odd he is working on a third. The Minister of Agriculture called the earlier work a document of first-class importance.

I have chosen to keep my composts for two years before using them, but many people spend no more than nine months in the preparation. They are used as a top dressing, and have a remarkable effect.

Dr. Steiner said that we are over-stimulating the soil with artificials, that the dose will need increasing just as though the earth were a drug addict, and although it is possible to stimulate production, the nutritive value of food produced in this fashion is subject to gradual deterioration. "The time will come," he said once, "when, if these methods are persisted in, the world may starve in the midst of plenty."

Be this as it may, the simple, wholesome method of making and using compost must continue to extend its appeal, more particularly nowadays when artificial 'fertilizers' are no longer cheap as well as nasty, personally I deem the term fertilizer a misnomer, I would suggest *drug*. It is interesting to note that compost is recommended by the Ministry of Agriculture and that experiments in the Steiner method are being conducted by at least two agricultural colleges.

It is clear that there can be no more important subject before the world at large than that of the relation between soil fertility and health. We have to ask ourselves the question whether in forcing nature's hand we have provoked reprisals, and whether the chemist's rough and ready method can improve upon the immemorial alchemy that Nature practises, an alchemy we are only beginning to understand. One and all of us are concerned, and if Rudolf Steiner was correct in his definite statement that soil dressed with artificials produces food lacking in full nutritive value, there is here an explanation of the growth and extension of deficiency diseases, an explanation that demands the most serious consideration. The difficulty is that the deterioration that promotes deficiency is slow, and the means of recording it are not easy to discover, but investigation might well unite the world in a great task that concerns the good of all men, without regard to race, religion, colour or nationality. We have the right to ask ourselves if mineral 'fertilizers' can restore or maintain the fertility of the soil. I maintain that the evidence is against this.

There is a strong *prima facie* case for the supporters of artificials to meet. The speeding-up processes of the past 100 years have produced a large measure of social chaos. Applied to agriculture, they stand charged with reducing the food values upon which you and I and all of us depend for our ability to carry on, since on the physical plane at least we are what we eat. "Plants under the influence of mineral manures do not enjoy a full life, and after a time lose their nutritive value." So said Dr. Steiner.

For the amateur gardener who desires to grow more food and is concerned with the nutritive value of what he grows, and the health of those who eat it, compost offers a safe way to security.

If he has broken fresh ground he can rely upon the ground's stored fertility for the first season while he is making his compost heap and when another year comes round he should have sufficient organic fertilizer to carry him through. Local Authorities might lend useful aid if they would preserve and accumulate the grass and hedge trimmings that are wasted nowadays. Sane cultivation is sound national defence.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE best thing about this brutish form of naval war is the heroism in many cases and the tough courage in thousands which it evokes ; but the worst is that it begins to shake the primitive instinct of seamen to risk all for a rescue. The other day a Greek ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic and her crew after five days of desperate weather in a boat at last made the south coast of Ireland. One of them was an Irish seaman (who had signed on in the Panama Canal) and he told the story. At least half-a-dozen vessels of various kinds sighted them and promptly turned away—fearing they might be a decoy. Nearly half the men went mad from the hardships ; they were drinking sea water and perishing of cold. When at last, between the Fastnet and the coast, only a few miles from land, a local fishing boat also ran from them, the Irishman said he thought they would all have gone mad. The captain, who was among the survivors and had some English, could only say, “never speak to me again of those five days”. And it is not possible that this experience is unique. All the more honour to those who rush to the rescue ; and all the more shame to those who have established such a tradition that they are inevitably regarded as capable of using such a decoy.

Attack on lightships completes the picture of what Germany is doing. The high seas are a dangerous wilderness, but nature makes them friendly to adventurous man at least in this that his vessel can forge ahead, fearing nothing but wind, weather and collision. The last is a hazard which lighting can guard against, but lights have now to be discarded ; still on the high seas the chance of collision is small. Danger is where land begins with its rocky outliers, and here man has learnt to set warning beacons for users of the sea roads, painfully watched

and maintained ; organs of humanity pushed out into the wilderness. There is, of course, a fierce logic in the German contention—' If we cannot use the sea roads, no one else, enemy or neutral, shall use them with safety. All humanity at sea shall go blind and groping when a cable's length off the course means destruction '. It is the logic of a dangerous madman.

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Indeed there is every evidence that Hitler has burnt his boats, and keeps nothing open but victory or ruin. He is daily establishing precedents which cannot be forgotten when the reckoning comes. If populations are to be arbitrarily shifted in territories on which he has imposed his rule, who can deny that when pledges to Poland come to be made good, there must be re-shifting ? If Gdynia with its prosperous population of 130,000 is to-day emptied of Poles, who can suppose that when power is in other hands Danzig will be allowed to remain a German stronghold at the outlet of Poland's river ? I have been reading Mr. Bryant's powerful and painful book, *Unfinished Victory**, which makes one see how much avoidable suffering and injury was inflicted upon the German population when Germany had become defenceless. It is true that the German government deliberately starved its own people in order to increase the war effort ; but true also that up to June, 1918, Germany had the chance of a break through in France which might have decided the issue ; and since war is held to create legitimate necessities, it may be that the German government was justified in reducing its people to the physical state in which defeat found them. It is certainly true that the allies would have better served their own purpose and cause by remedying at once the consequences of that semi-starvation. But it is right also to remember that in the war Germans went far beyond military necessity ; for one instance, when Ludendorff withdrew to the Hindenburg line, his troops in the area which he evacuated sawed through the fruit trees, just as a parting reminder. Charity is not easy to maintain in the face of sheer malice. In general it was the German policy then to intimidate by ruthlessness. Several years ago an Irish doctor who had studied in Germany, went back there and,

*Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

visiting men whom he knew well, found one opinion universally expressed : they had lost the war because they were not ruthless enough. We can see how that opinion is acted upon in this other war, of which Germany is the declared instigator. M. Daladier said in a moving speech that Herr Hitler's Government has made war a new thing, predatory against territory and every living thing in the territory. He might have said that earlier the same Government had made civil administration a new thing, predatory against a whole class of its subjects. All the decencies are defied and civilization has to be reconstructed, either on a new basis of assured freedom, or on the lines of those who built the Egyptian pyramids with slave labour. Nobody denies that the pyramids are impressive work, or that capable organization presided over the planning and the making of them ; but we do not desire to be bondslaves in any modern Egypt.

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I have been taken to task by an American friend for "sneering" at the United States, and am reminded that the Allies may soon be anxiously coming to them for credits. Well, if it should suit the American people to alter so far their moral attitude as to supply such credit, undoubtedly the Allies will have reason to be thankful. But if I may speak plainly the mind of an Irishman who with a great number of his fellow countrymen served in the last war, I prefer to believe that the United States will either stand by its decision to avoid all risks of being involved, or else will be moved to intervene with full strength on what appears to be the side of humanity and justice. If they come in at all, it will be because they are proud to fight. At present they think it more respectable to stay out ; and that is an attitude for which I do not profess admiration. They may say that they have no responsibility, but that is only partly true. We are fighting to put back Poland and Czechoslovakia on the map of Europe, and the United States had a great hand in deciding that they should be put there. Certainly Great Britain for a long time shirked all responsibility for maintaining what was done in Central Europe after 1918 ; the whole task was left to the army of France while Great Britain was reducing her

navy and scrapping armaments. We all know now that this was the costliest kind of folly ; but at least we are now accepting responsibility and paying dear for it. We are not called on at the same time to applaud America's prudence. It resembles very closely the attitude of those British statesmen who thought for a long time that what happened in Czechoslovakia was too remote to interest them. They began to act when they saw that Czechoslovakia's danger meant their own danger and, acting belatedly, they could not save either the Czechs or the Poles from destruction, and had to undertake the formidable task of replacing what was destroyed, lest they themselves should be the next for destruction. Great Britain postponed action, but acted ; yet they had postponed too long. It is possible that America one day may have to fight a rear guard action in defence of what is left of our common civilization, and to fight it without assistance. It is also possible that indignation over events in Europe may induce her to take a hand earlier in the fight, and shorten it. That would be gallantry. But it might also be a wiser prudence than their present one.

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Outside the belligerent area, movements have been on the whole satisfactory. The Japanese protest against seizure of

**Neutral
Feelings**

German seamen from the *Asama Maru* has been met, in traditional British manner, by a compromise which saves "face" but preserves what the British consider essential. In the Balkan and Danubian regions, with Turkey still a leading member of the Entente, friendly accord appears to have been reached by the four powers which met in Conference—Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia ; accord on a policy of abstention from the major conflict, apparently with guarantee of mutual assistance, if any of the partners should be attacked from outside. Subsequent visits paid by members of the Conference indicated that in spite of Bulgaria's unsatisfied claims, trouble was not to be expected from that quarter. Hungary's attitude was less friendly ; but Hungary is much under Italian influence and that influence was clearly used in favour of maintaining and extending friendship between these not often friendly nations. I was struck by the infrequency with which the name of General

Metaxas appeared. That statesman evidently believes in keeping himself and his country out of the lime light, but it would be unwise to overlook his ability and his activity. In the same period under his government a financial settlement between Greece and Great Britain has been reached, which is not likely to have been disadvantageous to the country which General Metaxas governs.

Incidentally, I have noted repeated assurances in the English press that Turkish and Balkan tobacco could be bought for blending in cigarettes without lowering the quality of what Englishmen habitually prefer to smoke. This is as if you should say that wine from the Côte d'Or and the Medoc vineyards could be mixed with Australian, and that the Australian would be none the less palatable. There are Turkish and Balkan tobaccos that "carry a perfume in the mention," but for ninety-nine out of a hundred smokers the perception of this luxury has disappeared. It went out with the last war when the word "gaspers" came in. (This war has not yet begun to enlarge our current vocabulary.)

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In India, things are anyhow no worse ; and that is mainly thanks to Mr. Gandhi, whose courage and wisdom seem to me extraordinary. It may seem odd to speak of
**Wisdom
and Courage** courage in a man who evidently attaches no value to his personal survival and who sets aside all that the mass of men think important in existence. But it is not easy even for a saint to face resentment in his following and plainly he has used all his influence to restrain natural impulses in the great movement with which he is associated. Congress partisans inevitably feel that if Great Britain will not concede the claims to which they think themselves entitled—and Mr. Gandhi shares this view that the claims are just—the proper course is to put on pressure by creating difficulties for the British Government. But Mr. Gandhi is that rare creature, a strong political partisan who can see two distinct things at once, and keep a sense of values. All Indian Nationalists, it seems, hold that it would be a disaster if Hitler won ; so, I think, do all Irish Nationalists, at least such of them as retain the capacity for thinking. So, for instance, I believe does Mr. de Valera.

But he has never told the Irish that it is their business to help in preventing that disaster. Mr. Gandhi has had both the courage and the wisdom to insist that India shall avoid doing that which Hitler would desire. In a sense it is easy for him, since he has neither official position nor personal ambition. But it is a very rare fact that a man without these attributes should remain a power. Hardly less rare is the instance of one who, holding intensely such views as his, should be able to recognize that a Governor who opposes them none the less means well to India. Very few saints have been able to recognize virtue in those who do not share their conceptions of justice; and this one is, I think worth a great deal to the world.

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After all, in spite of mass production, and mass movements, it is the individual that counts. Mr. Bryant's book has made me at least aware of what Hitler accomplished in Germany, as an unaided individual, and how formidable a force, morally, has been created by him. The war looks a tougher proposition after reading Mr. Bryant because it is seen to be ultimately a contest of wills; wills, on one side concentrated in a single individual, on the other, distributed over a whole nation. The advantages of concentration are obvious; yet, look at the Finns. They are not hypnotized by any spellbinder—and look at their effort and the result. In truth, the chance for paramount leadership is greatest where the need is greatest, and Mr. Bryant shows us the appalling disarray—physical and moral—of Germany when Hitler began. As things are, it does not look as if the British Commonwealth stood in need of a man whose name should be a flag and an inspiration. Who is remembered as the hero of the last war? Most of us would give the answer—"The Unknown Soldier." That is not because there were not brave deeds enough, nor because the English people have lost the admiration for heroism. Yet I am sure that distinction earned in the War by heroism, living or dying, never affected the imagination of this country so powerfully as a life and character which are even at this moment made the subject of a new study. Book after book has been written; yet Mr. Seaver will find thousands of readers for his *Scott of the Antarctic**—

*Murray. 10s. 6d.

and all the more because it is less a narrative than an answer to the question, why is Scott so universally remembered and admired? The English public, prosperous and happy, is not prone to idealize even heroic failure: and not even the dramatic circumstances of Scott's disappointment at the Pole itself, which led up with such tragic fitness to the failure to reach safety, can account for the appeal of his legend. Men and women everywhere have seen in that defeat, recorded by the dying, a victory of man's spirit. It is an epic of leadership, challenging the worst that fate can do. I wrote a life of Scott and I wrote a life of Mary Kingsley: in both, one had to consider courage carried to the last point, yet never reckless, carefully planning each step, meeting each emergency with swift resource. Of the two, I should say that the woman had the greater brain, and certainly that the results she achieved in spreading fruitful knowledge were the more valuable. But in lasting effect on the general mind, there is no comparison—chiefly, I think, for this reason. What Mary Kingsley did, she did, as far as any human being can do anything, single-handed. What the world saw in Scott, and what Mr. Seaver helps us to understand better than ever before, was a priceless example of leadership. He and his closest comrade, Wilson, whom also Mr. Seaver has interpreted in another volume, are an abiding inspiration to their race.

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John Buchan—what a career! Was ever a man more the architect of his own amazing fortunes? And never was any man less over-gilded by success. He crammed his life full with enjoyed experience and had the covetable power to re-live his enjoyments in writing. Travel, personal contacts, fishing, all went into making books, for his own delight and the world's. If spirits meet, there will have been a great welcome for him from that other Borderer, Sir Walter Scott—that other lover of romance and of romantic achievement.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

WAR COSTS AND FINANCE

By HUGH QUIGLEY

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR, by E. F. M. Durbin. *Routledge*. 3s. 6d.

ECONOMIC WARFARE, by Paul Einzig. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR, by A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan*. 5s.

In the years preceding the war of 1914-18, as Mr. Einzig points out, there was a dearth of books investigating and discussing the essential economic problems arising from a state of war, and this deficiency has been taken as a serious deficit as far as the planning of war effort was concerned. The contrary is true of this war: already the flood of books and pamphlets, many of them restatements of conventional economic theory, threatens to convert the discussion of war conditions into a verbal interchange by economic pundits. It is perfectly easy for an economic theorist to suggest rigid economy in every possible direction merely to create what looks like a sound national balance-sheet, but the question is never posed—is it desirable, in interests far greater than those of immediate hostilities, to give up many of the things necessary to the civilization we are supposed to be defending?

That question is in fact raised by Professor Pigou in his book, which is, as one would expect, a very clear,

evenly balanced and interesting document. There is always in the writer's mind, when he is discussing even such things as taxes versus loans or Government commandeering, the possibility of the war conditions conflicting with fundamental social values, and this gives to *The Political Economy of War* a significance which is more than purely temporary, while the absence of it in the other two books by Mr. Paul Einzig and Mr. E. F. Durbin gives them only the character of somewhat enlarged ephemeral pamphlets.

Mr. Durbin maintains that the three methods by which the war effort could be met financially are through taxation, industrial control and borrowing. He deliberately burkes the question of industrial control which, one would imagine, would be of some importance even to economists of the left wing; is rather doubtful about the usefulness or advisability of borrowing, since excessive loans would in effect penalise sections of the population other than those lending the money, and maintains that it is quite possible for the Government to raise, through taxation, something over £3,000 million per annum. The deflation of civilian effort, represented by the severe restriction of private consumption, by a figure as high as 50%, would not have

an adverse effect on the total volume of industrial employment, and, as a consequence, on the national income. He assumes in fact that the national income will increase despite this kind of restriction, and postulates the maintenance of prices at their present level. It is a necessary part of his argument, that the cost of the war should not be markedly greater than the figure he gives as the yield of taxation.

On each one of those issues the facts are against the theorist, with the result that his proposals may possess a theoretical or historical value, but they have ceased to have a practical value.

Mr. Einzig, with journalistic aplomb, gives a very clear survey of certain aspects of economic warfare, but at no point does he get down to practical detail, and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able to discover in any part of his book any new method which it could usefully adopt for the prosecution of warfare on those lines. It is difficult to avoid superficial comparisons when putting together a tissue of generalizations, and while the book itself is well arranged, its argument is vitiated by the pre-conception that, owing to superiority of material, financial and industrial resources, the Allies must necessarily win the war. If Mr. Einzig had assumed the possibility of the Allies losing the war, and discussed ways and means of avoiding that unfortunate result, he might have written a very disturbing but valuable study, and devoted rather more attention to the German economic system. The assumption, for example, that the German nation entered this war with a much lower capacity for physical resistance than it had in 1914,

owing largely to the restriction of consumption of foodstuffs in previous years, is not true, and it is entirely too simple a doctrine that sooner or later the German public will become so inflation minded that there will be a panicky flight from the reichmark and a collapse of the national morale. It is on that last single point that Mr. Einzig expects the Allies to win the war.

Professor Pigou, interested in surveying the situation without prejudice but with a keen mind, raises up the important issues which must be clear to those who are responsible for advising the Government, but he does not attempt to make any recommendations, believing possibly that what is necessary now is more a clear perception of fundamental issues than an application of principles which may prove to be unsound in practice. Among other things, he disposes of the theory that borrowing and taxation are essentially different from each other, and he provides an answer to the argument in favour of severe taxation put forward by Mr. Durbin:

It is generally agreed that a policy of finance through taxation alone, however excellent it might be in theory, is in practice out of the question, for the simple reason that the people would not stand it.

He also puts into its proper perspective the easy doctrine that the war will be won by applying the entire resources of the country to the requirements of the fighting services with virtually no reference to the normal requirements of the civilian population. It is that idea, more than anything else, which has caused the collapse of the building trades and actually increased unemployment during a time of war. If human and material assets are not employed for any purpose at all, they

must represent an extreme form of economic waste, and the loss of employment of those assets is not balanced by any corresponding gain in the Government's war efficiency.

He maintains that the control of prices and the reduction of inflation to its minimum is bound up with the control of production, and this control covers not only the machinery of production but also the labour force employed in it. In the wrong hands, industrial conscription is very similar in effect to pure Fascism, but the existence of vested interests in labour, as represented by the more reactionary Trade Unions, may render it necessary to exercise direct control. Whether the machinery of Government, as at present constituted, is adequate to assume the management of industry and of industrial labour is a question he does not ask, and on the whole he brings his survey no further forward than an analysis of what happened during the last war and what may be expected to happen during this one. To that extent even Professor Pigou's book is disappointing.

It is, however, refreshing to find one authority, in the midst of so many appeals for restriction of consumption and deflation of civilian production, who is still able to put forward a plea for normal economic activity. The success of the Allies will not depend on their capacity to cause inflation mania in Germany, or to raise immense sums through taxation, but on their capacity to wage war as an activity subsidiary to other and more valuable activities, which in themselves constitute economic reality. Perhaps it may be possible for Professor Pigou to follow up his survey of the existing situation with an

objective and carefully balanced study of new economic theory which must emerge in the later stages of this war and will become exceedingly urgent once hostilities are terminated.

UNFINISHED VICTORY, by Arthur Bryant. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

Unfinished Victory is an emotional book. This may be all to the good. Sometimes an emotional appeal to be generous will prevail where the sober intimation that generosity pays finds no response; and since generosity is Mr. Bryant's theme, by no means a fashionable one in war-time, he has the right to choose such means as may best ensure him a hearing. In five chapters and a long personal confession by way of introduction he urges the Allies to look back on their past mistakes and learn from them; recounts some of the more spectacular though by no means best known misjudgments of the past twenty years; and tries, by picturing those circumstances in Germany which were both Hitler's setting and his summons, to induce an imaginative understanding of England's chief enemy.

Perhaps the emotion of the book, which seems genuine and honourable, was not recollected long enough in tranquillity. Reading, one becomes aware of an unaccountable discomfort, not wholly due to curiosities of style. I note shapeless sentences here and there: "Though of the former only a minority were of German race, the door was closed on far more Germans than it had been on Frenchmen in 1871." "They boldly announced that they preferred to be killed than silenced." There are slips, too, in proof-reading, involving even the famous inscription on the

victory memorial at Compiègne. It is as though Mr. Bryant had been in a hurry to put before the world what he had to say, anxiously desirous to take us with him before we begin to lose our heads and to hate.

What has Mr. Bryant to offer? Chiefly, he says, an historian's view of the Allies' misdemeanours and Germany's resurrection. He tells us that the present book is based upon one written on a larger scale, now laid aside. It may be a pity that he thus compressed what he had to say, for an historian is judged by his sources, and the sources here seem insufficient for so wide a theme. The effects of the blockade (the best chapter in the book) he shows adequately from first-hand accounts. To the happenings at Versailles Mr. Nicolson, Mr. Keynes and Mr. Churchill bear respectable witness. The account of post-war Germany is based mainly on two books, Mr. Gedyes' *The Revolver Republic*, and Vernon Bartlett's *Nazi Germany Explained*. When we come to the enthusiastic portrait of Hitler which forms Mr. Bryant's climax, the only source acknowledged is *Mein Kampf*, and statement begins to usurp the place of proof.

Going through this chapter, taking it carefully, the reader begins at last to understand the reason for those sensations of discomfort and stress which have been his companions for 169 pages and here are brought to a head. It is as though Mr. Bryant were pleading a cause; using all the advocate's skill, throwing in sentiment, where reason will not serve, in an attempt to sublimate the achievements of Nazi Germany, and Hitler as the prime mover of those achievements.

He is fascinated by the spectacle of order emerging from confusion. He is willing to believe that here, if ever, the means did justify the end. He seems confident of the necessity and nobility of that end, although Rauschning, who speaks with authority, declares the Nazi aim to be purely destructive. All this Mr. Bryant feels, and must try to reconcile with the fact that he is an Englishman, a son of that nation which Germany now counts her chief enemy, and which has declared plainly that a first condition of peace must be the abdication of those men who raised Germany from the dust.

There was an earlier historian who sighed as a lover, obeyed as a son. That saying of Gibbon's, rather than quotations from Thucydides and Lawrence, should serve as a motto for this book; the work of a man standing between two loyalties, too distracted to balance evidence or to hold rhetoric separate from fact. It is honest, troubled, and will serve no purpose now.

HELEN SIMPSON.

THE ROMANOVs, by William Gerhardt. Rich & Cowan. 30s.

History has been explained as mankind's gradual decline from a golden age, or as its progress towards an unknown destiny; as a drama of salvation or as the gradual revelation of the *Weltgeist*; as determined by ideals or by material forces. No final solution has been found, and none, perhaps, will ever be found. It is the more fortunate, therefore, that after Mr. Gerhardt's book we need no longer worry. He has found an interpretation of history which is perhaps not altogether new, but at least has all

the advantages of finality. To him, history is nonsense, pure and simple. This view he seems to regard as novel, witty and profound, and he develops it in a racy, flippant style which he obviously regards as the only adequate one in dealing with such inferior beings as Peter the Great, Napoleon and a number of minor gods of history. Derisively, he speaks of "serious" historians in quotation marks, adding that "what irritates is the bloated solemnity of the ordinary history as it treats of farcical happenings Princes and governments . . . to-day, as ever, behave as idiotically, and in no other way idiotically than Napoleon and Alexander (I.)".

The philosophy underlying this view of history is what it must be; one of unmitigated individualist hedonism. Only the individual counts. To regard communities, such as countries, churches and the like, as worth an individual's sacrifice and suffering, is, to Mr. Gerhardi nothing but a symptom of unspeakable stupidity. "History . . . acquires . . . sanity only in recognition of the criminal lunacy of a state of affairs which, in deference to unfeeling and ever receding abstractions, always sends the suffering unit packing". Why such super-personal groups and beliefs as, say "England", or "liberty", or "protestantism", or "Christianity", or "Athens", or "Chinese civilization" or any other of the thousand things for which generations lived and laid down their lives should be "abstractions", Mr. Gerhardi does not reveal; he seems to take it for granted, because he most obviously believes in none of them, and, for that matter, in nothing but the dear little comforts of the dear little

individuals. True, in his preface he says it in grander words. "Divinity, entire and indivisible, descends into each individual whole and unsplit as if he alone had being; each of the many is indeed the One." If every man is God, than indeed any suffering inflicted upon a man is sacrilege. And the author concludes: "History, as we know it, is therefore always history of the unreal, of the unfeeling, of the phantastic—indeed of the insane." It never occurs to Mr. Gerhardi that this insanity of all history lived and written before the advent of himself might be no more than a mirage—that he might, in fact, not be the only sane person in an insane world, but has simply failed to understand what history, or more precisely, what politics are about. Seeing that, despite his invocation of the "Divinity", he regards all aims lying beyond individual well-being as nonsensical, it would be hopeless to try to make him understand what politics are. He is unable to see that man, being a gregarious animal, could not even maintain his physical existence without constant suffering and sacrifice in the service of the horde, and later of its amplifications, the tribe and the state.

To write history is obviously impossible with such views. Mr. Gerhardi tells us nothing about Russia and her fates. But extreme individualism such as his might seem a philosophy well fit for the understanding of the tragedy of the individual. For this one would look in a work written from the author's viewpoint. But one finds one's search sorely disappointing. For human tragedy—as opposed to simple human misery—can only emerge where the individual is wrestling with forces

recognized as being more important than individual well-being. That any individual can recognize such forces, Mr. Gerhardi, in theory, would probably admit, though he would deride it as folly; in practice, he cannot conceive it. His view of man "the vessel of Divinity, essentially the One" is as base as the view of any misanthropist can be. He is capable of saying that Napoleon, had he been seriously wounded, would at once have had enough of his march into Russia. Did he never hear of the death in battle of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII.? Is he congenitally unable not only to value heroism as desirable, but to admit it as existing? It seems so. Much too much "absurd romanticism" has been spent, in his opinion, on the murderers of Alexander II. Yet these men and women, after having carried out the gruesome deed they regarded as their duty, actually sought the end on the gallows, and Shelyabov, the leader of the group, wrote a self-denunciatory letter to the prosecution, so that death should be his lot together with his companions. The fact is that Mr. Gerhardi regards individual life as exactly as foolish as public life. And how could it be otherwise? Both draw their meaning and dignity from the same super-personal forces.

What the author is after is quite simply sensation, sensation of the sort which makes human life look absolutely foolish. Of this, admittedly, there is a lot in the history of the Russian Czars. Three of the Romanovs were actually insane or at least nearly so, and many more were perverts of one sort or another. You will find, in Mr. Gerhardi's sumptuously done-up pages, the usual stories about Ivan the Terrible exterminating his subjects,

about Peter the Great knouting to death with his own hand his unhappy son Alexey, about Elizabeth's and Catherine's lovers, about the murder of Peter III. and Paul I., about the abdication and the end of Nicolas II. Dealing with these events, the author almost invariably adopts the most sensational version on record, however slight the evidence in its favour. But these stories have been told before, some of them by Russian master-pens such as that of Mereshkovski. Mr. Gerhardi certainly does not improve on their achievements.

F. BORKENAU.

BRYCE'S AMERICAN COMMON-WEALTH: Fiftieth Anniversary. Edited by R. C. Brooks. *The Macmillan Co., New York.*

THE BACKGROUND OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS. Edited by N. L. Hill and H. W. Stoke. *Farrow and Rinehart, New York.*

I was just about to tackle these two books when I chanced to come upon the review of Lord Bryce's famous book contributed by Lord Acton to the *English Historical Review* for April 1889 and reprinted in his *Essays on Liberty*. The latter is an eminently characteristic piece of work more calculated to exhibit Acton's profound erudition than to expound Bryce's treatment of a vastly interesting subject. But the volume just published in New York commemorating the jubilee of Bryce's classic does ample justice both to the book and to the author, not to mention also to Lord Acton whose review is, I find, included in it. There is also included in it a much more helpful review from the pen of Mr. Woodrow Wilson, who

had then lately become Professor of Political Science at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Shorter, less elaborate, but more direct and even more helpful is a single paragraph (p. 214) in Professor W. B. Munro's chapter *Such Was The Man—The Bryce that I Knew*. As an admirable summary of Bryce's three volumes it could hardly be improved. Other chapters in this interesting and timely book help to bring Bryce's survey up to date, a task which he himself partially accomplished in *Modern Democracies*—published, however, as long ago as 1921.

As a stylist Bryce lacked the distinction of his great predecessor De Tocqueville, but he had three great qualifications for the task he undertook in *The American Commonwealth*; he possessed, in rare measure the gift of lucid exposition: he had super-eminent good sense and sanity of judgment, and he had at once the knowledge of an academic Professor and the experience of a member of the House of Commons. Never were those gifts and qualifications employed to greater advantage than in *The American Commonwealth*—a work which secured for its author the embassy at Washington and gave to the two great Anglo-Saxon communities, the advantage of an ambassador uniquely qualified to interpret America to Great Britain, and Great Britain to America.

It is the concurrent opinion of the highly qualified contributors of the book under review that Bryce's *magnum opus* was not only "epoch-making" at the time of its first publication, but "after serving for half a century as the basic working manual for all students of American

politics, is clearly destined to immortality as an indispensable source book for future historians of the United States." That is, indeed, a high and generous tribute, in which an English critic must needs respectfully concur.

To those who, like the present writer, knew Bryce primarily as a politician with strong views, perhaps the most remarkable feature both of *The American Commonwealth* and *Modern Democracies* is the complete detachment of their author, and the absence of political partisanship. Bryce found his friends in the United States chiefly, as his biographer Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has observed, among Republicans, and this fact may to some extent have tinged a view of the American Constitution, which was definitely Hamiltonian rather than Jeffersonian. But Bryce, with all his devotion to Mr. Gladstone, and his economic attachment to the Manchester School, was a keen imperialist and a strong believer in a bicameral legislature.

It was on these two questions that I myself came in contact with Bryce. As long ago as 1886 we were closely associated in the formation of the Oxford branch of the Imperial Federation League. After the lapse of half a century I became a member of the Second Chamber Conference of which Bryce was chairman. Our chairman was by then an octogenarian, but he gave no sign of impaired faculties or failing powers. The Report which he drafted had just the same characteristics—preeminent among them lucidity and sanity—as those he exhibited in *The American Commonwealth*. To that work and to its author the present volume is a notable and graceful tribute.

The Background of European Governments is wholly different in scope and

purpose. It is primarily a source book, containing constitutional texts, such as *Magna Carta*, and the *Bill of Rights*, extracts from Judgments and Speeches, and the like. The selection is not above criticism, and the quotations are from speakers and writers of widely disparate degrees of authority. Great Britain occupies nearly half the volume—among the documents being an extract from the Bryce Report of the Second Chamber Conference. Under France we have the Constitutional Laws of 1875, under Germany the Weimar Constitution and various documents illustrating the Nazi régime. Similarly for Italy and Russia. The book should be useful in class teaching.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

ARIEL AND ALL HIS QUALITY, by R. S. Lambert. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

During those doldrums which preceded the abdication of King Edward VIII, the "Talking Mongoose Case", as it came to be known, fell like a ripe plum into the ravenous jaws of Fleet Street and created a furore of interest which will still be remembered. The excitement that it aroused was understandable enough. The case fused in one glorious explosion many elements of direct appeal to the ordinary citizen—the B.B.C., the film industry, the law of slander, the freedom of the individual, excursions into the occult, and human relationships "on the boil". It was, in fact, the *cause célèbre* of the nineteen-thirties, but it will continue to merit that appellation not so much for the thrilling fireworks at the explosion's periphery as for the important issues that burst up in its centre.

The principal protagonist in this

weird drama has now left the B.B.C. and looking back on his career at Broadcasting House, surveys, with some measure of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', his sojourn in the land of Ariel. He tells his story not only in relationship to the action which he won, but also to the issues in broadcast administration, and, even beyond, the sociological issues involved in it.

British annals include histories of many strange enterprises brought through much tribulation to maturity. The development of broadcasting on a monopolistic basis in a country of innately conservative instincts, strongly entrenched vested interests, crude sense of artistic values and distrust of "brains", will always figure as one of the most ironical of these histories. Before the British people were fully aware of its power as a social force the B.B.C. had already taken the measure of the possibilities that lay ahead. The quite remarkable power that the B.B.C. grew to be in the land was due in the first place to the vision and the drive of one man, Sir John Reith. This tribute is no unfair reflection on the galaxy of able and brilliant men, among whom was Mr. Lambert, which helped him to place the B.B.C. on the map, despite the opposition of every conceivable vested interest and the conflicting tastes of the listening public. One is inclined to think that many of those men and women have not received adequate public appreciation of their pioneer endeavours. Within the B.B.C. they have built up organizations that have had their effect in spheres far outside it. But it was inevitably a staff of such peculiar variety as no other institution in the British body politic has presented to its clients. The navy and the intelligentsia, the army

and the academics, the stage and the engineering world, musicians and the civil service made up its ranks. A curious mixture, indeed, of the old school-tie and the literary adventurer, of Chelsea and Bloomsbury, and of every conceivable religious and political standpoint. It was this heterogeneous army, in which intellectual brilliance, idealism energetically pursued, snobbery rampant, and frustrating red-tape found themselves inevitably enlisted together, that marched forward into the suspicious and often hostile territory of British social life. Internal dissensions were apt to die down in the face of crises with the press, or Parliament, or other large-scale organizations, and to flicker up again when the danger point had been passed. The history of the B.B.C. from its early days in 1922 has, in fact, been one long series of internal and external crises, its forward strides being made between, despite, or as a result of them.

At last the inevitable happened though, ironically enough, as is the way in life, through an event which started as a side-issue—the action for slander which Mr. Lambert proposed to bring against Sir Cecil Levita, and which led to a public enquiry into B.B.C. staff matters, the temporary holding up of its second charter, and a fair amount of hot air in the House of Commons.

Towards the end of his book Mr. Lambert has some provocative things to say about the present and future of the B.B.C. "That active individualism which used to be the basis of culture, entertainment, literature and sport in old England is withering away, under the steady concentration of cultural patronage in the hands of

great corporate bodies . . . of which the B.B.C., with its possession of a monopoly, is far the most powerful.'

The reader of this book is presented with a combination of a sociological treatise and an "Alice in Wonderland" in real life. If he has any knowledge of the B.B.C. and broadcasting matters, he will find himself agreeing with the author on one page, disagreeing with him on the next and chuckling with amusement on the third.

EDWARD LIVEING.

PAGES FROM THE PAST, by H. A. L. Fisher. *Oxford University Press*. 10s.

A display of many-sidedness which would have delighted the Athenians is the expected characteristic of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's recent volume; the occasional papers which it contains are a collection of previously published articles which cover so wide a range that it is impossible shortly to convey an impression of the nature of the book. Nearly all of them are, as might be expected, historical; but it is the author's declared belief that "the prime source of evil in the world to-day is the eclipse of Liberalism", which binds them more closely together and may be detected as the inspiration behind many of the papers. That Mr. Fisher does not mean Liberalism in any narrow party sense is evident from three delightful sketches of statesmen—John Morley, Arthur Balfour and Philip Snowden, which pave the way to an address entitled simply "Politicians." To-day perhaps more than ever the politician is attacked and depreciated; his private life is criticized (as Mr. Fisher deplora)

and low motives are attributed to him more than to those who follow any other profession. It is therefore just that he should find his defender in one who has combined so admirably the life of study with that of public service: an aspiration of Mr. Birrell's was that 'we must take what we can get and if our Generals do not run away and our salaried politicians do not take bribes, that is all we can expect', and perhaps we are luckier than we think in the high standard of public life which our politicians are expected to maintain. It is a pleasant manifestation of the liberal spirit that the three statesmen of whom character sketches are included followed different parties but were united in this—that they were first concerned to help improve the common lot, which is the ambition which makes, and will continue to make, the biggest and most generous men in any society desire to take up politics."

These slight but charming portraits owe their interest not only to the author as an historian but to his contact with public life. The success of these three papers as entertaining reading bears out the thesis that "an historian is advantaged by the possession of strong political convictions and by an active interest in the political movements of his own age." To this conclusion, with which Thucydides would have agreed, we are led by the Raleigh lecture on "The Whig Historians" which is the most important and the longest chapter of the book. In this Lord Macaulay and Sir George Otto Trevelyan form the principal figures. They are excellent examples of historians in whose work 'there is a grasp of reality which is absent from many learned publications of the cloister.' A

sincere appreciation of Macaulay's methods of work and an admiration for his genius and industry are not allowed to blind the reader to his faults, although Mr. Fisher would turn the critics attention more to the *Essays* from the republication of which his reputation as an Historian has undoubtedly suffered. But there will always be found stern critics of parts of his History, and here it is well to quote Mr. Fisher again, for in two sentences he effectively sums up the position as it is now and probably always will be. "The genius of Macaulay has not estopped the critics. But then neither have the critics estopped the readers of Macaulay."

A book of this nature would not be complete without a paper on Oxford, and there are in fact two: in one we find a survey of the years from 1649—1659 which saw Oxford "the centre of those active discussions and investigations which afterwards fructified in the establishment of the Royal Society"; in the other is depicted the survival of an old College custom—the annual progress of the Warden through the New College Estates. Some papers have been inspired by recent books, such as J. L. Hammond's *Gladstone and the Irish Nation*, and John Buchan's *Augustus*, but it is not possible to mention every paper in a book which begins with a fancy "If Napoleon had escaped to America" and ends with an appreciation of Professor Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*. It is a book, as the author wishes it to be, conveying "at this time of sombre apprehension, a gentle invitation to humane studies and a rebuke to the menacing barbarism of our age".

J. F. BURNET.

TRADITION AND ROMANTICISM, by B. Ifor Evans. *Methuen*. 6s.

BROWNING'S ROMAN MURDER STORY. *Baylor University Press*.

The division of English poetry into 'classical' and 'romantic' is arbitrary, outworn, and impracticable. These two elements are to be found converging and intermingling in the work of many of our poets, and are as difficult to isolate as the colours in shot-silk. The substitution of 'objective' and 'subjective' is an improvement, but Professor Evans prefers 'traditional' to the first, thereby following in the footsteps of Edmund Gosse, who was wont to insist on respect for tradition, combined with liberty to experiment with new forms.

But nowadays "License they mean when they cry 'Liberty'". Romanticism, that of the nineteenth century especially, is decried. But mark the resultant confusion. Mr. T. S. Eliot who, Professor Evans tells us, is (aided by the example of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a limping metrist) the writer that has most influenced "the new poetry" and its practitioners, has spoken of himself as "a classicist in literature"; but nothing less 'classical' than his much and unaccountably belauded *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* can be conceived! And how much of "the new poetry" has the lucidity or the dignity associated with that term, as exemplified in Homer and in Virgil, in Milton and in Pope?

Such is the controversial maze to which Professor Evans's book is offered as a clue. In the main he is a conservative critic. He assigns its full value to tradition, and bids us, instead of condemning romanticism as a whole, to distinguish between the genuine, and

the spurious in this kind. An example of the former is the Poet Laureate's *The Everlasting Mercy*, which deserves to be classed with *In Memoriam* and *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* for its plumbing of the depths of a soul confronted with the ultimate problems of humanity. Professor Evans is widely read in contemporary criticism, to which he is uncommonly respectful, but he need not trouble himself about the would-be-critical curs who yap at Milton's heels, for they can defame no one but themselves. Professor Evans's book, he tells us, was conceived as a whole, but parts of it were delivered as lectures at various times and places. The outcome is rather a collection of essays than a sustained exposition of an argument. Still the best of his chapters, despite a rather laboured style, may be read with interest and edification.

From far-away Texas, where it had lain unnoticed in the Browning room at Baylor, comes a literary curiosity. Three versions of the Roman murder story were already listed: the "square old yellow book", now at Balliol, the "secondary source" which Browning had from a friend in Florence—its whereabouts now unknown—and the manuscript in the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome. And now a fourth has to be added. It is clear that the case which kindled Browning's imagination must have made a great and unusual impression upon contemporary observers. This latest account, compiled shortly after the conclusion of the tragedy, contains several new features. A relative of the compiler saw the mutilated bodies of the Comparini. One of the assassins leaves behind him his cap, which the dying Pompilia identifies. The execution of

the criminals is described in extended detail: a stand holding spectators collapses, and several are injured. The bodies of the criminals, after decapitation, are taken to the Church of St. John the Beheaded. The compiler's heart is wrung by the cruel death of the young and hapless Pompilia. It is a very human document.

The translation reads admirably, and Professor Raymond's introduction is highly competent, sensitive, and luminous. The pamphlet is one that cannot fail to attract all devotees of *The Ring and the Book*.

H. C. MINCHIN.

IDLE APPRENTICE, by Joanna Cannan. *Gollancz*. 8s. 3d.

A MAN OF FORTY, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

MAID NO MORE, by Helen Simpson. *Heinemann*. 8s. 3d.

TAKE COURAGE, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 9s. 6d.

Miss Cannan and Mr. Bullett are thoroughly well versed in the art of telling a story and the present examples of their work do nothing to detract from their reputation. Both *Idle Apprentice* and *A Man of Forty* should be popular with a large public.

The method of telling a story that Miss Cannan has chosen for her novel is perfectly straightforward. Her style is agreeable and easy to read, and her plot is a very familiar but favourite one, based on the old tag, "local boy makes good". The son of the old manor, after a series of failures and misadventures in various jobs (to none of which he was in the least suited), at last strikes oil by writing a successful play, returns home, pays off the

mortgage, and marries the lovely daughter of the captain of industry, snatching her from the arms of the upstart publicity manager. No doubt we have heard it all before, but Miss Cannan contrives some novel quirks. At the same time it may be doubted whether an attractive and unassuming girl like Lesley would have been utterly ostracized by the "county"; and Gordon, the upstart, is really too full of clichés to have attained a position of authority under James Capes.

Mr. Bullett adopts a very different method in *A Man of Forty*; he takes his audience into his confidence and activates his puppets quite openly, and we have only his word for it that some of these puppets are possible. A civil servant who had been so incredibly brilliant as to be in a position to retire at forty would surely have had more sense than David Brome. After a similar episode in mid-career, which is only hinted at, he lost his head completely over a young lady of great beauty and equal inconstancy; and, what is worse, took the affair seriously. Meanwhile Adam Swinford, a youthful relative and a convinced amorist, is engaged in an entanglement with a little cockney dressmaker, which takes a much more serious turn than he intends. The main trouble with all the principal characters is that they appear to have too little to do, and are consequently wrapped up in their own egoisms; and they are frankly a disagreeable lot. However, Mr. Bullett doesn't leave it at that; he gives us in Lydia Brome, the "wronged wife", a brilliant study of an "inferiority complex", and ends Adam's discreditable affair in violence and mystery, in which the little dressmaker's disquieting elderly female friend plays

no small part. Above all, Mr. Bullett's mastery of the English language leads his readers happily to the end; his sentences are real works of art.

Maid No More and *Take Courage* plunge straight into another world, the world of the 17th century, of Cavaliers and Roundheads. Miss Simpson has the most out-of-the-way story of them all: the tale of an ill-found slave ship with its cargo of black ivory, beset by foul weather, mutiny, and murder, and at length foundering on an uninhabited island in the Bay of Honduras. The oddly assorted passengers are a Cavalier scholar who finds Cromwell's England too hot to hold him, and a couple of half-educated female missionaries going out to evangelize Caribs and Negroes. One of the women is the ordinary sour religious spinster, and she is soon disposed of; but the other is, after all, a woman, and needs must fall before the ardent though unassured wooing of the scholar. The picture of their little Negro republic on the lost island is in Miss Simpson's best vein, and the ending is artistic and inevitable.

Miss Bentley's book is half again as long as any of the others, and she takes as her field the story of Bradford in the West Riding in the 35 years between the accession of Charles I. and the restoration of his son. Events are seen through the eyes of a Bradford woman, the daughter and wife of well-to-do clothiers, and very vividly they are presented. Penninah, the heroine, is less Puritan than her name, and though she and her family are always on the Roundhead side, her love, despite herself, is with the Cavaliers. The gradual growing of the storm, the injustice of the King's

men and the wooden-headed tactlessness of the Parliament men, lead inevitably to the flare-up of the Civil War, the sack of Bradford, and the bloody death of some of the best men in England. Too often the Civil War is regarded only from the viewpoint of London and Oxford, and Miss Bentley infuses new interest into the period by showing its stirring events from the North Country angle.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

MISCELLANEA.

STORIES, ESSAYS, AND POEMS, by D. H. Lawrence. Selected with an introduction by Desmond Hawkins. *Everyman Library*. Dent. 2s.

Mr. Desmond Hawkins is right when he says in his introduction to this fine collection of stories, essays, poems (and letters), that Lawrence's death was mourned by the young men who saw in him their prophet. Byron, too, was mourned by the young men who wore bands of crape on their hats. "The comparison with Byron," he says, "is more than a chance resemblance, for Lawrence was also a man of great personal genius and of revolutionary significance. There is a kind of poet who lives his own poetry, so that his life and works are scarcely to be separated." True again, for the comparison with Byron is more than chance, it is accidental. Blake and Whitman, if we must fill the empty niches, on either side of D. H. Lawrence would look better. For it was the Byron-messiah cult that grew around D. H. Lawrence that made his work a religion. Young Lawrencians grew beards and talked into them about the "dark gods".

This volume of Lawrence is important for the very simple reason that it contains so many stories, essays, poems, and letters—work covering the whole period of his life. Had Mr. Desmond Hawkins intended to prove, once again, the prophetic significance of D. H. Lawrence, this book would have been a heap of ashes. As he did not set himself this easy task, but has brought together works written by Lawrence which reflect Man in violent conflict with society, man searching for an "escape" from the nullity of a dead relationship into the unknowable unity of a Mexican community, Lawrence revealing that insouciant nature of his in the poems, Lawrence illustrating his ability in sheer (almost academic) critical analysis in the essay on Edgar Allan Poe, and that odd mixture of the domestic and prophetic Lawrence of the letters, Mr. Hawkins has furthered the cause of Lawrence, the man, the writer, the artist, and his works. This book keeps Lawrence on the earth and is worth all the biographies of Lawrence in the world.

BRITAIN, by E. H. Carr. Ambassadors at Large series. Editor E. H. Carr. *Longmans*. 6s.

Professor Carr disarms criticism by his assertion in a twelfth-hour Note that "it is still too early to pass any final judgment on British policy of the last two decades in the light of the catastrophe which has brought them to a close". But in any case, in keeping with the series, this little volume is a reflex of British policy as seen through the eyes of a representative Englishman rather than an objective analysis. As such it is an able presentation, making all the obvious superficial points about

Britain's dependence on overseas supplies, her status as a world Power with a tendency to keep Europe at arm's length, and the "ingrained pacifism" of twentieth-century Englishmen. Where the author is unwarrantably dogmatic, perhaps, is in affirming that the inclusion of the principle of peaceful change in the 1919 peace settlement—Article XIX. of the Covenant—was nothing more than "the gesture of an uneasy conscience". The best part of the book is the first section "Britain and Democracy" which faces up to the serious new problems inherent in the popularization of international affairs—without, however, envisaging the possibility that, on occasion, the popular instinct may be sounder than the traditionalism of the pundits. Lord Halifax contributes a brief foreword.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Hermann Field : An American citizen, Mr. Field lived in Krakow for six months before the outbreak of the German-Polish War, his work being in connection with the refugees from Czechoslovakia. During this time he was in constant and close touch with the local and national authorities. His account of his experiences after September 3 present a remarkable picture of the complete breakdown of a nation.

Sir James Crerar, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. : Forty years ago Sir James Crerar entered the Indian Civil Service, his first appointment of importance being in 1907 when he became Assistant Commissioner in Sind. By 1920 he was Home Secretary to the Government of Bombay and two years later was Home Secretary to the Government of India, an office he held for five years. From 1927 to 1932 he was Home Member and in 1934 he retired after a long and very distinguished service.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bt., P.C. : His Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Northumberland since 1930, Sir Charles Trevelyan entered Parliament in 1899 as Liberal Member for the Elland Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. He remained a Liberal member of the House of Commons until 1918 but later, in 1922, he was returned for Central Newcastle as Labour Member, retaining his seat until 1931. Education has always been to the forefront of his interests and from 1908-1914 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. Later in 1924 and again from 1929 to

1931 he was President of the Board of Education.

Lord David Cecil : A new book from Lord David Cecil, who is a son of the Marquess of Salisbury and a brother of Lord Cranborne, is always an event since the publication, in 1929, of *The Stricken Deer*, a life of Cowper the poet. His most recent book, *The Young Melbourne*, was equally well received and it is with much pleasure that we welcome his contribution to THE FORTNIGHTLY. In term time Lord David is to be found at New College, Oxford.

Robert Sencourt : Critic, biographer and historian, Mr. Sencourt, who was at one time Professor of English Literature in the University of Egypt, has written books on a variety of subjects. A staunch Catholic, his volume *The Genius of the Vatican* was an able piece of work and more recently his book on the Spanish War received considerable praise even from those who did not share his views.

S. L. Bensusan : A long and varied life has nevertheless given Mr. Bensusan a lasting interest in agriculture, and, to judge from his stories, a particular love for the East Anglian scene. In more recent years he will be remembered for his articles in the *Morning Post* and *The Spectator*, while it is not unusual to find a column story by him on the back page of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Notes on our contributors, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, Mr. Richard Church and Mr. Stephen Gwynn, appeared in recent issues.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1940

THE PROBLEM OF PEASANT-EUROPE

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

TO find a workable solution for the Balkans and Poland is perhaps the most difficult task which European statesmanship will have had to perform since the Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic wars. But such a solution would be the key to the settlement of the major problems of the Continent. Seen from a continental-European point of view, the World War was primarily a Balkan war fought for the succession to the disintegrating Austro-Hungarian and Turkish empires. Austria-Hungary, Italy, Turkey and Russia—four of the six principal belligerents on the Continent—entered the war to defend or to enlarge their holdings and interests in South-Eastern Europe. The defection of the Slavonic nations from Austria was one of the principal reasons for the collapse of the Central powers. The Versailles peace was also primarily a Balkan peace. Its symbol was Wilson's Fourteen Points which proclaimed the right to independence of the small nations of the South-East, and the one important territorial consequence of the World War in Europe was the establishment of the independent States of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia and the elevation of Rumania to the rank of an independent great power in the East.

The present war is even more of a Balkan war than was the World War. The main aim of Germany and one of the principal aims of Russia is to obtain control of the South-East. The Allies went to war in order to prevent the destruction of the small peasant countries. Strategically control of the Dardanelles—the key to the Balkans—and of the Lower Danube may well decide the outcome of the war. Not only was Hitler's attack eastward the immediate cause of the war but in eastern peasant Europe lie the remote causes of the present conflict. Hitler became a European menace largely because the weakness

of the small Versailles-created countries in the East made them fall easy prey to German aggression. Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland were not so much "conquered" in the usual military sense of the word, as they collapsed internally and externally. Austria had twice, Czechoslovakia four times, Poland twelve times the population of Finland; and each of them was infinitely wealthier. If either of these countries had had as much internal cohesion and stability as Finland the Nazi government would hardly have dared to attack them. Although this internal weakness of the small peasant countries is no excuse for Nazi militarism, it must be realized that as long as this weakness continues the attempts of the neighbouring Great Powers—either Germany, Italy or Russia—to conquer the South-East will also continue and will make peace in Europe impossible, irrespective of the legal forms of European organization.

The importance of the eastern peasant countries for the future of Europe greatly exceeds, however, these territorial and political considerations. They are Europe's frontier. They contain the only fast-growing population in Europe outside of Russia. In 1810 their population was less than a sixth of Europe's total. To-day it is a fourth. During the last twenty years their population has increased by almost 25 per cent. while that of the European countries to the West has remained almost stationary. As a group the 100 million peasants in Eastern Europe already outnumber both the Anglo-Saxon—Scandinavian group and the Germans; and in another twenty years they should also outnumber the Latin people and should have become the largest single group in Europe outside Russia.

In addition, continental European history during the last sixty years has been dominated by the problem of integrating this frontier into the European order. Up to the middle of the 19th century the eastern peasant nations were politically, economically and socially shut off from Europe. Austria-Hungary and Turkey kept them outside the main currents of European development in a state of semi-oriental, semi-tribal isolation. They furnished soldiers for the Austrian, Russian and Turkish armies, unskilled labour for the young industries of western Germany and Bohemia, grain for Vienna and

Liverpool. But any native who wanted to escape his tribal isolation had first to give up his national identity; in order to learn to read and write he had not only to learn German, Hungarian or Turkish but to become a German, Hungarian or Turk. The obsolete structures of Austria and Turkey collapsed under the impact of the twin forces of 19th century nationalism and 19th century capitalism. Since then—beginning with the Hungarian revolt of 1848 and the War of the Crimea six years later—the Balkans have been the "powder keg" of Europe. The peasant people have been drawn increasingly into the European orbit. And the more they strove to assimilate themselves to Europe, the more Europe has been forced to attempt to integrate them—by war, economic expansion or cultural penetration. From this viewpoint the Little Entente—not the League of Nations—was the main feature of the Versailles organization of Europe and the principal result of the World War. The Little Entente was the main instrument to maintain the 1918 settlement and was conceived by France for that purpose. It proclaimed the principles of national democracy and capitalist economy, which had proved so successful in the West and victorious in the war, and which were now to furnish the basis for the East. The Little Entente was the symbol of the first systematic attempt to make the peasant countries an integral part of Europe by organizing them on European principles.

In the failure of this attempt lies the final explanation for the failure of Versailles to establish a lasting peace. The post-War order did not take root in the peasant countries; the new states in Eastern Europe did not succeed in integrating themselves into nations. Their democratic governments degenerated within six or eight years into dictatorships of a small clique; their economy collapsed at the outset of the Depression; and their weakness made possible Germany's attempt to establish hegemony in Europe dooming the high hopes of lasting peace entertained in the twenties.

The peasant of Eastern Europe is a most sincere democrat. Centuries of oppression and of foreign rule have imbued him with a strong desire for liberty, freedom and civil rights. His one defence against the Austrian and Turkish rulers lay in the

cohesion of his family and tribal councils; and he has thus a long tradition of local self-government and co-operation. He is passionately eager to become a living part of Europe; nowhere were the Fourteen Points received with greater hopes and greater enthusiasm than in the small peasant communities on the Danube and on the Vistula. And nowhere was the belief in lasting peace, the hatred of war, deeper and more sincere than amongst the peasants who had been cannon fodder and victims of other peoples' wars for centuries.

Socially, Eastern Europe seems to offer ideal conditions for democracy. Even before 1918 the economic differences were small—smaller than in any part of Europe except Scandinavia; after the war the social structure was levelled even more by the expropriation of the big landowners everywhere but in Hungary and Eastern Poland. The overwhelming majority of the people are small owner-farmers to whom aristocracy and social privileges are hardly known. It is simply not true that the peasant people were not "ripe" for democracy. And it is also not true that they failed for want of trying, because they tried desperately hard and sincerely. Yet democracy collapsed within a few years politically, socially and economically.

It has been fashionable these last fifteen years to blame the territorial settlement of the peace treaties for this breakdown. But there is little substance for this charge. Whatever mistakes were made in western Europe, the frontiers drawn by the peace makers in Eastern Europe were on the whole remarkably fair. Anyone who should try to-day to re-draw the frontiers in peasant Europe on the basis of the principle of national self-determination would arrive at approximately the same territorial settlement; the only changes of importance would be in the correction of the Hungarian-Rumanian and of the former Hungarian-Czech border lines in Hungary's favour. Otherwise the Versailles frontiers in Eastern Europe contained no provable major violation of the principle of national self-determination. Even the obvious hybrid of the Polish Corridor did not, as German propaganda charged, owe its existence to disregard of national boundary lines, but, on the contrary, to a perhaps exaggerated observance of them which made the peace-makers refuse the incorporation of German speaking East Prussia into

Poland, thus subordinating the political, economic and strategic strength of the new Poland to national considerations.

Of far greater importance than the problems of minorities and territorial injustices for the development of post-War peasant Europe was its over-population. The peasant-East is the most densely populated agricultural part of Europe. Consequently, individual farms, divided and sub-divided through generations, have become too small not only for efficient production but in many cases for the maintenance of a subsistence farmer, especially as the soil over large parts is poor. Population pressure, intensified by the high birth rate of the last twenty years certainly played a part in the disintegration of these countries. And it is at least conceivable that the eastern countries would have succeeded had there been large-scale opportunities for emigration for their peasant surplus population. Nevertheless, population pressure can only have been a contributory cause. Up till 1927 the peasants were on the whole more prosperous than before the War, in spite of the population problem: yet democracy had broken down in every eastern country before then.

The real cause of the collapse of the post-War order in the peasant countries cannot be found in technical deficiencies of the peace settlements, nor in bad government, poverty or ignorance. It lies in the very principles of the post-War organization of peasant Europe. Although enthusiastically adopted by the peoples themselves, the principles of national democracy and industrial capitalism proclaimed by the Fourteen Points were at variance with all the realities of the peasant-East and could not take root in the peasant soil. The best proof of this is the development of Czechoslovakia. The Czechs who traditionally, culturally and socially belong to the West adopted the principles of the Fourteen Points with the greatest success and built a strong happy nation upon this basis. But in Slovakia, the eastern part of the country, which belongs by tradition, culture and social structure to the peasant-East, the same government and the same principles failed completely; the Slovak peasants, though nationally one with the Czechs, deserted the Czechoslovak national state in the first crisis, thus rendering it incapable of self-defence. They repudiated national democracy

and industrial capitalism just as vehemently as the Czechs had accepted them.

To be workable, national democracy needs first a nation. But there is only one nation in the Western-European sense in the peasant countries: the Hungarians. Hungary incidentally was the only Eastern European country that did not adopt the principles of the Fourteen Points but continued as a semi-feudal oligarchy of the "great families" and their "connections". Consequently social tension between the ruling class with its large estates and the land-starved peasants is nowhere greater than in Hungary; and when the Nazis two years ago started to preach social revolution in the Balkans they found nowhere more willing listeners than in Hungary where semi-official estimates at the end of 1938 gave 60 per cent. of the people as favourable to the Nazi programme. Yet, to-day Hungary is strongest internally of all Eastern European countries. For when with the German occupation of Bohemia last March the Nazi programme revealed itself as one of imperialist expansion and conquest, and as a threat to Hungarian national independence, the national unity of the Hungarian people asserted itself above all social dissensions. Elsewhere in the peasant-East, however, the nation is not a political reality. National consciousness is a newcomer in the peasant countries where it was unknown till the middle of the last century. In these countries most of which had no written language and no literate culture until after 1848, national loyalties are not regarded as supreme; they have to compete with the much older and firmly entrenched loyalties to religion and social class. Most of the peasant nations have been divided for centuries amongst different empires with different cultures and traditions; and in character and tradition the different parts of each peasant nation have developed differently according to their history. The gulf between Czechs and Slovaks—both speaking the same language and professing the same religion—is due entirely to the fact that the Czechs under Austrian rule became a "Western", the Slovaks under Hungarian rule an "Eastern" people. The same historical accident divides Slovenes and Croats; but both, as Catholics and former Austro-Hungarian subjects regarded as foreigners the Serbs, orthodox and former subjects of the

Sultan, and the Bosnians who turned Moslem and became full Turkish citizens. Yet all four speak the same language. And even among the small Croat people there is a noticeable difference between the Croats of the plains who used to look towards Budapest and Vienna, and the Croats of the Dalmatian coast who under the influence and overlordship of Venice, became almost latinized in culture, and who definitely belong to the Mediterranean civilization. In Rumania there is a tremendous gulf between the people of the "Old Kingdom" where the leaders are French or Russian trained and where popular tradition is that of the Turkish rule, and the Rumanians in the former Hungarian province who obtained their culture, civilization and laws largely from Budapest and Vienna. Even in Poland which was under foreign yoke for only 125 years and which maintained during this time a fierce patriotism, the provinces governed respectively by Russia, Austria and Prussia developed in directions so different that the post-War Poland after twenty years of hard work had not yet assimilated the three parts to each other.

In other words, the pattern of life in peasant Europe is primarily a tribal pattern in which national consciousness is only one of many conflicting and competing factors of cohesion and division. According to the standards of national distinction prevailing in Western Europe such as language or common extraction, three quarters of the peasant-eastern population should belong to one Western Slavonic nation; the differences in language between Poles on the Baltic shore and Croats on the Adriatic are considerably smaller than those between Highland Scots and Cornishmen, or between a man from Berlin and a Bavarian. Only the 10 million Hungarians and the 18 million Rumanians stand out as separate linguistic or racial entities. But actually the peasant countries are peopled by a very large number of small units whose individuality is not primarily that of nationality. This explains the minority problem of these countries. The peasant-East is not any more mixed in its racial or national origin than England or Germany. But in those countries where there was a nation, small groups of foreign origin were rapidly absorbed and integrated into the surrounding national unity. In the peasant countries there

was no such national unity into which a small group could dissolve itself. And so each group was forced to preserve itself intact and to assert itself against the other groups. The French Protestants driven out by Louis XIV. were settled in western and northern Germany at about the same time that the so-called Swabians—German peasants mostly from the Rhine—were settled on the Hungarian border in what is now Rumania. The French Protestants became German within a generation or two; even their names were mostly Germanized within a hundred years. But the Swabians have retained up to this day their German language, their customs, their architecture and never even intermarried with the surrounding Hungarians and Rumanians. Nationality in peasant-Europe exhausts itself therefore primarily in the negative; it is a factor which sets one man apart from the other. But it has very little affirmative force; it does not bind people together in a common national consciousness. Against a foreign oppression Serbs and Croats, Czechs and Slovaks, "old" Rumanians and "new" Rumanians will make common cause although perhaps not before the foreign rule has been established. But otherwise the non-national factors that separate them will appear to them of equal, if not of greater importance than their common nationality.

In this region of multiplicity the Versailles settlement set up States based on the belief in the supremacy of the national above all other ties, and on the assertion of national uniformity. The result was inevitably a widening of the traditional and tribal demarcation lines within the state as each small unit, not without reason, felt itself threatened in its individual existence. To aggravate the situation, the new States took over together with the doctrine of national unity the theory of centralized government; not only because centralization had been the general European trend for a hundred years, but also because the model after which the new countries tried to shape themselves was France—the most centralized country in Europe. But for the small peasant groups centralization had been the main enemy for centuries. They had opposed the Austrian, Hungarian, Russian or Turkish rulers as much because they were foreigners as because they governed from far-off Vienna, Budapest, Petersburg or Constantinople without knowledge of and regard

for local desires and traditions. All the local co-operatives, religious fraternities, gymnastic associations and patriotic societies which had carried the fight against the foreign oppression had had as their main objective the re-establishment of local self-government in political, economic, religious and social affairs. But the new States were fully as centralized as the old foreign *régimes* had been; actually, in many cases as for instance in Croatia, Slovenia, Southern Poland and Western Rumania, the new states imposed a considerably greater centralization than the former rulers had done, and destroyed whatever local self-government there had been.

It was, however, not only in the political sphere that the new principle of national democracy proved unworkable. It also could not grow roots socially. For national democracy pre-supposes a middle-class and a middle-class mentality. It grew in Western Europe out of and with the middle classes and it expresses their political convictions. In peasant Europe, however, there was no such middle class; nor was there any social or economic function for it. And the new national states in the peasant countries were therefore left hanging in the air—without the social substance that would have been necessary to enable them to fulfil the task of making a united nation out of the multitude of tribal groups.

The other basic principle of the Versailles settlement—that of industrial capitalism—did not fit any better into the peasant realities. The peasant of Eastern Europe is certainly not anti-capitalist in the sense that he is a socialist; he believes firmly in the private ownership of land. But he is anti-capitalist in opposing concentration of wealth and the tendency to make money the yardstick for the whole economic life. Above all, he opposes the creation of a landless mass of factory workers. To the peasant who measures his wealth in tangibles: land and currency, and his income in terms of foodstuffs, the landless proletariat appears as a monstrous inhuman threat. Representative of these beliefs is the programme of the Croat Peasant Party—the intellectual leader and the most articulate and best-organized of the Eastern peasant parties. This programme demands public ownership of all public utilities, under control and supervision of local boards; development of industry on

co-operative lines with ownership or control of the local plants vested in the local peasants; and a settlement of all industrial workers on the land as subsistence-farmers and part-time workers. The peasants, of course, gladly accept factory work in lean times; and most of the peasants of Eastern Europe make excellent skilled workers. But they oppose the system and deny the very beliefs on which industrial capitalism is based. The industrialization of the peasant countries and the invasion of finance capitalism after 1918 appeared to the peasants, therefore, as a brutal assault upon their liberties and as an exploitation fully as bad as anything done by their former foreign rulers.

The result of this clash between the new principles and the political and social realities of peasant Europe is the deep gulf which separates not only the people and their rulers, but also the people and their state. It is a moot question whether the peasants in 1938 were worse off or better off than in 1913. But it is certain that the peasants resent what they regard as treachery of their own rulers more than the ill-treatment meted out by their former oppressors of whom, after all, nothing better was expected.

As for the rulers, they are or, as in the case of Poland, were, a small group out of contact with the people, the one exception being Hungary. In most countries dictatorship prevails openly. The dictators with their retinue of court officials, officers, bureaucrats, bankers and industrialists are as much foreigners in their own country as the Lombard bankers were in medieval England. They have therefore to fall back upon one or two of the many tribal groups with the result that there is real discrimination against the members of other groups. Before the recent settlement in Yugoslavia all the 130 generals of the army were Serbs; there was not a single Croat, Slovene, Bosnian, German or Hungarian amongst them, although the Serbs are less than 50 per cent. of the population. In Poland, where the Ruthenians accounted for at least 20 per cent. of the population, they had no representation at all in the senior branches of the civil service, in the higher courts, the army or the large private and public banks.

The rulers of the peasant countries tried fervently to develop middle-classes in order to create social support for the national

state. The growth of the cities in the peasant countries during the last twenty years has been phenomenal. That the new middle classes fulfil their national function was shown convincingly in the German attack on Poland, where Warsaw alone offered resistance to the German Army; had the peasants adhered as valiantly to the national cause, the conquest of Poland would have at least been delayed a long time. But these middle classes, however necessary politically, have no economic and social roots. They have to be artificially fed—either through enlargement of the bureaucratic machine or through enforced industrialization which creates white-collar employment in private business. The one has bred sloth and corruption, the other the economic nationalism which made the tariff barriers, industrial prices and industrial costs in the peasant countries the highest in Europe. Which of these two consequences was more harmful it is impossible to say; but together they certainly offset whatever advantage accrued to national unity from the growth of the middle class.

One can hardly blame the rulers in these countries for these developments. They had little other choice, for the peasants had no alternative to offer. With the overwhelming majority of the population peasants, no government could maintain itself in these countries against their organized opposition regardless of police terror, election manoeuvres and ballot-stuffing. And in every one of the peasant countries except Hungary the peasant parties actually ruled for considerable periods. But they had no workable programmes and fluctuated between a hopeless romanticism and a sterile negation of the fundamentals of the state which they had to rule. They could not find a synthesis between their own beliefs and the principles of the new States; to be true to one was to betray the other. In spite of their numerical superiority and of the enthusiastic support of their followers the power simply slipped out of their hands. Although peasant unrest and revolts have been endemic in the peasant-East—here a rising against new taxes, there an attempt to burn down a new factory or to drive out a hated official—the peasant governments were overthrown without any resistance; a royal decree was sufficient in Yugoslavia and Rumania, the revolt of a handful of officers in Bulgaria and Poland. Since their fall the

peasant masses have had no share in the government and no influence in the shaping of their own destinies. They are a sullen, bewildered and embittered opposition in their own countries which are run on principles which from the peasant point of view seem to deny the rights and even the existence of the human being known as peasant.

It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that the war will be won by the side which first offers a workable solution to peasant-Europe. But it is certainly true that that side will win the peace. Fortunately for England and France both, Germany and Russia missed their chance to develop such a programme. As late as last Spring Germany could have rallied the peasant opposition under the flag of social revolution; and it seemed as if the Nazi leaders were consciously working in this direction. The conquest of Bohemia and Moravia and the subsequent invasion and rape of Poland destroyed, however, whatever chances Germany had had to win the allegiance of the Eastern European peasants. Totalitarian fascism may still spread to the Danubian countries and may still be embraced by the peasants. But it would be directed against Germany herself and would be based upon the old hatred of the German conqueror.

Russia had even greater chances of producing a solution for peasant-Europe and of extending her ideological and political influence over the South East. Pro-Russian sentiment was very strong among the pan-slav peasants of Bulgaria and Serbia. Russia is a peasant country herself, and the Soviet Revolution claimed to set up a peasant *régime*. Finally, Russia could have opened up Siberia for immigration and settlement, thus attracting the peasant surplus population. But Russia abolished private peasant property and persecuted religion, thus fighting the two main pillars of peasant society. She put all the emphasis upon industrialization and became even more centralized than the old Russia of the Tsars. She closed her borders rigidly; but even if she had invited immigration into Siberia the Eastern European peasants would not have come without reliable guarantees of private property, civil liberties, religious and cultural freedom and local self-government none of which the Soviet *régime* was prepared to grant. Before the Russian invasions of Poland and Finland the great majority of the

peasants of Eastern Europe had therefore already come to regard Russia not only as hostile and reactionary, but also as Asiatic and as the greatest threat to their own desire to become a living part of Europe.

Yet, although neither Nazi Germany nor Soviet Russia can organize the eastern-peasant countries on a permanent basis, the Allies cannot hope to win the peasant-countries by default. Nor is there any hope that a second attempt to organize peasant-Europe on the lines of western national democracy and industrial capitalism will be any more successful than the first. The absence of any constructive programme for the peasant countries constitutes therefore the weakest link in the Allied armour.

An economic union of the peasant countries such as is widely discussed just now, could not solve the problems of peasant-Europe. The peasant countries are not complementary economically; they all produce the same goods for the same export markets in which they fiercely compete. There is little trade between them to-day. And there would not be a great increase in their mutual trade if they abolished the trade barriers between each other. After all, in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy all the trade of the peasant provinces was with the industrial provinces in the west, not with their peasant neighbours, as any Danubian railroad map shows conclusively. A European economic and customs union, however desirable, would also not in itself be effective in the solution of the peasant problem. This applies even under the improbable assumption that the industrial countries in central and western Europe completely abandon their agricultural subsidies and tariffs, and that the products of the peasant countries receive preferential treatment in western and central Europe at the expense not only of the domestic farmer but also of the low-cost overseas producers in the United States, the British Dominions and South America. While such a scheme would open up new markets for the peasant countries it would put their prices and purchasing power completely into the hands of the economically strong western powers. And the ratio between the agricultural prices which the peasants receive, and the prices for industrial commodities which they have to pay would unfailingly move against the peasants. In other words the development would

parallel that of the free-trade area of the old Austria-Hungary where the resultant economic discontent of the peasants proved to be fully as much a disintegrating force as the national opposition against the foreign rule. Or, to use a contemporary example, a European free-trade union would throw the peasant countries as much at the mercy of the West as their present trade agreements with Germany throw them at the mercy of German industry. As long as the peasant countries are economically weak, free trade must lead to their exploitation. For the cause of their weakness does not lie in trade but in the absence of capital; and such a weakness must, according to all rules of economic science, depress the prices for the products of the poorer producer.

Any programme for peasant-Europe must therefore first provide for cheap and plentiful capital for the peasants, to be used for the improvement of production methods, the development of producers' and marketing co-operatives, and the construction of co-operatively-owned small local industries. It will be said, and with reason, that loans made on such a basis will hardly be repaid in full, and will, at least in part, turn into subsidies. But the loans made by the United States, Great Britain and France to the peasant countries during the twenties proved just as much subsidies. Moreover, the loans of the twenties were not only lost economically more completely than loans to the peasants would be, but they were also a complete loss socially and politically. They went to the rulers and were used up in a futile attempt to build up large-scale, centralized industries which can never hope to compete with the West, and a middle-class which has no roots in the country. These uses are not only regarded as harmful by the peasant masses but their results can only be maintained through further and increased subsidies either from abroad or out of the purchasing power and income of the peasants. Loans to the peasants, on the other hand, would at least be productive socially and politically. That a peasant society on a co-operative basis can be strong, prosperous and well-integrated if it only has sufficient capital, has been demonstrated by the Slovenes in western Yugoslavia who justly call themselves the "Scandinavians of Southern Europe".

Secondly there must be systematic and organized emigration and re-settlement of the surplus population of peasant-Europe. Such a plan would, incidentally, also solve the pressing Jewish question in eastern Hungary, Rumania and Poland where the Jews have, on the one hand, largely lost the social and economic functions they fulfilled before, while, on the other hand, the pressure of population makes the people envy them the few positions they still have.

Finally the political organization of peasant-Europe would have to base itself upon decentralization. A nation can be united in peasant-Europe only if local self-government is strong. After all, it was no less a statesman than Thomas Masaryk, the founder of Czechoslovakia and the greatest political genius the Slavonic race has yet produced, who proclaimed Switzerland with the strong and proud self-government of its small "Kantons" to be the political model for the organization of the peasant countries.

All such measures would, however, only be a first approach to the great, basic problem; how can the agrarian civilization and society of the peasants be integrated into a Europe that is predominantly industrial? Ultimately the peasants themselves who want to maintain their society and to belong to Europe at the same time, will probably have to find the answer. The present war may help them. It has already made them aware of their danger, and has persuaded them to approach each other with more tolerance as shown in the recent Serbo-Croat federal settlement. But even under the certainly optimistic assumption that the peasant countries can develop their own form of life and of political and social structure, if only left alone, the problem of peasant-Europe will remain a general European one. Its solution will not only profoundly affect the European political and economic structure but will also require considerable sacrifices, concessions and adjustments on the part of central and western Europe. In Versailles it was possible—and perhaps inevitable—to overlook the existence of the problem of peasant-Europe. But the intervening twenty years have proved the truth of the old Austrian proverb: "Either the Balkans become a part of Europe, or all Europe will become a part of the Balkans".

FRENCH AIMS

BY DENIS SAURAT

I MUST first state that these views are in no way inspired by the French Government ; I do not know any more about the views of the French Government than does anybody else who listens to broadcasts and reads the newspapers. Yet I do not think that these views are only my views : to the best of my feeling and knowledge, they are the views of the ordinary Frenchman. In fact I am trying all the time to keep down my own personal ideas as much as I can, and to speak on behalf of the French people that I know. Such, I think are their feelings ; some of the ideas are my own, but only as a means of implementing those feelings ; I do not deny better means may be found. In fact, I hope so.

We must distinguish between the immediate problems of the war which will have to be solved on the armistice and the long range problems of the organization of a permanent peace. It seems to me that Great Britain and France should solve the first problems alone, and that the larger issues should be left to a general congress, which should meet only after a long interval of, say, three to five years.

First, Britain and France must disarm Germany. Of course all this argument presupposes a complete victory over Germany first, the sort of victory we had in November 1918.

The French are afraid that at this point the English are going again to become sentimental and to maintain that the best way to disarm Germany is to be kind and generous. The French cannot see any reason at all in this attitude. They remember too well that for over a century, after Fichte and Bismarck, and without any change of policy practically at all the Germans have, by set policy, deceived their neighbours, friends or allies as well as enemies or neutrals. Lying and pretending to be good-natured is a natural German attitude. The French will not trust the Germans again, whatever the English may say.

There was a change between 1919 and 1923? Perhaps, with a few Germans ; remember that *those* Germans were murdered, like Rathenau. Remember that when the French went into the Ruhr, they found the machinery for making big guns in full working order. Photographs can be seen in the *Illustrated London News* for 1923. The Germans were supposed to be deprived of big guns. We were told that they had disarmed.

