

Her victory gave her the same rights of trade and residence in China as other nations had for fifty years enjoyed, but if her commerce with that country in 1899 nearly equalled our own the amount of capital she had invested in it was negligible. Less than a fifth of the foreigners in China were Japanese, and not more than two per cent. of them were in Manchuria. The United Kingdom did rather more than a nice little business with her, our exports to her in 1899 amounting to round about £8,000,000. Nice and little, however, were the terms most frequently used of Japan as a country, the former embracing a growing admiration not only for her fighting qualities and the heroic elements in her history, but for her charming scenery and her art. Whistler had communicated to London much of the admiration felt for Japanese prints and paintings in Paris. Sir Rutherford Alcock's *The Capital of the Tycoon*, Lord Redesdale's *Tales of Old Japan*, and Miss Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* had pleased many readers, while a much larger number of people had derived infinite enjoyment from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*. Lafcadio Hearn's appreciation of things Japanese was also spreading. But Japan was not yet generally thought of in terms either of commercial or political power, while the docility with which she had given up the "small corner" referred to by *The Times* at the bidding of France, Russia and Germany, had created the impression that she was as tractable in political affairs as she was charming on screens and fans.

Today the world's estimate, particularly the estimate of the English-speaking world, is very different. For to-day Japan is a formidable naval Power, and has decided to spend more upon her Fleet than she has ever spent before, even in 1921 when she was building competitively with the United States. She makes, indeed, no secret of the fact that she is preparing to face in 1935 what she regards as three risks: the risk of being required, upon her withdrawal from the League, to give up the islands in the Pacific over which she now exercises a mandate; the risk of disagreement with other Powers at the Naval Conference, and the risk of hostility on the part of Russia upon completion of the second Five-Year Plan.

The course followed by her domestic politics since May 1932 shows how obsessed she has become by the twin conceptions of

power and conflict. On the 15th of that month, it will be remembered, her Prime Minister, Mr. Inukai, was assassinated by members of the so-called Naval and Military Officers Association; the explanation of the crime most widely accepted in Tokyo at the time was that it was the outcome of nationalist fanaticism. The event was followed by the institution of a National Government with Admiral Saito at its head and with General Araki as Minister of War, the latter's view being that Parliament is decadent and politicians corrupt. That opinion received great publicity last September during the trial of the officers concerned in the assassination, the Tokyo correspondent of *The Times* stating that "it is universally admitted that in present circumstances the only effective Government for Japan is one that the Army trusts." At the end of September, revised regulations were promulgated giving the Chief of the General Staff of the Navy authority, both in peace and war, to convey instructions directly to commanders without requiring the sanction of the Minister of Marine. Both the Seiyukai and the Minseito are represented in the Government, but for the time being party influence and that of Parliament have both been curtailed.

Moreover, Japan is in a fair way to becoming, if she cannot yet be said—in view of the difficulties which still confront her—to have become, a continental Power; and she has shown herself sufficiently confident of her control over a territory which, including Jehol, is bigger than France and Germany combined, to defy the collective wishes both of China and the Western world. Today, too, Japan's trade which, before the world slump began, had increased to 4,364 million yen, is in the neighbourhood of 3,000 million, its total for the first nine months of 1933, according to Japanese official figures, being over 2,899 million yen. That represents a total increase of 801 million over the first nine months of 1932, though it should be noted that the yen has dropped from 2s. two years ago to about 1s. 2½d. today.

Largely, though by no means entirely, owing to this fact, the export of practically all Japanese manufactured goods shows an increase in value and in several cases a quantitative increase, the chief increases in the case of Japan Proper being in cotton tissues, 88,000,000 yen; in woollen tissues, 6,700,000; in silk tissues,

20,400,000; in machinery, 9,800,000; and in miscellaneous manufactured goods, 71,800,000. These increases have aroused great concern, partly in view of the fact that Japan's exports are entering markets in which we have hitherto regarded ourselves as possessing a proprietary interest. Lancashire and Yorkshire are particularly affected, but there is hardly less concern in other centres. As a consequence, negotiations have been in progress between ourselves, the Japanese and India, and between India and the Japanese, it is uncertain at the time of writing with what result. The Federation of British Industries has issued a report entitled *The Menace of Japanese Competition*; other bodies have issued reports; much of the time of the House of Commons has been occupied by the subject; the Press has been full of it, and on November 30th the *Manchester Guardian* thought it wise—as undoubtedly it was—to strike the following note:

However we may view the future of Japanese competition, it is surely folly to refuse to exhaust every means of peaceful adjustment before opening an offensive the end of which no one can see, and of which the most that can be said is that the more vigorously it is pursued the more dangerous will be the consequences to the peace of the world.

Now while trade returns show clearly that in normal times (and for the fact that they are abnormal Japan is not responsible) the phenomenon of Nippon's risen sun would neither have been nor have seemed so disturbing—for, after all, the mere quickness of its rise has been perfectly obvious for years past—there is no doubt that in the political and economic conditions of today her dawn seems to many to have come up like thunder. That simile, it will be remembered, occurs in a line of what was once an almost boringly popular song, and the line continues with the words "out of China 'cross the bay." Its quotation here is consonant not merely with the surprise which is showing itself at the emergence of effective competition from an Eastern country—for the military competition which resulted in the defeat of Russia by Japan in 1904-5, while it electrified Asia and set all sorts of forces in motion there, never disturbed the complacency of Western Europe or America—but also with the much more important fact that the civilization which is so successfully expressing itself in terms borrowed from our own is to a very large extent Chinese; derives much of its economic sustenance

from China, and is re-transmitting to her some of its own dynamic power. That fact, on its economic side, is conjuring up visions of increased armies of factory workers with a low standard of living and in receipt of low wages, while on its political side it is reviving ideas connoted by the phrase "yellow peril". It seems decidedly worth while to examine these conceptions, with a view to determining how much matter of fact there is in them. For they are not without matter of fact.

A line of approach lies through the circumstances attendant upon Japan's control over Manchuria and Jehol, which, besides being rich in raw materials, constitute a dominating position in relation to North China.

There is a widespread belief that Manchuria will convert Japan into an industrial Colossus by providing her with ample supplies of the raw materials which Japan Proper lacks. According to Japanese official figures, the total iron ore reserves of Japan Proper are 80,000,000 tons, of which, in the opinion of American experts, only half is employable in modern furnaces. And these reserves, to quote from Mr. John E. Orchard's *Japan's Economic Position*, would only supply the blast furnaces of the United States for slightly more than one year, while the utilizable ore would be sufficient for not more than six months' consumption.

The relative poverty of the coal reserves of Japan Proper, including Karafuto and Formosa, can best be indicated by some comparative figures. Where Great Britain has about 4,000 tons per capita, France 400 tons, Germany 4,000 tons and the United States over 27,000 tons, Japan Proper has only 118 tons. Moreover, little of Japan's coal can be used for the production of metallurgical coke. Thus the Imperial Steel Works at Yawata, which use more coke than any others in the country, has to import its coke-making coal from the Kaiping mines near Tientsin. Of petroleum, which is said to have been the first mineral produced in Japan, there is little—so little that what Japan can produce in a year is less than what the United States produce in a day.

Furthermore, as everybody knows, Japan Proper cannot grow enough rice for her population. The production of rice has been

approximately doubled since 1880, but so has the population. The area of rice-growing land also has been increased by less than one-fifth. In other words, to quote Mr. W. R. Crocker's *The Japanese Population Problem*, the bulk of her additional crop has come from a higher yield per acre, not from an extension of the area cropped; and as the yield per acre is already very high—more than three times as high as it is in India, and only a little less than three times as high as it is in Java—the limit of intensification has probably been reached. In these circumstances, Japan has to import about a fifth of what she consumes, two-thirds of the imported quantity coming from Korea and Formosa. Production can be increased there but not, in Mr. Crocker's opinion, "to the figure necessary to supply Japan to the amount of the deficit which her present consumption will leave her a couple of decades hence."

As far as rice supplies are concerned, Japan's control over Manchuria, assuming that she manages to "hit it off" with the Chinese population, will relieve her of a great deal of anxiety. Nor is there any doubt that, subject to the same condition, Manchuria's supplies of iron ore, coal and shale oil will be of considerable help to her. On the other hand, if the opinion of American experts and of the Japanese themselves is well founded, the prevalent belief that these three raw materials are available in very large quantities is untenable.

Manchuria's deposits of iron ore, which is both hematite and magnetite, are estimated to hold reserves of about 1,000,000,000 tons, with a metallic iron content equal to that of the ore reserves of the United Kingdom and Germany. But the bulk of the ore is said to be of very low grade. In his *Ores and Industry in the Far East* Mr. H. Foster Bain says that in the Lake Superior region of the United States there are millions of tons of similar material not counted as ore. Mr. Orchard, in the book already referred to, says that if ore of the Manchurian grade were considered in estimating the reserves of Germany and the United Kingdom the totals of both countries "would undoubtedly be increased many fold". On the other hand, if the Japanese succeed in developing industries in Manchuria, and making them supplementary to those of Japan Proper, Manchuria's supplies should certainly be useful. It must be noted, however, that costs of

production at the Anshan plant have compared unfavourably with those of Bessemer pig-iron and basic pig.

As regards coal, which the Japanese describe as "the foremost mineral product of Manchuria", it is to be noted that the total deposit is smaller than Japan's. And about the quality of the richest deposit, that of Fushun, there appears to be difference of opinion. Mr. Orchard says that the coal is of good quality for steam purposes and for gas-making, but that, like Japan's coal, it does not coke. The Japanese affirm that it does. Whichever statement is correct, the main fact, clearly, is that, on the figures of the Japanese themselves, Manchuria will not provide them with enormous supplies of coal. As regards oil shale, figures given by the Japanese appear to confirm the view that, even if the plant recently installed by the South Manchurian Railway Company proves economically useful, its output will be of small significance to Japan, whose consumption of crude oil is in the neighbourhood of a million tons, most of which is imported.

On these facts it seems plain that, while Japan's industrial capacity will undoubtedly be increased by Manchuria's raw materials, they will never of themselves convert her into an industrial Colossus. On the other hand, it can scarcely be doubted that, given the goodwill of the Chinese in Manchuria, her industries will benefit from the demand of an expanding market. At that prospect, however, seeing how remarkably little British industrialists have achieved all these years in Manchuria, it would be comic to complain.

The political significance of Japan's control over Manchuria is much less capable of evaluation, for the determining factors, though clear, can only be assessed by the aid of prophecy. One factor is Russia, which, if we are to believe Sir Stafford Cripps, is likely to be at war with Japan this spring. If then or later Japan were to be beaten, her risen sun would soon be on the wane. For failure would be fatal to her as far as the Chinese are concerned, and would probably result in serious domestic trouble; and in that event the likelihood of a "yellow peril" would be so remote, even in its economic sense, as to be negligible. If, on the other hand, Japan won (thereby, conceivably, bringing

the whole Soviet regime down with a crash) both her control in Manchuria and the factors capable of bringing her into accord with North China would be greatly strengthened.

As regards the possibility of a war with Russia the determining factors appear to be three : first, the internal state of Russia (as to which information seems to be hopelessly contradictory) ; second, the degree to which the old *Drang* towards the Pacific still persists and feels itself thwarted in existing circumstances (as to which none is entitled to speak who has not inquired into the matter both in Russia and in Russian) ; and third—if, indeed, this factor can be separated from the one just mentioned—the outcome of negotiations over the management or the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the construction of which, with the subsequent construction of the line to Dairen, accompanied by Russia's lease of the Liaotung Peninsula after Japan had been turned out of it ten years before, occasioned the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5. Included in this third factor, obviously, is the extent to which the Japanese want the line. I am not personally of the opinion that they want it or Vladivostok, to the extent of readiness to provoke a war which, even if successful, would weaken a financial position already regarded, in some circles, as dubious.

The factors referred to as capable of bringing North China and Japan into accord are two. First, there is the possibility that Pu Yi, the Chinese head of Manchukuo, may reassume the title of Emperor and subsequently be invited to establish himself in Peking. That sounds, perhaps, a fantastic project, and some would say that it is. The fact remains, however, that it has been seriously discussed in Chinese circles, how narrow or how wide I am not in a position to say ; in well-informed European circles, and in certain Japanese circles too. Assuming that the project could not be given effect, as far as its Peking end is concerned, without Japanese assent, it is arguable that if Pu Yi became Emperor in Manchukuo and were subsequently established in Peking Japanese influence in North China would become very much greater than it is at present. I make no attempt to evaluate this factor beyond saying that I personally mark it C3.

Secondly, there is the possibility of a reconciliation of existing Sino-Japanese political differences through a formal or informal

exchange of concessions (in the non-technical sense of that word) inspired, on the one hand, by a commonsense recognition of existing facts as seen by the practical men on both sides, on the other by sentiments and impulses which have their root for the most part in comparatively remote history, but to some extent in modern history. By a commonsense recognition of existing facts I mean, first, that the Japanese are in Manchuria and will remain there unless turned out by force, which the Chinese are unable, and other people are unlikely, to employ ; and, secondly, that in the existing state of trade depression any market is better than none. (This, however, understates considerably the importance to China of Japan's demand for her products, to which consideration must be added the fact that the Chinese naturally prefer cheaper to dearer goods, and convenience to relative inconvenience in the matter of delivery.) I mean, thirdly, that in existing political and financial conditions in China the men in control of the North have much to gain by being on good terms or, at all events, by avoiding strained relations with the Japanese.

By the sentiments and impulses which have their root for the most part in comparatively remote history is meant that, as remarked earlier in this article, the Japanese derived their civilization mainly from the Chinese ; that their written language is largely Chinese ; that this gives the two peoples a community of thought and feeling which does not, and cannot, exist to the same extent between either of them and the West, and that, as Mr. Owen Lattimore has so brilliantly shown in his book, *Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict*, there has always been a tendency on the part of the peoples of north-eastern Asia who have come under the influence of Chinese civilization, to temper their hostility towards China with admiration for her. The fact that such admiration, if it has evoked any corresponding admiration on the part of the Chinese (which is doubtful) has never evoked any real liking, and is very unlikely to do so in the case of the Japanese, is not incompatible either with intellectual or aesthetic sympathy between the two peoples. And if that be granted, as I think it must be, the fact that the modern history of both countries has pages recording conflict with the West must be added to the influences working for agreement between them.

Were agreement to embrace no more than an *ad hoc* adjustment of recent differences, the risen sun of Japan would shine from a sky less clouded than the one it suffuses, to the discomfort of the West, at present. Were it to embrace more than that its heat would be still more trying.

Possibilities, however, differ from actualities, and in regard to the latter a few words are necessary to complete this sketch. In the first place, against the possibility of an agreement between China and Japan in either of the senses just indicated, has to be set the actuality that the anti-Japanese boycott has not ceased; that anti-Japanese feeling aroused by events in Manchuria is still very strong; and that South China is clearly opposed to any form of agreement and would never acquiesce in any development such as an Imperial restoration under Japanese auspices. In the second place, the greater the extent to which Japan's success as an exporter is due to depreciation of the yen, the stronger is the case for expediting a general stabilization of the exchanges. Yet, according to information recently published in the *New York Times*, in full anticipation of denial, but in the conviction that it was true, the British Government has declined to enter into negotiations with the United States for stabilization for the reason, amongst others, that it is not yet sure what should be the value of the pound in relation to the dollar "in order to facilitate Great Britain's export trade". If that is in truth the reason, complaint about Japan's exchange policy is illogical. If it is not the reason, a convincing communication of our monetary intentions to Japan would be more serviceable in relation to yen depreciation than apparently sympathetic consideration of proposals for reprisals, bound in the long run to make existing conditions worse.

In the third place, it must be remarked that a standard of life cannot be judged by reference to wages alone, but must be considered also in relation to the needs which wages are paid to satisfy. The latter, because they are the expression of traditions, customs (which include diet) and climate, are the expression also of civilization. The civilization of Japan and China happens to be different from ours, and to complain about their different wage level is *au fond* to complain about that fact, though up to the end of 1932 the Western world had done remarkably well

out of it, for the Far East has hitherto imported more than it has exported, notably so in the case of the United Kingdom's goods. Finally, it must be remarked that the standard of life consonant with Japanese civilization—which, for all its flattering imitation of our own more expensive one, retains its identity—is rising, and that up to the end of 1932 the Japanese level of wages did not prevent the United Kingdom selling much more than Japan sold to British India, Egypt, the Straits, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and East Africa and has not prevented Japan from contributing very greatly to the recovery of prosperity by Australia.

THE PHILOSOPHIC VACUUM

BY HAROLD STANNARD

THE Victorian child used to be told that there was a village on Stromboli, and that its inhabitants did not notice the continuous eruptions of the volcano. The moral of this scarcely credible fact was that people would get used to anything. There is no need to teach that lesson now. We take it for granted that something is always going wrong somewhere, and find it hard to realize that people not yet venerable grew up in a world in which tomorrow was certain to be like yesterday. True, the old longing for a quiet and well-ordered way of life still persists; but it has become a vision of the unattainable, and, if the Victorians attained it, that was only because they had the luck to be born before the War and a selection of post-war scapegoats had thrown everything into confusion. There is comfort, too, in nebulous and superficial explanations of this sort, for they enable us to escape personal responsibility for conditions admittedly deplorable. Yet it is an old saying that man is the measure of all things, and when the average citizen contemplated his social institutions with more satisfaction than he feels today, he was ready enough to observe that whereas the lives of the lower animals were regulated by instinct, his own arrangements were the result of deliberate control of his environment. Traces of this pride in human achievement can still be detected in the utterances of successful revolutionaries, and provide occasion for cynical comment.

But the revolutionaries are right. The whole social order—or disorder—in which we live, and above all the whole machinery—now so visibly defective—for the exchange of goods and services, are of man's devising, and we must not shirk the paradoxical position that, while our control of the forces of nature grows daily more impressive and complete, our control of our own activities is inadequate in plan and ineffective in fact.

The situation gives a ready opening for pessimism. Let us pronounce ourselves a degenerate lot, short-sighted fumblers, rashly handling forces whose operation is too vast and too complex for our apprehension. Then, of course, there is nothing for us to do except to wait till the clouds roll by. Things have gone wrong; never mind, they will get right again—they always do.

Such an attitude, common enough nowadays even if not candidly avowed, is really an insult to human intelligence. The thought is intolerable that all the triumphs of science, all the achievements of industry, are but steps along the downward path to social chaos. If it were so, if enterprise and discovery were but the chase of baleful will-o'-the-wisps, life would indeed not be worth living. Nor would it be worth living if a mere group of malign personages—the Jews, the capitalists, the Bolshies, or any other choice that imaginative fancy may dictate—are held to be powerful enough to have brought the whole world into such evil case. "Change the formula you mumble, and all will be well" may be a convenient slogan for tub thumpers, but it is a poor gospel to live by. Common sense insists that man is not wrong in supposing himself master of his earthly fate, and that a failure to assert his mastery is due to some inadequacy or incoherence of thought, to the existence of some intellectual obstacle not yet assaulted, much less overcome, because not yet clearly perceived. It is not true that things are in the saddle and ride mankind; it is true that there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

Thus, the picture of political, economic, and social confusion which the world now presents ceases to dishearten if it can be referred to our own defective thought—a cause within our competence to remedy. It is precisely to this cause that the Victorians would refer it if they could arise from their graves to confront us. Of course, they would tell us, the world becomes a chaos if the variety of things in it are not set out in a strong and comprehensive framework. We did well in our time, they would say, because we knew what we were doing. We had a clear vision of an order of nature governed by the laws of nature. We realized this order, and we obeyed those laws. Do likewise.

That, however, is just what we cannot do. The revolution in our affairs reflects the revolution in our ideas, and it may be

doubted whether the Renaissance and the Reformation together produced such a destruction of established landmarks, such a reversal of accepted values, as our generation has experienced. This is a drastic saying, but its truth must be apparent to all whom newspaper paragraphs on the centenary of Arthur Hallam's death have induced to take up *In Memoriam*. The poem is not easy reading nowadays. The technical excellences which won it such ready acceptance when it was published have lost their appeal; nor do its difficulties end with its technique. The body of its thought was such as to command swift and even reverential approval from some of the ablest contemporary minds; but what, behind its exquisite polish, its gradual progress of mood from misery to joy, can now be indicated as the body of its thought? Its sentiment is obsolete; its doctrine, rather vaguely indicated, has since been put into specific form by Darwin. There remains only an aspiration of a very remarkable kind. The poet demands that reason shall break down in order that its collapse may leave room for faith. Today we have boxed the intellectual compass. The physicists have confronted us with a world in which the processes of reason evidently do not apply, and like causes are not followed by like effects. Today it is not too difficult but too easy to have faith. Without it, without, for example, the sort of mysticism which declares that God reveals himself as a mathematician, we wander helplessly in a void in which there is no reality, and all that we call knowledge is of our subjective relations with incomprehensibles.

The Victorians knew nothing of the vagabond unknowns which our physicists detect in their experiments, and our mathematicians evolve from their equations. The great inventions were at once the spur of their thought and the hint of its goal; and they found what they were looking for. (May-be posterity will say the same of us—but what *are* we looking for?) Nineteenth century man had utilised the forces of nature by bringing them under mechanical control; therefore the nineteenth century God was the author of a mechanically conducted universe. It is remarkable how completely this concept of forces acting upon objects in accordance with law, dominates and unifies the thought of the time. Clerk-Maxwell, Darwin, Marx, are all exemplars of it. The nineteenth century thought of the elements of which

its universe was composed as interacting with one another in accordance with principles which, once revealed by an exact laboratory experiment, were seen to be of eternal validity; while its living species separated themselves out through the operations of a force which could be scientifically defined. Such was the reign of law.

But there was also the reign of freedom. The manifestations of the universe might be mechanical, but the spirit which animated it was free, and the laws of nature were but the modes under which it expressed its freedom. So, too, man himself, while adjusting his material circumstances to his environment—while building steam-factories, that is to say, and investing their profits in home rails—was free in soul. His life might be bound—it is indeed remarkable how a routine commended itself to many of the finest spirits of the age, so that the tale that Mr. Gladstone chewed each mouthful thirty-two times found general acceptance—but his thought could soar on immaterial wings, range through the universe and find communion with the Godhead.

Such was the Victorian compromise of matter with spirit, and it is noteworthy that even the supreme iconoclast of the age did no more than argue that one of its items had been misplaced. Orthodoxy held that since the spirit of man was free all restraints on its activities were contrary to nature's law. This was the philosophical foundation of *laissez faire*, and because the philosophy appeared conclusive the doctrine derived from it was generally held. One man, Karl Marx, thought otherwise, and horrified a world which had recovered from the shock of Darwin. But even Marx did not rend the whole fabric of contemporary thought, though many of his disciples have asserted the contrary. His contention was that one phase of life—human society—was wrongly classified as the product of thought freely ranging, the truth being that social conditions were produced and upheld by the power of economic superiority—as mechanically as species were created and preserved by the force of natural selection.

It comes to this, that the whole structure of Victorian thought—constructive and critical—was based upon a physical theory, and this theory has now collapsed. Einstein and Planck and Freud have in very truth brought down our whole world about

our ears. If the attack had been directed against either section of the Victorian compromise between determined matter and free mind we could have braced ourselves against the shock. The trouble is that, as we conceive of the universe nowadays, our thoughts are conditioned while the reactions of matter are indeterminate. Thus, the whole of the old philosophy has been swept away, and no new philosophy has emerged to satisfy the new postulates of thought. That is why we laugh at the Victorians. Their intellectual convulsions are ridiculous because they have no meaning for us. Why, for example, all this pother about evolution? The very idea of the gradual development and fixation of species involves the time process. But time, as we think nowadays, is not a form of reality. It is apparently an aspect of a dimension of space, and any knowledge revealed in it and through it is accordingly of but limited value, a mere instrument of thought to be used and discarded at convenience. Marxian socialism fares no better. Its materialistic principle, once its strength, is now its weakness. The alleged inevitable consequences no longer follow; for matter, as we now apprehend it, does not obey laws, or at any rate not any laws we know. It is the perception of this fact—that the Marxian argument derives from premises which modern science compels us to discard—that accounts for that steady drift away from socialist logic which has marked the intellectual life of Europe during the last decade, so that, for example, the opinion which routed Kapp now supports Hitler. In 1920, Lenin was widely considered to have rehabilitated Marxian socialism against the critical attacks of economists and politicians. Today, he ranks rather as a figure of triumphant reaction such as only Russia could produce, and it is noted that his one serious philosophical study—the book entitled *Materialism and Empiric-Criticism*—does not direct itself to the physical and psychological doctrines which were already making headway when it was written, and have since come to dominate thought.