Concessions as a policy? The French remember that when they abandoned the occupation of the Rhineland five years before the date stipulated by treaty, as a gesture of appeasement, the first thing that happened was that Hindenburg came over the Rhine and delivered a speech of violent hatred against the French, and was applauded all over Germany. Concessions did not bring appeasement neither then nor at any time—and this was before Hitler.

These pleas of generosity, concessions, fair play, will not be accepted by the French, and will be considered to be pleas of hypocrites who dare not quite say that they are pro-Germans. I know this will be unjust to many sincere religious or pacifist people ; but you will have a hard task to persuade the French, who also know very well that there is such a thing as unconscious hypocrisy, based on cowardice.

It will be no good to ask the Germans to sit at a table and discuss terms. The Germans will simply say no to everything they are asked to concede. At this stage therefore Great Britain and France must impose their will on Germany. Remember that the beginning of the Nazi success was in the lie that Germany had not been beaten in the field, but betrayed into surrendering. To avoid a renewal of this, and to ensure disarmament physically and really, not morally and platonically, British and French regiments must be quartered for several months at least and perhaps years in the chief towns of Germany : the people of Leipzig, of Hanover, of Potsdam, of Munich, of Koenigsberg must see that they have been beaten ; and our military chiefs must see that the Germans have disarmed.

Now to this there is a counterpart that we have to face : during that period Germany must be fed and given a reasonable standard of prosperity. The task before us is at bottom a task of education. We must teach the German people that war and

aggression do not pay; but one cannot teach starving people anything but anger. We shall have to take the responsibility of feeding and keeping the German people during that occupation. Treat them severely on the moral plane, but sufficiently well on the material plane. They will understand.

This is possible, because at present there is no resentment against the German people among the French masses. In no class have I noticed so far any desire for revenge, any vindictive feelings. We shall not want to punish the Germans; but we shall want them to change their minds.

Nevertheless this idea of "no resentment" must not be driven too far. The English who advocate it so much are in danger of losing some of their vital instincts, without which a race is lost. For instance, they are losing the idea of justice, without which there can be no true brotherhood. So far the French have no resentment against the Germans. But do not forget that a large number of Poles and Czechs are in France. Is it realized in this country that millions of Poles and Czechs are being tortured in every way by the Germans? The Poles and Czechs in France know all about it; they are telling the French peasants and the French workmen amongst whom they live, all about it. The French as a rule, in their lower classes, are quick to sympathize, generous and easily fired. They cannot listen for ever to such tales as come from Poland and Bohemia and feel no resentment. If you preach the non-resentment theory too long to them, they will retort: it is easy for you not to feel resentment, because you have felt no suffering. And they will ask you: why are your sympathies with the torturers and not with the tortured? They will not understand that, on a given day, called the day of peace, suddenly those very torturers will immediately become angels of love, whereas on the day before they were raping and shooting. They will think that if nothing is done about it, the torturers will wait for their next chance and begin again.

Therefore when I say that at present there is no resentment among the French masses, I mean *at present*. I do not say that it will still be so when peace time comes. I hold also that there will be resentment among the masses in the British Empire as soon as they understand what is happening. The legitimate

instincts of human nature cannot be held in check by sentimental preachers living in safety and comfort. After all, we are told that Christ did drive merchants from the temple with a whip. How shall He drive the Germans from Poland?

Too many people mix up two very different things. They are not really concerned with Christian charity, but with their fear of what may happen later on if the Germans are treated with strict justice. Is cowardice the same thing as charity?

True charity to the German people as well as to the human race will demand that the German people shall be taught a lesson. This lesson, I think, will be effective if it takes the form of a severe but benevolent military occupation lasting long enough to convince the German masses that they have been misled by their leaders. A short occupation will not be enough: the Germans are slow to think; and also, the ultimate evacuation will have to be carried out in such a way that no German leader should get the credit for it.

This object once achieved, the larger problems can be faced in an atmosphere of sober thought. The occupation itself will teach the Allies many things about Germany. The French and the British will be more competent to deal with Europe after occupying Germany and learning how things really stand there: for from the German leaders you will get only lies.

Then a peace congress should be called, say three years or so after the cessation of fighting. America should be invited to attend; and some neutrals; not all. Nor should they be given such a very important part: they shall have had no experience; they shall not be competent to judge. But they must be prepared to collaborate. The Germans here should be admitted on a perfect footing of equality. Our bargaining counter with them will be the evacuation: we can speak openly and say: will you do this, and we do that? We obviously cannot give them liberty to begin again. It is our concern whether or not they put a Nazi government into power—by any other name.

This peace congress will have a hard task. First of all, in order not to relapse into anarchy, the problems common to the nations of Western Europe must be solved in common. Constitute a union of Great Britain, France, Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Instal a super cabinet in which all those

nations are represented : at this stage, we must have no more discrimination of any kind against the Germans as a people. (But this does not imply that you have to believe every lie that a German may choose to tell.) Vest in this super Cabinet, which will be really an extension of the present supreme council, all powers of importance to Western Europe as a whole :

(a) armaments of all kinds ; none of these nations is to have as national property any of the specialized weapons : aeroplanes, tanks, big guns, etc. ; civil aviation as well as military aviation should be internationalized—then, after a time military aviation might be suppressed to a very large extent.

(b) trade in all materials that can be used for war purposes should be exclusively in the hands of this super cabinet ; this involves a huge reorganization of industry ; but there is no alternative. We rearmed Germany : without the materials, from iron ore to chemicals of all sorts that we sold her, she could not have made war at all. This trade must be declared a criminal trade and suppressed. The super cabinet alone will deal in such things, for the Union as a whole. Need I put petrol on the list ?

Naturally, the strictest inspection shall have to be established and all the measures taken be given the widest publicity. It should not ever be permitted again that any body should make money out of the possibility of war.

I fully realize that these measures, which are negative, demand positive reconstruction : industry, deprived of its freedom in some of its biggest provinces, like metallurgy, must be reorganized : I do not say on a socialist or any other basis ; it can be done in many different ways. I plead here for no specific ideology ; I merely try to state the problems to be solved. Trade also will have to be given a charter ; and finance. Social reform shall have to be carried out. Just as you cannot disarm Germany if you starve her, you cannot reorganize Western Europe unless you suppress in the whole region under the Union, starvation, excessive discomfort and unemployment. It can be done, even under a capitalist system ; it can be done under any system if the will to do it is there. But it must be done ; otherwise, some other monster will arise, in the

East, in the Far East, somewhere, and take advantage of your internal weaknesses in the social order, and will begin again. Nor do I think that this super cabinet should have all powers. That would be to establish over us that very monster of tyranny that we are fighting. Clearly specified powers, of some such range as I have indicated, should be given the super cabinet. But in as many matters as possible powers should be, on the contrary, decentralized. Units like Scotland, or Brittany, or Provence, or Austria perhaps as members of some larger unit, Great Britain or France or Germany, should be given much more liberty for some of their regional activities than they have at present. This is, however, rather a different problem ; I only wish to insist on the fact that this super-government should be only a guarantor of the peace and freedom of smaller units even than national units, and of individuals, to live as they like—so long as they do not endanger the peace or liberty of others. Centralization of some powers is a necessary condition to the decentralization of other powers. A proper police at the top ensures liberty among the masses.

This brings me to the largest and deepest problem of all : education. Here also you must internationalize some things and give more liberty in some other things.

The first consideration is that the German boys and girls of the future must be taught the same kind of history and of ethics as the French, English, Polish children of the future. That the German girls shall also be taught German music can be taken for granted. Let each nation, let each province in each nation, let each individual anywhere cultivate their own gifts ; but let the same history and the same ethics be taught from Poland to Scotland, and in Germany also ; otherwise you will have wars for ever and ever, arising from the deepest and sincerest differences.

This problem also can be solved. Give the experts their task to do and they will do it ; take no excuse. Education can be managed, finance can be managed, metallurgy can be managed so as to eliminate international danger.

Of all these dangers, the worst, the deepest rooted, the most difficult to deal with, is in education. I wish we could make all

peoples Christian in truth ; but that will take too long no doubt.
We are in a hurry ; see to it after this peace

That neither kings nor priests
Nor schools shall build again
A people with the hearts of beasts
Made wise concerning men.

This is your essential task : there lie the roots to be destroyed ;
there new roots must be planted.

Need I add that to this union or alliance (I have avoided the many implications of the word federation) we should welcome all proper additions ? By proper I mean that if all were to come in at once—but we need not fear that—chaos would begin again. Certain precautions must be taken ; certain conditions observed. But in due time all should come in. We can only begin within our power : our power shall be after this war, after an occupation, over both conquered and conquerors. Our first task will be to weld into a moral unit the various countries who are now fighting. By a paradox frequent in history, the present enemies will be the easiest to bring together if a proper policy is followed after our victory.

MAN-POWER AND ECONOMIC ADJUSTMENT

BY PROFESSOR J. H. JONES

MONEY is not an adequate measure of the economic effort necessary to wage war on a large scale. The pound is always an elastic unit ; in time of war it is apt to shrink, and after the war it rarely recovers its former state. A million pounds spent in the first year of the war of 1914-18 represented far greater economic effort than a similar sum spent in the last year of war. Broadly speaking the inter-war pound was worth little more than two-thirds of the 1913 pound. If its value had not been so reduced the burden of the war debt would have been far heavier than it proved to be. In the autumn of 1922 a fellow passenger in a German train boasted that he was a 'millionaire in marks'. A year later it needed all the marks of a million such millionaires to pay the wages of a German workman for one hour of work. For convenience it was decided to delete the twelve 0's and call it a mark. A fresh start was made, and the lesson was learnt so thoroughly that, ten years later, the risk of Hitler was preferred to the risk of abandoning even the fiction (as it had then become) of the gold standard.

We are told that the current cost of the present war is approximately £6,500,000 per day and that it will inevitably increase as the scale of operations is enlarged. Those who would encourage us point to the fact that since 1913 the national income has increased from about £2,400,000 to about £5,700,000 per annum. As a measure of war economic effort or economic burden, on the one side, and of economic productivity on the other, these figures need to be used with so much caution that in practice they are apt to be seriously misleading. In the first place the increase since 1913 in the national income expressed in money terms exaggerates the increase in the sum total of the good things of life, or of the productivity of the individual. Much of it merely represents the fall in the value of the pound

during the period ; wages, costs and prices are expressed in a different money unit, masquerading under the old name. Moreover, it will presently be shown that the constituents of the national income, or in other words the forms of economic activity, may have so changed as to make their total money value misleading as a measure of war-time efficiency.

In the second place the present money cost of the war fails to indicate the measure of the diversion represented by our war-time effort and of the burden upon our economic resources. Some of it, for example, represents food and clothing for those engaged in the fighting services ; but they were fed and clothed in time of peace. Some presumably represents expenditure of a reproductive—even profitable—character upon stocks to be sold for private consumption or used in private trading. Again, some represents expenditure at prices already far higher than those previously prevailing, for comparable commodities, and therefore exaggerates the economic effort diverted to the prosecution of the war. The cost per ton (or per man-hour) of building ships to-day is considerably higher than in time of peace, so that a given amount spent on ships represents far less utilization of economic resources than at an earlier date. In spite of all the efforts made to prevent so-called inflation it is highly probable that the rise in costs during the first six months of the present war is relatively greater than in the corresponding period of the last war. An economic fact is not changed by a change in the label. The real 'inflation' that took place during the last war was the repeated rise in controlled and uncontrolled prices that was caused by repeated advances in wage rates and consequently in costs, but it only became pronounced after the first year of war. On this occasion it has started much earlier, nor do we now appear to possess so effective a machinery of control as was established in the last war, or to have envisaged a national policy such as we then pursued. For these and other reasons it is impossible to estimate the real significance, in terms of economic effort, either of the present money cost of the war or of the money cost at a later stage. But we do know that in so far as the true economic effort is exaggerated, in terms of money, by a rise in wages, costs and profits, it creates the money income from which the means of payment can be found.

We have seen that expenditure, expressed in terms of money, is not a reliable measure of the economic effort needed now, and possibly later, to carry on the war. The financial problem is, of course, important. Financial policy may speed or delay victory : it may facilitate or obstruct the organization of the resources needed at the front and at home. But the fundamental problem is to adjust a peace-time economic system to meet the needs of war. In theory this appears to be simpler than the problem of adjusting a war-time economic system to meet the unknown ends of peace. In time of war the markets are guaranteed, and for practical purposes unlimited. Standardization and mass production is the order of the day. The difficulty of the problem lies in its urgency. We have to do the best that we can with the means already at our disposal or within easy reach. These are by no means the same as those available in the last war.

It will be readily agreed that the first three claims upon the resources of the nation are an adequate supply of men for the fighting forces, an adequate supply of munitions and war services, broadly interpreted, and an adequate supply of the essentials of life. Unless and until these needs are satisfied we cannot afford luxuries. Any expenditure of human effort in the provision of luxuries, here and now, which tends to impede progress in the provision of the second and third needs must be condemned as tending to delay victory. This brings us face to face with our first difficulty and one of the most important problems of policy. A large proportion of the essentials of life and a not inconsiderable proportion of the supply of war materials are imported from abroad.

In the last war we were in a highly favourable position. In the first place we held a large amount of realizable investments in other countries, and this constituted a reserve upon which we could draw in time of need. In the second place we started the war with a large annual surplus of exports over imports (including in those terms both merchandise and services) which was normally added to the fund of foreign investments. Moreover, we were able to borrow from other countries. For these reasons we were able to draw upon the resources of the outside world and to import commodities up to the limit of the available

cargo space. In all three respects the present situation is less favourable than in the last war. The fund of foreign money that we can draw upon—represented by gold, liquid assets and realizable investments—is probably much smaller than in 1913, while the purchasing power of a given fund has been reduced, since 1913, by the world rise in gold prices. The ‘cash and carry’ policy of the United States reduces the possible supply of foreign loans. The annual balance of payments in recent years has been far less favourable than in the years immediately preceding the last war. There is, therefore, a limit to the extent to which we can economize our human resources by drawing upon the resources of the outside world; in other words, there is a limit to the extent that we can live upon our capital or (by borrowing) upon the capital of other countries.

The position may not be so serious as we are led to believe by pessimistic producers of available statistics. Already the American banking system is being embarrassed by a surfeit of gold, and when the ‘cash and carry’ policy has been in operation another year gold may become so serious a menace to the American business world as to necessitate foreign lending as a measure of safety. If and when loans are made to other neutral countries they become available to those belligerent countries which control the highways of commerce, provided the credit of the latter is sufficiently strong. But we cannot proceed upon the assumption that relief of this kind will eventually be provided; as a measure of insurance it is necessary to assume a strict limit to the extent to which we are able to economize our resources in this way. Moreover, the foreign investments now held in this country must be accepted as a heritage of the past, for which we are the trustees of generations to come, and which should not be drawn upon to an extent greater than that which is absolutely necessary to secure victory. It is therefore a duty to draw as little as possible upon our accumulated foreign resources or upon the capital resources of other countries. This involves the cessation of non-essential imports and an increase in exports.

Such a policy is not, however, so simple as it appears to be. The volume of imports is determined not only by financial considerations but also by the available cargo space. The

tonnage of British ocean-going vessels now available is considerably less than in 1913; a much larger proportion of the total consists of tankers and other specialized ships; the convoy system has been adopted much earlier than in the last war. It is therefore possible that, for the time being, the physical restriction upon imports is even more severe than that imposed by financial considerations.

The limitation imposed by lack of cargo space raises an economic issue of the first importance. It would clearly be a waste of valuable man power to build ships merely to facilitate the importation of commodities that serve no useful purpose in war. It would be a waste of our limited foreign resources to purchase, for the same purpose, ships now owned in foreign countries. But there are circumstances in which it would obviously be necessary to build or purchase ships for the purpose of importing war materials or essentials of life that cannot be obtained within the country. There are many intermediate cases in which the balance of gain can only be estimated upon information that the government alone possesses, and information that is normally only to be obtained by pooling the resources of several government departments. It would be folly to employ a hundred workers in agriculture, for example, if by employing fifty in the building of new ships and in producing exports for payment, a larger quantity of foodstuffs could be imported from abroad. The answer to the question can only be found by co-operation between the Ministry of Agriculture, the Admiralty (which alone can estimate the risk of losses through enemy action) and the Board of Trade. In this sphere alone there are many problems that can only be solved by co-operation between several government departments.

The relative shortage of shipping, by reducing the volume of imports that the nation can acquire, tends to improve the ‘balance of payments’. But that in itself is not sufficient to guarantee that we shall be able to continue to import all that the available cargo space permits. The exports of this country have also been reduced. It is probable that the total value of our shipping services to other countries is considerably lower than in recent years. Again, before the war France and Great Britain jointly received large sums of money, representing the

annual balance of the 'traffic' of tourists from the United States of America and other parts of the world. This highly important 'invisible' export has practically disappeared.

The total reduction in exports has been so serious that the importance now attached by the government to the export trade is by no means surprising. But the difficulty of increasing the total value of our exports is undoubtedly being underestimated. In the first place the exporting industries are, in the main, those that are also essential for the production of munitions and war materials. In the second place the same group of exporting industries constitutes a smaller part of the industrial structure of the nation than in the years immediately preceding the last war. The relative decline of shipbuilding, engineering, coal mining and the production of textile products (other than rayon) is too well known to call for further comment. In a war-ridden world, where war expenditure by the belligerent countries is accompanied by expenditure upon mobilization and other incidentals of neutrality in other countries, the opportunities for developing an export trade in luxuries are none too plentiful. In the third place the terms upon which foreign trade is carried on are far less favourable to us than in time of peace. Our imports are urgently needed and we pay the price of urgency. Our exports are sold, and sold urgently, in highly competitive markets. Where, during the last war, we could charge high prices because our products were urgently needed, we now have to compete with alternative supplies. The urgency is again on our side, and we pay the price. An increasing volume of exports is needed to pay for the same volume of imports.

These considerations carry us to the heart of the problem of organizing the man-power of the nation in such a way as to bring the maximum pressure to bear upon the enemy. The external financial problem differs materially from the internal problem and (though of smaller dimensions) is far more difficult to solve than the latter. It is much easier to find pounds than to find dollars: the latter, in excess of our existing stock, must be earned by the use of man power. In an ideal economic solution we should build ships and increase exports to such an extent that the last ounce of human energy so employed meant more, but very little more, towards winning the war and fulfilling

our duty as trustees to posterity (for our foreign investments) than its utilization in any other way. In practice we should remember that the most expensive unit of our exports pays for the least urgent unit of imports. The most heavily subsidized exports will be those paying for the most expensive cigars. Again it is clear that if these considerations are to be balanced to the best advantage the closest co-operation between government departments is necessary. This is not necessarily an argument for the creation of an economic general staff, as popularly conceived: given the policy the balancing of the issues is essentially a matter for technical rather than economic experts. But it is clearly an argument for the pursuit of a national policy to which the actions of the separate government departments are related.

The change, since the last war, in the economic structure of the country has affected not only the problem of foreign trade but also that of adapting industry as a whole to the needs of a war-time economy. Reference has already been made to the relative decline of those exporting industries that are essential in time of war. To that list may be added agriculture and railway transport. Other industries have increased rapidly. There are no statistics available to enable close comparisons to be made between 1913 and 1939, but the following figures for the years 1923 and 1937 indicate the general character of the changes that have taken place. Between the two specified years the estimated total population of Great Britain, between the ages of fifteen and sixty-four, increased by 11 per cent., while the number of persons insured against unemployment, between the ages of sixteen and sixty-four, increased by 22.3 per cent. There is little doubt that the number of female workers per thousand male workers employed increased during the period, so that the reservoir of women that may be drawn into industry appears to be relatively smaller than in the last war.

The total number of insured workers employed in five declining industries (coal-mining, cotton, wool, shipbuilding and repairing, and iron and steel manufacture) decreased by 25 per cent.; the number employed in seven 'local' industries (including building, public utilities and the distributive trades) increased by 57 per cent.; those employed in sixteen rapidly expanding industries

by 66 per cent. ; and those employed in the eighteen remaining industries (as defined by the Ministry of Labour) by 14 per cent. This change in the relative importance of industries was accompanied by changes in the relative growths of areas. Thus, for example, the number of insured persons (excluding agriculture) increased by 42.7 per cent. in London and the Home Counties, 7.6 per cent. in Lancashire and 4.7 per cent. in Northumberland and Durham.

Broadly speaking, the areas (and industries) that have shown least growth (or a decline) are those that were relatively important for the production of munitions and war materials in the last war. The industries that have grown rapidly are largely those that are of least importance for war. The problem of organizing both industry and man power has changed. At least some of the declining industries must again be rapidly expanded—and in the old places—while much of the labour that might have been available has migrated to an area which is the chief home of non-essential industries and is, for strategic reasons, unsuitable for the production of munitions on a large scale.

In the last war the policy of dilution was employed where-soever possible, but the main supply of semi-skilled and unskilled workers was drawn from the neighbourhood. Those able and willing to work away from their homes could register as 'war munition volunteers' and receive subsistence allowances when employed in other parts of the country. In this way local scarcities were relieved. Competition between firms and between districts for workers was strictly controlled.

The organization of supply will eventually become more difficult in the present war than it was in the last war, when industries essential for war constituted a larger part of the industrial structure. Already there are serious problems of supply in some industries and districts. So far, however, there appears to be little evidence of a serious attempt to apply the policy of dilution in detail or to control the competition for skilled workers. Nor is evidence lacking that in the selection of sites for essential factories the problem of labour supply is largely ignored. Already in some places there is a serious shortage of female labour while in others there is available a large supply of such labour. It is obvious that greater use

must be made, in other parts of the country, of female workers now employed in or near London.

It is not my purpose to enter into details, particularly details of a semi-technical character. I wish merely to draw attention to two general truths. The first is that the past decline of industries essential for war necessitates a larger and more rapid growth than in the last war. The workers employed in such industries cannot so easily be spared for the fighting services, even when dilution is fully operative. For this reason the fighting forces must be more heavily recruited than in the last war from those industries that expanded rapidly during the inter-war period, including 'local' industries, such as building, the domestic trades and the clerical services. The oft quoted statement that this is a war of blackcoated workers is not without an element of truth. The second is that the efficient organization of supply will probably necessitate more migration and migration over greater distances than in the last war. The dispersal of the residents of London will be followed by the migration of workers to places at which they are likely to be needed for work of national importance.

The failure to recognize this need constitutes part of the difficulty in deciding between the relative merits of spending and saving. Abstinence seems to create unemployment while spending seems to give employment precisely where it is needed. In so far as this is true it largely indicates the slowness with which the government machine is doing its work. If abstinence causes unemployment in one place spending retards the movement of the otherwise unemployed workers to places at which employment is already available. In spite of the fact that over a million employable workers are unemployed the demand for workers in essential industries is greater than the supply. After six months of war, following many more months of preparation, abstinence should be a virtue in so far as it is a virtue at any period of a 'total' war.

It seems to me that there is a serious defect in the present organization and control of supplies, including the organization of labour. It is of the essence of business organization that finance, contracts, production and labour should be under the same general control. It was so in the Ministry of Munitions

during the last war. As a servant of the Ministry I saw its operations every day for nearly two years. As an officer in the wages department I was in continuous contact with the dilution and labour supply department, the contracts department and the production department. It could not be otherwise. All dealt with aspects of the same problem. In this war the labour problem, in all its parts, is left to the Ministry of Labour. Supply, as meant by the Ministry of Supply, is confined to materials, and excludes one essential of efficient supply, which is labour. It is not unlikely that part of the cause of the slowness of the transition from a peace economy to a full blooded war economy is to be found in this divorce and the lack of a policy covering two inseparable parts of a single problem.

THE CONTEMPT OF LEARNING IN 20TH CENTURY ENGLAND

BY DOROTHY L. SAYERS

WE were sitting idly in the garden at the time . . . This habit of idling in gardens is extremely dangerous. There is something about it that prompts the asking of random questions. Look at Eve in Paradise, for example. Or Socrates, dawdling among the flower-pots in other people's domestic peristyles. It is well known what happened to both of them. Parents and practical men have a rooted distrust of random questions—rightly, since you never know what they may lead to. At worst, they may disturb fundamental assumptions; at best, one thing may lead to another till you find yourself landed with a job of work.

I swear that when I started the hare I had no intention of running after it. But my companion was a colleague and collaborator of long standing; we are only too well accustomed to following each other's view-halloo. Before we knew where we were we found ourselves committed, like a twin Palomides, to the pursuit of the Questing Beast. It looks like being a long and exhausting chase, and we shall probably need the help of other hunters. I am putting down this note of our original conversation in the hope that those others may join in, and thus provide material for the inevitable book which we see looming at the end of the run.

EGO (*dropping Demant's "Religious Prospect" in the middle of a difficult passage about dialectics*): Look here—when did we start this contempt of learning?

ALTER EGO (*waking up reluctantly*): Which? What?

EGO: Since when have we used the word "intellectual" as a term of abuse? When did we first coin phrases like "brainy" and "highbrow" to express our contempt and dislike of education? When did these sneers at any kind of academic learning begin?

ALTER EGO : I don't know that I've ever thought about when it began, exactly.

EGO : I suppose it was the Industrial Revolution, as usual.

ALTER EGO : (*a little severely*) One can't just put everything down to the Industrial Revolution, without any evidence. One would have to look up contemporary allusions.

EGO : Yes—in fiction, on the stage, and especially in popular journalism. That's where one finds it most to-day. Savage attacks on poetical plays. Sneers at schoolmarmes. Eulogies of plain, practical politicians. "We don't want uplift from the B.B.C." "Women don't want careers." "Take away this dull theology and give us some nice religious feeling." That sort of thing. When did it start? If you look at the back numbers of *Punch* . . .

ALTER EGO : I can't. The British Museum has sent all the Periodicals away to Hendon. Every possible obstacle is set in the path of research.

EGO : Curse it. As if toiling over periodicals wasn't bad enough anyhow. . . . Of course, the English have always liked the "plain man" who was no orator. Shakespeare knew that. But the common man did respect learning. In the Middle Ages. . . .

ALTER EGO : "Mediæval" also is a term of abuse.

EGO : I don't care . . . people didn't take it for granted that poets and scholars must be dreamy inefficients, out of touch with practical affairs. They didn't say, "Thomas à Becket, *though* a learned clerk, is a vigorous statesman." They didn't think it odd that Sidney should be a soldier, or that Raleigh should embellish world-history with colonies and potatoes in addition to a treatise. Henry VIII could argue theology and Elizabeth write several languages, and nobody said, "How peculiar!"—though they may have said "How gratifying!" Even down to the 19th century, a politician was expected to quote Greek in the Commons. What would happen to anybody who did that now?

ALTER EGO (*grimly*) : Ha, ha! . . . That kind of thing belongs to a time when government was in the hands of an educated aristocracy.

EGO : But the Tories would resent it to-day just as much

as Labour. The privileged classes are the first to complain that Oxford did them no good, and anyway, education is no longer confined to the aristocracy.

ALTER EGO (*really awake now and taking a firm grip on the subject*) : I wonder if that's how it all began. The more the masses are educated, the less value is placed on learning. I think we ought to look into the beginnings of the movement for educating workers and women. They are the two "slave" classes, and privilege always fears and resents the extension of power to depressed classes, and defends itself by sneers and jeers. There was a very serious and sustained opposition to women's and workers' education in the last century.

EGO : Oh, yes—those old numbers of *Punch* . . .

ALTER EGO : The organ of the privileged classes. . . .

EGO : . . . are full of sneers and jeers. (*Triumphantly*) So it probably *is* connected with the Industrial Revolution. . . . But how about Dr. Johnson's dog? And the ridicule poured on the early Bluestockings?

ALTER EGO : That may have been merely incidental—rather because the women were pedants than because they were women. The English have never loved Holofernes, in or out of petticoats. But in the Middle Ages. . . .

EGO : It is your turn to name them.

ALTER EGO (*firmly*) : In the Middle Ages learning and poverty went together. It was not the aristocrats but the poor scholars who flocked to the Universities, and the oldest of the colleges were founded and endowed especially for their free education. During the Renaissance, education was not exclusively a male privilege; the daughters of a man like Sir Thomas More had the same education as their brothers and shared the same tutor.

EGO : I have heard a historian say that the fashion for the lower education of women began with the development of what we now know as the "public-school system", when foundations like Harrow, originally intended for the "locals", became boarding-establishments for the sons of the nobility and gentry. The boys were sent away to be educated by the best teachers, and the girls were left at home to do needlework with the governess, so that learning became a privilege of sex.

ALTER EGO : And, for the same reason, a class-privilege too.

Our early tradition was liberal and aristocratic—that is, it catered for an aristocracy, not of money, but of talents, the idea being that education should be available to all who were capable of it.

EGO : I must put in a word for the Church. She was our first educator and she acknowledged an essential equality in all men, which gave them a right to the full development of their natural gifts.

ALTER EGO : Well, that is true. She was also the road by which men improved their social position, and so she still is in Ireland—and I think in Scotland too. But in England we get the emergence of a very prosperous middle class with no tradition of learning behind it, rising to power, not (like Wolsey, for instance) through the Church and education, but through smart business methods and commercial opportunity. People whose power is conferred by money always resent any superiority shown by their economic dependents.

EGO : Was it only the commercial magnate that was in fault ? Wingfield-Stratford dates the intellectual decay of the English governing classes from the French Revolution, which broke our traditional link with European culture. The landed gentry feared the mob, and distrusted, not only the French nation, but also the English poets and writers who supported the revolutionary cause.

ALTER EGO : The two things would work together. As power passed from the land to the shop-counter, the landowner hastened on the intellectual collapse by turning traitor to his own tradition. When the gentry became “stupid and proud of it”, they sold the pass to the financier without background or sense of responsibility, whose only ability consists in knowing how to trick abler men than himself.

EGO : You are hard on the business man and the financier.

ALTER EGO : They are not likely to support the cause of learning. Why should they ? Their prosperity, and their whole life, is based on the notion that everything has its price ; they are bound to resent the mental integrity that cannot be bought or sold. They will resent it and despise it at the same time, because on the one hand it defeats them and, on the other, it puts a value on something which produces little or no financial

rewards. To them, learning is like a horrible heresy, a rival religion, which they dare not allow, because it questions the very foundations of their universe.

EGO (*picking up “The Religious Prospect” and dusting a garden spider from the page*) : All conflicts are, in the end, religious conflicts. This is an era of secular religions, and you will always find resentment against anything that appeals to an absolute standard beyond the temporal and practical requirements of economic and political progress. It is all the same, whether the opposition comes from German Totalitarianism or Liberal Industrialism. Though, now I think of it, Liberal Industrialism was a great pioneer for the education of the masses.

ALTER EGO : Was it the industrialists ? or Liberalism as such ?

EGO : Well, both. Liberal doctrine proclaimed the right to equal opportunity, though Demant says here, it was unaware how thoroughly it had become impregnated with a determinist “dogma”, or set of assumptions, that denied its conscious doctrine. But I think enlightened industry was persuaded to back the movement to give the workers education, on the ground that an educated worker would do better work.

ALTER EGO : I expect that is true. (We must really look up these dates). But the worker might be excused for looking with suspicion on a Greek gift of that sort. And in fact, you will still find a strong persuasion among working men that the governing classes are in a conspiracy to give them the wrong sort of education—that is, an education designed to keep them “in their place”.

EGO : Yet they wanted education and clamoured for it. Indeed, they clamour for it still, though I doubt whether they would like “upper-class” education even if they had it. They would probably find it as disappointing as the “upper classes” now find it themselves. All the same, when a working man finds himself at a disadvantage, he is quick to attribute his troubles to lack of education.

ALTER EGO : I believe that is the root of the trouble. They expect the wrong kind of satisfaction from education. I fancy we have there the resentment of unprivileged people who have

secured education and have then discovered that it is not the panacea they had confidently hoped.

EGO (*angrily*): Everybody to-day is looking for a panacea. There is no such thing. It is a sorcerer's dream. What do people expect of education? Happiness? The greater the wisdom, the greater the sorrow. Or a sure passport to employment? Nobody finds it so to-day. The book-learning of Oxford and Cambridge in their hey-day supplied only posts in the Church, the School and the Law. Now, the Universities are hindered in the provision of true learning for genuine scholars, because they are swamped with demands for "vocational" training—which means, God save the mark! training for paid employment for which the student neither has nor hopes to have a vocation. Nor does this vocational training succeed in getting the desired employment. Besides, it is this very vocational training of which the workers complain, because it keeps them workers, instead of enlarging their opportunities. There is a vicious circle here.

ALTER EGO: The truth is that those who desire learning for its own sake are very few, and their reward is neither in wealth and comfort nor in happiness (whatever we mean by that) but only in learning itself. But the workers have other causes for resentment—for instance a certain resentment against the influence of the teacher, which tends to diminish home-influence—especially as, with successive improvements, school becomes a pleasanter place than the working-class home.

EGO: We should reform the homes. In our own class, of course, we are used to the clash between parental and school interests and influence. Mothers and fathers make a wry face when their children contradict them and preface every assertion with "Miss Jones says", and they often complain that "Bobby is so bound up in his school life that he takes no interest in his home". But they know it for a passing phase and are resigned; or at least, if they don't like it, they know they must lump it.

ALTER EGO: They are disciplined by tradition. And though little Bobby and Joan go through a cock-sure, "superior" period at a public school, they shake down eventually. They do not become *permanently* superior to their parents in speech and manners. That is what causes resentment.

EGO: The workers do also tend to be possessive about their children, as evacuation shewed pretty clearly. Our parents submit with a pretty good grace to the removal of their children to distant places. The public-school habit has trained them.

ALTER EGO: And to them, their children are only one interest among many. To the working mother, living a dull and penurious life, her children are all she has. Take them and you take all. She cannot fall back on games or travel or amusements or social activities.

EGO: May we not also add that the tradition of the working-classes has been to regard their families as a financial asset? The little peasant went out to scare birds, the little industrialist to work in the factory. They were expected to contribute to the family income and to the support of their parents in old age; and the tradition still persists. Compulsory education. . . .

ALTER EGO: There is one of the things the privileged classes don't have to put up with—compulsion. However much one may desire a benefit, one resents being compelled to receive it. "If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries . . ."

EGO: Very true. Real liberty is liberty to bind one's self. It is disgusting to be liberated by force. And seeing that compulsory education converts the children of the poor from a financial asset into a liability, and that every extension of the school age prolongs their period of economic uselessness, it is no wonder if education provokes a sub-conscious resistance, especially as it involves a break with long-established tradition.

ALTER EGO: I agree that the resistance is sub-conscious. The people really want their children to be educated and "get a good start in life"; but the hidden resentment is there.

EGO: Whereas the tradition of the professional and privileged classes is all the other way. They assume financial responsibility for their children till a late age—till twenty-one at least, and later in the case of a doctor or lawyer.

ALTER EGO: They can afford to take the long view, The poor cannot. It is all a question of economics. If the country doctor cannot pay for his children, they will get no education—unless the State intervenes.

EGO: Obviously not; but in that case, the parents will

feel themselves to be out-castes, being accustomed to couple privilege with responsibility.

ALTER EGO : May be. But is not the "responsibility" of the propertied classes for their children only a long-range method of making them into financial assets? In the 18th century, the younger sons held down the family appointments and the family living, and in the 19th they devoted themselves to the making of fortunes in the colonies, just as the daughters enlarged the family estates by alliance. The whole thing was based on the worship of landed property.

EGO : But the sense of responsibility persists, though the landed property has become a liability. That is, the upper classes, even when they have lost their governing privileges, still feel it somehow their duty to accord their children the "privilege" of a prolonged adolescence.

ALTER EGO : More prolonged than ever. In Tudor times one left the University at sixteen, married at seventeen . . .

EGO : And died at fifty, with the effigies of three wives and a score of children to decorate one's sepulchral monument. Is it true that sons and daughters in funerary brass were mass-manufactured and could be purchased by the yard?

ALTER EGO : Perfectly true.

EGO : With special reductions, no doubt, for taking a quantity. Happily the death-rate kept pace with so fantastic a birth-rate. But I think myself we now prolong adolescence too much. The psychological effect is bad, and leads to a refusal of responsibility, to say nothing of some very unedifying perversions. There must be measure in all things.

ALTER EGO : Nobody believes in measure nowadays. It is called compromise. That is another good word that has become a term of abuse. But while I agree with what you say about the discipline, duties, and so on, of the traditional aristocracy, I must point out that these people are responsible for one of the ugliest aspects of the present contempt of learning—namely that in England (alone, I think, among civilized countries) the teacher's profession is despised. What is the use of our saying that the future is with the young and that education is the key to reconstruction, if we ourselves pay no honour to those who do the work of education? We hand our

children over to them, and at the same time undermine their prestige and treat them as social pariahs. The appearance of a school-teacher on stage or screen is automatically greeted with yells of laughter. In books or conversation, our allusions to them are scornful if not actually scurrilous. Our nation enjoys an evil eminence in this. Nowhere else need an educator apologize for his calling. Nowhere else does a clever and cultivated woman feel obliged to confess, with a shamefaced grin, at dinner-parties: "Well, as a matter of fact, I'm an Oxford don" or, "I'm afraid I lead a dreadful hidden life in a High School". A friend of mine (who belongs to this contemptible class) says that the invariable answer is: "Oh, *how* interesting!"—followed by a hasty and embarrassed change of subject.

EGO : We all feel the same about it. I led that hidden life myself for a year, and always unveil it with a facetious reference to my hideous past. But things are not as bad now as they were in the last century, when the governess and the usher were not only the slaves of their employers and the butt of comic literature, but also scandalously underpaid.

ALTER EGO : They are still underpaid, though not quite so scandalously. The contempt was, I think, largely that of a commercial oligarchy for those who had brought their pigs to the wrong market. We are back to the old complaint against the commercial mind, and hatred of the unbuyable. And I don't think we need look much further for the contempt of the scholar in parliament and public life. But the masses are as bad as the classes: they help to vote the business man into power, and complain of him when he is there.

EGO : I have been told that Labour's distrust of the intelligentsia in parliament dates from the 1931 crisis, when all the "intellectuals" of their party "ratted".

ALTER EGO : That probably helped; though I fancy the distrust is of longer standing. But so long as it costs money to become a parliamentary candidate, we shall continue to be governed by commercial interests.

EGO : The War may do something there; it will leave us all poor together.

ALTER EGO : I sincerely hope so. I do not want to be

poor, but I should be glad to know that we were all in the same boat. And we ought to take the opportunity of this upheaval to get our minds straight—privileged and unprivileged alike—about the real aims of education.

EGO : We have scarcely touched on those, and they are not plainly defined anywhere. The curricula of schools and universities betray everywhere a lamentable confusion of purpose. I perceive with regret that we shall end by writing a book.

ALTER EGO : I was coming to the same dismal conclusion. I think we had better make a few notes now.

EGO : By all means. I will supply pencil and paper and you shall do the work. Begin. We will call the book "The Contempt of Learning in 20th Century England". (That will limit the terms of reference). "How it started ; why it started ; how it manifests itself."

ALTER EGO : We shall find that contempt displayed

(1) In the direct written evidence of novel and play, of criticism, of newspaper correspondence and of journalism—particularly in the decline of the literary and specialist periodicals and the shockingly low standard of reviewing.

(2) In the general attitude to the educational profession and to non-utilitarian subjects, in the progressive commercialization of University curricula and in the growing tendency to separate practical knowledge from learning.

EGO : I think we shall find it linked up with the whole modern tendency to separate thought from life.

ALTER EGO : Oh, undoubtedly. But in examining the interplay of cause and effect, we shall have to deal in detail with all those resentments against education which we have unearthed this afternoon.

EGO : After which we must, I suppose, suggest a remedy. Otherwise, we too shall be separating thought from life—and what is more, the practical public will not buy the book.

ALTER EGO : Alas! yes. The second part of the work will have to offer a synthesis. Any practical scientist can analyse ; synthesis is creative—that is why it is so rare.

EGO : This looks horridly like a job of work. I wish we had never begun it. How did we begin ?

ALTER EGO : You began it. You asked a question.

EGO : Heaven forgive me! . . . I am tired of sitting in the garden. Besides, it is going to rain and the clock has struck five. Let us go in, Socrates, and have tea.

THE SWISS CONFEDERATION AND THE WAR

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

FOR Switzerland the year 1940 opened with the death of Giuseppe Motta, the *Ticinese* who had conducted the foreign policy of the Helvetic Confederation for some twenty years. The first question to be settled was who should fill his place in the Bundesrat, a College of Seven Men which is in fact the supreme Swiss Federal executive body; the second who should succeed him in the position of Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Members of the *Bundesrat* or Federal Council are elected by the National Assembly, *i.e.*, the two Chambers sitting in joint session ; of these Chambers one has 44 members, 2 nominated or elected by each of the 22 Cantons, the other is elected by P.R. by the Swiss people as a whole, and at present contains 187 members. No Canton may have more than one representative in the Federal Council, and while it is customary for German-speaking Zürich and French-speaking Vaud to provide a Federal Councillor each, the Italian-speaking Ticino had been represented by Signor Motta uninterruptedly since 1911 ; the other four *Bundesräte* at the beginning of this year, since Switzerland is three-quarters German-speaking, were naturally from the so-called *Ostschweiz*. The major non-Socialist political parties are, within practical limits, also proportionately represented in the Federal Council.

Immediately after Signor Motta's death, great uncertainty prevailed as to who should fill his place. It was generally agreed that it should be someone from his, the Catholic-Conservative Party, and the names most often suggested were those of Monsieur Aeby, the rector of the Catholic University of the (roughly) two-thirds French and one-third German-speaking canton of Fribourg, and of the Catholic Monsieur Troillet, a politician from Valais, a canton of similar linguistic

composition which has never yet, apparently, been represented in the Federal Executive; the name of the Protestant, Dr. Burekhardt, Ex-League of Nations representative at Danzig, although he was no local politician but rather a man of letters, was also heard. The Federal Parliament was due to meet in Berne on February 19, and the election of the new Federal Councillor was fixed for the following Thursday, February 22—fixed, indeed, in true Swiss fashion, to take place at 8.30 in the morning. As the day approached the Ticino seemed to re-assert itself, for the feeling grew that, especially in critical times, the three official language groups of the Confederation should all have the fullest recognition, and that if the Italian-speaking Swiss were numerically few, Swiss relations with Italy in the Spring of 1940 might be of quite particular importance.

Another well-worn controversy had also entered into the game. The Social Democrats are the second-largest party in the National Council with only a seat or so less than the Radicals or *Freisinnige Partei*. The Federal Council is not responsible to the National Assembly or Council (since it always remains in office for four years) and has never been regarded as a one party Cabinet working against a recognized opposition; it has therefore seemed to many Swiss, more particularly since the Allies were forced to declare war upon Germany, that in spite of bitter polemics between the Swiss Socialists and the other political parties, the Social Democrats represented an element of such importance in national life that they too should appear in the Federal Executive. In order to facilitate a change of this kind it was indeed suggested that a constitutional reform be introduced and the Federal Council expanded from seven members to nine. The Socialists have shown themselves to be divided over the whole issue, the older people favouring a share in national responsibility, while the younger ones prefer to retain a right to unrestrained criticism.

In the end the election of the new Federal Councillor developed into a three-cornered contest between Monsieur Troillet and two Ticinese, one Catholic-Conservative and one Social-Democrat. Indeed Monsieur Troillet fell into the rear, for the Catholic, Signor Celio, was successfully elected with the Socialist, Signor Canevascini, in the second place. The new Minister, having

received a bouquet of flowers and having delivered himself of a charming little speech in his native Italian, was quickly sworn in to serve the Confederation truly; the National Assembly then passed, characteristically enough, to the election of a deputy judge to the Federal Tribunal which is established at the Vaudois capital, Lausanne. The Federal Council had now to distribute the Ministries among the Seven Men, for in this distribution the popular voice even in Switzerland is not heard. On March 1 it was announced that the Vaudois Federal Councillor, Monsieur Pilet-Golaz, who is also for this year the President of the Swiss Federal Executive, would take over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, while Signor Celio succeeds him as Minister for Railways and Postal communications. It is not without interest that two French-speaking Swiss from the *Canton de Vaud* now occupy the key positions in war-time Switzerland—Monsieur Pilet-Golaz as Foreign Minister and General Guisan, who was also elected by the National Assembly in September, as head of the Army. Judging by the ubiquity of photographs of the General, he is immensely popular. And it should perhaps be mentioned, incidentally, that the French-speaking Swiss comprise only about one-fifth of the whole population of the Confederation.

Since September Switzerland has been mobilized to defend her neutrality. One sees uniforms everywhere, there is a certain shortage of skilled labour and a grave financial problem as to how mobilization can be paid for over any length of time. Swiss firms are bound to accept certain blockade restrictions. Yet apart from these things Switzerland appears to be living her normal life, electing officials and discussing local affairs in her communal, cantonal and national assemblies. Appearances, however, have always deceived the unwary. Should the foreign visitor slip in to listen to the discussions of the Zürich Town Council on a Wednesday afternoon, he will find air-raid protection being discussed, if he indiscreetly raises his eyes in a Zürich tram he may find that an up-to-date leather firm is advertising the necessity for buying all sorts of leather goods which might help one to pack up in a hurry. The second and chief line of Swiss defence was along the river Limmat through Zürich; north of this, right on the frontiers, Basle tea-parties discuss

nothing but the chances, if any, of getting away. In Western Switzerland, however, there is no anxiety of this kind.

The fact is that the Swiss, for all their neutrality, are profoundly concerned by the present war. They know that, if it suits her, Germany may assault them at any time, and they know the corollary—that the future liberty of the small nation, as of the individual, depends upon the success of the Allies against Germany. Thus the German danger is the theme of Swiss life. So long as no German forces have crossed the frontier the struggle is unseen; it consists on the one hand in foiling German propaganda and sabotage preparations within Switzerland, on the other in controlling the expression of Swiss opinion, for instance in the press, in order that Germany shall not discover provocation.

The Nazis have always regarded Switzerland, mainly German-speaking as it is, as their "rightful" booty, and they have pursued their standard policy of undermining in advance. Their readiest tools, probably, have been the large number of German citizens domiciled in Switzerland who have not been called home since the outbreak of war; the degree to which these Germans are organized can be gauged by the fact that even the German invalids at Leysin have their *Gauleiter*. Among the Swiss National Socialism was able to attract converts in the Spring of 1933, and a pro-Nazi 'National Front' was founded. This subsequently crumbled into various fragmentary organizations, which soon ceased to have any political importance from the point of view of affecting Swiss public opinion, but which were nevertheless convenient instruments in the hands of Gestapo agents. Already before the outbreak of war a group of "Confederates" led by a certain Zander was condemned for conspiring with Germans. The Gestapo works mainly from Stuttgart, but also from Karlsruhe, against Switzerland. For some time a pro-Nazi paper, called the *Neue Basler Zeitung*, was a great convenience from the German point of view; it was always quoted in Germany as a tone mirror of Swiss views; a certain Rolf Henne, who was on the staff of the *Neue Basler*, received money from Germany to write a history of Switzerland which he never, apparently, even began. Another enthusiastic Swiss Nazi, Major Leonhardt, disappeared

to Frankfurt (on the Main) when the war began. Since then various Swiss accomplices of Germany have been ignominiously arrested, and all these activities culminated at the beginning of March in the implication of the 'National Front' itself, hitherto regarded as the most moderate of the pro-German group. With the temporary arrest of its leader, Dr. Tobler, a national deputy until October, 1939, the National Front also is revealed as less naïf than the tolerant had supposed; as the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* has written, its consequent self-dissolution will not discourage the Swiss authorities from keeping a vigilant eye upon those who have worked with it. The recent posting of anti-Ally pamphlets in Zürich and Lucerne letter-boxes may have had something to do with the steps now taken against the friends of the Nazis in Switzerland.

The main German pressure against Switzerland, however, has hitherto come from without, and it has taken the shape of a press and general *Kultur* dispute. The practical control of the press in Switzerland has been consigned, since the outbreak of war, to a military commission, the *Abteilung für Presse und Funkspruch*, in order that Swiss neutrality shall be strictly maintained to the satisfaction of the Army which is responsible in the last instance for defending it; considerable friction between journalists and the officers concerned has inevitably resulted. When the *Neue Basler Zeitung* was forbidden in Switzerland shortly before Christmas, the German press, of course, took umbrage, and since the New Year it has persistently busied itself in piling up grievances. Indeed in Germany's newspaper campaign of intimidating the smaller neutrals in general, Switzerland in particular has been singled out. Even when the main abuse has been directed against Sweden, the country responsible for the disruption of Germany by the Treaties of Westphalia in 1648, a threat against Switzerland, which won its independence of Germany through the self-same Treaties, is but thinly concealed. Not only, the German press complains, is Dr. Goebbels's demand that, in addition to their published statements, the public opinion of neutral countries shall be neutral rejected by Switzerland (in accordance with international law), but also the Germans assert that the Confederation bestows a *Schimpffreiheit* or licence to abuse Germany upon its

citizens ; Swiss people travelling in Germany are liable to be asked by docile newspaper-readers why Swiss opinion is " aggressively " hostile towards the Reich. The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* has specialized in scolding Switzerland, but the *Völkische Beobachter*, *Westdeutsche Beobachter* and the Stuttgart press have eagerly joined in the attack, and even the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has recently entered the fray. So systematic has the German press campaign been that it has appeared not altogether unlike the journalistic artillery-fire which is apt to precede a Nazi invasion. In view of the new problem of conveying German coal to Italy by land it is likely to be intensified at any moment in order to bring pressure to bear upon Switzerland to facilitate the use of Swiss trucks and the St. Gotthard route.

On the whole the Swiss public is primarily afraid the *Abteilung für Presse und Funkspruch* and the Federal Council, to which the *Abteilung* is subordinate, have shown a dangerous timidity in response to Germany's indictments ; timidity, after all is notoriously the way to encourage the natural bully. Both the Liberal *National Zeitung* of Basle and the popular Zürich weekly *Die Weltwoche* have been reproved by the military censors, and difficulties of this kind were made for the *Weltwoche* at about the same time as it was furiously attacked by the *Stuttgarter Neues Tagblatt* in its issue of February 2. In fact, at about this moment, both the *Weltwoche* and the *Basler Nachrichten* were bringing out accounts of life in Germany which could only be extremely unwelcome in Berlin, and the greater difficulties encountered by the *Weltwoche* are difficult to explain except as the result of some kind of administrative confusion.

Swiss indignation probably reached a climax when the Federal Council banned first the German, then all editions, of Dr. Rauschning's *Gespräche mit Hitler* or " Hitler speaks ". The French translation had been selling for weeks when the German Edition, which, of course, conveys the full force of Hitler's words with more effect, was published in Zürich. The German Minister in Berne protested in no measured terms. A few confused days intervened. The Federal Council then issued its series of prohibitions, implying as earnestly as it was able that they had only been delayed through bureaucratic error. Cautious people approved of the ban since the Book

touched Herr Hitler personally and might induce some wild outburst of rage, but many of the Swiss were inclined to ask how, since the book would not be allowed into Germany, did it concern the Reich ? The incident provided the occasion for an exceedingly interesting debate in the Federal Parliament on February 21, in which the principle of the freedom of the Swiss Press and of Swiss publishing was fully discussed and eagerly vindicated ; the Government promised an amelioration in the system of censorship.

For the moment this prelude to the storms that March may bring appears to be over. Germany is posing before Switzerland and all the world as the resolute liberator determined to vanquish British domination and to sweep away the broken-down social system upon which it is based. This positive appeal combines with the relative inactivity of the Allies (an Altmark incident weekly would have done us no harm) and the ground very gradually lost by the Finns to shake Swiss sympathies more effectively than the hectoring words of the *Stuttgarter Neues Tagblatt*. It is to such German claims that France and Britain need to return a confident and a convincing reply.

CONDITIONS FOR A RECOVERY OF CIVILIZATION

By J. HUIZINGA

IN the Spring of 1935 I tried to make up a brief account of the general situation and the outlook for Western civilization.*

I called it a diagnosis, because it seemed to me undeniable that we were confronted with a serious distemper of social life. Misgivings about the solidity of our civilization had then less generally spread than they have now. Warning signs of possible downfall or decay were less conspicuous than they have become since. The political order, as it had been established after the great war, though far from reassuring, was on the whole still undisturbed. Italy had not yet started her campaign in Abyssinia, the fire in Spain was still smouldering, the Rhineland had not yet been remilitarized, Central Europe was chaffing but outwardly quiet, and Russia seemed on the way to regain her place in the European system. But for anybody looking beyond the outward appearance of political conditions all the symptoms of cultural deterioration and threatening decay were as easily recognizable as they are now. Leaving aside economical and social problems and considering only the mental situation of our Western world, the outlook seemed by no means cheerful. First of all, a survey of intellectual conditions could not fail to leave the impression of a general weakening of the average power of judgment in the individual and in the masses. The age of technical achievement and universal education, instead of effecting the high degree of mental progress once expected of it, had brought the rather disquieting result of a decline of the critical spirit which once had made possible a society based on scientific knowledge. Shallowness of thought and dissipation of mental energy seemed to have invaded all classes everywhere.

Moreover, the intellectual principle itself, as one of the main

directives of life, had in many parts been forsaken for systems of philosophy extolling life in its crude state above thinking. Moral standards had been deliberately dropped in ever wider circles, either by conviction or by fashion, without being replaced by any new principle in life.

If now, after five years, we ask ourselves, whether the prospect for civilization has brightened, a negative answer will seem almost inevitable. The ailments have not been cured and could not have been. Their effects, in the shape of follies, inhumanities, waste of energy and the like, have grown ten times worse than they were, manifesting themselves in a succession of acts of violence and perfidy that has culminated in the outbreak of the new war. If for the moment cultural preoccupations worry us less than they did before, it is simply because now the all-important political issue crowds out concerns of a more theoretical kind and absorbs all our faculties. Perhaps it is not exclusively the state of war which is responsible for this absorption of our mind by political questions. This evergrowing concentration on the political is itself to be regarded as a symptom of our cultural disease. Society at large and the human individual personally have less and less time and attention to spare for pursuits of life outside the political and economical sphere. The importance of the political seems so overwhelming that we are apt to forget that politics and economics together only form part of that nether domain of human activity which the Greek called the acquisitive art. Now if we still agree that the acquisitive life does not mean civilization, at least not the whole of it, there is no need for pointing out that the absorption of mental faculties by the political and economic purposes of society raises grave fears as to the healthy state of our civilization. In a paper which should have been read in 1938 before an audience in Vienna, if Vienna had remained Austrian*, I ventured to call this process the sliding-down of civilization into the political, *das Abgleiten der Kultur in das Politische*. Politics, however important and unavoidable, are always a secondary function of human life. They can never be either the essence or the ultimate pursuit of a civilization. Their aims

*In the Shadow of To-morrow, English edition, London, Heinemann, 1936.

*Der Mensch und die Kultur, Schriftenreihe Ausblicke, Bermann-Fischer Verlag, Stockholm, 1938.

are limited, their views restricted, their results provisional, their means clumsy and inefficient, and their preponderance merely a "cursed plight".

If it be granted that for the recovery of civilization we want something more than the adjustment of international disputes, we can now proceed to ask ourselves, whether there are any signs of a coming betterment to be detected. Let us suppose a general peace concluded on the best terms we can imagine for the near future. This would mean: Law and order restored, as far as that goes, safety against aggression more or less guaranteed, for the smaller units of political society as well as for the large ones, a regular practice of diplomatic communication in terms of decent behaviour taken up again, the possibility of world trade reopened, the danger of a submersion of human culture by despotism and the systematic enslaving of fellow-creatures dispelled. If these conditions were fulfilled, would then the road be free for civilization to resume its upward course? Five years ago doubts about the future of civilization were still so rare that the possibility of its down-fall rather than of survival was in question. To-day it is the possibility of redress which seems doubtful. In the present article we can hardly do more than to point out some grave obstacles standing in the way of recovery of a healthy state of civilization. We might call these obstacles *Idola*, after Bacon's fashion, sources of error in judgment and action, impeding a favourable development of human faculties. But before we come to these general obstacles we have first to allude to some extremely unpleasant facts which await us in the near future as a legacy of the present war. Part of the world will be mentally rotten to the core as the result of the systematic heaping-up of nonsense and falsehood which sticks to civilization like a crust of decomposition not to be removed either by reason or education. Whole generations will have been spoilt by the teaching of absurd and malicious doctrines and the training in sterile occupations. When the dismal work of goalers, spies, denouncers and slave-drivers comes to an end, a host of these elements will still remain, a burden to the social life and civilization of their native communities, a pest to their surroundings and a lasting hindrance to the revaluation of culture. Nobody can as yet

foresee how the very urgent task of clearing the ground of these poisonous weeds will be handled. But it seems safe to say that only those nations and groups which have escaped the extremes of mental infection can furnish a starting-point for the process of recovery and renaissance.

Among the general obstacles referred to above surely the most essential is a deep-lying habit common to the whole of modern mankind, *viz.*, the glorification of size and quantity. Ever since the human mind began to lose hold of the old Aristotelian system of measuring the world by quality the opposite tendency set in of over-estimating the importance of quantity. Modern science was built up on quantitative analysis. It revealed dimensions and distances in the universe challenging our imagination of infinity. Technology learnt to accumulate masses of energy unthinkable before. Politics through the boundless extension of the means and methods of exercising power became the victim of its own limitless possibilities of destructive action. It was forgotten in the meantime that the lasting values of civilization have always sprung up in very restricted circumstances of power and output, and that the big State as such never added a single one to them. The idol of bigness once set up continues to devour us. This over-emphasis on size and quantity pervades our social thinking of to-day to such a degree that by this alone the way back to real civilization seems badly blocked.

The next obstacle to be mentioned here is of a subtler character. I am inclined to call it modern man's inaccessibility to persuasion. Perhaps former ages were not much better than ours in this respect. All the same, as a feature of social life it is very striking just now. On the face of it it is in contradiction to what we should be allowed to expect. Man is supposed to be a reasonable being. If he really were, his mind when holding some opinion should yield to such arguments as proved its untenableness. But in actual fact it seldom shows itself willing or capable to do so, even on scientific matters, not to speak of political or confessional opinions. It is quite probable that in some of the earlier periods in history the power of the logical argument to convince a man of being wrong was much greater than it is now. The Greeks attached a great importance to the art

of persuading other men. We all have heard about Persuasion sitting on the lips of Pericles. Persuasion was the Sophist's professional art. The whole Platonic dialogue would lose its sense without a certain amount of susceptibility to persuasion by argument. The same holds good of later epochs of a markedly intellectualist type, *e.g.*, those of the wars of religion, and of rationalism. Conversions between the Catholic and the Protestant side were always frequent. They presuppose a susceptibility to conviction which to-day would seem almost entirely lost. Has there ever been a Fascist or a Communist who allowed himself to be cured by having it expounded to him that his premises were wrong?

This imperviousness of modern man to reason is the more surprising because universal education ought to have moulded him into a flexible thinking and doubting being. In a talk about the increasing rigidity of mind among the younger generations M. Paul Valéry put in the remark: "*Mais Monsieur, le doute se perd.*"

Instead of that pale but venerable goddess called *Peitho*, Persuasion, we have now Propaganda. Propaganda is the art of making other people believe what you do not believe yourself. Opinions are prescribed, prepared and administered to the masses like medicine in a giant clinic. It is questionable whether the mental attitude of the masses still deserves the name of an opinion and whether it would not be better described as a simple reflex. Anyhow its inflexibility and perversion will constitute a very serious hindrance to the restoration of a free and living mode of civilization.

It will seem contradictory, if, after having indicated inaccessibility to reason and argument as a dangerous state of modern man, causing excessive and persistent distortions of opinion, we now go on to call our next item on the list of obstacles by the name of shallowness and feebleness of convictions and opinions. The one seems to exclude the other. The fanatical clinging to parties and programmes and catchwords and rallying cries all over the world, the grim consistency in carrying-out tenets of the most inhuman kind, would seem to speak of passionate strength in holding to the opinions once adopted. Two historical instances from the recent past will suffice to show

this expectation to be unfounded. The history of Europe knows two epochs rightly called age of the martyrs, in which men and women willingly died for ideas they believed in, because they represented for them perfect and eternal truth. One is the age of early Christianity, the other that of the splitting of the Latin Church in the sixteenth century. We moderns, whatever vindication the future may have in store again for the Christian faith, mostly prefer to speak of ideologies rather than of confessions. An ideology is a more or less consistent system of some often rather crude and simplistic ideas serving as a spiritual basis in the strife for personal or public welfare and power. Such an ideology is supposed to be held with all the strength of conviction of which the man or the group is capable, even to the point of self-sacrifice and martyrdom. In actual fact the ideologies most fervently adhered to have a very weak persuasive power and are easily surrendered. The world is very forgetful. Only twenty-five years ago it saw one of the mightiest ideologies crashing down in ruins. Socialism had grown and grown ever more imposingly. During more than half a century it had preached universal brotherhood of the workers all over the world. The worker has no country, Marx taught. Proletarians of all countries, unite. Socialists took pride in being scornfully called *Vaterlandslose Gesellen*, and remained decidedly anti-nationalistic to the last, that is to say to August 1, 1914, when Socialism suddenly fell flat and its followers rushed to arms for the different countries at war. It was not the cause that had proved empty, but the ideology.

The second instance of the shallowness of modern ideologies is so fresh in our memory that it is hardly necessary to recall it. Two powerful States and nations stand facing and opposing one another as the champions of two fiercely proclaimed doctrinal systems of policy and economy, two *Weltanschauungen*. One of them especially aspires to world-wide ideals of earthly bliss and perfection. Suddenly the two join hands, forgetting not only the purport of their conflicting ideologies but also the heaps of invective and abuse they had until the last moment been slinging at each other. The one keeps true to its monstrous theory of national domination, the other, hitherto the champion of a universal cause and of a creed of humanity and peace,

shamelessly reveals itself as a conquering power of the most vulgar type. The amazing and ominous thing about this is not the fact that such political reversals happen but that the nations involved suffer the doctrines, for years preached to them as a gospel, and the mutual hate and contempt, artificially infused in to them, suddenly to be forsaken and wiped out. The wholesale renunciations of all that authority had always held up as the highest truth demanding fanatical adherence, must be hard to swallow for individuals of some degree of culture. It is a paradoxical state of affairs. On the one hand these so-called ideologies are inflated with passion and delusion. They would seem to fill the mind to the bursting-point. On the other hand they can be pricked by the simplest practical circumstance of the moment and fall down. Evidently these ideologies are not the sort of thing the early Christian or the Protestant and Catholic martyrs of the sixteenth century died for.

But, it will be asked, do not people die for these ideologies in thousands? No doubt, but it would be rash to infer that the nations are dying for the several ideologies professed by their leaders. It is their country they are dying for. Here is the awful tragedy of modern war. Leviathan State, having fettered and paralysed civilization, is swallowing up all it can get hold of: the minds, the hearts, the lives of men, no matter what conception of cosmos or society may stand behind the furious combat of the parties.

There is still another grave obstacle which is liable to prevent cultural resurrection, the growing heterogeneity of the cultural ideal and of culture itself within the range of Western civilization. A really uniform Western civilization never existed, and could not exist. Horizontally according to national and geographical lines, and vertically according to classes and groups, our hemisphere has always presented that rich and fine pattern of as many cultural units as there were countries and nations. For many centuries the general type of Western civilization was conditioned by the Christian religion. After its hold on the minds as the dominating factor of social life slackened, there still remained for some time, say from about 1700 to 1850, a common aspiration towards an ideal of universal civilization based on freedom, peace, tolerance, prosperity, humanity and

education. The force which challenged the universalism of liberal ideals was Socialism. It shattered the liberal illusion by proclaiming the victory of the working man's cause the only way to the fulfilment of the promised bliss. But in so doing it not only maintained but even exalted the ideal of a uniform, or at least homogeneous world-civilization. Up to 1914 nobody could suspect that, instead of the day of reckoning coming near, an opposite current would set in, leading to the splitting of the ideal of homogeneous culture itself.

After 1918 the world was supposed to be safe for democracy, except for the danger of bolshevism. Meanwhile hyper-nationalism had begun to spread. It appeared first in a form that appealed to the sound instincts of those pursuing an efficacious policy, *viz.*, Italian fascism, then in that of German national-socialism, deeply tinged with the rancour of the lost war and rendered unsound from the beginning by the age-long inferiority-complex of the German nation. Both these forms soon developed a tendency to hem in national culture within the border-lines of the State. They imposed culture in a special, regularized form, and by coercive measures. They extolled primeval national self-glorification and vainglory and they were able to impose themselves on their peoples only because it was the half-educated masses who were the masters now. One powerful nation after another set up an ideal of a self-sufficient and separate civilization, renouncing and often abusing others who wished to maintain the older values, and virtually isolating themselves from the domain of a world-community. Standards of opinion and conduct, strange, unbelievable and sometimes disgusting to the world at large, became officially approved and prescribed doctrines at the other side of some European frontier. Even the measure of sanity is no longer identical in all countries.

It is clear that the mutual decrying of standpoints, systems and doctrines must lead to a helpless confusion of ethical and rational concepts in the common man's brain. His ethical equipment nowadays is poor enough, as it is. It is all very well to do away with ethics on philosophical grounds. It is easy enough to deny morality as a force or goodness and veracity as universal values. Unfortunately it is not so easy to deny

immorality, lying and fraud because their presence is too manifest. Nobody does, as a matter of fact. Is it not curious that just those sectarians of a moral system based on class interest and nothing else show the largest command of moral indignation and appropriate invective against their enemies? Has the history of religions already taken notice of the following fact?—Repentance is perhaps the most highly spiritual of all Christian virtues. It has always been so strictly linked up with the Christian faith, that the looser Christendom of the newer ages had almost forgotten it. Who rediscovered it? Who invented the new type of public repentance exhibited *ad nauseam* in their big political trials of recent years? Soviet-repentance, the newest article in our spiritual treasury!

The case for civilization would seem to stand rather badly. Large parts of the world and numbers of individuals do not yet present signs of the wholesale contagion, which does not mean they are immune from it. Can we detect signs that dispel the alarming visions of impending decay? Is it possible to describe a probable basis for regeneration and restoration of our civilization? We premised before that peace, law and order by themselves will not be enough. Peace, law and order will not work, unless they rest on the basis of a renewed sense of human culture. The most indispensable, though still only preliminary condition for such a renewal will be the restoration of political good faith. It is a platitude to repeat it, yet all the same it remains an all-important truth. No orderly intercourse between states and nations will ever be possible without a certain minimum of reliability universally acknowledged and generally practised. Even the ordinary minimum commonly exhibited in trade would be an enormous gain. Everybody admits that in trade you cannot do without some form of mutual credit. *Credit* has become so worn in our common speech that we hardly ever realize that it states most explicitly one of the highest ethical values of human life. Literally *credit* means: he trusts, he has faith in some other person. It expresses confidence, good faith, *i.e.*, a certain sacrifice, a surrender of your own absolute safety. Thus one of the most primitive forms of commerce, the so-called Silent trade, reposes on a sort of balance between confidence and distrust. Is it not strange that in the political

field there are many who not only reject the necessity of keeping faith, but also firmly believe that politics should be possible and even better without it?

Diplomacy, the inevitable instrument of politics, is often regarded as a play, and rightly so. We are used to expect from it tricks and devices and secrecies and dissimulations, all common in playing too. Still, we expect one thing more from our partner than skill alone: fair play, which means keeping to the rules. Now fair play again presupposes and includes mutual trust, good faith. If these latter are the essential and indispensable conditions of playing, how much more indispensable even must they be to this painfully bad performance called the life of nations!

So let us return to world-wide international good faith, once for all! Who begins?—Here we meet once more with an obstacle of the gravest kind. Mutual confidence between two parties requires first of all a common ground for them to stand upon. Each should be convinced, if not of his reasons for keeping faith, then at least of his duty to do so. Does such a common ground between the states and the nations exist in the present world? It is doubtful, or more than that. The ultimate ground for a mutual conviction of moral obligation can only reside in the metaphysical order of things. Unfortunately our machines and all that have made us so extremely stupid that most of us are likely to forget how we are linked up with the metaphysical at every step we take, at every thought we form. In face of the metaphysical, even if you should have no other word for it than simply death, all political concerns dwindle into nothingness. A serious and active restoration of Christianity or of another of the universal high forms of religion would be able to create the common ground and to effect the state of mind indispensable to real culture. Anybody may answer for himself, whether such a restoration seems near at hand.

If it is not, where are the regenerative forces to be looked for which may save civilization? Are there any signs of the acquisitive life loosening its grip on human collectivities or individuals? Or may we count as a healing factor the impending general reduction of consumption, which Professor Carr sees as an inevitable result of the crisis through which we are

passing ?* However healthy it may prove, it will not be enough as long as it only affects material life. There must be a reduction of cultural output and consumption as well. In my book, *In the Shadow of Tomorrow*, I suggested the urgent need of a certain restriction of culture, a voluntary renunciation by the human mind of all the superfluous, useless, trivial and insipid things that weigh down on present day civilization. Civilization always tends to grow luxurious, and thereby to decay. Ours has certainly become exuberant in nearly every respect. Honour, valour, firmness, resignation and many other good things that we stand in need of, have always been the product of some state of civilization in which sobriety and simplicity reigned throughout, as they did in the best days of Arab, Japanese or Roman culture.

If a civilized world cannot subsist without retrieving some of these values it is difficult to see other resources or promises of recovery but in our will to regain them. Whether we shall succeed will depend on the number of peoples and of persons all over the earth who remain anxious to select their own culture, and wish to keep together in some sort of mental aristocracy, of whatever kind it may be. Probably the greater part of the world is not willing to pass from democracy to demonocracy, bad pun and worse Greek though this may be. Let it be excused, because most truly the choice now seems to lie between pandemonium and pandemium, if this latter substantive may be excused too. It might serve to denote a world-wide society in which all peoples or nations, while keeping their previous individuality and particularity, would be able to live together held by a common bond of mutual and universal obligation, firm enough to preclude war and loose enough to guarantee freedom.

*E. H. Carr, *The Twenty Years' Crisis*, p. 305.

MOTHER BOGGAN

BY MARGARET DULEY

JOEL closed the door of his white-washed house and shambled across the meadow. As he went he plucked a taper of Timothy-hay, jabbing it between his teeth. It was the only way he knew of keeping his mouth shut. He was on his way to board his yellow dory and row out for a talk with Mother Boggan. The setting sun reddened her as a pillar of stone in the water with her face turned towards the horizon. More woman than rock she stood as a sentinel watching the fishermen return with the fruit of the sea. Clothed in her granite cape flowing to the water's edge, her under-skirts were of kelp, swirling like a frill. Mother Boggan's petticoats softened her Spartan figure, but Joel knew her bosom to be warm. After long sunny days he could lay his face against it and tell her about his day. The speckled hen had hatched out the gull's egg he brought from the woods, and the gull-chick was running around with the others unconscious of its difference. Annunciata Costello had sniggered at his offer of marriage, and his goat, Beaumont Hamel, bucked more every time he milked her !

Joel was the richest man in the village in actual cash, his wealth assured in the pension arriving on the second day of every month. Twelve O.H.M.S. envelopes every year, with a cheque of sixty dollars for Joel O'Toole ! And he was little different at forty than he had been at nineteen when they thought he was fit to fight for his country. Except that he was lonely. Unhappiness was too definite a word for his natural state, but misery, a nag of shapeless misery oppressed him when the sun didn't shine and warm Mother Boggan's bosom. Since his mother's death in July, 1914, she was the only person with time for his conversation.

Mother Boggan belonged to Joel. To the rest of the village, "she were a nasty bit of rock to run the skiff up agin". They

were mainly concerned with getting their boats past herself and Mad Moll crouching in front. Joel hated Mad Moll. Snaky and slimy with sea-weed hair she slobbered all day with the water going over her head. The sea kept Mother Boggan clean. On violent days it leaped towards her face but Joel had never seen it go over her head. In a village where dreams and omens were all of the sea, the water mustn't go over the head. When it did the people walked dumb with foreboding, waiting for the sea to take away.

Joel walked on a road separating the beach and the sea, from an arm of brackish water. The beach was built up with fish-rooms, high stage-heads with boats moored at the foot of ladders. On the stage-heads the fishermen ripped out the backbones of the cod, tossing them down to rot on the beach. There was a smell of offal blended with the clean tang of the sea. The arm penetrating spruce-clad country with its squares of meadow-land and potato-patches, was a glazed surface of black water. In the shade it was deep ebony, turning iridescent where it held a sunset and an upside-down world.

Walking so far Joel turned round to look. Chewing his cud of hay he yearned towards the world under the water. There was the sharp lines of the hills, a green boat keel to keel and his own house with its bright red door joining the other in the meadow. It made him feel richer to see his two homes. Some day he would enter his house through the high polish of the black water. But now Mother Boggan's bosom would be warm with sun-fire. His round eyes goggled towards the sea seeing a bright glow on his granite-mother. Spitting out his cud his jaw sagged in welcoming delight. He sprinted awkwardly over the beach towards his yellow dory.

* * * *

Joel's mother had watched over him every day of his life until she died. Then they took her to a place where tablets were white against dark trees. Aimless and feckless, Joel wandered with as much purpose as flotsam floating on the waves. He belonged to no one, and he had belonged all his life. His mother had told him when to get up, when to go to bed, when to blow his nose, when to do his simple chores, and when to sit down and rest by the fire. By some dumb routine of her

nineteen years' direction he went on as she had taught him. But he had no stay : nothing to rest on. His mother was dead. If he met the slightest variation from the usual he didn't know what to do.

When his solitary state had increased his witlessness, somebody told him there was a war on. It didn't mean anything to him. He would have been happy under any flag if his mother was with him to tell him what to do, but one day a man in a neat uniform took him by the arm and told him to come along and fight for his King and country. He laughed for the first time since they had taken his mother up the hill. Somebody had told him what to do ! He went gladly and submitted his body to unusual examination. They found it strong, and as his mother had taught him the difference between his right and left foot, they thought he was bright enough. He was content once more under constant direction, though it was not as kindly ordered as his mother's ways. Simple and stupid, he became the tolerated butt of his platoon. His own villagers thought he was "fair daft" to go off to the war. Several told him, "he was after bein' a fool", and one had muttered, while heaving the fish up to the stage-head, "let de Kings and t'ings that made de wah, fight the wah." But Joel had given his guffaw of foolish laughter. He didn't know what he was going to fight for, but he was glad to do as he was told. He was sent to a barracks in the City, and across the water to another in Scotland. There he stuck closer than ever to authority : took no leave and spent no money. He was obedient to the letter, but no roystering companion could make him touch a sip of beer, or go where there were women. His mother had told him to stay clean and drink no liquor. When he got to France he was bewildered, but his first day under fire told him he would never be killed. He was doing sentry duty with his mouth sagging and his throat dry, when he heard his mother's voice, "Joel, come here ; Joel, come here." Then more urgently, "Joel, come here." In responsive obedience he had stepped towards the voice and looked back to see a shell bursting where he had stood. Another time he didn't move quickly enough, and a bullet went through his haversack. At Beaumont Hamel where Newfoundlanders fell like ninepins, he couldn't be killed. His mother kept

stepping between him and his falling companions. He could feel her skirts and smell the homespun of her dress. Whenever she walked through, the man next to him was always killed. The battle and carnage didn't bother him. His mother kept calling him to the places that weren't being fired over. He was the only man in France that the war didn't touch in some way, but when the Armistice was signed he went before a board of grim looking men, who found him a bad shell-shock case, and gave him a large disability. It resulted in his wealth. He went back to his house with the red door, and began to court the girls. He remembered enough from his four years' service to call his goat, Beaumont Hamel.

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He was twenty-four when he was demobilized, and he settled back as if he'd never been away. He ambled across the beach, went out in his yellow dory, and looked for someone to talk to. But he was lonely! Everyone was busier than he. In a village where a living was dragged from the sea, where the fish had to be split and dried, and the women worked in houses and gardens from daylight to dark, there was little time for one who didn't have to struggle for his three meals a day. Joel's wealth became well known and its details established by the post-mistress. Prematurely aged mothers with seamed faces and backs humped from toil, told their daughters, "that they could do a sight worse than marry Joel". But the daughters thought differently. As they reached marriageable age he proposed to them all, but one by one they married others who went to sea for their daily bread, and planted their bit of ground for their turnips and potatoes. There was no other man in the village with ready cash like Joel, but none of the girls could marry him for it. They went the way of their mothers and became prematurely aged. His proposals were accompanied by loud guffaws of laughter, and even a marriage of expediency was repelled by his sagging mouth. Then he began to boast and accompany his proposal with a formula, "I've got a house, a goat and a dory; sixty dollars a month; a meadow and an apple-tree". He never mentioned the hens, because they varied in number, but the rest of his possessions were always static. His formula became the joke of the village on the rare

occasions when there was time for joking. Girls came to nineteen and twenty, and still more girls, but none of them would ever marry Joel. After each refusal he told it all to Mother Boggan. He began to ease his dory alongside, and talk his heart out to the woman in the granite cape. Mad Moll slobbered behind him, and seemed to remind him of his own sagging mouth. His own mother never came to him unless he was in danger. Only once since his return from France had he heard her voice, and that was during a thunder-storm in the woods. The lightning was playing about the tree-tops when he heard the unmistakable command, "Joel, come here, Joel, come here!" He had run from a place to let a tree fall without crushing him. But although he was safe, he shambled in loneliness, and many times he wished for another war to get in the sanctuary of direction.

Time passed. Season succeeded season. Fugitive summer followed bleak spring. Autumn gave itself with a fierce beauty to winter. Winter took the village and cased it in snow and ice. The sharpness of living touched everyone but Joel, and over it all thundered the angry voice of the sea. It beat against caverned cliffs and ran in foaming rage up the beach. Stage-heads were sucked back, fish-rooms disappeared, to be erected again in the spring with unquestioning patience. Nature found man puny, and reminded him of his state. While the rest of the village struggled, watching the sea destroy, Joel almost hibernated. He only left his house with the red door to go and have a talk with Mother Boggan. But many times she stood remote and inaccessible, doubly petrified in a cloak of gleaming ice. Then his mouth sagged further, and he huddled back to his kitchen and piled more spruce on the fire. He found himself forty, with new generations growing up around him. He was now proposing to the daughters of the girls he had known when he came back from the war. Somewhere in the thick spiritual sense of him, he was beginning to get very tired. Misery was a dull insensate thing with thin tentacles of pain. Every now and then he had a flash of sharp unhappiness, but it fell back to formlessness before he could shape it to his mind. He came to the day when he met Annie.

Annie was twenty: a little stout, with brown eyes and creamy skin like the under-belly of a Jersey cow. She came of

respectable people who had kept the breath of life in their bodies by hard work. But her father had met three bad years, and his savings were eaten up. If this summer's fishery failed, the disgrace of the dole, and the dreaded spectre of the relieving-officer lay heavily on their minds. So far the summer had been scant in returns from the sea. There was nothing in the traps, nothing on the trawls, and little to hope from the hook and the line. Starvation or the dole stared them in the face. Their few vegetables could not maintain them.

Joel met Annie on the edge of a reedy lily pond during one of his aimless wanderings inland. It was a day of sharp beauty, clear light and bold outline of distant hills. As he parted the alders and saw the pond his jaw sagged in awe to the incredible beauty. One of his few streaks of intense living pierced the dullness of his brain. The slim reeds waved on the water in long lines of purple and green shading patches of lilies. Their white petals were flung open falling away from golden hearts. Piercingly yellow and waxen white they gleamed like solidified light burning heart shaped leaves. Annie was straining towards a lily just out of reach, and Joel tried to get it for her. He fell in to the knees with loud guffaws of laughter. Clumsily he splashed out and sat down with his legs stuck out to dry in the sun. But Annie was gentle and talked to him without a snigger. Insensibly his guffaws became less frequent and more modulated. He found he could tell her about his world of little things, and she had patience to hear of the gull's egg he had brought from the woods, and put under the speckled hen. The pond, the delicate beauty of the waving reeds, Annie, and the water lilies intensified his loneliness. His eyes grew rounder and he saw Annie wistfully.

"Marry me, Annie?" he asked without a guffaw. "I got—"

"I know what you've got, Joel. Don't tell me." But she said it without a giggle, or a 'get on with you' toss of the head.

He stared hopefully at her. "Marry me, A-annie?" he stuttered.

No fish! Nothing in the traps or on the trawls! Her father's face getting thinner and his stomach more shrunken. Her mother working her fingers to the bone, twisting and turning trying to make both ends meet. Already they knew the

deprivation of vital necessities. It was the dole for her people with their simple pride in the independence they wrested from the sea! Joel whom no girl would marry! How impossible was it? Sixty dollars a month, and the amount he must have saved up! It was a fortune! She looked at the lily-pond and then she looked at Joel. His face was clean! His mother had taught him that, but his clothes were a mass of creases and some of his buttons were off. She raised her eyes hastily to his face seeing his sagging mouth and furry teeth! But Joel had never got so far before.

"Marry me, Annie?" he said with grinning hope.

"Joel, I, I—"

Joel felt like a man, he even snatched at her hand. His was clammy and cold with the nails almost bitten down to the moons. The clear health of her flesh recoiled. But her father and mother? If she could shut out the lily-pond with its pure white flowers.

"Marry me, Annie?" panted Joel. He was breathing down her neck, and she could see the awful wetness of his mouth.

"Joel, I-I-I—"

"Giv'us a kiss, Annie?"

She leaped to her feet and Joel stood loutishly up. He made a grab at her and held her arms. "Giv'us a kiss, Annie?"

That would tell. If she could kiss him without dying she could marry him! She closed her eyes on the lily-pond, and the kiss from the sagging mouth smacked from her chin to her nose leaving a wet horror. Her flesh crawled and she flung her people to the dole. Her eyes woke on the lily-pond and she knew the nature of defilement. She ran through the alders.

"Marry me, Annie?" shouted Joel.

"No, no, no!" A remnant of caution made her scream. "I'll tell you to-morrow night by the fish-room." The alders closed round her.

Joel sat back on the bank, and grinned at the lilies. He was going to be married, he was going to be married! Annie would have him, he knew Annie would have him. She hadn't sniggered and she talked to him like his mother. To-night he would tell Mother Boggan, and her bosom would be warm with sun-fire.

The formlessness of his mind blurred to a soft content. He was going to be married !

The setting sun poured a nasturtium red over Mother Boggan, and the grey of her cloak took on a glamorous richness. The sea was so calm that it didn't stir the frills of her petticoats. The edge of the shore held no line of white. All the men in the boats were squidding for bait, and the water was red with their teeming plenty.

Much bait and no fish, thought Annie, as she came down the hill. Some years it was all fish and no bait.

Annie lived on the other side of the arm away from Joel, and as she approached, she could see his house with the red door, and another upside down in the water. It looked a nice house under the water, a house any girl would be glad to live in. But it was like the lilies in the middle of the pond : something out of reach. It was a different house in the meadow with Joel as the reason for living there. She knew now what she was going to do to help her people. She had lain awake all night, and the pale dawn on the sea had brought her light for her darkness.

Joel was looking at Mother Boggan staring from an angle that hid Mad Moll. But even she wasn't slobbering that night, and her head rested quietly on the grey-green sea. In profile Joel's mouth was just as bad, and as he turned from his contemplation of Mother Boggan his eyes seemed so round that they couldn't close. She had the feeling that he slept with them open. He shambled towards her with a foolish grin, and they scrunched over the beach and stood in the shade of the fish-house. Annie stood looking at the back-bones of the cod-fish.

"Goin' to marry me, Annie ?"

She raised her eyes. "No, Joel, I'm sorry." She was the first girl that had ever refused him gently. Joel's mind became sharper with misery.

"Not goin' to marry me, Annie ?" he goggled.

"No, Joel. I'm going to the City in service. I can get a good place and I'll send money home."

"But Annie, I got—"

"I know, Joel."

"Y'couldn't do for me, Annie ? No trouble t'you ; Shockin' lonesome ; Gettin' old. All the money for ye, Annie."

His eyes were a round emptiness of misery. Annie saw him pitifully.

"I'm sorry, Joel. Good-bye."

"Goin', Annie ? Giv'us a kiss for good-bye now, Annie ?"

"No, no," she said hastily. "Good-bye, Joel, good-bye." Her departing feet made hasty disturbance on the grey stone beach.

Joel stood leaning against the wall of the fish-room. He was still there when the red faded out of the sun leaving the world cold and grey. The sea kept spots of emerald where the water was shallow and opaque green where it deepened. The hills became hard lines against the dimming sky, and the black eyes of the caves peered out at the night. When Joel stirred towards his yellow dory the warmth had been drained from the village. When he reached Mother Boggan, she was grey stone ; a hard woman with a cold bosom. He sagged in his boat and looked down at her skirts. Under the water they floated gently with tight sea-weed buds.

* * * * *

The sharp brilliance of summer changed to rain. The fishermen went to sea in yellow oil-skins and made no change in their work. The gardens had been parched for rain, and now they got it. In the strong excesses of nature it didn't know when to stop. For twelve days and nights it streamed down, and saturated the vegetation to damaging point. Growth came to the verge of mould, and green leaves were alive with snails. There were no intervals of sun. Perseveringly it rained in long straight lines, varying only to a slant when the wind changed. It filled the holes and hollows in the rocks and made puddles to dance on. The large surface of the sea, and the arm of brackish water rippled with the tread of rain, like a wild aquatic dance. Everybody was busy with the effort of keeping the scant catch of fish from mouldering in the fish-rooms. They were piled up head to tail, waiting for a break in the weather.

Joel's world was sodden around him. His fire-wood was always damp, his feet were wet, the goat's hair was dripping, and drops trickled on his hands when he milked her. The grass became soaked, and the tapers of Timothy hay were beaten to a list. Mother Boggan had become a rain-woman, and no sun-

fire warmed her bosom. All day he sat in his kitchen, in his house with the red door, and did nothing but the merest necessities of life. His formless misery changed to a wet wretchedness, but he didn't know what to do about it.

On the twelfth twilight the rain ceased, and if it had been dawning day the sun would have come through. A few gleams of hidden colour streaked in the western sky. The fisherman looked up and knew they could spread out their fish to-morrow.

Joel dragged himself through the meadow. His boots became sopping wet, but he shambled down to the beach. It was a washed world and the sun would have to be strong to drink the surplus moisture. Silently he unmoored his yellow dory and rowed out. The outline of everything was smudged, as if the rain had washed the hard edges away. He rowed between Mother Boggan and Mad Moll, and eased gently alongside of Mother Boggan. He shipped his oars, threw out his anchor and just sat. It grew dusk and he hadn't moved. A gull flew whitely by and his round eyes followed it over Mother Boggan's head. He put out his hand and touched her grey cloak. Then he stood up and laid his face against her granite bosom. It was wet, wet, full of wet wretchedness, and all around him rolled the sea with a long oily swell. There was nothing but wetness everywhere. Miserably he put his arms around his granite Mother, and tried to press himself closer. He stood up on the seat of his dory to reach her granite neck. He put his face against it, and didn't know whether it felt cold, or wet, or both. Mad Moll slobbered a bit behind him : she seemed to be gulping down the rolling sea. He gave a loud laugh. Mad Moll must have a big stomach ; His feet lost the seat of his dory and a screech came out of his mouth. Wildly he kicked with his arms round Mother Boggan's neck until the dory bobbed gently out of reach. He was panting, and his round eyes goggled and protruded. Then he heard his Mother's voice, "Joel, come here ! Joel, come here !" It came from the hem of Mother Boggan's skirts. Then from further down. "Joel come here ! Joel, come here !" His mouth changed to a happy grin and his round eyes smiled. The voice came again from below the sea-weed frills of Mother Boggan's skirts. "Joel, come here !"

INDIA AND HER FUTURE

BY EDWARD THOMPSON

TO understand how the Indian deadlock arose, we must remember the former criticism of this country's foreign policy, which was common to Indian political leaders, our own Left and some Conservatives and the deepening concern of Indian opinion with India's international status. Ever since December 1927 (when only Manchuria and parts of China were threatened by aggression), in its annual meetings the Indian National Congress stressed with steadily growing stringency 'the right of the Indian people to refuse to participate, in any war 'without their express permission'. China, Abyssinia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Albania, a sequence of helpless suffering, struck the popular consciousness. At its Tripuri meeting, March, 1939, almost simultaneously with the Nazi seizure of Prague, Congress passed its annual resolution in terms of particularly drastic frankness.

Meanwhile, we in this country were not unnaturally watching mainly our own affairs, and the little interest given to India at the best of times grew even less. In the summer, Parliament—by an action which passed almost unnoticed by itself, and was taken as one of those automatic precautions before an expected crisis—pulled back into the Viceroy's hands in case of war (by an Amending Act to the Government of India Act) the extensive powers of self-government given to the Indian provincial elected assemblies. Thereby it brought "into prominence the fact of the very subordinate position which the liberties of the Indian people occupy in the counsels of Britain and the ease with which those liberties can be touched and frustrated, while, whenever there is a question of enlarging them, all imaginable difficulties and obstacles are put forward as ground for not taking any forward move"*.

*Mr. Purushottamdas Tandon, Speaker of the United Provinces Assembly.

To make clear how the crisis arose when war was declared, the Congress standpoint (which in this matter of India's international status was held by the overwhelming majority of all parties) must be stated yet further. It is true that by her Constitution, foreign policy (which involves the power of making war or keeping peace) is a reserved subject. The slight to Indian self-respect may by some be styled merely formal. But in international matters the formal is often all-important. Moreover, circumstances exacerbated the grievance. At the Sudeten crisis many in Britain had asked, 'Why should England fight for Czechoslovakia?' which the Premier had called a far-off country of which we know little. Both Czechoslovakia and Poland are considerably farther off from India than from Britain. When war came, England's nearest neighbour, Eire, was allowed to be neutral: South Africa hesitated; Iraq and Egypt (whose levies are for use only inside their own borders) and the Indian Princes were their own spokesmen. Only British India was made a belligerent without the formality of any consultation of either her Central Assembly or her eleven Provincial Assemblies, and was told she must fight, 'not because we choose to fight, but because England wants us to fight'.* The National Congress, which was His Majesty's Government in eight Provinces, appointed a War Emergency Committee, which issued a statement asking what were the British Government's War Aims and how these would be applied in India.

Indignation has been expressed at the impropriety of 'bargaining' during our difficulties. But India too has her difficulties, and her Governments must now subordinate these to ours, and postpone reform schemes; a war with Germany takes precedence of all other activities, and every Empire Cabinet must make itself a War Cabinet. It is a drastic action to tell another country that its sons are required in our cause, and it is no reply (though it was made to me in New Delhi) to say that India has not been asked to provide any casualties. There is no telling how wide a sweep this war may yet take, and in any case the moral question remains. When passions are deeply stirred, the moral question will always brush aside the merely

*The United Provinces' Premier.

legal. In the American Revolution this country had a strong case against the Revolutionaries. But they focussed the quarrel on the statement that Taxation Without Representation Is Tyranny, and the after-judgment of history and of our own consciences has given the case against us. 'India', said a distinguished soldier to me, 'has a strong moral case'. The Congress leaders were so sure of this case, and of Indian approval far outside their own following, that they were prepared to appeal to the whole world on this one question, of the right of one nation to commit another nation to war.

There was no question concerning the war's origins. The conscience of India was with us. 'Some Congressmen tell you', said Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to me, 'that it is not possible to make India enthusiastic on your side. But I know they are wrong. In the last war there was a doubt about your cause, and whenever you had defeats there was rejoicing. But now? You will have defeats, of course, and some may be serious, and there will be the old temptation to feel pleasure. But everyone knows your cause is just'. 'I am convinced', said perhaps the most respected British official in India, 'that we have lost a tremendous opportunity'.

Subsequent events can be summed up briefly. Congress waited while the Viceroy interviewed fifty-two persons, and then (October 19) issued a statement whose two points were: that the British Government authorized him to say that at the end of the war it would be 'very willing to enter into consultations' with the different groups 'with a view to securing their aid and co-operation in framing such modifications' in the Constitution 'as may seem desirable': and that, as a war measure, selected Indians would be called in to help in propagandizing their country. 'A consultative group . . . over which the Governor-General himself will preside . . . would be summoned at his invitation and would have as its object the association of public opinion in India with the conduct of the war and with questions relating to war activities'.

These 'consultative groups' are well known; they are attached to almost everything. It was felt, further, that a Viceroy who had consulted in succession 52 persons had All India as his consultative group, and could summon by telegram

anyone he wished to see. As to the other proposal, the vaguely worded offer of another Round Table Conference, the memory of the former Conference is a matter of humiliation. Looking back, Indians feel that the upshot was an exposure of their weakness before the whole world. They are loth to repeat the experience, with all its backstairs intrigue and the bargaining of this and that British and Indian interest. The Viceroy's statement had few friends. No political document was ever so swiftly and completely discarded. As a first response, the Congress Working Committee or 'Higher Command', meeting in emergency session, pulled out its Ministries, and eight provinces passed back under autocratic rule. Congress presently issued its double demand, that India be declared an Independent Nation and that the new Constitution be drawn up by delegates elected by a Constituent Assembly, based on the widest possible franchise, and that in the making of this Constitution Britain should play no part. The Viceroy, from time to time holding fresh interviews, moved the problem on to the communal basis, and issued statements saying that only the problem of the minorities, and especially the Hindu-Muslim quarrel, held up the swift realization of Dominion Status. To this Congress answered, with some exasperation, that its Ministries did not resign on the communal question and that Dominion Status has become a catchword of yesterday, of no interest in the world of to-day.

Fortunately, the situation cleared, at least to this extent, that it became apparent how widespread was the desire for a settlement, and many in all parties began to be willing to admit that their own party had made mistakes. Many officials conceded privately that they saw the Congress point of view. Congress estranged many Indians sympathetic with it, by demanding an Independence they did not desire and for which they felt India was far from ready. The demand for a Constituent Assembly, too, seemed doctrinaire and unpractical. Finally, the Muslim League, which was in the conflict as a third party, mainly hostile to Congress, overplayed its hand by declarations that democracy was unsuited to India and by a demand that there should be no constitutional advance unless the League first vetted it in all its details.

It is easy to show in India, where the facts are well understood, that the Muslim League has overplayed its hand, and badly. But in this country it is customary to assume a Muslim solidarity and to assume also that Congress is a Hindu organization. 'Seventy million Muslims', we are told continually, 'will never consent to be put under the heel of a Hindu *raj*.' Since in four provinces the Muslims are in a majority, it is clear that here, at any rate, there is a danger of the boot being on the other leg. The matter, however, is more complex than this, and merits some analysis. Congress, whose rolls are for the current year alone and take no account of members who may have lapsed recently and temporarily, claims some four and a half million members on a four-anna annual subscription basis. In this number are several hundred thousand Muslims. The Muslim League is now organized on a two-anna basis, and, though no one seems to know its membership, beyond doubt it is very considerable, and the League is the most powerful of all Muslim organizations. Even so, it has not managed to form a single Muslim Government. In the North-West Frontier Province, where the Hindus form a tiny group, there was a Muslim Congress Government. Sind, another Muslim Province, has a Muslim Government with which Congress is on friendly terms, and the Muslim League is in opposition. In Bengal, originally, the Congress was the largest single group, and as such could have formed the Government on a Coalition basis, with the present Muslim Premier (who was then a Congressman) in the Cabinet. But two and a half years ago Congress was against Coalitions, and refused, whereupon a mainly Muslim Government was formed out of the Praja (peasant) party, the second largest group, and the Muslim League, then the third largest group, with some Hindu assistance. This Government keeps a precarious majority, by the support of the strong European group of 25 Members. The Punjab has another Coalition Government, under a strong and shrewd Premier, Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, and this is the one Province in which Congress is really weak, a fact which (it will later be seen) is the crux of the whole Indian situation.

So much for the four Muslim Provinces. Speaking of India more generally, we must remember that the Muslim League is

itself opposed by well organized smaller Muslim bodies, such as the Ahrars, the Momins, the Jamiat-ul-Ulema, and also by the Shiahhs, who claim to be 20 per cent. of India's Muslim population. Nevertheless, the Muslim League is the spearhead of a real and deep-seated Muslim hostility to Hinduism, a hostility which is economic and religious far more than it is political but obtains its present driving force from the League and its energetic President, Mr. Jinnah. By and large, the Muslims in India are the have-nots, the Hindus the haves, and Muslim memory goes back to a time, say some thirty years ago, when the Congress, under such men as Tilak and Lajpat Rai, was what it cannot now be fairly styled, a Hindu body, and often a bigotedly Hindu body. There will never be a 'settlement' of the Hindu Muslim problem, any more than of the similar religious problems of the Balkans and Syria. All that can, and should, happen is a generous convention given by the major community to the Muslims and other minorities, by which for a period of years, until educational and economic disparities have greatly lessened, the latter are granted the protection of representation far in excess of their numbers, in both legislatures and public services.

It is commonly said that Hindu-Muslim relations have never been worse than at present. This is nonsense. There is nothing happening in India at all comparable with the murderous battles of only a few years ago, in Lahore, Cawnpur, Calcutta and many other places. Nevertheless, relations have become exacerbated, and for a rather interesting reason.

When the elections were held, no one was prepared for the overwhelming victory of Congress in the United Provinces, in many ways the key province. There were some rather hurried changes of allegiance, Congress Muslims preferring to fight Muslim seats as members of the Muslim League. When the elections were over and Cabinets were being formed, after much excited argument behind the scenes the Muslim League was refused places in Congress Cabinets. Being refused a share of power, the League went into opposition, and very embittered opposition. This single incident had more to do with the present hostility than anything else that has happened. Hitherto, Congress and the League from the latter's beginnings, 34 years ago, had been rival organizations but not necessarily

hostile ones. They had drawn together in alliance at the time of the Lucknow Pact (1916) and the Khilafat agitation of post-war years, and it had been possible to be members of both bodies and to attend both annual meetings, which for many years were held at the same places and passed largely identical resolutions for submission to the Government.

It is now widely, though far from universally, admitted in Congress circles that the exclusion of the League from a share in power was a mistake. I have argued this with Congress Premiers, and they have stressed the tiny size of the Cabinets. The Central Provinces have only 4 Ministers; the United Provinces, for a population of 50 millions, have 6. Great Britain has a Cabinet of 23, and numerous Under-Secretaries and other Ministers. This absurdity is among the things that must be set right whenever self-government returns; it might have been possible in the days of autocratic rule to govern a country by half-a-dozen officials, but the Minister of to-day has to be present in the Legislature to meet questions and criticisms, has to see constituents, to tour widely and open public buildings, to deal with a spate of correspondence. Ministers have been overworked. But, to return to the refusal to include Muslim League members in Congress Cabinets, I was told, 'You cannot have a strong Cabinet unless it is homogeneous. Coalition Cabinets are always weak, and often wicked. Besides, when we have so few places to offer, why should we squeeze out Muslims who have supported us, to find room for those who abused and opposed us?' Nevertheless, if you reserve seats for minorities in the Legislatures you will never get it out of the minorities' heads that by a necessary corollary they should have the same reserved representation in the Cabinets. Until 'separate electorates' are abolished (by which in reserved seats only Muslims vote for Muslims and Hindus for Hindus) it is not possible for party politics to develop on non-communal lines; the National Congress is the only organization that matters, that has adopted a non-communal basis. India, until separate electorates go, must pass through a period of Coalition Governments. The only way Congress, if it ever takes office again, can draw the sting of opposition is by frankly taking into its Cabinets (which of course must be much larger) its professed

enemies. This has happened in Great Britain, and though no one has much opinion of the results, still the King's Business gets done after a fashion.

* * * * *

I turn to the Congress demands, which are :

1. India to be declared an Independent Nation.
2. A Constitution chosen as the result of a Constituent Assembly.
3. A Declaration of our War Aims.

It is certain that no conceivable British Government could accept the first demand, least of all in the midst of a war. There are generally said to be three reasons against India's Independence: the Minorities, the Princes, and the Problem of Defence.

India's Independence is the official creed of the Muslim League and Congress alike. But the real argument for its impossibility now is the Indian Army, which comes almost entirely from four provinces, and has its strength in the Punjab. The war so far has been a good war for the Punjab which gets the benefit of the military roads and the contracts for fodder and stores, and sepoys' wages. If at any time it should become a serious war for India, then the Punjab will give some cause for thought. Nevertheless, it would be impossible for the British Government to withdraw from India until there has been a radical readjustment of the Army, and a wider range of recruitment. It would be impossible to leave India with one heavily armed Province and so many that are hardly armed at all. 'Independence' comes to a nation in three ways :

1. Victory in war.
2. The possession of practical Independence for so long that the name also can be taken whenever it is decided to take it, as Canada for example could decide.
3. A practically united demand, such as the Irish Sinn Feiners were able to present when they had suppressed dissidents or (a nobler example) Norway to Sweden, thirty years ago.

None of these ways is as yet open to India, least of all to the Congress, whose creed is non-violence.

As regard the Princes, the present Congress line is to leave them out, leaving any State free to come into federation with British India if it accepts for itself British Indian standards of democratization and allows its representatives to be elected. As

regards the third difficulty, the Minorities, they can be brought into agreement with the Majority, by a Convention framed on the most generous and sweeping lines.

The demand for a Constituent Assembly is largely due to Pandit Nehru, one of the very few hundred-per-cent. democrats in any country. Still more, it is the Appeal to Cæsar, the answer to the charge that Congress 'does not represent India'. It plainly does not represent those who oppose it; even our own National Government does not represent every single Englishman. But, to those who doubt its authority, by this demand Congress answers, 'Then let us appeal to India as a whole, on the basis of the humblest and poorest as well as the few educated. Call a Constituent Assembly, and from it elect Delegates to frame the new Constitution.'

We can, however, get at the back of the various demands that are coming from India, and find out essentials, desired by all parties. They are three in number :

1. Never again will India allow herself to be declared a belligerent in a far-off war that has resulted from another country's foreign policy.
2. She has what she regards as a 'dictated' Constitution, and means to have one of her own choice.
3. The war must be made what it is not as yet, a reality to India, by a declaration of our war aims.

This does not mean war aims as some French politicians mean them; the possible dismemberment of Germany, France taking the left bank of the Rhine, Habsburgs or Hohenzollerns returning. It means some statement that brings an emotional and imaginative people the assurance that they are our comrades in an effort that is going to bring not Europe only, but all the world, more happiness and more justice than ever before.

Finally, while our side, not unnaturally, are thinking of an Indian settlement along the familiar lines, of communal balance and compromise, the Indian leaders are dreaming of a reconstruction far more thorough, on the lines of an essentially peasant civilization. Britain has given India good things, including one of the best of all, unbroken peace over an immense area and tract of time. But that peace has held things static so long that a score of internal problems have overtaken this generation, and clamour for strong treatment.

The Princes are certainly one of these. There are some

580 States of widely varying powers and importance. Close on fifty have an area of one square mile or less ; another hundred of 5 miles or less. The revenues and population of very many are ridiculously tiny. The States have become an economic impossibility and a political scandal. Only 21 in all reach a population of 2 millions and/or a revenue exceeding 50 lakhs (about £375,000), the standards which the Congress has suggested (and surely not unreasonably) as requisite for recognition as a tolerable administrative unit.

To conclude : it should be possible to meet the essential demands, while rejecting (as any British Government would) demands that India be declared forthwith an Independent Nation and that the British stand aside at the making of the Constitution. It is now more than 20 years since Dominion Status was promised. A promise that this pledge would be implemented as soon as the war ends, and an assurance that the new Constitution will not be a 'dictated' one, although the Government asserts its right to share in the making and to play a useful part which no other can play, would bring relief and immediate acceptance. Mr. Gandhi, to whom the Congress Working Committee have left the issues of peace and war, intends to have a settlement if he can obtain terms that give him a chance against his own people. Time is no more a neutral in this Indian problem than in the European war ; he is steadily whittling away the probabilities of a good-tempered agreement on tolerable terms. There is stirring in India a restlessness of which I find people in this country have no conception. Dominion Status is no magic incantation, that will set everything on a satisfactory path to the millenium. The next two years in India will be touch and go, and a widespread and desperate attempt at violent change can be averted only if Dominion Status is merely the starting-point for a tremendous work of reconstruction by Britain and India in co-operation, a work economic even more than political, and long overdue. Without the political settlement nothing can be done. But the political settlement is merely the first essential.

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STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

HAVE Hitler and his advisers yet definitely decided on the course of action they will follow this year ? Are they still hesitating whether to risk their fate in a great offensive or to adopt a defensive policy trusting to wear down the determination of the Allies by peace offensives and a war of nerves ?

In spite of the threats they have so often uttered there are, I think, clear indications that they fully realize what a desperate gamble offensive action would mean. Goering's speech of February 16, in which he warned the Germans that their powers of endurance would be tested, showed little confidence that a quick victory by offensive action could be hoped for. It may have been a warning that an offensive might result in stalemate or an indication of a decision to stand on the defensive. Personally I read it as an indication of an intention to pursue a defensive policy.

The evident desire of Germany to extricate Russia from the Finnish entanglement and her jubilation at the results of that war also, I think, indicate a hope to establish conditions favourable to a defensive policy. The prospects of obtaining supplies from Russia, and of having her help in maintaining pressure on the Danubian countries, increase in importance the longer war is expected to last. By applying pressure on the Scandinavian countries, whether openly or by implication, to prevent the intervention of the Allies in Finland, Germany has retained the advantage of the passage way through Norwegian territorial waters and her communication with the Swedish Iron and the Finnish Nickel mines :—advantages of greater importance in a prolonged struggle than in a *Blitzkrieg* waged

mainly with accumulated reserves. On the other hand, if a *Blitzkrieg* offensive had been decided on, it might be argued that Germany would have been well pleased to see British and French strength dissipated in a war with Russia. In that event it is unlikely that Germany would have been compelled to send assistance to her partner though she might have had opportunities of attacking the sea communications of the Allied forces and of using effectively her war vessels confined in the Baltic.

But, if Germany has decided on a defensive struggle, hoping that the Allies may eventually accept the *fait accompli* in Eastern Europe, her chief interest is evidently to keep Russia out of the war, and British war-ships out of the Black Sea. Russia, if she were drawn in, not only would need all her own products but her oil wells would be in danger. In fact if it becomes evident that Germany will not commit herself to an offensive the Allies might eventually find it advisable to take positive action against Russia.

Considering that the strength of the Allies is daily increasing the mere fact that Germany has not yet initiated offensive operations may also be an indication of her hesitation to risk the gamble. The season for offensives, judging by the precedent of the last war, may be said to open in March. Possibly owing to the exceptional character of the weather this year, the season is late in opening.

Hitler, perhaps, has waited to see if the Sumner Welles's mission would open prospects of a successful peace offensive. If he had hopes in that direction they are likely to be dashed, for it is obvious that if anything were needed to stiffen the determination of the Allies to see the War brought to a definite conclusion the fate of Finland provides it.

We may assume therefore that Germany will be left with the alternatives of pursuing a defensive or an offensive policy. If she has not yet decided on which course to follow her decision must soon be taken. I myself believe that the result of the Finnish War will decide Germany to remain on the defensive. That is to say, that she will neither open a totalitarian air-offensive nor seek to gain a decision by attempts to break through or to turn the Allies' defences.

Nothing has occurred to encourage a belief that a decision can be obtained by ruthless air warfare. Even in Finland where it could be waged with overwhelming forces and without fear of reprisals it had little influence on the result of the war, except so far as it may have affected the supplies of the Finnish Army. Its moral effect was, as in other cases, to stiffen the will to resist. Nor is there any indication that Germany has abandoned her determination not to expose her people to reprisals. The growing strength of the Allied Air Force affords every reason why she should adhere to that determination.

There seems even less likelihood that the German General Staff will be encouraged by Russian experiences in the Karelian Isthmus to attempt to break through the Maginot Line. Such success, and it was far from complete, that the Russians had was due to the inability of the Finns to find reliefs for exhausted men, and perhaps still more to their lack of reserves with which to counter attack when posts were lost.

The Russian troops showed no lack of courage and some at least were trained to a fairly high standard. They were supported by masses of artillery and innumerable tanks. German troops might have suffered less appalling casualties owing to better training and leadership and would probably have made more effective use of their artillery, but even the best trained Germans are not supermen, and their bodies and their tanks are vulnerable to fire. If they were called on to attack French or British defences they would be met by fresh troops and by a volume of artillery and small arm fire far exceeding that which the Finns could develop. It is possible that artillery technique superior to that of the Russians might lead to minor successes but the Allies would have ample reserves for counter attack. On the whole the Russian experiences serve as a warning rather than an encouragement to leaders ordered to break through highly organized defences and it is obvious that the expenditure of munitions to achieve even partial success would be terrific.

Now that the Dutch, Belgians and Swiss have been given time to improve their defences and to mobilize their armies, an attack on their positions would be a serious undertaking which, even if successful, would almost certainly seriously reduce the strength of the German Army and its ability to meet the full strength

of the allied forces whether in the open or behind their prepared defences. The chief advantage that the Germans might gain by attacking through neutral territory would be that it might introduce an element of surprise as to the exact points selected for their main attack; and that should, as might be expected, the Allies move troops to the assistance of the countries attacked their columns might suffer from air attack. Such danger would be no greater, and in fact probably less, than the Germans would encounter when carrying out their initial deployment, for the Allied troops would be moving under the protection of previously organized ground defences. We have not, however, as yet had experience of the effect of air attack on troop movement when the opposing air forces are approximately equal and ground defences well organized.

I have so far been arguing against the probability of the Germans seeking a decision either by unrestricted air attack or by a *blitzkrieg*. But it has been suggested that they might attempt to gnaw their way through the Maginot line by deliberate siege operations. I hardly think such a course is likely, for the Maginot line constitutes a fortress containing an immense field army in reserve whose strength would be little affected by siege operations. The besieger on the other hand would have to expend enormous quantities of his material and would have to expose his field troops to immense losses in fighting his way forward, especially as he would be exposed to persistent air attack and to devastating artillery fire.

On the whole though it is rash to prophesy I arrive at the conclusion that if the Germans are not driven to taking offensive action by economic conditions—and the result of the Finnish war seems to make that less probable—they will adopt a defensive policy. Does that, however, mean that they will sit inactive behind their western wall waiting for the Allies to attack them. That would mean fighting on German soil and the loss of the Saarbrücken mines. I should expect them rather to advance against the outpost zone of the Maginot line in an endeavour to engage the Allied troops in comparatively open warfare.

It is conceivable that they might with the same object of fighting in the open and off German territory, invade

Luxembourg and possibly Belgium and Holland without committing themselves to the attack of heavily fortified positions. A war of even limited manoeuvre might appear to offer German troops more scope than purely defensive action which would leave the initiative entirely with the Allies.

Whether the advantages to be gained by violating their neutrality would compensate for the loss of such trade as they still maintain with the Low countries is not easy to say; but we must admit that the co-operation of the Dutch and Belgian armies would not greatly increase the offensive power of the Allies. It would introduce complications of command, administration, armaments and general strategic policy which might be turned to German advantage.

What ever system the Germans might decide to adopt in defensive operations they would, it may be presumed, be associated with intensification of their attacks on Allied shipping. If such attacks included air attacks on seaports the question of what form reprisals would take must arise. The German ports exposed to reprisal attack would neither be of vital importance nor easily approached and they would be well defended. The whole question of reprisals is however one of policy rather than strategy.

What action the Allies will take if the Germans remain on the defensive is hardly a matter for speculation. Obviously however, an indefinite continuance of inactivity would be dangerous, undermining determination with sheer boredom.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE seventh month of the war affords an occasion for a stocktaking of the results at sea. Up to the middle of March Great Britain had lost by sinking about 640,000 tons of shipping out of 21,000,000 tons, or some 3 per cent. of her tonnage. By captures and new construction this percentage is reduced to a little over one per cent. Germany, out of her 4,000,000 tons of shipping had lost $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of her tonnage by capture or her own act of scuttling, and the remaining $92\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lie idle in her own or neutral ports except a small number making voyages in the Baltic or within neutral Scandinavian waters.

The figures of tonnage lost do not alone give a complete picture of the situation at sea. The object of sea warfare—or rather in that part of it which is directed against enemy commerce—is to deprive the enemy of those supplies which he obtained from overseas. Germany has been deprived of the carrying power of practically the whole of her merchant tonnage. All of it has ceased to pay. The losses which Great Britain has sustained have not stopped the flow of British shipping. There has been an inevitable reduction in the volume, but that reduction is not due itself to the losses. The need of sailing in convoy introduces delays, zig-zagging and diversion of routes make passages slower, and a number of merchant ships have been employed on services other than trading; troops have been carried from Australia, New Zealand and Canada, ships have been transferred to the Navy as auxiliary cruisers, and others engaged in the carriage of stores to fleets and squadrons, armies, garrisons and air forces in oversea parts.

The outstanding point to observe is that the British merchant navy continues adequately to render its services to the country while the German mercantile marine has ceased to operate. But trade is not carried wholly in national bottoms. The neutral ship performs a part of the service for all countries.

Hence the belligerent endeavours to reduce the supplies which the neutral carries to the enemy. The methods employed differ. Great Britain, holding a commanding geographical position and possessing superiority in naval strength, is in a position to intercept all vessels the ultimate destination of whose cargoes may be Germany, to bring them into port and subject them to examination and the processes of law without injury to life or limb of the neutral seaman or danger to his ships. Germany is able to do the same to the restricted degree of the Baltic trade; elsewhere her powers under international law as hitherto recognized by civilized nations, are confined to blockade, visit and search. Blockade is beyond her powers: and as visiting and searching can only be conducted by ships cruising on the trade routes, which, owing to her weakness at sea she cannot do except in the form of occasional raids, she has asserted that she is permitted by international law to forbid neutrals to conduct any trade with Great Britain, and declared that the responsibility for their ships lies upon themselves when passing through such waters as she chooses to define as approaches to Great Britain or France. She attempts to supplement this high-handed command to the neutral by the use of the submarine, the mine and aircraft. She rejects the necessity for visit and search or even for ascertaining the business upon which a ship is engaged. Grand-Admiral Raeder has said, in honeyed but untruthful words, that neutrals are only in danger if they behave as though they were belligerents by steering zig-zag courses, navigating without lights, joining Allied convoys, or entering Allied waters. The hollowness of this assertion has been only too frequently illustrated in innumerable acts against ships which were neither steering zig-zag courses for, or in the waters of, the Allies. One of the latest and most flagrant of these acts was the bombing of the Italian steamer *Amelia Lauro*, a ship brilliantly illuminated and showing her national colours. As far as British ships are concerned, the Admiral seeks to circumvent the provisions of the submarine convention which forbids attack without warning upon a merchant ship, by claiming that as any British ship sailing the sea may be serving the military aims of the Allies, in one way or another she may properly be regarded as a man-of-war. In other words, any act which tends to prevent shipping

from reaching England, whether directed against British or neutral vessels, is legitimate. The neutral, by the same logic, becomes a British man-of-war.

Thus we know how we stand.

Our experience of these six months enables us to form an estimate of the prospects of eventual German success in this indiscriminate warfare against the Allied sea-communications. The most dangerous period was that preceding the organizing and establishment of the convoy system. Through that danger period the country passed, with losses, certainly, but losses insufficient to cripple the country. It was an effort that could not be maintained for long: it was curtailed by the effectiveness of the convoy defence and the heavy losses sustained by the enemy submarines.

It is proper, in considering the extent of the danger from the various forms of German attack, to note the sources of the British supplies of food, raw materials and manufactures, and the areas through which these goods must pass to reach the country. Roughly speaking some two-thirds come from countries outside Europe and arrive through the Western approaches. In those waters they are—as yet—unaffected by air attack, slightly affected by mining which can be mitigated by the mine sweeping flotillas, and somewhat more by the submarine against which those sailing in convoy run, according to the figures given, to about 1/5th of one per cent. Within the North Sea where the submarine, the mine, and aircraft can be employed with the greatest effect, the normal import of those goods barely exceeds fifteen per cent. Even, therefore, if the new form of "Continental System" should succeed in forcing the Northern neutrals to desist from their commerce with Great Britain the reduction in imports would not be vital. Inasmuch, however, as food-stuffs are an element in this commerce, the replacement of these by home production is important.

Though the injuries done by the submarine and the other instruments have been brought within control we must expect a recrudescence of attacks before long, when the new construction of German submarines comes into service: and we must be prepared to find these attacks supported by surface craft: for the Germans are well aware that the defeat of their submarine

warfare in the last war was due to the fact that it was unsupported. So, according to report, a substantial programme of construction of fast service craft is on the stocks in the German yards to which the answer will be found in our own shipbuilding industry.

The experience, then, of these six months gives every reason for confidence in the ability of the navies of France and Britain to maintain the flow of commerce by sea. But while the Allied Navies have thus shewn themselves capable of defeating the enemy in their own sphere of strategy and tactics, the Allied success at sea does not depend upon the sailors and ships alone. We have only to look back to the last great trial of strength between the land and the sea in the Napoleonic war between 1806 and 1812. Great Britain had then an unchallenged superiority and command at sea, but in spite of this and her ability to conduct her trade she went through an economic crisis of the first magnitude in 1810 owing to the loss of markets for her export trade and the injury done to her credit by the Continental decrees. It cannot be too strongly borne in upon us that while the naval and merchant seamen of the Allied navies are performing their task successfully, their efforts will be in vain unless the civilian in every station of life and in all the branches of commerce and industry, takes his share of the defence by the exercise of economy, by producing food, and by the increase of the export trade.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE presentation of the Air Estimates by Sir Kingsley Wood on March 8, amounted also, as is customary on such occasions, to a report of progress for the first six months of the war. A Minister when thus engaged is making out a case for himself and his Department, and it is only natural, Parliamentary nature being what it is, for the speech to glow with promise and to be diamond-studded with factual proofs of requisite efficiency. He has it all his own way from start to finish, and can readily take cover behind a plea of *salut national* if pressed uncomfortably by a discerning opposition. On this occasion, however, Sir Kingsley dwelt on Easy Street, for although our air power has not been as yet extended it has displayed such numerous samples of its worth that it can surely be taken in the mass as proficient through and through.

In spite of this, however, signs are not wanting that the Air Minister, and his Council, are coming under an increasing fire of criticism, though the causes of complaint are not yet well defined and the batteries about to open remain at present masked. It may happen, of course, that the dissentients will find themselves subdued before being able to bring effective fire to bear. Public opinion, for instance, would at once react to silence adverse criticism if the enemy were severely worsted in an attempt to close our East Coast ports by air attack. Equally, a successful raid by us on a Baltic naval port would have a similar effect. But such problematical events partake of the spectacular and, although the critics would be out of court, the deeper bases of their reasons for alarm would remain untouched. The causes of dissatisfaction are accumulative and have a growing head. There is vague uneasiness at the comparative impunity with which our North Sea shipping is being subjected to air attack. It is disturbing to remain in ignorance of the precise significance of the continual reconnaissance by night over nearly all of Germany. It is being

noted with concern that the casualty roll is mounting, and, in view of repeated assurance that all our aircraft returned safely, it is difficult to ascribe a reason for the swelling total. The shooting down of a British bomber by British fighters is thought to indicate some deficiency in training. Vast purchases of aircraft from the U.S.A. are considered incompatible with the statements, guarded though they may be, on production. The long list of waiting applicants for service in the Air Force would appear, in the opinion of critics to point to congestion at the training centres and a consequent slowing-down in the output of skilled personnel. Finally, it is thought by many that the ordering of service types of aircraft from the U.S.A. is apt to be a rash proceeding, seeing that the acid test of behaviour and performance in active operations can never be applied. So runs the main current of criticism which may at any moment be released with the object of bringing about changes from above. Let us now examine the aspersions from an apologetic standpoint.

Firstly, it should be well appreciated that our air effort is enormous, and that our fixed resolve is at all costs to achieve a mastery. To this aim there appears to be no opposition. It is approved policy and valid criticism can only concern itself with the means and methods that are employed to implement that plan.

The enemy's North Sea tactics are of the tip-and-run variety, the hardest of all to defeat by counter in the air, and when they take place at night it is practically impossible. Aircraft can use clouds as cover just as men can use the inequalities of the ground, and the length of coastal line requiring protection is 700 miles. By day, however, scouting machines equipped with wireless might maintain a surveillance over the middle stretches of the water and thus, perhaps, enable fighters to approach the raiders from a rearward angle instead of in face. The situation in the North Sea is under constant consideration by two specially appointed senior officers from the Air Force and the Navy. In the circumstances it is difficult to see what more can be done at present.

As for the night reconnaissances over Germany many reasons can be adduced for this activity, amounting in the aggregate

to complete justification. There is the value of operational flight. The anti-aircraft defences are tested out and a picture of the system is built up to completion. A moral value exists, lowering to the enemy and heightening to us. The leaflets are an insidious form of propaganda which may have repercussions later. Work in munition centres is impeded while the flights are in progress, and the cessation of broadcasting in places is plain evidence, and a valuable advertisement, of our dominance in German air.

The roll of casualties certainly increases, but the deaths in action, the more revealing form of loss, are not numerous. Many are the result of training accidents, at home and others are accounted for by the ordinary hazards of flight in all sorts of weather by night and day.

The shooting down of the British bomber, although a sad occurrence, is an isolated instance of the kind and highly likely to remain so. It is matter for official inquiry, and the reflection which it casts on the training in recognition of our fighter pilots is sure to be effectually erased. It was an elementary error for which there can be no excuse, and whatever steps are possible will be taken to avoid a repetition.

Concerning the purchase of aircraft in the U.S.A. it is certainly to be hoped that training types will mostly be procured, for it is hardly to be expected that a nation at peace can produce designs as good for active service as one at war. But, on the other hand, we had much leeway to make up, and the Curtiss fighters so well employed by the French Air Force against a large Messerschmidt formation argues a competency in that particular direction. It should also be remembered that the Purchasing Board is composed of experts, French and British, who are little likely to recommend the closure of a deal unless satisfied to the hilt that they are getting exactly what they want, and that nothing better is procurable.

Our aircraft production at home has enormously increased though it is obviously not yet capable of catering for every need. The aim is to reach a crescendo of air power in the shortest possible time so that we can match the enemy in quantity when the war in the air becomes intense. The American market comes in handily to fill the gap, and meanwhile the sources of home and

Dominion production continually expand. Sooner or later we will reach self-sufficiency in this respect, and when that time arrives we will be independent of foreign manufacture, though it will always be useful to renew our training types, and thus relieve our factories of that additional strain, by the method of purchase abroad. The difficulties of production under the pressure of emergency are hard to realize by a layman, even when the new manufacturing facilities and organizations are taken into account. There is the lack of the highest skilled labour and, *per contra*, the large percentage of dilution. Only the highest standard in material and workmanship can give results. Modification in design will always exercise a delaying influence. Standardization can never be fully employed. The production of equivalent spares makes an extra demand on the energy of output. There are various types of engine and aircraft under manufacture at the same time. Finally, the various supplies, material and component parts, must be available as and when required with an effect of synchronization pervading the entire process, and a small lag, here or there, can constitute a serious drag on output. Emergency production in this sense can be likened to a stream which gathers head from innumerable sources, some of them sluggish, some liable to obstruction, and others artificially dammed. But for success the tributary waters must arrive in the main stream not only at a precise moment, but in an exact quantity and filtered, moreover, to the last degree of purity. It can be done, and it will be done, though not by the waving of a wand.

Lastly, heavy criticism has been directed at the manner in which candidates for the Air Force have been relegated for long periods to a waiting list, without occupation and sometimes without the means of livelihood. The truth is that the home establishments, including training units and service squadrons, are congested, and the reason is not far to seek. Casualties have been unexpectedly light and there is no great call as yet for replacements to fill the vacancies so caused. There is no procession through the gradations of a training that turns a young civilian into a skilled airman, and the result is a stagnation in the various establishments and a damming at the top. This may have an unfortunate effect, for the casualties when they do

occur will take toll of the perfectly trained service units, which must necessarily meet the brunt of things, and be replaced by men and officers who have had no experience of active service. Until these newcomers have had time to settle in their seats the units on the French and home fronts must suffer a temporary deterioration. The remedy for this would appear to be a process of rotation whereby a constant interchange takes place between the war-trained personnel and that which has only hitherto flown under peace conditions.

When the critical balloon goes up Sir Kingsley Wood, and his advisers, can meet the storm with a fairly easy conscience. So far he has been uniformly successful in his various ministerial appointments, and it has been acknowledged on all sides that his work at the Air Ministry, since assuming office, has been excellent of its kind. He is the sort of man who gets things done, and that is the type of individual in power whom we cannot do without. There is only one change for the better that might be suggested. It is that Mr. Churchill, who towers head and shoulders above his service contemporaries, be centralized as a Minister of Defence, and so infuse with the forcefulness of his disposition the three Departments on which we must rely for victory.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THIS perplexing war has now run half a year and on the face of things we do not seem much nearer a decision. Both sides in the major combat play a waiting game—except at sea where Germany spares nothing, except such neutrals as might be formidable if provoked; and her play is assisted by the policy of the United States, determined even at great sacrifice to avoid embroilment. Italy also, her nominal ally, is let alone. But the air is not fully, or even considerably, utilized by either side for purposes of attack. According to the press, Field Marshal Goering has been telling President Roosevelt's envoy what he can do to Great Britain if he decides to press a button; and no doubt a mass onslaught by several hundred bombers might on some suitable night make formidable havoc—at a cost, for to judge by what has already happened, the attackers cannot count on any considerable degree of immunity, from the British defence. But there is also a French air force, which continues to give good account of itself; and it must be supposed that the air commands, both in France and Britain—operating, we are told, in close liaison—are well aware of the conditions which would favour such an attack. Messages travel now literally like lightning, and it is probable that if a large proportion of the German air force left its bases for a vast raid, there would be, before the raiders came back—such of them as did come back—German towns and centres of industry already learning what it means to be bombed. That is an experience which so far the German command has thought it prudent not to bring home to the German people; for they do not know, and we do not know, what will be Germany's power of resistance when German soil ceases to be a sanctuary.

In other words, it is not yet known whether the German

people are held together by such a determination as the Finns have shown, and as British seamen and fishermen are showing, or by fear. There is no doubt a strong element of fighting enthusiasm ; but is the mass merely acquiescent under a powerfully organized terror ? Hardships and privations are accepted ; but invasion is a thing which the Germans have not been taught to expect ; and it looks as if their high command was reluctant to risk putting their nerve to the test. Yet every week that risk grows bigger ; for unless we are grossly misled, the allied air power with its own accumulating power of production, and with America to draw on, must multiply faster than the German conceivably can do. Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers may entertain the hope that the risk will never be run ; that neither London nor Paris nor their attendant cities will ever have to face that which for these months they have been preparing. Early in the war, an able American commentator reached the conclusion that the allies were attempting an entirely modern form of war which should attain its purpose by the unseen stranglehold of finance and of blockade, avoiding the grossness of wholesale slaughter or destruction.

* * * *

Obviously too, if the Scandinavian states altered their policy, the whole shape of the war would change ; but their determination to remain neutral seems so fixed that Germany counts upon it as definitive, and spares them no provocation. The toll taken of their shipping is desperately heavy ; and their fishing fleets, unprotected, begin to leave the sea. The Dutch too are subjected at sea to injuries, which at any other time would have been counted a challenge. And, indeed, they may be so meant ; Holland may be Germany's extended line of attack ; and it may be desired to force the declaration on Holland.

I am not historian enough to know whether any nation at any time in the world's history has planted such lasting seeds of hatred as Germany in these last few years, and still more in these last months. It began with the Jews, but now every Czech and every Pole has good reason to loathe the German name. This policy of extermination and transplantation is certainly not new ; Cromwell tried it in Ireland for instance. Perhaps a million of

Irish were affected ; but there are fifteen million Poles. The Irish were not blotted out, the Poles will not be ; but the hatred justified by outrageous injustice, has poisoned generation after generation in Ireland and will poison them amongst the Poles and the Czechs—even if so much as can be undone there is undone quickly ; and that is a great deal to hope. With the examples of Poland and Czechoslovakia staring them in the face, how should one expect that any of the small neutral nations would face chances of the same ? They hate Germany, they hate Russia ; but *oderint dum metuant* is a saying much relished by dictators.

* * * *

So the end of Finland's resistance has come—imposed by the decision of two neighbour nations to prevent an extension of war into their territories. No other power in

Finland Europe has a right to blame them ; each has been too late in moving at vital moments in the vast game of power. Finland loses materially more than she would have lost by accepting terms imposed under threat ; what Finland has gained in Glory can never be counted. It is for the rest of Europe to see that her loss is limited to what is now imposed. The lowest civilization in Europe—if Russia should be counted as Europe—will replace the highest, at least for a time, in lands that were Finnish. A skilled continental observer has told me that not even the military achievement of the Finns—which in his judgment has no equal—has been more remarkable than their creation within twenty years, of a civilization superior even to that of the Scandinavian states.

Meantime the result is rightly stated as a major victory for the Allied Dictatorships, and a major defeat for the Allied Democracies. Defeats are not final ; but at the moment Germany and Russia inspire more fear than France and Great Britain. How that is to be changed remains to be seen ; unless it can be changed we are done with freedom in Europe ; nor can it be changed unless the smaller powers combine for their own protection. The one hopeful fact has been the action of Belgium when their King ranged himself by the side of the threatened Dutch. Obviously there will be threats to independence in the Danubian regions since Germany and

Russia have an interest to co-operate there—if only that Germany may be supplied. But Russia stands to profit by supplying. Russia has paid a heavy price in Finland, yet her military command has acquired more efficiency than the early stages of the war indicated; she comes out with a solid supremacy in the eastern Baltic and to that extent German ascendancy is curtailed. To that extent, perhaps danger to Europe is lessened. But we are living through a dark hour; financial ruin faces every state, great or small, from Switzerland whose mobilization costs £300,000 a day, to Great Britain which is spending £6,500,000 daily—and will spend more.

Still, Great Britain and France are not merely in arms but at war for the freedom of Europe. They might have acquiesced, they did acquiesce too long, in the perpetration of lawless brigandage within the confines of Europe and outside those confines. But they are fighting. Finland fought and has suffered. I should not like to be of those who say that Finland had better have submitted. Let us at least keep our sense of proportion. The world has been enriched by an example beside which other values are insignificant; and seven hundred years from now Finland's sons and Finland's daughters will walk the prouder in Europe, if there be any Europe left in which a man can walk proudly. That is what Finland has left for the rest of us to provide.

* * * * *

We have lived to see an epic of national heroism; and it is not sufficiently realized that Finland's unity did not come easy.

National Heroism

Between the Finns of Swedish culture and those for whom the Finnish language was a flag, there was division as deep as between the Anglo-Irish and the stock which counts itself Gaelic. It was my fortune to know two of the writers who have shown the world what Finnish culture meant; and one of them, Professor Yrjö Hirn, author of a remarkable book on *The Origins of Art* was the equivalent of our ardent Gaelic Leaguers. The other, Westermarck, whose books have been translated into a dozen languages, was typical of the Swedish culture; he had little sympathy with the language revival; whether he spoke Finnish, I am not sure, but there were few bounds to his knowledge and none to his curiosity. In

his odd way of life, divided between Helsingfors and Morocco, with the British Museum as a constant half-way house, he moved among all kinds of men—perhaps with a preference for the roving Moorish bands whom unmannerly people called robbers, but who were his friends—and who saw to it that any friend of his should have safe conduct. But whatever his likes were, he had one detestation which linked him to Dr. Hirn; they hated the name of Russia. Hated it and despised it. That hatred and that contempt, are now nourished as never before.

* * * * *

Mr. Romney Sedgwick's contribution to the history of the British monarchy is pleasant reading in more ways than one, but chiefly because it will help the British readers to know what they have to be thankful for. The *The Hanoverians Letters from George III to Lord Bute** (ranging from 1758 to 1766) show us a fussy pretentious and unintelligent young man, who distrusted all his ministers and interfered with their work as much as he dared. Bute was the exception to this general attitude of suspicion, and Bute's palavering approach to his pupil is less than edifying. But it is Mr. Sedgwick's incisive and amusing introduction which completes our ground for thankfulness. He shows with unsparing touch what a singularly unpleasant stock the Hanoverians came from, and it is amazing to think that out of it were generated in due time the frank unassuming sovereigns under whom Great Britain has faced a very terrible period. Their job has been to help ministers by keeping up the courage of their people, going about among them; and admirably they have done it. But certainly they have been spared the appalling difficulties which beset a monarch when he really was in considerable degree the source of power—challenged always by the rival in his own family to whom the power would one day pass. To this rival accordingly court was paid regularly by those persons of importance whom the existing king did not choose to employ. George III, succeeding very young to the throne, was for a long period less hampered than either of his predecessors by this opposition, because there was no possibility of forming a party about a prince who could not expect to succeed for at least a generation. So, government

*Macmillan. 18s.

worked without an opposition, and under these happy conditions it lost America. When one reads these letters, and perceives, what a blunderer was on the seat of power, the wonder is anything was preserved. Yet gradually order evolved; and it was under George III that the position of a Prime Minister became consolidated. Professor Berriedale Keith in his recent book on the Constitution of England reminds us that the younger Pitt insisted that "there must be an avowed and real Minister possessing the chief weight in the Council". George III's earlier cabinets were put together by the king and they had no unity. That began when the Prime Minister and not the king decided who should be his colleagues. What exactly the king does now, perhaps not even Professor Berriedale Keith could define; but he is in emergencies a sort of court of reference. And it would surprise me greatly if the present sovereign were not at least as well able as his Prime Minister or any other ministers to gauge what is the mind of his people, among whom he so constantly and so unpretentiously moves.

Finland Fights

H. B. ELLISTON "gives a vivid idea of what this thing has meant to the great little people of Finland," says **GEORGE GLASGOW** (*Observer*). What is to follow the war? Developments in Northern Europe will call for clear thinking and sound judgment. Elliston's brilliant book gives you a valuable foundation of fact and argument upon which to build. "A triumph in the art of conversation . . . vivid and picturesque . . . he can talk politics shrewdly and with wit."—**H. N. BRAILSFORD** (*New Statesman*).

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A MOMENT OF LEARNING

By THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

ZEUS. A Study in Ancient Religion, by A. B. Cook. Volume 3. *Cambridge University Press*. £8 8s.

Professor Cook began his study of Greek religion as far back as 1907; he has now completed a task which does great honour to British scholarship. The concluding volume, in two parts, 1,300 pages, deals with Zeus as 'the god of the Dark Sky, Earthquakes, Clouds, Wind, Dew, Rain, Meteorites.' Next to the author, congratulations are due to the Cambridge University Press, which has borne the heavy expense of these sumptuous volumes, enriched by hundreds of admirable reproductions of Greek works of art, illustrating the letter-press. To review or criticize such a vast monument of learning would be impossible.

The ancestral religion of a nation is largely determined by its racial history. The Greeks were a race of splendid mongrels, a blend of northern invaders of a predominantly Nordic type with a Mediterranean and Alpine stock (the Hellenes were mesocephalic and therefore had an Alpine strain) whom they found in possession of the country. This fusion of the three main elements in the population of Europe had time to settle before there were fresh incursions, and the result was the most perfect

type of humanity that has ever existed. Some think that Greek was already spoken as early as 1900 B.C. We do not know what language preceded it; it was probably not Cretan, though the Achaeans found a subject population living under Minoan or Minoanised chiefs, nor Etruscan, though Herodotus and Thucydides both say that the 'Pelasgians' spoke a strange language, and an inscription on Lemnos, a 'Pelasgian' island, has been identified as Etruscan. Greek contains an unusual number of borrowed words, of which the most significant is *thalassa*. The northern invaders seem to have had no word for the sea till they reached Greece. Names of places and rivers ending in *-assos*, *-essos*, *-issos* are pre-Hellenic, and so are the names of some among the Olympians.

These Olympians, Myres says colloquially, are 'a scratch lot'. The Father of gods and men is, of course, the Indo-European god of the sky. He is supreme on Olympus, but his position is not much more secure than that of Odin. He had to dethrone his father Cronos, and to fight the Titans. One of his own sons may conceivably upset him. But he has acquired a bewildering number of attributes, and is the hero of many unedifying stories. One of the most amusing of the illustrations

in this book represents Hephaestus with a double axe breaking Leda's egg, while Leda peeps round behind the door. He is about to repeat the blow when the charming Helen, quite unconcerned, pops out of the egg. Pausanias was shown one of Leda's eggs, and was surprised at its size; it was probably laid by an ostrich. It is a long way from these stories to the rationalist Euripides and his invocation of 'Zeus, or natural law, or the human mind'.

But most of the goddesses belong to the people of the land. Hera was too important to be a daughter of Zeus, so they have to be married. As for Pallas Athene, she probably began as the tutelary deity of the rock of Athens; her name is not Greek.

Aphrodite is regarded by some as a Hellenised form of the Phoenician Astarte; her service of hierodules is suggestive of Oriental influence. In any case she is not a northern goddess.

Of the gods, Dionysus hails from Thrace; some at least of his characteristics would endear him to Vikings. And Apollo, though the origin of his name is quite uncertain, is Nordic to the bone. Rendel Harris suggests quite seriously that he came all the way from the lands where his favourite fruit was called, not *mélon*, but 'apple'!

Hephaestus also belonged to the people of the land. The lame smith of the immortals is a half-comic figure in Homer, but Professor Cook has shown that his worship at Athens was very closely connected with that of Athena. There were stories that he chased the virgin goddess, who had a very narrow escape from him. In remote antiquity they were probably husband and wife.

Two things strike us in studying this strange mythology. One is the extra-

ordinary beauty of the Greek worship. The Greeks could not depict anything really ugly. Even the Gorgon's head, which turned people to stone, is only grotesque, and on some vases beautiful. The great statues of Zeus and Athena at Olympia and Athens were almost certainly of surpassing majesty and grace.

The other is the contrast between the brilliant culture of the Greeks and the childishness of their mythology. But relics of primitive animism have an amazing vitality. Professor Cook shows that in Greece and Macedonia even to-day the country-people observe rain-making and other superstitious rites, handed down from pre-Christian times. The gods and goddesses had very various attributes in different places; nobody seemed to mind. Religion for the Greeks was not a desperately serious matter. It was unwise to invoke the name of a god if you meant to cheat or perjure yourself; but on the whole, in place of the Semitic duty toward God and duty toward my neighbour the Greeks put duty to the State and duty to myself. Paganism is by no means extinct in southern Europe, where we may still study a cheerful, æsthetic, and morally unexacting religion, and the tendency to worship a goddess—the Queen of heaven with the attributes of Isis—as well as or in place of a male deity.

Deeper spiritual needs were supplied by philosophy, which began as natural science, went on as personal ethics, and ended as mysticism, and by the mystery-cults, of which we would gladly know more. How these could be combined with the adoration of a popular deity is shown by the account given by Apuleius of his initiation into

the worship of Isis. The Olympians lent themselves less readily to sacramentalism, though we must not forget Eleusis. The religion of the Greeks and Romans died with their worshippers. But it is deplorable to think that a time came when men could see no beauty in Greek art, so that the choicest works of human genius were wantonly destroyed or allowed to perish. We are not safe even now against these reverisions to barbarism. Under the Commonwealth the people of Norwich petitioned Parliament for leave to destroy their 'vast and entirely useless cathedral'; and to-day we see in artistic circles a regression to downright savagery, infantilism, and idiocy which is far worse than the uncouth attempts to represent the human form in early Christianity.

Hellenism, as Isocrates said, is the name of a culture, not of a race, and as such it can never die, for there are natural Pagans, like Keats, and natural Platonists like Wordsworth and Ruskin, in every age. But even in our climate we shall not see any more altars erected to the 'god of the dark sky.'

PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY

PIECES, by Samuel Alexander, O.M.

Edited, with a memoir, by John Laird. Macmillan. 15s.

This collection, like the sweepings from a goldsmith's bench at the end of a long day's work, is of rare value. It shows the way a great man's mind worked, and it links his labours as what he would call a *professional* philosopher to his other pleasures in life and literature. Amid the precious débris, however, we find a famous address given in 1932 on the tercentenary of Spinoza's birth. And how well it

repays reading again. It is the distilled essence of a lifetime's speculation on the ideas which passed through the lens of Spinoza's genius, carrying the spirit of men from the Ancient World to the Modern World, and enriching it on the way.

Alexander's work enriched it further, as the honours showered on him have shown—if such honours were needed. There have been rumours abroad that some actual blood-relationship existed between Spinoza and Alexander, but the latter made no such claim, and towards the end of his life he stated that "the cult of Spinoza in England was being dangerously overdriven". In 1921, however, he stated in a lecture on *Spinoza and Time* (also included in this volume), that a student of philosophy to-day "may take pride in showing his affiliation to such a philosopher as Spinoza, and the more if he is himself a Jew speaking to Jews: and he may do so I think legitimately by the avowedly unhistorical method of using Spinoza to an end which the historic Spinoza would not have entertained". And he ends the lecture with the words, "I have at most illustrated the commonplace that veneration is not the same thing as idolatry".

These are capital illustrations of the human being dominating the professional. Alexander was as unorthodox in his work as he was in his social habits; a man completely unselfconscious, yet creatively conscious. He always saw his own unorthodoxy and could discuss it with humour. Perhaps that was why he never roused the savagery which is said to exist in such a primitive form amongst the small community of philosophers.

It remains to be seen what place Alexander's work will finally take. It is possible—and I speak as an artist and not as one of his own kind—that he will be valued chiefly for his contribution to aesthetics. Does not that guess, coming from such a source, raise the question whether Alexander will be valued most by the teleologist because of his contribution to the study of first and last things, or by the Hegelian for his contribution to ethics? Does he excel in all that he touches, by reason of his own fundamental quality?

Unconsciously, in his essay on Samuel Johnson, he answers that question while showing how, in spite of a dominating and giant personality, and even a personality which might be called a philosophic one, Johnson could not in the strict sense be called a philosopher. Alexander is suspicious of any claim to universality, and with his genial humours, and his unorthodox procedure, he is a stickler for professional definition.

This volume, however, since it is the fruits of his moments of relaxation, shows best his interest in aesthetics. His preoccupation with beauty, its nature, its expression, its mutations, was constant. He saw it not only as a matter of form and pattern, but as a discipline. He said "Beauty lies not in the choice of the subject but in the use of the material, whatever that material may be, whether words or pigments or stone, so as to render the truth and significance of the subject. That can never be done by successful imitation or more faithful description of the subject. There enters into it always the magic by which the artist transforms his subject; he would otherwise be practising science and not fine art.

But it needs close observation such as science also requires.

That is a profound saying. It shows how Alexander identified truth with beauty, giving his whole life to an exegesis of the text propounded by the young Keats in a moment of poetic incandescence. Thus, like all great characters, Alexander was a unifier.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND FROM QUEEN VICTORIA TO GEORGE VI., by Professor A. Berriedale Keith. 2 Vols. *Macmillan* 30s.

More than once in these columns I have remarked on an apparent change of emphasis in the work of Constitutional historians. The change is both significant and recent. A generation ago all the emphasis was on the Legislative side of the Constitution. Histories of Parliament poured in a swollen stream from the Press. To-day the emphasis has shifted from the Legislative to the Executive and Administrative functions of the State.

Dr. Keith's industry is amazing. To several works which may literally be described as monumental he has now added another containing more than 900 pages, in addition to a Preface of XXXIV pages and other Prefatory matter bringing the total to LV! Throughout this long and erudite work the balance between the several organs of Government is well maintained, and Dr. Keith also treats—though more briefly—of the position of the individual citizen, his relation to the State and the Law, as well as of the relations of the State to Religion. It is claimed that the work is written "without adherence to the views of any political party".

The claim may be conceded. None the less Dr. Keith is at no pains to conceal, if he does not obtrude, his own political prepossessions. A critic is constrained to ask whether the expression of them is called for in a Constitutional treatise? For instance. There are in the course of the narrative more than a dozen references to Czechoslovakia the "surrender" or "betrayal" of which evidently caused deep concern to Dr. Keith. He is, of course, fully entitled to his opinions on the matter; but it has required some ingenuity to use that incident to illustrate so many different Constitutional maxims. Thus in connexion with the development which led the Prime Minister to look "to the Electors rather than to the Commons as the basis of his power" Dr. Keith remarks that the Prime Minister can "alone on foreign territory negotiate and conclude a treaty determining the fate of Czechoslovakia with full assurance that his Sovereign and the Commons will homologate (a word to which Dr. Keith shows curious partiality) his action." Whether the emphasis is based on the fact that Mr. Chamberlain was abroad, or that he was acting on his sole responsibility, and without reference to the King and to Parliament, is not quite clear.

Dr. Keith apparently regrets that the Ministry was not reconstituted on a broader basis before the outbreak of war thus adding "weight to British influence in Europe", though he has to acknowledge, in a postscript to his Preface that when Ministerial office was in September of last year offered to leaders of the Labour and Liberal parties it was declined. Not everyone will agree with Dr. Keith that the inclusion of the Ministers of War, Air

and the Navy, in the War Cabinet avoids "one of the serious blunders of the War Cabinet of the Great War." On the contrary it is widely held that the War Cabinet should consist of men without heavy departmental responsibilities.

But all this is by the way. It is, indeed, hopeless to attempt in a few paragraphs to review a work of such dimensions as this, a work moreover which despite its many and conspicuous merits offers not a few targets for criticism. This is more obviously the case since, as already indicated, Dr. Keith, alike by his selection of topics and by his treatment of these, gives a wide interpretation to the term "Constitutional". Nor is there any cause for wonder in view of the author's unquestioned mastery of his subject, that he should occasionally be tempted to express his judgments rather pontifically.

On the whole, however, Dr. Keith has richly earned the gratitude of all those who as students, as politicians, or even as ordinary electors, are interested in the recent working of a Constitutional machine unique in the history of the world. The English Constitution has been picturesquely compared by a distinguished French publicist to a "*un chemin qui marche* or to a river whose moving surface glides away at one's feet". To analyse with scientific accuracy the working, at any given moment of a Constitution which is in a state of perpetual flux is a task of exceeding difficulty. Dr. Keith has performed it with rare skill. The work is *bien documentée* and like all Dr. Keith's works, is provided with an exceptionally good index.

J. A. R. MARBIOTT.

THE BRIDGE IN THE JUNGLE, by B. Traven. *Cape. 8s. 3d.*

THE DEATH SHIP, by B. Traven. *Cape. 8s. 3d.*

Jonathan Cape makes something of a mystery of the identity of B. Traven whose works are being issued in a new uniform edition, but from these first two samples it is clear that he belongs to that band of American writers who, with all their faults, have blown away the cobwebs of overmuch domesticity from the novel. Mr. Traven has certainly been places and done things, and he brings a tremendous energy and argumentativeness to his narration.

This criticism, if it is a criticism, applies very little to *The Bridge In The Jungle* which, though less obviously powerful than *The Death Ship*, has a unity and compassion only to be found in a work of true art. The story is simple. A wanderer arrives at an Indian settlement in Mexico, and joins another white man, a settler, in watching the preparations and arrivals for a dance. The dance never starts because the musicians do not turn up, but everyone waits for something to happen, and it does happen. Unobserved, a little boy, wearing for the first time in his life heavy American shoes, falls over the bridge and into the river. First of all, his mother, the young wife of the fiddler, becomes increasingly anxious, as he does not answer her calls; gradually her fear infects the others; search parties ride out; divers plunge into the river, and there are amateur attempts at dragging. But nothing is found till a sacred Indian rite is employed, and a candle drifts against the current till it stops at the place where the boy's body rests. Then

comes the laying out of the corpse, the assembly of the mourners and neighbours with their gifts, and finally the funeral procession at which a ludicrous touch, which yet in the telling is not ludicrous is the choice of the processional band, of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" for anthem. The whole is a beautifully wrought piece of close observation; Mr. Tranter shirks no unpleasing detail: the rapid decomposition of the little body, the flies, the smells, the drunkenness, and for that very reason its beauty and artistic truth emerge triumphantly. Part of it might be an account of an Irish wake of the old-fashioned kind, but without the thrust of the priest's stick, and with greater dignity.

Yet even here a page or two, a paragraph here and there, in which Mr. Traven is urgent to express his own angry dislike of modern civilization, might well be omitted. This occasional stridency appears less out of place in *The Death Ship* which has already been published in seventeen foreign editions. This vociferous and impressive book starts off with the misadventures of an American sailor who having overstayed his shore leave misses his ship, and with it all his papers of identification. This first part doesn't lack its farcical element as the sailor is escorted over one European frontier after another. The Belgian police consider the Dutch should support this vagrant unrecognized by his own Consul; the Dutch eagerly recommend Germany; and France finally sends him to Sunny Spain, which from his account seems almost a paradise for hoboes.

However he leaves Spain on the *Death Ship*, a modern pirate, sailing under no flag or any flag, whose cargo

really ammunition, and is sent down to the stokehold as a fireman's "drag". There follow descriptions of torture and wretchedness written at white hot pitch occasionally flavoured with the simplicity of the tough school of writers. But there are worse boats afloat, it appears, even than death ships; there are boats condemned to be sabotaged by their owners, and at one port of call the writer and his shipmate, Stanislov, who also has no nationality that he can prove, are shanghaied and brought aboard such a one. However, *The Empress of Madagascar* goes to the bottom so slowly that there are several pages of good adventure reading without the happy ending. Adrift on the open sea, no ship answers their calls, and no island swims within their ken.

NORAH HOULT.

HITLER OVER LATIN AMERICA, by N. P. Macdonald. *Jarrollds. 12s. 6d.*

The average Britisher has little knowledge of and little interest in Latin America. America to him means North America and particularly the United States of America. There are, of course, historical reasons for this. In the Age of Discovery the Spanish and Portuguese overran Central and South America and apportioned it between them, even before the British and the French had settled their claims in North America. Later the growth of the British Empire in other regions presented enormous reservoirs for the flow of emigrants and only a very thin stream went to the lands where a new language had to be learned and the countries were in "foreign" hands.

These historical facts however did not prevent the flow of British capital to these countries in modern times.

Mr. Macdonald gives the figure of £1,000,000,000, as the amount of British capital invested in Latin American countries, but his book is concerned not so much with the fate of this capital as with the progress and future of German penetration.

In this regard he has collated a mass of evidence which is worthy of the attention of every student of international affairs. One striking fact is that Germany has not been content to export simply capital to Latin America. She has also exported man power in considerable volume to almost every Latin American state. Long before the coming of the Nazi régime in Germany millions of Germans had settled in Latin American countries. There are more than a million people of German stock in Brazil alone.

German penetration was therefore much more than a financial penetration. That the presence of large colonies of Germans in these countries was an important factor in the life of Latin America before Hitler's rise to power is beyond question. But from that time it is quite clear, these German settlers and their families have been harnessed to a centralized plan of imperial expansion.

Mr. Macdonald's book describes the extraordinary policy pursued by the Nazis in capitalizing the results of generations of the German emigration policy. All Germans were brought under the direction and orders of the German State. In almost every Central and South American state the German population became an organized "fifth column" engaged in a colossal plan of economic conquest.

Absentee investors cannot beat rivals who have an organized man power on

the spot. Mr. Macdonald advances abundant evidence of the extent of the Nazi penetration of Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, etc., at the expense of Britain and the United States.