The collapse is therefore complete. Neither the old orthodoxy nor the old heterodoxy avail us now, and it can be argued with effect that Aquinas saw further into the real heart of the problem than the nineteenth century giants. The question is what are we going to do about it? and the fate of civilization hangs on

the answer. The man in the street, who is carried along by the stream of thought without even realizing that it is flowing, is inclined to do nothing about it. Vaguely aware that "things", once controlled, are now regarded as uncontrollable, he is disposed to let them slide. This attitude of mind is particularly marked in regard to the control of money. The Victorians insisted that money, like everything else, obeyed laws, that those laws could be applied, and that the Bank Charter Act of 1844 did in fact apply them. The modern man, starting from the assumption that the behaviour of money, as of other material objects, is incalculable, favours experiment just to see what happens. Everything changes, so we might as well help by accelerating the process, and there is no longer any conclusive physical reason for believing that an experiment will yield the same result if repeated. France stands for deflation in spite of its known consequences in England, and America shows signs of attempting in 1934 the inflation which ruined Germany in 1923. Such are the consequences in practical life of the law of indeterminacy in physical theory. The world about us reflects the indefiniteness of our own minds, and since it is in such large measure what we have made it, it can do nothing else.

The psychological consequences are equally formidable. Thought, it now appears, is no longer free but is conditioned by impulses emanating from the subconscious mind. The practical corollary has not escaped those masterful individuals whose satisfaction consists in dominating others. If thought can be conditioned, they will themselves do what they can to condition it. The process is already in vigorous operation. In at least three European countries—in Italy, Germany, and Russia—citizens are being turned out to a pattern, guaranteed, through the careful and systematic development of habit, to respond to a given stimulus in a given way. The methods of modern propaganda deserve careful study in this connection. It is not enough that a fact should be stated with such persistency and such effectively varied iteration, that the assaulted mind at last comes to believe that Hitler has created a new Germany and that Guinness is good for you. This is the crude appeal to the conscious mind which at last gives way out of sheer weariness. But there is also another and more subtle appeal to the un-

conscious mind, through symbolism and through a quiet and judicious emphasis, so that before reason begins to work a certain mental disposition is created which reason can be trained to justify. This attitude of mind exhibits itself, in those in whom it has been induced, as an irrational but dogmatic confidence in the regime. It is very marked in modern Germany.

The effect of these methods on their human material, though not, of course, on their authors, is to convert men into automata. Mr. Huxley's *Brave New World* carries them to their logical conclusion. We need not go so far. It is sufficiently horrible to think of great masses of human beings manipulated, and conditioned to manipulation, by supermen trained for the job, and to consider what must happen when two super-wills conflict. Writers have made our flesh creep by their vision of aeroplanes controlled throughout their course by wireless waves, dropping their loads of bombs and bacteria on some hostile city. But to realize the full possibilities of present tendencies we must imagine that the aeroplane controllers are themselves controlled. To such conclusions, fatal to civilization, are we brought through the want of a working philosophy of life, and the acceptance of the Nietzschean fantasy-philosophy as a stop-gap.

Actually, however, the outlook is not so black. The conditioning of minds is not the simple process that it is made to appear by the catchwords of current psychology or the stunt-slogans of newspaper proprietors. When Freud made use of the term "complex" he did not intend to apply it to something of thoroughly malleable simplicity. The Russians have realised that the human mind persists in taking its own course in spite of the most careful training and that the tendency of children to depart, when grown up, from the way in which they have been taught to walk, is inherent in their natures, and is not due, as was assumed at first, to the defects of the way. Russian educationists noted some years since that children trained in the strictest sect of materialism showed a perverse inclination to romance, and the men in power in Moscow, always prepared to modify their principles in the light of experience, have recently sanctioned the re-introduction of fairy tales. No doubt every effort will be made to counteract any adverse influence, and it may even be conjectured that they have only been permitted in order to stimulate

a fuller appreciation of the world of fact. But the difficulty that imagination gets to work somehow, even when apparently deprived of material, has to be faced, and there is the further and perhaps greater difficulty that any scheme of conscious and unconscious mental training is drawn up with reference to the circumstances of the present—circumstances which will disappear precisely as the new scheme succeeds—and cannot take account of the circumstances of the future with which the conditioned mind will be confronted. *Therein* lies the hope of safety. Minds may be trained to respond to given stimuli; but how will they react to stimuli of which they have had no previous experience? Under the Tsars all dangerous ideas were carefully excluded from Russian minds. But the time came when these ideas insisted on obtruding themselves, and the whole system collapsed in a night under an attack against which no defence had been prepared. The truth is that, as every humanist knows, only the mind trained in criticism, and therefore able to refer circumstances to standards of value, is in a position to cope with the unexpected that always happens. Rigid habits of thought carry with them the promise of their own destruction, and the gigantic national movements of our time, apparently equipped against all eventualities and therefore standardized in all respects—Mussolini has gone beyond the tunic to the shirt and Hitler is going beyond the shirt to the skin—are but political dinosaurs and megatheria, formidable enough now, but doomed, from deliberate neglect of adaptability, to perish on a change in the intellectual climate.

Even without a philosophy of the present, it is thus possible to contemplate a more comforting future. But there is another feature of contemporary thought which offers more immediate consolation. Sir William Bragg has pointed out that this is a thrilling time for the scientific man. Science, in truth, has entered on its Elizabethan phase. It is engaged in a tremendous adventure, exploring beyond the confines of the known universe, entering a new world which is not subject to the laws of motion, rising beyond the limitations of space and time. The pioneers of the new discoveries may well be bewildered by what they have found. But they are not intimidated. They have enlarged the frontiers of human knowledge, entered on uncharted fields of intellectual inquiry, and that is their pride. The fundamental

postulate of science that the universe is an explicable whole still holds good. It we cannot explain it, if our once favoured explanations now appear nonsense, that is because we have asked the wrong questions, or been content with incomplete answers. But whatever the human mind has perceived, that it will ultimately comprehend, even if for the moment it can, as Einstein has suggested, do no more than replace two incomprehensibles by one.

Something of this same enterprise and this same persevering confidence is to be detected in our social experiments which, like the scientific theories that have inspired them, express the spirit of the age. The charge that we do less than the Victorians may be sound; but we have a far wider consciousness of what there is to be done. The neat Victorian world strikes the modern mind as intolerably narrow. There was so much that it deliberately excluded from its reckoning. The whole mechanism of trade, for example. Trade was to be free, that is to say, was to be without any organization or conscious direction. No correlation of demand and supply was contemplated in Cobdenite economics; those forces were to be left to adjust themselves through the higgling of the market. We have gone beyond that nowadays. Whatever the mistakes and excesses of economic nationalism, at least it reflects a notable enlargement of the economic consciousness. Production, distribution, consumption, are no longer thought of as incidental to the haphazard and limited efforts of myriads of dissociated individuals. There is an attempt nowadays to realize and provide for the needs of society as a whole. The realization may be incomplete and the provision insufficient. But no one can deny the grandeur of the conception, and he wrongs the spirit of man who contends that a few initial blunders are proof that we must discard it as unrealizable. The adventure remains glorious and the voyage is still worth making even if it has brought us to a new Continent, and not, as we had hoped, by a short cut to the Indies.

So, too, in the domain of social policy. Unemployment legislation, however faulty, is better than the plea of divine sanction for doing nothing because the poor are always with us. Town planning has so far brought us roads destructive of natural beauty and the worst atrocities of speculative building;

but that is no reason for returning to the drab and sprawling meanness of the unplanned town. And if the vision of a unified and self-governing India brings us up against such problems of social and political order as the human mind has never yet contemplated, much less solved, the mere dim perception of them forbids return to the Victorian scheme of governing India without ever asking to what end. Here, too, the area of consciousness has been enlarged, and if India now cherishes national ideals inconceivable two generations ago, minds trained in national ways of thought are asking whether there may not be a wider political synthesis than that which has served the Western World these last four hundred years.

It is a fine saying of Mussolini, himself a product of our time, that thought involves action, and for enterprising minds like his the doctrine must be infinitely more satisfying than the older view that thought involved *laissez faire*. But for humbler folk, feeling their way through a jumbled world whose characteristics they do not apprehend with Mussolinian clarity, it is enough to say that consciousness involves thought. If, as is surely the case, we are more fully aware than our predecessors of the fields of life properly susceptible of human control, then, as the need of control becomes insistent, a philosophy of life must somehow emerge to meet it.

HITLER, APOSTLE OF PEACE

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

WHAT exactly is the real aim of Herr Hitler—peace or war? Everywhere the belief persists that Germany is preparing for war. Yet the Chancellor has lately been most profuse in professions and protestations that what he wants is peace; as an English correspondent in Berlin phrased it, expressively if not too politely, “Hitler bellows peace”. The controlled German Press and the rest of the resources of Dr. Goebbels’ Ministry of National Enlightenment and Propaganda, with immense funds at his disposal for influencing opinion at home and particularly abroad, have been mobilized in support of the great peace offensive launched by the “Leader”.

By this time it is very clear that Hitler is not a little man; whether he is or is not a really great man history will doubtless declare some day with its customary cold finality. But unquestionably he is a bold man, and his peace offensive is stamped with this characteristic quality. He sent for a French journalist, and in the course of a long interview, which was published on November 22nd in the *Matin*—of all papers!—said that there was no dispute in Europe sufficiently important to justify a war. “People”, he stated, “continue to insult me by saying that I want a war. I am not so mad as all that”. Nor did the military appearance of Germany mean, he maintained, that Germany wanted a war—“not a single man for a new war, but every German for the defence of the Fatherland” (and here it might be interjected, defence against whom?). Touching France, he asserted that if she was ready to look for security in a free agreement with Germany, he was willing “to listen, to understand, and to act”. He concluded by saying he would be pleased to enter into conversations with anyone who wished to talk to him.

This may be called the highwater-mark of the tide—the extreme reach so far of the peace offensive. Three or four days after the interview the French Ambassador at Berlin called on Herr Hitler, presumably as a preliminary to the conversations the latter had suggested. In some quarters in England and elsewhere this meeting was acclaimed as a splendid and most promising step forward along the path of peace. But it presently transpired that notwithstanding a show of friendship for France, Hitler had laid down such conditions and made such claims that there was no possibility of their acceptance by her. The peace he wanted was a German, not a French peace.

Up to a point the offensive was successful, inasmuch as it had led to direct, or at least an attempt at direct, negotiations between Germany and France; but there it has halted, for when Hitler sought to gather what he regarded as its fruits he found that French resistance had still to be overcome. In other words, France not only remains profoundly sceptical of his sincerity in advocating peace, but is determined to make no more concessions, in reality surrenders, to Germany.

In considering Hitlerism from its small beginnings twelve years ago to its present position as shown by the tremendous majorities at the Referendum and the “General Election” in November last, it is not unfair to say that Hitler’s predominating desire was and is power—power for himself and his regime in Germany, and power for Germany in Europe. When last winter and spring the Nazi movement swept to triumph Hitler soon manifested his interpretation of the complete power he had obtained in Germany by a whole series of repulsive measures and acts of which everyone is aware. The opinion of the rest of the world was antagonized to such a degree that Germany was practically isolated. Such a prodigious reaction had not been expected, but for a time the Nazis, drunk with success, shouted defiance, and even were not too careful of offending the susceptibilities of their friend, Signor Mussolini, who had uttered a note of warning. Pan-Germanism once more reared its Hydra-head—and though at present it is being ridiculed as a mere bogey, it remains, as should be clearly stated, one of the most fundamental of Nazi principles, and is the true directive of Nazi foreign policy.

The reaction was very marked in England and America. Great numbers of the Anglo-Saxon peoples who had been well-disposed to Germany revised their views. But the cooler leaders of the Hitler regime, and most of all the "Leader" himself, soon saw that it was simply impossible for Germany to stand alone—not in that way was power for Germany to be attained! It was plain something had to be done, and little by little Nazi policy, through speeches, articles in the Press, and all the devices of a skilled propaganda, was ostensibly reversed, mainly with the object, of course, of winning a return of confidence and sympathy on the part of former friends in Great Britain and the United States. This may be termed the origin of Hitler's peace offensive, and in these countries it has met, no doubt, with a more or less favourable reception. Not so in France, where reality plays a far bigger rôle than sentiment.

It is a mistake to imagine that Hitler pursues a foreign policy that differs in essentials from that of former Chancellors during recent years. In England Stresemann is still held up as a sort of model of a pacific German statesman, sincere and at the same time large-minded, but as his Memoirs (still untranslated into English) attest, the aim of his policy varied from that of Hitler only in method. Later Chancellors spoke out more robustly; in 1932 a militant Germany was once again in evidence, and the effect on France was unmistakable. It was about this time that the French Government first threatened to publish a certain secret dossier containing revelations of Germany's military plans and preparations. The existence of this dossier has been denied, but I think we may take M. Herriot's word for it. A well-known publicist stated the other day that it had probably been communicated to the British and American Governments two months ago when they decided, as was then believed, that some form of control of German armaments was necessary during a period of probation. It is possible that Mr. Baldwin referred to it on November 28th when, in the debate on Disarmament, he said in the Commons:

My lips must be sealed. I cannot tell all I know. If I were to say what difficulties there are, and who raise them, it would be impossible to advance one inch with regard to disarmament.

Mysterious words, but not inexplicable. For even if Mr. Baldwin is not acquainted with the famous dossier, he knows of

other things of primary importance in the same order of ideas. For instance, he must be aware of the facts that the *Paris Journal* printed on July 28th, 1933, a list of some of the German factories that produce armaments, and that the German Government did not attempt to refute the accusation. The list included works turning out munitions, guns, tanks, rifles and revolvers. Again, Mr. Baldwin has long known something else, and a most significant thing it is.

Since 1927—when Mr. Baldwin was Prime Minister—he has known that the Report of the Inter-Allied Control Commission stated definitely on evidence that Germany had *not* disarmed to the level of the Peace Treaty, or respected some other of its obligations. This report was printed exclusively for the Allied Governments, and was a confidential document, but its contents were disclosed in the Belgian Senate on November 9th by M. de Dorlodot, who, commenting on it next day in an interview, declared that the world must be warned that Germany possesses secret arms factories and hidden stores of ammunition. He added: "We have misplaced our trust in Germany, and we must now follow another line of policy." The change in policy is seen in the relatively large sum Belgium has allocated for adding to and strengthening the defences of her frontier.

It was obvious from the Report that Germany had not disarmed. Since Hitler obtained full power the *tempo* of Germany's militarization has been enormously accelerated. The martial or war spirit, *Wehrgeist*—in propaganda for England the idea is softened into "soldierly spirit"—is inculcated everywhere, with the consequence that, as a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* wrote, "Germany is integrating her entire population, body, mind and soul, in one national military organism". The same correspondent describes a meeting of a new body called the German Society for Military Policy and Science, the objects of which were announced as being the study of war, with the development of the martial spirit, soldierly thinking, and the aptitude for war. This society is only one of several similar organizations. At present, as for the last month or two, their activities are not so much damped down as camouflaged and kept secret—as is German military training in general. The severest penalties are inflicted on anyone who gives anything

away, and foreign correspondents, as Mr. Panter of the *Daily Telegraph* discovered, send at their peril a true account of even an apparently harmless march-past. Meanwhile peace is preached in German high places, and Banse's notorious book has been banned. But what can be the reason for that secrecy, as well as for the pacific speeches, if it is not to shut the eyes of the world to the thorough-going militarization and mounting rearmament of Germany?

Ask the neighbours of Germany—not only France and Belgium, but also Poland and Czechoslovakia—if they believe that the fundamental aims of her foreign policy have been abandoned, and the answer will be the same. Is not Hitler's *Mein Kampf* still the Nazi gospel? Now, if that book were banned! So far from that being the case, a million and a quarter copies of it have been sold in Germany since Hitler became Chancellor. The expurgated version now circulating in England gives a poor and inadequate idea of the original, which, we may be sure, has a far stronger appeal to the great majority of Germans than have his pacific declarations—if these ever fully reach their ears.

When his peace offensive was nearing its height Hitler spoke of agreements he had entered into with Poland as an outcome of his pacific policy, but Poland let it be known that these, while welcome as likely to improve her economic relations with Germany, did not touch in any way either the "Corridor" or Silesia, the great political questions that divide the two States. There was nothing new in her resolving "to renounce the use of force" in her relations with the Reich. Czechoslovakia, also approached by Hitler in the same sense, replied that she thought the situation was regulated by the pacts already signed, and that a new pact was therefore unnecessary. What Czechoslovakia really thinks of Hitlerism is sufficiently evinced by her suppression of all Nazi organizations within her territory; she realizes perfectly that Hitlerism is her enemy, and she is stone deaf to the wooing, cajoling voice.

What the fundamental aims of Germany are—if there was any doubt about them—was exposed when on November 16th the *Petit Parisien* published a secret document giving detailed instructions to Germany's foreign diplomatic representatives by

Dr. Goebbels, the Minister of National Enlightenment and Propaganda. Other secret documents emanating from the same source and addressed to the same people were printed by the same French newspaper during the next few days. Dr. Goebbels at once stated that the documents were forgeries, and a week or so after the appearance of the first he mobilized the whole German Press to attack them in a leading article, with headlines such as the "Poison Kitchen of the *Petit Parisien*", which strongly emphasized the sufficiently evident fact that they had made their appearance at the very moment when Hitler's "well-known love of peace and his desire for an understanding with France had been manifested to the world in the interview accorded to the representative of the *Matin*". The documents, which, if authentic, were undeniably most damaging to Hitler's peace offensive, were denounced as dastardly attempts to discredit his pacific assurances. And it was asserted that these documents had their basis not in facts but in the vile plots and schemes of armament-makers. The Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* said: "In reality behind these journalistic forgers stand the men who are interested in the armaments industry, whose business flourishes when the soil of Europe drinks the blood of millions of men". This kind of exposition culminated in the following sentences in the mass-article:

We appeal to the French people, to the industrious workers and citizens of the old towns, the peaceful peasants in the fruitful French fields, the mothers on the other side of the Vosges, and, above all, to our former honourable front comrades in the Great War. Are they willing to see the dividends of armament-makers rise?

Pacifists and some others have always found it useful to lay the blame for war on armament firms. But, quite apart from the question of the authenticity of the documents made public by the *Petit Parisien*, such language as that just quoted comes very strangely from a country which had never disarmed in accordance with the Peace Treaty, and which is known to be rearming and encouraging its own armament-makers. In addition to what I have already instanced under this head, I may draw attention to a statement made by a deputy in a recent debate in the Czechoslovak Parliament at Prague initiated by a speech from Dr. Benesh on the situation. In support of his declaration that Germany was rapidly increasing her armaments and feverishly

manufacturing war material, this deputy named three large German chemical concerns engaged in making poison gases, said that all German motor-car factories were now in a position to convert their works into aeroplane-motor factories in case of war, and pointed out, as Mr. Winston Churchill has likewise done, that Germany has greatly increased her imports of materials, such as nickel, used in the manufacture of armaments.

The States that border Germany have naturally their own Intelligence services, and what these report to their principals may be judged from the undoubted fact that as things are at present those States have no intention to disarm, but, on the contrary, are increasing their armaments: to use the conventional phrase, the race in armaments is in full swing. It may be said that they are afraid, that with them fear has become an obsession; but of whom is it that they are afraid? Does anyone, outside the number of those whom nothing can convince that they are mistaken, really believe that all this growing but deep-seated trouble, with its terrible danger, is due, even indirectly, to armament-makers as armament-makers?

To turn to the question of the authenticity of the *Petit Parisien* documents. Such authenticity is hard to prove for obvious reasons, and it scarcely seems likely that the 50,000 marks, or about £2,500 at par, offered by the *Lokal-Anzeiger* to anyone who brings indisputable evidence of the genuineness of the documents, will be disbursed. In France the documents are taken at their face value—as might be expected—but in England it is very remarkable that practically all our leading newspapers vouch for or accept their authenticity. In Poland there appears to be doubt, but it is possible this may be diplomatic in view of the negotiations still proceeding between her and the Reich.

In most of the other countries of Europe the documents are considered to be authentic, those dissenting being sympathetic toward Germany for one reason or another, e.g., Italy and Hungary. As for myself, all I can say is that information reaches me from a high source which I have always found trustworthy that the documents are both "authentic and genuine"; I was also told where and in what way the leakage had taken place. I do not doubt that the documents are precisely what the French

paper declares them to be: expositions of German policy and aims—to be carefully studied as just that.

An analysis of the documents shows that the present general objective of German policy is the winning over of public opinion. North and South America are first considered as a field of action—a hint here of the destination to which the particular documents in the possession of the *Petit Parisien* had been addressed from Berlin. The utmost circumspection, the first document states, must be exercised, neither the sources nor the real intentions of the propaganda being disclosed. The technical side of this propaganda is next approached, and among the instructions are that German propaganda articles must be published in the foreign Press in a form not savouring of propaganda, and that personal relations must be established with foreign journalists and newspaper proprietors in order to influence them by special favours. Tourist traffic is to go hand in hand with political propaganda, and art exhibitions are to be used for distributing literature about the new Germany. After further instructions respecting propaganda work, the heart of the document is reached:

The international position of Germany today is similar to that obtaining from 1910 to 1913. The irreconcilable enemy of Germany, whether democratic or Nazi, is France. Although recent events seem to show that England is equally hostile to the vital interests of Germany, there is reason to believe that is not quite the case. England is not as vitally interested in a new European war as is France. . . but England must be considered France's strongest partner and the most dangerous to us. This is why the German Government makes every effort to disturb relations between France and England.

Next comes a statement of Germany's demands—the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, with the retrocession of all the lost territory, including the former German Colonies, and equality in armaments, without international control. Then it is stated that it will be difficult to obtain the satisfaction of these demands by negotiations, and as Germany is not yet ready to get it by force, her propaganda at present must declare emphatically that all she wants is a peaceful settlement. The further purpose is that in the event of war some part of world opinion would hold that, as her pacific policy had failed, she could do no more than take the law into her own hands.

Another document deals with the withdrawal of Germany

from the Disarmament Conference and the League, and it also indicates that the objective of Hitler is to get rid of all the restrictions imposed on Germany, by negotiations if possible, but by force, if necessary, full rearmament being the essential requisite. It admits that a certain time is needed to re-establish Germany's military superiority, but goes on to say that the German Government considers itself bound to do this in the shortest possible time.

So much for the contents of the documents. It is evident that if the documents are genuine and authentic they give Hitler's great peace offensive completely away. The German Government repeats its denials, but official *démentis* have never in the past been sure guides to the truth; what other attitude could or can a government take in the circumstances? The strange thing is that our own Government, in the negotiations according to current report now being carried on with France, appear, in their desperate anxiety to prevent war, particularly in view of our own national unpreparedness, to be playing into the hands of Hitler by insisting that the French should agree to a compromise that could not but be injurious to them. And is there anyone among us who will maintain that a strong, re-armed, aggressive and aggrandised Germany can ever be an interest of England any more than of France?

Surely the answer must be, not one. What is then to be said of Mr. Arthur Henderson, still President of the Disarmament Conference, who on December 11th, at a meeting of members of Parliament at the House of Commons, invited to hear an address by M. Avenol, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, is reported (*Morning Post*, December 12th) to have made a speech displaying a strong sympathy for Germany? Her grievances, he asserted, had not been redressed, "her anger had become an irresistible force". So Germany must be permitted to rearm! She, however, has not waited for permission. Hitler now demands an army of 300,000 men fully equipped, without any disbandment of the Storm Troops and other formations, which their Chief of Staff now estimates at 2,500,000 men. A veritable "Apostle of Peace!"

IRELAND : AFTER TWELVE YEARS

BY HUGH A. LAW

AS I sit down to write, I remember that it was on this night just twelve years ago I first heard of the agreement for an Anglo-Irish Treaty signed in London by plenipotentiaries of the two peoples in the early hours of that same day, December 6th, 1921. I had looked in—as is the free-and-easy habit of Dublin—for an after-dinner chat with a friend of mine, a man deep in the confidence of the leaders of pre-Treaty Sinn Féin. The news was brought, I think, direct from Arthur Griffith himself, who had landed at Kingstown two or three hours earlier. I recollect my astonishment at the terms obtained by the Irish delegates—terms so much more favourable than any I had thought possible—and my amazement when my friend, on learning what was proposed in respect of the powers of the Governor-General, Privy Council Appeals and Oath of Allegiance, exclaimed: "That won't do!—and—will never agree. There will be bad trouble over these clauses."

While we were arguing about this Michael Collins, whom I then saw for the first and last time, came into the room; and I left, knowing that he and my host would wish to discuss these weighty matters in private. I walked home, swearing that no considerable body of my countrymen could be mad enough to refuse a measure of self-government so far exceeding (save on the point of partition, already, alas, a *fait accompli*) all that Nationalists of my generation had laboured vainly to achieve.

But my friend was right. Not many weeks were to pass before Sinn Féin itself was split from top to bottom and a bloody civil war begun, in which Collins himself fell. And now, twelve years after, these same issues—relatively trivial, but of vast consequence as flags and tuckets in the battle for domestic order and international friendship—threatens to reopen the whole Anglo-Irish question.

Yet, as Mr. Thomas pointed out in his Note of December 5th, during ten of those twelve years a majority of Nationalist Ireland did in fact endorse the Treaty at successive General Elections ; and during the same period relations between the two countries steadily and continuously improved. It looked not long ago as if any remaining differences would be quite easily smoothed out in friendly negotiation between His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and in the Free State. Even Mr. de Valera has admitted in one of his rare bursts of candour that since December, 1921, the powers and liberties of all the Dominions have been notably enlarged. Indeed only his incorrigible propensity for tackling a job at the wrong end explains why under his guidance things have again been got into so maddening a tangle. For undoubtedly throughout the series of disputes which have marked his Presidency of the Executive Council he had quite a reasonable case to present, had he not deliberately estopped himself by refusing to recognize the Court.

Thus, as I pointed out in this Review some twelve months ago, if, instead of simply seizing the Land Annuities on their way from landholder to bondholder, he had invited the British Government to confer with representatives of the Free State, in order to see how the burden might be lightened, having regard to the drop in agricultural prices since the debt was incurred and to the high ratio borne by the sums thus withdrawn from the country to total national income, it would surely have been difficult for Whitehall to refuse, seeing that at the same moment it was itself engaged in offering similar considerations to the attention of Washington.

So too with these constitutional questions which now complicate and embitter this economic dispute. It will be remembered that the three Bills to which the British Cabinet takes exception are concerned respectively with the transference from Governor-General to Executive Council of the duty of formally recommending certain money grants to the Dáil, with abolition of the Governor-General's power to "reserve" Bills, and with abrogation of the right of appeal from decisions of the Irish Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council. Now, so far as the first of these goes, there is no great difference between action which the King's representative is constitutionally bound to

take on the advice of responsible Ministers and identical action taken by those Ministers themselves. As for the second, the power to "reserve" Bills duly passed by a Dominion legislature is generally regarded as obsolete ; a view specifically adopted, if I am not mistaken, by the last Imperial Conference. Privy Council appeals present a more serious problem ; for the proposal to abolish them is not only on the face of it an invasion of the Prerogative but also, as Lords Danesfort and Carson recently reminded the House of Lords, involves the disappearance of almost the last of those safeguards by which the Treaty settlement was originally recommended to the Unionist minority in Ireland.

On the other hand, it is well to remember that ever since 1923 it has been abundantly evident that no decision of the Privy Council can in practice be enforced in the Free State against the will of the Government of the day, and also that the old fear that a popularly elected Irish government would discriminate unfairly against the minority has—or had until recently—proved groundless. Consequently I have reason to know that many of those who in 1921 and 1922 attached great importance to this particular Clause of the Constitution had, by the end of Mr. Cosgrave's tenure of office, come to regard its possible disappearance with almost complete indifference.

Indeed, it will be observed that neither in the formal Notes sent to Dublin nor in speeches in either House of Parliament did the spokesman of the British Cabinet deal with the merits of these proposals. They have been content, very properly, with making it clear that, to quote Lord Hailsham, they cannot "recognize the right of one party to an agreement unilaterally to abrogate its conditions", while "ready, if there were an honest dispute as to whether what was being done was a breach of the Treaty, to submit that question for decision in accordance with the procedure recommended by the Imperial Conference of 1930."

Unfortunately, though most people in both countries are sick of these interminable and needless disputes, and notwithstanding recurrent rumours of an early resumption of negotiations, I myself think that the deadlock will not be resolved so long as Mr. de Valera remains where he is. We have to reckon with something far more intractable than the subject matters of the

controversy : Mr. de Valera's own amazing personality. Despite appearances, one need not assume him to be other than sincere in his often expressed desire that a lasting peace and friendship should be established between the two nations. But there does seem to be in him a treble dose of that "residual perversity" which someone—was it Max Beerbohm?—remarked as characterizing Irishmen. Ordinary mortals, having to deal with a dispute found to be harmful to both sides, look first for points of agreement. Not so Mr. de Valera, whose instinct drives him right at the start to ferret out possible divergencies, and who has no sooner committed himself to a proposition than he makes haste to demonstrate either that it means nothing at all or that he is not to be taken as excluding its opposite. A few days ago, supporting a motion to approve the Report of the Imperial Conference on Economic Consultation and Co-operation, Mr. de Valera said :

"If the attitude of the British Government continues to be what it is, it may come to a situation in which we will have to tell our people definitely that to co-operate, even in these cases, as long as there is a doubt as to the terms, would involve us in misunderstanding. That has not come yet."

Such limited co-operation he apparently approves for the time being on the ground that "the complete constitutional equality of the Governments participating in the Conferences" had been formally recognized. Yet, as some of his critics immediately pointed out, these words are not a whit clearer or more definite than those in which the Imperial Conference in 1926 defined the constituent portions of the Commonwealth itself as "Autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs". The great trouble with Mr. de Valera is that, as a mathematician, he is used to thinking in terms of the abstract and absolute. Where most people are content with the substance of freedom, he pursues eternally a disembodied phantom of liberty absolute and unconditioned ; which, if ever it takes body and substance, it must be on a desert and as yet undiscovered island, of which the sole inhabitant need take no account of the desires, interests or affections of the rest of humanity. Unfortunately Mr. de Valera has never felt the urge of solitary exploration ; for in this crowded corner

of the old world he can hardly hope to find his spiritual home.

Meanwhile he remains in command of our ship of State ; and it is still as difficult as ever to say to what ultimate port he intends to steer her. His oddly worded enquiry what penalties the British Government would seek to impose on this country in the event of its secession has been very variously interpreted in Ireland. Some think it to be a preliminary to the early proclamation of a twenty-six county Republic or at any rate to a plebiscite in which Fianna Fáil would advocate such proclamation. If that were indeed his object, he has obviously failed to achieve it ; and has merely evoked from some of the more extreme Republicans a declaration that "this last appeal to England for mercy, before we proclaim our God-given right to freedom, is the greatest insult any leader, even of constitutional movements, has offered to his country". Others, with more probability, believe that he sought the occasion for a convenient election cry, preferably one which would represent the British as domineering tyrants and his political opponents as their servile agents.

Even if this be so, and appreciating the reluctance of British Ministers to reply to hypothetical questions relating to a situation which may never arise, I could wish they had said plainly what I believe to be the fact : that the only penalty consequent upon secession would be the self-imposed loss of all privileges inherent in citizenship of the Commonwealth. Heaven knows that penalty would be heavy enough. Little as some of our people realize it, there is no class that would not suffer, some more, some less.

To the remnant of the old land-owning class—in which perhaps more than among any comparable number of His Majesty's subjects the tradition of personal service to the Crown remains strong—a very bitter choice would present itself : either to abandon for ever the home in which they and generation after generation of their ancestors were born, or to renounce an allegiance to which all the portraits on their walls bear constant testimony. The professional man, more particularly the young doctor or surgeon, would find his prospects of a career sadly worsened ; for much more than half the students of the famous medical schools of Dublin now seek work in other parts of the

Commonwealth. The farmer, all but ruined already, would find the British market, if not barred against him, open to him only on the most unfavourable terms ; and this not temporarily during the course of a particular dispute, but permanently. The rentier with investments in Great Britain would be unable to recover Income Tax from London, though Dublin would undoubtedly still require it to be paid in full on his entire income. Nor would the workman be immune. I do not insist on the plight of those numerous inhabitants of such counties as Mayo and Donegal who have been accustomed to supplement the scanty produce of their wretched holdings by earnings in the fields and factories of Great Britain ; for bad trade and consequent local unemployment have reduced the annual migration to small proportions. But what is going to happen to the already overcrowded Irish labour market, when there is dumped upon it—as may very easily happen without any official action whatever—even a few thousands of all those Irish born persons who now earn their living in England and Scotland ?

I could wish, I say, that the British Government had made it clear that while such consequences as these must inevitably follow secession, it contemplated no punitive action, still less would attempt by force of arms to annul a decision only taken by an Irish legislature after direct consultation with the electorate. For if that were once made clear, even Mr. de Valera could hardly avoid saying plainly whether in this new situation he would or would not advise his countrymen to quit the Commonwealth. He has always justified his hostility to the present settlement by repeating that it was imposed under the threat of "immediate and terrible war". Given the removal of all external constraint, actual or potential, I am not at all sure that he might not say "Honour is now satisfied. Of our own free will we remain." In any case the uncertainty, insecurity and unreality in which the whole business of Irish politics, domestic and external, is now plunged would be removed ; and we should all know the best or the worst.

Meanwhile what of the electoral prospects of those large bodies of Irish people who, again to quote Lord Hailsham, "are just as jealous of Irish honour as we are of British honour", many of whom have taken their lives in their hands in order to

honour the obligations which they accepted when the Treaty was signed ? I think it can be said with confidence that they have much improved during recent months. The fusion of the Cumann-na-nGaedheal and Centre Parties, mooted on the eve of the last general election, is now complete ; and a cause of friction and possible loss of voting strength thus eliminated. It is true that the Centre Party is not very numerous, but its union with Mr. Cosgrave's followers is important, because it assures the steady support of that still influential school of Irish Nationalist thought which formerly gave its allegiance to the old Parliamentary Party and which, notwithstanding the late Captain Redmond's personal adhesion to Cumann-na-nGaedheal, had hitherto remained in many districts suspicious and distrustful of the new order. To one who, like myself, remembers the extraordinary bitterness which not long ago divided the followers of Mr. Redmond and Mr. John Dillon from the right wing of Sinn Féin, there is great encouragement and comfort in this ending of an outworn quarrel between the two moderate sections of Nationalist opinion.

Of even greater significance, however, is the fact that the new party of United Ireland seems likely to draw, through its absorption of General O'Duffy's "blue shirts", ever growing support from that Young Ireland whose ear the pro-Treaty leaders had hitherto failed to reach. It must always be difficult to persuade young men and women just out of their teens to pay much attention to complex political or economic argument ; even more difficult to get them to appreciate the humdrum business of workaday administration. Yet under adult suffrage their votes may very easily upset the constitutional apple-cart. Fortunately we have in General O'Duffy a man singularly fitted to capture the imagination of youth. His soldierly figure, ready smile, simple and downright habit of speech, his reputation as an athlete and long association with organized games and sports all recommend him to those whom the most impassioned or careful argument of more experienced politicians left almost completely indifferent. It is indeed an advantage to him that he has hitherto played no part in parliamentary politics and that even now he is without a seat in the Dáil and thus able to devote himself wholly to the work of organization. He has recently

announced that sixty-two thousand young people have pledged themselves to that disciplined service which is required of all members of the Young Ireland Association.* It seems more than likely, therefore, that it already greatly outnumbers the I.R.A., though as this latter partakes of the nature of a secret society (that age-long curse of Irish life) one is without material for exact comparison. In any case, perhaps the most reassuring point in the whole situation is that the "blue shirts" are most numerous in just those areas where until now the I.R.A. was most formidable.

In the spirit it inculcates and the objects at which it aims—of which the most prominent is opposition to Communism in all shapes and guises—the Young Ireland Association obviously resembles certain better-known Continental models. But it differs profoundly from Hitlerism in being entirely free from racial or sectarian bias, and from both Hitlerism and Fascism in repudiating all idea of dictatorship or of establishing itself as the sole legitimate party in the State. It is content, and seems likely to remain content, with its present position as a part, though a very important part, of the larger political body of United Ireland.

The recently issued manifesto of United Ireland itself is chiefly remarkable for its unequivocal advocacy of continued membership of the Commonwealth. It is, of course, true that this policy has from the first formed part of the policy of Cumann-na-n Gaedheal. But, as one can readily understand, remembering that nearly all its leaders and a great majority of the rank and file were actively engaged in the pre-Treaty struggle against the forces of the Crown, that party never quite rid itself of a tendency to regard Dominion status as at least theoretically inferior to Republican Independence. Now the gradual progress towards whole-hearted acceptance of the Treaty settlement finds its logical completion. The first of the "heads of policy" recommended by United Ireland to the people of the Free State runs as follows :

"The voluntary reunion of all Ireland in a single independent State as a member, without any abatement of Irish sovereignty, of the British Com-

monwealth ; in free and equal partnership for mutual benefit with Great Britain, Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand."

It may perhaps be well to add that, inasmuch as repeated declarations both by Mr. Cosgrave and by General O'Duffy have stressed the implications of the words "voluntary reunion", Northern Ireland has no reason to fear, but every reason to welcome, the new departure.

Other "heads of policy" which may be of interest to English readers are directed to "direct negotiation with Great Britain" for the removal of partition and settlement of financial disputes ; the making of a trade treaty with Great Britain ; unconditional resistance to Communism and to "the claims of any self-declared army or dictatorship to receive political authority or to interfere with individual liberty" ; the abolition of Proportional Representation (the one mistake in the programme, as I think) ; and the planning of economic life and the setting up of agricultural and industrial corporations and of a National Economic Council.

Whether the next General Election when it comes—and I have no reason to think it imminent—will show such a change in public feeling as to revolutionize the present unhappy situation, I am quite unable to foresee. Of late years Irishmen have learned to be very chary of expressing their real opinions ; and, though one frequently hears of former individual supporters of Fianna Fáil denouncing the doings of the Government in private, and even of some who have appeared on General O'Duffy's platforms, I should not like to be too confident that the process of conversion is yet complete. Nor can one be sure that many of those who now grumble most fiercely—finding the value of their livestock diminishing from fair to fair—might not be swung round again by a well-timed use of Fianna Fáil's favourite mixture of sentimental appeal and material favours. I am told, for example, that the Unemployment Bill now before the Dáil, under which moneys will be distributed not only to genuine work-seekers in town and country, but also to the sons of small farmers living at home, has already won back to Mr. de Valera many wavering adherents.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt at all that notwithstanding a lavish use of doles and bounties there is widespread distress, gloom and discouragement. The farmers, and

* The Young Ireland Association has since been dissolved and a new organisation called the League of Youth, has been formed.—ED

they must be many, who believed last January that to strengthen Mr. de Valera's hands was the surest way of bringing about a settlement of the economic war, now known on his own authority and on that of his Ministers that he has made, and intends to make, no further effort to that end. During the past three years the volume of our external trade has fallen by some 50 per cent. ; and the alternative markets that were to replace that of Great Britain have not yet been discovered, so that the Government has been obliged, in defiance of all its own theories, to subsidize exports to Britain, lest our agricultural surplus should become quite unsaleable. Taxation has increased ; yet, notwithstanding this and the retention of the Land Annuities, the last Budget was several millions to the bad. Though the Minister of Industry and Commerce boasts of having helped to establish some hundreds of new factories—the nature and location of which he deems it “not to be in the public interest” to reveal—the number of registered unemployed has lately risen week by week, from 54,808 in the middle of August to over 80,000 at the end of November.

Inasmuch as all these things are the natural and inevitable result of Mr. de Valera's folly and obstinacy, it is hardly uncharitable to hope, or unreasonable to expect, that he and his Government will at the next General Election meet with their appropriate reward.

Just as I am about to post this article news comes that the Government has proclaimed the Young Ireland Association as unlawful, and that the arrest of General O'Duffy and perhaps of his principal lieutenants may be expected to follow at any moment. The only comment I have time or space to make is this. I have myself assisted at meetings where numbers of young men wearing the blue shirt were present ; and I have everywhere heard the advice given them that, whatever the provocation, it was their duty as members of the Association and good citizens of the State to keep within the law, and neither to disobey the lawful orders of the Civic Guard nor allow themselves to be driven into the underground paths of secret conspiracy. Whether the will of the Government of the day can prevail against a great body of Young Irishmen acting in this spirit I cannot tell. But I know it has not been so in the past.

THE LOST ATLANTIS

By RICHARD CLAVERING

THOSE who recall the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Maracot Deep* will remember how he fancifully portrayed the existence of a race of super-men living on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean. Then he named Atlanteans. The author undoubtedly drew his inspiration for this engrossing tale from the ages-old story of the lost continent of Atlantis.

In the minds of most people the name Atlantis is doubtless associated with pure myth—the fantastic creation of some unknown story-teller who flourished in a forgotten age. But is it myth ? The recent announcement that a scientific expedition under German auspices is to attempt fresh investigation of the secrets of the Atlantic Ocean bed on lines never before tried reawakens an interest which has persisted for countless centuries. This expedition of Count Byron Kuhn de Prorock is intended to serve the interests of archæology ; and the equipment consists of a yacht, a large diver-bell, and a submarine boat of the most modern construction. On the yacht is a strong crane for lowering the diver-bell. By far the most interesting object is this diver-bell, which is of German invention and a veritable marvel of engineering art. It has been built with very thick walls to withstand the great pressure to which it will be subjected under the water, is egg-shaped at the bottom, has three observation windows, and it is estimated should reach with safety to a depth of 750 metres. Inside is a swivel chair for the accommodation of the observer, whose task it will be to take photographs. The lighting required is supplied by a deep-sea lamp with the power of a strong search-light which can be turned in all directions. Telephonic communication has also been arranged for between the yacht and the diver-bell, as well as the problem of maintaining a sufficient

supply of healthy air for the observer whilst the bell is submerged. What fresh knowledge may result from the efforts of this new enterprise will be awaited with keen anticipation by all those interested in the study of archæology.

What exactly is Atlantis supposed to have been?

Briefly, the supposition is that at some time large expanses of land occupied much of the space now filled by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The whole formed an archipelago; the biggest island in the group was named Atlantis and sustained a large and advanced civilization. The earliest record is found in Plato's dialogue known as *The Timæus*. In it he tells a story which his great-grandfather had heard from Solon, one of the wisest of the ancient Greeks. According to him, Atlantis was a great and wonderful empire "which had rule over the whole island (Atlantis) and several others, as well as over parts of the (opposite) continent". Not content with the territory already theirs, the powers in Atlantis embarked on fresh conquest, and succeeded in subjugating those parts of Libya which lay within the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) as far as Egypt, and extended their possessions in Europe to embrace Tyrrhenia (Italy). Still not content, they essayed eastward and attacked Greece itself. Whether Solon's story at this point becomes prejudiced with national pride in the ability of his own people to prevail where others had fallen, or whether he is narrating actual history, cannot be decided. But he describes how the Athenians addressed themselves with conspicuous valour to the attack of the invading Atlanteans and not only vanquished, but expelled them finally from the whole of their possessions within the Mediterranean area. This is supposed to have happened roughly about 9600 B.C. At a later period—according to Solon—violent floods and earthquakes occurred, and during one or more of these disturbances the island of Atlantis vanished beneath the sea.

If the problem of Atlantis were only associated with Plato's account of Solon's story, it might well be regarded as the product of the sage's own invention for the purpose of extolling the prowess of his nation and adding to the reputed greatness of his ancestors. It is true that for long scientists refused to credit the story; but more modern study of geology and palæontology, together with certain discoveries at the bottom of the sea, have arrested

scepticism by bringing the legend well into the sphere of possibility.

One of these discoveries occurred in the summer of the year 1898. A cable was being laid from Brest to Cape Cod when a strand broke at a point about 500 miles north of the Azores and at a depth of about 1,700 fathoms. In an attempt to fish up the broken strand, the grappling-irons brought to the surface soil and broken pieces of rock which microscopic examination showed to consist of lava. Further investigation revealed that the ocean bed at this point has all the characteristics of a mountainous country with high peaks and seared with deep valleys. The eruption of Mont Pelée in the West Indies during the early part of the present century taught geologists much by giving to science the data from which water-cooled lava can be distinguished from that which has cooled on land. When the volcano erupted, the lava stream divided, one part flowing into the sea solidified suddenly, the other congealed on land and took weeks to cool. Microscopic studies of samples of both these lavas revealed a marked difference in their crystalline structure. Now, the species of lava fished up from the bed of the Atlantic in 1898 (and which is preserved at the Musée de l'Ecole des Mines in Paris) was such as had congealed under *atmospheric conditions*. Had it solidified under 1,700 fathoms of water, it would have crystallized. The obvious inference is that the volcano which ejected this lava must have been well above the surface of the ocean at the time of the eruption because the cooling had taken place *on land*. Furthermore, geologists claim that lava exposed to sea-water disintegrates to an appreciable extent in something like 15,000 years. The particular lava under discussion was undecomposed, and if the geologists' estimate is correct, it indicates that the eruption in question must have occurred less than 15,000 years ago—a mere yesterday in geological time.

There are striking structural resemblances between Europe and North America and between Equatorial Africa and Brazil. Many of the mountain ranges on both sides reach the ocean to be cut off with an abruptness which suggests that in former times they probably continued beyond their present limits if they did not actually join one another. The Azores, Tristan

da Cunha, and the St. Paul's Rocks are quite possibly the last vestiges of a mighty continent which lay between Africa and South America and has sunk beneath the sea. Similarly the islands of the West Indies doubtless formed part of a far greater whole; and the fact that these lie well within the zone of earthquakes is an interesting one to note.

During the last century the naval authorities of England, Germany, and the United States took deep-sea soundings of the Atlantic which resulted in its entire ocean-bed being mapped out. This revealed the existence of a great ridge which, commencing near the coast of Ireland, traverses a southerly direction, embraces the Azores, and cuts across south-west to the coast-line of South America near the Amazon River. From there this ridge turns eastward, takes in the St. Paul's Rocks, changes its course north of the island of Ascension, and goes due south to the island of Tristan da Cunha. The average level of this great ridge is about 9,000 feet higher than the bed of the Atlantic, and it is reasonable, therefore, to assume that these islands mentioned are the mountain peaks of some submerged continental range. Another result of these deep-sea soundings was to establish the fact that this ridge is covered throughout its length with volcanic detritus, and there are evidences of volcanic disturbances on a very large scale. About 150 miles from the Straits of Gibraltar where Plato indicated the former location of Atlantis, it was noted that the soundings decreased in the course of a few miles from 2,700 fathoms to 1,600.

From such facts as these the hypothesis that there once existed wide expanses of land in the Atlantic Ocean would appear to be very well justified. At any rate, it is removed from the realm of mere surmise. That this land has gradually disappeared beneath the sea in course of time as the result of volcanic activity, leaving here and there a few remnants of its former whole is an opinion held by scientists of high standing and world repute. Moreover, the consensus of their opinion favours the relatively recent existence of a major portion of it above the surface of the sea, forming an archipelagic chain such as Plato described.

There is also biological evidence which appears to support the Atlantean theory. For instance, the Monk Seal remains

close to land and does not frequent the open ocean. One species is found in the Mediterranean, the other in the West Indies; the two separated by the thousands of miles of the broad Atlantic in which neither is known to exist. The case of *Manatus* is similar. One is found off the West Coast of Africa, the other inhabits the South American coast; and both of them are partial to the proximity of land. The wide range separating these marine mammals would appear to indicate that their ancestors followed a coast-line which has to a great extent ceased to exist. The burrowing *Amphisbænidae*, which are generally limbless, and spend most of their existence in ants' nests, present an interesting study. They are a very large family and found only in the region of the Mediterranean, Africa, and America. It would be impossible for them to cross the ocean; yet they are found in this last-named continent, whereas not a single one is known in Asia, which has land connection with Europe. Of the ants, certain ones found in the Azores are native also of America. Similarly, many of the moths and butterflies in the Canary Islands are identical with those of America. Yet ants, moths, and butterflies, whose span of life is at best very short, could not possibly navigate the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The ocean is an insuperable barrier to earthworms also, but those found in Europe and North Africa are identical with those in the islands of the Atlantic.

How did these several creatures reach their different localities? Certainly not by an ocean way. The only alternative appears to be the former existence of land where now the sea holds sway.

Anthropology is not lacking in offering material which is equally suggestive in favour of there having been land fit for human habitation in the Atlantic Ocean which no longer exists. Archæologists are aware that Europe was visited by a certain migrant race many thousands of years ago. This race has been named the Crô-Magnon, or Aurignacian, because of the places where the earliest discoveries concerning them were made. In 1852 remains of a particular and distinct people were found in a grotto at Aurignac; and later Monsieur Lartet, a French anthropologist, discovered five skeletons in a cave close to the little hamlet of Crô-Magnon, near Les Eyzies, on the Vézère.