Mr. Macdonald draws attention to the strategy of the plan as a whole and especially with reference to its threat to the U.S.A. and the Panama Canal. It may be that the Nazis have overreached themselves by their aggressive methods and that the situation created by the war will give a still greater set back to their designs. The two-way blockade of the Allies is naturally cutting off the Nazi trade with South and Central America. But it is impossible to read *Hitler over Latin America* without being impressed by the evidence of the purposeful and energetic way in which the Germans have set out to fulfil their plans. It should convince any reader that Nazi imperialism has visions of power far beyond the frontiers of Europe.

J. T. MURPHY.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY, by Graham Greene. Heinemann. 8s. 3d.

FOUR WOMEN GROW UP, by Norah Hoult. Heinemann. 9s.

THE MORNING IS NEAR US, by Susan Glaspell. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Under the new scale of prices Mr. Greene is ninepence cheaper than Miss Hoult, though his book is roughly the same length and from the same publisher whereas the rebellious Mr. Gollancz sensibly offers Miss Glaspell, exactly the same length as Mr. Greene, for the old seven-and-sixpence. All this appears to make little sense, but is useful as a commentary on the real value of the goods, for Miss Glaspell would be dear at half-a-crown and Mr. Greene cheap at half-a-guinea.

Mr. Greene's novel is on a higher plane than *Brighton Rock* and what he himself calls his "entertainments", such as *Stamboul Train*. One day he will, I think, write a picaresque novel of considerable quality that will move like a film on paper. Parts of *The Power and the Glory* are picaresque, parts are filmic: shot, cut and projected with the bright eye of a man whose prose is written visually. The book begins as if purposely complicated by a series of cross-shots, and then gradually straightens and smooths out: the story of a brandy-drinking Mexican priest who is being hunted by Communist police and with it, in the background mostly, the story of an American gangster who is also being hunted across the same hot, decadent, terrified countryside. In synopsis, a very bald affair; but the prose has sinews which vitalize the pages with strong movement. The descriptions of the priest travelling at night with the mule, in prison, giving communion to the dying gangster—these and others are made important and memorable by the muscular punch of the prose and the sharpness of the eye behind. It would, however, be wrong to indicate that the book was tough; a feeling of tender, tragic sorrow is implicit whenever the weak, suffering, brandy-craving priest is on the page, and I think it must be Mr. Greene's intention also to indicate something more than physical values in a story that is told, whenever possible, in physical terms. But even if these values are not read—and it seems to me impossible not to escape at least the implication of a struggle between flesh and spirit, Communism and the Catholic Church—*The Power and the Glory* is a very good novel indeed.

In Miss Hoult the novelist there lies buried a potentially great short-story writer, and I remember a feeling of dismay on first hearing that the author of *Poor Women!* after creating an overnight sensation, was about to become a novelist. In *Four Women Grow Up* you can see the novelist fighting the short-story writer; the novelist wants to manufacture out of the separate material of four lives a single, well-ordered story; the short-story writer would prefer the separate lives, the artistic restriction of the shorter form. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Miss Hoult the novelist has never been really happy. The prose of *Poor Women!* was notable for a plain, ironic objectivity; the style of *Four Women Grow Up*, in which the lives of four girls are followed from the time they leave school until they come to their respective happy, tragic or unfulfilled maturities, is looser, far less telling. Divided into eleven parts, the novel looks a good deal like eleven short stories that, for some reason or other, never got themselves separately written.

The Morning is Near Us is just what the doctor ordered. It belongs to that category in which the American public, at times the most sentimental in the world, puts pumpkin pie, rocking chairs, farms in Connecticut, Mr. Chips, and all the other agreeable trinkets on the national whatnot. It tells the story of Lydia Chippman, independent wanderer, slightly eccentric to the point of collecting donkeys and Indian children on her world travels, who returns to the old American family home to wallow in the sentimental, heart-tugging business of unravelling the Past. When she opens the family chest and begins to read the letters of her mother, telling her that

things are not quite what they seem, Miss Glaspell gets full marks for being right with every single prop for the occasion: net fichu, crocheted lace, blue beads, forget-me-not ring, valentines and frosted Christmas cards and the bundle of faded letters. The remainder of the book is roughly in character.

H. E. BATES.

HOW TO GROW FOOD, by Doreen Wallace. Batsford. 3s. 6d.

This book was written for me, the "utter amateur" who has ruthlessly clawed up half his lawn in the grim determination to have vegetables to eat at all costs. Had Miss Wallace published her book a little earlier, I should be blaming her now for the loss of my broad beans, planted in November and my dozen or so spring cabbages. But the winter of 1939-40 was not a normal one and I am willing to believe that in less severe weather the bean and the cabbage pull through. I take heart, moreover, from the information on page 23 that "frost is a wonderful weed-killing, pest-killing and pulverising agent, and should be given a free hand." I certainly gave it a free hand.

In future, however, Miss Wallace will be forced to bear the blame. I have cast aside the formidable text books, and no longer lend my ear on Sunday afternoons to Mr. Middleton. Instead I put my trust in Miss Wallace and follow the fortunes of the B's as they move about their garden in the company of the Weather-Beaten Lady, whose garden sense is very much to the point. The gardening education of the B's being in such good hands it is a pity that their political instruction lags so far behind. Mr. B. is already

contemplating life in the country after the war, a picture of idyllic bliss not far removed from the Dickensian idea of the happy ending, while "the B's nurse-housemaid hangs out the nappies of the infant B". The B's have probably lost the nurse-housemaid already to the nearest munition factory, and such political indications as I find are apt to be misconstrued. Here is an example: "Lloyd George is the best raspberry. Some people like autumn fruiters, but I like a summer fruiter like Lloyd George, which fruits in the autumn on the quiet." How could anyone resist such a book?

It is commonly said about Batsford books that the illustrations are even better than the text. I would not say that this time out of compliment to Miss Wallace, but with the exception of a picture of a potato clamp, the length of a cricket pitch or more, which seems odd in a book about a small garden, they are indeed excellent. A word also about the jolly dust jacket, designed by Mr. Brian Cook. Mr. Cook has designed the dust jacket for several companion volumes on "How to . . ." and in consequence everyone of them shouts loudly to be bought. But one last word to Miss Wallace. I have followed your advice about potatoes. I have reserved no space for them in my garden. I have accepted your statement that there will be no shortage. But should there be a shortage Miss Wallace! Oh! Miss Wallace.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

Jonathan Cape Ltd., are to be congratulated on the publication of The Saint Giles Library of reprints, cloth-bound at 1s. 9d. each.

MISCELLANEA

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WESLEY, abridged and edited by Nora Ratcliff. Nelson. 6s.

Many people will feel grateful at this time for the care that Miss Nora Ratcliff has expended on bringing the *Journals* of John Wesley, written between the years 1735 and 1790, down to manageable proportions in a handy volume. No doubt the complete *Journals* will repay the attention which a few people would be prepared to give them, but to have their essence distilled by the expert hand and to be read in an abridged form is a much better fate for the *Journals* than they should seldom be read at all. John Wesley was an unusual and possibly an unsympathetic figure, but he had the fire of conviction which too many of us lack and the inspiration of his word reached thousands. "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such alone will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of heaven upon earth." So said John Wesley two hundred years ago and if he was on earth now he would find countless reasons for saying so again.

MONTESQUIEU AND ENGLISH POLITICS 1750-1800, by F. T. H. Fletcher. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

Montesquieu is to the majority of the political philosophers of his century as Einstein is to the orthodox physicists. Where they thought in terms of 'natural' law, fundamental rights and a universal reason, he perceived that the primal Reason has in the course of time become overlaid by local and contingent circumstances, so that political phenomena

have to be studied in the light of considerations of climate, history, geography, etc., and the basis of sociological study is one of *relations* not rights. Such an empirical approach was bound to be congenial to Englishmen, and therefore we might expect the influence of Montesquieu over here—of *L'Esprit des Lois*, that is to say, to be considerable. Hitherto, however, it has been assumed rather than investigated from the available data. Mr. Fletcher, Senior Lecturer in French in the University of Liverpool, playing the sleuth with a zeal and pertinacity worthy of a better cause, has now tracked down that influence in Adam Smith, Burke, Blackstone, Gibbon (in his early writings) and a host of other minor thinkers. That he makes extravagant claims for the hand of the master was only to be expected—as for instance that he, not Adam Smith, is the father of political economy. But it is all heavily documented, and no doubt there will be a handful of specialists in the eighteenth century who will extract riches from this quarry.

BRITISH BIRDS. King Penguin. 1s.
A BOOK OF ROSES. King Penguin. 1s.

The latest enterprise of Penguin Books Ltd., shows once again the splendid originality of mind of these famous publishers. Both volumes are well and cheerfully bound and both contain short descriptive matter and a section of sixteen coloured plates. The text in *British Birds On Lake, River and Stream* is by Miss Phyllis Barclay-Smith and the sixteen plates, beautifully reproduced, are after the originals in *The Birds of Great Britain* by John Gould. A short introduction on John

Gould—The Bird Man reminds us that he started life as a gardener's boy in the Royal Gardens at Windsor Castle, and at the age of 36 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Gould's great work was originally produced in seven volumes, and he introduced an innovation in the plates by including illustrations of young birds.

A Book of Roses is written by Mr. J. Ramsbottom and the plates are from the originals in Pierre-Joseph Redouté's book *Les Roses*. Redouté's volume was dedicated to the Empress Josephine, whom he served as floral artist. Part of his work was to give instruction but he devoted the greater portion of a long life to his art.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Peter Drucker : The author of *The End of Economic Man*, a book constantly referred to in recent issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY, Dr. Drucker now lives in the United States. An Austrian he acted at one time as financial editor of the *Frankfurter General Anzeiger* and is well known as an economist and financier.

Professor Denis Saurat : Professor of French Language and Literature at King's College, London and Directeur of the Institut Français du Royaume-Uni, Dr. Saurat commands a high place in the world of letters. His knowledge of the literature of this country is as great as his appreciation of his own and he has every qualification to interpret the French mind to the islanders of Great Britain.

Professor J. H. Jones : During the last war Professor John Harry Jones was at the Ministry of Munitions from 1916-18. Since then he has served on many important economic committees, although his main work has naturally been confined to Leeds University where he has been Professor of Economics and Head of the Commerce Department since 1919.

Dorothy L. Sayers : During recent years Miss Sayers with one or two others has been working hard to encourage men and women to form instructed opinions and to act upon them. Her recent book *Begin Here* was a most able piece of work and if lovers of Lord Peter Wimsey fear that there may

come a time when Miss Sayers has no further interest in him, their loss will have its compensations.

Dr. J. Huizinga : Famous as a medievalist, Dr. Huizinga, who is a Dutchman, adds in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY to the warning he gave in his book *In the Shadow of To-morrow*, published in England in 1936.

Margaret Duley : Author of *The Eyes of the Gull* and *Cold Pastoral*. Miss Duley is a Newfoundlander. Her story, *Mother Boggan*, has its setting in scenery that Miss Duley knows well.

Edward Thompson : A poet and a novelist Mr. Edward Thompson has a very wide knowledge of India and very strong opinions on this subject. From 1910 to 1922 he was an educational missionary at Bankura College, Bengal and since that time he has visited India on many occasions.

Elizabeth Wiskemann : Since the publication of her great book, *Czechs and Germans*, Miss Wiskemann has had a tremendous reputation to keep up for knowing all that it is possible to know about her subject. Her recent volume *Undeclared War* showed the same expert grasp of her material and her knowledge of the position in Switzerland has just been supplemented by a three months' visit to that country.

Notes on our contributors, Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton and Mr. Stephen Gwynn appeared in recent issues.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1940

PRINCIPLES OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

THE only excuse which I can have for taking part in a discussion of "Europe after the War" is the hope of illustrating one direction in which Christian principles seem to point us. I am far from claiming that the suggestions which I offer are the only available application of Christian principles; and I fully recognize that the right time for an action is as important as the quality of the action itself, so that even those who share my hopes may regard my practical suggestions as impracticable or premature. But I hold that Christians are responsible for endeavouring to apply the principles of their faith to the actual problems of life, regarding them not as a source of direct instructions, but as an indication of the goal to be aimed at and as a standard of judgment to which policy must be referred.

The relevant principles, I think, are these.

1. Every man is a child of God and as such has a status and dignity independent of his membership in any earthly state.
2. Consequently, personality is sacred, and freedom in whatever is most personal (worship, thought, expression) is to be safeguarded as among the primary ends for which the State exists.
3. As children of God, men are members of one family, and life should be ordered as far as possible with a view to the promotion of brotherly fellowship among all men, while each is called upon to use his freedom in the spirit of "membership" on pain of forfeiting his moral right to it.
4. But men are not dutiful children of God. They are from birth self-centred, and remain so in lesser or greater degrees. They can be delivered from this evil state only by the active love (grace) of God calling out surrender and trust (faith). So far as this has not happened or has incompletely happened—(i.e. universally)—they need to be restrained in their self-assertiveness and induced by appeals to their self-interest to respect justice in their mutual dealings.
5. Nations exist by God's providential guidance of history and have their part to play in His purpose; but man's self-centredness infects his national loyalty, which in its own nature is wholesome, so that the nation is made an object of that absolute allegiance which is due to God alone. Thus, if there is to be any approach to a brotherly fellowship of nations

before all men are converted to a life of perfect love, it must be by the same method of so organizing their relationship to one another that national self-interest will itself urge justice in action.

Approaching the matter in this way, I attach the greatest importance to the growing strength of the conviction and feeling among all Christians that they are united in and through Christ in a perfect fellowship. Without this I do not expect to see any living and enduring sense of fellowship between the nations. As yet this "ecumenical sense" is feeble; but it is growing fast. It is a main ground of hope for the Rebirth of Christendom in the future. If it continues to grow it will supply in every nation where the Church is planted a nucleus of the spirit of true fellowship which will be of priceless value in binding the nations together.

The two first principles stated above give strong support to some form of democracy as the constitution best suited for developing and expressing the quality of "personality" in its citizens. It would be excessive to say that they "demand" this, for the primary function of a political constitution is to ensure that good order without which free personal life is almost impossible. Insecurity due to outbreaks of mob-violence is if anything more incompatible with effective freedom of personal living than tyrannous rule by a Government of which the principles, and consequently its occasions of tyrannous action, are at least known. Not all peoples have been able to maintain order through democratic institutions; and unless they can, it is futile to say that a theological principle "demands" democracy.

But it can and must be said that where people are ready to work democratic institutions, they more fully conform to the principle of the sanctity of personality than any other type. The main point to be secured is that the people should have the opportunity to change the Government without breaking up the Constitution, so that effective "opposition" to the Government of the day is perfectly compatible with loyalty to nation and to state. Only so can a free play of personal judgment be encouraged and exercised.

Consequently it may be laid down that any new order which is

established must be "safe for democracy". No nation will be coerced into democracy; but it must be open to every nation to adopt it. (It seems likely that a German victory would result in the exact opposite of this).

The third principle—the unity of all men in the "family" of God—points to an organization of life which draws together in relations of mutual support the largest practicable number of persons. But emphasis must be laid on the word "practicable". It cannot be inferred from this principle without more ado that a large state is always preferable to a small state or that if any system of federation is adopted, the more states to be federated the better. The reality of mutual inter-dependence may be more complete in a small society, and the forcing together of those who have no desire to co-operate is a sure road to calamity. But the principle will at once put us on our guard against the notion of a state founded on and bounded by racial homogeneity; for such a state will be subject in a quite special degree to the temptations of self-centred acquisitiveness and aggression. On the whole the balance of advantage seems to lie with a union or federation of states, each small enough to give to the citizens a sense of individual responsibility for its welfare, while the whole group is large enough to combine many peoples of rather diverse traditions and interests, so that these may balance and check one another.

For the fourth and fifth principles remind us that no system, however cunningly devised, will work smoothly to the general satisfaction unless it contains within itself elements which balance and hold back the unexorcised egotism of individuals and, still more, of all collective groups of men. The civilized state secures a substantial measure of justice in the lives of its citizens by attaching penalties to unjust action, so that self-interest itself prompts avoidance of injustice and pursuit of justice. Even those of us who are usually honest on principle and by preference, are occasionally saved from lapses into dishonesty by the penalties attached to it when detected. But the egotism of a nation is infinitely greater than that of an individual; for in any individual there are instincts and impulses tending to generosity and social conduct. But the nation appeals first to those very impulses as it demands of its citizens self-

sacrifice in its service, and then to the impulses of self-assertion as it urges them to gird themselves to battle with its and their enemies. It appeals to love and to hatred, both at once, with the result that the nation itself, in its contrast with and opposition to other nations, can become demoniac in its egotism.

The cure for this, short of the leavening influence of an effective universal Church, seems to lie in a profitable union and organized co-operation of peoples sufficiently close in tradition and interest for this to be voluntarily accepted, yet sufficiently disparate to introduce some efficient checks and balances. How far contiguous national groups provide opportunity for this is a matter for the political specialist. But I suggest that some groups stand out as offering these characteristics in greater or less degree: (a) the Danubian group; (b) Germany, if freed from the Prussian domination over the other constituent parts of the Reich; (c) The Czechs, Slovaks and Poles; (d) the Scandinavian countries; (e) Great Britain and France, with, perhaps, Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland.

It is not suggested that all these groups can be at once established after the war. But it seems most unlikely that a general federation of Europe can be effected then either, and to propose as a means to this (which would best accord with our principle) a number of smaller federations opens the way for advance. Some might be established before others. There is no value in uniformity of action unless it is also spontaneous. As nations long used to complete autonomy become accustomed to action within a federal scheme, they will become ready for the federation of the civilized world. (I am not a great admirer of Tennyson as a poet, apart from the shorter lyrics; but I am greatly impressed by the fact that in Locksley Hall he foresaw "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World" as a consequence of the invention of aviation—itsself then very far in the future).

Within each federal or confederate unit which is established the federal Parliament or Council and the Executive responsible to it will, of course, take over the control of all matters of common interest, including Foreign Policy. And secession would be forbidden. If any State which is sufficiently aggrieved by the action of the federal authority is free to secede, the system

becomes unworkable. Abraham Lincoln was quite right when he insisted that to permit the secession of the Southern States was in principle to approve the dissolution of the United States into its component elements. Any federal Government must have the use of full and effective "sanctions" against its own rebellious members.

But the federation of the civilized world and even of Europe lies far in the future, unless this war, before it ends, causes such distress and havoc as to drive men to drastic remedies. Consequently there will be need for the more comprehensive League of Nations which shall include the various local federations. This, as the all-inclusive body, should determine the constitution of the Court of International Justice, and (if one be set up, as is urgently to be desired) the Court of Equity. What is to be the authority of these Courts—moral only or coercive also?

Here the lesson of experience is very plain. To entrust the application of "sanctions" to Sovereign States (whether themselves federal or not) is to court disaster. It creates uncertainty, which is an effective irritant. If it is possible, as I believe, to recruit an effective international Air Force under the direct authority of the League Council, and if the nations are prepared to agree to abandon military aviation as part of their own equipment, the League might have at its disposal a weapon sufficient to enforce its awards or those of the Courts associated with it. But if the Council has no effective force of its own, then let all mention of "sanctions" be struck out of the Covenant. Let us have no "sanctions" of which the application depends on others than the Assembly or Council of the League themselves.

The moral authority of the League may count for very much if it stands alone. But if there is, so to speak, a stick in the cupboard, all attention is diverted from a moral censure to the question whether the stick is to be brought out.

Besides getting rid of uncertain sanctions, either by making them certain or by abolishing them we need to cultivate a stronger public opinion in support of League-loyalty than yet exists. On the whole this country has been a genuine supporter of the League system; but there are some bad patches in our

record. It may have been so difficult as to be reckoned impossible to go to the help of China in Manchuria when Japan was formally pronounced guilty of aggression. But we might have avoided putting an embargo on the export of arms to both countries *immediately after* that judgment had been pronounced. That was a very severe slap in the face to the League's authority. It is pleaded that it was unintentional; but that only makes it worse. The action made it very clear that our Government did not regard the judgment of the League as a primary factor in the shaping of its policy.

In the crucial case of Abyssinia we took the worst possible course. We could, with some consistency, have refused to act at all. We had opposed the admission of Abyssinia to the League; that step was taken on the motion of Italy against our advice. When Italy proceeded to invade Abyssinia, we might have pleaded our former attitude and stood aside. That would not, I think, have been the highest ethical line; but it was defensible; and we might have retained the friendship of Italy. We took what I think the higher ethical line without counting the cost. It should always have been evident that no State should resort to sanctions unless prepared to go to all lengths, including war, to uphold the authority of international law. What happened was that we imposed sanctions to an extent which did the maximum harm and stopped before they could do any good.

We have not, I believe, been worse than our neighbours; but it is most profitable that each nation should pay regard to its own mistakes rather than to those of neighbours. The conclusion at any rate is clear and it is two-fold: (a) no sanctions except under the direct authority of the League itself; (b) a new loyalty towards the League in the States-members of it.

One more illustration of the latter point may be given. The Disarmament Conference failed, and its failure was a major disaster. It failed, in part at least, because it worked under a formula containing two terms without ever deciding which of these was primary. The formula was *Disarmament by Agreement*. Is Disarmament the more important term? or Agreement? Clearly, Agreement. There is no more essential evil in a big gun than in a small gun. The evil is in the race in armaments.

That is what creates tension, anxiety, panic. If once we can agree about armaments, we have taken the decisive step from regarding them as our means of injuring one another to regarding them as our joint equipment in the common enterprise of civilization. If that Conference had agreed to maintain the *status quo* for five years, without any disarmament at all, and then meet again, it would have taken a decisive step. When it met five years later, disarmament would have begun. When the nations cease to compete in armaments, and fix the amount of these by agreement, they will soon reduce their volume; the money is wanted for other purposes!

But to put Agreement first was really implicit in the whole idea of the League. To put Disarmament first was to follow the line of ephemeral national interest. Indeed the idea of the League implies that no State-member should take an action affecting its relations to other State-members except in consultation with them in the League. That leads us to the most conspicuous defect of the League—its failure to deal with Tariffs.

The League has done magnificent service in the social fields. Its medical work has been invaluable, and the International Labour Office, associated with it, has won universal confidence though not all its recommendations have been universally accepted. All this work must go on. The League has also won great honour by its occasional incursions into the economic field, as for example its reconstruction of Austrian finance. But its activities on this side have been limited by lack of authority in the Covenant. We pass on therefore to certain applications of our initial principles in the economic field.

The way to be followed in this field as indicated by our principles may be very briefly described. We have to find a way of ordering life which

- (a) expresses the fellowship of all men in one family,
- (b) gives sufficient outlet to the self-centred acquisitive tendency in men to harness it to the common interest, and
- (c) provides adequate checks and balances to prevent it from seriously injuring the common interest.

Of course that is easier said than done. It seems to me indispensable that States should consent to submit their Tariffs

to the League and let free consultation concerning them take place. To impose a Tariff without so submitting it should be an offence within the competence of the Court of International Justice. Such consultation would of itself lead to many adjustments and generally to the lowering of tariff-walls. It would also tend to undermine economic nationalism which is an active part of the disease of Europe to-day. But behind all these contrivances is the question of motive in the economic world.

So long as we rely on the Profit-motive (as distinct from a secure but limited return on capital invested) as the mainspring of production, so long we shall be in a condition always verging towards faction within and war without. In the world we know, however great the need for an article may be, it cannot be produced unless it *pays* some one to produce it. If there is an idle coal pit and there are unemployed miners, even if they could pay the cost of working the plant, they may not do it unless they can also *pay* the owner. Supply of need is not now a sufficient motive; there must be also payment for ownership. We have reached a stage where that is become intolerable. And the profit-motive in industry and in finance, when given such freedom and prominence as it now has, becomes a profoundly and pervasively disturbing factor. The one thing that has become international in our world is Finance; it is arguable that it ought to have been the last.

Finance ought never to be in positive control. It exists for the sake of production. And production exists for the sake of consumption. The hungry and needy public ought to be the controlling group. Finance may rightly exercise a check, calling a halt to avoid bankruptcy; but for positive control it is functionally unfitted. Yet it exercises such control to a very large extent.

When we leave the realm of general principles for that of constructive action I have no qualifications to speak. Plainly we may cut the knot by following Sir Richard Acland in his demand for universal communal ownership. I shrink from this, because I think that the administration of the communal property would tend to become bureaucratic and mechanical. But I would advocate a vast extension of public control of

private enterprise; especially I would advocate a wide extension of the limitation of profits wherever liability is limited—a model scheme could be found before the war in the great glass-works at Jena. And I think the Bank of England, and probably all Joint-Stock Banks, should be nationalized; for I see no other way to stop the exercise of positive control through finance, which is false in sociological principle, or the speculation in money as though it were itself a commodity—a process which impairs its utility for its own function as a medium of exchange.

I need hardly say that I attach no importance to my opinions in this field, for my special knowledge of it is very slender. I put forward these views rather as illustrations of a political spirit than as a political programme. If we could see the Governments of Europe genuinely co-operate in the enterprise of securing for the mass of ordinary citizens the full benefit derivable from the ease with which mankind now produces wealth, we should have moved a long way towards both prosperity and peace. But I am very sure that those who hope to see a successful termination of our present effort and the salvation of Europe from recurrent outbreaks must be ready for far-reaching changes in the political and economic spheres, and that these must be guided by the Christian understanding alike of the purpose of God and of the nature and destiny of Man.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

HITLER blundered badly when he attacked Poland for it brought him a war for which he was not ready and which certainly upset his programme. Can one doubt that he has made a second blunder in his attempt to escape the consequences of the first? In each case wishful thinking led him astray. He attacked Poland thinking that the Allies would accept a *fait accompli* and now he has, apparently, acted on the assumptions first, that Norway would not fight and secondly, that the Allied navies could not operate effectively in the Skagerrak when threatened with air attack from Denmark and the south coast of Norway.

The latter was evidently the more dangerous assumption for his whole audacious coup depended for success on the maintenance of the communication with his main invading force at Oslo, especially if the Norwegians refused to submit tamely. Even the most wishful thinking could hardly have induced him to believe that he would be able to maintain communications by sea with the detachments despatched to occupy the West Norway ports or that they would be left undisturbed by counter strokes of the Allies. Whether Norway resisted or not it was evident that the detachments must be reinforced before counter strokes were delivered against them. If the Norwegians offered no resistance, once the main expedition was established at Oslo, it would be easy to reinforce the west coast as the detachments established there were at the termini of railways, except in the case of Narvik. On the other hand when Norway decided not to submit meekly to threats it was essential that Norwegian resistance should be overcome as rapidly as possible in order to anticipate Allied action. All

honour to Norway for the courage of her decision and for the gallantry of her fighting men who, though taken by surprise, and victims of infamous treachery, were quick to organize their defence and by demolitions to hamper the movements of the invader. Yet if the flow of German reinforcements and heavy equipment had not been broken by the action of the Allied navies Norwegian troops would have been hard put to it to offer effective resistance.

It is evident that if the Germans made the assumptions I postulate they have both proved false and they have revealed the strategic mistakes in the German plans—neglect of the security of the line of their main communications and the dispersal of the naval forces which might have protected it. The movement of the west coast detachment across the front of a superior enemy, who was bound to interrupt their sea communications, might have been excused as a bold surprise adventure provided that alternative communications were assured. To establish the detachments in isolated positions where their power to do mischief would only be temporary and not decisive must be reckoned as a blunder.

As matters stand while I write, the German main force at Oslo would appear to be too weak to overcome or overawe Norwegian resistance rapidly. Its communications are precarious and it may run short of many essentials. There seems little prospect of its acquiring sufficient offensive power to come to the assistance of the west coast detachments who are in a dangerous position. Such support as they can be given will be given by air and that is necessarily limited. Moreover, if the German air arm and naval forces become engaged in defensive operations the less will be their capacity to carry out the offensive rôle against British naval bases and blockade which would appear to have been the essential object of the coup.

Meanwhile, fighting in the Oslo area between the Norwegians and Germans though fierce seems to be of a guerilla nature. The direction of the German attacks is towards the Swedish frontier, not towards the west, but whether the object is to cut Norway's communication with Sweden or to establish themselves on the Swedish border seems open to question. The possibility of

Sweden being drawn into the war is evident in spite of the sacrifices of prestige she has made in hope of maintaining her neutrality. If Sweden is drawn in German commitments in Scandinavia will be immensely increased, almost to the extent of involving Germany in a war on two fronts rather than in a mere extension of front, which is all her invasion of Norway meant.

All British strategy must in the nature of things depend on sea power which guarantees the communications of the Army but it is seldom that the Navy has the chance of both protecting the communication of our own army and of attacking the communications of the enemy's forces. This Norwegian war has given it. Do the Germans underrate the offensive potentialities of sea power? In the last war they certainly failed to use their own navy as an offensive mass of manoeuvre and in this war they have already dissipated the strength of the smaller navy they now possess. Purely as a strategical study this Norwegian war will afford a remarkable example of the close co-ordination of the action of all three services for the attainment of a common object.

Are we on the eve of greater things and is the invasion of Norway only the prelude to the decisive struggle? Practically every country in Europe is standing to arms. The Low Countries especially feel themselves threatened. But if Hitler intends to strike at them why does he delay? It cannot be that his army is not ready, for it has been deployed for months. Are his threats part of the war of nerves and does he hope that if and when he can claim Norway as another victim it would undermine the courage and determination of the Dutch? From a purely strategical standpoint the number of troops, either German or Allied, likely to be employed in Norway would not to any material degree affect the fighting strength of the immense armies opposing each other in the main theatre of war. Yet if, taking advantage of the initiative, he had struck simultaneously at Norway and in the Low Countries he might have hoped to cause confusion and hesitation in the Allied camp. It does not therefore seem probable that he is waiting to see to what extent the Allies will commit themselves deliberately to a Norwegian campaign. Did he hope to liquidate the

northern situation so quickly that he would be able to release his naval forces to capture positions on the Dutch coast by a sea borne turning movement on something the same lines as he followed in Norway. Whatever his intentions are he appears only to have steeled the determination of the Low Countries and if he contemplated another amphibious enterprise the losses inflicted on his naval resources by the Allies must have put it out of the question.

So far as land strategy is concerned the main situation does not appear to have changed. The Allies, and indeed the Low Countries too, are in strong defensive positions and the onus is on Germany to embark on the gamble of offensive action. The sea war is still the dominant factor in the situation and so far as a soldier is able to judge it is going very well for the Allies. The stranglehold of the blockade is tightened and events in the North Sea and Baltic approaches should certainly not have been detrimental to the situation in the Mediterranean.

So far as air warfare affects land operations one may question whether the air forces used by Germany in the Norwegian enterprise represent a serious deduction from the air resources she would employ in furtherance of a major land offensive. Is it a sufficiently serious deduction to make it necessary for Germany to delay her main stroke in hopes of achieving a greater concentration of power later? One would hardly think so unless the strength of the German air force has been greatly over-estimated in quantity and quality.

Whether intentionally or not Hitler has contrived to leave the world for the moment guessing as to his next move and there are plenty of opportunities for speculation. Among others one may ask what chances there are that the Norwegian war will develop into a "Spanish ulcer". If Sweden were drawn into the fray the possibility certainly exists and the analogy would be striking. The attitude of Russia, the course of events in the Danubian countries cannot be left out of speculations but on the whole it would seem that Mussolini rather than Hitler controls the floodgates and it is difficult to believe that he can wish the war to spread.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IT had been known for many weeks that preparations for an overseas expedition were being made in the ports of Germany from the Baltic to the Elbe. That expedition might be aimed at any of her weak neighbours—Sweden, Norway, Holland or Belgium; which was the selected victim could not be said. Whether the vessels which pretended to sail in ballast to Narvik for the purpose of carrying iron ore back to Germany, but in reality had their holds filled with troops and munitions, proceeded across the open waters of the Skagerrak or by the Swedish or Norwegian territorial waters, we do not know. It would not be difficult for them to slip across the 75 miles between the Skaw and Norway in the hours of darkness. Thenceforward, in the covered way of neutral waters, they were in complete safety till they reached the port whose hospitality they were to abuse until the given zero hour for their landing arrived. No precautions which the British fleet could take could have defeated this singularly base treachery. To regard this as a great strategic success is a mere abuse of the word "strategy".

Air Reconnaissance during the night of Sunday, April 7, disclosed that German men-of-war were at sea, moving Northward. The fleet at Scapa put to sea at once, but Scapa lies some 300 miles, or sixteen hours steaming, from the nearest point on the Norwegian coast, and some 500 miles—say 28 hours steaming—from Oslo. During the forenoon of Monday, it was learned by a message from the destroyer *Glowworm* that strong naval forces were in the neighbourhood of Narvik and the hope could be entertained that one of the two British squadrons then at sea, the one making for Narvik, the other for Bergen, would fall in with them. But the sea is large; daylight lasts only little more than half the twenty-four hours, and even during daylight visibility may be restricted by fog and snow. The enemy evaded the search, but next day the old *Renown* fell in with the new battle cruiser *Scharnhorst* and another cruiser, in a snow storm and engaged her. Though the newer ship was

able to show a clean pair of heels, it was not before her fire control had been disabled and it will be some time before she is fit again for service.

While the *Renown* was thus engaged in the North, one division of the fleet off Bergen cruising throughout Tuesday, April 9, was attacked throughout the day by German aircraft. This is the first occasion in which ships and aircraft have been pitted against each other except in small bodies or in harbour. The only damage sustained by the ships was a hit upon the flagship, which has not affected her fighting capacity, and slight injuries to two cruisers, which did not interfere with their work, and the loss of the destroyer *Gurkha*. Though one must not draw definite conclusions from a limited experience it is permissible to say that we have no reason to suppose that command of the sea has passed from the surface to the air. What has happened has simply been that a new type of craft now partakes in naval operations. Aircraft have made effective attacks upon cruisers in Norwegian harbours and transports in the Kattegat, but by themselves they cannot command the situation. The closest liaison between all the types of sea fighting instruments, from the battleship to the destroyer and torpedo boat, to the submarine and aircraft, is essential.

What, one asks, was the object of this new aggression? We know that Hitler had marked down the Scandinavian countries for conquest: but what, at this stage of the struggle, does he hope to gain? Some parts are plain. From Denmark he gets those things he needs at once—food-stuffs, petrol and gold. He gets possession of the Danish islands and stepping stones for attacks on Norway and Sweden. He may have counted also on acquiring Iceland and the Faroes, though he can hardly have been so blind as to fail to foresee that Britain would at once either occupy, or defend them; for their value to him as naval bases from which to attack the northern blockading squadron would be inestimable. With admirable promptitude the Faroes have been occupied—it is a repetition of our occupation of the Cape of Good Hope in the name of the Stadholder when the Jacobin armies overran Holland in 1795—and we have announced our intention to prevent any landing in Iceland; and there are more ways than one of doing this.

Perhaps, too, Hitler counts upon using Denmark as a pawn with which to negotiate for the return of the Colonies if a stalemate should arise in the European theatre. We may be fairly sure that, when he is in difficulties, he will offer restitution of his European acquisitions in return for the colonies, and endeavour to represent Britain in the form of a monster, ready to prolong an unnecessary war in order to hold on to the colonies she "stole" from Germany, and Iceland would have been a particularly useful pawn with which to play.

Then as to Norway. It has long been a theory in German naval circles that they need to get out of the "Wet Triangle"—the Heligoland Bight, and to possess naval bases further out into the North Sea. With bases on the western coast of Norway her cruiser forces of all kinds would be better placed for attack upon the British blockading forces in the North; they would not have so far to go to reach them, warnings of movements would be more difficult, for while some measure of observation of German movements is possible by the use of scouting submarines in the Bight, it would be less easy to cover so wide a space as the whole stretch of the Norwegian coast. It is not difficult to visualize the picture which may have presented itself to a megalomaniac mind—well defended bases in as many Norwegian fjords as should be desired, another in Iceland, a stepping stone in the Faroes. The glorious picture might well include Greenland. Then no blockade of Germany by Britain would be possible. Equipped with a fleet built with the resources which she would possess from her European territories, and from the economies which she would effect in her military expenditure when she had crushed all her continental rivals, in possession of new naval bases, she could snap her fingers at the world.

Before, however, this German Paradise could be attained, the war must be won. Supplies of iron and various important allies must be got to win the war. With Norway in German occupation, and with well defended naval bases distributed from Narvik to the Skagerrak the prospects, of being able to protect the passage of convoys or ore-carriers even against a superior British fleet might appear favourable. The convoys, moving at intervals, under the protection of strong squadrons consisting of her battle cruisers and aircraft, could move if

necessary by short voyages from base to base. Great as the superiority of the Allied fleet is it would not be possible to maintain a constant blockade of Narvik or the equivalent of such a force somewhere on the route over the coast. That was the forecast when this gamble was planned.

Certain factors were essential for its success. First, that no great losses should be suffered by the German Navy; second, that Narvik was strongly held; third, that the bases on the Norwegian coast should be impregnable by land or sea; fourth, that there should be an uninterrupted flow of reinforcements and munitions into Oslo; and fifth, that the internal lines of communication in Norway should be secure.

At sea, the German losses have been appreciable. The *Scharnhorst* and the "pocket battleship" *Admiral Scheer* are temporarily disabled, six out of the eight cruisers with which she began the war are sunk, and twelve destroyers out of the two dozen or so which she had at the beginning of the month. Narvik is in British occupation and British troops have landed at various, as yet unnamed, places on the Norwegian coast. Though communications through the Kattegat with Oslo continue by sea, they have been slowed up by loss of several transports and by minefields; and though routes can be swept, new fields can constantly be laid. Reinforcements can reach Norway from Denmark by air, but the heavy supplies of guns and ammunition must go by sea.

The reciprocal functions of the navy and army are well brought out. At this moment the army is repeating one of its historic tasks—to assist the navy to obtain command at sea. It does this by ejecting the enemy from his sea bases and obtaining bases for the navy. When new bases are at the navy's disposal, it in turn assists the army in its further operations by acting, with greater strength and continuity, against the sea-borne line of communications of the enemy army.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE sudden, though far from unexpected, extension northwards of the Nazi war machine, together with the Allied counter-attack immediately ensuing, has served to introduce a phase of air activity which may be recognized as a natural successor to the rather desultory use of aircraft that has so far marked proceedings on both sides. When the history of this war comes finally to be written it will very likely be discovered that its course in the air may clearly be divided into four main parts. Such a division, however, will bear no reference to those air units, specialized or otherwise, which operate over the fronts of armies, either in the sense of normal flying in close co-operation with the forces on the ground or in the case of sudden spurts of energy that are called forth by the necessities of offence and defence on a grand scale. It is to the independent use of the air arm that reference is intended.

The first phase, after seven months of war, has just come to an end, and might not inaptly be described as guerilla warfare in the air. Briefly, it was distinguished by isolated action at uneven intervals, directed in the strictest manner at legitimate objectives, such as ships-of-war in harbour or at sea, and under the most careful instruction, on either side, that civilian life should not be risked, at any rate on shore. Our leaflet dropping, which had no lethal significance, need not be considered in this connection, while reconnaissance flying, for the most part flown by night, was common to either side. Perhaps the most prominent feature of this preliminary phase was that the bombing which took place did not attend on any apparent land or sea activity, nor did it appear to further any particular aim of strategy, though it is only fair to say that the Nazi North Sea flights did accord with their expressed desire to do damage to our shipping. It was strange, indeed, considering the small results accruing, and the toll that was taken of their bombers, that they persisted in the policy. At the time of writing we have suffered the loss of one fighter aircraft, the pilot of which

was rescued from the sea, while 57 Nazi bombers have been destroyed, not to count a comet tail of lame-ducks, injured during combat, which are very likely to have foundered on their way back home. If these visitations had been regular and persistent, the Nazi casualties would have amounted to deterrent loss. But the very sporadic nature of these long flights from German bases have effectually disguised the percentage total of the casualties inflicted by our fighters.

Another feature of these occasional clashes between the fighter and the bomber is the continuous ascendancy of British aircraft belonging to either type. There is no manner of doubt that our Hurricanes and Spitfires can take, at any time, the measure of the Nazi Heinkels, Junkers and Dorniers, or that, for the time being and, perhaps, for long to come, they have imposed upon those heavy types belonging to the enemy a deep awareness of inferiority. So it is, though naturally in less measure, with the British bomber, due regard being given to the hazardous nature of the long-distance tasks they have been called on to perform. They have suffered loss at the hands of Messerschmidts in aerial combat, but in the aggregate it will be found that the enemy's anti-aircraft armament has been responsible for the greater part of the failures to return home. On several occasions British bomber formations have successfully beaten off, and even defeated, enemy fighter attack, in doing which they have displayed themselves as flying fortresses in a true 'Douhet' tradition. The power-operated turret has had a great deal to do with this condition of affairs, and there, at least, we did steal a march on our foe.

Now, the war in the air has taken on a new phase, wherein the Royal Air Force, and the Fleet Air Arm, are assuming an offensive rôle, conducted for the first time as yet in close co-operation with the Navy, and in furtherance to the clear aims of strategy. Hitler's Scandinavian adventure is directly responsible for this change of scene, which has also produced air activities of a varied kind in his own Air Force too. Thus we have witnessed troop carrying on a considerable scale, whereby Nazi holding forces have been landed adjacent to the ports and railheads previously seized from the outside by naval surprise and have there assisted to consolidate the situation.

British air power, in prompt reaction to these events, has had, so far, three main tasks assigned to it. To sink, or cripple, units of the Nazi Fleet wherever found, particularly while harbouring in the occupied fjords; to sever, or seriously to hamper, the enemy's short sea communication with the invaded territory by bombing troops and stores afloat; to attack without remission those aerodromes on Norwegian soil known to be in Nazi use and thereby to reduce enemy air pressure both on the land defenders, and on British ships-of-war. It is a phase of intense air activity in which severe losses must be faced.

For the present our fighters are not in the game, excepting only as those of the Fleet Air Arm can lend a hand to perform occasional escort duty, nor will they be until we are enabled to establish aerodromes of our own in those parts of the invaded country, protected by her army, that are reasonably remote from enemy interference. Until that happens, and the British expeditionary force would appear to be a corollary to the event, our bombers must carry on alone, and in this connection we must not forget the potentiality of the enemy's large bomber force to act reciprocally to our own. Their targets will be exclusively our ships-of-war which, necessarily, must keep the seas within close reach of the coastal waters used by the German Fleet and the vessels of supply that they protect. We are, in fact, in the process of at last appreciating the effect on Navies of intensive air attack, conducted unremittingly and, up to a certain extent, regardless of loss.

So far we have good reason to be gratified as to the present result of the give and take. The deck armour of a British battle-cruiser has successfully withstood the impact of a large-sized bomb. Cruisers that have sustained hits have not fallen out of station. The anti-aircraft armament of our ships-of-war has given a good account of itself. A destroyer, the *Gurkha*, it is true, was sunk by action from the air, but in the case of so small a vessel a direct hit is bound to have some such effect, size and power of manœuvre being, in such cases, the main protection. On the other hand our bombers have destroyed at least two Nazi cruisers, and have been successful in hitting shore, or troop, ships from the air.

None the less we must expect that the enemy bomber force

will intensify its action against the British Navy. A real instance has not yet been seen of determined low attack on a capital ship by wave on wave of aircraft, so long sustained as, perhaps, to empty her magazines of anti-aircraft ammunition. But it is surely clear that it will come, and if the Fleet emerges safely from such a trial, at the same time bringing bombers down in handfuls, then at last it can be said that we have the measure of our enemy. This is the issue to be fought out in this second phase of the war in the air, and the whole world will hold its breath until the matter is decided in our favour. We already know for certain that lightly conducted air attack on ships-of-war is not productive of result, and that bombing from high altitude reduces to infinitesimal proportion the chances of a lucky hit. We have now to harden ourselves against the possibility that suicide tactics, as it is hoped they may happily be called, will do the damage looked for by the enemy.

This phase of the air war may last until either Hitler's venture fails, or Norwegian territory is lost beyond recall. In each case, however, it will constrain him to release a big offensive elsewhere, and so it is, in all probability, the prelude to a third phase the chief feature of which will be the bombing of legitimate objectives inland. No doubt an attempt will be made at first to confine such targets to military communications, aerodromes, munition factories not situated in the midst of thickly populated districts, and suchlike. But very soon the inevitable will happen. One side or the other will overstep the mark, by accident or by design, an increasing fury will be aroused and then the last phase of all will be ushered in.

THE ECLIPSE OF LIBERALISM

BY THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G.

LIBERALISM, it must be agreed, is under an eclipse. In every part of the world it is in the shadow. Is there any hope that the shadow will pass, and that Liberalism will once more stand out in the full sunlight? A loose classification has tended to create confusion between the idea of Liberalism and the idea of Democracy. Liberalism, as has often been pointed out, represents an attitude of mind, based on certain definite principles, not depending on a bundle of legislative projects. Democracy represents a system of government whereby the substantial majority of any particular community is able to create, and to maintain or change the form of rulership, of legislative and administrative power, which it considers most desirable. It is rightly supposed that in most cases the choice will not be inconsistent with Liberalism, but there is no guarantee that this will always happen. If the inhabitants of a particular country, for whatever reason of national pride or of fancied security, choose to submit to the rule of an oligarchy, or even of a tyrant, their decision may be thoroughly illiberal, but it cannot be called undemocratic. Yet Democracy, too, is not basking in the sunshine nowadays.

Of all the great countries in the world England is the one in which the plant of Liberalism first took root. Its growth was slow and intermittent; the controversies of religion, philosophy, and party politics played their parts in encouraging or hampering it, but through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it never died down, up to the day when the French Revolution inaugurated a fresh atmosphere in Europe.

Historians have told us that English Liberalism was fostered by the increasing impatience which the leaders of organized industry, the so-called "middle-class", displayed when the free play of cause and effect was checked by Government

interference. The State, indeed, had for centuries held in an iron grip many incidents in an Englishman's daily life, and people were beginning to tire of it. Indeed, not a few of the legislative restrictions on freedom were in practice ignored.

As the eighteenth century progressed the liberal-minded regarded with undiminished suspicion the direct intervention of Government with their habits and interests. This does not mean that they clamoured for a more direct share in the ruling of the country. The Whig oligarchy was in no sense democratic, but recent memories ensured for it a certain popularity. English historical terminology is in a way defective, for the so-called Rebellion of 1642 which culminated in the Civil War, was really a Revolution, while the Glorious Revolution of 1688 was in fact a Rebellion against a Sovereign trying to copy the methods of Louis Quatorze. The Jacobite menace still smouldered, and twice burst into flame; so that the champions of civil and religious liberty were in the front line as defenders of popular rights, though they had little thought of equality, and would have abjured many of the tenets of Algernon Sidney.

Liberalism, like Protestantism, has flourished when the wind is bleak; and the swelling pretensions of George the Third's monarchy provided scope for its growth. But Liberalism by its nature lacks cohesion; it is far easier to agree to wait than to agree precisely whether and at what pace to progress. So the French Revolution split the Whig party into fragments, and evolved the Radical group as a distinct political force. Almost all welcomed the destruction of the Bastille, unimportant in itself, as a blow to historical tyranny; but such sequels as the September Massacres, and the horrors of *les noyades* were to some the prelude to a reign of Anarchy, to others only unfortunate incidents in the struggle for liberty. Through the first quarter of the nineteenth century Liberalism languished; but, as has often happened, devotion to a particular cause soon created reunion. This time the cause was political Reform, and by the great measure of 1832 Liberalism was again borne on the crest of the wave. At that moment two figures emerged, Disraeli and Gladstone, almost contemporaries in age, and destined to lead in a life-long battle of parties.

Disraeli was never a Tory of the old brand. In one of his

early failures at High Wycombe, in 1832, he announced "I start in the high Radical interest. Toryism is dead, and I cannot condescend to be a Whig." It was only in 1835 that he declared himself as a Conservative. For the next forty-five years his flexible Conservatism proved to be the most formidable obstacle to the triumph of Liberal ideas.

Gladstone, as everybody knows, started as a Tory, and remained Conservative in many facets of his polygonal personality. But there was a deep foundation of generous Liberalism, upon which one who loved his fellow men was constrained to build. It was a fortunate accident for Liberalism that the pressure for Free Trade, partly economic, partly humanitarian, brought about the reconstruction of parties. The Peelites had all been good Conservatives, and not many of them survived to become good Liberals; but it was around the greatest Peelite, Gladstone, that the Liberal Party rallied. After the fall of Sir Robert Peel party politics long remained confused, especially in foreign affairs, until in 1866 Liberalism tried to play one of its strongest cards, the enlargement of the franchise. This was overtrumped by Disraeli's ingenious Bill of the following year. It alienated some good Tories, but in the long run justified itself even from a party standpoint. Soon, however, the wheel of Fortune turned, and religious freedom and equality, articles of the Liberal faith, were vindicated by Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Party principles were further asserted by an Education Act, and by the abolition of religious tests at the Universities. Those years perhaps marked the Zenith of Liberalism in England. It rose high again in 1880, mainly from discontent with Conservative Foreign and Indian policy; but it was in a greyer atmosphere. Gladstone became absorbed in Irish politics, and many English Liberals, keenly anxious to do justice to Ireland, resented its monopoly of Parliamentary time which should have been theirs. Earlier, Gladstone had spoken of "the flowing tide", and it was said that an excited Liberal had spoiled his platform peroration by declaiming in stentorian tones "in the striking phrase of our great Leader, 'the flying toad is with us!'" Unhappily that singular batrachian Ariel did not long escort the Liberal Prospero on his road. 1886 witnessed the fiercest

disruption of Liberalism since the French Revolution. The remaking of an Irish Parliament was not in itself a Liberal measure. Liberalism does not demand the multiplication of assemblies, whether independent or subordinate. It has often applauded centralization, even where citizens differ as markedly as a Lombard does from a Sicilian. The strength of the Irish case lay in the reality of the demand, not its abstract merits. The harsh British denial, destined thirty years later to give place to utter surrender, left the Liberal party in complete shadow.

It can here be noted that John Morley's editorship of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* coincided in a great degree with the hey-day of British Liberalism. This article is not concerned with his literary merits, or with the personal charm which endeared him to troops of friends of different creeds and parties. He took charge of the *FORTNIGHTLY* in 1867, and carried it on for fifteen years, collecting a band of contributors of extraordinary eminence. Many of them represented the Extreme Left (to use the French term), and were not merely anti-clerical, but anti-religious. The Church of England was assailed with special venom. The French Revolution, a favourite playground of the editor's, was regarded as a model to be generally imitated. These opinions were admirably stated, and no doubt from time to time overstated. They exposed many undoubted abuses; but they did not tend to consolidate the Liberal party. The heirs of old-fashioned Whiggery detested what was called Philosophical Radicalism; and the break-up of 1886 was not due only to mistrust of the Home Rule policy.

After the Liberal defeat of 1895 the gloom was deepened by dissensions between Gladstone's successors. Morley was for hammering on with Home Rule; Harcourt for tackling the drink question; Rosebery, with greater prescience, for curbing the House of Lords. The South African War developed fresh divergencies of a more serious kind, for they involved moral principles, not mere preferences for parliamentary expedients. Then once more, *quod mimime reris*, the enemy saved the situation. The sudden though not unforeseen conversion of Joseph Chamberlain to the Protectionist creed, added to dislike of the almost Prussian attitude of Balfour's Government towards

the racial problem in South Africa, with memories of the Chinese Labour fiasco, drove the Liberal party into confident reunion, and obliterated all recollection of personal squabbles. Campbell-Bannerman proved to be the ideal man for the hour ; and when time claimed him as its victim, and Asquith assumed his mantle, seconded by Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm for social aid to the aged and poor, the sun still shone brightly. Then came 1914 and the War, and no Liberal administration has come into being since 1915. After twenty-five years of coma, can there be a re-awakening ?

The foregoing sketch has indicated the various subjects on which Liberalism has been able to stir the mind of the people, to influence administration and to fashion legislation. We see that in Foreign Affairs it has spoken up for the rights of small nations and of oppressed minorities, but there has always existed a strong element objecting to assertion abroad and to the armed strength which makes such assertion possible, so long as there are grievances unredressed at home, poverty unrelieved, and inequalities unchecked. Still most Liberals have not wished to abandon the functions of a Great Power, but have resisted what Lord Salisbury termed the mania " to go everywhere and take everything ".

Nor has the Liberal party neglected the Empire, though there have been sharp divisions of opinion on Imperial policy. The gradual progress of the Dominions to practical independence has not been the work of one party, though Liberals can claim that but for their action after the victory of 1905 the difficult problem of South Africa would have been far more difficult, and might perhaps have proved to be insoluble. Nor has Liberalism any cause to regret its part in the administration of India and the Colonies in the past. On the contrary, it can claim that its understanding of native races, and sympathy with their material and moral progress have been as a rule more acute than those of its opponents. But it would be extravagant to base a demand for Liberal supremacy either on the working of the Foreign Office or our relations with the King's dominions overseas, whether free or dependent.

For centuries religious freedom has been a Liberal watchword. The Disestablished Churches of Ireland and Wales, which both

fought hard for their privileges, would now cheerfully admit that their loss has been a gain. Not merely by melting the frozen barrier which parted them from the majority of their fellow-countrymen of other creeds, but by positively promoting efficiency and quickening interest. The generation which is old to-day can recall the time when, especially in the North, where Nonconformity was strong, Liberal candidates were asked to support the Disestablishment of the Church of England. If they themselves were Churchmen they usually replied that the question was not before the country, and therefore could not be answered. But the clamour was considerable, and it is curious to reflect that now the principal advocates of the change, judging by letters to the press, are dissatisfied members of the Established Church.

In the face of the growing neglect of religious observances a closer union of purpose and action between the different Churches can be unmistakably noticed. For example, the blaze of controversy over religious education has greatly died down. On this the Liberal attitude was well defined. Equally pronounced has been the Liberal belief in the value of general education and of equal opportunities for acquiring it. Mistrust of popular education may not be so openly expressed as it was, but it has not entirely evaporated. Old-fashioned conservatism still holds that much schooling makes the young generation discontented with their lot and over-ambitious for a rise in the world, and in particular that it is mainly responsible for the exodus from country villages to towns. To which a Liberal may reply, " on your last point, it is true that education in country schools has often been on wrong lines, but there are many other reasons for the flight to the towns. As for discontent, it is sometimes justified ; but the best discontent is for a man to be discontented with himself, and that is what education does for him."

No attribute of Liberalism has been more essential, or more distinctive, than its devotion to the cause of Free Trade. As with all ardent faiths, devotees here sometimes overstated their case. Adam Smith, its greatest evangelist, admitted certain exceptions, and even excused the Navigation Laws, the most flagrant defiance of the doctrine. But it must be noted that the Liberal party stands alone in maintaining that every departure

from the rule needs special justification. Conservatism has always been Protectionist, and shouted for joy when Joseph Chamberlain fell into line. Socialism naturally prefers a managed to an unrestricted system, so favours control of supplies and prices by Import Boards. As Philip Snowden said in October, 1931, "The Labour Party is not a Free Trade party. Its candidates are saying that from a thousand platforms. The party has issued an election programme which involves the most extreme form of Protection." It is therefore a satisfaction to recall that a year later the two most distinguished Liberals in the second National Government, Sir Herbert Samuel (as he then was) and Sir Archibald Sinclair, stuck to their guns and resigned sooner than accept a measure founded on the Ottawa conference, which propounded tariffs not to meet an emergency or a peculiar case but to initiate an enduring system of Protection. The present Liberal policy on fiscal matters is on the old lines.

Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform were three articles of the Liberal faith. To take them in reverse order—Reform, fuller representation of the popular will, was for generations a milestone on the road to freedom. It was not always a Whig or Liberal triumph. Disraeli's *grand coup* of 1867 has been mentioned. The Act of 1884 was the outcome of a rather sulky compromise. Suffrage for women, the ideal of John Mill and his school, was tepidly supported by John Morley, and was disliked by such staunch Liberals as Asquith and others. Everybody now has the vote, and Liberals have to ask whether the last word on Parliamentary Reform has been said. The Chartist demands of 1838 were premature, but have all been met, except that for annual Parliaments, for though electoral districts have not been equalized, anomalies have been steadily reduced as far as local conditions and prejudices can permit. The outstanding point is that of Proportional Representation. It is an easy taunt by the two other parties, both of which dread it, more particularly, perhaps, the Socialists, that a decrepit troop, such as the Liberals, naturally calls for a change which would give a fictitious impression of their real standing in the country. It is equally easy to point out that the other parties naturally favour a system which draws a false picture of their true strength. And that apart from the unquestioned charge of unfairness, it is

in itself undesirable to divide the electorate into two camps, the one mainly interested in the retention of property, the other in methods of expropriation. The most telling argument against Proportional Representation is that it would tend to substitute for our old system of parties in Parliament a congeries of unrelated groups, conceivable in a circular Chamber with a tribune for speakers, and altogether unsuited to our House of Commons. But in fact the splitting up into groups has already gone far, and is likely to go further when the present Government is replaced by another. It might not be feasible to initiate a new system at once by a gigantic Reform and Redistribution Bill, but surely we could try the experiment in a selected class of constituencies, as indeed has already been systematically suggested.

Retrenchment, too, has had its day, and the word reverberates with an almost ironical echo. The finance of Gladstone seems to be almost as remote as that of Charles Montagu. During the era of social reform which followed the Liberal victory of 1905 the nation's resources were skilfully and economically exploited; but it may be that in combatting the selfish resistance to the Budget of 1909 not enough emphasis was laid on the need for watchful economy in administering the great sums to be produced by taxation. But the old tradition still lives, and it is the Liberal party that preaches the doctrine of saving for national ends both public and private monies. The Tory party has discountenanced increased taxes and rates, particularly the latter, but it has been apt to regard minor economies as "cheese-paring" and unworthy of a great nation. Socialism, on the other hand, cannot be expected to economize so long as it is convinced that the pockets of the well-to-do are still overfilled. So long as people are seen driving in large motor-cars, and entering expensive restaurants there must be plenty of money about. How far recent legislation has dissipated these illusions it is difficult to say. The present situation may make it clear, as that of 1914 to 1918 should have, that wealth can be destroyed more easily than it can be redistributed.

The third word, Peace, echoes even more cynically. War smothers all the aspirations of Liberalism. Free Trade withers because most foreign trade is gone, and what is left has to be

controlled. Education, checked in every war by the calling up of young men, is doubly maimed by the evacuation plans exacted by the dreadful perils of modern warfare. The national wealth has to be squandered on an unprecedented scale. The hopes for a better world raised by the establishment of the League of Nations have, for the time being, sunk into the background. But these bitter regrets do not mean that Liberals are behind any others in insisting that the war must be fought to a victorious end. To remember only Bohemia and Poland makes compromise impossible with those who, in the famous words of the biographer of Agricola, hold that "robbery, murder, rapine, are dignified by the false name of government. They make a wilderness and call it peace."

A Conservative or Socialist critic who has glanced at the foregoing pages might ask: "assuming that your historical summary is accurate, are you convinced that the Liberal party can continue to exist, or if it can, that it will serve any useful purpose? We do not deny that it has done good work in the past, that it has shown some prevision, and corrected some abuses. But is not its day over? All that is valuable in its principles has been absorbed by other parties. What has been the history of Liberalism in France, Germany, and Italy?"

These questions demand a categorical answer, for some of them wear the plausible attire of half-truths. It is true that many Conservatives are not like Lord Eldon, and that some imitate the Disraeli who wrote *Sybil*; but the party has never countered the popular belief that it stands first for property and privilege. One sees complaints, even from critics inside the pale, that in too many constituencies candidates are chosen for their readiness to pay a large toll of annual subscriptions. And the party remains a close corporation. We hear much of national union and the quenching of party spirit, but nothing of extinguishing Conservative predominance or mollifying the rigidity of the Carlton Club.

Some millions of electors in the British Isles will not admit that the sole alternative is a Socialist victory and a headlong plunge into an unexplored stream of political life. By a singular paradox, this number is likely to be increased by the series of smashing blows which the war deals to the owners of great

possessions. There were not a few voters, by no means adorers of Karl Marx—small traders, clerks in the minor grades of the Civil Service and in private businesses, the holders of small pensions—who felt that wealth is ill distributed and that a Labour Government was most likely to correct the balance. But now the axe has fallen, and the executioner is not dressed in red. It does not seem certain that in all other respects the programme even of milder Socialism will greatly attract the new electorate. Increased pensions are fascinating, if the money is forthcoming to pay them. But a Labour Government settled in power could not continue a series of unbalanced Budgets. To the average Briton nationalization is neither a bugbear nor a panacea. He remembers that in the Middle Ages national defence was largely a private responsibility, and that organized poor-relief only started five hundred years after the Conquest. The Post Office seems bound to be a public care; but for centuries the postal work of the ancient Empire was the appanage of the Bavarian house of Thurn and Taxis, the final compensation for its nationalization having been paid within living memory. It is not clear who would benefit by the nationalization of agricultural land, or of railways and mines, assuming that these could not be run at a loss, as they would be if wages were generously raised without mulcting the user of the service or the consumer of the product. There is no evidence that public management would be more imaginative, or public working cheaper, but rather the contrary. On the other hand, the dread of over-centralization and of the extinction of small businesses will make many hesitate to hasten even the most bloodless of revolutions.

We need not be troubled by the fate of Liberalism in other European countries. In France such old-fashioned Liberal Free-traders as M. Yves Guyot may not survive. But the Radical and Socialist-Radical party is a potent force. By a blunder common in the British press, it is often called "Radical-Socialist", which would have a quite different implication. And many *soi-disant* Socialists in France are substantial people in no way hostile to private enterprise. The history of German Liberalism is singular. In the middle of the last century it promised the most hopeful development of the faith, with men

of the type of Bunsen as its prophets. Then Bismarck emerged. In the Frankfurt Assembly protests against infringement of personal liberty had been carried. In Prussia the fight was carried on, and in 1862 Bismarck crushed Parliamentary opposition. The victorious wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870 seemed to vindicate his action, and from that time German Liberalism has been extinct. Those who admire the sequel to that triumph are welcome to do so. The Italian case was altogether different. The Risorgimento had the sympathy of the advanced thinkers in all countries, but when a Parliamentary system was created it was not able to work naturally, and Liberalism never had the chance of being a directing power. Britain has not got to choose between Fascism and Socialism, between the Corporate method and private enterprise.

The conclusion is that both Conservatives and Socialists, *sua si bona norint*, should welcome the continuance of a compact Liberal party. Thoughtful Conservatives, averse from being merely the champions of property, should recognize the value of an organization from which they may often differ, but which is as deeply rooted in history as themselves, and has a better chance of being a steadying force in times of danger, for it is prepared to try experiments, not to burn boats.

The Labour party, while also frequently at issue with Liberals, would find that on such subjects as education, housing, and child welfare they would often be on common ground. And it should not be forgotten that in some of their aspects Trade-unionism and the Co-operative movement are in closer affinity with Liberalism than with academic Socialism.

It is a harassing period for Liberals, especially for the young men and women, who find themselves forced into the background in their best years, and to whom the prospect looks dark. It has been poetically said by a foreign writer that just as when a man walks towards the sun his shadow falls behind him, so when he moves towards the light envy and detraction dog his steps. But let us conclude with a confident *Sursum corda!*

THE INTERRUPTER

This poem was written in the first six weeks of war, and inevitably carries the marks of trouble. It is hardly necessary to say that it may therefore be a trouble to those who read it. It would be beside the point to make excuses for it; but it is legitimate, perhaps, because of the trouble, to ask as much patience with it as will take the reader through to the end before he finally passes judgment in his mind upon its content. If it begins in storm it ends in quiet. Whether it wins that quiet by right or by self-illusion is what the author must leave to the reader. The occasion is a war that threatens to cause widespread suffering, one that is without doubt an intense focus of human destiny, and therefore of immense import to every person, and it is for this reason and no other that anyone is asked to read it, and to read it through. Perhaps the attempt was too much for the equipment of the author, the event being so huge and so complex. Yet here it is; and if it is wrong the author knows that it is nevertheless true, if not as a philosophy, at least as a record of one who felt the need of a philosophy.

FRANK KENDON.

I.

I FORGIVE you all for dying like that;
 It was perhaps the best thing to do—
 Dying like that was perhaps the best thing to do.
 I was sorry for Men, you see, Men losing their Freedom;
 I was angry at that; I supported War. My Tears
 Put this Sword in your hands. This bomb? you said;
 Must I drop this? On them? On them, I said.
 You must be bloody sorry for them, you said;
 What about me? I am sorry for all the world, I said;
 Can't you see that without more argument?
 Do you think I do this lightly, without thinking?
 Do exactly what? you interrupted—
 Do you think I do this lightly, without thinking—
 Declaring War, I mean?

You've thought it out? you said, incredulous,
 You mean, you've thought it out? I do, I said;
 The time has come at last, We Must Stand Firm;
 I have Pledged that, when they bomb, We will Retaliate.
 You're coming, then? you said. (I was too old, that's all.)
 They must be resisted, I said. There is No other Way
 Of Saving Freedom. We must Pay the Price.

Whose freedom did you mean ? you said
 Whose freedom do you mean to save with *this* ?
 Ours, when we wipe a thousand of them out ?
 Theirs, when they rush their kids into the cellars ?
 No, I said sadly ; that is the Price We Pay.

I see, you said ; and you intend to buy it :
 You'll get it, won't you, for the price you pay ?
 I most sincerely hope so, I replied ;
 At least you won't say that I broke Our Pledge.
 I shan't say much, you said.
 I see, now, what you meant.
 I see now what you meant :
 Freedom is not a thing to talk about
 In detail, but a Cause, a Sacred Charge,
 So sacred that Things done in Freedom's name
 However unspeakable, corrupt, and brutish
 They may seem in themselves are by that Name
 Rechristened Noble Sacrifice. You know, I said,
 I do not *like* to Unsheathe this Dreadful Sword—
 (Swords are all right, you said.)—
 I hoped we shouldn't have to call you up ;
 But We've Got to Be Prepared.

I noticed that, you said, stuck up on cottage gates,
 And in the backs of cars, and in shop windows.
 You planted that on us—slogan democracy—
 Prepared ? Prepared for what ? You left that out.
 You called your military big-talk, what ?
 A Peace-Front, didn't you ? We stood for that
 All right ; The rest was simply plain Defence.
 Now it's a Blow for Freedom, and you know
 As well as I do that it's nothing but the devil
 In us poor followers, put to a use by you.
 Don't think I'm angry : Nothing's happened yet.

I didn't know, I said, you'd feel like this.
 Keep a Stout Heart ; We're going to Win Through.
 (It's winning, is it, now ? you said)
 I saw that I must change my argument.
 I said : You've heard of German concentration camps ?
 (I seem to know the name, somehow, you said)
 Fill up your mind, I said, with all the beastly things
 Reported from the concentration camps, and then
 Let fly your Cleansing Anger. *This* ? you asked.

I nodded and agreed. You're Quite a Realist.
 Am I ? you said ; All right, I'd better go ;
 What's the address ? I named a German town.

You looked at me. That's funny, that is, you said ;
 Ever been there yourself ? I was, last summer ;
 A decent little, a decent little place, friendly you know.
 But that's all one, you said. I'll give them Hell,
 And when I've blasted all their, all their well-kept gardens,
 You'll give them Freedom, won't you ? That'll be lovely.
 You *are* a missionary, aren't you ?
 Yes, I said, a sort of missionary,
 And so are you.
 Our Cause is Just ; how can We Hesitate ?
 You've said it, boss, you said. Give us that Gospel ;
 We'll do a bit of crucifying ourselves, this time.

No, I won't go ! you shouted.
 You'll go, I said, for Freedom, Justice, Honour.

In my mind, you said, my private mind,
 I know that what you intend, you warrior christian,
 And what you hide from yourself in sentimental headlines,
 Cannot be said in plain and simple speech ;
 No decent tongue could say it to one man—
 Would you geld me, and get my heart's offspring for me ?
 Yet you'll be my private conscience and compassion
 So that indecencies,
 And for a holy reason,
 Such as will shake a tyrant,
 May with God's blessing be performed on strangers
 And bring us all to our ugliest. I won't go !

You are under oath to obey, I said. You can't change now.
 Put down that dangerous bomb, I said.
 You seemed at a loss for a smile. You put it down.
 What you have said is treason, I said, and serious.
 Freedom, Justice, Honour, you asked, treason to these ?
 It's serious all right.
 If all were men like you, I said, it might be different.
 I'm nothing special, you said. Average, I should say,
 Wife and two kids, like you. I'm nothing special.

It's got to be, I said. There's no escape for us.
 What's the alternative ? you said.

A tyranny like mine, but worse, I admitted.
 How could that be ? you said ;
 You haven't touched my being ; I'm unspotted
 At least as far as you're concerned. I will not be your butcher.
 I won't be Freedom's butcher, either ;
 I am free enough, you said, from any tyrant.

You may be free enough, I said, but there are others ;
 That's the whole point of concentration camps.
 This other Tyranny might take your wife and children
 And put them to debauchery and torture.
 That's the alternative, I said.

Honestly, you said, after a moment,
 I don't *see* an alternative.
 Is it worse to be a victim than a tyrant ?
 How can I choose ? Where is the difference ?
 You say he *might* do this ; but *you've just done it*.
 Why handle horror when it suits your purpose ?
 You know what torture does—to other people,
 Though you don't need to spot your cuffs with blood.
 I'll face that other tyrant when he comes, and
 I want to be alive to do it properly,
 Not just a sacrifice on Freedom's altar,
 Caiaphas, eh ?

But wait a bit, you said. What is his crime ?
 I thought you'd think again, I said.
 Give it in general terms, you said ; no details now.

I said : *He takes the innocent and tortures them
 Body and mind, and some of them he kills.*
 Who'd think you'd ever talked in slogans now ? you said.
 Let's think that out together, that plain-speaking—
 You know that German town, that Price we've got to Pay,
 You wanted me to bomb it, *that one, you know*.
 Yes, I said.
 Let's be cool and clear, you said. You know what bombs are ?
 Yes, I said. Now, listen then, you said :
 "*He takes the innocent and tortures them
 Body and mind, and some of them he kills.*"
 That's wickedness, you said. That's right, I said, it is ;
 No man can stand still under things of that sort, can he ?
 You understand, now that you've faced the Naked Truth,
 What men of nineteen-thirty-nine have got to deal with.

*The world's an ugly place, a very ugly place ;
 (You looked away, and did not interrupt)
 Someone has got to do some Cleaning Up ;
 I saw that, all along. My job's not easy, either,
 Persuading people out of a perfectly harmless
 Peacetime ignorance. We've Got to be Prepared. . . .
 I'm glad we've had this sensible talk together, I added.
 It's good to get things off your chest sometimes.
 Most men are Decent Chaps when you Get Down to them.*

II.

For a day or two I couldn't forget that hour :
 The last word ought, by rights, to have been with you. . . .
 We had hardly touched the difference between us. . . .
 Both hating tyranny and at such odds about it ;
 It can't be merely age, I said ;
 I've had my passion too, and I remember it.
 Besides, I said, in spite of all the mud and slavery—
 That uniform you wear,
 Those clothes, to me and many thousands like me,
 Are signs of what I was and never thought to be :
 A man given a mission more than his own,
 Lifted from a ledger, lifted from pointless habit,
 Given a purpose, given a physical life—
 Why not admit that the army mended me ?
 Men can be fellows, that's about what it came to—
 We found that out, I mean ; and that was something.

Given a purpose ? you said. Given a physical life ?
 Although the men you found could be your fellows
 Are, lots of them, now unnecessary heroes.
 This courage, comradeship, purpose, self-sacrifice,
 These are not qualities of war, you know,
 They're qualities of men,
 And after War the number of men is less,
 By simple subtraction, needing no argument.
 And you old sweats,
 Isn't it time to say that the way you found
 To sweeten your reason was to simplify ?
 We were wanted, you say, and so we went.
 Nor do the dead themselves lay claim to nobility ;
 What I say now won't hurt them,
 But PRO PATRIA MORI, is that true—

Or this ?

"What Did You Do in the Great War, Daddy ?"—

"You're proud of Your Pals in the Army,

But what do Your Pals think of You ?"

Did they carve these on War Memorials ?

Yet that's how many went, as you know well ;

It was as simple as that.

They made you ashamed to live to be yourself ;

Left you no respite ; troubled you with atrocities ;

Offered to hang the Kaiser ; got you, sooner or later ;

And after four years and ten million single murders,

The world a charnel, sick of death and anger

And all the waste, waste, waste of holy human work,

Came to an end with nothing but graves and famine,

Pensions and poppies and unknown-warrior-worship. . . .

That's twenty years ago (forty minutes of Silence).

Now they want others.

They're at it again, with more efficient guns,

More aeroplanes, more bombs, more lasting gas,

Things they can really trust in, crying now :

Freedom is in Danger, Defend it with all your Might.

They're men, themselves, but they don't believe in men ;

They bait to catch a conscience, but, to put the world to rights,

Set mothers filling shells, fathers begetting death ;

They had to think of something, didn't they ?

They had to stop the rot.

Alas, for us,

So little do they really trust our decent nature,

They must save Freedom from us, by us, for us.

Trot out that idiot Juggernaut of History ;

Fetch gardeners, shepherds, shopmen, commercial travellers,

Give them a Purpose ; lift them from Ledgers ;

Men must have Freedom and We will Defend it

Torture for Torture till they can take it.

—And yet, what else could they do ?

In spite of myself I could see no other answer—

If men are not led they cannot fight for freedom ;

For you know, I said,

The freedom of the world is indeed in danger,

The guns are real, I said. The devil is in action.

Yes, you said ; and leaving out the guns and threats,

The statesmen daily override their people,

Foster their worst, spit shame upon their gentleness,

Rob to maintain their right to leadership,
And take the youngsters off to teach them cruelty
And pride and lies and hatred.

You suddenly stopped, and turned your eyes to the window ;
Come and stand here, you said. Quick ! See, on that rose tree !

A bullfinch, I said.

The wind was shaking the first of the fallen leaves
Across the grass. And beyond the grass
My friendly-looking beech tree tossed in the wind
Against a dark blue sky.
The bird played in the leaves
And his shadow played in the grass.
The top of a cloud behind the tree moved eastward.

This evil is certainly here in this afternoon world, you said—
And yet, what else could they do ?

The bullfinch flew down to his shadow ;
We stood side by side facing the window together,
Eyeing the garden.
Women are filling shells with man-destruction ;
And yet, what else could they do ? you said,
The mills are milling poison ;
Some of the guns they're making now, you said,
Can fire a shell that weighs a ton for twenty miles,
And when it touches earth
The crater blasted by its one explosion
Could take two hundred corpses in its apex.
It takes great skill, you said, to make such guns
And such shells—and yet, what else could they do ?

You cannot hear the hissing of the leaves, you said,
And yet you know it ; you'd almost swear you see it,
The sighing dance of the tree makes visible
That soft whispering noise. . . . And as for bombs,
We've always got those ready, up our sleeves,
And mustard gas, blistering agony, that as well
Ready to hand if (mark the word) if need be :
If Freedom needs it, if Christianity demands it,
As by their parsons and their posters I am told they do.
What else could we do, we artisans and housewives ?
O desperate, bankrupt, blindly led, crying : What else ?

Silence fell and you made me drink it
 So that we heard, as well as saw, the hissing
 Of the forgotten leaves.
 And out of the bottom of the silence
 As quiet as my thoughts, with far away words
 I thought I said : You mean, what worse could we do ?