Both these finds were identical, and showed they belonged to the same race, of which Sir Arthur Keith has said that it was one of the finest mentally and physically the world has ever seen. Judging by these Crô-Magnon and Aurignac skeletons, the average height of the men of this race was well over six feet. The shoulders were very broad, and the arms short in comparison with the legs, a fact indicative of high racial development far removed from the semi-anthropoid remains of other discoveries. In every case the skull indicated a thin, prominent nose, high cheek-bones, and a massive chin. It has been noted by Broca that the brain capacity of a Crô-Magnon woman surpassed that of the average male of today. Other burying-places of the Crô-Magnons have been discovered, and they reveal much concerning this early race. For instance, they disclose evidences of high art in more directions than one. The walls of these Biscayan caverns are adorned with drawings and paintings, and not infrequently, bas-reliefs, of the human form and animals executed with such regard for correct proportion, allied with grace of technique and true reproduction as evince a highly-developed æsthetic taste equal in many respects to that of modern times. The people who produced such works of art could not be classed as savages. Remains of mantles made of shells exhibit a love for beauty which doubtless characterized the Crô-Magnon woman and lent charm to the wearer. The implements of flint are masterpieces of the flint-maker's art, and there are instruments fashioned from bone and horn which show an inventiveness of a very high order. Evidences of this early Crô-Magnon industry have not so far been met with in Central or Eastern Europe. It centres in South-Western Europe and must have appeared there when the rest of the Continent was inhabited by people not far removed from a semi-anthropoid type commonly known as Neanderthal man. Such a high order could not have been developed in a few centuries—it was, doubtless, the outcome of many thousands of years of progressive evolution somewhere. But where? And how did it reach Europe? Not from the East—the traditional birthplace of the human race—for the reason just stated, and certainly not from the North. The race who introduced it into Europe must have made their entry from the

West or South-West. That they did so by a land route is indicated by the fact that *not a single boat nor drawing of a boat has been discovered* amid the remaining traces of this race, and it is only reasonable to suppose that had so important a means of transport existed for them, they would surely have recorded the fact when they have done so of less trivial matters. The indications would seem to point to an Atlantic origin. Two other features which supply evidence that this is most likely true are the fact that, whereas the Basque language has no linguistic affinities with any other in Europe, it strongly resembles in grammatical structure the aboriginal tongues of the vast *American Continent*; and also, the similarity between the Crô-Magnon skulls in Europe and the pre-historic skulls in Lagoa Santa in Brazil suggests an identity of type. What was the connecting link between peoples so widely separated by distance? The relationship between them can hardly be regarded as accidental. It may not be quite such an idle fancy as it appears to some people, to suppose that they originated in a land which once existed between Europe and Africa on the one side and North and South America on the other, and spread east and west when that land began to disintegrate and finally to disappear beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Ancient religious beliefs show a similarity in many respects which would appear to indicate a common origin. The gods of early Egypt have in many cases a counterpart in North or South America. It may seem to be working backwards to allude at this stage to the Flood, but having examined briefly the contributions of geology, biology, and anthropology, reference to other accounts relative to that event may prove illuminating. The actual Genesis story is too well known to require description. Assyriologists of recognized eminence have shown that there is very intimate connection between the Genesis record and that of the Babylonian Story of Gilgamesh written on the tablets of clay which the discovery of the great library of Assurbanipal at Nineveh has supplied. From the Babylonian source comes another account, that of the Chaldean priest Berosus. In each one there is an ark with its cargo of human freight, the rising waters of a flood engulfing the land and the widespread destruction of nations. From the far-away Tupi-Guarani Indians of Brazil

emerges a story which bears such close resemblance to those of the Old World that the significance needs no stressing. The creator-god Monan found mankind so bad that he decided to destroy the world by fire. A great magician named Irin Magé, however, counteracted the dangers of the fire by sending heavy rain which caused a great flood instead, and only a few people were saved. The Carib Indians of the West Indies had a similar record of a great deluge, as had also the Macusi tribe and the Tamanacs. Legends of the Mexican Indians speak of a great flood in which Nata and his wife Nena escape destruction in a hollowed-out cypress which does service as a boat. Another of these legends tells how a giant named Xelhua, having ascended a high mountain to save himself from the flood, built the pyramid of Cholula as a place of refuge in case of a second deluge. This story is suggestive of the building of the Tower of Babel in the Genesis story.

The Seminoles and the Choctaw tribe of North America possessed a history of the Creation which closely resembles the Biblical account. First, there was nothing but the primeval waste of waters, then land appeared and green grass. In the centre of the land rose a high hill on which was the home of a great god, the "*Master of Breath*", who fashioned men from clay.

Brochica, the hero of the Chibchas Indians of Columbia, carrying the world upon his shoulders, is but a variation of the Atlas myth of the ancient Greeks. The Mexican god Quetzalcoatl is clearly Osiris of Egypt, and Ciuacoatl is Isis. There are pyramids in Egypt and there are pyramids in Mexico. The mummification of dead bodies practised in the former country is also to be found in the latter, as well as in Peru.

It can hardly be a matter of coincidence that peoples separated by the great distance of a mighty ocean should possess so much in common, and of which much is identical, at a period in the history of man when the crossing of that ocean would appear to have been an impossible achievement. It may be argued by some that these and many other Egyptian influences reached America by way of Asia and the Pacific at its narrowest part. But they are hardly likely to have passed through such countries as India and China without leaving behind clear impressions

in those countries, which is not the case, or, themselves receiving an infiltration of new ideas which clearly did not happen. Egyptians in the reign of Necho are supposed to have made a voyage to the southernmost part of Africa, and could, therefore, undertake a long sea voyage. But, if on that assumption it is suggested that they crossed the Atlantic, it may well be observed that long voyages in the constant proximity of land to which resort can be made at any time, are a very different undertaking from that of essaying across several thousands of miles of watery isolation. If the Egyptians did cross the Atlantic, it is pertinent to inquire why they and similar nations did not continue to do so, instead of leaving it for Columbus to make history by his first memorable voyage in A.D. 1492. Moreover, many archæologists are of the opinion that much which is called Egyptian actually originated elsewhere, and reached Egypt from a *westerly* direction. If, on the other hand, Atlantis once existed as the birthplace of what afterwards became common to both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, and dispersion took place to the east and to the west when that continent began to disintegrate, a far more feasible solution seems to offer itself.

That great movement has taken place in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean and *is still taking place*, none can doubt. Only so long ago as August, 1923, a vessel was sent out by the Western Union Telegraph Company to search for a lost cable which had been laid about twenty-five years before. Soundings were taken at the exact spot and revealed that the bed of the ocean had *risen nearly two and a quarter miles* during that short period! Such a fact as this offers only one obvious conclusion.

Perhaps soon—perhaps only in years to come—the inventiveness of science may find some means of wresting from the depths of the Atlantic some of its secrets. Till then Atlantis must remain a matter of interesting speculation.

THE NEW HOSPITALITY

BY H. PEARL ADAM

AMONG the qualities which have combined to convince foreigners, especially Latin foreigners, that the Englishman is a cross between a fool and a madman, there ranks very high his ineradicable pleasure in exercising hospitality. Nothing can cure him of it; gold standards do not affect it, high prices cannot abate it; and his going to live in a miniature flat without servants in Outer Suburbia cannot cure either him or his wife of hoping that some friend or another will come to brighten his weekend, occupying the ten-by-six space most jealously preserved for such occasions, and dignified by the name of guest-chamber, when the house-agent refers to it, though the flatholder is more likely to offer "a shake-down in our spare cupboard".

"The English Character" has lately been under the microscope, and this facet of it is worth considerable study, for most of the Englishman's virtues are apparent in it, as well as some of his most characteristic reactions to everyday life, good and bad. He is, for instance, not always an accomplished host, however willing; but he is nearly always more likeable to his guests in his own home than he is to his acquaintances abroad, and often more likeable as a host than he is as a guest. Indeed, one often hears said, or says: "Well, one can't tell about him; but we're dining there on Thursday, and we'll know then."

As a rule one does, and mostly one likes. This is to the credit of the Englishman. It argues that he may be dull, or sulky, or truculent, or forbiddingly shy, when one meets him on the cold side of his threshold; but that on the hearth-side of his door he is a true servant of his own Lar to the pilgrims of other Lares.

There is, of course, a kind of hospitality which only by

hospitality is allowed to take refuge under the wings of such a word. There is the reception under one's roof of persons who are welcome there only by interest or by convention—*e.g.*, all that was ever done by the Podsnaps, the Veneerings, the Barnes Newcomes, or the Elliotts of Kellynch, and Rochester's altogether appalling house-party. This never changes. It can never be new, nor old, nor anything but what it is: a detail of business, or a rustling of dead leaves. That continues uninterrupted, from decade to decade, century to century. It is always accomplished by the use of as much effort as possible, usually expended in a wish to proffer as usual what one considers is usual to other people. There is evidence that greengrocers used to send out waiting-boys (or go themselves) to serve at table in the guise of butlers; it was attained by wearing a pair of white cotton gloves. Hollywood could never stage *Pickwick*; the waiting at the swarry is not up to film-standards of butlers. The kind of "hospitality" which is a cuckoo in the nest is implicit in every word of that swarry, and as applicable now as then.

In the true sense of the word it is interesting to see how the wish to be hospitable has survived the revolution which has altered English life since the war. Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is that survival which has kept that life recognizable. When one comes to count up what has changed it seems impossible that people should remain much the same in essentials. Houses, clothes, habits, food, amusements, occupations, all have altered. A deep layer at the bottom of the social classes, and an increasingly thin layer at the top, alone have escaped the cold finger which the worries of Peace have laid upon us.

One has only to consult the faces of pre-war houses to be startled by a thousand considerations and conjectures. Is it possible that the Eligible Residences of Emperor's Gate and Lancaster Gate were ever inhabited by one family each? How many servants did they keep (and lose)? How did they get on without a lift? (Nowadays healthy young creatures puff like grampuses after walking up three flights.) How far was it to the bathroom for the least favoured member of the family? Who brought the coal up? How much did they burn? What happened if anyone was ill? How could they bear living there? And *why did they do it?*

The large districts of London of which these are representative were remarkable for being merely prosperous and never august. They had not the unmitigated ugliness of Devonshire House, the quiet, self-sure reticence of Grosvenor House, nor even the heterogeneous countenance of Park Lane, where the houses had obviously been built by all sorts of people just as soon as they could afford one there, until there was no more space, but nevertheless managed to give an effect of not wanting to brag about it. At present. . . . Let us think of something else.

It is astounding to middle-aged people to remember that when they were young the houses Willett put up on the north side of Regent's Park were considered labour-saving. This was because they were mostly on two floors, and, above all (though perhaps one should say below all) they had no basements. Thus the domestic servant was allowed a brief blaze of glory before she vanished from the ken of so many of the employing classes; she was not expected any longer to live in a cellar and sleep in an attic, and serve five flightsful of people in between. But Willett houses were few. It is no wonder that the munitions factories had all the women workers they wanted; the lathes didn't stop, but shifts did, on the first stroke of the appointed hour. Thereafter there would be no tinkling bell. The petulant tinkle of the Victorian drawing-room bell (among bells what a lap-dog's yapping is among barks) must have come to be a double trial to the Victorian servant—an exasperation when heard, and a torture when waited for.

It is widely complained that the little houses of today are dreadful because they are all alike. Undoubtedly the architecture which borders the by-pass roads is teasing; it is fussily pretty or fussily pretentious, or both; and a few pieces of deal, painted brown and nailed on a gable-shaped surface of rubble, will persuade nobody that the house is Tudor nor make them wish it were. Some people profess to think it an excellent thing that the by-pass house is often built in such a manner that optimists expect it to fall down within fifteen years. Nevertheless, it is sightly in the eyes of many thousands, it is easy to run, and the minute car, housed in something not bigger than the gardener's shed of 1900, represents untold freedom and enjoyment. Most of the people who are toiling through instalments to own a

house on the Mingleton Mansion Park Grange Hall Estate (£985 to £1,185, no law costs or road expenses) would not have an Emperor's Gate House as a gift, if they had to live in it. To them the look of its area alone would be forbidding. For consider the picture that that area conjures up: the errand-boy's stick, maddeningly clattering along the railings, as he even more maddeningly whistled between his teeth while bringing the fish for dinner two hours later than it had been promised; the anxious face of the cook peering up at him from the barred and cavernous square of the kitchen window (a face which only memory can assure one was incredibly red, rather than of a yearning pallor): these things appeal to the tenant of 973, Kingston Bypass Terrace Gardens in terms of positively mediæval life, life as it was lived when people were put in dungeons.

But it was lived in these houses right up to the war, and the victims of reduced incomes have a great deal more for which to be grateful than they always stop to consider. Not to be able to afford a butler will be recognized as a blessing by all who were relieved of his rule before they were too old to know Freedom. A butler was the keystone of the arch of domestic life. You had to have him to keep all the other servants wedged into their places. You also had to have him because, having him, you had to give the sort of dinner that the butler-owned always had to give. The proposition forms a perfect circle. You couldn't drop the fish-course out because Wing would be so shocked, and if you persisted you couldn't ask anybody in unexpectedly because there wasn't a fish-course.

During the war it was all right. If too old to "go", Wing either stopped to look after the elder ladies, and in the direst secrecy performed such incredibly menial tasks as cleaning their boots, or wangled quarter-pounds of butter from shops never previously visited by anybody in the hierarchy above the scullion or the tweeny; or he made munitions or learned to drive a car. If young enough to "go", he went. But the hereditary caste of butler lost more in numbers than any other during the war, not by death, but by change of mind in regard to his work, no less than in the work there was for him to do. When Armistice was over the butler was mostly over too. And his having sometimes become a major, or something like that, complicated things

rather ; he was so obviously better fitted to represent somebody at some conference than to say that he really couldn't say sir, when asked if Miss Angela was ready.

Still, having perfected his method of saying something very similar round boards of green cloth, he might have returned to the world of pantries and servants' halls, if that world had not abruptly dissolved. The keystone of the arch found there was no arch to prop. People had different ways of facing life, and far different ways of entertaining it. Those who stayed on in family houses changed their scale of service ; but mostly the big house was vacated, the family split up, and pieces of it frequently went to live in such places as Wing had never heard of, such as Battersea, or Finchley Road, or those funny streets behind Oxford Circus, where there are lots of flats, but *not* what Wing was accustomed to. As time went on the mews-flat came into prominence, some of it not any more savoury than might be expected from the pre-motor mews. The converted mansion, the small labour-saving flat, and the hastily-constructed "mansions" run up near Tube stations, were the next step. Finally, the small car solved the problem. First it took everybody out all over the place, increasing the volume of traffic to bypass dimensions ; and then it rendered possible the little house on those bypasses, otherwise quite inaccessible and impracticable, where people can have light, air, enough garden to grow things, and even a dog—people who would otherwise be cooped up in one floor of a big London house, or squashed into a papier-mâché flat in a cardboard suburb.

One of the results of the money-tightness which has broken up the big houses and built the little ones is the happy-go-lucky comfort of today's entertaining. It has lost a great deal in stateliness, more in conventionality, and perhaps most in boredom. Until the change took place there were two reasons for pretending one had plenty of money ; one was the snobbish desire to do everything as one's economic superiors did it ; the other was a respectable wish not to embarrass the guest by any notion of stress. When all became poor together the latter reason vanished, and the first promptly stood on its head. People began apologising for having a butler as before they had tried to explain his absence. Excuses offered for the presence of a

venerable dodderer, usually far past his work, ran : " I do hope you won't think it perfectly frightful of us to have kept Robbins on in times like these ; but you see he couldn't possibly get a job anywhere else, and he's the most frightful nuisance, poor darling, and we have to make excuses to everybody, because really it's such frightful taste having a man-servant, and John simply foams when he has to pay a licence or what-not ; but what can one possibly do when he dandled Uncle Jim or heard Mummie's prayers or combed Grannie's hair or something, only he can't be trusted with the soup, he shakes so."

The hospitality of today is remarkable for the way in which it has shed the outer crust, or etiquette, and kept the inner meaning of courtesy. A good deal of it is shocking to elderly folk, who learned their exquisite manners in a day when there was time for them, and very comprehensibly regret the rather rough-and-tumble ways of today. The merely middle-aged stand between the two, those who were youngish during the war, and therefore came near enough to that disturbance to drop some of the flummery ; who remember with pleasure the deference with which they themselves addressed their elders, and accept with understanding and gratitude the salutation with which only an affectionate youngster will hail them—anything from their Christian name to " old bean ". (Is it not strange that there should be beans in the vocabulary of affection, and that these should never by any chance be young ones ?)

Prejudices once dropped, one can enjoy the spectacle now presented by English hospitality. Those who have lived long abroad will find special interest in it, for the changes will to them be so sweeping that they will have a force quite dramatic. The old etiquette books read as though they had been written before the Renaissance courtesy books. One must never mention food, nor act as though an efficient staff of domestics were not waiting to function ; the hostess must keep dark any visits to the kitchen and must always appear free of every care that ever beset Martha. Guests must be entertained, entertained, and yet again entertained. They must be told at breakfast (brightly, as one telling good news), the pitiless programme of pleasure to which the hostess had strapped herself, as Mazeppa was strapped, for the next sixteen hours. The guest must smile, and make no murmur

at hearing that the entire family would escort her to the Minster, well though she knew that by this time their feelings towards the Minster were anything but Christian, thanks to the duty of taking guests to see it. ("I wish the Five Sisters Window had been smashed by raids, smashed to smithereens!" once said a seventeen-year-old who thought herself out of hearing of the visiting aunt.)

The only loophole left for hostess and guest was that the latter might have "letters to write". In winter-time this was a complication too, involving the lighting of a fire in her bedroom. Men were always better off; they could always smoke together. And for some reason there does not attach to the unofficial and semi-public daytime slumbers of their sex the slight suggestion of either impropriety or impolicy, the latter perhaps connected with open mouths and snoring, which drives women to stay awake together if they cannot separate to sleep.

In Jane Austen's time people stayed in each other's houses for months. Most of this time was spent sitting doing needlework in morning-parlours, unless they went to Bath, when the Pump Room offered a change, or unless the weather was so propitious that it was possible to go for a half-mile walk or a three-mile drive. And even this was always done together. Little as Miss Austen liked Mary Bennet one cannot help noticing that the girl was no fool—she had captured the right to follow her own pursuits in her own room, thus avoiding conditions which seem to this generation intolerable. One almost thinks that Mr. Bennet must sometimes have gone up there, to poke unkindly fun at her, perhaps, but also to enjoy the certainty that nobody else would leave the social life of the ground floor. Family life in those days was really coagulated; it was only half-set when the war came, and now our hard times have made it almost perfectly fluid, at any rate as regards host and guest.

A principal cause of this is the necessary emergence of the kitchen and food into the consciousness and conversation of the entire household. When Sarah Jane leaves at three the guest who doesn't know that her hostess gets tea and supper, the hostess who doesn't know the guest knows it, are merely imbecile. Polite feigning of unconsciousness is no longer practicable. It can now mean but one thing: that the guest

is either bone-lazy or snobbish to the point of delirium. Therefore there is a rapidly-constructed, but already solid, new code of manners. The guest must offer to help. The hostess must be ready for the offer. If it is firmly refused, the guest must not insist. In a small kitchen, or just when the rice has to be drained, the presence of even a beloved guest may drive one to fury. On the other hand, if the guest asks permission to help, she has a right to suppose that the offer, like permission to sub-let, "shall not be unreasonably refused". The competent hostess of 1933 has a list of services which can be performed by guests without too much harassing herself. This list is not too easy to compile, the number of such services being distinctly limited. When six people insist on rising from table to do the table-service, each for the other five; when six people want to wash up, or lay the table, nobody knowing where anything is kept, or what there is for dinner, confusion of spirit is a mild word for the state of mind of the hostess or host. The game should be played fairly; an offer of help loyally made, courteously refused, and the refusal decently accepted, should decidedly be followed at an early period by a request for help, such request to be eagerly (and if possible efficiently) granted, but not to be taken as obliterating entirely the first refusal.

Take the question of breakfast. Keeping the guest in bed with a breakfast-tray and the gas-fire is often a short cut to loving her much more when she gets up than one would if she had come down early. John may be quite impossible at breakfast, or there may be things to do involving stoking, and getting an extra room hot, or something like that. Stay in bed, but you may bring your hot-water-bottle downstairs when you do come; it seems that that sometimes has an effect disproportionately good for so simple an action. On the whole, it is worse to be known as a guest who would insist on helping than as a guest who sat there, my dear, and wouldn't lift a finger. Each to his choice, Scylla for one, Charybdis for the other; but after all the channel is not so narrow, for actual fellowship is rendering the new code very easy to understand. We are all in the same boat and know by personal feeling how to treat others. The Blue Room or the Guest's Chamber has become a folding camp bed, on whose polished wood top the coffee-tray can be put;

the print-pretty housemaid, behind whom was implicit the rest of the staff, has become an unseen Mrs. Somebody, heard after breakfast in the kitchen dealing with the crockery and standing no nonsense from it; somebody sneezing in the next flat produces a ghostly effect of being in one's midst; but it is almost certain that we are having more fun with our entertaining than our grandparents did.

We have less to spend, less to pretend, and less to fear. The welcome we extend is even heartier than it was when visitors gave us personally much less trouble than they do now. We have the fun of devising new ways of putting guests at their ease. The casual guest, brought home by John for dinner and a rubber, and kept because the last 'bus has gone, or it is pouring, is by no means to be told that he is giving no trouble and then left for half an hour while stealthy upstairs activities are audible. He is told to come and help make his bed, and then he can see for himself how little trouble it is. If he seems incapable of putting a towel over a towel-rail he can be given some other small thing to do. He is to be made easy in his mind by being made part of the machinery.

The same spirit is visible in regard to guests who come for meals. Not only would a Victorian menu read like a very heavy joke, but even a late Edwardian or Early Georgian bill of fare would seem unduly long. Our changes in this respect are sufficiently evinced by the appearance on the market of crockery and glass unknown to us before the great change—fruit-services, for instance, and grape-fruit glasses. The latter, by the way, represent a most remarkable change in English habits. Not only in big hotels, but in small ones; not only in public houses, but in private ones; the English breakfast is eloquent of the extraordinary fact that grape-fruit is ousting porridge from its place—yes, porridge and all its puffed and flaked degenerates as well.

It seemed like a dream to be in the commercial room of a tiny commercial hotel in a busy Midland town, a room complete with mahogany sideboard and steel engraving of "The Monarch of the Glen", and to see lower middle-class drummers, surely the most conservative of all men, unanimously eating grape-fruit at the beginning of their breakfast. It almost looked as though England could no longer be England.

But she is. The divan couch in the wee first-floor study shows that. The variety of pretty overalls shows it—the manufacturers know how often it is the hostess who must turn out the dinner and serve it. Conversation shows it. The affairs of the kitchen are no longer taboo when there is company, nor smiled into silence by men as trivial feminine preoccupations. They can be very boring, it is true; will anyone maintain that politics or golf cannot resemble them in that? In their place they can be quite as interesting.

It is very pleasant to dine in one of the few houses which have kept their pre-war attitude to entertaining; but it is even pleasanter to reflect that for every one such there are a thousand which have managed to reconcile the paucity of means with generosity of wish, and in doing so have given to the hospitality of these days, rather cold, hard days, the cheerful comradeship of youthfulness—almost, indeed, the gaiety, courage, and quiet mind for which Stevenson prayed in general, and which can hardly inform the spirit of our hospitality without radiating through the rest of our existence.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

IV.—GERMANY

BY JAKOB WASSERMANN

IN giving some account of the contemporary German novel I feel unexpectedly hampered by the circumstance that I belong myself to this category of German writers, as may be seen by a mass of work ranging over thirty-five years. It is not for me to judge whether or to what extent my own work has contributed to the development of narrative literature in Germany. And there is another difficulty related to the first: how shall I, living and working in our time—and as one who cannot and will not deny active participation—attain to that unprejudiced judgment which is requisite in any such review and survey? For obvious reasons I must, throughout, put myself out of court and consider my contemporaries and those who started writing after me, not, like a literary historian or professional critic, ranging them under certain headings and in so many schools or groups (for which task indeed I have neither the courage nor the Olympian calm), but seeing in them living persons like myself, visualising each one of them in his spiritual climate following his destiny; striving sometimes with and sometimes against me, forging ahead or hanging back, maybe accompanied by success or maybe unheeded by the public, just in the way things do happen in this world of ours, and particularly in the sphere of art.

I see no other way of avoiding this dilemma than by restricting the mention of any names to the indispensable minimum and, instead, by devoting myself rather to a consideration of general tendencies; to explore intellectual roads rather than describe personal deeds. Such a course, anyhow, must commend itself, since a real synthesis of the achievements in novel-writing would otherwise be impossible without going into a maze of detail.

At the time when I began to make my bow to the public, in the last years of the nineteenth century, that literary *genre* which is described in England and America as "fiction" was quite unknown in Germany. Neither convention nor tradition recognized it. We had "high" literature (*belles lettres*), the classical or would-be classical drama, also the classical lyric with all its derivatives and offshoots. Even the epic poem was still in vogue, making up in pretentiousness what it lost by diffusiveness, and, boring though it was, always appeared as the *obligato* birthday and Christmas gift. But the so-called "serious" man would have considered it *infra dig.* to bother himself with such productions. (As a matter of fact, I doubt very much whether the "serious" man would ever have read a poem by Hölderlin, or would know anything else out of *Faust* except certain trite quotations; a genuinely artistic culture was a rarity in such circles, indeed anywhere, for among the *élite* art was only a kind of superstition.) Then from these respected and sometimes shyly admired literary works, both genuine and spurious, one was reduced, without any transition, to reading the trash of the publisher's market, rose-tinted love stories, the romantic historical novel, trivial comedies, grim studies of social manners cut to a pattern with characters like lay figures. That was the position only a decade or two after the death of Dickens, Flaubert, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky, and at the very time when Zola and Maupassant in France, and in Russia Tolstoy and Chekhov, were creating their masterpieces of narrative.

The differences between the English and German story-telling of the nineteenth century is extraordinarily characteristic and significant. You had in England a high average and a number of individual outstanding figures; within this average a secure and continuous tradition; a sure grasp of the appropriate and fitting, social life mirrored in all strata of society; an inexhaustible wealth of types; and finally breadth and ease of manner (to me Thackeray appears the high water-mark with his peculiarly Victorian humour). Whereas with us in Germany there were only a few achievements by individuals such as the incomparable composition *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*, a treasure like Achim von Arnim's *Kronenwächter*; a monumental work like Immermann's *Oberhof*; a profound epic writer like Adalbert Stifter

or the attractive and original Gottfried Keller; a creature of genius like E. T. A. Hoffmann, the wonderful Eichendorff, the portentous Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. None of these, however, had any real following, they left no visible traces on the spiritual life of the nation; each of them created a world but not one of them a tradition; great individuals they were but without any of that strength that inspires the common touch, each was as it were ruler in his own satrapy (with the exception of Goethe whose novels, after all, have never penetrated to the people).

There you have the explanation of the steep decline from those heights, and the absence of any surface affinities; besides the fact that there never was in Germany a "society" as there is in England and France. The novel needs, however, a surface, a certain agreed basis of forms, of social custom and of living racial tradition. When, as a young man, I opened a book of Balzac's and read the word Paris, that was not for me just any city you like, it was a definite symbol, the vital centre of a nation pre-figured already in countless images. With us in Germany it was never so. There was nothing like that. For this reason those, who thirty years ago set about creating the German novel came up against well-nigh insurmountable difficulties, difficulties which were much greater than those that creative writers of other nations have had to face. The *Buddenbrooks* of Thomas Mann was a piece of good fortune, an exceptional case; as the scion of a Hansa city with century-old ties here was one author who had, so to speak, a century-old social background. All the same, he had to forge for himself the form of his novel and that *could* only be a personal accomplishment. (Incidentally he may be said to have succeeded by spicing it with irony, and irony, to my mind, is tantamount to an evasion of artistic form.)

As for the rest of us, what did we find? I am not speaking of the political, economic or social situation, I am not referring to the fact that at that time the man of letters in Germany, if he were not actually receiving Court patronage or in some way had been officially sponsored, was looked upon as a person of dubious character—he still incurred something of the odium of the lewd fellow, such as a century previously was the lot of the actor. And here I am referring to the general intellectual position round about the year 1890, when the first swingings of the natura-

listic movement foreshadowed a kind of renaissance. I am thinking of books which were widely read at that time such as those of Friedrich Spielhagen, of Paul Heyse's *Kinder der Welt*, the re-furbishings of antiquity of a Georg Ebers, all these great ones renowned in their time but belonging to an epoch which is manifestly of the past; indeed, today you cannot even get access to the mausoleum where they lie at rest. True, it should not be forgotten that such a notable descriptive artist and narrator as Theodor Fontane and such a quaint artificer as Wilhelm Raabe, both men of sixty, had already produced their own most important work. These were, however, very little heeded by *le grand public*, indeed they were appreciated much less than they really deserved; it was only when the literary revival set in that they were borne along with it and their names became generally known.

The renewed animation of which I am speaking—to some extent it may be termed a spiritual revolution—was based first and foremost on the influence of the great Nordic and Russian writers; the quiet poetry of a Jens Peter Jacobsen had paved the way, then came the great rebels and prophets, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Strindberg, Björnson, Zola, and their fiery breath was a powerful inspiration to us. The world took on a new complexion. I can still well remember the excitement provoked by Tolstoy's *Kreuzer Sonata*, a book that sent the blood rushing to the head, a straightforward prose narrative reflecting in immediate and model form a violence of life which bore the stamp of truth, yet treating of the inmost affairs of Everyman. Here was no philosophy, here were no scientific discoveries, no public scandals but the record of human souls, nay, the spiritual pilgrimage of ordinary individual men, who, though but creatures of the author's mind, inflamed one's spirit and tugged at one's heart strings.

It was something unprecedented, something that unquestionably had revolutionary effect. We seemed like people rudely awakened from our slumber, first with only a dull sense of all the noises that make up the daily round and unable to distinguish individual sounds. And among the voices then to be heard there was one speaking to us in the accents of our own language, one which though belonging, at the turn of the century, to no living person, possessed, nevertheless, the most insistent appeal, and

compared with which the sound of all the other voices seemed to be merely a faint chorus. Yes, the truth is that Friedrich Nietzsche was the real awakener of the young generations of Germans round about 1900. But that is philosophy over again, it will be said. I reply, Yes and No ; for his mission measured in terms of time and spiritual importance was more that of a critic and educator than of a thinker ; he induced agitation and not contemplation.

If in the Bismarckian era there was a general disposition to look down upon the novel, an attitude which goes back to Schiller's lofty dictum that the novel-writer was the half-brother of the poet, within a decade a remarkable change had set in—though indeed the reading public at that time was surfeited with a flood of inferior products of the *genre* trashy novels with a purpose, chitter-chatter of every conceivable kind, or manifestations of erotic love of a frankly exhibitionist and sensation-mongering character. These were, however, only the luxuriant overgrowth of the exuberantly thriving plants. Simultaneously you had the *Buddenbrooks*, already famous ; you had Knut Hamsun, fêted almost as if he were a native poet ; Gerhardt Hauptmann's *Emanuel Quint* ; while Hermann Hesse, Arthur Schnitzler, Henrich Mann, Eduard Keyserling and the writer of this article also came on to the scene.

I regard the decisive intellectual event in the narrative literature of those days to be the break-through to reality. When I say reality I mean the fusion of character elements with the sensuous truth of an experience, and consequently a definite turning away from pedestrian portrayal of types no less than from vague creatures of idealism, avoidance of the indefinite subjective creation, as of the self-centred lyrical effusion, clear delineation and grasp of the artist's sphere, simplicity and sobriety of presentation, and, as goal, a distinctive, *i.e.*, inimitable world-picture. Such art requires strict discipline, a profound spiritual intentness, an intellectual determination to avoid every romantic diversion and to derive all the possibilities of self-development from simple human experience.

With the field ploughed and manured in this way, the younger writers who came after had an easier task. Reality in the artist's sense is always something created, it does not exist

a priori. And what I term intellectual tradition is the sum of the realities thus created. The very same process, a conquest of reality, is observable during the last decade in American literature. Whether the result in this case will be a solid achievement of tradition, it is too early to say ; in any case it would be a unique occurrence. For us in Germany there always develops in time a fateful vacuum which, in its turn has to be overcome, and at every attempt of this kind all our resources are needed. The building up and the destruction of a tradition frequently follow one another immediately. That is patently a waste of strength and likewise a continual using up of capital, and as such it is plainly shown in the various phases of our literary evolution. The same is true of the individual work. No one likes to feel that he owes anything to anyone else, each one of us obstinately goes his own way, and then, so as to delude himself about it, adheres to some watchword or slogan which may, so to speak, cover him and give him an inward assurance against the reproach of a lack of tradition. Thus the generation after the war hoisted the verbal flag "Expressionism" ; ten years later it was *neue Sachlichkeit*. In either case it was really a flight from the essential.

Fortunately, however, single achievements are not determined by the stream of tendency in which they float. In those years just after the war we do perceive an abundance of young talent at work. A great number of the finest characters among our youth, it is true, fell on the battlefields ; while those who came back, wearied of action, longed for the contemplative life, and the *élite* of them yearned to mould into form their experiences and their impressions. Their life-material in itself had all of a sudden grown to immense proportions. There was an inexhaustible supply of material stored up in each one of them. It required no particular artistic bent to awaken the desire to testify to what one had seen and felt, and in so doing to relieve the pressure of mental distress. Society, State, family, economic life, presented a completely changed appearance ; where the old still prevailed it seemed to challenge destruction. That was the time when innumerable war-novels appeared ; works glorifying war were still rare, actual truth which had been lived through was stronger than the atavistic impulse to romantic soldiering.

Call it humanitarian conscience or anxiety as to the survival of civilization, or even merely reaction against murder and horrors, there was sincerity and passion in books like Ludwig Renn's *War* or Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. And that was why they exerted such an effect on people's minds, though their artistic and literary importance certainly failed to come up to their importance as polemical writings. The real epic of the world war is still unwritten, and I do not believe it can be written within the next twenty years. Combustible material cannot be wrought into shape. Artistically important experiments like Hans Carossa's *Rumania in Time of War*, or portrayal of the struggles for a more extensive national area like Hans Grimm's *A People without Space* are no more than the prelude to a mighty drama.

Before that drama can come into being this polemical tendency must be overcome, for under its inspiration artistic products of a higher nature have been already nipped in the bud. The incursion of political life, of the party-epithet, and particularly that of Marxist ideology has wrought havoc. Perhaps we should once and for all recognize that our age is no time for the pure work of art. But is the novel in this sense to be regarded as a pure work of art? Do we not rather expect from it a picture of conditions at a given time, a spiritual narrative of that time, internal and external developments, the conditions of existence, the conflicts of ideas, the pattern of fate in all its warp and woof as affecting the characters, either raised to the plane of types or presented as symbolic? If there are any laws to which life and art have to conform this is one of them.

And if I do not conceal my doubts as to the likelihood of a new efflorescence of the novel, those doubts are directed above all to the intellectual radicalism of the younger generation, which not only stifles all tradition, not only exposes the artist's trade as such to any casual intromission, but also veils the horizon, distorts our picture of the world and switches moral responsibilities on to the wrong lines. Such a state of affairs leads to paradoxes and convulsions, of which the general onslaught on "psychology", the abuse which has been hurled at all the established and recognized authors, is one of the most devastating. All at once the idea was that "psychology" was taboo. To the

extent that this revulsion applied to the atomisation of the soul which had been carried to a pitch of virtuosity there was nothing wrong in it, it was high time to do away with disclosure of the most secret intimacies which was a sheer outrage of decency and the ruthless post-mortem examination, as it were, of the figures portrayed, instead of creation and synthesis.

The general public was weary of this dismal perfection, the more cultivated turned away and sought something new. They thought to find it in the works of James Joyce, in the volumes of Marcel Proust. Round about the year 1924, the year when Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* appeared, a work which was not so far removed from this trend, the influence of these two writers was notable. Novels such as Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* or Hermann Broch's *Sleep-Walkers* are inconceivable without them. In general, however, the confusion they spread was greater than any beneficial influence which they may have exerted. By transferring into the sphere of art the scientific knowledge of Freud and Jung, very often with the fanaticism of the disciple, we have, as regards the much-maligned psychology, fallen from the frying-pan into the fire; things were fashioned in accordance with the most up-to-date principles, but they betrayed their essence and their origin all the same.

The essence of all narrative, of any description of facts, of any portrayal of life at all, is found in the movements of the soul, and without communication of the spark from soul to soul there can be no visible record, no tangible happening, no figure in which you or I can be mirrored, no fate that really stirs our emotion. There is, it is true, something rather mysterious about the revulsion against "psychology"; a certain joylessness in a pattern which had presented itself too often and too slickly to have any further power of attraction; mistrust, too, of feeling, but no less mistrust of intellect. Just as the tendency was in music to abandon melody, and in painting to give up representing the objective, so in the novel the idea was to have no more finished actions. In its repudiation of reason and experience this tendency was a mystical one, in its deliberate aversion from the traditional technique and the suppression of conventions it was, on the other hand, a product of rationalism. There is one author of genius in whom all these characteristics are united, Franz

Kafka. His work is extraordinarily German in the widest sense.

This German was, as it happens, a Jew. The fact cannot be passed over in silence here that a strikingly large number of modern novelists are Jews. The names of many of them have been carried beyond the frontiers of Germany, men such as Alfred Döblin, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Franz Werfel, Max Brod, Lion Feuchtwanger, Hermann Kesten and Josef Roth, whose *Job* and *Radetzky March* are works of genuine poetic quality and who, I think, has a great future as a narrative writer. Jews have always been intellectual pioneers, the protagonists of every new art and new doctrine. They were the first people in Germany to do homage to Richard Wagner, the first to spread the fame of Nietzsche, and their passionate interest in literature had in the last fifty years had the effect of a driving force. A thousand years of oppression had stored up in them powers and cravings which were now surging up with elemental force; an intoxication it was, indeed, and the results necessarily of a hybrid character. That the sons and grandsons of a section of the nation which had been so long and so insistently restrained from active participation—whose allegiance to their chosen home had, notwithstanding this repression, become a feeling of love—should now throng into the field of artistic creation, for which they were entitled to feel qualified by virtue of their fresh, unused energies and their peculiar and manifold original gifts, is too natural a process for me to try and explain it. I do not wish to say any more about it. . . .

If I were compelled to make a tally of the contemporary and the up-to-date authors I should be very much embarrassed. With the super-abundance of production it is scarcely possible. It suffices that I have indicated the direction of the various tendencies. For the time being no great achievements are in sight, but on the other hand there is a certain collective striving which may, perhaps, lead to intellectual and social clarification. It is perhaps also preparing the soil for a new communal tradition, which is, nevertheless, as opposed to the spirit and essence of art and free characterisation, as that barren individualism which has brought the form and civilization of Europe to the edge of destruction. Who will save us from it?

THE NEW MALAYA

BY GEORGE BILAINKIN

FOR four years Malaya is to retrace her steps, in order that the four territories known as the Federated Malay States, shall regain the status they enjoyed prior to 1895, when they signed a joint treaty. As a result of the scheme proposed by the present Governor, Sir Cecil Clementi, approved by Sir Samuel Wilson, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies and recently adopted by the Secretary of State, the Federated Malay States, Perak, Negri Sembilan, Selangor and Pahang, will by 1937 have become the Unfederated Malay States, with an autonomy and freedom similar to those possessed by the other Unfederated Malay States, Kedah, Perlis, Trengganu, Kelantan and Johore—which never entered the Federation. It is not a figure of speech, therefore, to say that the present is a critical period in the history of the Malay Peninsula, and that the changes to be wrought there will decide to a large extent the upward movements on the graph showing the evolution of self-determination in Asia.

The richest corner of the Empire has the doubtful distinction of being less known to English people than any British possession east of Suez. Malaya has seldom claimed public notice. In fact, until the House of Commons debated the wisdom of spending millions on a naval base at Singapore, many of those who have so lightly saddled themselves with the responsibility of legislating for the Empire thought vaguely of the whole peninsula as a distant and not clearly defined possession producing rubber, tin and tapioca. The reason underlying the Admiralty's decision became apparent when the alliance with Japan was terminated and the Australian and New Zealand Governments insisted that a strong centre for defence in the Far East was indispensable. Malaya came into the picture, and it was realized that Singapore would be the least vulnerable British naval and air base for

operations east of India and Ceylon, thoroughly capable of protecting our routes to Hongkong, Shanghai, Australia and New Zealand. Malaya was again out of the public eye until the return from his official tour of Malaya, Ceylon and Hongkong of Sir Samuel Wilson. But so remarkable is the lack of knowledge about the peninsula that only four newspapers dealt editorially with the revolutionary changes envisaged in the Wilson report, and they passed almost unnoticed in Parliament.

A brief recapitulation of the issues dealt with by the Wilson report will be more easily followed if a few sentences are devoted to explaining where Malaya is, and what territories it embraces. The term Malaya is taken to include the Crown Colony of the Straits Settlements, *i.e.*, Penang off the northern coast of the Malay peninsula, Malacca in the centre, and Singapore, near the base of the lowest nodal point of Asia. Labuan, also part of the Straits Settlements, is near Borneo. These are all ruled by a Governor, resident in Singapore. There are, besides, nine Malay States, each ruled by a Sultan. Four of these came early under British protection, and after the 1895 convention were known as the Federated Malay States. The Governor of the Straits Settlements is, by virtue of that office, High Commissioner of the Federated and the Unfederated States. On the north Malaya is bordered by Siam. The territory occupies a little over 50,000 square miles, with a population of 4,385,000. The Chinese, a large majority of whom are immigrants, number over 1,700,000, and the Malays, indigenous to the country, 1,680,000. In the Straits Settlements the Chinese constitute at least sixty per cent. of the population. They predominate easily in the Federated Malay States. This is not surprising, for five or six years ago the number of Chinese entering Malaya in a year was as high as 350,000.

The bitterest discussion Malaya has known for years was aroused soon after his arrival by the decision of Sir Cecil Clementi to introduce Decentralization. The word has been used by every legislator and public man on every public and private occasion, either as a term denoting the coming of the Messiah or of the worst of unknown terrors. Decentralization, now approved by Sir Samuel Wilson and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, has been sought by the rulers of the four Federated States for

nearly thirty years. Although the treaty of 1895 did not establish any central government, the term Federation followed its acceptance. It was not long, however, before the rulers of the territories discovered that the bureaucracy established in their name in what became the federal capital, Kuala Lumpur, trespassed upon their previously wide and jealously guarded prerogatives. Eight years after the signing of the treaty the Sultan of Perak sounded a note of alarm. By 1909 the rumblings had become more definite, and the authorities on the spot decided to retreat. As a compromise a Federal Council was established, with the High Commissioner as president, and the rulers of the four states, also the British Residents attached to their Courts, as members.

To a large extent the outbreak of the Great War, the development of racial consciousness and a growing sense of their own importance, combined to urge the Sultans to claim on behalf of their peoples a greater share in the government of the states than was possible under the authority, usurped gradually, of the central offices of the four states in Kuala Lumpur. In an effort to pacify the Sultans, Sir Laurence Guillemard announced in 1921 that the Colonial Office had no desire to enlarge the Federation, but wanted to encourage and enhance the friendly co-operation between the states already in the Federation, those outside and the Straits Settlements. The Sultans grew restive, and by 1927 the advance towards Decentralization had become accelerated. In this year Sir Laurence left Malaya. For some time to come Malaya shared in world prosperity. Wealth seemed to grow under every palm tree. Not unnaturally this state of well-being damped the ardour of those who had been eagerly taking part in the polemic.

In 1931 the new Governor, Sir Cecil Clementi, held a durbar at Sri Menanti. An experienced and able administrator, Sir Cecil knows the East and Far East exceptionally well. He responded with enthusiasm, of a kind the Sultans welcomed, to the problems placed before him by the rulers. On his return from short leave in England Sir Cecil explained his proposals for Decentralization and told the rulers precisely what he intended to do to strengthen the State Councils of the F.M.S., and at the same time expand their powers. He would transfer to state

governments control of the following departments : agriculture, co-operation, education, electricity, forestry, medicine, mining, public works and veterinary science. Sir Cecil added that he hoped, with the approval of the Colonial Office, to abolish the much discussed and debated post of Chief Secretary of the F.M.S., and to alter the organization of the customs, surveys, posts and telegraphs, telephones and railways. He would vest executive power in certain heads of departments in the colony, and give them advisory power in the Malay States. This would end the practice, hitherto followed, of executive personnel being duplicated in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States.

Malaya became immersed at once in a sea of controversy. Speeches were made of a kind that astonished the authorities. And, it might well be added, of a kind that pointed to the effect of actinic rays on Europeans who have stayed many years in the tropics. The distrust that had been carefully nursed between the Colony and the Federated Malay States was startlingly accentuated. The critics of the Clementi proposals loudly proclaimed that they could visualize, as a result of the adoption of the scheme, the extermination of the immense *entrepôt* trade of Singapore and Penang. They saw, too, the control of the Malay States passing into the hands of an autocrat in Singapore. They argued that corruption, inefficiency and bribery would spread from the Malay States to the minor officials of the hitherto admirably ruled Crown Colony. In short, one of the corners of the Empire which reflects credit on the colonizing, peace-making and administrative capacity of the Briton was about to crumble from its pedestal. Associations were formed for the sole purpose of fighting the Clementi recommendations. Sir Cecil had raised a storm the like of which the country had not known. It was to quell the "disturbances" and decide how far it was politic to adopt the Clementi suggestions that the Secretary of State asked Sir Samuel Wilson to undertake his investigation.

Sir Samuel inquired with exemplary care into the complaints and criticisms of Europeans, Chinese, Indians, Eurasians, Tamils and Malays. He spent many days listening to the spokesmen of deputations, Sultans, British Advisers and officials of high and low grade ; travelled through nearly every State and all parts of

the Colony. For reasons which are not easy to decide, as soon as the Wilson report was published (simultaneously in Britain and Malaya), the opposition to the Clementi proposals, which were almost wholly embodied and accepted in the document, vanished. With a wave of the arm Malaya agreed to all the changes. Opponents became allies.

In essence, the Wilson report reaffirms what has been said on a number of previous occasions about the urgency of the change. It points out that, unless the promises made to the Sultans of the F.M.S. about the return to them of the authority which they lost as a result of the encroachments by the Federal government are carried out, faith in Great Britain's word will have been rudely shaken, and perhaps destroyed throughout the peninsula. The Sultans have been eager to taste again the greater freedom which their neighbours, who did not enter the Federation, possessed and retain to this day.

Since the early days of Federation conditions in Malaya have of course, changed ; but on a scale difficult to envisage in Europe. There was, for example, no control over those who entered the country when Malaya enjoyed a wave of prosperity in rubber and tin. The Malays, however, were not easily drawn away from their peaceful existence as tillers of the land. They preferred to live modestly on the fruits and vegetables of the fertile soil. They were content to continue to reap their rewards in fishing, in building attractive huts on poles, and in obeying the message of the Prophet to pray five times daily. Prospectors and others who were eager to establish large rubber estates and open tin workings at great speed, in all sorts of places, with all kinds of antiquated and modern machinery, did not gladly countenance the probability of a shortage of labour. They saw that the Malays were not willing to leave agriculture and rice-growing. And so the Chinese and Indians were encouraged to invade the country as labourers, small shop-keepers and capitalists. There was no ban on transmigration. To-day, as has already been pointed out, the Chinese outnumber the Malays. The Indians, mostly Tamils, who work on roads and rubber estates, total between six and seven hundred thousand. It is true that since the world crisis spread to Malaya Chinese immigrants have been finding it difficult to land in the country, thousands have been

repatriated to their homeland, and Indian labour is almost completely excluded. But in taking stock of the future it has to be remembered that the recurring internal difficulties and continued political uncertainty in China, to say nothing about the unsettled conditions in India, are likely for many years to encourage Chinese and Indians resident in Malaya to remain on its hospitable shores.

And thus the character of the electoral population of tomorrow will have been changed by a set of circumstances over which those most concerned, the Malays, have had no jurisdiction. With a concern which is more deeply felt every day the Malays watch the silent invasion. This, in my submission, explains the real anxiety of the Sultans lest the Colonial Office, having so many children under its wings, might forget or be unable to realize the danger threatening the continued existence of the Malay States as a portion of the Empire. They witness the success of the Chinese, largely due to their astonishing power of adapting themselves to the requirements of environment, a piteously low standard of living, a capacity to work literally two-thirds of the waking day, at wages that provide the barest necessities, rice and fish and shelter. The Malay rulers believe that if they can regain the independence they lost at the end of the last century they will be able more effectively to convey their desires to the authorities on the spot and the Colonial Office. Malaya, then, will not so easily lose her heritage to an alien people whom we, the British trustees, have allowed to enter and roam about at will.

It is primarily because the Wilson report re-establishes and emphasizes in unequivocal words the sovereign independence of all the Malay rulers, and makes clear the nature of their link with the Paramount Power, that it is to be welcomed as a historic document. We have not declared the goal of our policy in Malaya as often as we might have done. Probably through this hesitancy difficulties have arisen with the non-Malay immigrant races in the peninsula. The purpose of British trusteeship is to make the Malays fit to rule their own country, and to help them now, and later, to protect themselves. This simple explanation of our mission needed reiteration because the impression was growing, not only among the Sultans but among the Chinese, Europeans and others, that the aim of our administration was to

enable all who wished to raise tin to do so ; all who had money to buy land and plant rubber to proceed with their plans. It looked almost as if the attainment of statistics of immense magnitude were Britain's sole economic and political policy in Malaya. The mass invasion by aliens, whose religion differs from that followed by the indigenous people, appeared to give no concern to anybody. The buying up of land on a large scale passed without comment.