You said : The cloud behind your tree is a tower of light ;
 Keep your eyes on that cloud, you said, and being a man,
 Answer me fairly, as a cloud might. Have I,
 Have I belied War, except as words must fail us ?
 No, I said.
 Bit by bit, man by man,
 Shell by shell, man by man,
 Murder by murder, man by man,
 Taken piecemeal, it is as bad, at least,
 As I have said ?
 In itself it is altogether bad, I said.
 Yet Freedom is in danger, you said. Will you defend it ?
 I will, with all my might.
 What is your might ? you said.
 A man's, at least, I said.
 That is, your reason and your soul, you said ;
 Only by these weapons man is master of the world,
 Better than the beasts, master of himself ;
 These have served well and surely for a million years ;
 These have made a hornless, fangless race
 Stronger than hunger, ice, or mountain.
 Armed, one in each hand, you are wise,
 You are impregnably wise.
 Tyranny being rife and ugly, as you say,
 Still, patiently ask reason if war is good or bad,
 For that is the question between us ;
 Ask your own soul if war is good or bad.
 Do not blind them wilfully with the word.
 But see it full length, its gashes and its hatred,
 Mark that its sole strength is in dealing death,
 Know that the dead are neither wise nor good,
 Can never more be free, nor love a country,
 That death can only act on living men,
 Can only destroy their reason and their soul
 The very faculties, the only faculties
 By which a man becomes Mankind,
 In union of which, and not of flesh with metal,
 The nobility of Justice is maintained,

Do not make tyranny an excuse for surrender !

I saw the Tree's shape doubled in the Cloud's,
 The Cloud's shape in the Tree's. Your words did not now
 Drive out the good world, as your angry words had done ;
 I heard or thought a voice like yours, that said :
 Do not appeal to death saying, What else can I do ?
 Ask life, What more can we do ? This is your answer.
 Most men are decent chaps when you get down to them.

III.

Days have gone by and still you don't come back.
 Why did you close the only refuge I had ?
 The storm rages about me, now ;
 It is too late for quietness such as you praised.
 My brothers and friends are strong with their conviction ;
 The work they do together fills them with strength
 Such as they dumbly longed for when they spent
 Their daylight hours and bought a salary. . . .
 And I sit railing here, but have a man.
 Who were you, after all ?
 How can one " arm oneself with soul and reason " ?
 In this world of united purpose I want something to do ?

Do not sit railing here, you said.

Why did you make me watch the tree ? I said,

Because it was there, you said, and you could see it,
 A thing, with life and senses of its own,
 Which from a seed has followed, day and night,
 The easy truth of its own quiet nature.

I know it in all its lights, I said.
 Alas, I do not ask for parables now, to help me.

This is no parable of a tree, you said ;
 But common, inescapable fact ; since we divide
 All substance without doubt into two kinds—
 The living, and the inert,
 In which great cleavage through the world we know
 Mankind and treekind are inseparably brothers.
 The same life stirs them, and the selfsame purpose—

THE INTERRUPTER

To pass this parentage to younger counterparts,
 And, living in time, in time to cease from living.
 Your beech tree grows and colours, fruits and falls,
 In intricate and clear-cut difference
 From ash and oak and others ;
 Each tree being good of its kind by self-obedience ;
 The whole purpose of beech-mast being intrinsic :
 To do its living best to be that kind of tree.
 It is not a parable, you said,
 That man and tree are alike.
 Men are good of their kind by right obedience, too ;
 The whole purpose of childhood being intrinsic :
 To do its living best to be that kind of creature.
 Surely in every man the best of man is minted ;
 Life is his opportunity, his peace of being's to prove it.
 Doubt this and all's frustrated.
 Whatever is your life-giver is the tree's ;
 You cannot otherwise define him, need not name him,
 But his law and liking must be in your freedom.

Which I had thought to defend, I said.

No threat, you said, less than annihilation of all men
 Imperils a thing so bound into his pulse.
 Man's difference of kind is in his soul and reason,
 His heritage is welded with his kind,
 It is just for man to be free, having reason and soul—
 This is our instinct of man's nature :
Something that merits freedom.
 Leave that root nature only time to leaf,
 If man but lives his heritage is certain. . . .
 Your Tyrant's no more than a man, you said,
 He cannot change mankind.

He's mad, I said. He must be !

False to man's permanent nature,
 That is mad, you said.
 If he is not on the course that kind lays down
 For man to verify, he is sure to fail.

His converts will maintain his ways, I said.

Will they also be mad ? you asked.

THE INTERRUPTER

Yes or no—how can I tell ? I said.

Surely. If they maintain inhuman ways ;
 If they seek to frustrate the course
 That kind lays down for man to follow,
 They will be mad, you said,
 And in the end mere will of man
 To be invincibly himself
 Must bend them all aside.
 Life is by heritage unshakeable of purpose.

You take a very long view, I said.

Not so long a view as eyeless life, you said.

But power of terror is in their hands, I said ;
 And those who oppose them die, and they increase.

Hold firm and cool awhile longer, you said.
 Are you convinced they do man's nature wrong ?
 Do not let terror or even suffering dictate an answer,
 Are you convinced they do man's nature wrong ?

You know you have no need to ask it, I said ;
 The world of nameless men agrees to damn them.
 Terror and suffering are here good evidence,
 By them I know they do man's nature wrong.

Cancer ? you said.
 If terror and suffering are good evidence ?

Again, you yourself know the difference, I said.
 Cancer has no party.
 No will to break man's spirit, no intention.
 But terror and suffering are their *instruments*,
 We watch them handle and use them,
 And that they use them against fellow-men
 Is itself instance that from heart within
 They do man's nature wrong.

Do they themselves believe this ? Are their motives
 As they interpret them, to do humanity harm ?
 Do they seek to justify their acts ?

None of us knows their hearts, I said ;
 But if by words they justify such things as
 (All the world knows) they have daily done,
 If, in perversity, they call their motives good,
 We still believe and know that their cruelty affronts
 And thwarts and wrongs man's nature.
 What they do is evil.

It is the same, you said, with those who fall into war.
 For terror and suffering are war's only instruments,
 We see them handle and use them,
 And that they use them against fellow men
 Is itself instance that from heart within
 They do man's nature wrong.

None of us knows their hearts, I said.

They do not hear their own, you said ;
 For even if by words they justify such things
 As war must daily do,
 Even if they call their motives worthy
 You still believe that cruelty of man
 Affronts and thwarts and wrongs man's nature.
 These are your words, you said.
 O, if your faith has any virtue left,
 Do not deny them for a symbol of Freedom ;
 Nor for any motive, not for compassion even
 Be yourself pitiless and desperate with war.

What is the good of pleading thus with me ? I said ;
 The storm rages about us now.
 It is too late for quietness such as you praised ;
 By myself I can do nothing now.

The only way to do nothing, you said, is to die.
 For forty years you have pestered life for its purpose ;
 You have had one answer, though for forty years
 You have rejected it. The purpose of life is to live.
 Is man too proud a thing to take that answer ?
 It would be poor faith even in a gardener
 To swear that seen effects are the only good.
 Who knows what the lifting of a head may do ?

Man cannot live to himself alone, I said ;
 It is surely in his nature to serve his kind.

But only live, only give channel to kind, you said ;
 Others will feel your life, accepting your service.
 Who knows what the thinking of a thought may do ?
 Think, and, as you think, you live,
 And, as you live, you are seen to live
 By those whose eyes are about you ;
 Or think, and, as you think, you love,
 And as you love you are beloved
 By those whose lives are about you ;
 Or think, and, as you think, you speak,
 And as you speak you are understood,
 And as you are understood believed.
 The lifting of a finger is not lost, you said.
 A good thought, a kindness of being,
 An eye thankful for autumn, a sorrow borne,
 A wave of the hand, a memory recalled,
 A silence, a just answer, a clear refusal,
 A step further—thus advances our kind.
 Because no eye can measure
 The marks these chisels make,
 In your impatience you doubt them,
 You, who can give a man his birthright
 In saying goodnight to him,
 Why do you say it is too late for quietness now ?

And again by some strange force of affection in you
 You drew me silently to the window,
 For you did not call me, nor beckon, did you ?
 I was constrained to stand equal with you,
 Perhaps by the golden light.
 And at some moment, no more noticed than
 A single leaf-fall, you became
 The space about me :
 I could not turn, nor stir the air,
 Nor cast a shadow, without you.
 As I stood, receiving the autumn,
 The silence melted before my heart-beats,
 I heard in that your footsteps
 Mounting, mounting, mounting.

INTERIM REMARKS

By H. G. WELLS

FOR the past few months I have been almost continually engaged in sampling human reactions to the present situation. I have received and read, and sometimes re-read, thousands of letters provoked by my trial attempts to state the broad facts of that situation, and a very considerable volume of printed comment and criticism. In addition I have read a large number of books which, quite independently of anything I was doing, deal with these same broad facts. In modern phraseology I have been engaged in Mass Observation in the field of expression of opinion. A certain section of the letters dealt in a spirit of charitable detestation with my parlous spiritual state, and others dwelt very wholesomely on my lack of personal charm and the undesirableness of my continued existence. I agree about the disagreeableness; I am not particularly in love with my style; but I find it gets rather oily and ambiguous when I try assuagement; and I find a sufficient counter-correspondence to go on with their research in my own manner. It cannot be so very long anyhow before I stop altogether.

Happily the very great bulk of this material I have had to handle has been without personal reference, pleasant or unpleasant. Even when it has been definitely addressed to me, it has been inspired by so keen an interest in the material under discussion, that only facts, views and estimates have mattered to the writers. One would have to be omniscient or completely stupid not to have learnt a great deal both in detail and about the general shape and statement of one's views through such an experience, and though I find the general trend of thought I have followed remains substantially the same, there has been nevertheless a decided change in the relative value of two of the main lines of possible political development, and I have realized

a need for much greater explicitness upon certain issues where I had rashly assumed there was a general understanding.

Let me begin with the remarks upon "The World beyond the War" made by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher* in the February issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY*. He means after the war. He describes me as the "prophet of the World State". He suggests that I live upon a "philosophical plane" and assumes that "statesmen", whom he equates with "hardened politicians" are not likely to find the World State (a term he substitutes for my "World Pax" and "World Order" which have very different implications) a practical or even a helpful suggestion. (God help them and the world if they don't emerge with something of the sort!) Further he assumes that I have projected some sort of "constitution", which, "in view of the vast preponderance of the Asiatic population", will "confide" to some mysterious entity called "Asia" the supreme direction of the "world's affairs". He evidently imagines this "Asia" of his as casting a solid vote in the Westminster of this "World State" he foists upon me, for—whatever it is he imagines is being decided. The "Asia" party!

Now this distortion of my conception is, I think, due more than anything else to a certain inevitable carelessness with which a man of Mr. Fisher's high standing as a political historian of the descriptive school, with little or no knowledge of human biology, naturally glances over my all too laboured and unfamiliar reasonings. What I have put forward is really no such laughable "idealistic" prophesying as he demolishes, but the plainest and simplest statement of the present biological poise of human affairs. I have been, for more than half my life, in my dull, persistent way, elaborating a generalization about man's history—my *Outline of History* for example is essentially an essay in stating that generalization—which is, if Mr. Fisher will pardon my italics, that *the size of human communities is and always has been conditioned by the facilities of communication between man and man*. In the *Outline* I trace this through the development of speech, writing, horse and desert transport, shipping, the wheeled vehicle, printing, star

*It is with very great regret that we record the death of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, shortly after this article had been written and passed for press.—Editor, *THE FORTNIGHTLY*.

and compass sailing, steam transport, telegraphy and so on, down to the headlong "abolition of distance" in the present age. I show clearly, not as something prophetic or Utopian or idealistic or anything of that sort, that as a practical fact all our sovereign states are now pot-bound, too tight in their boundaries, and that politicians and statesmen, being creatures of usage and precedent, are failing to adapt themselves in time to the new scale of operations imposed upon them. They are pot-bound too. And secondly, another fact, a hard simple fact with no dream quality about it, and nevertheless a fact to which Mr. Fisher seems to be totally blind, is that *an enormous increase in the available mechanical energy in the world has in less than half a century entirely destroyed the reality of the economic and social classifications of the past few thousand years, and given men all about the earth, monstrous powers of mutual aid or mutual destruction.*

These are facts as incontrovertible as the statement that the sun will rise to-morrow. They threaten us and all our lives immediately. They overrule every one of the political and anecdotal considerations to which Mr. Fisher's studies have obviously been confined. We have to adapt ourselves to them and we have to do it fast, or undergo complete social disaster. Is that plain? I am not screaming this from a tripod, I am writing from a desk and I am simply telling you as plainly as possible what is coming to you. So far as I can understand him, Mr. Fisher finds the idea of adaptation too difficult, a scandalous breach of historical continuity. I admit the difficulty. When I read Mr. Fisher it towers up to overwhelming proportions. Personally I am doing my certainly very poor utmost to discover the possible way to adaptation. And that, I suggest, is what we should all be at now. I do not think this nonsense about "Asia" outvoting "Europe," or those sly pokes at Mr. Wells "with his table (cp. Moses) of the Rights of Man" contribute anything to an urgently necessary examination of our difficulties. I have pointed out the supreme need for some common basis for world solidarity, and it seems to me that a carefully thought out Declaration of Rights will provide that. The Declaration is now undergoing revision by a very competent committee and is now divided into more than ten clauses.

I have succeeded in interesting a considerable number of people in the elaboration of that world charter and it is well in hand. It is no panacea, this is no case for panaceas, but it is a necessary implement if that urgent adaptation is to be achieved. Once that Declaration has been framed, I do not see that there need be any invincible difficulty in getting it into every country in the world. Perhaps such existing governments as those of Russia and Germany will try to prevent its diffusion. Probably nearly every government in the world will hesitate to accept it as a fundamental declaration. You cannot eat your cake and have it, and if you really want a World Pax, that means you have to steel your mind to the idea that *all* the political governments of the world have to be superseded to a very considerable extent, to an extent, indeed, quite beyond what any national "statesmen" as Mr. Fisher calls them, or any ruling class anywhere, is so far prepared to accept. They dream of keeping the old patchwork going with a few superficial political concessions like Federation or a rejuvenated League of Nations. They resist and they will resist every step towards the final effective obliteration of boundaries. They have much to learn if they are to change over to creativeness, and they will not learn it while men of Mr. Fisher's gifts and standing pander to their traditionalism. Failing that miracle, the work of world unification must evidently be the work of oppositions and agitators, of liberal-minded men, natural aristocrats, and the commonsense of common men, working upon a basis of world-wide solidarity, against existing governments everywhere. The adaptation of mankind to these new conditions that will otherwise destroy us, means a world revolution, and it cannot mean anything else. It may be achieved over large areas without much fighting, but only after great struggles and debates.

Now let me state as simply as I can what I mean when I say that my sense of the relative values of certain processes in this task of world adaptation has been modified by these months of study I have spent in getting my mind clear. When we call this warfare a war between Democracy and Totalitarianism, I realize more and more, we mean not a struggle between existing sovereign powers, divided vertically from one another, the *good* democracies and the bad, *bad*, *BAD*, swastika

folk, but a struggle between aggressive dominating types of people and the general interest, which is going on *in every state in the world*. I am in agreement with the psychology of Adler rather than Freud about the essential motives of human beings. The desire to feel secure and superior, to command and extort respect and recognition, amounts to a primary hunger; it is far more essential than the intermittent drives of sex. It leads everywhere and under any political formula, to parallel, if not identical, conflicts.

That has been manifested very plainly by the course of events in Northern Europe. In Finland and all the Scandinavian countries there has been a very considerable amount of progressive liberal and labour legislation during the past quarter of a century. Social services have been vigorously developed, educational standards have risen, slums have vanished, upper chambers have disappeared from the legislatures; no other countries whatever have gone so far in the direction of a universally prosperous equalitarian parliamentary régime. There was a vast increase in common happiness. The ground was cut from beneath the feet of the Communist. In Finland in 1918 there had been a very considerable Marxist movement and there was a grim civil war; it is not an entirely satisfactory story but in the end compromise prevailed. In a brief twenty years insurrectionary Marxism had dwindled to ineffectiveness in Finland, the agrarian and urban workers had come to a working understanding, and men who had literally hunted one another in the days of conflict were working together for the general good. It was an astounding experience to come, as I did in 1920 and again in 1934, from the Marxist pseudo-socialism of Russia to these orderly, happy and highly socialistic countries.

Yes. But there was discontent in them and discontent of a very definite sort. In Stockholm last August when I was there I encountered some very strong whiffs of that discontent. I do not mean discontent from below. There was indeed an active Communist Party, but that was no more natural to the soil than our English communism. It was just a nuisance to the Labour-Liberal political bodies, and it was quite conceivably subsidized by reactionary money. Its chief activity there as everywhere was to disorganize the progressive

parties. The real and dangerous discontent was from above. One found it among the more active employers, in the official and military classes and the sort of people who were gradually being deprived of their sense of superiority and importance by the progressive social equalization. They felt it had gone too far. They resented the criticism of their business management and finance, they were offended by the sight of the happy and cheerful common people who ate in the same rather democratized restaurants and showed the utmost lack of deference in tramways and trains. They felt just as our British Colonel Blimps do when a private in uniform eats in their presence, or a coloured man gets into the same railway compartment. They wanted these common people deprived of their Parliament and put back in their places, and they saw in the Nazi reaction in Germany the very pattern of the methods required.

Why should we pretend things were not so? In Sweden up to the outbreak of the war there was the possibility of an illegal pro-Nazi coup, and the same was manifestly true of Finland. So far had matters gone that the warplanes of Finland were even adorned with a blue swastika to facilitate their co-operation with the black. Everything was ready for a struggle from above downwards to arrest the legalized democratic drift and embark upon a common attack upon Russia as the symbol (even if it had become a monstrously unsatisfactory symbol) of the proletarian idea. In 1937-8 Sweden and Finland, like Poland, were ripe for a Nazi revolt from above. And it is absurd to say that the Stalin-Molotov dictatorship in Russia had no reason to fear an attack through Finland. From their doctrinaire, stupid and suspicious but not altogether ill-informed point of view they had ample reason to regard Finland as the destined spear-head of an anti-Comintern attack.

It is to Hitler that we owe the frustration of this reactionary possibility. No man in the world, not even Ribbentrop, has done so much as he has done to expose and destroy the imminent danger of totalitarian world dominion. Think of all the possible allies this foolish leader of the blind has dispersed. The Germanized and Yiddish-speaking Jews fought loyally for German ascendancy inside and outside Germany as long as they

possibly could. In the 1914-1918 conflict their services to Germany were of immense value. All the Jews in Poland and the Baltic provinces were naturally pro-German. Germany was their spiritual home. Yiddish was a German dialect and they were proud of it. The Jews in America, again, until Hitler came along, were largely anti-British and pro-German. He deprived Germany of all that potential loyalty and preference. Then, in a state of hysteria at the approach of his particular nightmare, the war upon two fronts, he sold his possible Nazi friends like cattle to their traditional enemies. I hope to see the Finnish air power grow and grow, but at the same time I hope to see the blue swastika and all it stands for fade out of the struggle and out of the political imagination of the north.

The point I want particularly to stress here is the revelation of the *extreme precariousness* of any advances in social well-being and popular happiness by parliamentary activity, unless they are fortified by a *world-wide co-operation of the popular and constructive elements in society* to restrain the fear and resentment of the rich and privileged. I have always opposed and ridiculed the class-war theories of Marx and his followers, the class-war upward, but this long spell of Mass Observation I have done has brought me to realize, as I have never done before, the strength and quality of the class-war downward. I find this jealousy, this fear of equality, this dread of a world without inferiors, without people one can command and order about, a primary factor in our present perplexities.

It happens that a typical case of downward class-hatred has come to hand, volunteered, so to speak, in the person of Dean Inge. In a recent essay about me he has favoured the world with an explanation of the revolutionary flavour of my views. I suffer, he says, and have never recovered from, "the hardships of my early life"; I am "permanently embittered" with the genteel classes; at the sight of real ladies, deer parks, the stately homes of England and the Clergy, I "see Red" and "exult in the destitution which I hope awaits them". (Note please that word "destitution" and not "destruction", because I shall have more to say about it.) He then sails on to a string of vague utterances against "Victorian Socialism" and a story of vast massacres and abominable outrages

committed, he alleges in Spain, and apparently with my connivance if not under my direct incitement. Or else I do not know why he drags them in when he writes about me.

I have watched the Dean closely for years. I have been curious about him and perplexed by him. He is conservative and reactionary, but he is not an arrogant Tory. There is nothing of the large generosity of an autocrat about him, nor has he any of the overbearing confidence of a storm-trooper or a Russian commissar. Nor should I say he is at all snobbish, though he takes a lively interest in people of good family. But he is saturated with animus against common people and against any legislation or social forces that seem likely to diminish to any degree their inferiority to himself. He grudges them their reproduction, their education, for which he assumes they are "unfitted", and he bemoans any collective action to civilize their living and working conditions. Now there it seems we have something closely akin to that spirit of suppression which underlies that middle and upper class sympathy with the Totalitarian State outside the formally Totalitarian States which I observed in Sweden, the spirit in fact of the blue swastika. But it lacks aggressive quality. If and when I am hustled off with blows and kicks to the Brown House or seized and dosed with castor oil, I am sure I shall not detect his familiar and, I warn him, very recognizable legs and gaiters among my masked assailants. His Fascism is of a more indoor and defensive type.

And reconsidering again those innumerable articles of his I am struck more and more by the continual insistence upon payments. He resents paying for "other people's children" and other people's illnesses and old age and so on and so forth. And following up this clue, I find it leads me not merely to an explanation of Dean Inge, but to the adjustment of quite a large mass of behaviour in our world at the present time to our world problem. He stands pre-eminently for that rentier type of mind which has been produced in great masses by the financial and economic developments of the past two or three centuries. He clings to a superiority over the great majority of his fellow creatures, but he does not do so in any titled, decorated, armed and trampling manner. He has transferred all that assertiveness

to his property and more particularly to his investment list. For him typically, as for vast multitudes of his class, the central sustaining reality in life is neither God nor Church nor country, nor duty nor any of those brave decorative things, but the investment list and the income it yields. He thinks in terms of solvency, and his use of "destitution" instead of "destruction" in the sentence I have quoted, exposes the core of his mind. Whatever sustains that central reality is his good, whatever threatens it is his evil. There is the key to his objection to expenditure on social service and to his dread of anything that threatens him with expropriation. In a world of increasing terrors for his class, he still clings to the desperate idea that these swastika cults will keep the people down for him. The supreme evil, because it is the plainest threat, is "Bolshevism", but anyone he suspects of taxation and collectivization, he denounces, as he denounces me, as a "Red". We are all Reds together, we are all in a conspiracy against that sacred thing, which he calls civilization, Christian civilization or what you will, and nothing is too bad for us. He lapses into conspiracy mania upon the lines of Mrs. Nesta Webster, whose *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements* must never be forgotten in any study of our present political and social conflict in Britain.

Now I do not want to accuse Dean Inge of any essential dishonesty or wickedness. He is not writing or thinking, as people say, with his tongue in his cheek. It is all to his credit that he reveals to us, honestly and plainly, exactly what he is. He is what his origins have made him. He does not know how completely his mind has been transferred to those threatened investments as the touchstone of social and political good. But the consequences of such a fundamental distortion of the mind become apparent directly we come to any question of evidence bearing on the case. Any statement that discredits these "Reds", however preposterous, he accepts and repeats eagerly. Any statement that seems to him to favour the anti-Reds must by that fact be true. And I find he has a kindred spirit in our press in Mr. Arthur Bryant.

I will take them therefore together. I refuse to charge either of these gentlemen with deliberate falsehood. But I can

do so only on the assumption that they are so mentally deranged by their horror of expropriation as the ultimate evil, that they are indifferent to the ordinary rules of evidence. I have been pleading with them recently, both in private and in public, to come straight and own up, about certain fantastic statements they have made about Spain, and it is only after a complete failure to get them to do anything of the sort, that I produce them here as types of a widespread, and still spreading, infectious mental malady, a malady that has to be taken into very serious consideration in our speculation upon the possibility of bringing some sort of new order out of our present world confusion.

First with Dean Inge. He has written (the italics are mine)—

"I cannot understand how any decent person can deny that the Nationalists were justified in taking arms against *those devils in human shape*, the Spanish Reds, who, fighting under the 'hammer and sickle' and *under orders from Moscow*, butchered three hundred thousand men and women, a hundred thousand in Madrid alone, *in an attempt to extirpate whole classes of the population*. It is difficult to forget what an American eye-witness saw in the town of Ronda, near Malaga. The Reds impaled on stakes *all the male inhabitants who belonged to the middle class*, and while they were dying in agony compelled them to watch their wives and daughters being first violated and then burnt alive. There are scores of similar horrors equally well authenticated."

There is plain statement. I asked for the evidence, and I pointed out that when the "Nationalists" took arms, the Spanish government was a Liberal Republican one which had recently suppressed with considerable difficulty an Anarchist-Syndicalist revolt. And I asked particularly for the name and qualifications of that American eye-witness. To which the Dean replied proudly: "I have made a careful study of the Spanish horrors, and have accepted none but well-documented evidence." He then without a word of apology dropped his American eye-witness, and appealed to "a book by Mr. Arthur Bryant", which Mr. Bryant tells me does not exist—he has never written about Ronda—and there I was left. Mr. Bryant referred me to "official" reports upon atrocities by the Nationalist authorities, but I feel I have hunted the Dean far enough. As for the

Communist rule in Spain, the Dean cites Krivitsky's *I was Stalin's Agent* as convincing evidence. It is plain that if Krivitsky's book has a word of truth in it, then he was by his own confession an accessory for many years to a complex of crimes, frauds and tortures. Why should we trust him now? The Dean cannot have it both ways. And this assertion that something is "official", without date or other reference, is really beyond sane acceptance. What Herr Goebbels says is "official". What Lord Haw Haw says is "official" and the denials of the Republican Government in Madrid were equally official. So far from making a "careful study" of the matter, it is plain that the Dean has just shut his eyes and gobbled what he wanted. "I could have found several equally dreadful examples by Spanish eye-witnesses, but some of them I did not care to keep on my shelves. The estimate of 300,000 victims is official; some have put the number much higher. Krivitsky's *I was Stalin's Agent* is most illuminating; for example p. 120: 'The Ogpu had done a brilliant piece of work. In December 1936, the terror was sweeping Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. The Ogpu . . . carried out assassinations and kidnappings. . . . The Soviet Union had a grip on Loyalist Spain, as if it were already a Soviet possession.'

According to the Dean and Mr. Arthur Bryant, Franco, you see, had taken arms in July, 1936, to avenge what happened in the subsequent December.

Meanwhile, so far as figures go, Mr. Arthur Bryant outdoes Dean Inge, and I find him running on in this style in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*. ". . . the deliberate murder of 800,000 men, women and children in cold blood, as did the Communist rulers of Republican Spain in the early days of the Civil War. For it seems that these ghastly slaughter-house figures, which can now at last be computed, far exceed anything previously estimated in this country".

Shocked by this, I wrote direct to Mr. Arthur Bryant asking him to clear up that massacre of the entire middle class of Ronda with the Dean, and to justify or apologise and withdraw his "deliberate murder . . . in cold blood" figures and his statement that the Republican Government in Spain at the time of Franco's treason was a "Communist" one. I pleaded with

him as one decent Englishman to another to own up and not make it necessary for me to expose him. He referred me as his source for that 800,000 to an evidently well-informed article in *The Times* for January 3rd last. Now here let me quote what that article says.

"The shadow of tragedy lies heavy over all. With a total of murdered estimated at 800,000, apart from 400,000 killed in regular fighting there is hardly a family in the land without a sense of wrong as well as loss, if not a desire for vengeance. This extends to the relatives of the 'executed'. Ten months after the civil war ended, prisons remain crammed and tribunals have to struggle to keep pace with arrests. Denunciation is extended to foreigners, as in the case of Mr. Charles Clayton Ray, president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Madrid, who has been twice molested. Association with the 'Red' Governments or authorities, even in an official capacity, is confounded with criminality. . . . In spite of promises to the contrary persecution for political reasons continues and heavy sentences are pronounced. Fifty Basque priests still lie in prison. Two of them were recently reprieved from death by General Franco, but the Mayors of Tudela and Eibar, together with the youth Raimundo Uriarte, leader of the Basque *mendigoales* (Alpinists) were shot."

You see what Mr. Bryant's 800,000 butchered "in cold blood" amounts to. It includes all the Franco massacres also, and it spreads over the whole period from 1935 to the present day. Yet he still clings to his own interpretation. It is a triumph of faith over fact. The Dean's "official" 300,000 is a reduction of half a million, and still it will not stand examination. No less a witness than General Franco can be put into the box. In a review of the state of Spain at the end of last year he gave the figure of government killings from first to last as 100,000. Even he may not be entirely free from bias. One gets down to something rather more tangible in F. A. Voigt's *Unto Caesar*. There we find that he estimates the shooting in Madrid, including those of persons who were spying, signalling or fighting against the government within the city, and who were shot therefore according to all the accepted usages of war, as "at least" 40,000. He tells me personally that he was able to see the

police records of the shootings in Madrid from first to last, and he estimates the total of those records as about 35,000. He feels however, that these figures are incomplete, and he adds another 10,000 for his own satisfaction. Let us assume that 22,500 of these were unjustifiable political murders. That is frightful enough, but we must remember Spaniards of all parties take their politics grimly. Still it does little to exculpate my two cases from the charge of a bias amounting in effect to mania.

Now if these two gentlemen on the table were rare specimens it would not be worth while devoting space and time to their state of mind, but they are not rare specimens, and the infection of their mental processes spreads. In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I drew attention to the influence of Mrs. Nesta Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*. It is a book that all serious people interested in the British situation ought to read and think about, and very few of them do. I give Mrs. Nesta this much advertisement. You hear little of her in what we call literary circles, and your ordinary educated man, if her volume should ever come into his hands, will probably either consider it a joke and read it through with chuckles, or drop it as preposterously silly. But *the politics of Great Britain are not now in the hands of highly educated people*, and if we are to understand the mental forces at work in influential quarters at the present time, we cannot ignore Mrs. Webster, Buchmanism, Christian Science, occultism and so forth. They are probably more influential even than orthodox Anglicanism.

In my *Fate of Homo sapiens*, published before the war broke out, I wrote: "I should describe Mrs. Nesta Webster as a perfectly sane and capable person with insane ideas, so widely do I disagree with her. I believe her influence has spread far beyond the circle of her actual readers. Milder forms of the same intellectual malaise at any rate are now very prevalent throughout the more prosperous classes in Great Britain and America. It is the only way to account for the behaviour of Mr. Neville Chamberlain for example, or Lord Rothermere, the British newspaper proprietor, towards the Jews, towards Russia, during the past two or three years. A tepid negligent broad Christianity is becoming an aggressive, narrow pro-Christianity under the stresses of the time."

To which I have only to add now that these case-book studies I have made, throw a new and very illuminating light upon the reality beneath all this vehement pseudo-Christianity that threatens to convert the present conflict into a religious war. And I think they make the significance of that Finnish blue-swastika clear. All these things build together into a psychological understanding of that downward class war, which threatens all our liberties.

I agree with Mr. Fisher in his scepticism about the Federation idea. I look less and less to that and more and more to the development of *ad hoc* world services sustained by a world public opinion. My persuasion has been strengthened that world unity can be achieved only by a world movement to that end. I look to the possibility of a Declaration of Rights becoming the common credo of such a world movement, and to the development of cosmopolitan relations between the new international social types that are now appearing, aviators, technicians generally, biologists, agriculturists, scientific workers of all sorts, creative artists, all skilled and competent workers, which will exercise a steadily increasing pressure upon their governments to behave in the interests of social order and world peace. There seems to me to be an enormous amount of will waiting to be crystallized upon these lines.

But the last man to know whether a battle is being lost or won is generally the active combatant.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN CANADA

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE verdict delivered by the Canadian people in the general election held on March 26 was in conformity with the predictions of all impartial political experts, except in regard to the size of the Liberal majority. For not even the most optimistic supporters of the King Ministry cherished hopes that it would be able after four and a half years of office to preserve intact the record majority of 115 which it held in a House of Commons of 245 members at the time of dissolution. But it has actually increased it, for it is assured of 183 supporters, and may add to this number when two vacancies, already created by sudden death, are filled. It made an almost clean sweep of the province of Quebec, where the Conservatives are left with only one solitary member out of 65, and it actually made a net gain of one seat in Ontario where it was prepared to lose at least 20 seats; it also increased its representation from Alberta and British Columbia, and suffered its only setback in New Brunswick where it lost 4 seats to the Conservatives, and in Saskatchewan where it had to surrender several to the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. The Conservatives, who were temporarily disguised for the election as the National Government party, were extremely disappointed that they could only increase their strength from 39 to 40 and the C.C.F. and the other Leftist faction, the New Democracy, remain inconsequential minority groups. The returns available for the popular vote, with the results in a few outlying communities missing, show that the Liberals, by polling 2,411,197 out of a total of 4,458,861 votes cast, increased their percentage of the popular vote, which was only 46.8 per cent. in the election of 1935, to 53 per cent. The Conservatives, who secured a total of 1,396,749 votes as compared with 1,312,637, saw their percentage decline.

The result is simultaneously a decisive endorsement of the war policy and programme of the King Ministry and an emphatic rebuke to the misguided tactics of the official opposition which was fighting the election under a new leader, Dr. R. J. Manion. The Liberals, in their election strategy, bent all their energies successfully to the restriction of the issue of the election. They asked which party offered the best prospect of maintaining national unity and prosecuting the national war effort with vigour and efficiency, and, except in the western provinces where the Leftist movement is strongest, the voters paid little attention to the domestic issues, which all the opposition groups tried to inject into the campaign.

For the success of this effort the chief credit can be given to Mr. Mackenzie King, who has enhanced his already great reputation as a shrewd political tactician and can regard the result as a great personal triumph. It was his own personal decision, taken in face of the misgivings of some of his Cabinet, to accept immediately the challenge offered to his Ministry by the vote of censure passed by the Ontario Legislature. He took the risks involved in the summary dissolution of Parliament a few hours after it had reassembled, and a vote of confidence from the voters. During the campaign he steadfastly declined to discuss any issue unconnected with the war and, offering a skilful defence of his Ministry's war programme, was able to present an effective case for a fresh mandate. He also very cleverly abandoned his usual rôle of an ardent evangelist of Liberal doctrines and assumed the rôle of a national leader who felt that, in view of the tremendous issues at stake in Europe, normal partisan warfare in Canada was unjustifiable. He also, to his credit, refused in face of great provocation from some of his opponents, to be drawn into personal controversies and abusive recriminations, and did his best to keep the tone of the campaign at a high level. He has had his reward in a striking vote of confidence and has now before him the prospect of being able to hold the premiership of Canada for a longer period than any of his predecessors.

But, although its victory was under the circumstances almost inevitable, the political pundits have been busy since the election trying to discover what influences operated upon the minds of the

voters to prevent any operation of the normal swing of the pendulum and secure for a Ministry, which had by no means a flawless administrative record, an increased majority. The generally accepted theory is that the great majority of the voters were satisfied with the war record of the King Ministry. They knew that it was marred by some grave errors and malfeasances, but they felt that it had adequately honoured Canada's obligations as a partner in the British Commonwealth by providing protection for Canada's coasts and trade, by despatching overseas a fully-equipped division, plus 4,000 ancillary troops, and by organizing another division which is ready to sail. They appreciated that it had made a good start with the mobilization of Canada's financial, industrial and economic resources for the benefit of the Allied cause, and by taking firm measures to protect the public from exploitation by profiteers.

They were not persuaded that Dr. Manion and his associates could have done any better, or were likely to provide an administration of high efficiency, and therefore saw no reason for interrupting the continuity of the administration of the war effort by a change of Ministry at Ottawa. But some political observers also discern in the result evidence of a widespread anxiety on the part of the Canadian people that their resources of young man-power and wealth should not be drained away to a ruinous degree by the war. They heard more than one Minister declare during the campaign that the Government had made careful calculations about the contribution which Canada could afford to make to the Allied Cause without ruining herself, and they were determined not to exceed that limit. They felt that as long as Mr. King and Mr. Lapointe were in office at Ottawa, they would resist all pressure to exceed the limits which they had set for Canada's effort. But they were not sure whether Dr. Manion might not, under combined pressure from the British Government and the Imperialist elements in his own party, be induced, if the war was prolonged, to throw all Canada's resources to the last man and last dollar into the scales for the purpose of achieving victory. These apprehensions were undoubtedly very rife in Quebec, but they also existed in the English-speaking provinces and it is an open secret that when Dr. Manion arrived to speak in constituencies in Ontario, which

had a purely English-speaking population, his candidates entreated him not to criticize the King Ministry for the inadequacy of its war effort, and to reiterate his pledges against Conscription. If this theory is correct, then the Canadian people pronounced for a continuance of a vigorous war effort, but with certain limitations.

The Liberals entered the campaign with manifest advantages. They had maintained through their National Liberal Federation, which has no Conservative counterpart, an efficient organization in all the provinces and they had in its president, Senator Lambert, a very shrewd and experienced director of electioneering strategy; their recovery of the control of the provincial administration in Quebec through the defeat of the *Union Nationale* party in October had enabled them to rebuild their political machine in that province and they enjoyed the co-operation of six other provincial ministries. They had at their disposal a richer campaign fund than any other party, and as a result were able to spend more money on posters and advertisements. They could also put in the field a much more formidable troupe of experienced campaigners than their opponents and their press support was in abler hands. They were also able to represent themselves as the only party which offered a prospect of preserving national unity for a war policy and to make use of the hoary argument about the danger of swapping horses in mid stream. Furthermore they had secured the neutrality of a substantial number of manufacturers, who were normally supporters of the Conservative party. The manufacturers had profited from the generous stream of war contracts flowing out of Ottawa since the outbreak of war and, in anticipation of further orders from the same source, were not disposed to antagonize a Ministry which had a good prospect of returning to power.

To overcome these advantages was obviously a difficult task for the Conservative party but they made it hopeless by adopting what proved a disastrous line of strategy. They might have appealed to the country for a mandate on the basis of the historical traditions of their party as the steadiest champion of Imperial co-operation, on their record of past accomplishments, on the strength of popular following and on the possession of

a fair share of the political talent of the Dominion. They could have declared that, if the voters did not see fit to entrust them with office, they should at least provide them with a strong parliamentary contingent, capable of performing efficiently the duties of an opposition, and have intimated that, if the exigencies of the war made a Coalition Ministry necessary, they would cordially co-operate in its formation. An appeal on this basis would have produced an election debate which would have contributed to the political education of the Canadian people and, although the Conservatives probably could not have achieved victory, they would certainly have increased their parliamentary strength and made a considerable recovery of prestige with the public.

But Dr. Manion, to his undoing, elected to embark upon a ruinous adventure. He was conscious that the notorious weakness of the Conservative front bench in the last Parliament would be paraded by the Liberals as an index of his inability to form a competent Ministry, and so he decided to remedy this handicap by announcing at the start of the campaign that, if he was given a majority, he would form a National Ministry recruited from the best available talents in the country regardless of their political affiliations and thereby bring to an end the partisan character of the administration of the national war effort. It was undoubtedly his hope that he would thereby be able to attract to his standard Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario and other malcontent Liberals, but it proved illusory and in the end only three of his candidates were not of proven Conservative antecedents. Then, when Premier King explicitly stated that neither he nor any of his colleagues would dream of joining a National Ministry under Dr. Manion, and Mr. Woodsworth, the leader of the C.C.F. party, also condemned the project, the public reached the conclusion that it was a mere façade erected for the election and should be treated as such. But it cost Dr. Manion heavily in defections in his own party. As a former Liberal, he apparently did not realize how strongly many Conservatives were attached to the historic name and traditions of their party and when he proceeded to style his nominees "National Government candidates", the *Hamilton Spectator*, the oldest and staunchest Conservative paper in Canada, voiced the resentment of thousands

of Conservatives. Worse still the *Gazette* and the *Star*, the two great Conservative papers of Montreal, which had always disapproved of Dr. Manion's radical tendencies, relapsed into an attitude of chill neutrality towards him.

Then Dr. Manion was somewhat unhappy in his oratorical performances. His geniality and friendly ways ensured for him a good reception wherever he went, but he had on the platform what Talleyrand called the "terrible gift of familiarity" and his fondness for telling stories racy of the soil did not compensate for his apparent inability to conduct a sustained political argument. The managers of his campaign were not less maladroit, and, when old-fashioned Conservatives saw posters exhorting them to vote for "Bob Manion" they felt that the party of Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Bennett had fallen on evil days. But what finally sealed the doom of Dr. Manion and his associates was their resort when the campaign seemed to be going adversely for them, to tactics of personal abuse and sweeping charges, often backed by insufficient evidence, against the integrity of their opponents. The result was that scores of voters, including many Conservatives, became definitely convinced that Dr. Manion possessed neither the abilities nor the temperament required for the premiership of Canada in these critical times. The unfortunate Dr. Manion suffered personal defeat in an attempt to regain his old seat in Fort William, which he had held from 1917 to 1935, and the general expectation is that, in view of the humiliating *débâcle* experienced by his party, he will not try to retain the leadership. In the event of his resignation the Conservative party, which has already formally resumed its old name, will elect a temporary leader for the coming session and at a later date hold another party convention for the election of a new leader.

But it was patently through the support of dissentient Conservatives that the Liberals were able to win what are normally safe Conservative strongholds in cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, and to hold industrial seats elsewhere in Eastern Canada, and since the Liberals lost seats to the C.C.F. in their great western stronghold of Saskatchewan, the net result of the election was an increase of Rightist influences, already ominously strong, in the councils of Liberalism. Over

this development the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the most genuinely Liberal paper in Canada, makes no secret of its disquietude and declares that since the Government secured the adhesion of thousands of voters who "never were and never will be Liberals" it was probably no longer entitled to be called a Liberal Ministry, and that therefore there was urgent need for vigorous independence and vigilance on the part of all real Liberals.

It was plain from the opening of the campaign that the Leftist movement had no prospect of making serious headway in this election as long as its forces were divided by the foolish quarrel between the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and its younger rival the New Democracy party founded by Mr. W. D. Herridge, K.C., formerly Canadian Minister at Washington and a brother-in-law of Mr. R. B. Bennett. Mr. Herridge had been able to enlist under this banner the Social Credit cohorts of Premier Aberhart. Negotiations to achieve a working alliance for the election had broken down before the election loomed up, because the leaders of the C.C.F. would not accept the Social Credit thesis and the New Democrats were adamant against any endorsement of the socialist programme of the C.C.F. Neither of the two Leftist factions cut any serious figure east of the Great Lakes but in numerous western constituencies the bitter fights between their competing nominees enabled Liberal candidates to slip in with minority votes. The C.C.F. fared better than its rival for although its policy of limiting Canadian participation in the War to financial and material aid cost it seats in British Columbia through the alienation of many of its British-born supporters, it was able to raise its representation at Ottawa from 7 to 8 by its gains in Saskatchewan and by winning its first foothold in the Maritime provinces through the capture of a seat in Nova Scotia. The New Democrats suffered from the backwash of the provincial election in Alberta, held five days before the Federal contest, in which the Social Credit Ministry of Premier Aberhart had its huge majority severely pared down and it lost 8 out of the 17 seats held by the Social Crediters in the last Parliament, its leader, Mr. Herridge, failing to secure election in a three-cornered contest in Saskatchewan. The combined Leftist vote in the

West was of very substantial dimensions but radical sentiment in Canada will not secure adequate representation at Ottawa until a post-war election is fought amid an accumulation of popular discontent on purely domestic issues.

Whether the Conservative party of Canada can ever experience a real revival of its fortunes is problematical and there are not wanting in its own ranks Cassandras who predict its gradual extinction as an effective political instrument. They point out that it is without representation in four out of the nine provincial legislatures, and only in those of Ontario and New Brunswick has it any substantial strength. Moreover, they maintain that without the nourishment emanating from vigorous provincial organization a Federal political party has no chance of permanent health. They argue that as long as the leaders of the Liberal party pursue, as they now do, courses which are satisfactory not merely to French Canada, the great fundamental reservoir of conservative sentiment in Canada, but also to the financial and industrial interests, there cannot be any real rehabilitation of Conservatism, simply because there is not room for two Conservative parties in Canada. They also foresee that once the war is finished and the Canadian people find themselves compelled to seek solutions for a variety of baffling economic and industrial problems, the Leftist movement will have settled its internal quarrels and developed such support that the forces, which desire to resist it, will be unwilling to risk a division of their strength between two parties.

But it is also foreseen that the close of the war may produce issues, which will be liable to split the Liberal party from top to bottom. For one thing the problem of the reform of the Canadian Constitution, which was framed as long ago as 1867 for a community consisting chiefly of pioneer farmers, woodsmen, and merchants, will be ripe for solution. It has been the subject of an exhaustive investigation by a Royal Commission of authoritative experts and their report, whose compilation has occupied two full years, is in the hands of the King Ministry. Now it is confidently anticipated that this report will recommend a substantial enlargement of the Federal authority at the expense of the jurisdiction of the provincial governments, and that its publication will open up a vista of prolonged controversy. For

one thing the French-Canadian people are almost a unit in their opposition to any impairment of their provincial autonomy, which they cherish fiercely as a safeguard of their separate racial culture and linguistic privileges, and any serious change in the direction of greater centralization at Ottawa would encounter the hostility of their representatives. The Liberal Ministry of New Brunswick, a province in which the French now number more than one-third of the total population, has also proclaimed its resolute antagonism to any aggrandisement of the Federal authority and on the same side, but from different motives, would be ranged the Social Credit Ministry of Alberta, recently endowed with a new popular mandate, which takes the view that any augmentation of the Federal power would help the banking and financial interests to strengthen their grip over monetary policy. It is probable that the issue of constitutional reform will have to be submitted to the verdict of a general election, in which all present party lines would be broken and there would emerge a fresh aglinment between the advocates of an increase of the Federal authority and the defenders of the *status quo*. However, the Conservatives, if they assumed the latter rôle, would be departing from the traditional position of their party which has always shown less tenderness for provincial rights than the Liberals have done.

For the Conservatives, therefore, a much more fruitful issue might well arise from the problem of Canada's relations with the mother country. Voices are being raised to point out that if the present war lasts until 1942 Canada, a North-American country, will have been engaged for ten out of the last forty-three years in fighting overseas wars arising out of policies for which her government has had no real responsibility. Among the Canadian people there is a growing determination that somehow or other they must secure immunity from the recurrence of these sacrificial ordeals. It is true that the Canadian Governments which have been in power since the last war could, if they had so elected, have exercised a powerful influence over British foreign policy and probably averted some of the errors into which it fell, but they preferred to evade any responsibility for it and the consequences of their *laissez faire* attitude are now being faced.

The Canadian people have in the recent election reiterated their determination to honour their obligations as partners in the British Commonwealth, but at the end of the war they will feel free to take stock of their position and any Ministry which is in office at Ottawa, will be compelled to make very fateful decisions. If the Allies, having vanquished Nazi Germany, decide that the only feasible method of keeping the natural bellicosity of the German people under peaceful restraint within the comity of nations is by some scheme of European or world Federation, will Canada as a partner in the British Commonwealth agree to become a member state? Again, in the unhappy event of the war ending in a stalemate, it is clear that Britain and France, faced with an unsubdued Germany, will have no alternative but to transform the firm co-operative alliance which has now been established between them into the same sort of permanent union as now exists between England and Scotland. But will the Canadian people agree to assume a partnership in such an alliance and accept the responsibilities and dangers involved in it? Then, if Canada asks Britain to refrain from partnership in either such a Federation or such an alliance, will she be willing to forswear the opposition which she has always shown to all schemes of Imperial Federation, or will she decide that complete independence opens the only path for immunity from the consequences of the feuds and broils of Europe? Now the French-Canadians are certain to have their isolationism intensified by the war and will prefer independence to any perpetuation of commitments in Europe. But there will be a large body of opinion in the English-speaking provinces which will take the view that for weal or woe Canada's future is bound up with the fate of Britain. When this issue has to be faced, there may come a chance for the revival of the Conservative party which, since its foundation, has always at least professed greater devotion to the British connection than its historic rival and has steadily combated isolationist doctrines.

(The author of this article, Mr. J. A. Stevenson, is Chief Canadian Correspondent of THE TIMES.)

SOCIAL CHANGES IN WAR-TIME BRITAIN

BY IVOR BROWN

THOSE who take the stern view of life are apt to say that peace softens and spoils a generation. Talk about the silken dalliance of peace is as old as Shakespeare and has never wholly disappeared. That is a shoddy enough argument for war, but it has the value of reminding us how easy certain things had become for the public with only a little money in its purse in the Great Britain of 1939. Travel, for example. In such a comparatively small country distance had been annihilated, not only by the aeroplane but by the ubiquitous motor-car and motor-bicycle which enabled all and sundry to be half-across England in half a day. Hills and the sea were at everyman's door. For those who had no private vehicle there was the popular motor-'bus which linked wellnigh every village in the country with the chain-store and the cinema of the market-town. Express trains became ever more rapid and luxurious and the 400-mile journey from Glasgow or Edinburgh to London had been reduced to six hours in an armchair and a dining-car.

Then, with the declaration of war, all that was over. Private flying vanished from the air. Petrol was so strictly rationed that many people decided to lay up their cars. Bus and train services were radically cut and speeds reduced. There was a rush to buy bicycles: there was even a scramble to drag out the discarded dog-cart and waggonette of Edwardian days and purchase a suitable harness-horse which would draw these veterans at the spanking rate of eight or ten miles an hour. In the New Forest region the county folk established a club of New Forest Cavaliers, who made a happy cult of the re-discovered horse and were proud to be seen handling the reins of an antique buggy with a sturdy cob to draw it.

So what occurred was the Return of Distance to British life. To the soaring, roaring 'planes of the R.A.F. above

distance meant less than ever: but on the ground it was itself again. In August the milestone, as old as the Roman soldier on the old-as-Roman roads, had been a meaningless article, a mere relic. Even the small-car motorist flashed by one every ninety seconds. He scarcely regarded these venerable mementoes of the ancient traveller's hard labour. But now, with war declared, they began to mean very much indeed to the wayfarer who urged a flagging horse or pedalled wearily away on his bicycle, like Mr. Hoopdriver and other H. G. Wellsian heroes of the eighteen-nineties. To the pedestrian a milestone is an even larger matter. If people went by train, they found two trains a day instead of six or eight and a two hours' journey prolonged to four or five—with no refreshment car. The railways had more important things to shift than ordinary civilian passengers and such a one had to count himself lucky to get moved at all.

True, things improved. Extra rations of petrol for people who could prove commercial and professional necessity before long restored some traffic to the road and, after the first stresses of mobilizing men, munitions, and industry, the railways had a little increase of service and speed and improved their running schedules. But, on the whole, there was once more a sense of distance and of isolation in a country which had almost wholly lost it. Inconvenient as this might occasionally be, it had its compensations. The village life, which had been so much destroyed by the habit of going by bus to the country town for all shopping and pleasuring, began to renew itself, and the number of evacuees from the big towns who were now packing the hamlets made all the more urgent the task of restoring common activities and making the village a vital unit once again.

The war did not come without warning and most townpeople, who had sufficient means, had already provided themselves with a country cottage. The week-ending habit had created that tendency to a double life some time before Hitler began to make those shrill announcements about the final exhaustion of the German patience. But the war-menace and the fear of immense and immediate air-raids, a fear natural, general, and obviously held by the Government itself (since it made such elaborate

evacuation plans for its own administrative Departments as well as for the children) stimulated the townsman's eagerness to have a roof of sorts somewhere out of the city areas. Consequently an enormous dispersion took place, especially as regards wives and children. In the suburb of Hampstead, for example, a great favourite with London families owing to its high and airy situation, it was estimated that at least a third of the population left in September, 1939, that is 30,000 out of 90,000, and those mostly the wealthier members of the community. Such mass-movements played havoc with the fortunes of the local shop-keepers (not all the fugitives paid up in full before leaving) and created considerable confusion in borough finance, already embarrassed by the necessity of providing for Air Raid Protection. Landlords found it extremely difficult to collect rents, while the taxation on their property rose to staggering heights.

The social effects of the great dispersion from the towns were in many ways curious. There was the case of the big country houses, the Stately Homes of England, with their ample architecture in the Palladian style, built for an age of semi-servile labour when housemaids and kitchen-maids and gardeners and grooms were to be had for a pittance and taxation had scarcely begun to exist. Shattering indeed were the imposts of the new war, with the income-tax up to 7s. and soon to be 7s. 6d. in the pound and with the sur-tax on the largest incomes rising to the sum of 17s. in the pound on their upmost levels! Surely the country gentleman, who had been a long time sinking in these heavy financial seas, would now be finally submerged. But, for the time being, the war helped quite a number of these owners of huge or derelict rural properties. The White Elephant could be harnessed to the service of Commerce, Education, or the State.

The banks, insurance companies, and other big firms which had moved out of London took many of these mansions over as temporary premises. The metropolitan schools were only too glad to occupy others and the great dining-rooms, where the eighteenth-century gentlemen had dined and swilled and slept over their port, were suddenly transformed into class-rooms echoing with English history or French verbs, or offices clattering

with typewriters and conducting the finances of the nation. Thus many business people, accustomed to daily journeys in a crowded train to and from a drab City office, suddenly found themselves resident in some Horseback Hall, whose owner had been rescued from near-bankruptcy and was enjoying the surprise of his life by obtaining a tenant for a mansion long deemed unsaleable. Most amusing of all was the case of the big Labour organizations, Trade Union executives and so forth, who found themselves ensconced in the parks and paddocks and palaces of the Idle Rich and transacting the business of boiler-makers or steel-puddlers amid the family portraits, the stags'-heads, and the massive, glittering chandeliers of some ancestral mansion.

Some maintain that the big businesses of London and other great cities, having discovered that they can maintain their commerce without paying huge rents for large metropolitan offices, will, after the war, continue to reside in the quarters of the country gentlemen and keep up only a small office in the City for purposes of contact and communication. This, I think, is unlikely to happen. In most cases the rusticated staff have had enough of country life (they struck a particularly hard winter for their new experience) and would far prefer return towards the suburb and the City and the daily business train to prolonged existence in an isolation which, to the natural town-dweller, is only glorious in summer-time and not always then. One thing that war-time experience proved was the incompatibility of the urban and rural types and ways of living. A minority of the town-workers may have enjoyed the change, with its great chances of cheap exercise and fresh air, but most missed the old surroundings. There are many now to whom the press and show of a crowded shopping street have become the warmth and light of life itself. The effect of radio may be to break the isolations of a country existence, but to be any distance from a cinema is now intolerable to many urban people.

Then there were the new-style cottagers, the families who stayed in the country while the father went up to town either for the day or for five days a week, 'pigging it' in one room of his old town-house or flat or taking a room at his club or at an

hotel. He would return from his desk at the office on Friday night or Saturday morning and hurl himself into pastoral activities. These new-made rustics naturally took seriously the Government's behest to raise more food. There is no zealot like a recruit. They achieved prodigies of digging not only in their gardens, but in patches of waste or unbroken land, thus discovering that the good earth, about which poets and ballad-singers are apt to be so voluble, is in its natural state a not-so-good compound made up of roots as thick as ropes, of weeds as tough as steel cords, and of stones, flints, and other unfruitful objects. Still, it was grand exercise and was much enjoyed—for a while. Napoleon sneered at the English as a nation of shop-keepers. Hitler, like the Kaiser a quarter of a century ago, created instead a race of spade-wielders. Was it not officially given out that the battles of 1940 would owe far more to the cabbage-patch than to the playing-fields of Eton?

None took to these agricultural exercises more eagerly than the intellectuals. Their cottage-gardens, which had once echoed with the week-end talk of —isms and ideologies, now resounded with a more literal spade-work and the cries of livestock. To keep poultry and even pigs was not only a source of petty profit, but a matter of public duty. When, at the end of January, one of London's publishers gallantly gave perhaps the winter's only big party of this kind and entertained hundreds of politicians, publicists, authors, professors, critics and the like under one roof of revelry, the conversation of the myriad groups seemed to run far more upon the output of eggs than on the output of novels. The rival virtues of geese and turkeys, of Small White Pigs and of Large Black, were more eagerly canvassed than those of recent books and authors, films, poetry, and painting. This might be a mid-week gathering of the Great Minds in town, but in fact it more closely resembled the Cottar's Saturday Night. Those with some experience of literary jamborees would probably decide that the change of topic was all for the better.

Such conditions of living have inevitably made for increased informality in dress. Evening-dress almost disappeared from the London scene. At such occasions as theatrical first-nights morning clothes were almost universal and at the aforementioned

publisher's party, where the invitation had definitely suggested any and every variety of attire, there were scarcely any 'stiff shirts' and a great many varieties of what might be called 'drinking tweeds': the women displayed every kind of 'semi', but very little in the way of 'full fig.' (It was a ruinous winter for dress-makers and milliners and many such small businesses had to close). In day time women took largely to the wearing of trousers for general use and not specifically for war-work or open-air occupations. In shopping streets in the suburbs one saw a morning flow of housewives in 'slacks' with scarves tied round their heads instead of hats, the hat being a form of garment which seems to be increasingly discarded by both sexes. Footwear became much sturdier and the hard and snowy weather of the winter evoked a strange assortment, not only of serviceable goloshes and gum-boots, but of long wool-lined boots that would have been coveted by the Esquimaux. The London women, thus scarved at the top and trousered and booted below, began to look like some creature of the Polar regions, leaving her igloo in the snow. Which, indeed, in the unusually bitter times of winter and spring too, she virtually was.

The last war saw a great broadening of moral standards. This one started with those standards so elastic that no further expansion was needed or possible. One noticed rather more drunkenness in the streets—public drunkenness had been reduced almost to nothing before the war—and the clergy became alarmed here and there about the goings-on near the big camps and garrisons. But nobody took much notice, trusting the new army, male and female, to look after its own business and temper its pleasure with common-sense. There was a pleasant level-headedness in evidence everywhere, and those who remember the spy-mania and absurd rumour-mongering of the last war could congratulate themselves that the British could this time become martial without becoming neurotic or even down-right mad. The fact that during the winter the war was largely in suspense, except at sea, allowed people to settle down to it without panic or hysteria. The rationing of food, when it came, was of so mild a form and had so many exceptions and loopholes, that it provided little more nuisance than that involved in handling the coupons. There was no need for the under-

nourishment which saps mental as well as bodily health and nervous fibre.

Entertainment was, for a while, somewhat demoralized. After the theatres had been permitted to re-open the taste moved away from 'straight' and serious plays to revues, some of which were really pretty and witty and worthy of adult attention, and also to musical shows with a good deal of feminine display and no other claim to patronage whatsoever. One interesting feature of theatrical life was the restoration of the provincial stage as a scene of visitation by the London plays and players. These theatres were the first to re-open and the leading actors, foreseeing no London season that autumn, went out on tour with their London productions. Where there were 'star' casts the receptions were excellent. The country thus enjoyed a better spread of dramatic art than it had had for some time and the London players were profitably employed and prudently reminded that the drama is not just a West End embellishment, but a national possession.

The publishers had to fight rising costs of production and some decided to increase the price of books by about ten per cent., which involved them in a rather bitter dispute with the lending libraries. Paper-covered sixpenny books became more popular than ever, but a modest increase seemed inevitable there too. These handy and cheap little reprints (and sometimes new books as well) cut heavily into the magazine market and several of the once prosperous leaders in that once popular kind disappeared. It was a pity, because the magazines, offering new features by favourite authors, brought a kind of novelty and surprise to their patrons every month. What sort of story would so-and-so give us this time? It was a survival of Victorian family life.

Moreover, the magazines were great schools of authorship, for the short story is a most difficult and exacting medium and demands a verbal economy and a neatness of constructive skill which the novel need not possess. One would have thought that war-tasks, with their tedious waiting and 'broken time' in Ambulance and Fire Brigade and A.R.P. Posts, would have stimulated the magazine-trade and the taste for short stories which would fill an odd ten minutes. But it did not work out like that. Readers welcomed long books, some of a kind which

offered refuge from, and not more light upon, the problems of the day, others informative and statistical and bearing on the war. The 'Blue Book' or Government Publication is usually regarded as unreadable, a synonym for dull formality. Yet some of these issues became 'best sellers' and went far beyond the educational or official shelf, penetrating to thousands of homes. Such were the French and British records of the despatches and events which preceded the outbreak of war. The British Book soon achieved a sale of half-a-million and translations of it into foreign languages also proved extremely popular.

The call to economize, enforced by taxation which made economy unavoidable, cut hard at the luxury trades. The French growers and merchants of champagne begged for a statement from the British Government that it was not unpatriotic to purchase the staple products of the country so closely allied. Many asked for a definition of 'luxury', but nobody was rash enough to attempt an answer. There was much uncertainty among British citizens as to their immediate financial duty. To cut off every species of expenditure, except that on absolute necessities, would only ruin more tradesmen. Most tacitly agreed on some sort of compromise. They spent less in order to pay the increased taxes and to lend to the Government when that was done, but they also, especially if they were in business themselves, resolved that business must go on and knew that it could not do so if nobody ever went shopping.

How difficult it is to practise economy without tears was shown when the Head Master of Eton suggested that the parents of gilded youth (now rather less golden) should buy them cheaper clothes in London instead of supporting the more expensive local shops. This idea of imported reach-me-downs for the young rich immediately raised the angry protests of the Eton tailors.

Accordingly, during the first months of a war which had provided so many surprises a puzzled but patient Britain spent some of its time in reflection on the art of spending wisely. People were, in fact, faced with a problem not wholly soluble, namely, how to prevent one man's saving from being another man's starvation.

TIME TO KILL

BY H. E. BATES

HE inquired at the station if they knew anyone named Edwards, but at first they did not know. Then a second porter came and stood thoughtfully looking up the empty single track, where the bright spring evening sun flashed on the metals and on the slanting willow-trees that broke with grey and silver the bare monotony of the cutting beyond the coal-yards.

"Y' see, there's so many folks name Edwards."

"Yes, I know that."

"Same all round. At Hardwick it's nothing but Baxters. Over at Stanford they're all Drages or Bowens. Here it's all Edwardses."

Hanson began to wish he hadn't come.

"But wait a minute," he said. "You might know them if I tell you who the woman was before she was married. Her name was Claridge."

"Ah well," the porter said. "Well. Now I know who you mean. Now I know. You mean Clem Edwards. Got a milk-round. Comes round in a three-wheeler. That's who you mean."

"Where do they live?" Hanson said. "I haven't got much time."

"Well, without you go across fields it's a dinkin long way round. Place called Ash Trees. It's no naughty walk if you go round by road."

"Which way do I go by field?"

The porter began to tell him the field way, pointing an arm over the tracks. Hanson turned to look and felt the north-east wind slice his face from across the low flat land, cutting away the thin warmth of the sun. When the porter had finished Hanson said "Does that give me time to get back for the 7.47?"

"Just about," the porter said. "Only it's 7.53 now. Been altered."

"Thanks," Hanson said. "Thank you very much."

He walked away up the platform and over the iron footbridge and took the gravel path that went beyond the coal-yards and the last few houses of the town. The March sunlight was sharp and low on the level fields, making the young wind-pressed shoots of corn gleam like wire. In the naked ash trees that broke the lines of the hedges thrushes were singing high up against the sun, wild and clear in the bright wind. When he looked ahead Hanson could see the path quite clearly marked out, clay-brown in the young wheat, brighter green in the pasture.

He walked about a mile and a half before coming within sight of the house. A little distance off he stopped and looked at it. It was a small farm, a square, flat-windowed house of light red brick with a roof of blue slate that somebody had once left like a forgotten box on the flat land. He could see no ash-trees, but above and beyond the outhouses and the wire fences a group of high black poplars were swinging heavily to and fro in the wind.

Coming into the farm-yard he saw a man standing under a cart-shed, watching him. He held a spanner in his hand. He was small, with the high sharp cheek-bones of the district, rounded shoulders, and steady hostile eyes.

"Want somebody?"

"Yes," Hanson said. "Can I see Mrs. Edwards?"

"You can go and try."

He stood weighing the spanner in his hand, hostile, intent, slightly puzzled.

"If it's got anything to do wi' insurance we don't want none."

"That's all right," Hanson said. "It's not that."

He walked on across the yard towards the house, uneasy, aware of the man still watching him. About the dry earth hens' feathers were being bounced by the wind among the many dark claret poplar catkins that had fallen from the trees.

Round the corner of the house, out of sight of the figure watching him, he knocked at the back door and waited. The

voices of children crying in a room upstairs broke for a moment and then began again and in the short interval of silence he heard the beat of footsteps.

The face of the young woman who opened the door was not quite what he had expected. She stood shocked too, her dark bleak eyes beaten dead by the moment of astonishment. She stood looking at him with brief, inert silence, and then suddenly she came to herself and began to pull her stained torn pinafore over her head, ruffling her black short hair and then smoothing it, almost beating it down with her small narrow hands.

"Arthur," she said. "Arthur, whatever made you come up here?"

"I had some time to kill at the junction," he said. "I thought I'd just have time to come up on the branch. Just to see you."

She did not speak.

"You didn't answer my Christmas card," he said. "You didn't send one this year."

"No."

"I wondered if you were all right."

"I'm all right," she said. Unconsciously, in perplexity, she had screwed up the pinafore like a bundle of rag. "You'd better come in, hadn't you?"

She stood back from the door, which had dropped on its hinges and would not open any further. He went into the kitchen. A cold sour odour of milk, a stale breath of boiled onions, met him. Milk pans, waiting to be scoured, stood about the brick floor of the kitchen and the small dairy place leading off from it. Beyond, in the living room, tea was partly laid on a deal table. Thick slices of white bread were waiting to be toasted on the hearth, where socks and napkins were drying on a line below the mantelshelf. More clothes were hanging diagonally across the lamp-darkened ceiling, by the staircase door. The wind rattled the window on the east side.

She asked him to sit down. She had dropped her pinafore in the kitchen and now stood with empty hands. If there was some slight hostility in the way she kept standing it was unconscious and he did not notice it. He looked hastily round the room, taking in the details, and saw through the windows

the edges of the great poplars beating against the sky. A moment later he looked back at her and suddenly saw her, uneasy, untidy, taken unawares, as the remnant of the girl he had decided not to marry, for some trivial reason, six years before.

A child began crying upstairs before either of them could speak.

"Is it two children you've got?" he said, knowing it quite well.

"Two," she said.

The child cried loudly. Outside, the cries seemed to be reproduced in the short hollow sounds of a spanner beating on metal.

"There's nothing wrong, is there?" he said. The crying of the child had on him an effect of nervous distraction.

"It's earache," she said. "I'd better go up. Take your coat off." She looked at him with unhappy, disturbed eyes. "You'll have a cup of tea when I come down again?"

"Only if it's ready," he said. "Don't make it specially."

"It's our tea-time now," she said, in a dead voice.

When she had gone upstairs he sat staring at the tea-table without having taken off his coat. He tried to remember what things had been like six or seven years before, but the details were at first dead and would not revive in the oppressive ugly little room. Only the girl herself at once came back, involuntarily recalled in sudden, time-sharpened images. In those days they had both lived in the town. She was a school-teacher and belonged to one of those large, boisterous, clannish families who always stick and die together. There were five sisters and two brothers, all dark and rather self-willed, the girls very pretty, with small, proud faces. Several times a year the Claridges managed to find an excuse for a party, a coming-of-age, a wedding, New Year, in the big draughty local drill-hall. It was at one of these parties that Hanson attending as the local reporter, had met Kitty Claridge. He remembered what a bright, impulsive, argumentative creature she had been: how she had argued with him all that evening, with militant smiles of triumph, on the merits of some writer whose name he had long ago forgotten, how every dance had been an exhausting,

fascinating affair of beauty and conflict. After that they could never see enough of each other. On summer evenings, when there was little doing on the local paper, they would hire a boat and go on the river and float downstream between the willow-trees to villages beyond the town, and in time the peace of the evening would be broken by the question of his going away and working on a larger paper. It gradually became apparent that she had no ambition to live anywhere but in the small, branch-line town, with the one tired newspaper, the flat countryside parched to concrete by the spring sea-winds, and the little river with the waving willow-trees; it seemed that all she wanted was to remain, even after marriage, part of the large, proud, boisterous family, as if there were no other life and she would get all the emotion and excitement and beauty she needed in their way and not his.

The end of it was that they had broken up on some such point as this, quite trivial in itself, but really part of the larger question of his also marrying the family, which at heart he disliked intensely. He remembered that the Claridges were very affronted at the affair, and never spoke to his own family again. Shortly afterwards he got another job and gladly moved out of the circle of small-town family hatred. But with Kitty it was different. They had kept up a correspondence which after a time had dwindled down to a Christmas card: but he knew all the same that the correspondence of the mind, with its half-captured passages of warm, regretful thought, had gone on.

She had been married four or five years now. He did not know how it had come about. At the back of his mind lay the uneasy thought, dropped there by something he had heard, that the family no longer had anything to do with her. For some reason the boisterous, proud loyalty had been broken.

He was once more beginning to wonder about the oppressive little room, the isolated farm with the sea-winds striking at the poplars, and the man with the spanner outside, when she herself came downstairs again.

He was unaware of it until that moment, but the crying of the child had already ceased. For one moment the window ceased rattling, and he stood up, looking at her in the sudden

silence. He wanted to say something to her: about the child, the weather, to tell her that she was not to make tea for him specially. But for some time he did not say anything, and she came over to the fireplace and began mechanically to remove the drying clothes, folding them and pressing them into a small heap with her hands.

"Don't move them for me," he said.

"No?"

In this one word it seemed to him that he heard the indirect echo of antagonism, but when he looked up at her, quite sharply, there was nothing on her face but the same look of bleak surprise. She was rather thin and he saw that she found it difficult to keep her eyes quite still. They were weak and dark with nervous pain.

After the clothes were folded she went away for a moment, into the kitchen, coming back with empty hands. She came to the fire for the kettle, to make tea, her dark head bent down. Abruptly the window rattled like a machine-gun.

"I had an idea your husband was a mechanic," he said.

"How did you come up here?"

"His chest was weak."

She set the metal tea-pot in the hearth, afterwards turning away to the table. He looked after her and suddenly saw her come momentarily to life, setting the things on the table straight, moving cups, smoothing the cloth, her pride rising.

"The doctor ordered it. There was this little milk-round, so we took it—until something better turns up. We're not stopping here." She turned round and spoke for a moment with defensive pride, holding up her head. "It's only something temporary. We shan't stop another winter."

Behind the pride he could detect the fear of it all in her voice; she seemed to know this and all of a sudden said something in a hurried whisper and then went out. He heard the outer door grating against the bricks as she tugged it open and afterwards, above the wind, he thought he heard her calling.

After two or three minutes she came back. Her hair was ruffled from the wind, and in her hands she was clasping a bunch of coloured primroses, washed-blue and pink and red,

tangled with scraps of leaf and grass, that she had hastily snatched up from somewhere. She put them into a cup of water which she set in the centre of the table, her face turned away from him as she did so.

And for a minute it was painful for him to look at her. He saw in the bland, soft glowing flowers the inexpressible recollection of other things. He again wanted to say something to her, but it was no use. He hated suddenly the flat drabness of the little room thrown into relief by the small glowing centrepiece of flowers. He was driven to hatred of the drying clothes under the ceiling, the rattling window, the sour smell of milk, the slight whimpering of the child which had again begun overhead.

He was saved from expressing or hiding what he felt by the noise of someone entering the kitchen, and a minute later the man with the spanner came into the living-room. He changed the spanner from one oil-greased hand to another as the woman spoke. "This is my husband—Mr. Hanson," she said.

"You're the paper bloke," the man said.

"That's me."

"You want tell 'em to write some sense in some o' the papers."

"Yes?"

"Yeh, you do an' all!"

He wiped his oily palms on the flanks of his trousers and sat down at the table.

"Will you sit here?" she said to Hanson, and he sat down too. He heard the husband give a short laugh as he cut himself a lump of cheese, leaving on the wedge the greenish imprint of a finger.

"Flower show early, ain't it?" He pointed the cheese at the cup of primroses, ironically. "Well, well. Very nice. Very nice."

As she poured out tea the woman gave no sign. Upstairs the short whimpered cries of the child became fused into a single unbroken cry, and the father lifted his head.

"What's up wi' Jean?"

"Earache again."

"Then why the bleedin' hell don't you fetch her down?"

He ceased gnawing at the cheese with small chimbling bites like those of a rat. "Sittin' here jawin' and lettin' the kid bawl."

"I'll fetch her," she said.

"You neent bother!" he said. "I'll fetch her meself. I'll fetch her."

He went with a show of temper out of the room, and she stood for a moment in silence, looking painfully down at her hands, not able to speak.

"I think I'll go," Hanson said.

"I —"

Her words would not come, and she made instead a brief, stupefied gesture towards the cups and the food. Before he could reply he could hear footsteps on the stairs, and then for a second her voice came to life. "Don't take too much notice. He's not strong. It's because he's not really well. He can't hold his temper. It's just when strangers come."

Hanson could not speak.

"It's nothing. I get used to it, I get used to it," she said.

A second later the man came in with the child, a girl of three, in his arms. At the sight of a stranger the child turned away her puffed tear-damp face. The man brought her to the table, holding her on his knee, talking to her in a new, wheedling, tender voice, pouring out tea for her in a saucer and then sopping into it lumps of broken cake. "Make old ear better, won't it? Dad make old ear better?"

In the few minutes before Hanson got up to go the father continued to hold the child apart, in a kind of alliance with himself against the mother and even, Hanson thought, against him. During all this time the child did not speak. In the silences the window broke into the renewed chattering of a machine-gun, and sometimes the echo of the sea itself could be heard in the mournful beating of the poplars.

"If I'm to get that train," Hanson said, "I ought to go."

He got up from the table, saying good-bye to the child, who did not answer. Without holding out his hand, he said good afternoon to the father, who grunted in answer something about getting the newspapers to write the truth about things. They were at the root, he said, of everything, damn near every-

thing. One way or another you could trace it all to the newspapers.

Hanson said a final good afternoon and went into the kitchen and so outside, the woman going with him. In the strong March wind her hair was flung torturously about her cold face. For a moment she stood gazing at the earth and then said "I'll walk as far as the gate with you," and they walked together across the wind-dried yard with its storm-driven litter of feathers and straw and golden-claret catkins. All the time it appeared to him as if she were about to stop and say something. She wanted perhaps to express regret for things : or she wanted to get off her mind some oppressive, tortured explanation.

Whatever she wanted to say was never spoken. She halted by the gate in the wire fence and said good-bye, holding out her hand. The wind had beaten her hair unmercifully, giving her face a wild, bloodless look. He searched it in vain for a sign of pride or vivacity, but the eyes that were lifted up to him were quite dark and cold, and strangely repressed, as if they had got into the habit of not looking far.

After walking away at last he turned and looked back. She was walking back to the house, pressing her body against the wind and at the same time gazing down at the earth. He halted a moment in the hope that she would turn round, but nothing happened and he went on.

When he turned again she had disappeared altogether and nothing moved against the dead little house except the high sunless poplars beaten by the sea-wind.

ROBERT FROST

A Prophet in his own Country

BY RICHARD CHURCH

SOME twenty-five miles from London stands a beech-tree. It is a vast creature, with its man-flesh twisted and gnarled into all sorts of gargoyle-like shapes. It has a personality ; powerful, assertive, yet secretive. Its huge back, if a tree can be said to have a back, is turned to the road, and it looks down along the bottom of the southward sloping wood of which it is the outpost. It has a political purpose, for it marks the boundary between Surrey and Kent.

But it has a greater history than that. Round its gouty roots winds a foot-path, leading from the road under the wood and along the open country to the left. This old giant is a sort of grumpy concierge guarding the privileges of that footpath. Most people would pass it by. But a few, with associations and a reverence for the past, would stop, and raise a hat, before passing on down the road to the gate where they will meet a view of forty miles across and along the Weald.