Thoughtful Malays suddenly awoke to find that the territory for which their forefathers had fought was being over-run. Soon there would be little room for the Malays. Malay rulers had invited Britain to protect them from depredations, external and internal. What had Britain done? It must be recorded that as recently as 1930 legislation had to be passed to reserve land in Penang for—the Malays. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that no assimilation is possible in the case of the Chinese in Malaya. For generations they have retained every one of the customs they would hold sacred in the land of their forefathers. They have transported, almost whole, the system of trade guilds, clan associations, secret societies and other good or bad organizations. And in the majority of cases the Chinese look on Malaya as the land that exists for their use. When they have accumulated enough money they return to China. This was hotly contested, but the careful official analysis of figures obtained at the last census has established the fact beyond dispute. Claiming the benefits of British citizenship the Chinese declare that they are Straits Chinese. Nevertheless, they supported lavishly the branches of the Kuomintang Party when these were allowed to exist in Malaya. Until the Clementi regime, for example, the names of the chairman and officials of the party in every town were made public. Funds were collected openly. Sir Cecil forbade the movement to continue, and there was an amazing outburst of feeling. Deputations went over to China and began to press for action. Strange as it may seem, they won. Our Minister to China, Sir Miles Lampson, visited Malaya and, in the absence of Sir Cecil Clementi on holiday in England, succeeded in persuading the Acting Governor to pass legislation to rescind the Clementi ban by introducing an amendment.

The dualism of the Chinese is even more prominently dis-

played on the occasion of holidays and festivals, when militaristic processions hold up traffic for hours, and well drilled youths carry banners and flags under archways inscribed with compromising messages. Sedition against the British connection, almost completely unknown among the Malays and Indians resident in Malaya, has forced the authorities to take stern action. These manifestations accentuate the problem facing the government, who are constantly called upon to establish the franchise, admit all Asiatics to the Civil Service, include a Chinese on the Executive Council, and extend still further the opportunities for vernacular education among the Chinese. Those who object to the increase of Chinese power in Malaya point out that duality of allegiance cannot be a good ground for the claims to full citizenship.

The granting of Decentralization and the re-establishment of the prestige and power of the Sultans will tend not only to strengthen the link between the Mother country and the Malays. It will ensure that the stay of the Paramount Power will be materially lengthened, as much in the interests of the indigenous natives as of the trustees. The changing balance of power in the Pacific, about to be affected by America's resolve to leave the Philippines and Holland's encouragement of the move towards autonomy among the Javanese, vitally concerns our position in Malaya. If we do not establish a firm foundation for a peninsula-wide Federation of states, strengthened by the inclusion of our own territory—the colony—we shall merely be helping to create what someone has called China's Nineteenth Province, a future battleground between Chinese settlers and Japanese militarists.

DETOUR IN TONKIN

BY STELLA BENSON

THE region called the Baie d'Along, in Tonkin, seems to be the result of a wager between the rowdier elements of Nature by sea and land as to which could make the most fantastic mess of the materials to hand. The sea won. The land, to be sure, produced the more sizeable upheaval, but sun, wind and the hand of man have tamed and smoothed and cultivated the land-mountains into something very like outsize domestic cushions, while the pinnacles that prick out of the sea remain incurably wild, and seem to rip and tear the water and the air—almost to scratch the sight. The difference between the land-peaks and the sea-peaks is the difference between a long sea swell and a Great Splash.

A tiny French steamer, called *Diamant*, carried us through the Baie d'Along. She had a large paddle-wheel behind, like an embarrassingly insecure bustle. She made a great frou-frou in the water, and a great tootling in the air, as she entered the Baie—in the same spirit, I thought, as that of a flapper who begins rouging her lips on finding herself suddenly in a room alone with Clever Old People. On every side, fingers of rock pointed out of the sea—deformed fingers, not pointing at us but not, on the other hand, necessarily pointing at the sky, like our conventional Isle of Wight Needles, for instance. The fingers were ringed and streaked; they were mittened in a kind of yellow and green tartan—the roughly horizontal lines of the vegetation were superimposed on the vertical lines of the rock strata. Sometimes a patch of golden flowering shrub or crimson leaves tipped the point of a crag or bridged a narrow crevice. The Baie grew more and more fantastic; now, not only fingers of rock, but hands—fists—elbow joints—rose frantically out of the sea. Demons of rock rose about us, changing before our eyes (like the magician in the fairy story) into lions—snakes—

cathedrals—crowns. . . . The French tourists of Tonkin have christened many of the rocks, more or less suitably ; one bulbous fantasy is called The Strawberry and, in this spirit, almost any of the others could be called The Banana, the Chewed Asparagus, the Worm in the Act of Turning. . . . It is curious how often we try to take the wind out of the sails of Nature's marvels by stressing their resemblance to Nature's commonplaces.

The effort of finding common enough names for the less common-shaped lumps—the duty of peering conscientiously through every unnatural Natural Archway—the problem of comparing one apparently blind channel through Chaos with another and deciding on which our *Diamant* would probably choose—(she always turned up the most improbable and always proved to be justified in doing so)—induced presently a kind of physical and emotional squint in us. Had it not been for the calm normal land-mountains always seen in the background behind the complex arrested explosions of geology around us, we should almost have forgotten the real world's simple standard of portly curves and decorous dimples—as attendants in lunatic asylums are said to become uncertain of what sanity really is.

It was each time a relief to find ourselves drawing up to the landing stages of small unknown outposts of the French Empire. These groups of pale ugly-pretty villas seemed to me to shine in a charming innocent light—like engravings of Hammersmith in 1790, or San Francisco in 1840. The *Diamant's* modest tootlings of greeting convulsed each of these little towns, like *bons mots* ; her churning paddlewheel behind, I thought, spelt Modern Progress here. People who seemed to be only just *not* wearing pegtop trousers and crinolines, cried to the *Diamant* for news of the world, and I for one should have felt inspired to bellow back to them about the Empress Eugenie's latest mode, or the most recent triumph of Jenny Lind—had not the roar of one of France's big military aeroplanes passing over drowned all voices, and shattered the mirror of a naive imperial yesterday.

We and a French military football team were the only European passengers for Mui-gnoc. We should have hesitated to go ashore ourselves, for the *Diamant* was to stay only a few hours, the beach looked a very long way off, and we had no mind to

be left at Mui-gnoc waiting two days for another floating jewel to come along. But most luckily the French Commissaire of the *Diamant* wished to make the same trip as we did—to the border of China and back—and so we felt we could safely go, for no ship could leave her Commissaire behind. Least of all could the *Diamant's* Commissaire be overlooked or left behind by anyone, for he was surely unique among marine commissaires. He was very old, very gentle, very slender, very long-legged, and he had a pair of the most splendid moustaches ever seen ; they were like flames blown horizontal by a double wind, or perhaps they were more like wings—wings on which our Commissaire drifted about, like a kind, handsome old flamingo, to come to rest here and there, on his long wavering legs, and reflect tranquilly, with folded moustaches.

Welded together in a sociable mass by the rich enthusiasm of a stout French hotelier, who had come to meet the ship, we, the Commissaire, the hotelier and the football team all squeezed into a small outboard motor launch that was bound for the shore. When every seat in the launch was completely full of us, the lowlier Annamite travellers were allowed to come aboard and sit upon whatever spare air there was. The dilemma of the last of these lesser passengers wrung my heart. He was a very respectable-looking gentle elderly creature in black silk tunic, black silk turban, and white silk trousers, and there was nowhere at all for him to sit or stand. Nervously anxious to do the right thing, he tried to sit on the engine, the engineer's knee, somebody's hat, a live chicken in a basket, then he tried kneeling on the steering wheel, and then standing on two footballers' feet. At each experiment, a roar of united imperial reproach called attention to his indiscretion. Finally he alighted timidly on my own toe, which remained his sanctuary during the trip ashore, for I had not the heart to dispossess him.

The robust jokes of footballers enlivened our passage to the shore. Footballers are, I suppose, much the same all the world over, and the only apparent difference between these noisy merry French *poilus* and a team of our own Tommies was that perhaps French noses were a thought longer and shapelier than English noses would have been, and that the social acceptance of Eurasian members of the team was more unreserved and

hearty than (I imagine) the English military team-spirit would encourage.

On the beach of Mui-gnoc were some very large sea-shells and a very small Chevrolet car; the latter was the property of the hotelier, who, having come to meet us with the praiseworthy intention of advertising the charms of his little-known district, constituted himself the Thomas Cook of the party. His car was a box-like four-seater, and he hospitably invited every one in sight to "Montez—montez—messieurs-dames . . ." but most fortunately the football team had found a bus waiting for them. The rest of us—six in number—squeezed into the Chevrolet, the generous *derrière* of the hotelier planted upon our Commissaire's fragile knees. And thus we rushed forth upon the road. Miles of rough grassy track, uplifted upon dykes between rice-marshes, passed under us. It was the season for the irrigation of rice-fields, and irrigation in Tonkin is a fascinating process to watch, I think. On a rice-field dam, above a pool, four—or six—or even eight—women stand closely wedged in pairs facing each other, as though about to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. Each pair holds a basket dangling by two strings in its four hands. By bending and straightening, all together, by most accurately tautening one string of each basket and slackening the other, all at the same second, the two—or three—or four baskets are kept dipping into the pool, flying through the air, splashing water into the dammed area, and returning to tilt and dip into the pool again—all with the most enchanting unanimity. Each basket flies within a few inches of the one in front—yet never do strings dangle, never is the rhythm broken. Serried spines bend and straighten with the effortless accuracy of pistons; even the goutts of flying water make identical silver blots upon the air.

Between the area of rice-marsh and the far barricade of frowning mountains that spelt China, there was an immense stretch of mud. This, the hotelier explained buoyantly, was the *Plage*—a *plage* of sixteen kilometres—wasn't that wonderful! How many resorts would give their *all* for such a *plage*. Some day, he said, as the car slowed down to make a detour round a lonely sleeping pig, this *plage* would be famous throughout the chic world; orchestras—lovely women—(we could see one

woman already wading thigh-deep, scrabbling for clams, but she wasn't lovely)—hotels de luxe, toilettes de luxe, courses d'automobiles—"Attention, toi!" he shouted to the chauffeur, as the car heaved askew in a submerged hole in the track) . . . a kaleidoscope of fashion, he added, and we all gazed dreamily out over that damp desert—that Trouville-lost-in-advance, turning up our coat collars as the rainy wind rushed across the emptiness that seemed to him so gloriously haunted with potentialities.

A river divided the *Plage*, and we crossed it in the simplest possible form of ferry, or *bac*—a raft, poled askew across a strong current by two gentle creatures shivering in the soft blowing chestnut-brown cottons that are the Tonkinese peasant's almost invariable wear. The stormy mountains of China leaned closer and closer, and at the edge of the wide plain stood the last French outpost—Moncay, a neat, lambent white town of rectangular streets, looking out under big trees across a deep-set river at the huddled steep town of Tunghing—the first Chinese outpost. Plaited strands of river ran between sandbanks at the bottom of the gorge that was here the boundary between two empires; sampans and ducks shot little rapids impartially between France and China. A narrow iron footbridge sprang from empire to empire; it was crowded from rail to rail with Chinese and Indo-Chinese citizens—the Chinese, both men and women, almost always carrying themselves, as it seemed to me, with a bolder and more self-respecting gait than the Indo-Chinese. Even Chinese babies chased Tonkinese babies rather as dogs chase cats. Chinese gave the impression of being always about their own business; Tonkinese looked as if they were about someone else's business, by command. Nearly all the Tonkinese in sight were women. The women of Tonkin almost always bear all burdens; they have developed a peculiar animal-like shuffle—a burden-bearing gait. Really, I think, they *are* nothing but a skilled shuffle, their whole being has been for generations concentrated on the acquirement of that humble art—the burden-bearer's shuffle. The feet move at an almost-trot, the hips swing from side to side, but above the hips the body is held with a still caution, the shoulders support—absolutely smoothly—the pole from which two burdens dangle—burdens

always very much more precious than mere female freedom of movement. Here glide buckets of water, from which never a drop is spilled; there go bundles of live ducks which, though tied together in painful bouquets by the feet, must reach their destination undamaged; there are borne bales of heavy goods that hang within an inch of the ground and yet must never be allowed to bump against it. The peasant women of Tonkin are often very handsome, but never look as if they know it. One imagines that most of them have never seen a mirror. Dressed all alike, in chestnut-brown cotton, with an apple-green sash and a neat black turban, they walk modestly and selflessly, like nuns dedicated to an unknown and unkind god. Their teeth are enamelled black; they have no right even to their own smiles; they do not talk, even to their humble female equals, for they have no time; their jaws, moving as they chew betel, seem to be engaged in a constant austere self-reminder of unworthiness; they express themselves, as it seems, only by an occasional quick sideways spitting out of the blood-like juice of the betel.

The hotelier suggested that we should come and drink a Kirsch in his café. Our Commissaire accepted for us all; it was for him to say; we were obviously going to be late for the ship, but without him, we knew, the *Diamant* was happily immobilised. In the café of the little hotel, four or five French soldiers sat drinking Dubonnet. As each soldier arrived or left, he shook hands with all his comrades in arms. I tried to remember what our English Tommies do when meeting or separating in the bar-room, but I am afraid courtesy in the British ranks rises no higher than a grunt, or possibly a rudimentary cheerio. For a moment I wondered whether all the French private soldiers in a regiment shake hands with all their mates every morning when roused by the bugles to a new day. But though the picture is charming, it is an unlikely one, I think. Surely there must be some limits to French military politeness, or the French Empire could not have found time to attain to the eminent world-position that it has, in fact, reached.

We started back to Mui-gnoc. There was a certain delay at the door of the café, while our poetic Commissaire bargained with a street vendor for an enormous bough of cherry blossom

in bud—a bough as tall as himself. He finally bought it, and when he had disentangled it from his moustache, the question arose where to put the blossom, for by now the party had been joined by the Annamite head-steward of the *Diamant*—clad, a little unsuitably, in white satin—with several large baskets full of food that he proposed to offer to the *Diamant's* passengers on the return voyage. All was arranged presently, however; the chauffeur sat on the veal, the steward took the dead duck on his knee, potatoes fell among the gears, a few haricots verts trembled on the verge of slipping down the Commissaire's neck, cherry blossom foamed from the radiator—and we were off, waving good-bye to the merry hotelier.

The world was a changed world when we got back to Mui-gnoc. The sea had disappeared as though the Last Trump had sounded; the motor-launch had gone with it; the *Diamant* was not in sight; only the *Diamant's* rowing-boat was there, marooned upon the sand, waiting faithfully for us, entrapped by an alien element, like Casabianca—all hope gone. Trying not to notice the discouraging absence of sea, we boarded the boat; we filled it full of ourselves, oranges, veal, potatoes, duck, beans . . . the cherry blossom towered above us like a banner. The devoted sailors of the *Diamant* pushed the boat along the sand; wherever there was a little pool with a crab in it—or any other suggestion of wetness—they sprang nimbly into the boat and tried to row, but without success. The boat remained incurably aground, and in the end, after we had ploughed on for a long time without coming in sight of anything that could be called sea, our hearts ran aground, too; we despaired. By this time we could not even walk ashore dryshod, for we were marooned in the middle of a stretch of water about an inch deep—knee-deep for the larger crabs. Our Commissaire, feeling that the honour of his sea was smirched, uttered gentle old reproaches in a quavering stream; the head-steward and sailors answered him in indulgent, comforting voices; evidently the relation between master and man was here of a more benign type than is usual on that stern element, the sea. But where was that stern element, any way? We all waved to a distant group of local fishing junks; the Commissaire waved the cherry blossom, the sailors bawled in the nyang-nyang tones of their native tongue. Where

there were fishing boats, surely there must be fish, and where there were fish, there must be water, we thought. We were right. One junk was seen to advance a few yards towards us, before running aground herself. Much cheered by this, our sailors pushed us onwards and, in due course, the two reluctantly amphibian vessels came together. We trans-shipped. In the junk we sat on a rush mat, striped green and pink, on the floor, a humped rattan roof over us. The interior of the cylindrical cave in which we sat was decorated with Tonkinese tea-tray hats, empty lobster pots, dried fish threaded on string in festoons, coils of straw rope, baskets containing brass knobs and empty cigarette tins, and other professional treasures. The junk remained aground. Everybody gave tongue, and through all the shriller cries of excitement could be heard the gently reproachful old voice of the Commissaire and the *Diamant's* steward's dovelike reassuring replies. It is unlikely that the steward was saying: "There, there, now; there, there," but his voice suggested that he was. Finally we were blown off, as it seemed, by a gust of frenzied conversation from the fishermen.

We were moving at last. We continued to move. We could hear the rustling of real sea outside. But where, we wondered, were the crew of the junk? Nobody was to be seen. We, the Commissaire and the steward were, it seemed, now alone on board. Another Marie-Celeste mystery, I thought. I leaned out of our cave. The entire staff of the junk were in the sea, walking patiently, thigh-deep in the sea, pushing their vessel along. Had the real sea, then, never existed near Mui-gnoc? Was our arrival this morning nothing but a strange atavistic community vision? No—for far, far away now could be seen the *Diamant*—floating in deep blue water—clinging to the toe of a towering excrescence of rock—waiting—waiting for her darling lost Commissaire. One could hear her hoarse tootlings of bereavement. And sea seemed to be suddenly created round us by that orphaned voice from the sea. We slipped into deep water and heeled over as our patched rattan sail filled with wind. Potatoes hopped down the slope. The crew cleverly scrambled on board, like city men catching a bus; I counted them anxiously—none was drowned. We reached the *Diamant* quite soon after that. We boarded her on the ground floor, as it were—

the lower deck, the home of the oriental passengers. There were scores of them there, all asleep on the floor, each rolled tightly in a blanket—tired out with waiting for something to happen. We stepped over their bodies and climbed to the loftier deck suitable to our loftier rank. The splash of the paddlewheel already announced that we were headed for home. The Commissaire stood bowing with a gentle triumph, his arms full of cherry blossom. The head steward, his lily white satin suit only a shade less lily white than before, addressed us in his usual way—cooingly—lovingly—archly—with his head on one side, as though we were kittens: "*Messieurs-dames diner tout de suite . . . Messieurs-dames desirent blanquette de veau canetons rotis pommes frites haricots verts . . . ?*"

KING EDWARD VII

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

SPEED is the fashionable fetish of the day. On its altars a daily sacrifice of human lives is offered. I should have written not the *day* but the *hour*; for allegiance to deities is no less transient than other loyalties. Small wonder, then, that the reign of Edward VII, though it closed less than a quarter of a century ago, should already be passing into history. Of this truth we have recently had abundant evidence. Within the last five months no fewer than five books* dealing with the personality and reign of King Edward have come under my notice; probably there are others which have escaped it. Long before this we had had the "official" *Life* by Sir Sidney Lee, Lord Redesdale's intimate *Life of Edward VII* and his *Memories*; Lord Esher's equally intimate study, *The Influence of Edward VII*, not to mention other works by Sir Lionel Cust, Mr. I. A. Farrer and Mr. E. Legge. The Chancelleries of the Great Powers (including our own Foreign Office) continue to deluge the historian with documents designed to illuminate the dark places of the diplomacy of that critical period. In fine, we already possess ample evidence, primary and secondary, not to mention a vast pile of contemporary commentaries. The latest of these commentaries, which include the biographies and autobiographies of statesmen and soldiers, of diplomatists and publicists, comes from the pen of a foreigner. But M. André Maurois, if a foreigner, is no stranger to England, nor are English manners and modes of thought strange to him. He knows us in many ways better than we know ourselves. That knowledge was revealed in his *Disraeli*; it is demonstrated still more convincingly in his *King Edward and His Times*.

(*) *King Edward VII: An Appreciation*, by E. F. Benson (Longman). *Edwardian England*, ed. F. J. C. Hearnshaw (Ernest Benn). *Edward VII*, by H. E. Wortham (Duckworth). *The Victorian Aftermath (1901-1914)*, by E. Wingfield Stratford (Routledge). *King Edward and His Times*, by André Maurois, Eng. tr. by Hamish Miles (Cassell).

M. Maurois belongs to the impressionist school. To read him is like drinking the finest Heidsieck or Clicquot: with the sparkle and the fragrance there is also plenty of body. Only those who have themselves worked on this period will recognize how much of laborious research has gone to the painting of a picture which to the careless onlooker seems to be a brilliant impromptu, effortless and seemingly superficial. It is all so easy to read that one is apt to imagine that it cannot have been difficult to write. But in truth it is the old story; it is the supreme art which conceals all traces of art. M. Maurois is a consummate craftsman and never has the mastery of his craft been more brilliantly displayed than in this study of King Edward and his reign. There are a few slips more noticeable when M. Maurois is dealing with past history than with contemporary politics; but they are few and relatively insignificant. Nor, indeed, is it for a recital of facts that Englishmen will go to M. Maurois. They have become sufficiently familiar. It is to gaze upon the finely cut cameos which confront us in such profusion in this gallery.

The portraits of Queen Victoria and King Edward are more than cameos. So is that of the German Emperor William II. It is only, indeed, with the last phase of Queen Victoria's life that M. Maurois deals, when she had already become a half-deified figure to her subjects throughout the world. But it forms a wonderfully skilful introduction to the new era which opened with the accession of her son.

King Edward was already in his sixtieth year when he came to the throne. Never had an English Sovereign been exposed to so long a probation as Heir Apparent. Enough, perhaps too much, has already been said about the unwisdom of the Prince's upbringing and education. His marriage marked the end of this apprenticeship. But the Queen still persistently refused to admit him to partnership. She mistrusted his discretion and underrated his capacity. It was an unforgivable offence that he was so unlike his father; how closely he resembled his mother was, maybe, less apparent to her. The Prince had no literary tastes, but it is safe to say that he learnt more from men than ever his accomplished father learnt from books. His capacity

for picking brains amounted to genius, and the pickings were carefully garnered, for he had an orderly mind and a retentive memory. Nor did he lack ambition. But every effort that he made to find serious employment was thwarted by the Queen.

The results, though in one respect less calamitous than they might have been, were palpable. On the one hand the Prince was driven to find an outlet for his exuberant vitality in a life of pleasure and sport, but on the other he acquired the habit of travel. By the time he came to the throne he had seen more of the Queen's Empire than any of his predecessors; he had also made the personal acquaintance of nearly all the rulers and most of the statesmen of Europe, and had obtained first hand knowledge of the main lines and even the by-paths of European diplomacy. He was not, therefore, ill-equipped for the task that awaited him.

Nevertheless, it were idle to deny that his accession was regarded in many quarters with considerable misgiving and even apprehension. The Coburgs, it has been well said, made monarchy respectable. But Edward VII was not a Coburg but a Hanoverian; he resembled neither his great uncle Leopold nor his father, and least of all the only Tudor whose blood ran in his veins (as he once reminded the Master of Trinity). The new King possessed, however, one great asset. He was immensely popular. His capacity for making friends was phenomenal. Most of his intimate friends were indeed to be found not among statesmen nor among the old nobility but among the *nouveaux riches*. Yet there were exceptions. His friendship for Mr. Gladstone may have been partly due to filial reaction, and his intimacy with Sir Charles Dilke was certainly not shared with his mother. Mr. Balfour's subtleties were entirely beyond his reach, and he was more at home with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman than with Mr. Asquith. He had a cordial liking for Mr. Haldane and highly appreciated his work at the War Office; and for Lord Fisher. With other leading statesmen his relations were hardly more than official, save with men like the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery who, though busied with affairs, also shared his love of sport.

With sportsmen of all classes he was especially popular, but the middle classes, particularly the nonconformists, were gravely

apprehensive lest the high standard of decorum maintained by Queen Victoria should, under the new regime, be lowered. They looked askance at the man with whose name gossip had long been busy, who had twice figured prominently in society scandals. True it was, that from the ordeal of the Mordaunt divorce suit the Prince had emerged scathless, and that in the Tranby Croft case he was only indirectly concerned. Yet the respectable middle classes with Puritan traditions felt it to be indecorous that an Heir Apparent should be even named in a divorce suit, and should have to appear, if only as a witness, in connection with a baccarat scandal. He could truthfully plead that he had never played cards for money until invited to do so by Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford. But even if the nonconformist conscience could condone threepenny whist in an Episcopal Palace, it strained at baccarat played with £10 counters at Tranby Croft.

So there were misgivings. The public had heard too much of one aspect of the Prince's life, and knew little or nothing about the other: about the hard work he had done, side by side with "Labour" politicians on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, or that on Old Age Pensions; of his keen interest in the work of the voluntary hospitals and his work as a trustee of the British Museum.

All apprehensions were, however, quickly dissipated. Unlike Henry V, Edward VII was never forgetful as King of the friends he had made as Prince, and though Buckingham Palace ceased to be a "sepulchre", it was not only to the "Marlborough House Set" that its doors were thrown open. Entirely devoid of pomposity, King Edward was always mindful of his dignity, and any impertinence or unwarranted familiarity met with instant and deserved rebuke. Of sustained rancour or resentment, however, he was incapable. His temper was sunny, his charm irresistible, and he diffused good humour among all who were in contact with him. *Le roi charmeur* was Lord Rosebery's apt description.

But his charm was not merely the charm of *manner*. It proceeded from genuine interest in men and women and from unaffected sympathy with their interests.

He was, said Lord Esher, who knew him well, "extraordinarily well equipped for the gravest problem with which a Sovereign

has to deal, that is to say, with the eternal problem of making good use of the average man. . . . It was the power of raising a man in his own estimation which was the mainspring of the King's influence". That is a shrewd and just observation.

King Edward always preferred the spoken to the written word. His communications with his Ministers were, unlike his mother's, oral and personal and he was himself a ready speaker. Perfectly chosen words came naturally to him and his speeches were as a rule impromptu. The formal speeches prepared for him by Secretaries were generally put aside. "Everybody knows", he said, "that I don't talk like that."

So much for the man. As a king the promise made in his first speech to the Council was strictly fulfilled. "In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and as long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people." But although King Edward never transgressed the narrow limits of his constitutional powers, he was not less firm than his mother in adherence to tradition, and not less tenacious of the Royal Prerogative. He repelled, for instance, the suggestion of Mr. Balfour (who was characteristically casual in these matters) that he should open his first Parliament not in the House of Lords, but in Westminster Hall. He personally read the Speech from the Throne and before doing so made the Statutory Declaration as required by the Bill of Rights. The Declaration contained words which King Edward regarded as gratuitously offensive to his Roman Catholic subjects: he read them in a noticeably low voice and insisted that the form of the Declaration should be amended so that none of his successors should "have to make such a Declaration in such crude language". The Government agreed, but handled the delicate matter so clumsily that not until after the accession of King George was the Declaration amended. In regard to the Royal Titles they were less tardy, and by an Act passed in 1901 His Majesty was empowered "with a view to the recognition of his Colonial possessions" to make by Proclamation an appropriate addition to the royal style and title. A Proclamation was accordingly made on November

4th, 1901, and henceforward King Edward VII was "by the Grace of God, of the *United Kingdom* of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, etc.†

Historically the importance of King Edward's brief reign centres on two points: the diplomatic revolution, to the accomplishment of which he powerfully contributed; and the constitutional revolution which, had his life been spared, his tact might perchance have averted.

King Edward came to the throne at a moment when the relations between his country and its European neighbours was exceptionally difficult. We were still harassed by the South African war. Ultimate victory in that struggle could not be denied to us, but it was disappointingly delayed. We had not a single friend in Europe except Italy. The German Government had behaved well, but the German people were as hostile to us as were the French. The Triple Alliance concluded by Bismarck between Germany, Austria, and Italy was intact, and Rumania and Turkey had been admitted as sleeping partners to the same firm.

Confronting the Triple Alliance was the Dual Alliance of France and Russia. Great Britain remained in isolation, which, if splendid, was questionably safe. Attempts had been made by Germany to tempt us to abandon our isolated attitude, but though Mr. Chamberlain was inclined to go more than half-way towards meeting the German advances, Lord Salisbury firmly discouraged them.

In 1900, however, Lord Salisbury gave up the Foreign Office to Lord Lansdowne, whose outlook upon affairs had been widened by experience of Ottawa and Simla. King Edward, too, brought to the consideration of foreign policy a mind not only fresh, but exceptionally well informed. Between the King and his nephew at Berlin relations were always uncertain and frequently something worse. "Never", says M. Maurois, "were two men less made to understand each other . . . The Prince was kindly disposed, modest and practical; the Emperor, capricious, vain, romantic. . . . To William the Prince was the paragon of that tranquil English assurance which at once

(†) This style was in consequence of the disintegration of "*The United Kingdom*" further altered in 1927. The words italicized in the text being omitted.

disconcerted and vexed him." It is a shrewd analysis. But although personal relations between uncle and nephew were frequently strained, King Edward was anxious to keep on friendly terms with Germany, as indeed with everyone else. Especially with France.

How far was the Anglo-French Entente due to the initiative of King Edward? That is a question which has been endlessly discussed and never with greater sagacity than by M. Maurois. Mr. Balfour (in 1915) described the attribution of the Entente policy to King Edward as a "foolish piece of gossip", and added that "he never made an important suggestion of any sort on large questions of policy". A study of Lord Lansdowne's Papers led Lord Newton to a similar conclusion, and it is substantially confirmed by Sir Edward Grey (*Twenty-Five Years*, 1-205), though the latter adds: "Had his Ministers reversed this policy (in friendship with France and Russia) he would, I imagine, have made it clear to them that he disliked what they were doing and thought it unwise. As it was, he never left a doubt that the policy we were pursuing had his cordial approval and goodwill. But never for a moment did he suggest that this policy should be given a point against Germany . . ."

Testimony of such weight and authority M. Maurois does not attempt to controvert. Yet he contrives to give a somewhat different impression as to the influence exerted by King Edward on the international situation. Of the King's visit to Paris in 1903 he gives a vivid account and adds: "Strange as it may seem that the journey of one single man should have the power to transmute in less than a week the sentiments of a people, it is nevertheless true that the decline of Anglophobia in France dates from that visit."

Precisely. King Edward neither initiated nor completed the Entente. That was the work of Lord Lansdowne and M. Paul Cambon, powerfully supported by Lord Cromer. But the King did much to create a favourable atmosphere for the work of the diplomatists. Speaking in London some years later M. Poincaré put the matter in its true light. Never, he said, would his compatriots forget "l'heureuse impulsion donnée en cette occasion décisive (the visit of 1903) par sa Majesté . . . à l'œuvre de concorde qui lui a survécu." "Impulsion" is the appropriate

word employed with Gallic precision by M. Poincaré.

Similarly in regard to the Anglo-Russian Agreement. "This idea of an Anglo-Russian reconciliation was", writes M. Maurois, "the policy of the King and Lord Lansdowne, as well as of Chamberlain". The ground for it was prepared by the arrival (November, 1903) of a new Russian Ambassador in the person of Count Benckendorff, a family friend of Queen Alexandra. At his first interview with the King the latter opened the question of an Anglo-Russian Agreement, but again it was left to the responsible statesmen to carry the project through. Yet in all this there was no hostility to Germany. If the latter ultimately found herself "encircled" the encirclement was due not to the Machiavallian designs of King Edward, but, as the best German historians now admit, to the clumsy diplomacy of Bülow and Holstein and to the restless vanity of their master.

Of the Constitutional crisis provoked by the "People's Budget", King Edward saw the beginning but not the end. M. Maurois takes the view that the Budget of 1909 was deliberately designed to provoke the Peers to conflict. Be that as it may, the King, in the interests of peace, urged the Lords to accept it. Most people are now agreed that the Peers would have been wise to follow his advice. They ignored it: Mr. Lloyd George exulted: "We have got them at last."

Then came the Election of January, 1910. The answer of Demos was not free from ambiguity and when, in April, the King returned from a holiday at Biarritz he found himself faced by a political *impasse*. As against the Conservatives the Radicals had in the new Parliament a majority of two only; the Socialists numbered forty-two and the Irish and Nationalists eighty-two. The Irishmen detested the Lloyd George Budget, but in the 1906 Parliament the Radicals had been independent of their support; in the Parliament of 1910 they were not. Had the Nationalists united with the Conservatives to defeat the Budget the Government would have been out.

In the campaign against the House of Lords, however, the Nationalists were as eager as Radicals or Socialists. Unless the powers of the Second Chamber were curtailed there was no hope for Home Rule. Evidently, then, it was a case for a bar-

gain. Nevertheless, so "exorbitant" (the word was Asquith's) were the demands of Mr. Redmond that some of the Ministers would have preferred immediate resignation to submission. But their courage quickly revived and an "understanding" was reached. The Nationalists helped the Radicals to carry their Budget; the Radicals joined with Socialists and Nationalists to remove the last obstacle to Home Rule for Ireland.

To the problem of the Second Chamber the King had given much thought. (Though the least vain or pompous of men the King had a high sense both of the dignity and of the utility of the Crown.) An attack on the hereditary principle as enshrined in the House of Lords seemed to him to menace the principle of an hereditary monarchy. Moreover, as a peace-lover, he had watched with deepening anxiety the development of the quarrel between the two Houses.

Accordingly, after the January Election, he communicated to Lord Crewe, his guest at Windsor, and a leading member of the Cabinet, his own plan for a reconstituted Second Chamber. He would have left to all hereditary Peers the right to *sit* and speak in the House of Lords, but have restricted the right of voting to one hundred members nominated in equal proportions by the leaders of the two Parties in the Upper House. There was, as he shrewdly pointed out, a great deal of independent opinion among the Peers and he was convinced that, even though the hundred nominees were originally selected as strong partisans, there would always be found among them when it came to a critical division enough moderate-minded men to avert a conflict between the two Houses. Whatever be thought of the merits of the scheme, the formulation of it by the King showed, as Lord Crewe said, "a shrewd appreciation of the difficulties surrounding the creation of a new Second Chamber".

Whether, had he lived, the King could have influenced the course of events in the direction he desired must be a matter of conjecture. The end had come. Almost up to the hour of his death King Edward insisted, though wretchedly ill, on transacting business of State. He was in truth a great public servant, and his death, coming when it did, was a tragic blow to his own country and perhaps to the peace of the world. Europe was hardly less perturbed than England at the news of his death, and the presence

of eight Kings among the mourners at his funeral testified to their sense of the loss sustained by the Empire.

Sir William Harcourt, who was no courtier, declared that Edward VII was the greatest King of England since William the Conqueror. But it was not only the descendant of the Plantagenet that King Edward impressed with a sense of greatness. "That is the greatest man that ever I had speech of." Such was the comment of a red-hot Radical, after his first interview with the King. But King Edward wrote his own Epitaph: *Mon métier à moi est d'être roi*. His *métier* was fulfilled.

MAURICE HEWLETT RECONSIDERED

BY RICHARD CHURCH

IT is exciting to be living at a time of crisis. One may say, "What does that mean. Is not every moment of life a time of crisis?" That is an impracticable truth for the critic. Judging or recording the evolution of large events in life or the arts, he has to withdraw himself somewhat from the smaller activities, and to concentrate his attention on moments and movements of more obvious significance. He has ample opportunity today. We have had fifteen years of inert drifting since the War shook us loose from our Victorian moorings. The resultant bewilderment has found expression in many ways; social hedonism, literary autopsies and gropings into the bowels of consciousness. Despair and a cracked-voice gaiety have made the dominant note. "Nowhere to go; no one to love; let me creep back to the dark past (the coal-black mammy), back into the womb of time, the blood stream (D. H. Lawrence); back into the paternal arms of the Church (T. S. Eliot)." That has been the cry.

The sense of adventure has died. Youthfulness has died. Nowhere to go, nothing to explore, no banner to unfurl! An atmosphere of drab, urban midday listlessness. Dusty streets; disillusionment; cynical paralysis of will venting itself in a hysteria for speed and meaningless sensationalism. These are, or have been, the spirit of the post-war age.

But now something else is happening. The world is beginning to recover from its fit of the sulks. It is beginning to believe in something again; and to believe in something is to manifest the genius of humanity. At once poetry lifts its head. We can hear one or two authentic voices, among them one promising great music and great faith, the two requisites of major poetry. I refer to Mr. Stephen Spender. Here is an artist with a sense of joy (albeit expressed in tragic and pathetic outcry) and a

feeling for structure. The spirit infecting him will inevitably develop rapidly, for it is the spirit of life, of action, and not of death, of re-action. Ever since the war we have been disguising the normal energy of life; parading in sham cere-cloths.

It is good now to snuff the morning air, to sense the silence of dawn after the fifteen-year night of cocktail hilarity. Now that we have finished breaking up the furniture, we can begin to think with Nietzsche, of "taking the right to create new values". That positive activity will at once show itself in the arts by a return to concrete symbols and a conscious architecture. It will be a large movement, romantic in its compulsion by rebellious faith, and classic in its demand for shape. Those two wretched words, *romantic* and *classic*, will in fact be thrown aside as symbols of an outworn dualism.

It would be stimulating to explore the potentialities further, but I am concerned at the moment to point out the effects of this new activity upon our loyalties toward the great figures of the past. Heroic figures, and all who stood for a belief in the heroic virtues, have been pushed aside. Carlyle, Emerson, Browning, their names are never mentioned (except to be condemned as those of crude vulgarians). Even Conrad, Hardy, and Hewlett, though so much nearer to our times, have been pushed into limbo.

But I think that soon we shall find a new interest in an artist such as Hewlett. He had a taste of fame and even popularity at the beginning of the century, but since his death on June 15th, 1923, his name has seldom been mentioned in criticism or literary conversations.

I am puzzled to explain the cause of this neglect. I should have thought that a mind so lacking in dogma and so abundant in observation would have appealed to an age which calls itself scientific. Is it possible that we are less detached than we appear to be; that our scepticism and freedom from superstition are only a surface fashion? Threatened on one hand by Communism and on the other by Fascism, those neo-Spartan experiments for breaking the spirit of the individual man to the dreary exigencies of a servile State, ought we not to appreciate an artist who has shown so superbly the tragedy of the conflict between the one and the other? For that is the gist of Hewlett's

work. With an infinite variety of humour and irony, he made himself acquainted with every detail of the fight put up by Average Man against the odds of circumstance and inheritance. No English poet surpassed Hewlett in his sense of historic realism. He had the power to incorporate himself into the past—particularly the tenth to the fifteenth centuries—and to explore every political and social facet of the period in which he set his characters. And in every setting he was sensitive to the special tyrannies, frauds, pretences, and other evils adopted by the greed of man for power. Political vitality is another phrase which one might use when searching for the chief motives of this artist's work. And political vitality is a factor of daily life in which everybody is interested today. It is more significant, at least in our consciousness, than the spirit of sexual love or personal greed.

Those two forces, having usurped the world of art since the Reformation, are pushed back a little at the moment, and the art and literature of today seem to be occupying themselves more with civic, political, and social drama. In this they are repeating in a secular form, the preoccupations of Medieval art. I can imagine, for example, that an equivalent of Dante might arise in our time, to write a *New Constitution*, and an *Undivine Comedy*, which should re-orientate the spirit of man to the international necessities of the Age, and trace the journey of the individual through the new Cosmos mapped by experimental science and psychology.

Throughout his life, Hewlett insisted upon the importance of this largeness of design. In his first book, *Earthwork out of Tuscany*, written when he was thirty-four, he said that "the first thing your painter must seek is to fill his wall", and by that he meant more than the mere mechanics of adequate design. His phrase had a social sense; he wanted to emphasize the fact that an individual was an element in the body of the community, forced nilly-willy to contribute to the needs thereof, whether with personal elation or exhaustion. In his two great historic novels, *Richard Yea-and-Nay*, and *The Queen's Quair*, the chief characters and the pivotal action represented this fatal relationship between two forces whose incompatibility has provided the subject matter of all art, both tragic and comic, that

deals with human problems. Hewlett shows us Richard Lionheart and Mary Queen of Scots both in the throes of their desperate struggle to rescue their love from the exigent demands of their regal state. In his characteristic way, he shows them fighting with every wile and force which they could command; beginning at first with discretion and a certain subservience, but gradually baring fangs and discarding safety and honour as the hated but authoritative enemy closed about them to crush their personal values and desires. There, surely, are tragedies which should interest the modern reader, who sees in his own life that conflict accelerated by the peculiar circumstances of our time.

Not only in representing that conflict, however, is Hewlett topical. More especially might he appeal to us by his examination of it. As he matured in his work, we see him more and more dissatisfied with giving highly-dressed versions of that conflict. His political and ethical curiosity urged him to find out more about the adversary who always came out triumphant. He asked himself, what it was, beneath its various disguises of social and moral order. It might call itself Chivalry, Feudal System, Roman Catholic Faith, Calvinism, Divine Right of Kings, Parliamentary Prerogative, or any other contradictory titles, but it could not disguise from him the fact that it was a tyrant as well over the good as the evil impulses of a man's heart and mind.

As this quest became more conscious so Hewlett's work grew to a closer co-ordination; and not only his literary work, but his life. As a poet, he dedicated himself in his novels, verse, and essays to the examination of this problem of the identity of the intangible tyrant: and as a man, he took all possible practical steps to acquaint himself at first hand with examples of the struggle, and to contribute as far as he could toward the strengthening of the individual against any and every manifestation of the force that threatened the freedom and existence of personal identity. In politics a democrat, he acted as a justice of the peace in the West of England, combining a rich Toryism with a startling sense of healthy anarchy toward any social structure that savoured of the hated tyranny. In this passion for freedom, for enabling every man to be master of his own

destiny, Hewlett lived and fought and laboured with such a selfless enthusiasm and dignity, that one may say (as an intimate and lifelong friend described him), "Hewlett was the greatest man I had ever met". Certainly it would be a happy task to make some inquiry into his life, and to piece together a record of his work and the testimony of his many friends. He was a man who fought down his despair, and mastered a native melancholy, ordering his life always on the axiom that

"Times shall be better, ere they be worse."

That is a very apt quotation for our modern troubles. It is taken from Hewlett's *Song of the Plow*, a kind of sub-Constitutional History of England written in *terza rima*, a verse form whose difficulties in English have made it rarely used. Shelley mastered it, in his Dantesque fragment *The Triumph of Life*. Swinburne made some short essays; and the late Professor Anderson used it excellently in his translation of the *Divine Comedy* recently published by the Oxford University Press. But for a vigorous and simple use of this exotic form Hewlett's long poem is the best in the language. *The Song of the Plow* (he almost called it *The Hadgiad*) was first published serially before the War by Harold Monro in *Poetry and Drama*. It appeared in book form in October, 1916, and was reprinted a month later. How much it is still read I do not know; but I seldom see it quoted, seldom hear it mentioned. Mr. Compton Mackenzie recently recommended it as a book to take on holiday, and expressed surprise that it was so neglected nowadays. Well he might! For this poem is a magnificent statement of Hewlett's philosophy clothed in all the fine idiosyncrasy and charm which developed as the man's character hardened under the strain of his fight. That fight, as I have tried to make clear, was a battle to overcome despair amid an age that was destroying everything he believed in. He saw tradition crumbling; his ears lost the sound and significance of the old speech; his eyes were hurt with the industrialisation of the countryside; and his conscience, dignity, and sense of adventure were outraged by the encroachment of the Machine Age (in all its myriad manifestations) upon the liberty and good taste of the individual. One might say he became a little Englander and a Guild Socialist. He might have done worse; but it would be inadequate to label him thus.

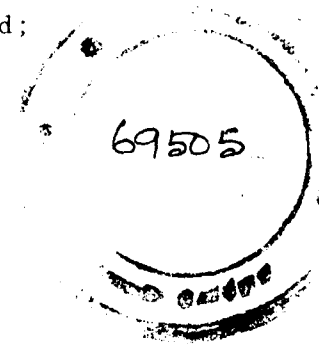
His belief embraced the living qualities of those creeds; but it was larger, more enriched with poetic vision, more warm with a singular passion fixed here and there and everywhere by contact with one man and another man, by one relation of injustice and by another of heroism. He was mercurial, feather-heeled, as the true poet should be; always on the point of agony, and therefore always voicing his experiences in the worlds of conduct and of ideas.

The *Song of the Plow* is the summing up and final synthesis of these experiences. It expresses his beliefs and his love, and also his condemnations and his hates. It might be called the epic of Humility, unique because it gives grandeur to that which is servile, and a kind of song-glory to that which is dumb.

The following quotation, perhaps, gives an epitome of its purpose and also states the character and personality of its author.

" ' Let purple ink
Content,' said I, ' the eagle-quills;
A drabber fluid shall mine drink
To hymn the plowshare, not the brand;
I'll voice the tears upon the brink
That often dript upon the hand.
And if it be that all the sighs
I hear behind the brazen band
Shall be assuaged; and if men's eyes
Looked forthright cheerly once again,
With prescience may my pen be wise,
And my heart apt to tongue the strain
Of England held by English folk,
And English folk not cleft in twain!
What's Empire but a sable smoke
Crowning a smother of ill-content?
Lazarus sore in a silk cloak,
With sharp bones staring thro' a rent!
Who, knowing the leper's maddening itch
Beneath the stiff habiliment,
Would not give all that made him rich
For one clear day that saw him sane,
Whole man, altho' without a stitch
To cover him from wind and rain? '
Then, where the forest on the ridge
Thrusts his green shoulder to the plain,
I saw the end of Privilege."

These lines show the quality of the verse; its spareness, its muscularity. They show the æsthetic creed of an artist who



disagreed with Matthew Arnold in the statement that "Homer was an exponent of the grand manner"; who himself translated twelve staves of the *Iliad* into blank verse built up on the following credo: "Grand manner I don't find. I find idiom, racy language, great directness and simplicity, much seriousness and much humour". The poet Lascelles Abercrombie said of Hewlett's rendering of Homer that "it is what only a poet can do; and that, surely, would have overcome any criticisms the scholar might have been disposed to make. For whatever one may say of Hewlett's *Iliad*, it is at any rate alive. And can anything, in such a case, be more important than that?"

Directness and simplicity are qualities that dominated more and more as Hewlett grew older, emerging from the influence of Pater and John Addington Symonds, finally discovering his own passion: the belief in men and women, creatures of sin and cowardice and self-sacrifice and quiet purposes, beings greater as units than as masses, wise in individuality and tradition, brutal and foolish in the mass. And as that simplicity emerged, so there emerged with it, as a corollary, the power to master complicated and intricate problems, situations, and the treacherous invitations of varying techniques. His work at its best had this quality of greatness, that upon a simple motive, a single passion or mood, he could build up all the tangles and intricacies of design presented by the jungle-vitality of life. And that is the aim of every true artist; a fine symbolism that shows the much in the little. We can do with such men today.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A GLANCE round the international order can hardly fail to impress any observer with the massive stability of England. Like a ship in heavy weather, the structure creaks and groans, but it forges ahead, with quick recovery and readjustment according as the gale eases off.

Steady Recovery What makes the phenomenon more striking by contrast with others is that although discipline is maintained there is no domination. Italy is stable, but no one can be assured how much Italy's poise rests on the life and continuing will of one man. In England, on the other hand, there was never in my recollection so little individual predominance. Gladstone, Salisbury, Chamberlain, even Mr. Asquith before the War, and, of course, during and after the War Mr. Lloyd George, bulked enormously bigger than any parliamentary figure today. This is partly due to the divided leadership; partly to the fact that Mr. MacDonald is Prime Minister with a very small following of his own particular persuasion; partly to Mr. Baldwin's avoidance of self-assertion, which has weakened his hold on his own party, though it has made the general position possible; but chiefly to the lack of any opposition strong enough to force leaders to any exciting display. It has been government by a committee of the nation; not as in the war, when party was suspended, but one man dominated and energized all effort; it is really, control by a Board. The immediate crisis in 1931 being financial, drastic measures were taken to stabilize finance: but for the rest, British ministers trusted to the corporate effort of the nation and left it to work out its own recovery. The results have not been so dramatic as those which Signor Mussolini succeeded in producing: the methods have not been so spec-

tacular as those by which President Roosevelt is trying to succeed : but the recovery has all the appearance of a natural growth, and it is stimulated by the fact that although Great Britain has gone off the gold standard and has refused payment in full of her admitted debt to the United States, British credit and the British pound stand unshaken.

Elsewhere, France is still in the throes of a financial crisis, and seems unable to do without some indispensable dictatorial man. America watches with increasing uncertainty President Roosevelt's athletic efforts to rescue a country which six years ago was arrogantly prosperous and self-complacent. Spain is shaken between the swing back from revolutionary excesses, and the menacing attempt by revolutionary elements to check this very salutary recoil. Germany certainly is consolidating a stability but of an ultra-dictatorial kind, which rejects nearly all that civilization values.

In the midst of all this, Italy proposes to mend the League of Nations with a sledge hammer. Undoubtedly, unless it is of value to somebody, the League cannot continue to exist. The smaller Powers have valued it because it was a guarantee for their existence. Yet even they have begun to realize that agreements among themselves by groups are a necessary supplement to this safeguard. As to the great Powers, four out of seven are now outside, or on their way to be outside it. Italy announces its disposition to follow their example. Yet the attitudes of those Powers differ materially. Russia has never been admitted, and was treated (not unnaturally) as being outside the comity of nations, because she apparently refused to accept principles common to that comity. Japan went out because the League interfered (morally, not physically) with her measures against China. Germany went out, because staying in would bind her to observe the Treaty of Versailles. Italy threatens to go out because the League serves no useful purpose ; but probably she acts less out of sympathy with Germany than because the League is felt by her as a hindrance. All these four great Powers resent in varying ways the imposition of shackles on their activities. The case of the United States is different. America has never

The Danger to the League

doubted that the League of Nations might be of use to other states, but for itself there seemed no need of it. Membership of the League might involve the obligation to take a hand in protecting interests which were not those of the United States. She stays out not from fear of being prevented from action, but lest she should be asked to do too much.