For that path leads to a house called *The Cerne*. Some people, reading this article and coming to this name, will at once know what I am leading to. They will know that house as Mohammedans know Mecca. It was the home of Edward Garnett, his wife Constance, and his son David. Two of them are still living, and famous figures in contemporary literature, so I cannot say more about them, except to point out that David Garnett has written a marvellous semi-fiction about that house and its garden hanging under the shadow of the hill and the wood. He is an infrequent writer ; but he is possessed of that distillation of personality which we call genius.

It is a fitting thing that he should be the son of Edward Garnett, the man who built *The Cerne* and made it a place of

pilgrimage for writers and aspirants over a period of more than thirty years. During that time the little footpath leading through the wood was trodden by many feet destined later to tread the narrower path of fame. And it was Edward Garnett who guided them from the first path to the second. And all of them must have passed the old beech-tree. (If you go there now, you won't find it, for a blast of lightning struck it and consumed it soon after Edward Garnett's death. That too, seems appropriate.) Some of the survivors of that traffic should be approached, and asked to make a contribution toward an anthology commemorating *The Cerne*. Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, Ford Maddox Ford, W. H. Hudson, Henry Brian Binns, E. V. Lucas, Edward Thomas, John Galsworthy would not be able to respond. But there are a few survivors still; amongst them, W. H. Davies, de la Mare, and Robert Frost.

I have already written here about two of those survivors. I want now to say something about Robert Frost and his work. I will begin by saying that I am tempted to look upon him as a major poet. A major poet is one who brings into a language and its poetry a new element of thought and experience, and a new twist of phraseology. He puts a thumb-mark upon his verse. Just as you recognize immediately a house by Adam, or a sonata by Beethoven, so you recognize a poem by a major poet. It doesn't need to be signed. You can tell by the way it walks who it is. You can recognize Robert Frost's poetry in that way.

But Edward Garnett was the first thus to recognize it. Robert Frost came as a young man in the early years of the present century to Europe. He left his home in New England, a "plain New Hampshire farmer" as he describes himself, a prophet in his own country; ignored and unknown. Perhaps pique and despair drove him to this excursion, though I cannot imagine so serene a spirit being so self-indulgent. Whatever the origin of that impulse, it proved to be one of those calls of pre-destiny which seem to summon all creative men.

He came to England, was drawn into the magnetic circle of Edward Garnett, and did not leave it until he returned to America soon after the outbreak of the last war (which I heard

referred to the other day, by a young one-pip lieutenant as 'that insignificant war'). He returned to find himself famous in his native land. That is no small achievement. It is reminiscent, in a lighter vein, of the career of Dante, who wandered in exile round the periphery of Florence while his reputation steadily grew in that forbidden birthplace. Certainly Frost's reputation was a reflection from that which had already been made in England; and made by the championing of Edward Garnett. For it seems that a poet needs an influential advocate as well as a sound achievement of good work, before he is recognized.

The advocacy was particularly valuable to this poet, because his work is of a nature to grow slowly, and to win adherents slowly. He had something new to say, or rather to sing: and the scales on which he made his music were oddly subtle. He composed in quarter tones, suiting his music to his moods and his ideas, experiences of microscopic gradation that needed a new technique to measure them. The influence was new to English poetry, and it is still felt. One aspect of it, for example, affects the verse of our contemporary Andrew Young, a writer whose delicacy of vision and expression is tributary to the same quality in the poetry of Robert Frost.

What is this new element which Frost has brought? It is difficult to define, because it is a quality of the man, of his whole personality and outlook on life. It is also something which is *local*, belonging to the people, the stock from which he springs. It is a characteristic of New England Puritanism, and its source may thus be traced back a long way until we find it originating in the Home Country, amongst the Quakers and Wesleyans of the eighteenth century. It is a complicated element (if that is not a contradiction in terms). It is a combination of quietism, piety with its underlying enthusiasm, suspicion of this world and especially of the world of man, self-restraint with its ever-imminent abandonment, humility with its threat of arrogance. There is a negativeness about these forces. They have a sort of dove-grey colour, like the cloak of a Quakeress. But how restful that colour is, how tender, how evocative of the latent beauty of all other hues with which it comes into contact! They represent a whole period of English history.

It is that period which included the break away of the American branch, and established a community in New England more emphatic of the same power than the trunk from which it sprang.

Many sociologists to-day believe that this quality of quietism, of exerting authority by means of understatement, is doomed to extinction before the flood of barbaric noise brought in by the machine, the radio, and the dictator. I don't believe it. The United States, which is supposed to be the pioneer of latter-day hustle and go-getting, is saturated in this spirit of allusiveness, of understatement, of quiet emphasis. Examine the pages of the *New Yorker*, that hard-boiled humorous journal, and you will find that its technique has much in common with that which Robert Frost accentuated in English poetry thirty-five years ago. It is a native technique; that of the laconic Yankee. And it originated in England, latent from the days of Chaucer, recognized and organized from the days of great Protestant writers at the end of the seventeenth century. Robert Frost is thus a spokesman of his own people. He is probably more representative an American than Walt Whitman. That is why his fame has not been a temporary one. His work needed only to be pointed out to the self-distrustful Americans, and they at once recognized it as something near home, something expressing their own habits, their own point of view, their own reaction to the society which they were still building, and the wild nature which they were still only beginning to subdue and to appreciate.

We all need to get things outside ourselves before we can see them and appreciate them. Robert Frost thus did his people as well as himself a service by leaving home and settling for a decade in Europe. Further, the scenery and the folk of England stirred something ancestral in him, waking his instincts to a fuller consciousness. He strengthened those instincts by means of a fine detachment, which enabled him to objectify the material from which his verse was made, and to give the result a universality without spoiling its local flavour. As he says,

Anything I can say about New Hampshire
Will serve almost as well about Vermont,

and equally as well about old Hampshire in England, and of the most conservative inhabitant thereof. Will not that native of the Old World recognize, for example, the poet's expression

in the following lyric of that perennial grudge which we all feel against the summer because of what it has snatched from spring?

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.
The trees that have it in their pent-up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods—
Let them think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that melted only yesterday.

That may be only a fanciful piece, but it is characteristic of the man in his maturity, with his moods given a universal value and simplicity.

The simplicity is the quality which most marks him. He has practised it until he can make it convey the most subtle ideas and emotions. Such a practice should be the main preoccupation of a poet. It is the one which made Wordsworth great. When he was rhetorical and ornamental he was a tasteless bore. Frost is even more single than Wordsworth in this pursuit of simplicity. It is another aspect of his inherited puritanism, and the other outstanding feature of his work, its marvellous utilization of the laconic, is only another development of this same quality. And the discipline necessary for the constant refining down of a poetic nature to this purpose has added something else to that nature; a gift of humour; a humour wry, dry, sharp, but an eager participant in the process of unifying a personality.

That personality I have always found very much to my liking. There is no other poet to whom he can be compared. Even his English disciple Edward Thomas, to whom I shall refer again in a moment, is different. Frost seems, for one thing, always to choose the disappearances of human life and of wild nature as symbols to fit his moods. His is the genius of shyness, and its abbreviated gestures may be overlooked by the reader who expects to find the fine exaggerations so common to poetry. You have to watch for the flicker of an eyelid, and even then it may not come. That failure would be intentional,

and you would discover afterwards the meaning of it, and chuckle to yourself with satisfaction, and a deep gratitude toward that deliberately half-articulated wisdom. As for this poet's music, that too has an intentional flatness and whimsicality, like the whirr of the night-jar, that sound which can make the common, neglected spots become magical with a sort of drab expectancy.

It is often useful, but probably restrictive, to quote from a poet passages which seem to sum up his character and his method. Every original character has such moments of self-betrayal. Here are two such revealing passages.

By June our brook's run out of song and speed.
Sought for much after that, it will be found
Either to have gone groping underground
(And taken with it all the Hyla breed
That shouted in the mist a month ago,
Like ghosts of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)—
Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed,
Weak foliage that is blown upon a bent
Even against the way its waters went.
Its bed is left a faded paper sheet
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat—
A brook to none but who remember long.
This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken elsewhere in song.
We love the things we love for what they are.

This brook that just dries up and is lost, is typical of the people, places and moods that attract Robert Frost; something gone, but still here: something that perhaps may never have been, yet probably must have been. These powerful and life-veering intangibilities, and the clouds of beauty trailing after them, constitute the interests of this poet's life. Yet with these quaint interests runs a shrewd sense of reality; a sly, farmer-like wisdom, thrown out in asides and hints, full of knowing-kindness and ancient malice. Shrunken, crabbed human nature, toughened by contact with earth, is good enough for Mr. Frost, and he sings of it in a strange, yet half-familiar strain,

... a singer everyone has heard,
Loud, a mid-summer and a midwood bird,
Who makes the solid tree-trunks sound again.
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
Midsummer is to spring as one to ten.
He says the early petal-fall is past
When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers

On sunny days a moment overcast;
And comes that other fall we name the fall.
He says the highway dust is over all.
The bird would cease and be as other birds
But that he knows in singing not to sing.
The question that he frames in all but words
Is what to make of a diminished thing.

Those last three lines are an explanation of this poet's technique, that seeks out awkwardnesses and makes music from them; a queer sort of music, like that of a hidden waterfall in a wood, which strikes into the depths of a man's nature.

You see, too, the laughter which is lurking in this poet's work. It is a serious laughter, folded over tenderness and love, ringing through his poems, toning down the high lights, lifting up the shadows, and intensifying that laconic monotone, at first strange to the ear, which becomes dearer and more entrancing by familiarity. And with this laughter, there trembles a note of passion, and deep understanding of the conflict of mind with heart, of man with woman, of humanity with the forces of life and death. This laughter is a savour through all his work, sometimes laconic and satirical, thrown in at the last with a sort of over-shoulder word, sometimes breaking through even the lyrical mood (one traditionally lacking in humour).

The rain to the wind said
'You push and I'll pelt'.
They so smote the garden bed
That the flowers actually knelt,
And lay lodged—though not dead.
I know how the flowers felt.

Laughter denotes detachment, and detachment denotes dramatic sense. Frost has that sense, and he uses it as Browning did in a collection of narrative poems, each of which deals with a tense situation that he solves with humour, but sardonic humour that delights in revealing the subtlety of false endings, inconclusive endings, irrelevancies; devices which real life abounds in, but literature is shy of. But Frost loves such implicit criticism of human and natural affairs. Gathering up dead leaves in his autumn garden, he comments that they are

Next to nothing for use.
But a crop is a crop,
And who's to say where
The harvest shall stop?

That is his philosophy. Reject nothing; but minimize it, in order to see it more roundly, and to locate it in its place in the chain of endless eventuality. So though his work is so quiet, it is not static. He pretends to step aside, as observer, from the universal mobility. But he also makes poetry out of that pretence. Indeed, it is the source of his laughter.

Such is the poet who came to England, unknown, and showed his work to Edward Garnett nearly forty years ago. Garnett at once realized the quality of it, and sponsored it. He introduced Frost to other writers, amongst them a sensitive young critic and country-writer, Edward Thomas, at that time a man almost broken by overwork. The friendship gave new life to Thomas. Under the stimulus of Frost's personality, he began to write verse, and continued to do so until he was killed on Vimy Ridge. The body of poetry Thomas has left is unique. It obviously owes something to the larger voice of Robert Frost, but it has its personal rhythm, and time is therefore treating it kindly.

I like to think of these two men meeting at *The Cerne*, and of the regeneration of an exhausted spirit taking place, perhaps, during a stroll through the wood out to the road. The American poet and the English would have stood for a few moments under that giant beech-tree where the path runs along the county border; and Thomas would have been inspired by the other man's deep well of humility.

If, as they say, some dust thrown in my eyes
Will keep my talk from getting overwise,
I'm not the one for putting off the proof.
Let it be overwhelming, off a roof
And round a corner, blizzard snow for dust,
And blind me to a standstill if it must.

But it was Thomas who was to be handled thus. At least, he was the first. I suspect that Robert Frost is still awaiting that medicine. And that is why he remains alert, and still a poet with sudden and beautiful things to say.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MODERN war moves at dizzy speed. The British Navy silently and swiftly got in a surprise blow by their mining of the Norwegian coast; Germany had already set in motion operations of such scope that within twenty-four hours the capitals of two neutral countries, Denmark and Norway, were in German hands. There is no doubt of the moral effect—in a military sense—which will be produced by Germany's display of might; it must strike terror into other neutrals, in all parts of the continent. Sweden, for the moment, has decided to take no hand in the protection of her closest neighbour. Holland made the same decision when Belgium was invaded, and the wisdom of Dutch statesmanship was justified—because the Allies won. If they win again, Sweden's aloofness will have the same justification. If they should not win—well, there is an end of the Europe we have known. But we may put that contingency out of sight: won, the war will be, by those who defend all that is of price in our civilization. Only, one thing stands clear. When the war is won, this continent of ours must be reorganized in such fashion that the duty of protecting Europe against organized rapine shall never again fall solely on the shoulders of two nations and of their oversea adherent states. Organization must be met and controlled by an organization, that shall express an impulse which goes down to the very roots of civilized human nature—an impulse which resists and defies the whole doctrine upon which German policy and action was based. It is well to turn back to the thoughts of one who in the last war was a protagonist of that resistance.

Clemenceau's *Discours de Guerre*, brought together in a volume several years after his death, make one realize how completely

the conflict of to-day is in essence the same that raged one generation ago. The same, yet intensified ! Germany has become more arrogantly and aggressively German. "Yonder across the Rhine is a great and mighty nation, which has the right to exist, but has not the right to destroy in Europe every life independent of it." That claim to dominate was never made so clearly under the Kaiser as it is by Hitler and his spokesmen. Resistance to it is the same in principle, but in practice by no means so widespread. Clemenceau could write early in 1916 that German aggression met its opponents "on the banks of the Seine, of the Niemen, and of the Euphrates." Now two enemies, on one flank only, instead of a ring threatening from all quarters, mark a change greatly to Germany's advantage ; and laboriously the German seeks to avoid a war on two fronts. Yet the words that Clemenceau wrote then are true to-day :—

What governs all is the fatal certainty of defeat in which of necessity every enterprise must end that transgresses the conditions of human nature upon this earth of ours ; they will not tolerate either a man or a people made into a god (*ni homme, ni peuple divinisé*).

Germany to-day is deified as never under the old Reich ; its deity is incarnate in Adolf Hitler as never in William the Second. "If," Clemenceau wrote, "the existing combination of the Triple Entente had not come into being, the hour would have struck when others must rise up."

* * * * *

Various things are a satisfaction to chronicle. One is the plain speaking of General Sir Edmund Ironside who tells us bluntly that when the Munich crisis developed, we had no army at all. Now, he says, with equal plainness, Great Britain has an army—not merely numbers, but men trained and equipped. That is the pronouncement of a man whose experience of war has been as variegated as that of any living soldier, and whose presence at the Staff College when he commanded it was counted an inspiration by the *élite* of British captains and majors. This great new machine of war has been forged hurriedly but there has been time to forge it ; and evidently the General speaks as one who had expected to work again, as last time, haphazard in the stress of combat. It is a satisfaction also to find Mr. Chamberlain saying the same thing as General Ironside in words

Plain
Speaking

that suit the English appetite for colloquialisms : "Hitler missed the bus." We need not stop to enquire by whose fault Hitler had his chance to catch the bus (it is implied that he had it) ; I am content to be told by Mr. Chamberlain (speaking in the congenial atmosphere of Tory headquarters) that he is "ten times surer of winning the war" than when he began it. But above all it was good news to hear that Mr. Churchill, without leaving his direction of the Navy, becomes charged with the whole "co-ordination of defence"—and of attack. Lord Chatfield probably did invaluable work ; but when a democratic country is at war, the direction of military effort is a task for a parliamentarian who is something much more than a debater or tactician. Yet he must be these things also—as Lloyd George was in the earlier day. Mr. Churchill can perhaps equal him in debate ; for tactics, I should be less sure. But of these Mr. Chamberlain appears to be a master.

* * * * *

In this aspect, news from France is less encouraging : M. Reynaud's position was challenged. In this country naturally opinion is in his favour ; I heard him speak, five years ago in London, and was impressed of course by his ability but still more by the ease of his contact with an English audience. Indeed I never saw another Frenchman so like the best type of Englishman ; and the *Koelnische Zeitung*, which does not like him, says that he is "hardly a Frenchman at all, more at home in Mexico and in the Far East than in any region of France : and by sympathies 'anglomaniac' ". "His policy will be still closer collaboration with England, and sticking fast to the end—even to the smashing of Germany into fragments." Well, English opinion will not be distressed by that ; and it will incline to hold that a man whose political attachments were on the Right, yet who insists on bringing half-a-dozen Socialists into his ministry, shows a feeling for the essence of national co-operation. But I remember that Clemenceau was once driven out of power and even out of public office on the charge of being too friendly with England.

That could scarcely happen now. All that we hear of English relations with France sounds like a fairy tale to those who remember the last war. I go back again to Clemenceau who in

1916 was writing a preface to a book of propaganda—"England's Contribution to the War." We are flinging everything into the furnace, he said, our goods, our flesh, all that our soil can breed: for the existence of our race is at stake, and we are determined not to die. But in this total sacrifice, everyone of us at certain moments 'commits the half crime of doubting whether his allies are equally determined and paying also to the full'. "When the rower fears that the man on the next thwart may slacken, he is not far from feeling that he has to pull the whole boat." Clemenceau went on then to combat this state of mind, and sketched first the silent power of the British navy. "But the English miracle is not there; it was not on the sea that it became manifest. For the first time in its thousand years of history the old island of the North has ceased to be an island and has incorporated itself with the continent . . ." Yet in 1916 the British armies were still, in the main, levies of volunteers—and were still jealously asserting their separateness of action. Now, France sees and responds to, quite different conditions. Late, it is true, but nevertheless before war was actually upon us, Great Britain had accepted for all its citizens the continental principle of universal service; recognizing that the issue at stake is no less than the freedom of that continent which claims leadership in civilization. When war came, Great Britain deliberately abandoned its claim to an independent policy in the field and accepted the unity of command under a French General in Chief. In face of these facts, it is no wonder that comradeship in arms takes on a new reality, and, instead of a grudging computation whether the other partner is pulling his full weight, becomes an honourable and friendly rivalry, to see which shall do best. Not all is wasted that was done and suffered in the last war.

* * * *

On behalf of the FORTNIGHTLY, I offer congratulations to "Le Flambeau," a Belgian review which (if the comparison does not flatter ourselves too much) closely resembles this one in character and in purpose. Its origin is more recent, but more glorious than we can claim; for it began in dark and evil days, twenty-three years ago, printed and circulated secretly, at the hazard of all

Le
Flambeau

concerned, when Germany held Belgium down. With that record behind it, and with the names of two professors of the University of Brussels appearing on its cover as editors, it is not a little surprising to hear that the number which appeared at the beginning of March was suppressed; nor only that, but further publication was forbidden. Apparently the Government thought that the freedom of such commentary might make trouble for Belgium. But the Belgian public was of a very different opinion, and within ten days, faced with the protests of parliament and the press, M. Janson, *Ministre de la Justice*, had to make an abject withdrawal. Naturally enough the friends of "*Le Flambeau*" celebrated the occasion by a banquet, at which Professor Barzin, one of the editors, summed up the situation as he saw it.

"I approve the Government's policy of neutrality; it will be a great blessing for the country if it can avoid being dragged into the war. But we must not be gagged. I claim the right to say that I cannot place those countries which have armed themselves to oppress the weak nations on the same moral footing as those who have armed to liberate the oppressed. I claim the right to say that the fate of our country is bound up with the issue of this war. I claim the right to say that the introduction of totalitarian institutions into this country is irreconcilable with the conception which Belgians form of human dignity."

That it would appear represents the mind of Belgium. Of all the lesser countries Belgium suffered most in the last war; and of them all it shows at this moment the most courageous front—not without full knowledge that its courage may again be tried to the utmost. . . .

* * * *

It is perhaps late to write of Lord Tweedsmuir, whom like the mass of mankind and the multitude of his friends I must always think of as John Buchan. He played many parts and the last was that of representing royalty: to judge by Canada's manifestations on the news of his death, he had played it to admiration. More than any man I ever knew, he had the special talent for success and I never knew a man more unspoilt by it. In the craft of letters I do not think that he ever rated himself higher than a good workman with immense power of work and, no less, immense power of enjoyment. You never could separate his work from what he had enjoyed. But for his popularity he depended on a

Buchan and
Pater

faculty native to him ; he was a born deviser of stories. Whenever leisure came, there was always a romance in his head, ready to be written—and generally suggested by some of the contacts which had stimulated his interest. He was good at contacts. When we met first, he had followed me at Brasenose, ten years later, and I asked if he ever saw anything of Walter Pater—who in my day was simply a figure to be seen with curiosity in the quad or chapel. Buchan told me with glee how he and one of the dons (Chandler, afterwards bishop of Bloemfontein) had insisted on dragging Pater out, telling him that the young wanted to talk to him and profit by their chances ; and that Pater, so approached, had thawed and responded. That was a thing achieved by intelligent friendliness, and the will to a very proper end : a good example of the reasons for John Buchan's outstanding success.



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A CENTENARY—ALPHONSE DAUDET

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

Not all the books of Alphonse Daudet, born a hundred years ago (May 12th, 1840), are now widely read. The same applies to Emile Zola, also born the same year (April 2nd), who is remembered by many people as much for his *J'Accuse* at the time of the Dreyfus Case as for many of his novels. Fifty years ago not only were both these authors 'best-sellers', but they were also regarded as belonging, to a considerable extent, to the same school. In fact, however, the resemblance between the two is very slight.

In an age when mines, factories, railways and industries were developing, the social novel was bound to replace in some measure, the book of purely individual passion. This point struck Zola, but he went too far. Dominated by a laudable desire for reform, a less admirable yearning for notoriety and a credulous respect for prevailing theories about heredity, he came to regard the novel almost as a branch of science. The personages of the Rougon-Macquart series are consequently not memorable, for they are puppets acting in accordance with a preconceived notion of the effects of heredity on character. Moreover, despite the care taken to ensure accuracy in the details of the setting, whether the action passes in a market, wine-

shop, railway station, mine, art-studio or brothel, each described with a marked emphasis on the sordid, his novels are inevitably dated.

This is not the case with Daudet. He did not set out to prove something from a pessimistic and biased point of view. His work is neither pompous nor squalid. Admittedly, his personages do not develop, for their characteristics are clearly apparent from the beginning. But the picture is fairly presented and unmarred by an excess of detail. The style is light and easy, and the humour, of which Zola and his naturalistic school were so chary, is by turns, frank, ironical, warm-hearted and wistful. There is something of Dickens in Daudet, though *Le Petit Chose* does not contain quite so much of autobiography as *David Copperfield*. Unlike the central character of his book, for instance, Daudet was never an actor. He was certainly married happily, but not to the lady whose father kept a china shop. Nor, fortunately for us, was the failure of his first volume of poems so abject that he was compelled to abandon literature for commerce. Still, there is a good deal of Daudet's own life to be found in the early chapters and there is a link with Dickens, too, in the realistic novel *Fromont Jeune et*

Risler Aîné, one character in particular being closely akin to the little doll-dresser in *Our Mutual Friend*. But such similarities are superficial and, in any case, though Daudet made his name with realistic novels such as *Le Nabab* and *L'Immortel*, we remember him chiefly by works in which there is nothing of Dickens, still less of Zola.

Tartarin—the hero's name was Barbarin in the first edition, but an irate family of Tarascon boasted the same and threatened a law-suit unless it was changed—*Tartarin* is an original and joyous evocation of the *Midi*, a mischievous, affectionate caricature, written in frolic style. Daudet himself maintained that the portrait was a faithful likeness of a southern type.

For us on this side of the Channel *Tartarin* must remain a grotesque personage. But that does not hinder our enjoyment of his adventures, recorded with such gusto and artful naïveté in the first book and its successor *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. The third, *Port-Tarascon*, was ill-advised. The spontaneity has vanished and, though we grieve for him when harsh circumstance sends him, an unhappy exile, across the river to Beaucaire, we feel that death did not come upon him too soon. It was only in Tarascon and Algeria that the sun shed its full radiance on his doings.

This sunniness and laughter, set off by an occasional touch of pathos and irony, pervade the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, the best remembered of all Daudet's works. He did not actually live in the mill, which is pointed out to one at Fontvielle on the road from Arles to Montmajour. But he filled his notebook with the tales told him by Provençal families near by. His own

knowledge and inventive skill aided him and, when he returned to his house at Champrosay near Paris, the atmosphere of his native south went with him.

Thus it was that there came into being so many delectable stories: that of the Curé of Cucugnan, whose account of his visit in a dream to Heaven's gate, sent all his parishioners hasting to the confessional: the tale of the Pope's mule who waited so many years to get in that one devastating kick at the upstart *premier moutardier*: that of the priest, beguiled by thoughts of the banquet awaiting him, into gabbling through the Mass: of Master Cornille bravely grinding plaster to hide the fact that no one any longer brought corn to his mill.

Roland's horn awoke the echoes of Roncevaux. But we would not be without the smaller plaintive note of Monsieur Séguin's, as he waited vainly for his little goat, far away in the hills, fighting the wolf forlornly until dawn.

THE THIRTIES (1930-1940) IN GREAT BRITAIN, by Malcolm Muggeridge. *Hamish Hamilton*. 9s. 6d.

Old newspapers, old newsreels have for most of us the unfailing interest of mirrors. We see ourselves in them and marvel; did we in fact wear such preposterous hats, did we hold such obviously untenable opinions, were we so short-sighted as all that? Alas, we did and were.

But we have to allow, besides, for a certain amount of distortion. What the newspapers tell us of ourselves is what was, at the time, reckoned to be news; and the relationship of news to truth, while it has never been exactly defined, is equivocal to say the least of

it. Thus, for instance, the unfortunate Rector of Stiffkey was news in his day; the expansion of the L.C.C. hospital system was not, though the vagaries of the one affected only a handful of people, and the development of the other touched all voluntary hospitals on the shoulder with a reminder that to something of the sort they must come at last.

Since Mr. Muggeridge seems to have stuck pretty closely to newspapers for his sources of material, it follows that while two entire pages of his book are devoted to the Reverend Mr. Davidson, there is no mention of the health services at all, or indeed of any social activity other than those which are of a nature to catch the eye in a headline. You have the politicians all posturing, large as life, for even minor politicians still, mysteriously, are news. Professor Hogben is there, thanks to large sales, but not the more retiring Professor Stapleton, whose experiments in land cultivation may save us all from being starved out. Mr. Woodroffe's famous gaffe concerning the lit-up condition of the Fleet is duly noted, the run of Journey's End, the growth of Buchmanism, an ironical anecdote concerning Kipling's cremation; they are all worth recalling perhaps, for the sake of a rather one-sided laugh. It is this laugh that Mr. Muggeridge plays for throughout the 318 pages of his book. He is not really concerned to show how England lived and thought during the ten years he has chosen to record. He is concerned to score, and for that (quite legitimate) purpose he has chosen all the easier marks. It is so simple to make fun of the bickerings and failings of Geneva; indeed, only the very strong-minded can refrain from

having a smack at them. It is by no means so simple to assess, let us say, the impact of the International Labour Office upon hours of work and accommodation for personnel in the British mercantile marine. That, however, would be another story and another book; not the kind of book that Mr. Muggeridge has set himself to write.

Given that this title, *The Thirties in Great Britain*, is rather too imposing for its matter; that Mr. Muggeridge is not really eager to show forth but to show off; not to expound legends, but to explode them; how well has he succeeded?

No doubt at all, his book is very readable. It deals with ourselves as we were, and that is enough to recommend it to most of us. The style is puzzling, and varied. Sometimes, like the taste of the Snark, it is meagre and hollow, but crisp. Sometimes it attempts, not successfully, the Chestertonian involution—"the minute, lonely figure forlornly trudging along a winding road until he vanishes into the sunset, though perhaps in Hitler's case this finale might be reversed, and the sunset forlornly vanishes into him." Sometimes it lapses into the phraseology of the provincial newspaper; witness "largely instrumental," which occurs twice. There is misquotation of one of the most pervasive of the Government's red and white posters. There are epigrams, good ones. There is philosophy, rather self-consciously stark.

In short, while the evidential value of this book may be questioned, its entertainment value stands high. For that, in these times, we may be grateful to Mr. Muggeridge.

HELEN SIMPSON.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, by Franklin Lushington. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The world before the last war has already become for us the most unbelievable period of history. Too close for perspective, it lies in the mind of those who are old enough to remember it as an insubstantial dream from which so much has divided them that it has the faint and changing colours of a soap bubble. Sometimes a scent, a tune, a face has power to give it reality for a moment, to recall that when we were children only private troubles disturbed the household and there were no expectations of war.

There are passages in *Portrait of a Young Man* which have power to recall that memory. The easy, lucid prose, the leisurely, unexciting tale of a boy's own life belong to a time when little stress was felt, anyhow by one section of society. Family life was an enclosure that shut out the world. The mother was dead, but a kindly governess taught manners and morals that admitted no question. The father was there in the background, grave, remote and just. Relations came and went, there were a little brother and sister, not, apparently, very important in the child's life. His world was himself and the country, the quiet, gracious life and surroundings that he accepted and absorbed, as he grew by way of school and Woolwich to early manhood.

And what a young man he was! How innocent, how ingenuously interested in his own sensitive reactions, how utterly unaware of other kinds of lives and other values! He was so young that it is almost startling to find him in the last chapter joining a battery

at the front in the early days of the last war.

The story of his life up to that end or rather that beginning is likely to please older readers rather than young ones. To them it may seem incredible that anybody could ever have been quite so soft boiled nor will the limpid prose make up for a record which, it must frankly be admitted is very nearly dull. For them probably *Portrait of a Young Man* will be an unexciting historical novel. To Mr. Lushington's contemporaries, and to his seniors, it may bring back the sights and sounds, the vanished serenity and security of a lost world.

LETTICE COOPER.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD, by H. R. Trevor-Roper. *Macmillan.* 21s.

The controversy which Job had with his friends bids fair to be exceeded by that between William Laud and his biographers. If the spirits of the departed are permitted amid Elysian fields to indulge in retrospective justification of their terrestrial careers, it is easy to imagine Laud purusing his biographers with that same voluminous defence which he offered against contemporary opponents. Mr. Trevor-Roper has a particular bias against clergymen, and especially against clerical biographers. He finds the character of Bishop John Maxwell, Laud's agent in Scotland, difficult to appreciate because "it has been interpreted almost entirely by clergymen"; and he dismisses Laud's clerical biographers cavalierly with the comment that "since they approach him on their knees (they) are naturally unable to see very far". The gravamen of his charge against them is that they

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have exaggerated the importance of their subject's religious interests. His own standpoint is the direct contrary to this.

We must therefore regard Laud here not as a theologian, who must stand or fall by the accuracy of his theological opinions, but as a politician whose material was English society in the early seventeenth century.

The whole of this substantial and valuable biography is governed by this principle of selection. There is much justification for Mr. Trevor-Roper's emphasis. During the greater part of Charles I.'s personal rule Wentworth was in Ireland, and William Laud, an ecclesiastic, was the most important political influence in England, although he held no office of state himself. There is at first sight an incongruity between Laud's political influence and the general impression of him as a prelate concerned with rites and ceremonies. It is the outstanding virtue of this biography to make clear to a degree not achieved before, the importance of Laud's social policy and the ideals which inspired it. Mr. Trevor-Roper explains with a wealth of illustration, Laud's concern to secure justice for the poor against the rich, to recover ecclesiastical property which had been secularized, to promote a paternal royal despotism which should bring peace, prosperity, and justice to the nation, and to ensure an incorruptible and efficient administration in state and church. His picture of Laud's unwearied efforts to realize this social and political ideal constitutes a permanent contribution to our knowledge of early seventeenth-century history, which will not need to be done again. But Laud had few zealous allies either amongst ministers of state

or bishops; and Mr. Trevor-Roper excels in deft word-portraits of the self-seeking, unreliable bed-fellows with whom he had to work in the service of the crown. The author's character-sketches and accounts of personal rivalries add interest to his narrative.

Despite the difficulties confronting a biographer of Laud, Mr. Trevor-Roper has overcome all save one; and the vivacity of his style should not obscure the weight of his learning. But he has an invincible antipathy to theology and church history. In writing of them he permits himself a looseness and inaccuracy of expression strangely inconsistent with his general carefulness. Moreover, his references to belief and practice are generally contemptuous: as in his description of Little Gidding "with its finicky devotions and studied odour of sanctity", his reference to the "devotional paraphernalia of Laudian worship", or to "all the mumbo-jumbo of ecclesiasticism". Mr. Trevor-Roper may be right (or wrong) in his verdicts; but this attitude disqualifies him to understand one of the most important sides of Laud. Creighton diagnosed Laud's claim to greatness as his recognition of "the possibilities of the English church, not merely for England itself but, as the guardian of all that was best and most fruitful for the future of religious progress"; and Gardiner paid tribute to the influence upon later times of "his nobler aims", especially "his appeal to the cultivated intelligence for the solution of religious problems". Mr. Trevor-Roper's failure to do justice to these aspects of Laud prevents his study, despite its merits, from aspiring to the proud position of a final and comprehensive interpretation of its subject.

N. SYKES.

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NATIONALISM, by a Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

This massive volume descanting upon the phenomenon of nationalism exemplifies very well the Chatham House technique. Three chapters on the origins and development of the national idea are followed by half-a-dozen or so commentaries on the different local varieties of nationalism (so to speak) before the book passes on to a consideration of the more abstruse aspects of the theme: the inter-action with economic phenomena, the attitudes of various sections of the population towards the national entity, and, among other things, sources of resistance to nationalist policy. It is heavy going, but the caravan moves on all the time, without being bogged in the ruts, until we reach the pithy "Conclusion" (10 pages) of Chapter XVIII.

It is not unfair perhaps to take the latter first and examine it. For here is the stuff from which the whole material is woven; and, while the Group, under the chairmanship of Professor E. H. Carr, is nothing if not realist, in a casual sentence here and there there is a glint of light to offset the general effect of gloom.

The nation is the political group, and nationalism the political group-loyalty, of the present phase of civilization.

That is well said. And it is this political penumbra around the national idea which in fact accounts for the explosive character of nationalism, as most people understand it. "The idea of a common government", we are told, "whether as a reality of the present or past, or as an aspiration of the future, is a necessary concomitant of any

group which we recognize as a nation." One thinks naturally of the Czech, Polish or Irish national groups. The word "necessary", however, can be disputed. When the authors of this study acknowledge that "the word 'nation' is given here a distinctively political, and not merely cultural, connotation", are they not in a sense begging the question, or at any rate subscribing to the common confusion between nation and State? Nations are in essence group-loyalties that have arisen from a complex variety of circumstances, of which geography and climate, reflected in language, may well be more decisive and fundamental than any purely political factors. The nation-State is a convenient intellectual category, but actually it has never existed outside the class-room—the nearest approach to it is France, and unfortunately it was imposed generally on nineteenth-century political thought by the prestige of the French Revolution.

There is, on the one hand, the social group to which Western minds since the XVIth century have affixed the label 'nation'—whereas in the Middle Ages the term had a different connotation: and, on the other hand, there is the State, the repository and agency of power, to which the spiritual or emotional content of the nation is harnessed. According to differences of environment, of historical context, there are, as we are reminded here, infinite gradations of national feeling—or, as one might say, combustion. My point is, however, that those feelings in themselves—i.e., the inward and spiritual force of nationality—are neutral, are perfectly susceptible of organic synthesis, of the harmony imagined by Mazzini, for instance. The

villain of the piece, first, last and all the time, is the sovereign State. "Holy State we live to learn endeth in holy war"—was the message of Rudyard Kipling thirty years ago: or, as this book puts it—"it is from the ideology of the State rather than from that of the nation . . . that the characteristics which have recently brought nationalism into disrepute are derived".

In the chapter describing the rise of national feeling in Western Europe the point is made that "in its origin the centralized State was in no sense the product of national feeling". It was, as we know, the deliberate work of the King and his jurists, its success being assured by a monopolization of effective armed force. Not otherwise did Hamilton, Madison and the rest proceed in establishing the new context for American nationality. Then, of course, comes inter-action. ". . . once the process of consolidation had begun, a group feeling began to be generated, and no doubt became before long a contributory factor to the continuation of the process". If this was the case in Western Europe, still more can we discern the non-political essence of the national idea in central and south-eastern Europe, where political forms were fluid and constantly changing and where even to-day the *leitmotif* of nationality is different from the 'climate' of the West; it is a feeling of belonging to a community united by ties of blood, an extension of the family affection as the political concept of nationality is of the home.

The subject is too intricate and extensive to pursue here. But its importance lies in the fact that right thinking on this point—a differentiation between nation and State—may yet be

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the one means of saving our civilization from the intermittent holocaust to which, otherwise, modern war dooms us. There is no inherent reason, that is to say, why individual leaders should not put their heads together to contrive, as the Federalist protagonists in America contrived, a new polity beyond the State, should not de-politicize nationalism "through a fundamental change in the basis of political organization, i.e., the transference of political power and control over wealth to some kind of political group other than the nation". The idea is glimpsed here, as I said, but never seriously examined—instead the authors merely knock down the Aunt Sally of a world State.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

FINLAND FIGHTS, by Herbert Elliston. *Harrap*. 15s.

Fortunately for himself and for us, Mr. Elliston of the *Christian Science Monitor* went to Finland in 1937 and was there again at the beginning of the recent war. As he is a most competent observer we can acquire from these vivid pages some very interesting additional knowledge of that heroic and dour people.

Mr. Elliston gives us some admirable pen-pictures of several of the leading Finns, of whose activity we have lately heard so much: Mannerheim, Ryti and Tanner. When Mr. Elliston says that Mannerheim has become a near-god even in his lifetime and that the Finnish people share this hero-worship with the Finnish Army, he may be assuming that no relatives survive of those opponents of the White régime—thousands of them, it is said, men, women and children—who paid for their political allegiance with their

lives when the Field Marshal was 'making order' after the last war. Mannerheim as an explorer, a diplomat and a general has deserved so well of his country that we would not have alluded to this blot on his escutcheon if it had not been so completely slurred over by Mr. Elliston.

Ryti and Tanner, on the other hand, we can unreservedly admire. When Ryti was a rising attorney in Helsinki he showed on a certain occasion how typical he was of the Finns, how he was utterly without fear; as the Swedes express it, he 'had put ice in his stomach'. It was in November, 1917, when Finland was rocking in the dark confusion of the White *versus* Red struggle; Ryti and his wife were invited to the birthday party of a local magnate. Half way through the celebrations a party of Russian Reds arrived and attacked the house. The magnate was killed and the guests dispersed. In a field near by the young Ryti and his wife were suddenly stopped by the bayonet of a Russian soldier. Thereupon the future Governor of the National Bank, the future Prime Minister, pointed to the soldier's uniform and asked him how on earth it had happened that there was a button missing on his tunic. The soldier began to explain how he must have lost it. The two were still talking interestedly about buttons when a party of Finnish White Guards came up behind the Russian soldier and disarmed him. As for that stocky little man, Väinö Tanner, war-time Minister of Foreign Affairs, his greatest reputation in the world at large is his connection with the consumer co-operative movement. Born in a lowly worker's family in Helsinki he has learned to

speak fluent Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Esthonian, German, French, English and Russian; in 1927 he was chairman of the International Co-operative Alliance at Stockholm. The Russian delegates came along armed with obstructional tactics, but when Tanner started at them in their language he used such blistering Russian that they fled and, after that, the conference proceeded smoothly.

Mr. Elliston confirms what we already knew of the coolness of the Finns under fire. Their only fault was that there were too few of them. According to Karel Capek it is easy to govern a nation of gentlemen, and even now in the heart-breaking task of rebuilding their smaller house the Finns have refrained from appealing for the world's assistance.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

INSIDE THE WHALE, by George Orwell. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

George Orwell is that always startling and unusual phenomenon, an honest man. What is valuable about him is not primarily his literary talents or his ideas, but, an unpretentious humanity. He is, one feels, a very representative man; with the difference that he happens to be uncommonly sensitive to the forces which shape us, and that he is about as honest as any man may well hope to be. For some years Mr. Orwell has been affiliated to Marxist theories; more than most men, he has tried to incorporate those theories in his writing, his thinking and his living. The importance of Mr. Orwell is that the outcome of such an attempt by a man of evident sensibility is one of the crucial tests of any doctrine. Mr. Orwell was wounded in Spain and came

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home disillusioned. Not having the kind of doctrinaire mind that overprizes 'certain certainties', he contrived to have the courage of his loss of convictions. He has recently been thinking about Marxist literary theory, and his thoughts now appear in *Inside The Whale*.

At first sight the book seems to be a haphazard collection of three long essays—one on Dickens, one on what are known as boys' magazines, and one on Henry Miller and the literature of the last two decades. Mr. Orwell does not try to show any connection between the three essays, but they are nevertheless unified by a preoccupation with the place of revolutionary thought in literature; this is the theme which is always at the back of Mr. Orwell's mind, and in an oblique way he destroys most of the fashionable poppycock about "proletarian" literature. The essay on Dickens makes a full and astute recognition of Dickens's faults before disposing of the contention that his "message" petered out in moral platitudes. The entertaining study of juvenile magazines shows how deep-rooted and acclimatized are the more reactionary values of our civilization. In the concluding essay Mr. Orwell describes the rising political content of

literature during the interval of peace and then records that this tendency is negated by Henry Miller, the American novelist whom Mr. Orwell considers to be the one new element in recent fiction. In the same essay Mr. Orwell compares the literary appetite for violent words with the violent reality of Spain; and here, I think, the inference is that a verbal emancipation from all liberal-bourgeois morals scarcely envisages the nasty consequences among men who are neither poets nor pedants.

In the upshot Mr. Orwell comes down against "all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls". There are moments when he himself is guilty of the doctrinaire sourness which he is attacking (e.g., the incredible generalization that in the early twenties a generation of boys "were writhing under dirty-minded celibate school-masters") but these are momentary lapses into an idiom from which Mr. Orwell is liberating himself. *Inside The Whale* is excellent criticism, simple in manner, relevant to every literate reader, independent and mature in its outlook, and rich in acute and stimulating comments. It is published, with a certain irony, by our leading left-wing publisher. DESMOND HAWKINS.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

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ITALY AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY G. T. GARRATT

IT is difficult to write about strategical questions at a time when 'one woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they come', and when a few hours may make a kaleidoscopic change in the grouping of enemies, neutrals and allies. Most people in England are fully aware of the general situation in the Mediterranean, and of the issues involved by the entrance of Italy into the war. Some factors do not seem to be so well understood, and the significance of some recent history appears to have been forgotten. We are still a little apt to think in terms of 'two-dimensional warfare', and to underestimate the changes brought about by the aeroplane and the submarine. Some of us inclined to consider Italy as a second-class Power, traditionally friendly towards England. Far too many Englishmen treat Spain and her ambitions as negligible. It may be worth reconsidering certain political and strategical questions connected with the 'dolorous tideless inland sea'.

The main principle which has not altered is the strategic importance of the various land-locked waters along the main East and West route, and also those leading from the Black Sea and the Adriatic into the Mediterranean. The development of the aeroplane has also revived the eighteenth century importance of islands which lie near sea routes, such as the Balearic Islands which are close to the North and South route between France and her African possessions, a route which has no 'narrows'. The chief areas which are land-controlled are the Straits of Gibraltar, the narrows between Sicily and Africa, the Straits of Otranto, the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal and the Bab el Mandeb at the end of the Red Sea. Each of these names recall long diplomatic manoeuvres, and sometimes wars, which have been undertaken in order to control the adjacent territories. Great Britain's traditional policy has aimed either

at occupying strong points on the land, or else ensuring that the countries shall remain in the hands of relatively weak and friendly nations. Thus we were led, not only to capture the Rock of Gibraltar, but also to take a keen interest in the ownership of the opposite sea-board. The opening of the Suez Canal, a venture which we had attempted to frustrate, took us rapidly into Egypt. Gladstone in 1877 made a remarkable forecast about our commitments here, which he thought would prove 'the certain egg of a North African Empire that will grow and grow until another Victoria and another Albert, titles of lake-sources of the White Nile, come within our borders; and until we finally join hands across the equator with Natal and Cape Town, to say nothing of the Transvaal and the Orange River on the south, or of Abyssinia or Zanzibar to be swallowed by way of viaticum on our journey.' The Suez Canal also took us into Cyprus, while further south we considered that Aden was not sufficient control of the Bab el Mandeb, and therefore occupied Somaliland.

With regard to the other 'narrows' we depended chiefly upon the neighbouring territory being held by Powers whom we could either threaten or cajole. The Dardanelles proved one reason why we supported Turkey as against Russia all through the nineteenth century. For a long time we insisted upon the independence of Morocco, another country in a state of decadence. It was only after 1904 and the formation of the Entente that we were willing to allow France a free hand in that country. Even then in accordance with our general policy, we insisted on Spain being assigned the northern strip opposite Gibraltar, while the little Tangier zone remained 'internationalized' under the control of France, Spain, and Great Britain. During the first fourteen years of this century our foreign policy was repeatedly influenced by our refusal to allow Germany any foothold in the neighbourhood of the Straits. For this we achieved our hardly-won diplomatic victory at Algeciras in 1906, and five years later almost went to war over the minor incident of the *Panther's* visit to Agadir.

The Italian narrows did not cause us much anxiety before 1914. They were much wider than any of the Straits, and in those days the land control over a stretch of water about a

hundred miles wide was not a very serious consideration. We had in the vicinity a strong and almost impregnable base at Malta. Italy had not then fortified the island of Pantelleria, a recent measure which has considerably lessened the width of open sea in the straits between Sicily and Libya. Our general policy was conciliatory towards Italy. The Tripartite Treaty of 1906 was closely connected with the Algeciras conference, and helped to range Italy on the side of the Entente. The practical effect of this important Treaty was that France and England agreed to give Italy a free hand in Abyssinia at any time when she might choose to invade that country. In return the Entente Powers only asked for a few minor concessions after Italy had occupied an area which we chose to consider as the hinterland of Eritrea. Italy made no use of this treaty at the time, but the friendly attitude of the Entente was shown five years later when she attacked Tripoli. Though England and France have many Moslem subjects they made no serious objection to a wanton act of aggression against a Turkish province. The campaign, carried out with great savagery, had the worst possible repercussions in the Balkans, and on our relations with Turkey.

At the beginning of the 1914 war we could claim to be favourably situated at most of the Mediterranean strategic narrows. There was one serious exception. It was probably impossible to have kept both Italy and Turkey neutral or as allies, and our Foreign Office preferred to concentrate on winning over Italy. Turkey's entrance into the war meant that control of the Dardanelles was in enemy hands, and the Suez Canal was exposed to attack from the desert to the east. The course of the war showed how expensive such an exception could be. It cost us the Gallipoli campaign, and necessitated keeping an army of nearly a quarter of a million in Egypt. Ultimately the threat to the Canal was a powerful factor in making us undertake the thankless task of occupying Palestine.

The 1914 war in the Mediterranean was partially 'three-dimensional' and to this extent it falsified the British politico-strategic ideas of the time. Although there was little aerial fighting the Germans were able to use submarines, and did so with great effect. From May 1915 onwards a succession of

U-boats passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. Owing to the depth of water it was found impossible to block the straits, a procedure adopted later in the wider but much shallower Straits of Otranto. Some fifteen U-boats made their way into the Mediterranean, and helped by some illicit support from individual Spaniards they caused forty per cent. of our total shipping losses in the war. It may be remembered that one German Commander, de la Perière, in charge of U-35, sank over 500,000 tons of shipping, including two war vessels, 5 troop-ships, 125 steamers, and 62 sailing boats. At the end of the war all but two of the U-boats made their way back through the Straits in spite of a concentration of surface ships to prevent their egress. One submarine came to the surface near Cape Trafalgar and sank the battleship *Britannia*.

During the first ten years of the uneasy peace which followed 1919 there were few changes. Turkey resumed control over the Dardanelles. She became a stronger but also a more independent Power, freer from German influence. Great Britain remained in Palestine, and France in Syria. In spite of Egyptian nationalism the Entente command of the Suez Canal was complete. At Gibraltar the British watched Spain's unhappy and expensive efforts to conquer her barren zone of Northern Morocco. Italy, even under fascist rule, did not seem to threaten the Allied predominance in the Mediterranean. Apart from the Corfu incident of 1924 Mussolini pursued a cautious and correct foreign policy throughout the 'twenties.' It is true that he was at some pains to extend his control to both sides of the Otranto Straits by the gradual 'permeation' of Albania, but there was little to suggest that he would develop into the aggressive dictator of the 'thirties.' In 1927 he gained a diplomatic victory over France at Tangier, and obtained some share in the government, but the Italians had a strong case.

The British Foreign Office remained conciliatory. Unlike the French we made some attempt to implement the unhappy Treaty of London which had been the prelude to Italy's entrance into the war in 1915. In 1925 we ceded a portion of Jubaland to Italy, and in the same year Sir Austen Chamberlain exchanged notes with the Italian Minister, the effect of which was to make it clear that the 1906 agreement still held good as regards

Abyssinia. From the standpoint of Mediterranean strategy there could be little objection to Italy extending her domain on the west side of the Red Sea, for she already had her Eritrean ports, and the occupation of places like Assab would make no serious difference. It will be remembered that England strongly opposed the admission of Ethiopia into the League of Nations. We still considered the country as part of Italy's 'sphere of influence'. It was also clear that if Italy were ever to threaten the East-West route through the Mediterranean, her effective point of attack would not be in the Red Sea, but in the stretch of water immediately south of Sicily.

We shall probably never know all the factors which drove Mussolini into a more aggressive foreign policy from about 1932 onwards. The internal condition of Italy after the 1929 slump, the settlement of his dispute with the Papacy by the Lateran Treaty, the growing strength of Germany and Hitler's successful flouting of the Allies, these and other reasons encouraged Mussolini to seek adventures abroad. Ethiopia was the obvious victim. The 1906 Treaty suggested that England and France would not object, while there were psychological grounds for avenging Adowa and trying out the new fascist army against a backward and unarmed race.

From the Mediterranean standpoint there was no British objection to Italy taking Abyssinia except the rather remote possibility that our position in the Sudan would be jeopardized. From one point of view it might be considered an advantage to England because it would mean that Italy would have given hostages to fortune when she had a largish force which would not be self-supporting and would be dependent on supplies coming through Massawa—i.e., through the Suez Canal or through the Bab el Mandeb. Unfortunately there were domestic reasons why England could not simply apply the 1906 Treaty as confirmed in 1925. France, possibly in a spirit of *gaminerie*, had brought Ethiopia into the League of Nations, and Italy—with her usual disregard for her pledged word—had supported her candidature and given subsequent assurances as to her integrity. In England, and to a less extent in France, the Governments had to face a body of moderate Conservative opinion which still believed in the League and was strongly opposed to a return

to pre-1914 methods of imperial aggression. Both countries—England through Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, France through M. Laval—began a double policy. In Africa, controlling all entrances to Ethiopia, they made things easy for Italy on the lines of the 1906 Treaty. In Europe they pursued a half-hearted 'League' policy. The effect was in every way unfortunate. Totalitarian countries, as we have now painfully learnt, are not amenable to 'appeasement', especially when such services rendered, as the prevention of arms reaching Ethiopia, are of a secret nature, while the formal imposition of sanctions was known to all the world and used as propaganda inside Italy. When the end came with the fall of Addis Ababa Italy had not strengthened her Mediterranean position, but she had far more definitely thrown in her lot with Germany in an anti-Entente policy.

The Spanish affair is extremely controversial, but the general policy of 'appeasing' Italy continued. The Non-Intervention Pact undoubtedly assisted Mussolini and Hitler in their venture, and ensured the Spanish Government's defeat. On this occasion the result of our policy was detrimental to our Mediterranean interests. It was no longer a question of Italy extending her territory in a difficult and remote area, it was a matter of the two totalitarian states, Italy and Germany, extending their influence in a territory which we have always assumed to be a weak and moderately friendly country. Spain had certainly been divided in the 1914 war, but the Liberal elements had been strong enough and so markedly pro-Ally that it was impossible for the pro-German military and ecclesiastical parties to drag the country from its neutral position. Instead we were responsible for the utter defeat of the democratic elements, and the placing in power of the phalangists whose philosophy of life is closely akin to that of the Nazis, and who mould their policy upon that of Hitler. Spain has, from her geographical position, always been a potentially important factor in Mediterranean policy, and it was only her military weakness and the balance between her political sections which enabled the British Foreign Office to disregard her, and to believe that 'Europe ended with the Pyrenees'.

The present position is, therefore, full of new and doubtful elements, but it is possible to make a rough comparison with

conditions in the last war. We may begin with the more favourable items. The Dardanelles are now in the hands of a friendly Power, and possible Ally. There is no longer any threat to the Suez Canal from the East. It would also seem that, even if Italy enters the war, the submarine menace is likely to be far less important than between 1915 and 1918. The process of detection is certainly more efficient, and—what is more important—there will be far fewer targets. It was discovered in 1935 that British merchant shipping could be diverted round the Cape without any very serious dislocation, and this order has again been enforced. The oil tankers from the Persian Gulf are the worst hit, with an 80 per cent. increase in the distance to be covered. The freight steamers from India and the Far East have increases in the nature of 40 per cent. and from Australia only 10 per cent. It is also probable that we shall not have to send so many troop-ships through the dangerous area of the Mediterranean. A very large force has already been collected in the Near East, and could be reinforced from India. The Allies could, in fact, keep nearly all their surface vessels, except warships, out of the Mediterranean, and there is little need for them to use the East to West route past Sicily.

The weakness of Italy's position in Abyssinia has already been mentioned. In this connection we must notice that large parts of that very difficult country have never been subdued. There is still a strong Amhara nucleus in the Gojjam area which has never accepted Italian rule, and carries on a guerrilla warfare with some success. They have learnt a lot since their old feudal levies advanced practically unarmed against Italian tanks and machine guns, or moved about in masses to provide targets for the low-flying Italian aeroplanes. Those who were in Ethiopia during the war will remember the cheerful and eupeptic Ras Abeba Arragai. He is now the leader of a considerable force which would certainly add greatly to Italian difficulties, and would welcome back the Emperor Haile Selassie. Italy at war would lose her Ethiopian garrison, and would have some difficulty in keeping her Libyan troops supplied. In this respect we must, however, remember that the Norwegian affair has shown that sea control is not absolutely necessary for an expeditionary force, and that supplies and reinforcements can be sent by air.

On the other hand there are certain alarming possibilities if we assume that Italy becomes an active enemy. In that case it is probable that Spain, under her present rulers, will be at best an unfriendly neutral, and might easily become an actively hostile Power. It was certainly the opinion of the German military leaders at the beginning of the war that both these countries would be joined with the Nazis by the end of May. It may be remembered that this view was reported in October last by Mr. Garrison Villard, and other neutral observers. In this event the threat to the Allied Powers in the Mediterranean and in the South of France would become extremely serious. Spain's strategic position is far stronger than that of Italy, and her only colonial 'hostages' are in the small Rio de Oro district, and in the mountainous strip of Northern Morocco just across the Straits. With the help of German aeroplanes and pilots she can not only do great damage in southern France, where so many munition works are situated, but she can upset the Allied position in the western Mediterranean. From the Balearic Islands she can harass the North and South route between France and Algeria, from southern Spain she can make Gibraltar almost valueless as a naval base.

The British public has, for a number of reasons, been kept in the dark about the Spanish side of the Mediterranean question. They have heard much about fascist ambitions, but are perhaps unaware of the similar talk in which the Phalangists indulge. The latter also want an Empire which will stretch southwards across the Straits into Africa, and they look to this war as a means of fulfilling their ambitions. How far Spain is ready or willing to fight is a matter on which very few Englishmen can venture an opinion, but it would be unwise to dismiss her claims as absurd, or to forget that she has now an army which has learnt to fight, and can call on a vast number of resident German 'experts'. Our Mediterranean danger probably lies in the West.

THE ILLUSION OF THE DEMOCRACIES

BY H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

FOR the second time in a quarter of a century the British Commonwealth is at war with a great European Power. No one has dared to tell us, this time, that it is 'the war to end war', but if our publicists have not yet repeated the phrase, they are none the less re-echoing the idea. Mr. Menzies, with perhaps unconscious reminiscence, has assured Australia that this is 'a crisis to end crises', and, on every side, we hear voices proclaiming that the outcome of the war must be a new and better world.

The assumption that this will be so, indeed, is implicit in nearly all the current discussion of 'war aims'. The note was struck, immediately on the outbreak of war, by the leaders of the Oppositions in Parliament, where Mr. Attlee, for example, declared that "We are in this struggle; we must see that we come out of it with nothing less than a new world". What sort of new world we should come out with, Mr. Attlee did not describe, but others have not been so reticent. Thus, Mr. Herbert Morrison, M.P., put forward, through the B.B.C., six broad principles which, he said, "ought to govern the new order which should follow victory". These principles were so broad that they included, for example, the organization "of the industry, trade and commerce of the world with the idea not of bolstering up the special privileges of any class or group, but of achieving a higher standard of life for all". Yet broad as these six principles were (and it is not quite clear what the fighting of a European war has to do with organizing industry so as to achieve a higher standard of life for all) they were still not broad enough for their author, since he could not help feeling, he declared, "that even these political principles are less important at this moment than a clear re-statement of the fundamental rights of man, to vindicate and realize which is our true and final war aim".

The responsible governments of the Commonwealth have so far modestly refrained from attempting that "clear re-statement of the fundamental rights of man" to vindicate which Mr. Morrison says that we are fighting, but Mr. H. G. Wells has volunteered to repair the omission and has put them on paper in this Review. It is true that he declares, in his first line, that these are the rights of "every man without distinction of race, of colour or of professed belief or opinions", so that we may be excused if we feel some doubts as to how far they will be accepted in, for example, Germany (as to race), the southern United States (as to colour), or in Russia (as to professed belief or opinions). Our Utopians, however, will not be deterred on this account. The fixed hostility to their ideals of some Great Powers and the indifference of others, can be exorcized, apparently, by the Word, and the Word, this time, is Federation. There is nothing new, either in the name or in the idea of Federation, but it has recently been made fashionable again—a cynic might say, appropriately enough—by a citizen of that Power which is least likely to do anything to translate it into fact, by the American Mr. Streit, and our professional idealists, and some others, are now intoning it in chorus.

We are not concerned here to examine the score of obstacles in the way of a World, or even of a European, Federation. It is sufficient to point out that such a Federation could only survive if there were a real basis of common ideas among its members, and that it is precisely because there is no such common basis, and no common standard of political morality which is accepted by all peoples, that this war is being fought. What concerns us here is not the detail of any specific plan, federal or otherwise, for a new and a better world, but the temper which leads men to believe for one moment that such a world is likely to emerge from the thing which we call war.

Why is it that, with the onset of every great war, so many of us delude ourselves with the illusion that this time the blood-bath will be the last? We may set aside—though they are a dangerous tribe, a tribe whose easy idealisms and moral indignations are apt to be paid for in other men's lives—the professional utopians. How is it that they attract support in war-time from many who, in general, are closer to the common man?

There is, first, the feeling which is best expressed, perhaps, in the question:—"Can God waste pain?" It is not every mind which can face the fact that mankind may fight a great war, and the world and humanity be much the same after our sacrifices as before them. There are many who feel that mankind cannot suffer on the scale on which they have seen it suffer, and its suffering be not the price of a glorious re-birth. That the agonies of the nations may mean only that a balance of power has been shifted; or that the secular ambition of this or that Power has been checked; or that this or that political principle has won a limited or a temporary triumph in this or that area; that the greatest of wars may mean so little, is something which many people cannot bring themselves to face. They feel that if Armageddon has come in their time, it must be the prelude to the New Jerusalem.

Secondly, there is our reluctance to admit our own unimportance. We feel that other wars may have been fought for limited or unworthy objects, and have achieved only partial results, but that 'our' war must be different. Thus, even Mr. Harold Nicolson, whom one would have expected to have inherited both a deeper sense of history and a deeper sense of humour, has forbidden us "for one moment to regard this war as analagous to previous wars", or "to adopt the limited notion that we are concerned in a mere historical episode affecting the power and possessions of certain European nations." What is this war—what is any war—if it be not an historical episode affecting the power and possessions of European, and other, nations? That does not mean that it is any the less worth fighting. If a burglar enters my house, I struggle to eject him, but I do not thereby expect to banish burglary from the earth. If Germany threatens our power or our independence, we can either give way to the threat or we can resist it. In neither case need we flatter ourselves that we are doing anything unique or that we shall thereby abolish threats of war from this world.

Is there, in fact, any reason at all to expect with Mr. Attlee that we must emerge from this war with nothing less than a new, in the sense of a better, world? There are two good reasons why we should not.

The first reason is particular and concerns the origin of this

war. This war, like the last war, has been born of two problems ; the problem created by the militaristic temper of Prussia-Germany, and the problem created by the relations of the Germans with the Slavs. Neither of these problems is capable of easy solution. Is either of them capable of any sort of peaceful solution in our time ?

Take, firstly, the question of German and Slav. Their rivalry has swung back and forth between Elbe and Vistula and Danube for centuries, and no conquest and no statesmanship has yet succeeded in stamping its results with finality. Why should we assume that it has reached its final phase with us ? We failed quite recently, ourselves, to solve the problem of Irish nationalism without war. Can we really expect that, in the area in which Slavdom laps about the German bastions, and in which the nationalism of Pole and Czech, Magyar and Rumanian, and Serb and Croat are in conflict with each other and with the imperialisms of Germany and of Russia, a final peace has yet been reached ?

Consider, secondly, the problem created by the militarism of Prussia-Germany. Behind all the current plans for universal peace there lies one of two assumptions ; the assumption either that, when this war is over, there will appear a New Germany which will share our liberal and pacifist ideals, or that, if Germany remains unregenerate, it will be possible by some political sleight-of-hand, to ignore her.

On what conceivable grounds can we so confidently expect that the end of the war will see the emergence of a Germany which will share our ideals ? Even on general grounds, no one would expect a great fighting people, on the morrow of defeat, to be in love with its conquerors or with its conquerors' ideals ; and, in the particular case of Germany, we have good reason to expect otherwise. We are told to-day that we are only fighting Hitler and not the German people. Twenty-five years ago, we were told that we were only fighting the Kaiser and not the German people. In both cases, we have been invited to believe that there are, somewhere in Germany, liberal forces which are yearning to join hands with us if only they were not being held down by a wicked government. A cynic might suggest that German liberalism is rather easily held down, since, if it is not

Hitler and his associates who are holding it down, it is Bismarck and his associates, or the Kaiser and his associates. Whether there are liberal forces in Germany or whether there are not, is a point upon which it will be wiser not to dogmatize ; but what is indisputable is that, if there are such forces, they have never in modern times been politically effective. Since 1866, a politically effective majority of the German people have accepted and acclaimed one militaristic mascot after another, have gloried in military victory and annexation, and have only temporarily abandoned their militarism when it has led them to defeat. Modern Germany has accepted a liberal régime only when she has been badly frightened, and she has got rid of it as soon as she has recovered her nerve. To expect Germany to behave as a liberal Power because there are liberals in Germany, is as though one should expect Britain to behave as a Catholic Power because there are Roman Catholics in Britain.

It is almost incredible, indeed, that there should still be those who expect to make Germany liberal by drubbing her on the battle-field. In 1815, Europe defeated Napoleonic France and, in the interests of peace, imposed on her a constitutional monarchy. France never forgave the monarchy. In 1918, Europe defeated Imperial Germany and, in the interests of peace, imposed on her a Republic. Germany never forgave the Republic. Yet even so experienced a writer as Mr. Wickham Steed has declared, in this Review, that one of our war aims should be "the establishment in Germany of a government based on a representative democratic system". Could there be a more certain way of making representative government detested in Germany than this plan to impose it on her by force of arms ?

There is only one way, surely, in which Germany can be made genuinely liberal, and that is by a persistent will towards liberal ideals on the part of an effective majority of the German people itself. Yet our intelligentsia are busy building structures of international peace on the assumption that liberalism can be endeared to German hearts by having it thrust upon them as the consequence of defeat.

It is more than rash, then, to assume that, after the war, we shall be dealing with a Germany which will share our international ideals. Is there any more justification for assuming

that, if Germany does not share those ideals, we shall be able to proceed with our own pursuit of them as though Germany could be ignored? On that point, we may quote Lord Halifax. "We have learned", he said, "that there can be no opportunity for Europe to cultivate the arts of peace until Germany is brought to realize that recurrent acts of aggression will not be tolerated."

How is Germany to be brought to realize that acts of aggression will not be tolerated? The Western Allies are neither ancient Hebrews nor modern Bolsheviks. On the morrow of victory, we shall neither exterminate nor even decimate our enemies; which means that, after the war, as before it, there will still be some seventy-five millions of this able and ambitious German race in the centre of Europe. Can anyone pretend that Europe can have peace after this war if this powerful people is meditating revenge?—that Europe can have disarmament if Germany is brooding on war?—or that we can have a League of Nations or a Federal Union which is anything save an anti-German alliance, if the Germans do not genuinely share our federal ideals?

The one thing common to all the current discussion of Federal Union is the tacit agreement to say nothing about Germany. Is Germany, the strongest single military Power in Europe, to be in our Federation? On what grounds is it assumed that she will share those liberal and pacific ideals to which the movement for Federation is appealing? Or is Germany to be outside our Federation? If so, how do we propose to deal with her and with her probable hostility to our federal ideals? The League of Nations foundered upon the rock of Germany's ill-will. The prophets of Federal Union are proceeding by pretending that the rock is not there.

Our utopians will undoubtedly protest at this point:—"Is the rest of Europe, then, to have to defend itself recurrently against German aggression?" The answer, unfortunately, would appear to be—yes; and it is as well that we should face the fact. We must remember that while we want nothing from Germany, she wants a great deal from us, and that we are satisfied and, therefore, on the defensive, whereas Germany is dissatisfied and on the offensive. This means that the initiative for peace or war lies not with us but with her. If she is bent on taking our place in the world, we have no choice but

to fight her whenever she makes the attempt, unless, of course, we elect to yield up our place to her peacefully. That is the real choice before our people. Either we acquiesce in a German domination of Europe, or we reckon with the probability of a series of clashes with Germany as prolonged and repeated and stubborn as was our hundred years' war with the France of Louis and of Napoleon. Given Pan-Germanism, there is no middle course between these two. We have no ground to expect that, even if we beat Germany this time, she will remain anything but very strong. We have no ground to expect that, so long as she remains strong, she will share our ideals. If we are not prepared to give way to her, therefore, she will probably require our unremitting attention as much for the fifty years to come, as she has required it for the fifty years which have passed. If we really mean to resist her, so far from this being the last of all wars, it is likely to be only the second in a series of wars between Germany and ourselves. There is a clear and consistent case, therefore, for giving way to Germany. That is to say, there is a case for the pacifist. There is a clear and consistent case for being prepared to fight Germany, a third and a fourth and a fifth time, if necessary. There is a case, that is to say, for the imperialist. There is no case at all for hugging to our breasts the soft illusion that we can fight Germany this once and, by so doing, turn the world into a place where neither the Germans nor anyone else will want to fight us again.

There is a second and more general reason why we should not delude ourselves with the belief that the outcome of this war will be any different from the outcome of other wars. Behind every plan for universal peace, lies something static, a vision of history coming to a stop. The authors of such plans think of a war as a great effort put forth in a righteous cause, and on the sacrifice and pain they expect to build something static and final. They fail to see that the only thing which is final is death, and that, so long as life exists, the solution of one problem automatically creates another.

None of us is infallible, and the writer would be the last to claim that history teaches this or that, or that historians are at all agreed as to what history does teach. It would seem, however, that we may glean some hints towards the probabilities

of the future from a reading of the past. There was a time when Spain was what Germany is now ; when Spanish ambitions and Spanish power were a source of apprehension to Europe ; and it took Europe the century which lay between Pavia and Rocroi to lay the Spanish bogey and to convince the Spaniards that they were not invincible. In the end, Europe curbed Spain, but, in the doing of it, she built up France ; and, for two hundred years, from Rocroi to Sedan, resistance to French appetites had to take the place of resistance to Spain. By 1870, France had learned to live and let live, but, in teaching her that lesson, Europe built up Prussia-Germany. For three-quarters of a century now, the itch to dominate has run in German veins, and it may well be another half-century before that hot blood cools. It may be that by 1960—or 1990—Europe will have taught Germany to behave. It may be that by 1960—or 1990—the German itch to dominate will have disappeared as did the French itch before it, and the Spanish before the French. Still more probably, it may be that by 1990, Germany will be on the defensive against the superior birth-rate of the Slavs. Who knows, and who can explain, what the next phase of power will be, or whence come and whither go these mysterious ebbs and flows of national energy which push one people to expand and another to recede ? What is tolerably certain is that as the German will to rule and expand becomes weaker, it will leave room for, and be replaced by, the imperialism of the Poles, or of the Russians or of whatever nation may be next, in the springtime of its energies, to assume the rôle of would-be dictator. By all means resist Germany, if we decide that we must, but let us be clear that, when we have checked German expansion, we shall be no nearer to finality in the balance between the nations. There is no rest for the living, and our warfare, unlike that of Jerusalem, is not yet accomplished.

One might have thought, indeed, that our utopians would have learned, from our experience since 1918, that wars have an uncomfortable habit of producing results which have little relation to the original war aims of those who fight them, and that the solution of one problem is apt to give rise to another. Our one agreed aim, in 1914, was to break German militarism. It was no part of our original intention to break up the Habsburg

and Ottoman Empires, to create Czechoslovakia or resurrect Poland, to make a Russian revolution, to treble the size of Serbia and double that of Rumania, to create Iraq and Estonia and Lithuania and a Jewish National Home, or to give the keys of the Brenner and the Adriatic to Italy. Yet, in the outcome, all these things—and much else—sprang from the war or from our victory, and every one of them has meant a fresh 'problem' ; while the one thing which we promised ourselves, the destruction of German militarism, we failed to achieve.

What, then, are our conclusions ? Firstly, that to expect that, because this is 'our' war, it will be the last, is to carry conceit too far. After this war, as before it, danger and difficulty will still be the condition of life, and they will certainly be the condition of any people which intends to remain a Great Power. We have to realize that there can be no finality in the relations between nations, and that this war, like other wars, is likely to create as many problems as it solves. Our ideals may be kept high, but our expectations should be low.

Secondly, that just as there is no easy solution of the problem of war and peace in general, so there is no easy solution of the problem of war and peace with Germany in particular. In the days when victory was followed by the virtual extermination of an enemy, a war could really settle something. In the twentieth century of Christian civilization, however, we cannot destroy Germany as Rome destroyed Carthage and, short of destroying her, our victory, however complete, must be shorn of finality. As we have said, it is the Germans who are attacking and we who are on the defensive. It is they, therefore, who will decide whether, and when, there shall be war. We may succeed in defeating the present plans of the Pan-Germans as we defeated their plans of twenty-five years ago, but, if they persist in their plans and in their ill-will towards us, we cannot escape a recurrent conflict with them whenever they shall feel strong enough to force it on us again. Even if our victory is thoroughly followed up in arms and diplomacy, it can settle nothing except to make it later rather than sooner before the Pan-Germans feel strong enough to try again.

It is more than time that these realities for the future were placed before our peoples in all their clarity. At the moment,

the British peoples are deluding themselves with every kind of spurious promise. They are being told that this is Hitler's war, with the implication that, when Hitler is gone, there will be no more war with Germany. This is what the cry, 'We are only fighting Hitler' really means. They are being asked to support schemes for Federal Union which promise them that, if they do so, there will be no more war with anybody. This is why the campaign for Federal Union is flourishing. They are being encouraged to believe that, once this war is over, we shall be able to relax our efforts in arms and diplomacy, and take our ease. That is what the promise of post-war disarmament means. We are "to emerge with nothing less than a new world".

If the British peoples fight this war, as they fought the last war, buoyed up by this dream of a new and a better world, their disillusionment is likely to be bitter, and it will be as dangerous as it will be bitter. Far better that our democracies should be told now that it is idle for peoples who enjoy great possessions and prestige to imagine that, because they would like peace, they will be left in peace; that the price of liberty is unending vigilance and that if we intend to preserve in this world an international climate in which our own ideas and ideals can flourish, and our own independence be respected, we can never be dispensed from the duty of being always on guard.

Have our responsible governments the courage to tell the peoples of the Commonwealth this unpalatable truth? Will our governments explain, and our peoples realize, the hard and ineluctable decisions which must be made by statecraft, and the hard and ineluctable choice which lies before us? If they do not, if we seek to nurse our peoples through war by soothing them with the formulae of our 'progressives', by promising them disarmament and peace as the reward of their good behaviour; if, for the second time, we do this thing, it can be prophesied with complete certainty that, whether or not we win the war, we shall, for the second time, lose the peace. In that case, it would be better that we had never fought at all.

THE MENACE OF THE BOMBER

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

EVENTS of late, in the development of warfare from the air, have combined to hasten the processes which were indicated in my last article as being in the natural order of things, and, in so doing, have without doubt enhanced the potential value of air power as an ingredient of war's destructive brew. In the course of Mr. Churchill's last Parliamentary utterance as First Lord of the Admiralty, just previous to the Ministerial reconstruction, he let drop a few guarded words which, at the time, were not accorded the full significance they deserved. He was referring to the tail end of the Norwegian campaign in explanation of the fact that the Nazis still possessed the freedom of the Skagerrak and Kattegat for the purpose of reinforcing at will their troops in Norway. The British Navy, he clearly indicated, was constrained from over active interference with the comings and the goings of these transports and supply ships owing to the simple fact that enemy air power happened to be supreme in those waters. Here then was a plain admission that it would not be safe to run the air risk, and, for the first time on record, a startled public learnt to its dismay that British sea power, until then enshrined as the one sure watch and ward, could be hampered in its action, turned aside from its former well-beaten path of strategy, and overriden in its general policy, by the menace of the bomber.

That menace has, of course, existed ever since the birth of air power, and has been very well considered in high places. The first signpost of danger to the Fleet from the air weapon was seen by shrewd observers as far back as 1921, when the ex-German dreadnought, *Ostfriedland*, was used as a target ship and sunk at her moorings in Chesapeake Bay by bombers of the U.S. Army Air Service. But since then increased protection of the deck and hull, in the case of capital ships, and increasingly

effective anti-aircraft armament with regard to all sorts of surface vessels, together with the power of manœuvre to offset the bombers' aim, have combined to lull the anxieties of those who did not deride the destructive capacity of the bomb. Now that phase, again, is over, and it becomes an acknowledged fact that to operate in certain waters, in a certain way, would be to jeopardize the fleet and offer it as a hostage of war. Thus does air power assert itself, while even now it is hardly approaching the zenith of its destructive capability.

We have been slow to read this writing on the wall, but to our enemy it has long been blazoned in letters of fire. The net result of this inability on our part to prevent, by means of sea power, the overrunning of a neutral country with a long Atlantic seaboard has been to surrender to the enemy a bastion of enormous strength and inaccessibility which projects towards our sea bases in the north and brings them within easy distance of continuous air bombardment from well-established aerodromes within the conquered territory. We have failed to appreciate the reality of air power.

Later still we have seen the same agency almost exclusively employed to compel another neutral to lay down her arms. Holland, it has to be admitted, was always in sad case as and when her invasion was decided on. Like others of her neutral, non-aggressive, species she stood in passive contemplation rather like an Arctic penguin which looks on while a boat's crew lands, and is only aware of danger when actually knocked on the head. Majestically clothed in her neutrality she hoped against hope that the storm would not come her way, or, if it did, that her plaintive cry for help might work a miracle on her behalf. She had never collaborated her defence with that of Belgium where their frontiers ran alongside, and she had never instituted staff talks with her neighbour to the south. The enemy in consequence, and quite naturally, struck hardest at the weak dividing line, and were able with consummate ease to circumvent the defensive measures, by flood and field, which had been prepared against a foe who was not given to the orthodox in war. She put up a short, brave fight indeed, but she might have been armed with bows and arrows for all the good it did. Above all she lacked air power, while her enemy possessed it in abundant

quantity, and on this account alone her conquest was foredoomed. As with Norway, so again with Holland, it was the power of the Nazi bomber that cut resistance short and imposed capitulation while the army was still in being. Nor was it the effect of air bombardment on the fighting forces at the front that brought about surrender, it was the prospect of renewed air attack on Rotterdam which compelled capitulation, together with a dire threat that the fair and ancient city of Utrecht should suffer the same experience at the hands of the Nazi Air Force.

Here then, at last, we are in presence of that effect of unrestricted air power, long predicted by many close observers, by which civilian morale becomes the more specific object of assault, rather than the mobile and immobile military defences of a country. One cannot blame the conqueror for this. His object is only to conclude his business at the least expense, to himself, of material and men, and if ancient seats of learning, mediæval architecture and the throb of ordered life in mass, get in the way of this ambition, so much the worse for them. It is total war in which the conqueror is engaged, with military success as the only goal at which he aims, and neither bricks and mortar, however picturesquely grouped, nor innocent life, however blamelessly it burns, are considered in the balance sheet. He wants to feed his war machine on the riches of the conquered territory as he passes over it, and having thus recuperated his slight losses, at the same time husbanding more provender for the continuance of the war, he will proceed to a repetition of the process, on the line of least resistance, and strike out again from the new foothold he has thus secured.

In the building up of Nazi air power Hitler has shewn himself supremely wise. There is even as yet no precise knowledge as to its extent, nor by what percentage it exceeds that of France and Britain combined. He has been lavish of it from the first. Since the commencement of hostilities his North Sea adventure in the air has occasioned him a steady dribble of loss, without, as far as can be ascertained, any compensation for the wastage sufficient for its justification in the eyes of ordinary men. One way and another a heavy toll was taken of his aircraft by the Poles in that short three weeks of war. The Nazi Air Force has

had monotonously the worst of the air exchanges on the Western Front, and there is no shadow of doubt that he has been, generally speaking, outclassed in the air. In Norway by no means did he go scot-free, though in that theatre it was the air equipment on the ground that was subjected to bombardment rather than the crews in flight who suffered loss. Now again, since the invasion of the Low Countries, and the joining of the air battle along the fighting front, from Antwerp to Sedan and beyond, Nazi aircraft of every category have suffered a stupendous loss, reliably calculated by truthful tellers as being three times greater than the Allies. Even so there is no apparent lessening of the Nazi air endeavour in that region, and it would seem at present that there is illimitable resource to fill the gaps which the casualties have caused.

Eventually, of course, this constant wear and tear must be reflected in some lessening of the enemy's air activity, though it may be shrewdly guessed that his calculation of the air power required to see him through is closely inter-woven with his reckoning of the correlative effort on the ground. That it is a nice case of measurement we may be sure, for the German military mind is adept at that sort of thing and they are far more aware of our potential force than we are of theirs. But for absolute success it has to be exact, and that is where false reckoning may creep in. When a struggle such as the one which has now commenced begins to exceed its calculated duration, as this one will, imponderables confuse the bare mathematics of the subject, occasioning delays in execution and disappointments of result, so that the figures cease to tally and a stream of improvisation has to serve instead of tabled progress. For the enemy, on this occasion, it is either win or lose, with no halfway, whereas, for Great Britain at any rate, we have not fully stretched our strength, and all the measures which are in train, at home and overseas, for the building of our military power in a universal sense will enable us to renew the struggle at advantage with the comfortable assurance of a second wind. More particularly will this apply to our power in the air, rejuvenated by purchase from abroad, by the output of the Dominions training scheme, and by the products of our training grounds at home. Then, with respect to this all essential arm,

we can cheerfully take the upperhand and mete out to the enemy that which he has so ruthlessly inflicted on the smaller countries fallen under his power.

German territory itself, the Fatherland, has not felt the impact of war since Napoleon's day. Her fighting has without exception taken place outside her frontiers, and even though defeated, as in 1918, her troops have returned to a country unspoilt by war, and to a civilian population who have only suffered its rigours at secondhand. To find themselves powerless beneath a rain of bombs, and slowly to realize that the shower will only cease with the surrender of their military forces, to know unerringly that there will be no quarter while the fight continues, and to feel deep down that the awful experience, new to them, has been the common lot of the subjugated populations, these will be the truths, the reproaches, and the moral stirrings, which will arouse a detestation of the infamy of total war against which even the iron of dictatorship must bend and break.

We have begun well with our air attacks over Rhineland, though these have been undertaken with the immediate military object of hampering the enemy communications behind his fighting front. As soon as practicable we must go farther afield and bring total war to the heart of the country, and this will be easy of accomplishment as and when, having fought the Nazi to a finish in the present skies, our power accrues from every source available and we assume that position in the air which is as much our right and due as our supremacy at sea.

Even with Italy against us the final result is unalterable. That country has, it is true, considerable air power, but her northern parts are peculiarly accessible to air attack, and there at least it is beyond dispute that the country will be divided against itself if Mussolini goes to war. With a naturally friendly populace, and an unnaturally hostile Government, with a popular King averse to war, and the Vicar of the Church a spokesman for peace, it would be hard for Mussolini, with these subtle forces arrayed against him, to engender that enthusiasm which alone conduces to military success.

A BALKAN COMMENTARY

BY GEORGE PENDLE

IN November, 1939, Dictator Metaxas prophesied that the characteristic of the new Europe would be general poverty. He added that the Greeks were not afraid of poverty: they knew all about it already. Greece is bare. Nothing that anyone can do to them will make the Greeks much poorer. As peasants, and as men driven to sea by the stony barrenness of the land, their strength is in their austerity. This austerity cannot be taken from them. It will be a valuable quality in the new Europe. And against their background of rock the Greeks have the true peasant reverence for fertility. Fertility is good. Fertility is *the* good. The Greeks reverence the fertile woman and the fertile soil. The swelling womb, the full breast, rich earth, seed, precious life-giving water, fruit—these have a positive, basic value in a sense unrecognized by Western town-civilization.

So it is with austere and earthy human material that Metaxas has been working to build a united, fascist State. He was assisted at first by the almost simultaneous death of all his political rivals, and by a widespread feeling of exasperation at the political chaos that the parliamentarians had created and maintained. His main obstacle has been the essentially democratic nature of the Greek people. Decades of oppression under the Turks equalized the Greeks in a remarkable degree. They are real democrats to one another. Thus Metaxas's design has been modified by the nature of the people, and the resultant compromise in internal affairs is not unsatisfactory. The Aegean climate which for two thirds of the year encourages the people to sleep at midday—the peasant in his field, the fisherman beside his boat, the bourgeois on his divan—does not favour rigid discipline. Many of Metaxas's original decrees have melted in the sun. Those regulations that the Greeks could

accept without too much resentment have remained, giving a definite and welcome stability to the State.

It is true that police interference is unpopular. But many of the decrees that the police enforce—such as those regulating prices, hours, wages, insurance—are beneficial. The police are much smarter than in the days of Venizelos and Tsaldaris. They shave in the morning, instead of when going off duty at night. The traffic police in Athens wear shining metal helmets shaped like those of ancient Greek warriors. Public buildings have been painted. (Kotzias, Minister for the Capital, is a publicity agent by profession, and an admirer of Mussolini). Trees have been planted. Paving-stones which formerly see-sawed when you stepped on them, now lie firmly. Trains move silently from the principal stations when their destination has been announced by a rather wheezy loudspeaker. Yet so persistent is the feeling for democracy that a well-known Athenian said to me: "Thousands of Greeks would like to see our country openly join Britain and France, not only because of our real sympathy for the Allies, but because we know that their victory would bring the fall of the Metaxas dictatorship."

The Metaxas régime belongs to the school of Mussolini and Hitler just as the régimes of Venizelos, Benesh and Titulesco belonged to that of Westminster and the Quai d'Orsay. Metaxas was educated in Germany, and his pro-German policy in the last war brought disaster on his king. He has to be careful. The Greek people are not convinced that the concentration of Italian troops in Albania and in Adriatic ports is a friendly gesture. And on the other side is an Allied Army. One Greek said to me: "Why don't the Allies come to Salonika? We dare not invite them, but if they come, there would be no resistance. Besides, they would bring economic revival to Greece!" There have been many scares, innumerable rumours. Whatever Metaxas's sympathies may be, there can be no doubt that his main object will be to keep his country out of war. He has made no public statement of importance on this subject. It has been said that for many weeks he and the king were not on speaking terms. The rumours are exchanged quietly in offices and the backs of shops. The atmosphere of Compton Mackenzie days is revived.

Spies, secret missions, bribery, blackmail, mysterious messages, evasive answers, undecipherable codes. . . .

Meanwhile, bread is dark but nourishing. There are certain meatless days. Petrol is rationed. Taxation is heavy. It is said that for the first months of the war Greek wholesale prices rose by 7.5% against Rumania's 17.9% and Britain's 19.8%. This relatively favourable position is partly due to the success of the effort to reduce imports. In 1939 Greek-grown grain supplied 74% of the national requirements, and Greek factories provided 81.64% of the nation's demand for manufactured goods. Self-sufficiency is being encouraged. For instance, there is much propaganda in favour of the potato. I watched the frantic planting of small patches of potatoes during the last days of damp weather. Potatoes are an unpopular dish in Greece and the Government in a recent announcement said that if the people did not consume them in sufficient quantities all other vegetables would be withdrawn from the market. That is the kind of threat that is never put into effect.

While imports have been drastically curtailed, exports have been assisted by the depreciation of the drachma, which is attached to sterling. There has been a big increase in the export of olive oil and tobacco to the U.S.A.

So the Greeks wait, glad to be still at peace, bewildered by conflicting news reports from foreign radio stations, and only mildly restive under the dictatorship. They have not forgotten how they were bullied in the last war, and they expect to be similarly treated this time.

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The train climbs the dry southern slopes of the Greek mountains and descends into the rich valleys of Serbia. Rivers which were transparent in stony crevices, become brown and earthy between fertile banks. The clear Greek sky gives way to heavy, low-lying rain clouds. Men, women, and children are working the land. When the oxen have ploughed in the manure, the women break up the larger lumps of earth by hand. Then the oxen pull bundles of brushwood backwards and forwards, harrowing. There are no tractors. No machines for sowing the grain. Often the women are barefoot. The corn that they sow comes out of the naked hand and is cast with short, deliberate

gesture. Men and women alike know their soil by personal touch and experience. The cultivation is like the kneading of bread, the suckling of children: the contact is direct. The land in April and May is teeming with workers. They wear bright clothes. The shepherds have white felt skull caps, red sashes, thick white woollen trousers. The women have coloured kerchiefs round their heads and wear heavily pleated red or blue skirts that swing from their hips as they walk. It is a land to be coveted for its fertile soil, as Greece is a land to be coveted for its coasts and harbours. In both countries the peasants are poor. Changed frontiers, parliaments, dictatorships, have not improved their life. Their surplus sons cannot be absorbed in agriculture, nor can they now emigrate. They must go to provide cheap labour in the factories. They are at the mercy of the capitalist machine, whether on the land or in the town.

In 1938 during an excursion in the Balkans Dr. Funk said: 'We can absorb the total production of Yugoslavia. We can provide Yugoslavia with all that she needs. We can offer her a long term commercial treaty, with prices such as no one else can give. In our programme we have planned the increase of Yugoslav and South East European production in general.' The following figures indicate the extent of the trade between Yugoslavia and Germany in million dinars:

	exports to Germany:	imports from Germany:
1935	751	598
1936	1,039	1,087
1937	1,361	1,694
1938	1,813	1,618
1939	1,762	2,268
	=32% of total exports	=47.7% of total imports

By comparison, Yugoslavia's exports to Britain in 1939 were 366 million, and her imports from Britain were 242 million.

Yugoslavs take it for granted that the natural outlet for their surplus products, is Germany. A business-man in Belgrade said to me: "Britain and France are *unnatural* customers. They are only coming to us now for political reasons, and so soon as they have achieved their object, they will abandon us. Then what will happen to our trade, if in the meantime we have diverted it from Germany to the Allies? Nor can we forget that Germany helped us in the bad years." This argument is

supported by the feeling that it is better to give Germany all that she demands, rather than suffer the fate of Poland.

But Norway also has given the Yugoslavs something to think about. The word "tourist" has acquired quite a new significance. The country is overrun by plain-clothes Germans. Standing under the Mestrovitch statue in the park at Belgrade you look out across the river. In the distance is Belgrade's International Fair. The only flags waving over the exhibition ground are bright new Nazi banners. During April a car drove through the centre of Belgrade broadcasting pamphlets in which the Serbs were advised to "welcome the friendly army", when it should arrive. An attempt has been made to control more strictly the coming and going of foreign "tourists". But there are also Yugoslav tourists. Stoyadinovitch, whose foreign policy is considered too favourable to Germany, has been interned at the Serb mountain resort of Rudnik. At the time of his arrest the newspapers contained caricatures of him in mountaineering clothes. The villagers peer out of their cottages: "Who is this tourist?", they ask. Or they enquire: "Is the ski-ing here as good as at St. Moritz, Mr. Stoya?" Herr Verlin, Hitler's technical adviser for motorization, offered a banquet in connection with the Belgrade Fair. Speaking of the part that Germany has played in the motorization of Yugoslavia and of the need for an intensification of that process in the future, he said: "There are in Europe two countries that offer special attractions for tourists. Those countries are Norway and Yugoslavia." The audience could not believe their ears.

Another attempt to strengthen the international position of Yugoslavia was the decision during April to send a trade delegation to Moscow. The old Russian Legation in Belgrade, with the imperial emblem over its door, may now have a tenant.

Large sums have been allotted to armaments. Croats unkindly say that these funds go into the pockets of the gentlemen in Belgrade. In the residential suburb of Dedinje, a Croat said to me: "This is our Maginot Line", pointing to the luxury villas.

In Croatia it is assumed that if the Macedonian Front were to open up, the Italians would step into Dalmatia. A Zagreb friend of mine, whenever this seems inevitable—i.e., every 6 or 8

weeks—goes down to Split "to say good-bye" to his seaside cottage. But Zagreb—already Germanic by architecture and, largely, by language—is more than ever a German town to-day. "Austrian, not German", say the Croats, trying to feel independent. Placed geographically between Germans, Italians and Serbs, the Croats would like to know what plans Allies and Axis have for their future. Meanwhile they are prosperous middlemen.

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The Rumanians have more holidays than any people in Europe, but the oil continues to gush from their wells. Such riches soften a people's fibre. The Rumanians are easy-going, flashy, ready to please. They are hospitable and they make the most lavish and well-meant promises. The faculty for offering much and delivering little, the faculty for flattering and pleasing and for smoothing over an awkward situation; these are qualities which must have tried the patience of methodical Dr. Clodius. Rumanian officials in their dealings with European States are apt to make commercial treaties that look most favourable on paper, but no non-Rumanian on earth can foresee all the loopholes that will materialize—the easy-going evasions; the time lag. (This is not a criticism of the Rumanian temperament, but a statement of its nature.)

In Rumania to-day I recall Cocteau's exclamation when watching an acrobat: *Chaque pas trompe la chute*. Carol is still in charge of his kingdom. Royal landlord, chief shareholder in the country's industry, he does not intend to be tricked out of his heritage. What will he do, what *can* he do, to save it? He has tried to stabilize the internal position by improving the lot of his Hungarian and German minorities, by absorbing the rump of the Iron Guard in his Front of National Renaissance, by asking "tourists" to surrender their revolvers and cameras, by banning belligerent propaganda. On the international plane he has made a demonstration of defending his vast frontiers; he has offered to supply Germany, but has pleased the Allies by saying that from September, 1939, to February, 1940, his petrol supplies to that country were 385,000 tons instead of the promised 780,000 tons (for the same period France received 180,000 tons, Italy 260,000 tons, Britain 425,000, and other

countries 519,000); and he has co-operated with his Balkan neighbours in statements of solidarity.

"Tourisme" in Rumania has been flourishing on a gigantic scale. Hotels, cafés, trains, are full of Germans. I am told that since January, 1940, twelve new German businesses have been formed in Bucharest, and that each of these firms has, imported between 30 and 40 German employees; that example is typical. The newspaper *Universul* protests: "Tourists have developed a sudden mad passion for our country. One meets them everywhere. At Sibiu and Brashov they have a particular urge to know the details of our industrial production. In the post offices our guests, instead of sending picture postcards to their families, despatch parcels of food—butter, chocolate, soap, and sausages. In the trains it is impossible to find a seat owing to the number of tourists, and they travel so constantly that you can recognize the same face in 2 or 3 different towns on the same day." To this the paper *Curentul* retorts that the most undesirable tourists are not the Germans, but the Jewish refugees.

It is understood that at the end of March Germany demanded the right to police the whole course of the Danube. This move has been momentarily countered by the decision of the Danubian Powers to do their own policing. For a few days there had been rumours of Allied plans to block the river at the Iron Gates, and even now Rumanians say that they are more afraid of the Allies than of Germany. The assumption is that the Germans are securing more supplies by war-of-nerves methods than they could obtain (for some time at least) by open invasion, and that nothing but an Allied decision to open up the Macedonian Front would bring the German armies down through Hungary. Rumanians have complicated theories for persuading themselves that they will escape the horrors of war. Most of these theories rest on the assumption that Italy will not allow Germany, Russia, or the Allies to seize the estuary of the Danube. Italy's diplomatic position is very strong in Bucharest, and *Pamfil Seicaru* goes so far as to write: "Italy places the interests of European civilization above her own immediate interests. In Africa she has fought for the right of the white peoples to dominate the coloured races. In Spain the struggle

was that of the Roman spirit against the Asiatic. Without any personal interest fascist Italy has defended with vehemence the threatened spiritual discipline of Europe."

Mobilization has been in operation in Rumania since September 1938. (The expense has been enormous, and is reflected in the great increase in the cost of living.) You still see the narrow-waisted, music-hall officers strolling down the Calea Victoriei with their high-heeled girls. Near Craiova I passed a long train of cattle-trucks crowded with peasants. It was a hot Spring day. In spite of the heat they were wearing their thick peasant clothes: white woollen trousers, sheepskin hats and waistcoats, coarse white or red stockings, and old scraps of motor-car tyres strapped over their feet. They were herded together in the cattle-trucks, and they stared at us as we passed. They had lean, sunburnt faces, and shepherds' eyes which see only the essential things. They were being taken to the frontier to be dressed in khaki and to be given old French rifles with long thin barrels and long thin bayonets. The young Rumanian woman sitting beside me said: "These are the men who will die. These are the men who will lose arms and legs", and there were tears in her eyes.

(Mr. George Pendle returned from one of his regular visits to the Balkans at the beginning of May).

THE NORWEGIAN CAMPAIGN

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND AND MAJOR-GENERAL
SIR CHARLES GWYNN

I.

ALTHOUGH the invasions of Holland and Belgium overshadow the Norwegian campaign, it is worth attempting some estimate of the balance of gain and loss in that operation. Apart from the gain of food supplies out of Denmark, and the facilities for military communication across Denmark between Germany and Norway, the German aims in the Norwegian campaign were twofold: to assure the supply of iron-ore from the Norwegian ports, and to obtain naval and air bases in Norway.

As to the first of these, the struggle for Narvik is still undecided at the time of writing. Fortunately the enemy was not given time to establish himself firmly in the port. The naval attack, sinking as it did several of the ships carrying the munitions for the defence of the port, deprived him of the material means of securing his hold and forming his base. As the harbour mouth was not closed, it was possible to land troops to deal with the enemy and dispute possession of the port. The fundamental element in this section of the theatre is that the Germans do not hold that harbour and until or unless they can recover the port by military means that source of iron-ore is denied to them. So far, therefore, as the purpose of the invasion was related to obtaining ore supplies it has, for the present, failed.

The British occupation of the port involves an extra naval and mercantile commitment, in the need for maintaining supplies and reinforcements for the troops: transports are needed to carry these, men-of-war to protect the transports, men-of-war to prevent the enemy from moving troops by sea, and to assist the defenders with any action that lies in their

power in the way of attacking enemy troops approaching that coast.

As to the second of the German objects, that of obtaining advanced bases for their Fleet and Air Forces, the Germans have had success. It has long been their desire to possess such advanced bases and they have now established themselves in Trondheim and Bergen, and they can use other fjords if the need for so doing should be felt. They now possess aerodromes for their aircraft and harbours as bases for their men-of-war. So far as the air element in this matter is concerned, this greatly reduces the distance which aircraft have to fly to reach the northern bases of the British fleet. From Stavanger to Scapa Flow is about 350 miles against the 600 from German territory, thus reducing a total flight from 1200 to 700 miles. This enables aircraft to carry heavier loads of bombs, and to make more frequent flights. In other words, aerial striking power is increased against the fleet bases and the Northern stretch of the coastal trade.

As far as the Navy is concerned, the German naval forces possess bases further advanced towards their possible objectives by about 750 miles, making a saving in distance over voyages made from the ports in the Bight of about 1500 miles. What are such possible objectives? The coasting trade along the east coast, the vessels of the Northern Patrol and the outer trade routes. Ships or squadrons attempting sallies against the coastal convoys, such as those executed in the last war by German cruisers and destroyers, have now so much less distance to go to reach them and a shelter so much nearer into which to retire if threatened with interception or pursuit.

Thus, though Germany has not as yet obtained one of the objects for which she invaded Norway she has improved the geographical conditions for attack upon the Fleet in its northern bases, the trade, the Northern Patrol, and the cruiser warfare. This however is not all gain. If she has brought her own aircraft nearer to the British naval bases, she has also brought her own naval squadrons nearer to the British air bases. Moreover, while Germany has obtained these advanced bases, she has also incurred the obligation of maintaining an army amounting, so it is reported, to about 120,000 men, in Norway. The vessels

and aircraft which must be allotted to the defence of the line of military supplies are not at the same time available for attack upon trade. The campaign has also made important inroads into her cruiser and flotilla forces. There still seems to be some doubt as to the exact nature of her naval losses, but they appear to be not less than four cruisers and eight destroyers, together with the temporary disablement of one battle-cruiser and an armoured cruiser : and she seems to have lost over fifty aircraft. So, while the base conditions for these offensives have been improved, the means of making them have been impaired until fresh construction shall have replaced her cruisers and destroyers.

It is not very easy to make an estimate of how the enemy at the present moment regards the prospects of trade attack. There is very little doubt that trade attack formed an appreciably important element in the German war-plan. Considerable hopes were entertained of the combined effect of oceanic cruiser attack, submarines, aircraft and mines, hopes which it can hardly be doubted have been disappointed. The cruise of the armoured cruiser *Graf Spee* achieved very little : the destruction of eight merchant ships and the singularly small disturbance to mercantile movements were unsatisfactory returns for the loss of the ship. The losses from submarines, which certainly appeared threatening in September and October, have since then been brought well within bounds, and air attacks upon convoys have given results far below what might reasonably have been expected from them. Mines have also taken their toll of ships both in convoy and sailing separately—the number of ships sunk by them has not been made public. We do, however, know that the convoy system has given very satisfactory results. According to figures available at the time of writing, something approaching 20,000 ships have sailed in convoy, with losses of little over thirty, and not all of those were sunk by submarines. As to the total losses of shipping, an excellent graph appeared in *The Times* on May 13, which presents a convincing picture of the failure of the attack on trade to produce decisive results. There is little reason to suppose that the occupation of the Norwegian bases will make any material difference in this respect, but it will help to maintain that diversion of naval force and the slowing up of shipping

movements which is one of the results of trade attack apart from the actual losses which it imposes.

Although the attack upon trade has received a check it is not to be assumed that it has ceased, even though the great German effort at this moment is being made on land in France and Belgium. The German shipbuilding yards are presumably busy producing cruisers, flotilla craft and submarines as fast as they can. Anyone who has visited the museums at Hamburg will have seen how great the output was from the building slips at that port during the last war. We do well to be prepared for a recrudescence of submarine attack, and for the use of fast surface craft, when the building slips begin delivery.

How far has the occupation of Norway affected the blockade ? As I have already said, it has given the enemy more favourable positions from which the blockading squadron in the North of Scotland might be attacked. On the other hand, however, it seems possible that it has reduced the importance of that squadron in so far as its duties concern the blockade. Neither Norway, Sweden nor Denmark are any longer channels through which goods reach Germany, and the invasion of Holland and Belgium has closed the inevitable leaks through the ports of those countries. The contraband control, though it could cut off much that Germany needed, was not watertight. The neutral ships, principally belonging to those powers whom Germany has invaded, and which plied to their ports, now ply no longer. In other words, Germany has now completed her own blockade so far as the Northern states outside the Baltic are concerned. She has not added much to her imports from Scandinavia, which she was able to get before she invaded Norway ; but she has deprived this country of certain valuable raw materials, particularly steel alloys, which Britain drew from that country.

Economic warfare is a long-term operation. It would seem that the invasion of Holland and Belgium aims at producing a decision before the blockade can produce its results. The seizure of stocks of food and other goods will tide over the time, and the fact that those invasions, together with that of Norway and Denmark, constitute an increase in the stringency, is accepted in order to bring about a decisive result by attacks

upon France and England. Knock-out blows are intended in the form of military invasion and devastation of France, crippling aerial blows upon England from Low Country aerodromes, and flotilla, submarine and aerial attack from the Flanders coasts upon the shipping in the Channel and in the Narrow Seas. A call may, therefore, arise for more small craft in those waters, as it did when the Germans held Ostend and Zeebrugge. The possession of bases in Norway may affect the situation if it produces a demand for more light craft in the North Sea.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND.

II.

IT is possible to examine the Norwegian balance sheet with equanimity though admittedly there are some doubtful items. The allied navies have suffered some damage and there have been losses in the merchant shipping used as transport; but in neither case have the losses approached those the Navy and Air Force have inflicted on the enemy, either in actual numbers, or when reckoned as percentages of total resources.

The loss of life in enemy transports sunk must have been heavy though for the immense German army not a serious diminution of strength. On land the casualties have probably been fairly evenly divided and what the allies lost in material is more than offset by what the Germans lost in their transports. The German Air Force was, of course, much more extensively engaged than that of the Allies and probably lost more aircraft. Expenditure of petrol and wear and tear of machines must have been much greater.

The really important fact is that the Allies have been able to cut their losses and drastically reduce their commitments, whereas German commitments remain considerable. Her small force at Narvik is apparently in a dangerous position and she has still to deal with Norwegian resistance. Her communications with Oslo, though they cannot be totally interrupted, are exposed to more serious attack than those of the Allies to the Narvik theatre. Bacon wrote something to the effect "that he who

commands the sea can take as much or little after war as he wills". That has proved true in this case although in modern war, once great forces and masses of material have been committed, it has, I think, lost much of its truth.

Now that the war has begun in earnest we may therefore congratulate ourselves that we were able to limit our commitments before we became deeply engaged. Unless Sweden had decided to come to the rescue of Norway there would have been no prospect that a Scandinavian war would compel Germany to make a continuous and exhausting effort on a scale equal to that which would have been imposed on the Allies. It is too early yet to judge of what value to Germany the possession of the central and southern ports and airfields of Norway will be. The distances by air to the northern British bases are still considerable and those to the southern part of Britain and the North Sea have not been shortened. We have already learnt that the Navy has laid minefields which must hamper the action of U boats and surface craft to an extent which was impracticable while Norwegian territorial waters could be misused.

On the whole it would seem that the Norwegian affair has turned to our advantage, the more so if Norway is able to continue to offer resistance though it may be only of a guerilla character. Admittedly what advantages we have gained are not due to our foresight or intentions but rather to a false move on the part of the enemy, one which I believe he would not have made if he had not been over confident that Norway would tamely surrender.

Why have events in Norway caused such bitter disappointment in this country and so much criticism among our friends, and how far are disappointment and criticism justified?

They are due, I suggest, in the first place, to anger that Hitler, taking advantage of the initiative which the aggressor must always hold, should again have succeeded in presenting a *fait accompli*, though this time with only partial success. Secondly, there was the natural reaction when it was realized that the magnificent success of the allied submarines in their first attacks on the enemy's convoys could not be repeated on the same scale once the German air force was fully established in Danish and Norwegian aerodromes.

Thirdly, no doubt optimism was encouraged by inaccurate reports from Stockholm which appeared in the Press and by incautious statements made in speeches. Mr. Churchill has explained how a statement of his acquired an unintentional meaning, through the omission of a few words when it was reported. Fourthly, not enough attention was paid to the very guarded character of the official communiqués which was generally ascribed solely to need for secrecy. It might have been well to have added a few words of warning in them.

Apart from these factors which affected public opinion, and which acquired weight through popular ignorance of military problems and geographical conditions, there has been criticism of the action taken by the Government. Why was the Finland force not kept in being? Events of the last few days go far to provide an answer. If we had a great army of highly trained troops it would certainly be advisable always to keep a reserve in this country ready to meet unexpected emergencies. The fact however remains that a fully equipped and highly trained army cannot be raised at short notice. We know how small our regular army is and it naturally has to be used in the theatre which at any moment might acquire decisive importance.

It must be realized, moreover, that Mr. Hore Belisha's suddenly produced scheme for duplicating the territorial army, though it provided for ultimate increased expansion, did for a time deprive us of, and delay the formation of, an organized and partly trained second line army. It would be more justifiable I think to criticize the Government for accepting the risk which intervention in Finland implied than to criticize it for returning the components of the Finland force to their former stations. When the force was formed seasonal conditions made it improbable that a great German offensive was imminent but, as summer approached, the chances that it would come increased.

It should be realized, too, that to hold a force in immediate readiness for despatch to a yet undefined destination overseas meant much more than the fighting force concerned. Shipping for its conveyance, naval escorts for convoys, labour units for dock working and the construction of bases at the points of disembarkation are all essentials. Then there would be the equipment of the force itself. What climate and what physical

features must it be prepared to meet? Although it was known that a German amphibian operation was in preparation Norway was not clearly indicated as its destination.

Even if it had been indicated there was still a doubt what the attitude of Norway would be. Norway was known to be threatened but she made no move. The only possible way of anticipating German action would have been to have occupied her main west coast ports and perhaps one or more of her aerodromes without her permission. Can any critic of the Government say that he would have approved such action? We can remember the commotion caused in other neutral countries by the much more justifiable mining of Norwegian territorial waters. How and when the German troop carriers and warships arrived within striking distance of Trondheim has not yet been fully revealed, but, if the Norwegian Government was not aware of their movements, it could hardly be expected that our Navy and Air Force, excluded from territorial waters, would have made the discovery.

Once the *fait accompli* was known what should have been the British reaction? Whether the Navy could or should have forced an entrance to the Trondheim Fjord will, I suppose, remain a matter of controversy. In any case it could not have been done before the German troops were well established. There would still, therefore, have remained the task of landing troops to recapture the place in face of opposition. Gallipoli has taught us what that means and it certainly could not have been successfully accomplished except by highly trained troops, thoroughly organized and equipped for the attempt. Is it reasonable to assert that the War Cabinet should have held such a force in immediate readiness in view of all the uncertainties as to German and Norwegian intentions?

It must be remembered that at Namsos and Andalsnes the first landing was not opposed and it was only when German air attack developed that the real trouble began. Unless the Trondheim aerodrome had been captured at once the same trouble must have occurred if a landing at Trondheim had been attempted. The chances of capturing it in view of the opposition to be encountered would have been very small. It is true that the Navy, if it had entered the Fjord, would have accounted for the

German ships in it. The Germans would not, therefore, have had destroyers to convey and support troops for their counter attack at Steinkjer. That, however, was a minor affair which did not affect the main issue. The main issue was decided by the German local air supremacy to which there was no answer possible.

One may reasonably question whether the certainty that the Germans would be able to establish such complete air supremacy was fully realized when it was decided to land at the little ports of Namsos and Andalsnes. In the urge to support Norwegian resistance and to recapture Trondheim it is forgivable if difficulties were underestimated. They certainly were not realized by the public at large.

Where the War Cabinet deserved credit was in their prompt decision to cut their losses and face the political consequences of public disappointment. The effort that had been made was not entirely fruitless. It did bring support to the Norwegians and if it could not rescue them it did prevent their being completely overwhelmed. To have continued the effort might have been disastrous in the local theatre and would most certainly have heavily handicapped us in the great struggle in which we are now engaged.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN.

BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES

By ALISTAIR COOKE

TO describe the activities of British propaganda in the United States at this stage of the war is rather like being asked to list the illegitimate children of a respectable peer; their identity may be common gossip but the old gentleman himself is unlikely to name them unless an inheritance is imperilled or he feels his end is near. Most Britons are therefore surely satisfied by Lord Macmillan's official announcement that the British government is conducting no propaganda in the United States. Americans are not reassured by this declaration, for an active variety of reasons, fears, and memories, which probably no living neurologist could hope to classify. The best that this correspondent, living in the U.S.A., can do is to identify some of the sources of suspicion and say what has been done officially to disinfect American opinion.

History has soberly recorded that President Wilson thought, in April, 1917, that intervention was essential to American interest and ideals, and his decision was confirmed with only five dissenting voices in the Senate and fifty in the House. No Briton alive and sentient during the years before the American entry will now deny that there was an active Allied propaganda campaign in America and that it was successfully conducted. This does not of course mean that this campaign alone had the power to ensure American intervention. But a large and vocal American opinion to-day is prepared to make it mean just that. The idea that the 1917 decision was a blunder, on both counts—of interest and idealism—is by no means restricted to professional isolationists. One survey has stated that American opinion is about evenly divided on conceding either the American entry or the Prohibition experiment as the worst political blunder of the last quarter century.

Consequently, many American newspapers and magazines

thought it their first duty, after the outbreak of this war, to print series of articles on the propaganda methods of the belligerents between 1914 and 1917. The Allied efforts were especially stressed, since this time there is no question of arguing a competing case. The record was fairly and thoroughly publicized, and to any candid man it is not a pleasant recollection. Even Lord Bryce, who is generally recognized as the most informed and objective foreign observer of American government since De Tocqueville, was castigated as an example of what can happen to high-mindedness acting under the stress of hate. There was an instant and nation-wide reaction of fear to the power of Allied persuasion. 'We must look to our dikes lest the Pied Pipers lure us down to the sea' was only one of a thousand picturesque warnings in newspaper and magazine articles that reiterated the declaration of a West Coast labour pamphlet called 'Lafayette we are here—and here we intend to stay'. A young Irish-American wrote a broadside which sold over three million copies. It was called, 'The Yanks Are Not Coming'. The urbane British rejoinder, whenever it was invited by these aspersions, that 'we are quite satisfied by the present status of the United States' only made Allied intentions more suspect, since American editorial writers tend to regard urbanity coming from a Briton as something very like Apollo's invitation to Cassandra.

Reasonable Britons may be puzzled by this almost psychotic dread of a bogey man who deserted these shores twenty-two years ago and who had not yet appeared on the horizon. Why, it may be wondered, should Americans be more suspicious of British propaganda than of German propaganda?

First, nobody could track down a particular public ceremony, or a piece of journalism, or a play or a speech and confidently label it 'British propaganda', whereas German propaganda arrives in your mail-box promptly every week in the form of a publication by the German Library of Information, called *Facts in Review*. But there is more to it than a universal dread of the unseen. In the first World War, each side had its staunch adherents in this country, but there was also a huge population of the unconvinced. Allied and German propaganda work here could be described as an actual battle of wits. To-day, American

opinion is overwhelmingly anti-Hitler. There is not the slightest chance of American aid to Germany. The only change in the American *status quo* would be a departure from neutrality. And the only people who could make that possible are the Allies. Therefore, Allied propaganda is most to be feared. Therefore, Americans want to anticipate propagandist moves, to be sure they can recognize the signs of pressure, to discover a method of inoculation before the intervention bug takes hold. It is, I think, fair to say that Americans fear their sympathies more than any proffered threat to the continental United States of a victorious Germany. And Allied publicists make a mistake in waving this threat in the, unexpressed, hope that Americans will decide they had better fight now than later on. It was noticeable, for instance, that the only effect of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the theme of 'if we fail, America is the next victim' was to busy Americans with the problems of their own defence, since they are still able to envisage an Allied defeat as the first direct threat to this hemisphere.

There has been no attempt so far to identify British propaganda, if any, apart from the general studies on propaganda technique of the Institute For Propaganda Analysis. But at the end of March, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations unanimously approved a resolution, outstanding since the Autumn, to investigate foreign propaganda and its dissemination in the United States. An appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars has been voted for a committee of seven Senators to study fully 'the activities of any person, firm or corporation acting for any nation, by way of propaganda or otherwise, having as their ultimate goal or tending to cause, directly or indirectly, a change in the neutral position of the United States in the conflicts now being waged abroad'. Senator Clark, of Missouri, who first proposed the study, said that the investigation was not aimed at any special group. He admitted that any propagandist has a perfect right to attempt to win American friendship for his side. "The only thing I have in mind," he declared, "is to find out what this propaganda consists of now, while it is being distributed, instead of waiting twenty years for the information."

The Committee will have the usual power of subpoena, but

before the resolution was adopted the Committee on Foreign Relations made one amendment which reaffirmed the constitutional guarantee of free speech for anybody wishing to comment on foreign affairs.

Any belligerent which knows its own propagandist policy has cause to be grateful for this resolution. For in the absence of any official investigating body, speculation and suspicion have turned nervously on almost any alien resident of the United States who is not a full-blooded Indian. If there has been a British fault, it has been in the vague way that Britons, and some British institutions, in this country define their own status. A great many Americans regard 'propaganda' as an entirely legitimate and necessary form of international conduct. They grow suspicious only when an alien is uncertain whether he is prepared or not to make public statements in support of a belligerent case. The Foreign Agents Act, which requires the registration of all those persons acting for gain under the instructions of a foreign power, or who address American audiences in speaking or writing as if with the consent of their government, has unluckily never been tested. So incoming aliens who are definitely here on a commercial mission, and lecturers who propose to expound the Allied cause, have almost all not bothered to register. Whereas, many conscientious resident aliens who recall that at some time or other they have addressed an American audience, even a few uncertain foreign correspondents, have gone down to Washington and registered 'just to be certain'. The general impression of a 'propagandist' is consequently blurred and until the Senate Committee achieves specific definitions, or the British Foreign Office cares to insist on a distinct classification of all British subjects sailing to the United States, the search for alien propaganda will run the gamut from legal enquiry to a witch-hunt.

Anybody who wants to know, then, how persuasively the British case is being sustained in the United States—and that surely would be the propagandist aim—will have to dismiss the official British claim and begin by considering what an American might consider 'British propaganda' whether you would call it that or no. By this muddled, but ubiquitous, test, any Briton resident in the United States whether working for a British firm

or not, and who is not already an American citizen, or in train for naturalization, can fairly be regarded as a propagandist agent. He is likely to endorse the official British position, which is a step further than an American need go who merely unlooses a verbal thunderbolt in the direction of Berchtesgaden or the Kremlin. If he is a likeable fellow, he may persuade Americans to his point of view, which is after all no more than Sir Gilbert Parker could do in 1916. This is possibly the extreme that anybody's suspicion can stretch to, but your correspondent would not begin there if many irate American groups did not begin there also. However far-fetched this aspersion might seem, it is the hypothesis on which several Senators have framed eighty-odd anti-alien bills which will come up before the present session of Congress. The oldest Congressman cannot recall any comparable previous onslaught on the rights of aliens. Many of these bills are no better than the handy tar-and-feathers of patriotic organizations already suspect to the average American, and they will never become law. It is pretty certain, for example, that Representative Pace, of Americus, Georgia will go to his grave clutching his private dream bill, which calmly disposes of aliens for ever in the simple section: 'that after December 31st, 1939, every alien in the United States shall be forthwith deported.' And so far, most of them have been introduced by Congressmen from states which have the minimum ties with foreign born Americans. But a threat to the ordinary civil rights of foreign residents here can, under the stimulus of the right kind of witch-hunt (Christian Front organizations, say, or a revived Klan) soon intimidate the liberties of native Americans. A good many prominent writers and publicists are sufficiently worried over the prospect to have formed a Committee For The Protection of The Foreign Born, under the joint chairmanship of Ernest Hemingway and Dr. William Allan Neilson, President Emeritus of Smith College. It is, anyway, a bad time for aliens to speak out too loud or clear and if the temperature of suspicion rises there are some groups of Britons in the U.S. who should hasten to make clear their position to themselves, so they may honestly announce it to Americans.

The first target of people who have never previously thought

of the British as active propagandists is an institution which has not, so far as I know, suffered any indignity or public accusations, but which Americans, hearing about for the first time, take to be a typically unassuming fount of propaganda. It bears a name similar to the registered German source of propaganda publication. It is, in fact, called The British Library of Information. It needs neither prejudice nor second sight to discover that it is doing, and for twenty years has been doing, a very different job from the German Library of Information.

The Library describes itself as 'a centre of public information maintained by the British Government as part of its official establishment in the United States'. After following up various suspicions that Americans have voiced to me, I believe the Library is exactly that. It is attached to the British Consulate-General in New York as a reference authority, and the resources of its government publications, state documents, and government research studies in such things as tropical medicine, agriculture, fisheries and so on, are at the service of the British Consulates throughout the United States. They are also at the service of the American public and of anybody else who wants to verify a source, check the official text of a British Minister's speech, or learn the awesome hierarchy of British naval decorations. American newspapers and magazines use it freely for background material on articles about the Empire, and while the Library willingly offers them the text of a Gold Coast cocoa report, or the Victoria County history of England (in 99 volumes), their conclusions are their own. I have not been able to verify a single instance of information being handed out with a bonus of opinion. Since the war its staff, which normally consists of a Director and an Assistant Director, two librarians and a few clerks, has been increased to take care of the increased volume of enquiry. The British blockade alone has about doubled the daily requests for information on tactics, precedents, the corresponding experience of the last war. The Library does not, however, like its German prototype, issue any publication of its own.

An outsider would be hard pressed to say whether its virtues, such as its lacking a bulletin or house publication, are a result of policy or penury. For until recently, it was operating in

pitifully cramped quarters and suggested to the average American newspaper man a provocatively hang-dog symbol of an Empire on relief. Its budget is voted by the Foreign Office and since the war it seems to have been getting along without any added appropriation, though its subordinate staff now works on two shifts, and has added to its labours a confidential daily and weekly summary of American press opinion for the benefit of the Embassy in Washington and for various government departments in London. The heads of the Library staff are in close touch with the corresponding French officials, at the French Information Centre. This relation in itself can offer grounds for suspicion, since the French have at least one official appointed from Paris and dedicated to answering current American criticisms of French government and French colonial administration. But in all its dealings with the public, and especially with Americans, it would seem to be strictly a public reference library on the British Empire. It is registered under the Foreign Agents Act, and so is the North American office of the B.B.C.

At the moment, the clamourings of super-patriots aside, there is no continuous complaint about British propaganda or even much comment on the noticeable increase of Britons in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, though they include, as well as business men, novelists, stranded undergraduates, and men over military age seeking a fresh start, a good number of escapists from the black-out. Older Americans express occasional surprise that so many aimless and apparently able-bodied men should be over here, but perhaps this is an oddity which those who understand the nature of the present war can easily explain. There is, however, a general uneasiness, which has not yet become organized into a protest, about the status and motives of what might be called the British migratory lecturers. In the early Autumn, they are as familiar a sight as the warblers winging south, and after six or seven decades their habits are almost as well known. It was expected that this year the lecturers would be missing from their habitat. But they mustered a surprising quota and are now curiously observed by people who normally look on lecturers as smart fellows justifiably soaking the women's clubs. This is by no means intended as a flippant view of the

lecturer type. The large majority of educated Americans hold a view several degrees more ribald and always regret that truly distinguished authors get caught in a routine that is regarded, outside such Anglophile centres as Boston and Philadelphia, as a mean truckling to a nursery view of culture. Accordingly, even the visiting great come to some curious conclusions on the intelligence and habits of the American people, but this time the misunderstandings have been resented sooner and there are authentic records of lectures which started out as benign presentations of British ideals and ended as creditable enactments of the Sidney Street massacre. The Englishman, especially if he is new to the game, grows more loftily self-controlled, the more he gets heckled. As long as Britons enjoy the democratic right to talk as they please away from home, and as long as American lecture agents will book them profitably, there is not much that can be done about this type of well-intentioned pest. For with few exceptions (and of course excluding all responsible scholars and scientists who come to discuss their special field with their equals) he remains a pest, of doubtful value to the British cause or the British case. The only dependable lecturer is one who knows his audience as well as his subject. And this has not often happened in the long history of the British lecturer in the United States.

At the moment, they certainly tend to stimulate the misgivings and distrust they have come so far to placate. I am writing mainly of vagrant novelists, journalists, amateur 'experts' on foreign affairs, and fugitives from beautiful letters. Since Americans are so patiently polite, and since it is comparatively easy for a nonentity to meet prominent men and government officials on the slimmest pretext of wanting information, the fussy goings and comings of international busybodies are amiably tolerated. But if the Foreign Office were to give such people labels positively naming their status and their official business, or were severely to restrict the export of lecturers on general cultural topics, Americans to-day would more calmly discount the rumours of intense, and clandestine, British propaganda.

One might expect that the British film colony on the West Coast would be under scrutiny, but nobody has minded much

their harmless charity balls, which are conducted as zestfully as the campaigns of Eastern socialites to collect Bundles for Britain. (There is, however, matter for irony in the unflagging devotion to the British Empire which glows from some productions of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It is doubtful if the most reckless British propagandist would have dared suggest the making of a film like the newly released *Earl of Chicago*, which is a breathtaking tribute to English *noblesse oblige*, or would ever hope to capture such a prize as the casting of Charles Laughton for the titular rôle in *Benjamin Franklin*, which this studio has guilelessly announced. Ronald Colman is now unofficially announced to enact the movie biography of Frank Lloyd Wright !)

The only other group that has fanned editorial anger has been the militant clergy. Because they must professionally speculate on moral themes, their casual opinions have seemed, when reprinted in the American press, to imply moral condemnation of the present American stand. Thus a press association release from London quotes a reverie of the Bishop of Ely, to this effect : ' If I were a citizen of the United States I would not have an easy conscience. Just standing aside and doing nothing when a great struggle for liberty is progressing, doing nothing but getting rich quick in the supply of munitions to those engaged in slaughter would not give me an easy conscience.' There is hardly a decent fact in this whole lament and it quickly called forth the retort from Gen. Hugh Johnson, who is at once an Allied sympathizer, an isolationist, and a fearsomely honest man—' my conscience as a citizen of the United States rests a lot easier on our international record of the last twenty-three years than would my conscience as a British subject, especially if I were a man of God like the Bishop of Ely.'

It may seem lame to conclude that there is yet no evidence of any organized British propaganda in America. If the Senate Committee findings confirm this opinion, there will probably be a temporary let-up in the fear of what the British are doing. It could not, however, be permanent unless the Allies were decisively winning, because America is, in the view of people who most fear Allied propaganda, witnessing a repeat performance of an earlier European tragedy. They will continue to be neurotically sensitive to any out which calls for their re-entry in the last act

CHRIST OR CHAOS

BY GEORGE LANSBURY

Mr. Lansbury died on May 7 at the age of 81. Shortly before his death he submitted the following article to The Editor with these words, "you will know it is much on the lines we talked and I wrote. I feel I want to get what I say read as widely as possible." His words referred to a previous letter in which he had stated: "There are many things for which I hope I would be willing to give my life or lose it, as Latimer, Ridley and millions like them have done." He concluded thus: "Anyhow I am a bit tired writing and arguing. Life for me has been very mixed. Honestly I have tried to live as a Christian, but have often, very often, failed—defects of character and temper account for much failure. But overriding everything else is the simple fact that I have had to earn the means of life for myself and family within a society based on competitive struggle—a society which worships personal success whether in politics, business or religion. This is a condition of things which is man-made and in time can be changed. Prayer, co-operation one with another, will help once we have seen clearly there are evils in the world, which though personal are in fact impersonal, and can only be effectively changed by collective action of those who see a Great Light and are prepared to follow wherever it may lead."

VERY few days pass without my receiving invitations to take part in the work of organizations founded for the purpose of calling the nation back to religion. In various ways myself and others support some of these efforts, because we are convinced that there will be no real peace and security in the world until our daily lives are ordered and governed by the teachings of Jesus. It is, however, necessary for those of us who support the call to be quite sure what we mean. Men and women of my generation, who took any thought about social and public life, will remember that the call back to religion is no new one. Early on in life we heard and took part in national and international missions designed to rouse us from the lethargy of indifference and, as some writers put it, from the heathenism which appeared to prevail throughout our country.

The famous social investigator, the late Charles Booth, who during the 'eighties' organized an intensive investigation into life and labour conditions in East and South-East London,

paid a high tribute of praise to those who, in one great mission or another, were carrying on the task of teaching religion under extremely discouraging circumstances. George R. Sims, a brilliant journalist, wrote *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*; General Booth gave us *In Darkest England and the Way Out*; William Stead led a great crusade against the white slave traffic in what he described as *The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon*. All the time new churches and chapels were being built and all the time those in charge deplored the scanty attendances at services. Some few great preachers and evangelists were able to fill quite large buildings, Spurgeon in South London, Archibald Brown, one of his disciples, in East London. Side by side were F. N. Charrington and Dr. Barnardo, both of whom quarrelled as furiously as two prize fighters but each of them doing a good day's work for God and the people. The Roman Catholic Church, with its band of devoted priests and sisters, toiled away among the poorest of the poor, inspired by the work and example of their leader, the late Cardinal Manning—whilst the Anglican Church, led by men like Father Enright, Father Dolling and many another, broke with tradition and gave a new vision of what the Anglican Church stood for. Bishop Howe, first Bishop of East London, followed by others—especially the present Archbishop of Canterbury—made a big contribution to the spiritual and social life of their day.

I could fill this journal several times over with memories of those not far off days. My object, however, is not to write in a reminiscent style but to draw attention to the fact that all through my lifetime this call for religion has gone on. No one who knows the facts will dare to say the efforts have all failed. Certainly not! They have kept alive, in face of great and growing difficulties, man's faith in God as the Founder and Giver of life and have brought about very many beneficent changes in our social and industrial existence. Yet although this is the case, no man will deny that for the great mass of people organized religion has no place at all in their lives. There is probably more practical religion than ever before but the struggle for bread and position is also keener. The fierce atheism and agnosticism of fifty years ago has passed away. Nobody now asks where did Cain's wife come from? There are, however, other

and much more serious questions to which thinking men and women find no answer either in sermons, lectures or articles by learned divines.

The overriding questions of life and conduct perplex and bewilder all who give any thought to this vital matter of religion. His Holiness the Pope, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley each gave an Easter message to the world, each explained the truth that only by accepting the teaching of Jesus Christ and practising His precepts could the world of men and women be saved from the horrors of war, yet each appeared to support the war now being waged as God's way of putting the world right. Force must be met with force.

When I drew attention to the efforts made during my lifetime to call the nation to the service of God, it was for the purpose of now pointing out that such appeals failed to secure universal response because religion bears no relation to the struggle for existence. Life for the masses is a competitive struggle from school days until death. There is for the vast majority no respite. The struggle sometimes brings out good points in character but in the main the words 'Business is Business' rule our lives, and business means looking after number one. There are exceptions especially where there are great monopolies. It is, however, true that there is no security in life for the great majority of people who work for their daily bread, unless they find a corner in what are known as sheltered occupations such as government, municipal and great corporate semi-government agencies.

As emphatically as is possible for me to say it, I declare there can be and will be no true Christian religion, fully and completely governing our daily lives, until this vicious man-made competitive struggle is removed from our lives. The first Christians understood this when they had all things in common. To-day, nearly 2,000 years later, life is more complex but even so it is easier now to usher in the Christian state than ever before. The world is smaller. We are able to bring to the service of each other all the great discoveries and inventions science has given us. We know as never before there is no room at the top for all who are capable of serving as heads of great undertakings. We know there is no reason why either childhood or old age should

be endured in penury and want. This brings me back to the present day. I do not dare to presume even to try and judge the minds of His Holiness the Pope or His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter has given me the privilege of his friendship for many years, years during which we have sometimes spoken together and often disagreed. But to-day, when all the world is racked with suffering and disillusionment, it is impossible for me to believe the social and industrial evils of our day can be remedied by words, or that it is God's will that the competitive system of living shall be preserved at the cost of men's and women's peace of mind. Neither is it possible for me to think it is the will of God that German Protestants and Catholics should butcher French and British Catholics and Protestants and vice versa. Men and women all down the ages have paid lip service to the God of love and peace and gone about the task of slaying their enemies in the name of God, just as men are asked to do to-day. There is no need to quote scripture because, as the atheists tell us, it is easy to quote one text against another. It is, however, possible to think of our Lord's life and death. What we are and what we do stamps our faith before the world. Jesus, our Master, Guide and Friend in the supreme moment of His Agony cried, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do". Nobody desires to hold the leaders of Christendom solely responsible for the plight of the world. Laymen and clerics all are responsible. None is free from blame; although some, because of their learning, would appear to have a greater responsibility than others.

In this our day of tribulation, when mankind is reaping a deadly harvest of evil sowing and all of us view to-morrow with anxiety, it is surely the duty of all who profess the name of Christ to cry aloud from the housetops for peace. It may be others in other lands will pay no heed to our call—does that mean we should meekly give up the religion we have given our word to serve? Surely not! The twelve fishermen and their friends and disciples could not change the Roman Empire. That mighty power tortured, crucified and imprisoned those simple disciples of a simple love. But Rome and its power perished as other powers before and since have perished. They went to destruction because their power rested on force, and at

no time has it ever been possible to establish permanent peace by force. The Cross still stands as the symbol of sacrificial love triumphant over all the powers of darkness. For, is it not true that we who feel the call of religion in our lives are inspired, not by the world's military conquerors, but by the love and service of Him who gave Himself for the service and salvation of all mankind?

So men and women like myself, who have learned from experience and not from books what the battle of life really means to us, in this day of trial declare the faith which has come down to us from the Cross and ask all, who will listen, to join in a mighty effort to save what there is of civilization by accepting the simple teaching of Jesus. Do to others as you would be done unto. Forgive as you hope to be forgiven. Let our slogan be Christ or Chaos, and let us humbly try to be willing to accept this gospel at whatsoever cost to our pride or to ourselves.

CAMBRIDGE EVACUATION SURVEY

BY SUSAN ISAACS

IN September, 1939, under the threat of air raids, more than half-a-million children of all ages were taken from their homes in London and other great industrial centres and put to live with strangers in country towns and villages. This plan of enforced migration had matured during the twelve months following the September crisis in 1938, and on the whole was carried out without serious difficulty or disaster.

Once the migration had been accomplished, however, many other problems appeared. Two major institutions fundamental to English social life, the family and the educational system, had been deeply shaken. These evacuated children had not only been disturbed in the normal smooth progress of their school life, but, at one and the same blow, had lost their parents and home and familiar surroundings, whilst a great number of fathers and mothers had parted from some or all of their children. The crowded foster villages and towns at one end of the railway journey, the empty homes in industrial centres at the other, spoke of a tremendous and unprecedented shock to the pattern of family life.

This upheaval has thrown into high relief the psychological functions of normal family life which, under ordinary conditions, are so much taken for granted as the basis and the background of other purposes.

Clinical and social psychologists have long been certain that the roots of personal achievement and personal happiness lie deep in the family life. The feelings and behaviour of these separated parents and children have fully confirmed this view. They show us how empty, how distracted, how purposeless, the lives of parents may seem when their children are not a living presence and demonstrate how vividly and intensely children feel the lack of their parents and near family circle, even when well and happily cared for in other people's homes.

The extent to which evacuation has failed indicates the strength and importance of the demand for a normal home life, if only by the number of children who have been taken home. On the other hand, the large proportion of children who have settled down happily in their new surroundings calls for study of the conditions of success or failure of evacuation. In their turn, this successful fostering may throw light upon normal family life.

In view of this shock and disturbance to ordinary relationships, it was not surprising that in the first two or three months after evacuation rumours of many kinds were rife about what happened to children away from home. Intense feelings of partisanship were aroused, contradictory instances were quoted, parents acted on hearsay whilst the authorities urged parents to leave their children safely in the country, and the press was full of vivid reports both of dramatic failures and of successes in the new way of life.

In the face of conflicting reports, and the many generalizations made on the basis of single dramatic incidents or mere gossip, it seemed desirable that some attempt should be made to carry out a dispassionate enquiry into what was actually going on, to find how far children were or were not settling down happily, and what conditions led to success or failure in evacuation. It was thought that a systematic enquiry into even one limited area would help to steady public opinion and would enable the evacuation authorities everywhere to carry out their work with a higher proportion of success.

For a number of reasons, Cambridge offered a specially favourable place for such a systematic survey. The way in which the billeting had been carried out by the Local Authority in Cambridge seemed to be not only favourable to the success of evacuation but also specially helpful to the possibilities of a systematic enquiry.

The help of the Voluntary Workers and the Education Authorities, as well as of the teachers in the schools, was enlisted early in the Survey and proved invaluable throughout.

At first it was hoped to make a broad study of all the 3,000 unaccompanied London school children evacuated to Cambridge. It early became clear, however, that the immediate aim of the

Survey would require to be limited. The question of time was most important, since it was known that children were already returning to their homes in large numbers, and new policies and plans would probably be framed by authorities quite soon. It therefore seemed better to get some clear, systematic evidence from a smaller group than to attempt a larger survey which could not be completed in time for any practical purpose. Moreover, financial resources were extremely limited.

A relatively homogeneous group offered itself in the unaccompanied school children received in Cambridge from the Borough of Tottenham. These were 304 in number on December 1st, 1939, and were in charge of their own teachers in Cambridge schools. The teachers were specially interested and eager to co-operate in the survey.

Moreover, they were familiar with the methods of such an enquiry, since the Tottenham Education Committee* had themselves, the previous year, carried out a psychological survey of the incidence of backward or difficult children in the schools of the Borough.

Tottenham is a relatively homogeneous district, containing no bad slums and practically no wealthy residents. The standard of life is relatively good, that of stable and fairly comfortable working-class homes. This homogeneity was favourable for an enquiry designed to bring out as far as possible the effect of the single factor of evacuation. It had, however, the disadvantage that Tottenham children are not representative of children from all evacuable areas.

For this reason, when the study was completed, it was decided to make a similar enquiry with regard to children in Cambridge from the Borough of Islington, which contains larger areas of poverty and bad housing. This further enquiry is in process at the moment of writing.

The Tottenham group included, besides the 304 resident in Cambridge on December 1st, about 100 children who had returned to Tottenham from Cambridge by December 1st. The homes of these children have each been visited by a trained social worker.

* A Psychological Survey of Elementary Schools in the Borough of Tottenham. Published by Borough of Tottenham Education Committee, 1939.

In the Islington study, a parallel group of 300-400 children resident in Cambridge on March 1st, and a random sample of 100 homes to which children of the borough returned have been included.

The aim of the enquiry was first, to arrive at a broad estimate of the success or failure of the relationship between each child and his foster home; and, secondly, to discover the particular influences which contributed to the degree of success or failure in each case.

Three main sources of information were available: first, the facts regarding each foster home already gathered by the Voluntary Workers in the normal work of supervision. If it had been practicable, we should have preferred to have skilled social workers making direct personal enquiries from the foster parents and the children, but as foster homes had already been much visited for a number of different purposes, it was felt that this direct enquiry might be misunderstood and be taken as an interference. Many of the voluntary workers were able to supply us with considerable detail, but others had less intimate knowledge of the foster homes. The data obtained thus varied in amount, in reliability and in intimacy of detail; much of it would require further confirmation for any strictly scientific purpose. Moreover, the facts we gathered throw more light on the attitude of the foster parents than on the feelings of the children.

This lack of balance was, however, redressed by the information obtained from our second source, the schools and the teachers. A parallel card of enquiry was filled up by teachers for every child, and since these teachers had excellent relations with the children they were able to obtain a good deal of insight into the children's happiness or difficulties in the foster homes, as well as making their own observations on the children in the schools. Not only so, but in a very large number of cases the teachers were in direct contact with the foster homes and were thus able to supplement the facts given to us by the Voluntary Workers. Taking these two sources of information together, therefore, we felt that we were able to arrive at a fairly reliable broad estimate of the success or failure of billeting with each child.

A third source of knowledge was given directly by the children themselves. A large number of those over six years of age wrote special essays on "What I Like in Cambridge" and "What I miss in Cambridge". The children were told that they were quite free to write as they felt, and the internal evidence of the essays suggests that on the whole we obtained a fair sample of the true feelings and opinions of the children. The essays were full of illuminating details, both of what was enjoyed and appreciated in Cambridge, as well as of the content of their homesickness or sense of loss. Taken with the other two sources of information they gave us, in most cases, a vivid picture of what was going on in the children's minds as well as of their normal home life in Tottenham.

The broad estimate of success or failure of the relationship between the foster parent and the foster child was made by two independent workers, who then conferred with regard to any differences of opinion. It cannot be claimed that the results are more than tentative, or that they are highly reliable with regard to details, but they can certainly be taken as showing the broad tendency in this group of children.

The cards were graded on a five-point scale, from A. to E. The assessment of A. meant that the children appeared to be as contented as could be expected, allowing for the fact that they inevitably missed their parents and home. It would be unnatural to expect them not to miss their parents. This may happen if the children come from unsatisfactory homes; but the exceptional situation of children being happier than they are at home cannot be taken as the normal standard of satisfactory billeting. The assessment of E. meant that the children had entirely failed to fit into the particular billet, or that they were outstandingly unhappy in Cambridge because the loss of home and parents outweighed everything else for them.

Out of 304 children, 233 (77 per cent.) were placed as 'thoroughly satisfactory' or 'on the whole satisfactory'; 25 (8 per cent.) as 'unsatisfactory,' while the remaining 15 per cent. were graded as 'neither satisfactory nor unsatisfactory'. With all qualifications, these data show that in the case of this group of children in Cambridge the very large majority found fairly happy homes. Most of the foster parents were shown to be

extremely generous in giving their time, effort, sympathy and understanding to the care of other people's children, and the community as a whole had been most hospitable and helpful.

The children's essays showed how much had been done for them by their foster parents and teachers, by social agencies of one sort or another and by residents, in providing recreation, interesting excursions and opportunities for active exploration of life in Cambridge.

Certain more detailed questions referring to specific influences on the relationship between children and foster parents were then followed up.

Of the 304 children, there were 145 boys and 159 girls. Of these, 19 boys and 25 girls were of the age group 5-7 years; 54 boys and 53 girls of 8-11 years; 65 boys and 75 girls of 12-15 years. (There were 13 children whose ages were not recorded.)

Success or failure is definitely affected by the age of the children. Leaving out of account the children under seven years of age, whose numbers were too small to be significant, the figures show that after thirteen years both boys and girls showed a decline in the satisfactoriness of their relationship. This is seen in the increase in the percentage of unsatisfactory cases. For the whole group of boys and girls the percentage of unsatisfactoriness was: age 13-14, 13 per cent.; age 14-15, 24 per cent.; age 15-16, 23 per cent. For those below thirteen only 3 per cent. were found to be unsatisfactory. There is thus a large increase of difficulties in making adjustment to this situation for the older children. In part this is certainly due to the restlessness of children at or approaching the school leaving age, in part to the fact that children of these ages need more varied activities and occupations than many foster parents have the means or knowledge to provide. For that matter, as we all know, restlessness and rebelliousness are seen in adolescent children in their own homes as well. The children's own parents do not always find it easy to understand and deal with these ages, so that we cannot look upon this increase in difficulty simply as one of the problems of evacuation. In any case it has to be remembered that the greater difficulty of dealing with adolescent children is in part due to the fact that they can more effectively resist and defy than younger ones can.

The younger children have less means of voicing their unhappiness or defiance.

Another influence making for greater difficulty with the older children is the increased cost of keeping them. Although in general there was no evidence from this small sample of children that the difficulties between children and foster parents is accounted for by the rate of payment made for the children, yet from other sources the evidence seems clear that the economic factor is of great account in the case of older children. It may not come into the relationship of the foster parent and the child but it causes trouble between the foster parent and the billeting authorities.

A circumstance which seems definitely favourable to successful billeting is the presence of brothers and sisters or friends in the same billet. 257 cases, 122 boys and 135 girls, were studied with reference to this factor. One third of the boys, and one half of the girls were with brothers and sisters, and about two thirds were with brothers and sisters or friends from Tottenham. Only 45 (17 per cent.) were entirely alone, and 47 (18 per cent.) were with Cambridge but not with Tottenham children. The figures show that girls settle down best when they are in the company of other children, whether brothers and sisters, fellow evacuees or Cambridge children. Boys, on the other hand, are better with their own brothers and sisters, worse with Cambridge children, while the presence of fellow evacuees seems to have little effect. 23 out of 25 (92 per cent.) boys were successful when entirely alone in the billet, but only 20 out of 31 (64 per cent.) where the companion was a Cambridge boy or girl. Thus the evidence suggests that the boy may be separated from his own family and billeted alone quite successfully, but that he should not be billeted with strange children, whilst a girl needs the company of another child. Of the 11 failures recorded amongst girls, 7 of them have no other Tottenham children with them in the billet, and 5 of these 7 have no other children at all in the billet.

Evidence concerning the effect of parents' visits was considered. Of 226 cases, only 8 children (4 per cent.) had had no visits at all, 137 (60 per cent.) occasional visits, and 81 (36 per cent.) frequent visits. Half of the 8 cases with no visits were assessed

as unsatisfactory. Only one of the 81 children who had frequent visits had a negative assessment. Doubtless many other factors enter into these differences, but our data show that frequent visits of the parents do not necessarily disturb the relationship between foster child and foster parents. If this be generally true it is obviously a consideration of first-rate importance.

There was no relation between the number of changes of billet and the satisfactoriness of the relationship in the billet at the time of enquiry. On the contrary there was clear evidence that particular children might be unsuccessful in one billet and successful in another. This shows that skilled assistance in the rebilleting of children is amply repaid.

A detailed psychological study is now being made by experienced psychologists of 40 of the Tottenham children, 20 of those who were graded as minus in their relation to foster parents, and 20 selected from those rated as plus, parallel in age and sex with the 20 from the minus group.

To examine now those children who had already returned to Tottenham from Cambridge by December 1st. Of these, we were able to gather reliable details in the case of 69 out of 100 children. 7 per cent. boys and 9 per cent. girls were between five and seven years of age, 19 per cent. boys and 17 per cent. girls between 8 and 11 years; and 16 per cent. boys and 32 per cent. girls between 12 and 15 years. The distribution of age and sex is thus not significantly different from that of the children remaining in Cambridge.

As already stated, this part of the enquiry was made by trained social workers* who visited the actual homes in Tottenham and talked with the parents. In the majority of cases the parents were very ready to discuss both their reasons for taking their children home and the general problems of evacuation. The reasons which they themselves gave for having taken the children home were noted, but at the same time the social worker made inferences of her own. In many cases these tallied with the reasons given by the parents, but where the social worker could infer different or extra reasons these were included in the summing up.

* The Research Committee are indebted to the Mental Health Emergency Committee for the loan of two psychiatric social workers to carry out this part of the enquiry.

Reasons given were grouped into (a) those which referred to conditions in Cambridge (62 per cent. of all reasons given); (b) those which referred to home conditions in London (30 per cent. of all reasons); and (c) general matters (8 per cent. of reasons given) which concerned both or which could not be attributed to either end specifically—such as the fact that there had been no air raids.

Of the reasons attributed to Cambridge, there were

(a) objections to or difficulties in the billets, such as changes of billet, marked difference in social stratum, lack of occupation for the child, or disapproval of the foster parents;

(b) reasons referring to the child himself, such as illness, accident, home-sickness, complaints that he felt unwanted in his billet or missed his companions, either brothers and sisters or friends at home;

(c) some adverse effect of the parents' own visits.

The second large group of reasons, affecting the London end, referred to such matters as the parents' missing of the children, wishing to keep the family together, needing the child at home, or feeling jealous of the foster mother; and the economic question. In some cases it appeared to be an impulsive action, e.g., when it came from the desire to have the children home for the Christmas holidays.

In eight of these families, the father and the mother had disagreed about bringing the children home, and according to the mother's statement it was always the father who wanted them to stay in Cambridge.

Enquiry was then made as to how children had settled down on returning home. Among the boys, 20 out of 29 settled down at once, 8 out of 29 did not settle easily. Among the girls, 35 out of 40 settled down at once, and only three were reported as not settling down. Enquiry as to whether the parents would be willing to send their children away again if danger was imminent showed, moreover, that parents are more reluctant to send away their girls than their boys.

These facts and figures thus tend to support the view held by many of us on the grounds of our general psychological experience that whilst country air, good food, superior living conditions, may in themselves bring benefits to the children of our greater industrial areas, these are of minor value as substitutes for family life. Evacuated children have three

main needs. First they need a home. They can no more live without affection and a warm, friendly atmosphere, than they can without food and shelter. Secondly, they need an active social life among their companions, with space, material and opportunity for creative activities (arts and crafts, drama, books, excursions) which will help them to feel that they are still learning and creating, and enable them to understand the new aspects of life with which they are surrounded. Thirdly, they need help in keeping alive the memories of their parents and their feelings of loyalty to their own homes. Foster parents, school, educational and social agencies, cannot serve the children fully if they break the links with the children's homes. They can do so only if they show a friendly attitude to the children's own family and home life. The boon of good food, country air, new experiences, a better way of life, are little worth if they are allowed to drive a wedge between the child and his own parents.

So much from the side of the child. The point of view of the parents has been shown by their claiming back their children in so many cases and by their extremely meagre response to the new plans for evacuation. The fundamental feelings of the parents have been expressed by Dr. D. W. Winnicott in his recent article on "The Deprived Mother".* He writes :

What makes life worth while for many men and women is the experience of the first decade of married life, when a family is being built up, and while the children are still in need of those contributions to personality and character which the parents can give . . . No one would suggest that bearing and bringing up children is all honey, but most people do not expect life to be all sweet ; they ask that the bitter part shall be to some extent of their own choosing, and then expect to get something valuable out of the experience of it . . . nothing can compensate the average parent for loss of contact with a child and of responsibility for the child's bodily and intellectual development.

In the light of all these facts and considerations, the Cambridge Evacuation Survey drew up and submitted to the Ministry of Health, the Board of Education, the London County Council and other evacuation authorities, a "Memorandum on Practical Recommendations", based partly upon the evidence actually gained from the Survey and partly from the considered experience of members of the Research Committee. In essentials these

* D. W. Winnicott : The Deprived Mother, *The New Era*, March, 1940.

recommendations could be summed up as follows : Firstly, that family and school units should be maintained as far as possible, since it has been shown that children settle down better when they are with their brothers and sisters or their friends and school companions ; and their own teachers can help to make the necessary links with their home lives. Secondly, parents' visits should be encouraged by granting special facilities for travel, and parents should be kept closely informed about what happens to their children and should have the opportunity of consulting social workers about their welfare. Thirdly, professional social workers are required for the maintenance of satisfactory conditions in the reception areas. These professional social workers are of two types :

- (a) those with general training in social service, accustomed to family case work and prepared to deal with the minor difficulties of foster home placement. The number of these general social workers required would be about one to every five hundred evacuated children, provided that a sufficient number of voluntary workers to co-operate with them are also available.
- (b) Those with special clinical experience of children showing nervous symptoms or difficulties of behaviour. These psychiatric social workers should be available for consultation about specially difficult children.

The trained social workers should direct the supervision of the children in the foster homes, supervision which can actually be carried on by carefully selected helpers and the local voluntary workers.

Fourthly : the committee consider it desirable to have three types of home, other than private billets, available in any area receiving a considerable number of children :

- (a) a temporary hostel which would serve as a provisional shelter for children unsuitable for immediate billeting, by reason of health, cleanliness or behaviour ;
- (b) homes for emergency and observation are required for the whole period of evacuation for a small proportion of children who need quick removal from their billets. Need may arise because of illness in the households and other family vicissitudes, as well as problems created by the child ;
- (c) homes for difficult children permanently unsuitable for foster homes on account of nervous symptoms or difficulties of behaviour ; at least 2 per cent. of the children are likely to require this provision. These homes should be planned for small groups of ten to fifteen children.

Fifthly : the provision of recreation, particularly for the adolescent children, is an essential part of the plan of evacuation,

and should be prepared for by the co-operation of the local organizations and the teachers, school helpers and social workers associated with the evacuated children.

It is realized that these suggestions could not be carried out without considerable expense. Nevertheless they are deemed essential for maintaining evacuation successfully over any period of time. In particular, the need for special help for difficult children must be stressed.

An opinion is now being expressed in many directions, such as the plan of the A.R.P. Co-ordinating Committee (quoted in *The Times* for April 4th), that billeting on private households should play only a supplementary part in evacuation, the majority of the evacuated children being accommodated in camp schools. The success of such camp schools depends entirely upon the age of the children and the extent to which schools are able to approximate to family conditions. Camp schools are far from being a panacea for evacuation problems. They are quite unsuitable for children under eight. Under-staffed, run in too large units or as formal institutions, camp schools even for children from eight to eleven would be of more than doubtful benefit. They would find it an easier task to meet the special requirements of boys and girls of twelve years and onwards.

THE IVORY POACHER

BY LORD DUNSANY

"POACHING," said Jorkens one day at the club, "is a low disgusting trick. It can be a most infernal nuisance, and ought to be stopped."

One of us had probably mentioned the word, poaching, though I don't know who; but Jorkens's motive for breaking out as he did was not so much what anyone may have said, as the fact that he had recently acquired a little house in the country with a few acres attached to it, which were so over-run with rabbits and covered with brambles that he had probably got them cheap. Very likely he did not really mind the neighbouring villagers snaring his rabbits, for he is a good-natured fellow; but there are men who cannot resist groaning aloud under a landowner's burdens, when they are just new to him, and Jorkens is probably one of these.

"They shouldn't do it," said one of us, Slippet by name; and, as often happens in clubs, he hit the nail on the head, for the words appeased Jorkens, and, in a much quieter voice, the old traveller said,

"If they want to poach, let them poach properly, and not take another man's rabbits".

And then he was silent.

I could see that Terbut was pondering, and for that matter I was a little puzzled myself.

"What do you call poaching properly?" Terbut asked then.

But no answer came from Jorkens, for almost the moment that his wrath had subsided, as it always does very quickly, soothed no doubt by the apt words of Slippet, he fell asleep in his chair. I ought perhaps to have mentioned that it was twenty-minutes or so after we had most of us finished lunch. I waited some while in the club, for I thought I knew what Terbut was going to do, and I believed it would lead to a story;

and chronicling the varied experiences of Jorkens, as my habit now is, I am careful not to neglect such opportunities. And sure enough I was right, for Jorkens after a while gurgled and moved his head, and suddenly opened both of his blue eyes wide.

"What do you call poaching properly?" Terbut asked him at once.

"Why, poaching in Africa," said Jorkens, "and leaving other men's rabbits alone. Africa's not like Surrey, and poaching does no harm there. They may have rules against it, in fact they have, but poaching in Africa doesn't hurt other men's rabbits; and I wish the men that poach on my land would go there."

"What do you poach in Africa?" asked Terbut.

"Ivory," answered Jorkens.

"So that's what you've been up to," Terbut said.

"Not at all," said Jorkens. "I never did any myself. And I never said I did. I was only speaking of what is generally done there by those with a taste for poaching."

"Can you tell us anything about it?" asked Terbut.

"As an onlooker," said Jorkens, "I can. As a purely chance onlooker. I happened to meet a man who was a considerable ivory-poacher. I should have had nothing to do with him if he'd poached rabbits; elephants belong to nobody; so he shot considerable numbers. His difficulty was to get the tusks out of the country. Easy enough to shoot them, and easy enough to hide them, but as soon as he started moving them about Africa he risked meeting a game-warden; and, as for getting them to civilization, Customs officers would come to the ivory there like wasps to jam, when you have tea out-of-doors. And in addition to that the game-wardens knew about him, though they didn't know exactly where he was and he had his ivory buried. As a matter of fact he was camped by the Bahr-el-Arab, a river that flows into the Bahr-el-Gazal, which flows into the Bahr-el-Gebel by Lake No, which is a reach of the White Nile. I happened to meet him purely by chance, when I was wandering about in Africa."

"What were you looking for?" asked Terbut.

"The view," replied Jorkens.

So unsatisfactory was this answer, that Terbut pursued it no further, and Jorkens continued his story.

"I found him in a small camp by the Bahr-el-Arab," said Jorkens, "just a tent for himself, and some canvas shelters for a dozen arabs. He met me some way out from his camp, a tall man with a dark moustache that was beginning to grey a little bit just at the ends, where occasionally he chewed it. He was evidently anxious to keep me away from his camp, a wish that I always respect, because, if you annoy men in the middle of Africa during the heat of the day, they are often quick to invent a pretext for shooting, that would never occur to them in a cooler country; and why annoy them, in any case? So as soon as I saw that he wanted me not to see his camp I walked away with him from the river, and talked as we went, and it wasn't long before we were very good friends. There are times when there comes over me a sudden weariness of Africa, while at other times a weariness of London and all other large cities is equally pronounced in me. At the time of which I am telling it was a weariness of Africa that had recently overtaken me, and I learned that he was soon starting for Cairo, and seemed quite willing to take me with him; only, for the next few days, for purely business reasons, he would consider it a particular favour if I could make it convenient to keep a few miles away from his camp. To this, of course, I readily acceded, and at the end of a few days I walked down to the river again from the little camp that I had on the higher ground, whistling as I went and walking quite slowly; and out came Wudd (that was the fellow's name) quite pleased to see me. I found that he had a dahabeah under the bank, that is to say a small sailing ship and he said he was going to Cairo. Well, I was very pleased to hear that, for I had been a long time in the middle of Africa, keeping company with the anopheles mosquito, and hyenas and snakes and ticks, and I felt that a little civilization would be just the thing for me; and to get to Cairo, travelling cheap, as I was doing just then, with a donkey and a few Dinkas, would have taken me the best part of a year. So as soon as Wudd offered me a berth in his dahabeah, I jumped at it; and off I started that day, with him and his Arabs, for Cairo. It was a lonely part of the world, distinctly lonely: one saw that from

the way the Mrs. Gray's Cob came and stared at one from only a little further away than a man can throw a spear; and the reed-buck seemed to know nothing of white men either. I was quite glad to leave it.

I said to Wudd as we started down the river, 'What are you doing on the Bahr-el-Arab?'

And he said, 'Collecting butterflies.'

And then he asked me what I was doing.

'Collecting moths,' I said.

'Where are your moths?' he asked.

'Where are your butterflies?' I asked Wudd.

We understood each other perfectly then.

The boat seemed rather low in the water, but it was overcrowded with all those Arabs, as well as having a big load of logs. I hadn't much to do, going idly down that river, except to watch scarlet birds flashing across it, and the white fish-eagles sitting watching on branches, and the moon-coloured water turning to opal at evening, and to wondering why Wudd was going from good elephant-country to Cairo with a lot of Arabs and a load of logs. And to my astonishment I found they were ambach wood, logs cut up into lengths of one or two feet. What is astonishing about ambach wood is that a good stout log of it, thirty or forty feet long, can easily be lifted with one hand; it looks like timber, but is in fact merely pith. I wondered why Wudd wanted to take it to Cairo. And it was the only cargo he carried, except for the sacks of flour that were to provide food for his Arabs for a couple of thousand miles. Another thing that struck me was that the dahabeah seemed to be made of good oak that, from its colour, seemed to be about a hundred years old; and oak does not grow on the Nile.

'That's a fine grain,' I said, pointing to one of the beams; which was perfectly true.

'Yes, it's a nice bit of timber,' said Wudd.

And somehow I saw that he was going to say no more about it.

We came in a day or two to the Bahr-el-Gazal, sailing past red-trunked trees and mimosa bushes, with the small round bloom of the mimosa shining like a far-away tiny sun; and I noticed a good many saws and hammers on board, and got the idea that the Arabs had been building the ship for Wudd. I

talked to them a good deal at first, but Wudd didn't like it, as I noticed from the way that he butted in when I was asking an Arab what he did with a very large hammer that I saw lying beside him: 'It's for stunning the butterflies,' said Wudd.

One day the wind dropped for five hours and we went ashore for a bit, and saw rows of pits in the grey mud dried by the sun, the tracks of galloping elephants.

'Interesting beasts,' I said.

'I've not been to the Zoo for a long time,' was all that Wudd had to say.

A wind got up and we went on board again. I should say that the little ship, unloaded, was two tons, or a trifle over, and we were a bit cramped. The Arabs had a drum, and they sang a good deal, all in a bunch at the forward end of the ship. In the heat of the day they slept. But they sang all the evening, and the man with the drum kept time to the song, while the river turned to an opal. And the stars came out, and the Arabs still sang on, singing the song of the Nile. I don't know what they call the song, but it is the only one I have heard from the Sudd to the Mediterranean, a song of rejoicing sung with mournful voices, like children singing in prison to greet an inrush of sunlight, a slow song, with drum-beats growing faster and faster. I'd sing it to you, but that I cannot bear to hear it in London; it makes me so yearn for Africa."

"We quite understand," said Terbut. But for which, I think, Jorkens would have sung to us.

"The water was now a mile wide," Jorkens went on, "though the channel of the Bahr-el-Gazal was no more than fifty yards: marshes lay left and right of us, where, if we went for a walk, the water was sometimes up to our knees and sometimes up to our waists, unless we came on a hidden stream, and then we would go to our necks, with the blue water-lilies shining in front of our faces. And pythons lay there, coiled on tussocks of reed, waiting for the chance of a meal on a white-eared cob or a waterbuck. After a walk of that sort one spread one's clothes on the little deck in the sun, and they were dry in half an hour. There was a cabin in which there was just room for Wudd and me, sitting down; the grain of the wood seemed especially fine in there, and I've seen many oak panellings that had not half so

fine an appearance. We were sailing east, and a north wind was blowing. We only went ashore when we wanted food, and I shot a tiang once every two or three days, a sort of red cow with a long black face: the meat wouldn't keep more than two days. Once I shot a wart-hog. I put the first shot right through his ribs, but he charged me for all that, and it took me three more cartridges to stop him. It was a nice bit of bacon. The Arabs didn't like having the pig on board, as they regard all forms of bacon as being accursed; so after one good meal we threw the rest away, keeping only his four tusks, two blunt ones ten inches long and two little razors.

'The only bit of ivory on board,' I said to Wudd.

'Yes,' he answered.

'Funny,' I said. For I couldn't get out of my head that he had ivory somewhere, though the ship was quite empty and the pile of logs seemed to hide nothing, nor the sacks of flour that were heaped in the bows.

'Why funny?' he asked.

'I was only wondering,' I said.

'Well, look here,' said Wudd. 'Wonder all you like on the Bahr-el-Gazal, but don't do any wondering when we get to the White Nile, for I always look on that as practically civilized and we don't know whom we might meet and I don't want to start any of them wondering.'

'I quite understand,' I said.

But what I didn't understand was where the ivory was. It was perfectly clear to me by now that Wudd was an extremely shrewd fellow, the kind of man who is born to be one of three things: something in the City, something on the Turf, or an ivory poacher, the kind of man whose father before him probably never thought any other profession worth taking up except one of those three. One evening when we were smoking and the Arabs were singing and the river was like a long aquamarine, I said to Wudd straight out: 'Where is the ivory?'

And Wudd was silent awhile, and then he said: 'I might have a bit in my pocket.' And he looked out at the sky ahead, where the first star was appearing, with his pipe in his hand and a glow going up from the bowl, and after a while he said: 'Or on the other hand, I might not.'

The more I looked round the dahabeah to see any possible place of hiding it, the more the mystery grew. And then we came to that liquid blue beryl they call Lake No, which changed with the changing of evening into many other semi-precious stones. In dead silence, but for the flapping of our sail, a huge fish leapt out of the lake and came down on the waters with a resounding crash. What it leapt at I never noticed, but it seemed to me that an eagle would be the only appropriate bait for such a fish to rise at, though I did not actually see one. We left that fish behind us leaping and falling, and by dawn next day we had come to the Bahr-el-Gebel. Wudd was getting uneasy now. 'This is the White Nile,' he said, 'and that's almost civilization. We might come across a white man at any time'.

'And what if we do?' I asked.

Wudd looked at me curiously. 'I don't like them,' he said.

'Look here,' I said, 'I've been in your boat for a fortnight and I haven't found your ivory; and I'm not so blind either. Who do you think is going to find it?'

'There's a lot in what you say,' he replied.

And I think he cheered up a bit then.

The North wind held and we still sailed eastwards, and we sat in a couple of canvas chairs all day, looking out for the smoke of a steamer, and none appeared.

'You've noticed nothing queer about this ship?' said Wudd.

'No,' I said. 'Why?'

'Because there's nothing queer about it,' he answered.

'Perhaps there's a slight smell of paint in the cabin,' I said.

'But I don't call that queer.'

'Don't give way to fancies like that,' he answered sharply.

'I knew a man once who thought he smelt a cheese soufflé all along the Bahr-el-Zeraf, and his temperature very soon went to 105. It's a bad thing to let yourself develop such fancies: it means that the anopheles mosquito is winning.'

I didn't see what had excited him, but I just said, 'Very well; I didn't smell any paint.'

And he said, 'That's right.' And we went on gazing away down the Bahr-el-Gebel, and saw nothing but hippos.

Wudd certainly had a beautiful grain in his timber, and he was

touchily proud of it, and would never let me knock out the bowl of my pipe on any part of his ship. How many hippos we saw there is no telling, for they live on the bottom of the river and come up to breathe when they feel like it, so that they are never all of them up at the same time, but we passed through large herds of them. You've never seen a hippo looking in the least like a horse, Terbut.

"No, I don't think I have," said Terbut.

"But the Greeks, who knew that river, named them well enough," went on Jorkens, "when they called them river-horses, for what you see of a hippo's head, from eye to nostril as he lies in the water, is quite like the head of a horse, except for the size, and size of course is only a matter of distance. All night they try to roar like lions, and really do it very well, considering that they are only a variety of large pig.

I didn't count the days, they just slid away like the water. One day Wudd tied up under an oleander, and I went ashore with one of the Arabs and shot a Roan antelope. The reason I took the Arab with me was not that he was a hunter; in fact I had found out by now that he was only a ship-builder: I took him so that he could perform the last rites over the antelope, before the poor brute died, as otherwise none of the Arabs would have eaten the meat, and I only shot it so as to provide food for us all. On another day I got two Rufifrons gazelle, with their foreheads all saffron with powder-pollen, from rubbing their horns against the mimosa branches. But mostly I sat in the shadow of the sail, talking to Wudd about everything except ivory, and the Arabs smoked or sang. We passed the Bahr-el-Zeraf and the Sobat River, and slanted more to the North; and still the North wind held, and we tacked about the river and sometimes drifted. One day we came to Fashoda and the river ran still more northward, and a few days after that we were sailing due North, so far as we could with a North wind in our faces. And then one day we saw the smoke of a steamer, coming up the river ahead of us, and Wudd said: 'You've got over that feeling you had, that there was a smell of cheese soufflé.'

And I said, 'Quite.'

The steamer, which was a most genuine antique, was a paddle-

steamer with only one paddle, and a barge was lashed alongside it to prevent it sinking when the North wind blew it over. Wudd took out a bundle of air-cushions that lay flat in a drawer in the cabin and began to blow them out, and gave one to each of the Arabs as he did so. They evidently knew what to do with them, for they put them at once under their robe-like clothes which fattened them up considerably.

'It will save his time in the end,' said Wudd to me.

'Whose time?' I asked.

'The game-warden's,' said Wudd. 'Their time is precious to them, though I don't know what they do with it; and if he got the idea that we were a bit low in the water he might waste his time trying to find what we carried. I don't say we are low in the water, but those fine fat fellows will help to account for it if he gets the idea that we are.'

'All right,' I said, 'I'll have one of them too, if you've got a spare one.'

Thanks very much,' he said. And he gave me a spare one. Of course I've put on a bit of weight since then, but it made a lot of difference in those days. I didn't like the look of myself at all, but that's what you have to get used to as time goes by. Well, I slipped in the air-cushion and undid a lot of buttons, and I still had no idea where he carried his ivory.

Wudd was right about the game-warden: he was on board the steamer all right, and it drew up alongside and the game-warden greeted Wudd cheerfully, and then said 'Got any heads or anything?'

'No,' said Wudd, 'only butterflies.'

'Mind if I come on board and have a look at them?' asked the game-warden.

'Glad to show them you,' Wudd replied. And, sure enough, he had a box full of butterflies, a wooden box lined with cork, and a fine sight they were.

'A very nice collection,' said the game-warden. 'Got anything else?'

'No, nothing else,' said Wudd. 'But take a look while you're here.'

'Well, thanks,' said the game-warden. 'Perhaps I will.' And he took a look among the sacks of flour, and went through

the heap of ambach wood. 'It's one of the formalities I have to go through with,' he said. 'I do it with every ship.'

'I quite understand,' said Wudd. 'Take your time about it.'

'I think I've about finished,' said the game-warden. 'You know, they were saying in Khartoum that you had two tons of ivory.'

'As much as that?' said Wudd. 'It's strange how people talk.'

'Yes, isn't it?' said the game-warden.

'I was in South Africa once,' said Wudd, 'and they said that I had two tons of diamonds.'

'And had you?' asked the game-warden.

'So you aren't interested only in game,' said Wudd.

'That is of course my principal interest,' the game-warden replied.

'And what interest brought you all this way to meet me?' asked Wudd.

'To see your butterflies,' said the game-warden.

'Have another look at them,' said Wudd.

'I think I'll be going on now,' said the game-warden.

The dahabeah and the steamer were fastened alongside and he went slowly over the side and climbed on board his steamer, with a great many wistful glances along our decks as he went.

Wudd and I looked at each other till the steamer had gone so far on its journey back to Khartoum that we could no longer see the game-warden standing on the deck looking back at us.

'Well, he didn't find it,' I said to Wudd then.

'He saw a nice collection of butterflies,' replied Wudd. 'What more did he want?'

'We've known each other for some weeks now,' I said. 'And I think you might tell me.'

'As a child,' said Wudd, 'I was wonderfully talkative, but somehow one learns in business not to talk very much; at least not in the ivory business. So, if I were in ivory, I expect I should talk very little. And if I'm not, there's nothing to talk about. That's how it is.'

'I see,' said I.

'I wonder if he's ever noticed the shoebill,' said Wudd, as

he looked reflectively at one of the most remarkable birds in the world, standing upon the bank and watching us going by.

'Who?' I asked.

'That game-warden from Khartoum,' Wudd answered.

'Why?' I said.

'He didn't strike me as very observant,' said Wudd.

Now the bill of the shoebill is as large as a polo-boot, and he's common along the White Nile.

'I expect he's noticed one of them by now,' I said.

'I doubt it,' said Wudd.

This was also rather a slur on me; for I'd noticed nothing as yet. Two tons of ivory! This wasn't like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, it was like looking for a haystack on a lawn, and not being able to find it; for, though I couldn't see where he'd hidden it, I'd picked up enough about men by that time to be sure that Wudd had it somewhere about him. I'd plenty of time to think it over, tacking and drifting about the White Nile, with only Wudd and a dozen Arabs to talk to, and never meeting a soul except tall Shillooks, going by in their long canoes, till we passed the Shillook country and came to the gray Dinkas, men smeared all over with wood-ash to keep the mosquitoes away, and dressed in a necklace of light-blue beads and a feather. The North wind dropped at last and we got a better one, but it was a slow journey among idle days. When we left the country of Roan antelope, waterbuck and tiang, I fed the men upon geese, manœuvring on shore till I got on the flank of a flock along the bank of the river and enfilading it with my rifle; and sometimes Wudd took a hand with a 12-bore. And then the desert began to appear: trees grew fewer, and all vegetation sparser, until bare sand appeared and the waters of illusion shone instead of the marshes, of which we had seen so much.

'They'll take another good look at my cargo when we get to Khartoum,' said Wudd.

'You're a wonderful man,' I said.

'I'm a fair painter,' he answered.

'Painter!' I said. 'You were a butterfly-hunter just now. And I daresay you are very good at both. But to palm two tons of ivory as you are doing in an empty ship and with your sleeves

rolled up to the elbow is really marvellous. I think you are the greatest man I ever met ; and I knew Maskelyne.'

'Well, well,' said Wudd. 'I like to give what entertainment I can. But it's a very suspicious world.'

'What I don't see,' I said, 'is, if you've got it buried further up the river, how and when you are going to get it.'

And Wudd answered: 'If there weren't a great many things that most men didn't see, there'd be no chance for anybody to do a bit of business.'

'I wonder where you'll sell it,' I said.

'In the Levant,' said Wudd.

'And I wonder how you'll get it there,' I continued.

But the Arabs, who had seen their desert again, and who seemed to be cheered by the false smiles of its mirages, were singing so loudly now that I did not hear his answer.

We passed the tree under which Gordon used to sit when he walked out of Khartoum ; and we came to the city itself and lowered our sail and anchored. And it was exactly as Wudd had said, they came to look over his ship, three of them this time. Very politely, but very thoroughly, the whole heap of logs was ransacked and the bags of flour and the cabin ; and then their boatman who had rowed them out to us fell overboard from his boat and come up on the other side of Wudd's dahabeah. The three men who were inspecting the boat were much too anxious for the man's safety and did much to help him to get on board, which is absurd with anyone born by the banks of the Nile, because they all swim like otters.

'Pity he didn't drown,' muttered Wudd.

It was fairly evident to me that the man had been taking a look under the keel. I could see that much, but I couldn't see where Wudd kept his ivory.

They passed his ship, and let him leave Khartoum, and on we went through a thousand miles of desert. The work we had at the cataracts was awful ; there are six of them, counting the barrage at Aswan, and we had to find donkeys to drag the ship, and we used logs as rollers and we all shoved and hauled, as well as the donkeys, and got the damned thing round and into the water again ; and Wudd would never wait, but got to work as soon as we came to a cataract, even if it was in the middle of the

day ; and the hot rocks scorched us and mirages laughed at us, till we got to the water again and all lay on the deck. I think he had a fear that it couldn't be done, and he wouldn't stop for a moment in case he had time to think, and, if he did that, he knew that the fear would win.

'For God's sake sell the thing, or sink it,' I said, 'and get another dahabeah cheap on the other side of the cataract.'

But he wouldn't listen to reason. They were six awful experiences, and between the fifth and the last we came to Abu Simbul. You may think that I had got into pretty low company, travelling with a suspected ivory-poacher, and twelve Arabs who were evidently his accomplices, and I may have had the same sort of feeling at first myself ; but when I saw Abu Simbul I felt that whatever brought me there fulfilled some higher purpose than poaching ivory, for to have seen Abu Simbul is an event not only in a life-time, but one that is worth waiting for through three or four lifetimes, if the guess that the Hindus make at what none of us knows should turn out to be right. It is a temple in the dark of a hill, carved out of the very heart of the hill itself, with four gods cut out of the hillside at its door, and four gods at its altar in the deeps of the rock. You entered, if you were an Egyptian four thousand years ago, in the dark before dawn, and walked into the blackness till the stars disappeared from you, and went on in the cold and dark far into the hill. And there no doubt the priests talked or chanted to you, though I haven't any idea what they said or sang, but I know that after a while a most astounding thing happened, for I have seen it myself, and it takes your breath away ; a greyness came to the darkness under the hill, and before you could either expect it or believe it, the sun, the bright African sun, shone on the altar, and you saw four gods that sat there as at a table, looking at you and blushing. When I saw that, I said 'Wudd has his uses. Fate sent him to show me this.'"

"You're not imagining all this, are you ?" said Terbut.

"Couldn't do it," said Jorkens. "Only one man could ever imagine it, and he's dead ; the man who carved Abu Simbul out of the hill for Pharaoh.

We went on, with our mysterious and invisible cargo, all through the wonders of history ; we went where Roman soldiers

had been, and Greek traders before them, bringing to Europe the doctrine of immortality and curious tales for Herodotus; we went through a land that must have been green and fertile, to support the splendour of Rameses; we were all the while in a valley haunted with the enchantment of stories so strange, that often I found myself on the point of disbelieving even the word of History and putting the story of Egypt away among gorgeous fairy-tales; and always at that moment some temple used to appear, telling the story again in solid stone, blurred by the mason-wasp and defaced by religious anger, but calmly surviving the centuries. There was nothing larger than ducks to be shot now; but we often bought a sheep, and the Arabs cut its throat after hurriedly asking its pardon, and feasted and were all happy. And all those weeks I sat talking with Wudd, and never got at the secret of his ivory. For a thousand miles the sakieh creaked its song at us, the oldest song in the world, the song of man's effort, with an ox to help him, to get water up from a well; for a thousand miles the same saffron dawn shone in the sky on our right, always over a clump of palm-trees sheltering some little village from the sight of bare desert all round it, where a few pale columns of smoke went into the clear fresh air, to show that men would soon be up in the morning and that women were cooking already. One day we heard the soft plip-plop of a screw round a bend of the river in the early morning: we were drifting again with the North wind in our faces, and when the steamer came round the bend it was nearly on us. The helmsman steered clear of us in a rather blasé way, as though he had been dodging dahabeahs all the way from Cairo, as I expect he probably had. But he did not quite steer clear of us, and grazed our starboard side as he passed. I never saw anyone more angry than Wudd, and I seldom heard such language as he poured out at the Reis of the steamer, cursing him till his ship was far out of hearing.

'What's the matter?' I asked. For collisions along the Nile are no more commented on than jolts in a restaurant car.

'Matter?' said Wudd. 'He's spoiled my timbers.'

'Your what?' I asked.

'My timbers,' shouted Wudd, coming quite near to me and roaring it in my ear.

'Oh; your timbers,' I said. And as yet I had no suspicion.

Wudd tied up to the bank at once and went to the cabin, and got out a box of oil-paints and a bottle of turpentine and took a look at the graze on his starboard side. And then he got the Arabs to dig a place out of the bank, in which he could stand and paint the side of his ship.

The Nile, I may say, for the last few hundred miles of its journey, runs pretty well all the way under a six-foot cliff of dry mud, with Arab boys loitering along it chewing a sugar-cane, and now and then a traveller on a donkey, or a woman in a blue robe. I saw a big white splash where the steamer hit us, when I got out and looked, but I could see no other damage. And Wudd, with a palette over his left thumb, had already started to paint a dark grain on it. He was certainly a marvellous craftsman, and I saw what he meant then, one day when I had called him a great man, a thousand miles or so further up the river, and he had told me he was a painter. He might have been working all his life in a genuine-antique shop. Very likely he had: it is a tricky trade and would just have suited Wudd. Well, as I watched him in sheer admiration, he looked over his shoulder and saw me.

'Leave my work alone,' he snapped, 'and get on with yours.'

'What's mine?' I asked.

'Smoking a pipe,' said Wudd.

'Oh?' I said, not thinking of anything better to say at the moment, as often happens to most of us.

'Well, I never saw you do anything else,' said Wudd.

I said no more to him then and went for a walk, as it is no use continuing that kind of argument. I walked as far as a little crop of green wheat, that shone in the distance with the astonishing glow which green has at the edge of a desert, and there I saw four or five egrets walking beside the wheat, their white shapes flashing against it with the brightness of pure light. And Wudd, when I got back, had just finished his painting. It was a superb piece of work. Where there had been a flash of white twice the size of the palm of a hand there was nothing but a bit of well-seasoned oak, with the grain of it gleaming out through the dark of the old timber. Well, it didn't take more than that to give me a clue, and a clue is all

you want to puzzle out anything. The whole problem had been to me hitherto like a word of three letters in a cross-word ; but when you have read the clue, 'an Australian bird', it doesn't take you very long to see EMU. It was just like that with Wudd's painting. I thought I had better tell him that I had got it.

'You ought to paint miniatures,' I said.

'Miniatures?' said Wudd. 'Why?'

'They always paint on ivory,' I replied.

'Fine palm-tree that,' said Wudd.

'Very fine indeed,' said I.

It wasn't the first time I had seen an ivory ship : there's a shop in Old Bond Street that used to have two in the window, and very pretty they looked ; but it was the first time I had seen one of that size.

I haven't much more to tell. We went down that dream of a river, and parted at Cairo.

'You're not going to do any talking about those miniatures?' Wudd said to me.

'Certainly not,' I said. 'And I am very much obliged for the lift.'

And Wudd sailed on with only three men to help him, heading for the Levant. And I had other business to see to. And before that year was out, happening to get in touch with the ivory market, I heard that Wudd had sold two and a half tons of ivory somewhere in the Levant ; just broke up his ship and sold it. I wonder if some miniature-painter is painting on any bits of it now.

THOMAS HARDY AS A REGIONAL NOVELIST

BY PHYLLIS BENTLEY

THE regional novel—i.e., the novel which concentrates on one portion or region within a national boundary and depicts the life of that region and no other—has featured persistently in English literature for the last century, but never in greater abundance, from more hands, than in the 1920's and early 1930's. Perhaps this was due to the contemporary disposition to view men in the mass ; perhaps to the economic depression, which in its ever-widening range hit a whole trade, and therefore a whole region, at a time ; the inhabitants of that region becoming conscious of themselves as an integral part of their region under the impact of a common suffering, and this consciousness naturally seeking articulate expression. The increase of the political as distinct from the regional novel in the last few years of increasing international difficulty seems to support this contention. But in any case the output of regional novels has been so considerable, speaking quantitatively, in the last two decades, that the centenary of our acknowledged master in this genre, Thomas Hardy, comes at a moment when it is natural to compare his use of regionalism with later developments. "Local colour" in fiction is a tide which ebbs and flows in the works of regional writers, invading successive elements of the novel in direct proportion to the degree of attachment of the writer to the soil of his chosen region. There are novels where only the setting, the background of place, is local—novels set lightheartedly in the West Indies, Cornwall, or Timbuctoo, merely because the scenery is pleasing or has the attraction of novelty. To write this kind of novel one does not need to be a native of the region chosen ; a few weeks' holiday there will suffice. The next stage of regionalism is to throw in a few local characters, who naturally express themselves in local speech. These characters may be comic (confidants) or tragic (villains),

but in this kind of book they are inevitably "minor", and of lower social class than the main protagonists of the tale. It may be stated as an axiom, I believe, that the larger the number of local characters, and the greater the part they play in the story, the more sincerely regional the novelist. "Adam Bede" belongs to this type; the scene is carefully localized, and most of the characters are truly regional, for they not merely live in a certain midland shire, but depend for their daily bread on its geology. The next stage of regionalism occurs when the plot element too of the novel is coloured by the regional dye, the chain of cause and effect which forms the story then having at least one regional link. "Shirley" is such a novel, for the whole plot hangs on the financial situation in 1812 of the West Riding cloth trade, a trade which springs, as much as any agriculture, from the physical geography of the region.

Lastly, the novel is totally regional when the theme itself becomes so. In such novels the novelist's deliberate intention is to depict the region, to explore its significance, its history, its contribution, as a region. Like Rostand's *Chantecler*, such novelists wish their works to be:

"... pas de ces chants qu'on chante en les cherchant,
Mais qu'on reçoit du sol natal, comme une sève . . .
La Terre parle en moi comme dans une conque,
Et je deviens, cessant d'être un oiseau quelconque,
La porte-voix en quelque sorte officiel
Par quoi le cri du sol s'échappe vers le ciel."

An examination of Hardy's fiction should reveal which stage of regionalism he chose, and why. I think it will be found that, while the modern regional novelist, perhaps encouraged thereto by "Clayhanger" and "The Card", which are portraits of individuals less for their own sake than as Five Towns types, tends to go all the way and attempt the *cri du sol*, Hardy halted at the penultimate stage, for very weighty and characteristic reasons.

At this time of day it is unnecessary to expatiate on the regional character of Hardy's backgrounds. The heath, the pasture, the forest, the ploughland, the valley and coast and mountain, of the six south-west counties of England for which he revived the extinct name of Wessex, have all entered English literature through the medium of his freshly beautiful or grandly

sombre descriptive passages. The amazing precision, the intense accuracy, with which Hardy depicts this Wessex background may perhaps usefully be recalled; close beside, and indeed feeding, his poetic vision of the well-loved landscape and the symbolism which made him begin so many of his novels with a character out of doors in direct contact with the Wessex soil, there runs a meticulous observation of detail which would do credit to the homeliest Dutch painter. Hardy knows every detail of Wessex weather and can tell the species of a tree in the dark; he observes the leathery skin of the toad, the shorn sheep's flush, the odd behaviour of thatch spiders; he has heard the barking-tool on trees sound "like the quack of a duck," and describes with prolonged realism the raking and rubbing and brushing and wailing of the passage of a gust of wind through grass. He shows indeed an altogether intense concentration upon each sight and sound of Wessex. Yet there is a certain casualness about his entrance upon this regional depiction. "The series of novels I projected being mainly of the kind called local," he observes, explaining how in "Far From the Madding Crowd" he first adopted the word Wessex, "they seemed to require a territorial definition of some sort to lend unity to their scene. Finding that the area of a single county did not afford a canvas large enough for this purpose, and that there were objections to an invented name, I disinterred the old one." This was in 1874, when "Desperate Remedies," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" were already written. Perhaps too much importance should not be attached to this, but the sequence of the ideas of fiction and Wessex in Hardy's mind is not without significance.

The regionalism of Hardy's characters is also too well known to require much discussion. Not merely his minor characters but his main protagonists are usually closely dependent for their livelihood on the Wessex soil. It has often been pointed out that the vitality of his characters is in direct proportion to this closeness; the peasants and farmers are completely alive, the innkeepers less so; the professional men recede, a little dim; by the time peers are reached, the vital cord has been stretched altogether too far, and scarcely any life-blood animates these puppet creations. Equally significant is the fact that whenever,

in Hardy's continual presentation of "the immortal puzzle" of love relations, two men are suitors to one woman, or two women love one man, it is always the lover of lower social rank whom Hardy prefers. He prefers shepherd to sergeant and farmer ("Far from the Madding Crowd"), but farmer to doctor ("Woodlanders"); carrier to vicar ("Under the Greenwood Tree"); ruddleman to innkeeper and country girl to captain's daughter ("Return of the Native"); poor country girl to rich country girl, but rich country girl to townswoman ("Woodlanders"). He prefers them, that is to say he makes them more agreeable to the reader. For the preservation of local legend and folk-lore, observes Hardy, the indispensable conditions are attachment to the soil of one particular spot by generation after generation. It is the personages of lower social rank, who are continuously attached to the soil because they lack the means to wander, who thus preserve these dear traditions; it is these personages whom Hardy delights to delineate.

These characters speak, in suitably varying degrees, the Wessex dialect. But here we come to a reservation. In a letter to the "Athenæum" in 1878 Hardy refers to "a somewhat vexed question," namely:

"... the representation in writing of the speech of the peasantry, when that writing is intended to show mainly the character of the speakers, and only to give a general idea of their linguistic peculiarities... If a writer attempts to exhibit on paper the precise accents of a rustic speaker, he disturbs the proper balance of a true representation by unduly insisting upon the grotesque element; thus directing attention to a point of inferior interest and diverting it from the speaker's meaning, which is by far the chief concern when the aim is to depict the men and their natures rather than their dialect forms."

In a word, Hardy is more concerned to present his characters' natures than the Wessex speech, which, in spite of his very real erudition in West Country dialect, he regards as a point of inferior interest. He goes on to explain how a sufficiently satisfying impression of peasant talk may be given by certain technical devices, such as a sparing use of local words combined with a retention of local syntax, and so on; but the reservation is an important one, and the reason for it no less important. The tide of regionalism has been definitely checked, and that, not for the sake of art, or for the reason alleged by George Eliot in similar case, namely the duty of the writer to be generally

intelligible, but because of a refusal to subordinate the individual to the local.

Passing from this to the plot element in Hardy's work, we find that while the incidents of the story are habitually regional the chain of causality has a regional link in only two of the Wessex novels: "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders". The tragedy of "The Return of the Native" springs directly from the interaction of the character of Eustacia Vye and the quality of Egdon Heath. It is to escape from sombre Egdon that Eustacia marries Clym Yeobright; the Heath is therefore an essential part of the action, the story could not take place without this piece of Wessex. The regional causality in "The Woodlanders" is less important; the "livier" system of leasehold, peculiar to Wessex, being only a contributory cause of Giles Winterborne's disasters. Indeed in the early pages of "The Woodlanders" Hardy writes a sentence which hints again at the limits set to regionalism in his writing. The village of Little Hintock, the scene of the action was, he says:

"... one of those sequestered spots... where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein."

It seems he has chosen Little Hintock because of the story rather than the story because it reveals Little Hintock; for Hardy, again, the human transcends the local, the individual the mass.

When we speak of Hardy as a regional novelist, then, we do so with important reservations. Hardy is not the mouthpiece of the soil in the Chanteclerian sense. He is not trying to express Wessex as a unit, whether political, agricultural, historical or economic. Indeed the great globe itself is too small a unit for Hardy; like Aldous Huxley, he is continually conscious of the cosmos. The famous passage describing "the roll of the world eastward" through starlit space is only the most explicit statement of a mental attitude which is implicit throughout Hardy's work; the capacity to stand on a clod of Wessex soil and perceive the universe—or, alternatively, to look at the Wessex soil from a point outside the universe, so as to include

the whole in a single view. It is indeed Hardy's peculiar contribution to fiction to take a Wessex peasant, intensely local in birth, speech and story, and set him against a background of the universe; in so doing he illuminates both Wessex and the universe, but the latter is his prime aim. His theme is the whole human race and its conditions of existence, as exemplified in Wessex; for he regards every living organism, whether human, animal or vegetable, as engaged in an unceasing struggle to find a working compromise between local conditions and the primal demands of its being implanted in it by the universal law of life. For a mere single human personality to attempt to impose its own individual will on such powerful forces—of which love, as the source of life, is the most powerful and therefore the most dangerous—is to Hardy, we all know, the measure of the tragic but superb foolhardiness of man. The intention, to Hardy, remains always necessarily unfulfilled; the struggle terminates always in the organism's ceasing to live.

There are, I would therefore suggest, two colours in Hardy's work: a local colour, red perhaps we may call it like the warm Devon soil, and a universal colour, blue perhaps like the firmament of heaven. It is the union of these colours which gives Hardy's work its sombre, its magnificent, its quite unsurpassably regal, purple.

EBB AND FLOW

By STEPHEN GWYNN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S not unexpected surrender has had an unexpected result; most observers thought that the succession would fall to Lord Halifax. Whatever may have determined the decision arrived at, and without the least disrespect to Lord Halifax, I rejoice to see Mr. Churchill where he should be, in such an hour. Since I sat on the Dardanelles Commission and had the chance to consider his policy when it was most fiercely arraigned, I have held that no man living in Great Britain had such gifts for the conduct of a great war; and all that he has done, including (it is no small addition) all that he has written, in these twenty years confirms my belief that he is the man for the task. The only thing that stands against him is the characteristic British distrust of a man who is not strictly of one party—and the deeper distrust of qualities in which imagination dominates. Mr. Chamberlain's appeal lay in his complete conformity to the best type of British business man. Mr. Churchill speaks a different language. So did Chatham, so did Pitt, so did Beaconsfield.

In fighting nations which have been indoctrinated from early schoolings with abstract ideas—ideas of power and glory, carrying with them their limitless demands for self sacrifice—there must be a counter appeal to something more than the maintenance of use and wont. Duty has its splendour and Mr. Chamberlain failed to make it felt. If so many looked to Lord Halifax it was because on many occasions he had lifted the appeal to a higher plane. What we may count on getting from Mr. Churchill is the inspiration of resolute action matched with an assertion of the nobility of just war. He has never allowed himself to be drawn into that unconsidered denunciation of war's beastliness which has in fact brought these horrors nearer to us.

The only way to avoid them is, just as in civil life, to establish an authority which will prevent robbery and murder, done in the name of national freedom. Mr. Chamberlain conceded much—too much—to the claims of nationality when he forced the Czechs to submit to 'drastic surgery'—that the Sudeten Germans might be liberated. But he gave a pledge, and so did France, which was countersigned by Germany, guaranteeing to the Czech nation freedom within its ordered boundaries. When that pledge was torn up by Germany, six months later, and when Poland was threatened, Mr. Chamberlain did not say in the first place that it was for Britain and for France to insist that promised justice should be done to the Czechs. What he did say was that Great Britain had never tolerated that one ambitious power should dominate Europe. That was not how in 1914 the British people were summoned to war.

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Mr. Chamberlain's attitude was that of a man who will respect legality even when it runs counter to plain justice. He failed—

Plain
Justice

and the decision lay with him—to recognize the full implications of the Allied task. There was no longer any law in Europe, no security for any state. No tribunal existed before which the offenders could be summoned or by whose order action for redress should be taken. France and Britain took on themselves, in their own interest, but also in the general interest, the duty of defending civilization. That duty has been made much more difficult by the attitude of the smaller states—each of which claimed the right absolutely to determine its own course, according to its conception of its own interest.

Here there is no question of cowardice; but there is question of a conception of duty. Put it into the most elementary terms: when a state is properly policed, the ordinary citizen can absolve himself from the duty of protecting his household. But when brigandage is rife the man who does not provide himself with arms cuts a poor figure. Denmark was virtually disarmed; and it would be a good thing if any small state were free to devote its entire energies to works of peace. That may yet become possible; but never if the small states, relying on outside help for defence, claim to set obstacles in the way of those

who have to deal with brigandage. Denmark like all other neutrals claimed the right to deny use of its territorial waters, and of transit through its territory, to the powers which were endeavouring to establish law in Europe.

From this no notorious inconvenience resulted during the first nine months; but then Denmark, being defenceless, became the jumping off point for a new leap of aggression—and, incidentally, was despoiled. Humiliation and calamity were the result of neglecting the duty of self defence, and of co-operation against enemies of society. The case of Norway and Sweden is more obviously instructive. When their neighbour state Finland was lawlessly attacked by Russia and was resisting with superb skill and heroism, Norway and Sweden decided not to come to her aid. Not only that, but when the Allies proposed to send a relieving expedition, both these countries declined to allow its passage. Yet the valour and the preparedness of Finland secures for her a considerable residue of complete independence—though after cruel sacrifices.

Meanwhile Germany which had threatened Norway and Sweden with invasion if they helped Finland against Germany's ally, was importing vital military material through Norwegian territorial waters; and the British Fleet, by Mr. Chamberlain's sense of legality, was constrained to look on. Finally, however, patience was tried too high when the Norwegian authorities allowed a German ship crammed with British prisoners to use this covered way; the 'Altmark' was boarded, defiantly; and the world at large approved—though Norway protested. Once this ice of legality was broken, action followed to deny the use of the corridor; mines were laid which should force ships following the coast out into open sea—and so into British control. The step was of surprising simplicity; it ought to have been taken from the first.

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Europe is to-day much in the state which California passed through in an early period. Then came the Vigilantes. They had no formal legal authority, they were self constituted but they introduced the reign of law. No private citizen would have been allowed to maintain the sanctity of his back garden, or even of his front door, when

A
Comparison

they wanted to get at a criminal. The allies were the Vigilantes of Europe. If in a military sense it had been advisable to force an expedition through Norway and Sweden, the thing should have been done. As for the technical violation of a privilege which Norway could not defend from abuse, nobody questions the justification for violating it. The charge to be answered is, Why not have set aside this technicality at once—and certainly from the moment when it was plain that Norway acted under duress of threats from Germany. If action had been taken promptly even against Norway's protest, in all probability Norway would be a free country to-day.

There remains the case of Sweden, whose press has complained that allied withdrawal from the Trondheim venture teaches the small nations that they must depend on themselves for help. Sweden's neighbours do not need to have this impressed on them. The Finns learnt that the States most nearly concerned were the least willing to help. But the supreme demonstration was in the case of Norway. When the elaborate treachery at Oslo partially miscarried, and the *Gneisenau* was sunk, Germany had, for a full day, only negligible forces in the city. Norwegian action was paralysed by the organized treachery, and also by a century's disuse of preparedness for military action; but Sweden within those twenty-four hours and the next two days could have brought forces to bear which would have turned the raid into a disaster for Germany. In short, Sweden again failed in what, if the issue is put in terms of ordinary citizenship, would have been elementary duty. With what result to Sweden's own freedom, who can say? But it seems clear that the Allies are under no obligation to be bound to Sweden by anything except consideration of what will serve their purpose. Their purpose is to establish justice, and for that it may be necessary to walk over legalities.

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Hitler's assumption of the supreme command is hardly less encouraging than Mr. Churchill's accession to leadership. It may mean that the Fuehrer thinks he understands war better than his general staff; it may mean that the General Staff has gone reluctantly into a desperate plunge. Yet in any case it must be assumed that the

Hitler in
Command

German military machine will act with ruthless efficiency. We shall see now how far the theory holds good that with modern conditions the defensive has the advantage: and how far superiority in the air, skilfully used, can countervail the handicap held by those who shoot from a prepared position. We shall see also how far the Germans really have superiority in the skies, when matched against forces that are, like them, fully equipped and prepared.

The Belgians know what it is to be under the German heel; none of the lesser Powers has had so bitter a lesson of what war may mean. Yet alone of the neutrals, when a neighbour neutral was threatened last autumn, Belgium instantly made it plain that if Holland were attacked, Belgium would make common cause against the aggressor and by that valiancy gained time for the Low Countries to make ready against what has now come upon them. King Albert has left a son worthy of his father; I could find no higher praise; and the Dutch have a woman sovereign who seems to embody their great qualities which have built up marts and palaces out of marshes and have made them exemplary rulers of dominions across the ocean, east and west. If the possessions of Holland and Belgium passed into Germany's keeping, the threat which to-day hangs over all Europe—which for five European peoples has meant subjugation to a savage rule—would hang over Africa and Asia and would reach almost to American shores. Wherever the name of Germany is spoken, it carries menace which must be faced at all costs for it is the threat of rapine and injustice.

CORRESPONDENCE

CAN WE SAVE THE SMALL NATION?

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

Sir—In my lifetime, I have seen a complete change of public opinion about small nations. Formerly, in a period dating roughly from the South African war of 1899-1902, these communities were regarded both by Conservatives and many Socialists as nothing but nuisances. The Primrose Leaguer and the Fabian were at one, though for different reasons, in scorning them. The latter saw little states as obstacles to "progress," while the former despised them as barriers to imperial expansion. Mr. Bernard Shaw scoffed at the Boer farmer as heartily as he scoffed at the peasant proprietors of France and Ireland, because they preferred to own their land and till it in the light of their experience instead of renting it from the Government and tilling it in accordance with leaflets from the Ministry of Agriculture; and Mr. H. G. Wells, with great versatility of mind, began his advocacy of "world-states" and his almost interminable tirades against nationality. Punctually every other autumn, in good time for the publishing season, Mr. Wells produced a new utopia from the ruins of its immediate predecessor.

Nearly all the arguments on this subject were based on the assumption that small nations are inhabited exclusively by witless reactionaries who neither can nor will make any contribution to the world's welfare; and intellectuals went about asserting that Home Rule for Ireland, which, nevertheless, they favoured, and a victory for Kruger would mean the surrender of Ireland to narrow-minded peasants who were incapable of a thought above pigs and potatoes, and the confirmation in power of obstinate fundamentalists who spent their spare time in making long quotations from the Old Testament, flogging blacks, opposing "progress," and preventing high-minded persons from gathering diamonds while they might! The tenacity with which this opinion was held is shown by the fact that Mr. Shaw, whose consistency of mind appeals less logical, but more reasonable, people, was expressing it in 1936, during the Italo-Abyssinian War, in almost exactly the same language in which he was expressing it in 1899-1902, during the Boer War. Mr. Wells, whose mind rebounds more easily than Mr. Shaw's, remains on this subject as consistent as his senior. He is still punctually producing utopias, and the septuagenarian Mr. Britling tries to see it through in 1940, as if he were still the fifty-year old Britling who, in 1916, saw it through, long before it was finished.

Is it not odd, sir, that the small nations should, even in moments of aberrance, have been abused by men of mind? The world's debt to these nations is immeasurable. How different would be the history of the world if Greece and Palestine had never existed! Rome overran them both, but, in spirit infinitely more than in body, they remain, though Rome went long ago. Babylon and Carthage are as dead as mutton. A single pebble from a young lad's sling stretched an armour-plated giant flat, defenceless and dead. Geneva, not for the first time and in despite of extreme discouragement, is still a centre of the world's hope. The British Commonwealth of Nations, which retains its strength by its denial of imperial policies and its assertion of individual rights and national liberties, sprang from the loins of Elizabethan England. Its members are so independent that one of them, Eire, is a neutral in the present war. The German Minister is still in Dublin. The contribution of Ireland to the establishment, culture and maintenance of the Commonwealth has been out of all proportion to its wealth and population. A single province of Ireland, Ulster, at once intensely imperial and national, has enriched every continent on this earth. The Commander-in-Chief of our Forces in France, Lord Gort, is Irish. Two of our Corps Commanders, Sir Alan Brooke and Sir John Dill, are Ulstermen. The contribution of the Scots to the Commonwealth has been as great as that of the Irish, and may have been greater.

It has not, sir, been the little nations which have disturbed so disastrously the peace of the world in the last thirty years, and he will be a very bold man who dares assert that life has been less happy, amenities fewer and intellectual life less highly developed in, say, the Scandinavian countries than it is in larger areas. Will anyone who has seen the beautiful Town Hall in Stockholm assert that that city is, architecturally, inferior to Berlin? A single Norwegian author, Ibsen, made Europe change its mind. Many complaints were made of Belgian refugees in 1914, but no one, so far as I can recall, said they were unbilletable. Had the fortune of war caused our "evacuees" to be sent to Belgium in September, 1939, would we have felt unashamed to let the Belgians see them? The little nations are not impeccable. Many of them are "backward" and, as Mr. Wells once said of the Balkans, in a "penny dreadful" state, but are any of them worse than Germany which was once considered to be the most highly developed community in the world? Are the Czechs and the Poles inferior to Russians and Germans in courage? Would not Stalin gladly have exchanged a dozen of his generals for one Mannerheim, and have given away a horde of his savages for a few Finns? When the records of this age are compiled, will anyone be found willing to say, 'I would rather have been a Russian than a Finn in 1940'? The men who defended Thermopylae were defeated and destroyed, but ask a schoolboy whom he wishes to emulate: Xerxes or Leonidas?

It is facts such as these which have helped to change the mind of mankind in regard to small nations. We no longer look on great aggregations of people, centrally controlled, with admiration and pride, and are less sure than we were

that we want a world in which a man may go from a Brixton at home to an identical Brixton abroad. We perceive that diversity of life, without which life itself cannot continue, is unlikely to remain in world-states, because such states, unless, like the British Commonwealth they deny their authority by decentralising it, are compelled to seek uniformity and eliminate opposition. A man may walk into Hyde Park and advocate the abolition of the monarchy, but no man, unless he wishes to be liquidated, dare stand in front of the Kremlin and advocate the restoration of the monarchy. Small nations are, no doubt, all that has been said in their denunciation, but, like the men mentioned in Ecclesiasticus, they maintain the state of the world. It was not the empires which fertilized the wilderness and made it blossom like the rose; it was the small nations. From these fountains, whose source is sometimes undiscoverable, the rivers run to feed the oceans. If nationalism, and especially the nationalism of small communities, can evoke such displays of selfless valour as were lately shewn by the Finns, can we profitably let that spirit be eliminated from our lives? Will vast, amorphous empires, dead wastes of world states, inhabited by people all alike in action, speech, habit and faith, all docile and spiritless, atone for the valiant individualists we have lost?

As things are, the life of the small nation is extremely precarious. It lives on the sufferance, not always tender, of its powerful neighbours. Many people in Eire must be speculating on what *their* fate would be to-day if it were not for the protection they receive from the British Navy. Great militaristic and totalitarian nations, ambitious to be empires, are eager not only to reduce small nations, as the Germans have reduced the Poles, to bondage, but are eager also to break their spirit and eliminate their minds. It may well appear to people like the Swedes that the possession of mineral wealth, such as iron ore, is a curse rather than a blessing, since it is a continuing temptation to larger aggregates of people who need it; and may feel that it is folly to make the wilderness blossom like a rose, since to do so, is to make oneself an object of envy to one's stronger neighbours. The abolition of war is of primary importance to small nations. They cannot survive in a world which is organized on the principle that his cause is just who gets his blow in first. Are we to let the assertion made to Herr Rauschning by Herr Hitler that the day of the small state is past, prevail? If not, how are we to save the small nation from being exploited or subdued or abolished? Non-aggression pacts are obviously not worth the ink that is wasted on them, and may justifiably be regarded as preliminary declarations of war.

Some people have reproached the League of Nations for failing, in a quarter of a century, to remove from mankind the passion for belligerency which has animated it for millions of years! The compliment to the League's authority implied in this reproach is too high, particularly as the League has no physical force behind it. How useless would be a policeman who had neither whistle nor truncheon and could not depend on aid from the passer-by! The League's position is worse than that of our imaginary policeman, for it

cannot depend on support from its own members. How parlous would be the policeman's plight, if, while weaponless, he tried to arrest an armed burglar knowing that he could not hope for assistance from onlookers or the rest of the force!

Force is a fact. To disregard it is perilous and puerile. The spirit of nationality is a fact. A man will die for his country who can less easily be persuaded to live for it. If nationality be a curse, as the "world-staters" allege, how do they account for the Jews, who, though relieved of its burden for many centuries, passionately wish to resume it? The desire of the overwhelming mass of mankind for peace is a fact. The sigh of relief which the world heaved when Mr. Chamberlain flew to Berchtesgaden is a measure of that desire. Can we, sir, reconcile these three facts to the general advantage?

Mr. A. J. Jacobs, in a remarkable small book, entitled *Peace Without Pledges*, which has obtained the commendation of Mr. Wickham Steed, has proposed a plan, outlined at first in another small book, entitled *Neutrality versus Justice*, but repeated and amplified in the book I have previously named. It offers, in my belief, the nucleus of a scheme to render bellicose spirits less potent for destruction. Mr. Jacobs' plan was considered favourably by the late Lord Bryce, the late Lord Parker of Waddington, the late Lord Phillimore, Professor Brierley, Chichele Professor of International Law, Sir Alfred Zimmern, Mr. Elihu Root and other eminent authorities. I cannot expect you to give me space to set it out in detail, but I may, perhaps, summarize it.

His argument is that an attitude of general neutrality during a time of threatened war is incompatible with peace or justice between nations. Joint action to prevent aggressions need not be pledged in advance of threats of war, but can be taken more effectively when occasions for it arise, by any group of states which are, jointly, strong enough to defeat an aggressor in the unlikely event of their failing, by the mere announcement of their adhesion, to deter him from his aggressive acts. The limitation of sovereign authority which is implicit in any scheme for curbing aggressors cannot be achieved by formal acceptance of the scheme, but will be produced automatically by collective resistance to their attacks. Mr. Jacobs points out that no victory by the Allies over the Germans, however complete it may be, nor any settlement, however justly it is arranged, can provide a safeguard in the future against warlike acts by Germany or any other nation. We have, therefore, to devise more than a Peace Treaty by victorious Allies. We must somehow induce nations to behave towards each other at least as well as individuals do. A man who has suffered grievous wrong of a kind that the law cannot redress, is not allowed to revenge himself. If he kills his enemy, he may be hanged for murder, and will certainly be put in prison. Should his murderous intention become known, he will be restrained by force from committing his crime. That, sir, very summarily, is the scheme proposed by Mr. Jacobs. In the presence of a threat of war by one sovereign state against

another, great nations desiring peace for themselves and for others, must recognize the responsibility that goes with their possession of power, and, at the first appearance of danger, promptly ascertain whether any group of them who may be willing to co-operate to preserve the peace, possess sufficient power to justify them in declaring that the threatened attack, if perpetrated, shall be treated as an act of war against themselves to be resisted by their joint forces.

Our first task is to subdue and defeat the Germans, and we must not be diverted from that task, but it is only the *first* task. Their subjugation and defeat will be useless if, twenty-five years hence, those who are now in their cradles have to be called to arms, just as those who, twenty-five years ago, were in their cradles, or not yet born, have been called to arms since September. We are organizing ourselves for war. We must also organize ourselves for peace. It is not enough to prepare our bodies for death; we must prepare our minds for life.

Yours sincerely,

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Honey Ditches, Seaton, Devon.

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SOUND SCHOLARSHIP

By PROFESSOR R. B. MOWAT

THE EASTERN QUESTION, AN HISTORICAL STUDY IN EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Fourth Edition. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY, by G. P. Gooch. Fourth Edition. Longmans. 10s.

That both these books should be in their fourth edition is a testimony to the interest of the public in reading works of sound historical scholarship. Both are timely in their reissue now, as the problems which they handle are still influencing the destinies of mankind.

Sir John Marriott's book is the work of a man who has made his mark in teaching, in politics and in writing. It has the characteristics of the Oxford Final School of Modern History, accurate and broad in its sweep, regarding modern history as including the last century of the Roman Empire and coming down to the present day. Many generations of undergraduates have read essays on various aspects of the Eastern Question to Sir John Marriott. Anyone reading the book now may almost seem to hear him discoursing on the essays in his room in Worcester College—not that I ever did so (having been nurtured in another

Society), but Sir John was one of the best known tutors in the University.

The Eastern Question was written during the World War and was completed in the Spring of 1917. It is pleasant and encouraging now to read the tranquil preface. April, 1917 (when the Preface is dated) was as anxious a time as April, 1940—worse perhaps; for Dr. Gooch in *Recent Revelations* quotes from a conversation of Admiral Jellicoe with Admiral Sims of the United States Navy in April, 1917. Jellicoe said, referring to the Germans' success in sinking Allied merchant ships—"They will win unless we can stop these losses and stop them soon." Sims asks, "Is there no solution for the problem?" Jellicoe replies: "Absolutely none that we can see now." Sir John Marriott, prefacing his *Eastern Question* at that agonising moment, refers to the situation only by saying: "I have no misgivings as to the importance or the timeliness of the task I have essayed." The task was the writing of a book on the continuous history of the Eastern Question, on the Eastern Question as a whole. That it is a complete and concise narrative of the whole thing is its great merit.

The Eastern Question is a very pleasant narrative to read, by reason of its fluent style, its firm yet easy command of facts, its excellent black and white

maps. After two introductory chapters it goes direct to the Ottoman conquests in Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the Ottoman Empire at its zenith in the sixteenth century; the decline in the seventeenth; the fascinating eighteenth century—Peter the Great, Catherine II, Joseph II; the vision and dynamism of Napoleon. All this takes up about one-third of the volume. These follow the War of Greek Independence, the Crimean War (which gave the Porte a respite of twenty years in which it failed to reform itself); the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 and the Congress of Berlin. After this there are still about 240 pages bringing the story down to 1914; and next, Epilogue on Epilogue, three of them, as each successive edition was called for, down to 1939. They are very good epilogues, but very concentrated, so that they rather whet one's appetite for a whole volume, a complete story, of the Eastern Question from 1914 to the present day. For now the Sick Man of Europe has become one of the leading Mediterranean Powers and a pillar of political equilibrium there. In the first edition Sir John wrote that the Problem of the Near East is "unchanging". In the most recent Epilogue he notes that one aspect of the immemorial problem is closed with the creation of a modern state, the birth of a new nation. There is to-day a vital New Eastern Question but the achievement of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk has made it a substantially different one from that which Sir John Marriott has so ably handled over its seven centuries of activity.

Dr. Gooch's *Recent Revelations in European Diplomacy* is not a historical narrative. It is a series of studies on the historical material, chiefly state

papers and personal memoirs, issued since the World War and bearing on the relations of the Powers from 1871 to 1920. Never in any similar number of years has so much material dealing with recent history been put forth as since 1919. During the War itself some important papers were published, and Dr. Gooch has not ignored these. The great issue, however, began with the German Republican Government's *Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette* in fifty-two volumes, and was continued by most of the states which actively participated in the War. Dr. Gooch himself, with Temperley, edited the magnificent series of the British Government, *British Documents on the Origins of the War*. The *Recent Revelations*, in a series of beautifully composed studies, condenses the information given not only in the official volumes, and in the well-known memoirs of statesmen like Lloyd George, Sazonov, Grey, House, but also in scores of lesser known books of journalists, soldiers, politicians, in sixteen European countries and in the United States. It can only be called a very remarkable work. Probably nobody has read so much of the diplomatic histories and other material issued in the last twenty years as Dr. Gooch. Certainly nobody has both seen the essential points in their due historical proportion and put these into a single volume, 70 pages, of graceful exposition. It is a profound learning borne with consummate ease, and made available in attractive form for the intelligent public. People who are going to read this book must be prepared to modify their pre-conceived judgments, for Dr. Gooch gives out the authentic information from the books he has read with complete candour.

IF GERMANY ATTACKS, by Captain G. C. Wynne. *Faber & Faber*. 12s. 6d.

Fighting defensively on the Western Front, from the end of 1914 to the end of 1917, the German General Staff had exceptional opportunities, and need, to develop their theories of defensive tactics to meet the ever growing weight of numbers and material the Allies brought against them.

In its final form their doctrine provided for a well organized system of defence in depth, a greater delegation of responsibility to the commanders of divisions and their subordinates holding the front, and a simplification of the chain of command. Although defence works were multiplied in depth, the keynote of the doctrine was, that the defensive battle should be fought on the principle of parry and thrust, and in the open, not in the shelter of elaborate fortifications. Immediate counter-attack, while assaulting troops were still disorganized by the resistance they encountered during their advance, and before they could consolidate their gains, was insisted on. The disposition of reserves, to enable them to intervene without delay in the combat, was therefore an essential feature of the organization; and reserves acted under the orders of the commander of the troops with which they co-operated, irrespective of seniority.

The Germans were fortunate in finding in Colonel von Lossberg a man capable of applying theory to practice. Possessing exceptional physical and mental energy, eagerness to accept responsibility and a remarkable flair for the tactical value of ground, he saved the situation in many crises.

The theories of defence evolved in the

last war, it is understood, still hold the field in the German Army of to-day; though the development of modern weapons may have affected the design of works and their distribution in still greater depth. Captain Wynne's book, which, in spite of its title, is essentially a study of the evolution of German defensive theories, is all the more interesting for that reason. Those who have been impressed by the elaborate works of the Siegfried position, by reading his account, will find indications of how the Germans would fight battles within it, should it ever be attacked.

The question that arises is, are the German theories sound? They were developed from experience of attacks which, in most cases, were undertaken with a view to break through the defensive positions and thus open the way for strategic manoeuvre. Delivered under cover of tremendous artillery fire and on a rigid programme they generally succeeded in capturing the advanced lines but failed to achieve a complete break through. The further the attack penetrated, however, the greater its difficulties became, through the disorganization of plans and loss of artillery support. Counter-attacks under such conditions proved very effective. But counter-attacks, where the attacking artillery could observe the progress of the fight generally failed; with great losses and with resulting disorganization of the defence. This occurred most frequently when the objectives of the attack were limited. Rigidity of plans, however, tended to deprive the attacker of opportunities which then arose of effecting further gains.

Captain Wynne suggests that the German doctrine would reveal elements

of weakness were it to meet attacks less rigidly conducted, and with greater attention to the effect of natural features of the ground on tactics. He questions too whether, in their traditional worship of physical courage, the Germans are not inclined to ignore the vulnerability of the unprotected human body under the immense volume of fire modern weapons produce.

One may not agree with all his criticisms and comments, but Capt. Wynne has certainly produced a book which soldiers should read and which the layman, who may be inclined to estimate the strength of defensive positions by the nature of the defensive works they contain, will find enlightening.

MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE,
by Lord Strabolgi. *Hutchinson.*
7s. 6d.

THE MERCHANT NAVY FIGHTS, by
A. D. Divine. *Murray.* 2s. 6d.

The Battle of the River Plate is a somewhat misleading title of Lord Strabolgi's book, for the description of the engagement hardly occupies more than some 14 pages out of a total of 260. It is the story of the cruise of the *Graf Spee*, its object, the considerations of strategy strength and of the diplomacy affecting her stay in Montevideo; and it ends with an account of the episode of her auxiliary, the *Altmark*.

So far as the *Graf Spee* was concerned the results of her hundred days cruise were poor. They were less than those of the small German cruisers or the armed ship *Moewe*. German writers have glorified her operations, but in actual fact there was no particular brilliancy in going across the Atlantic

and back in open waters where the chances of her interception were extremely small. On the other hand we have reason to be very satisfied with the dispositions made of our light cruisers for defence. Individually weaker, they were concentrated, and the *Graf Spee* was lucky in that one of the more powerful of the squadron happened to be absent for purposes of refit at the time of the meeting.

As it was, however, her armaments were more powerful than those of her three opponents combined, whose total broadsides weighed 3,136 lbs. against the *Graf Spee's* 4,740. It was the tactics employed by the Commodore and his captains and the extreme boldness of their movements which gave the British squadron a victory over superior force.

The diplomatic efforts made to extend the time of her stay in Montevideo harbour are well set out by Lord Strabolgi. The correspondence shows that the Uruguayan authorities behaved with strict correctitude throughout the negotiations, leaning if anything in favour of the German ship. Every diplomatic resource from argument to threat was brought to bear in order to gain time, but fortunately for Uruguay she is not a close neighbour of Nazi Germany, and she had the promised support of the American maritime powers; hence neither bluff nor intimidation were of any avail.

From his description of the *Graf Spee's* cruise Lord Strabolgi passes to the adventure of the *Altmark*. The manner in which the rescue of the British prisoners was achieved by the *Cossack* is beyond praise. The difficulty of bringing a destroyer into an unlighted harbour and laying her alongside the enemy ship can be appreciated by every

seaman, and it is no less a matter of congratulation that the boarding party numbered no more than thirty men who overcame four times their numbers.

The Merchant Navy Fights is a most gallant record. The book might well be called "A Little Cargo of Courage", to use an expression describing the squadron sent out under Hawke to retrieve Byng's failure off Minorca. It would be very hard to find finer examples of dogged determination and sheer pluck than those given by the captains and crews of the little tramp steamers of the Ropner Line of Hartlepool. No men ever better deserved their honours than the masters of the *Stonepool*, *Heronspool* and *Rockpool*. Whether one considers the way in which they handled their ships, replied to the enemy's fire or conducted their engagements, one is left with the feeling that in these men we have as fine a fighting material as exists in the world. One misapprehension must, however, be referred to. Mr. Divine remarks that a merchantman is confined by International Law to defending herself, and is not entitled to carry on a battle once she has achieved this end. This is incorrect. A merchantman is competent to continue and pursue an enemy who has taken to flight and to seize her. This is the recorded opinion of the authoritative writer on International Law, Professor Oppenheim.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY, by
Harold J. Laski. *George Allen & Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The President of the United States holds in his hands a greater potential power than the ruler of any other state. In an emergency and for the duration of his legal term the President, an

executive of the strongest nation in the world, wields more power than any democratic premier or any totalitarian dictator. That there should have been no full-length study of his office by an English scholar is only explicable by the extraordinary indifference of the average Britain to the politics of America. In remedying this defect Professor Laski earns our especial thanks in a year when the fate of Europe may well hang upon the presidential election in the United States.

Delivered originally as a series of lectures at the University of Indiana, Professor Laski's book is an attempt, not so much to describe to an American audience the constitutional status of their own chief executive as rather to analyse his office in relation to certain developments in American society and politics which an outside observer, especially one who is at the same time so familiar with America as Professor Laski, is perhaps peculiarly able to discern. Those developments, which were unforeseen by the Fathers who drew up the Constitution in the very different social and political context of 1787, have, in Professor Laski's view, gone far to defeat the paternal plans and to invalidate the paternal ideals. The 'United States' have expanded into a continent and contracted into a nation. Free enterprise now finds its ceiling zero at the same moment as government awakes to put a floor under hours and wages. And the loudest affirmations of isolationism cannot drown the thunder of world conflict that echoes within the very borders of Washington's 'unentangled' America. These changes demand, in Laski's opinion, the conversion of the "negative" state of 18th century philosophers

and 19th century business men into the "positive" state which the New Deal very dimly foreshadows. This in turn involves the transcendence of that American sectionalism which has detained political parties in an infancy of faction-fighting and retarded the growth of the federal power, thereby enabling entrenched interests to use Congress as an instrument of obstruction and public plunder. "State rights", as the 1936 election showed, have become a camouflage for business interests and the division of powers, as the handling of the Finnish loan recently revealed, is merely a mechanism for the avoidance of responsibility.

It is this combination of irresponsibility and disunity in the workings of the American system that worries Professor Laski. It is in this light that he examines the Presidency in its three-fold relation, to Cabinet, Congress and the People, and it is to the Presidency as the only organ of national leadership and initiative, that he looks to correct this condition of affairs. To achieve this the President must be assisted by a more efficient secretariat and by a cabinet of something more than "yes-men" or mere departmental heads. Above all, for no mechanical improvements are substitutes for the human element, the dynamic of a new type of President is needed: America cannot afford any more Warren Hardings. On parties too this will have its effect; presented with real issues, their shadow-boxing must be replaced by a real alignment of social forces, and Presidential leadership will involve allegiance to a policy as well as to a name. Congress in turn will become more a battleground for "administration" versus "opposition" than a site for log-rolling and self-assertion.

Professor Laski's thesis in fact is far-reaching in its implications and most stimulating in all its parts. It gains immeasurably by his steadfast refusal to think out his problem in any but American terms or to make over the Constitution to any cut and dried formula. Opinion may differ as to the feasibility of his reforms—does he concede enough to the strength and appropriateness of the sectionalism of a continent?—but the onus is on his critics to propound a better way.

H. G. NICHOLAS.

THE MEDIEVAL FENLAND, by H. C.

Darby. *Cambridge University*. 12s. 6d.

THE DRAINING OF THE FENS, by

H. C. Darby. *Cambridge University*. 21s.

All those who are in contact with the part of the country dealt with in these two books must be grateful to Dr. Darby for the admirable way in which he has marshalled the mass of evidence of the long history of the Fenland. To add to the more general sources of information, Dugdale, Badslade, Wells and others, he has brought from their hiding places many new references that are of the utmost value. This alone is ample evidence of the labour involved.

That so long a time should elapse between major works on the Fens as that between Skertchley's *Geology of the Fenland* of 1877 and the books under review is surprising only to those who have only a superficial knowledge of the district, for a more involved history it would be hard to find. It is to be hoped that *The Medieval Fenland* and *The Draining of the Fens* will not be neglected as Skertchley's book has been.

To give a dog a bad name and hang him is an old proverb, and the bad

reputation of the Fens is not improved by occasional publicity in the Daily Press when the "Bailiff of Bedford"—the Ouse in flood—gets abroad. Then the old cries—ruin for the farmers; the Government should do something—are heard which are similar in every respect to those constantly recurring in these books. Like so many of these items of news they are only half the tale and the prosperous periods are not mentioned. In *The Medieval Fenland*, Dr. Darby has rightly emphasized that there were good times as well as bad and that the Fenman had other occupations than fowling and wading about up to his neck in water.

Another reason for the lack of interest generally in the Fens is the view obtained by travellers by road or train; a flat plain, with here and there a bank.

a drain, or a row of wind-breaking trees. This is the view to-day and as it has appeared throughout the centuries. But these features mark the very essence of Fen history, for the banks and drains, running for miles, are the connecting links that explain the trouble between neighbours, appeals to the Crown, lawsuits and more forcible bickerings that are so freely quoted. It is here that Dr. Darby fails somewhat to please—for though many references are made in his pages to the Cuts and their makers, it is difficult to follow the connection between one water-way and another and so realize the importance of the changes that disturbed the countryside. The difficulty is a serious one, for even with an intimate knowledge of a definite area, the distance travelled by the water, the frequent

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Union Franco-Britannique. Par Professor J. T. DELOS (Lille)
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crossing of one drain by another, with gates, sluices, etc., present a jig-saw puzzle of no mean order.

A disappointing feature is the impression left by *The Draining of the Fens* that Fen history is one long lawsuit, for very little is said about the magnitude of the work done. That this is inferred is true, but a chapter on the immense labour involved, and what it means to build banks with poor material and no machinery would have been most welcome. What a fine tale could have been told of Telford's and Rennie Junr's. handling of the Nene outfall, or the damming of the Middle Level main drain by Hawkshaw! But the economic chapters are most enlightening, and are a great advance on anything previously written.

Both books are well illustrated by maps, diagrams and photographs. All are excellent, the maps calling for special commendation. The photographs are attractive enough to encourage those who visit the cathedrals of Ely and Lincoln to venture further into the Fens. In this connection it would have been more satisfactory to have had the actual photograph of the Middle Level Sluice, which is available.

Of the present day Dr. Darby is silent, but his books are ample proof of the necessity for some central control, and I think that anyone in doubt as to the wisdom of the 1930 Act and its administrative method would be convinced of its value by a study of these pages.

C. V. ARMITAGE.

JOHN PYM, by S. Reed Brett. *Murray*. 10s. 6d.

We are all apt to read political history in the light of our own times. This danger is involved in the career of John

Pym, and it cannot be said that Mr. Brett's biography avoids it. There is more than one use of the term "responsible government" in a sense as modern as it is repellent to the current ideas of Englishmen in the first half of the seventeenth century. It was not accepted in the meaning ascribed to Pym by William III., Anne or even George III.

Again, the author permits himself to speculate on what might have happened if Pym had lived a few years longer. His conclusion is that the Army would never have gained control of Parliament and that Pym would never have assented to the death of the King. Another reading of events is that all that followed was implicit in the actions of the Long Parliament during Pym's dominance—down to that cold January morning in Whitehall in 1649.

In fact it is still difficult or impossible for Englishmen to hold the scales even. All that episode would lose its colour for us if we could be coldly judicial. Those who read a biography of John Pym must come to it with a generous allowance of partisanship. Mr. Brett does not conceal his own, though he is scrupulous in presenting both sides. Many pages are warmed by Pym's own eloquence. An example is the speech affirming, for all its doubtful precedents, that "the petitions of the subjects, on which those charters and acts of [earlier reigns] were founded, were ever Petitions of Rights, demanding their ancient and due liberties, not suing for new".

Yet immediately afterwards we fall from the high theme of illegal taxation to a narrow sectarian debate. James I's insight was justified. No Bishop, no King. Puritanism became republicanism in abolishing episcopacy. Clarendon has marked the dividing line.

It was during the debate on the Bill to take away bishops' votes. "Root and branch . . . grew shortly after a common expression, and discovery of the several tempers". He adds that "Mr. Pym was not of that mind". Not yet. He became a Root and Branch man at the decisive moment, when not merely bishops' votes but bishops were abolished. Again in Strafford's impeachment Pym was at first opposed to the Bill of Attainder. Mr. Brett says he "was convinced that whether the laws declared Strafford to be technically guilty or not, morally he was guilty".

The author has done his best to be fair. He quotes Gardiner against himself and shows adequate knowledge of all recent authorities. We look in vain for much personal background; what Mr. Brett gives us is new and interesting. Pym was a substantial Devon landowner. He engaged with other Parliamentary Puritans in the colonizing venture of Providence, in the Caribbean Sea; the instructions to the Company's agents mingled piety with commercial zeal. But Pym died a poor man. His own history is controversial but exhilarating. The text of his speeches is really the heart of the book.

W. THOMSON HILL.

KITTY FOYLE, by Christopher Morley.

Faber and Faber. 8s. 3d.

OTHER GODS, by Pearl Buck.

Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

SUN ON THE WATERS, by L. A. G.

Strong. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Morley has a sub-title to *Kitty Foyle* which runs as follows: "The Natural history of a woman". Unfortunately there is little in it to warrant such a contention. It is the story of an

American girl from childhood up to the age of twenty-eight or so, and reads very much like many other stories about American girls. It is written in the first person, in rather the stream of consciousness method, and rambles along through various phases of the narrator's development, physical and mental. As Kitty's development never gets very far this is not very interesting, and one gets tired of the banality of viewpoint, the little sentiments, the little doses of nostalgia, the petty feminine vulgarity of it all. It may indeed be a history of a woman, but there seems little that is natural in it. The essential non-fastidiousness of real womanhood, the earthiness which is as simple and candid as a flower or an animal is completely missing, and in its place stands a very superficial example

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of a young American miss with no emotions either above or below a certain level, with no intellect, in fact with nothing to recommend her but a sort of matiness, a feminine good chap. The minor characters, Pop, old Martha, Wyn the lover, are likeable also, but one never grasps them, they exist in a kind of haze, due possibly to the manner of narration. Nevertheless for those who can enjoy a glib, easy-running book about nothing of much importance, it has its entertainment value. Mediocrity with the golden touch might be the most apt description of *Kitty Foyle*.

I have not hitherto read any of Miss Pearl Buck's books, yet I feel sure that *Other Gods* does not give a new reader a fair idea of her capabilities as a novelist. It gives one the impression that it was written when she was tired—or perhaps dispirited. Not once does it rise above the humdrum level of an ordinary competent novel. Yet the story is a good one. A young American, Bert Holm, climbs a mountain and becomes America's Hero No. 1. His entire life, personality and affairs now become the property of the Public Relations Council, and a publicity agent. Henceforward he is "built up" into something "rich and strange", poor honest hick. But his hide-thick American insensitiveness saves him, though it makes a tragedy of the lives of his wife, his spiritual opposite, and a young intellectual playwright who loves her. Bert Holm however comes through it all, complete. Such a theme holds possibilities, the psychological drama for instance calls for extension and exploitation (in fact the end of the book is both tragic and ironic), but Miss Buck never once takes up the challenge. The subsidiary characters are shadowy and only half conceived, though Mr.

Brame, the publicity agent, is good, and so are Bert's father and mother, but the more delicate side issues, the undercurrents of thought and behaviour are left undeveloped, and what remains is little more than a good plot for the American films. It is good entertainment nevertheless, interesting, and exciting enough to carry the reader along, but one expects considerably more from Miss Buck than this. It is a disappointing book.

Sun on the Waters is quite different. Mr. Strong's is a collection of very nice stories. They are all well told, picturesque, and most of them are Irish in setting. Some are grave, some gay, and nearly all of them good. But none excites or arrests, there is nothing new in them. The experiences seem quite ordinary, and a whole book of them tends to bore. Mr. Strong's stature still remains with *The English Captain*, and in his own way he is undoubtedly a better artist than either Miss Buck or Mr. Morley.

69076. JAMES HANLEY.

How to Look at Old Buildings (Batsford 3s. 6d.) is a refreshingly lively book. Mr. Vale covers rather too much ground to allow him to get his continuous flow of information and amusing and unusual "asides" home to his readers. The book is easy to read, indeed almost too self-consciously unpompous. Mr. Vale skips about with his colloquialisms and pleasant irrelevances like a parson showing a party of hikers round his church and wanting to appear as much as possible "one of the boys" but he does it well and never lets go of the theme that by knowing about buildings we can "deduce something about the potentialities of their living communities." EDWARD CARTER.