There remain the two Great Powers whose attachment to the League is unquestionable—England and France. I think it fair to say that of the two England's attachment is the more disinterested. On the other hand, when it comes to a question, who shall give the protection due to members of the League, France has been much the more forward. Except Belgium, there is perhaps no small Power which feels, or is justified in feeling, that it can count on anything more than moral support from Great Britain in a case of danger.

There it is. The League seems to be in danger of collapse, because it has not been equipped to give protection : because the various Powers—and none more decisively than England—have refused to surrender individual sovereignty to the extent of agreeing that a corporate body of States should have the right to call on their armed forces. If such an organization were in existence, it would matter much less than at present whether Germany did or did not rearm. One thing however should be realized. There is nothing surprising in Germany's willingness not to rearm if the other States will disarm : because in that case Germany would again become by far the greatest military power in Europe. She has double the numbers of the French ; her population has not only the rudiments of military training, but the inherited tradition of it, and a well grounded belief in their superior military efficiency. She has the means to turn out war material, and ability to create the organization for doing it, beyond any state in Europe : and what matters above all, she has a population trained (and more now than ever) to regard war as the most glorious expression of national activity. That belief has been killed in France and in England. The will to war, except for defensive war, is destroyed in both countries. Even for defensive war, it would require a deal of spiritual massage

Arms for the League

to become effective. It would be well for the English to realize that this is just as true for France as for themselves.

My conclusion is that for all those who desire the continuance of the League of Nations, or some international organization of the kind, the first concern should be to alter the League's equipment so that it can give protection. At the other side of Europe—where the danger points lie—no one believes in the stability of the existing order. In the *Revue de Hongrie* for December (which in other articles analyses admirably the situation of countries in the Danubian basin) Baron Kornfeld sets out a view of the two roads lying before Hungary. One leads to absorption in an expanded German Reich: the case for this is simply that, though it threatens that independence which Hungary cherishes, it leads to friendship with an inevitably preponderant Power. The other leads to some place in an organization of the Danube basin states; but if Hungary is to think of this, treaty revision is imperative. The latter course is the one which Baron Kornfeld prefers for the sake of Hungary: most of us would prefer it for the sake of Europe. But it postulates a League which can be stronger than the menace of any single state, and which can modify in a spirit of international equity the basis on which the League was founded in 1919. Both conditions present the most formidable difficulties: Lord Londonderry, in a recent speech, pointed to those which affect the possibilities of an international force. Yet if they are not faced, are the alternatives less formidable?

Within the British Commonwealth, which, as Professor Coatsman said in an able letter to *The Times*, is a British League of Nations, there are notable developments. The first is the voluntary surrender by a Dominion of its self-governing position. Newfoundland has been not too proud to ask for help, and is getting it. Much the same thing was seen (though a step lower down in the hierarchy) when the capital of a Dominion allowed its municipal authority to be suspended by State Commissioners. The result gave entire satisfaction, but did not destroy the desire for local autonomy: when the house was set in order, Dublin returned to the rule of its own Corporation, although probably most people

expected that there would be some loss of efficiency and economy. Probably the same will happen in Newfoundland after a brief period of years: probably, too, at least for a time, re-established democracy will profit by its lesson, as has been the case in Dublin.

Ireland is not so hopeful as Newfoundland. Seemingly, Mr. de Valera would desire for the sake of an empty name to sacrifice the advantages which every Irish citizen possesses in his other capacity as a citizen also of the British Commonwealth. It was expected by some that Mr. Thomas would enumerate the results of severing the connection. This he quite reasonably refused to do: it is the business of Irish politicians to ascertain and point out the consequences of transferring their citizens to the status of aliens in all the British Dominions. On the general question whether the Free State is at liberty to do this, Mr. Thomas refused to pronounce, holding probably that he ought to do nothing that can facilitate a step which he deplores. My personal opinion, however, is that if the British Government said, officially, "You are free to go", Ireland would be less likely to want to go, and that the situation would be both clearer and easier.

But there are many matters in dispute. The first is that of payments previously made by the State under Mr. Cosgrave which Mr. de Valera has withheld and which Great Britain is recovering by special duties on Irish imports. These payments are not stipulated for by the Treaty, but by an agreement entered into by previous Irish Ministers, which those Ministers consider to be still binding. The other points concern the Treaty. Now it is important to note that on the ceremonial recognitions of sovereignty imposed by the Treaty, Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues stood for observance of what Ireland had undertaken. They were for keeping the Treaty because it was a Treaty. In the other matter of the Privy Council, their attitude differed only by a shade from Mr. de Valera's. They were as determined as he that the Free State Appeal Court should have the last word on questions of law raised in the Free State. The good faith of these men is freely admitted by Great Britain: yet they were

Newfoundland
and Ireland

The Issues with
Mr. de Valera

no less active than Mr. de Valera in seeking to alter in this point one of the Treaty's implicit consequences.

Still, they accepted the principle that the Treaty could only be altered by consent. Mr. de Valera's logic seems to be this. By Article 2 of the Treaty Ireland has all the rights possessed by the Dominion of Canada. The Dominion of Canada is free, for instance, to alter the form of the Oath of Allegiance or to abolish the appeal to the Judicial Committee. Therefore Ireland, by the terms of the Treaty itself, is implicitly free to disregard any provision of the Treaty by which Canada is not bound. The Treaty would on this view carry in it implicitly the cancellation of virtually all its details. This sounds like schoolmen's dialectic, and in fact Mr. de Valera has the mind of a mediæval disputant. But essentially, I think that England is again raising the quarrel, or allowing the quarrel to turn, on matters of no interest to the average Irishman, whether Unionist or Nationalist, who did not care about the Oath of Allegiance. He does not value the appeal to the Judicial Committee—an expensive and precarious privilege. He is, however, well able to see that it may be less expensive to pay a debt than to have it collected internationally, with disastrous results on his trade.

There are, however, many things he does not know clearly. First, if the Free State seceded, would that settle the question of the annuities, or would England continue to levy the compensating duties? Second, would the Irish farmer's son or daughter be as free as now to go to England as doctor, nurse, school teacher; and if not, how much less free? Third, would the large numbers of migratory labourers from Mayo and Donegal be as free as now to come over for their summer's earnings; and if not, how different would be their status? Would a citizen of the Free State resident in England be eligible for unemployment benefit, without agreeing to adopt British nationality? Would an immigrant from the Free State after secession enjoy the British social services? These are matters which Mr. de Valera's paper describes as "fleshpots"; but before any decision is taken, knowledge should be diffused as to what the fleshpots contain—and will in future not contain.

What Ireland
would Lose

Augustine Birrell was, in a different sense from that usually given to the saying, *felix opportunitate mortis*: lucky not because

his death anticipated trouble, but because after

Mr. Birrell a period of disappointment, hard luck and hard words, he was allowed a long and sunny old age.

Years which take it away from others even added beauty to him; at eighty with his fresh complexion and great shock of springy white hair, he was extraordinarily good to look at. The sensitive, humorous, mobile mouth made a delightful contrast to the firm square cut features: and I heard a young woman say that not for twopence, but for a penny halfpenny, she would elope with Mr. Birrell. Humour played about him like an emanation; he brought laughter with him, and he was none of your *pince-sans-rire* wits who insist on keeping a grave face.

Letters must have been the main joy of his life, and I know no book more full of the enjoyment of books than his *Obiter Dicta*: and I know no modern volume of essays, except perhaps Stevenson's, which had so wide a popularity. I think, too, that as an essayist he lasts better than R.L.S.—probably because his writing was less self-conscious. Nothing else that he wrote was so good as that early volume; but then, when he was in the flush of his powers, he never thought of writing as more than a very secondary occupation. "So you've abandoned the paths of literature", I said when I met him as a Minister. With a rather disdainful grunt, "I never walked far down them", he said. The main bent of his mind was toward politics—and towards the politics of education, with which he was concerned in his first important office. In Ireland the one success he achieved was the settlement of that university question which had been endlessly in dispute—though the lines on which he worked it out were really drawn by John Dillon in a speech delivered after Bryce had tried his hand and failed.

On the large matter of Irish administration during the war, where he is considered to have failed ignominiously, it is worth noting that all the writers who have written as men who took part in the revolution which began in 1916 say the same thing: that under Birrell's rule they found it hard to make headway; after his resignation all went like a house on fire. He misjudged the danger: so did Redmond and the Nationalist leaders; he

ought, I think, to have been in Ireland, but in Ireland he would probably have made the same mistake. The essential is that he, in spite of disastrous hindrances from Lord Kitchener, had helped to bring about a state of Irish feeling in which rebellion when it came was unpopular. The fatal errors were made by others, after his resignation. The country which needed skilful handling was handed over to soldiers to administer, long after the military job was done. I went to G.H.Q. and was received by a gleeful general who said: "We know nothing of politics here". I never saw any man more sure of anything than Sir John Maxwell was that he could teach the politicians something about government. A couple of days later the situation was summed up to me by a very able man (whose chief business was that of a racing trainer): "The fools", he said, "it was the first time in history that rebellion had the people of Ireland against it; and they turned them round in a week".

I do not think that history will blame Birrell chiefly, or greatly, for what happened in Ireland. He never, I think, attempted an apologia, and his memory may perhaps be the better off. But anyhow, the Chief Secretary's position after Home Rule was enacted and not granted was an impossible one—I wonder how his speeches in the House would read nowadays. Without exception, no speaker there gave me so much pleasure—though of course, half a dozen at least were far more effective. Yet he was one of the few men I have seen turn votes: not detaching them from the other side—which does not happen—but at a time when supporters of his policy were shaken, bringing their full strength into the lobby by his reply to a fierce attack from a very able opponent. All of the man was there—his wit, his humour, and the power of presenting a subject from a new standpoint; and I remember him by that more gladly than by the easy after-dinner discourses which poured out of a mind in which old sayings took new life. But, even in play, he was always a hard hitter—such a one as might have been after his beloved Johnson's own heart.

Some of the best readers tend to prize above all other biographical literature those collections of correspondence in which the editor avoids all descriptive comment and lets the characters quite literally speak for themselves. One may greet as an accession to this class Lady Burghclere's posthumous book *A Great Lady's Friendships*; yet the book is less successful than the one to which it is supplementary. For in *A Great Man's Friendship*, Lady Burghclere confined herself to one section of the voluminous correspondence preserved by the Marchioness of Salisbury, who was afterwards Countess of Derby; she gave only the Duke of Wellington's letters, covering a period of three years—an infinitely simpler task than is attempted in this one, which brings together letters from a score of eminent people, men and women, ranging from 1861 to 1878.

It should be said also—not by way of criticism—that readers will read the second with more enjoyment if they are familiar with the admirable sketch of the "Great Lady" which Lady Burghclere gave at the opening of her earlier volume. Otherwise, we lack a clear idea of the person to whom these letters were addressed—though she is defined by the most notable of her correspondents: Queen Sophie of Holland writes to Lady William Russell in 1865 (when the lady she wrote of was forty-one years old)—

I was charmed with Lady S. I thought her clever, ladylike, "bestimmt" in thought and action, no wavering, perfectly clear, like the beautiful brown eyes and the *bright* smile that shows the dazzling teeth. No one could do the honours of her beautiful house better than she did.

Perfect politeness, ease and self-possession. It is a great happiness when such a high possession is graced by such qualities.

Still, I confess that does not tell me much.

There does not emerge from the correspondence, however, a sharp impression of the statesman whom (at all events thirty years ago) the Foreign Office always spoke of as "the Great Lord Clarendon". One realizes the weight that he carried in Europe: one finds also that after his death the Queen of Holland wrote to her intimate as a woman bereaved of the man who she had worshipped.

As to this royal lady, who for most of her regal life lived apart from her consort, meeting him only on state occasions when they

appeared together—an arrangement carried out with a decency most honourably characteristic of the Dutch—it will be surprising if Lady Burghclere's book does not set a biographer on her trail. She travelled a great deal, knew all the royalties and other notabilities in Europe—including literary potentates. Here is a characteristic expression of her mind:

The Congress brought a tribe of Americans, vulgar or less vulgar. Among the English Mr. Montague Bernard was conspicuous. Sir Trevor Trip very ridiculous. The Frenchman, Parvieu, is a clever and well bred man. Bluntschli, the German, is of great capacity, but quite as dirty as a German professor can be. It was a curious menagerie of game and wild animals, and when they all fed, some were horrible to look at.

Yet she is not often so barbed. For a description of her, and for a specimen of style I quote Lady William Russell:

As I wake, I write to be exact. . . . The Queen of Holland is *ardent* to see Hatfield. . . .

As to her own sweet Self, she had heard you were une personne distinguée (who has not?) and so forth.

Though you know French, still there are "nuances", shades of meaning, and when distinguée is applied to a woman it means all—mind, morals, manners.

You may be a femme d'esprit and not distinguée, exempli gratia Mrs. Norton and many others—you may be "charmante", you may be "fort aimable", which means agreeable, pleasant, answering not the English 'amiable' which is called "une bonne personne". But distinguée is your deserved epithet. So there is a lesson of French at 8 o'clock in the morning—? Well, I put you in possession, as the Diplomats say, of the facts and the word uttered.

The Dutch Queen speaks English fluently, correctly, perfectly and pleasantly. *She* is a femme distinguée, excellently good, very clever. It's a pity she's a Queen.

Reading this, one says to oneself that at that time (1865) there must often have been people who talked like the characters in Meredith. Is it not like the Countess in *Evan Harrington*?

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PAINTING IN ENGLAND

by FRANCIS WATSON.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH PAINTING, by John Rothenstein. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND, by Miles F. de Montmorency. Dent. 6s.

ENGLISH WATERCOLOURS, by Laurence Binyon, C.H. Black. 7s. 6d.

THE TECHNIQUE OF PORTRAIT PAINTING, by Harrington Mann. Seeley Service. 21s.

THE Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House has attracted to the publishers' lists the expected quota of works on the subject, and the surveys by Dr. Rothenstein and Mr. de Montmorency will be found effective as guides to that part of the exhibition which is devoted to painting. At the moment of writing a complete list of the paintings to be shown is not available, but it seems likely that the importance of Gainsborough is still to be regarded as residing mainly in his portraits, that Etty is still to be under-estimated, and that the sporting painters are to be admitted on sufferance. Mr. de Montmorency pays a full and just tribute to George Stubbs and uses the word genius in a very brief account of Etty, while Dr. Rothenstein, who finds in Etty more capacity than performance, deals enthusiastically with the sporting schools. Both of them, it seems to me, give less space to Gainsborough's landscapes than they deserve.

The arrangement and proportions of these two books are remarkably similar, though the approach is in each case different. Mr. de Montmorency writes as a painter, Dr. Rothenstein rather as an intermediary between picture and spectators. With him one is almost conscious of a crowded gallery in which interested visitors who "know what they like" are anxious to know why they like it and to be shown how to like other things (though if they like Landseer they will be treated as they deserve). In comprehensible terms, and with an admirably catholic taste, Dr. Rothenstein meets their requirements. Here and there one may feel that he stays too long in front of one picture (let us say a battle-piece that had been admired by Wellington), and has insufficient time for the next, but in general his tour is conducted shrewdly. His illustrations are chosen with originality and reproduced with distinction, though a comparison between the versions of the Chichester Roundel shown in his own book and in that of Mr. de Montmorency may suggest that, where it is possible to photograph the original, Professor Tristram's copies of mediæval paintings should not be relied on too exclusively.

In each book a valuable chapter is headed "Stevens and Watts." Popular, and even critical opinion, is so liable to

run to extremes that it is to be hoped the revival of interest in these two neglected artists will content itself with a realisation of the praise and blame implicit in Dr. Rothenstein's felicitous phrase "significant dogma" (as applied to Watts), and of the refusal of Stevens, magnificent as were his gifts, to do more than repeat an already well-worked idiom.

In Dr. Rothenstein's book the visitor to Burlington House—or for that matter the reader who does not go near the exhibition—will find a clear and informative summary, innocent alike of pose and pedantry. To Mr. de Montmorency's longer work he may turn for fuller detail, no less readably presented, and supplemented by a chronological table which may assist the halting memory. The distinguishing principle of "a strain of romanticism and a sense of linear pattern" which Mr. de Montmorency suggests as informing a continuous English tradition is not, of course, to be taken too seriously, though a history which opens with the Lindisfarne Gospels and closes with Aubrey Beardsley may indeed be said to begin and end with linear pattern.

A blessed harmony of mood and pattern, at all events, is what Mr. Laurence Binyon seeks and finds in the great English water-colourists. Of William Pars he writes: "He works with a cool mind and seems never to be visited by strange moods, nor stirred in his profounder feelings. We are therefore not greatly interested in him as a landscape painter." That is frank, and it is the measure of Mr. Binyon's immediate appreciation of the lyrical quality of England's most individual contribution to European art. Mr. Binyon is not only a learned and discerning authority with the experience of ten years' work among the watercolours in the British Museum. He is an enthusiast with the ability to transfer his enthusiasms to the reader,

and the most extreme æsthetic purist will scarcely quarrel with his insistence that landscape should be felt as well as seen. He gives us a fresh and more exciting beginning for the English water-colour school in the person of John White, who sailed to Virginia as Raleigh's draughtsman in 1585, and he carries his account far enough to show that Francis Towne, Paul Sandby, Girtin, Turner and Cotman have potential successors. The reproduction of Wilson Steer's "Shadows" from Mr. Binyon's own collection shows that the values of the true colourist are not necessarily lost even in photogravure, and one wishes that he had had room to give us one of those dazzling little landscapes by Sargent which will be known long after the celebrated portraits are forgotten.

Mr. Harrington Mann, himself a portrait painter, has produced a curious book on his craft. In addition to a number of his own portraits, some fifty of the works of acknowledged masters are reproduced, with brief notes on each. Occasionally these remarks are apt, as when attention is drawn to the stereotyped likenesses of Lely's busiest period; more usually they seem quite remarkably wrongheaded, as when Botticelli's "Primavera" is described as "the epitome of bewitching feminine grace", as if the picture were an entrant in a transatlantic beauty competition; or as in the apology for Van Gogh as representing "the latest modern tendency, which attempts to discredit all technical skill." If the young painter who takes up this book can survive the chapters on theory, in which Mr. Mann betrays among other things a ludicrous envy of the resources of the camera, which "has an unfailing eye and cannot make a mistake", he will eventually come upon a description of the palettes used by Wilson Steer, Lavery, Orpen, and Sargent. This may be useful to him, but a guinea is a good deal to pay for it.

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS

by PROFESSOR ARNOLD PLANT.

ECONOMIC ESSAYS IN HONOUR OF GUSTAV CASSEL. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

RECONSTRUCTION: A PLEA FOR A NATIONAL POLICY, by Harold Macmillan, M.P. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

OF all peoples the Scandinavians are surely the most internationally minded, and of all Scandinavians Professor Gustav Cassel, of Stockholm, is pre-eminently a Citizen of the World. Thirty years ago he became known to economists in England and elsewhere on the publication in London of his study concerning *The Nature and Necessity of Interest*, which put many of them upon a track of thought which they would otherwise very probably have continued to ignore. He established himself still more securely in the ranks of economists who exercise international influence by the publication in Germany in 1918 of his main treatise on *Theoretische Sozialökonomie*, which has since been issued in English in two separate translations. Since the war no international conference on financial and economic policy has been complete without a memorandum from Gustav Cassel: he became a world figure. On October 20th, 1933, fifty economists of international repute have honoured him by a presentation volume of economic essays on his sixty-seventh birthday. Not all of the fifty are disciples of Professor Cassel. Many economists today find themselves indeed in disagreement with him on important issues in economic theory and policy; but most of them will readily acknowledge the moulding influence which his work

has had in the formation and progression of their own ideas. His books are milestones in the development of economic science, and it is in large measure to them that recent higher criticism has been directed.

Higher criticism is perhaps the best description of the fifty essays that comprise this volume. Two thirds of them are printed in English, the rest in French, German, and Italian. With characteristic courtesy the Scandinavian economists have chosen English as their medium, and all the more certainly will their uniformly distinguished essays deepen the respect in which their writings have always been held in this country since the path-breaking work of Knut Wicksell first came to be known. The intricate problems of monetary policy and the trade cycle very properly engage the attention of many of the contributors who do honour to Gustav Cassel. They range from the brilliant analysis by Professor Frank Knight (of Chicago) of modern fluctuation theory, far beyond the grasp of statesmen, to a number of essays about which it might at least be said that the civilized world would undoubtedly survive a little longer if dictators and parliaments would only pause for a moment to reflect upon some of the conclusions. One might instance, as random examples, the insistence of Dr. Johan Akerman, of Lund, upon the necessity of saving during a depression, the parallel analysis by Professor Hansen, of Minnesota, of the pitfalls in the policy of maintaining purchasing power at

such times, the elucidation by Professor Bagge, of Stockholm, of the connection between rigid money wages and unemployment in Sweden, and the exposition of the weaknesses in the conception of a "composite commodity currency" which is contributed by Professor J. M. Clark, of Columbia. Some of the essays, and in particular those by English writers, are capable of more general comprehension. Sir Josiah Stamp does not hesitate to tell the world, in language that all should understand, that England failed before 1931 to play the game of the gold standard. Professor D. H. Macgregor, of Oxford, explores the strength of enterprise in trade depressions by a courageous statistical study of company flotations and price movements; and Professor T. E. Gregory, of London, exhibits in his calm appraisal of the merits of the capitalist system a breadth of view and power of exposition worthy of Gustav Cassel himself.

Professor Gregory's article provides a convenient measure of the quality of the "Plea for a National Policy" which Mr. Harold Macmillan advances in his tract *Reconstruction*. Insecurity and inequality are generally regarded as the two most deplorable evils in modern civilization. Professor Gregory argues that insecurity arises out of the fact of change, and is not capable of elimination by changing the economic system. Even planning which put consumers in strait jackets would retain the insecurity which arises from the vagaries of nature and the exhaustion of mineral supplies. Inequality is equally shown by Professor Gregory to be the inevitable concomitant of progress. The choice is between equality and progress, and it seems incredible that anyone with a first-hand knowledge of the prevailing poverty of the masses of humanity today should decide against progress. Yet Mr. Macmillan, although he may not realize the fact, has set his face against pro-

gress. The essence of his scheme of planned production is a prohibition against any new producers who upset existing industry by offering better value for money. He nurses the basic belief that if people—even the very poor people who are still representative of the population of this world of ours—get things more cheaply they hoard what they save rather than buy something more, and the depression among the producers whose goods were too dear "communicates itself to all the others, because the market is injured by a decline in the purchasing power of any section of the community". Had Mr. Macmillan lived a century ago he would have opposed the introduction of new industries which displaced old ones, just as today the main weakness that he can see in tariffs is that they lead to competition from new factories in the country. In this planned economy National Industrial Councils, linked together under a Central Economic Council, would keep the brake on new enterprise in the interest of existing producers. He realizes that the home market could not be made completely safe for the interests vested in inefficiency and poverty by a mere system of customs tariffs, and advocates in their place a central clearing house to buy all imports and re-sell them in the country—if need be at a profit to be used to subsidize the sale of British products more cheaply to foreigners than to home consumers. The prospect of international complications does not apparently trouble Mr. Macmillan, and his political sense is no doubt keen enough for him to feel assured of support from many producers for this ingenious plan for crushing new enterprise and exploiting the British public; but to argue as he does that in promulgating it he is yielding to a "desire to preserve individual and civil liberties" is surely to practise the most flagrant self-deception.

CHARLES THE FIRST: KING OF ENGLAND, by Hilaire Belloc. *Cassell*. 16s.

CAVALIER: LETTERS OF WILLIAM BLUNDELL, 1620-1698. Edited by Margaret Blundell. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d.

THE official history taught in all English schools and colleges is the Protestant and Whig apology for the Reformation and the Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century. In this version Kingship is represented as a tyranny, and our liberties to have been won by Parliament whose glorious traditions survive to this day. This official version is clearly partizan, a justification of the event and its successes, and for something more impartial we have to turn to an historian, respected but rarely mentioned—to Lingard. Now in his historical essays and biographies Mr. Belloc uses his great gifts of vigour, lucidity, and conviction to explode the Whig version, and he wins attention by refusing to write history backwards—that is, by the light of what happened afterward, but in the terms in which the issues were seen by contemporaries necessarily much more alive to their known past than to their future. The latest battle in his campaign for non-party history is this volume on Charles I.

The pith of the argument is this. When the wealth of the Church was sequestered at the Reformation, this slipped, in the confusion and rapacity of all such sudden revolutions, from the royal into private hands. A new class of millionaires, the Russells, the Cromwells, for example, was created, and became a vested interest on the Protestant side, for if Protestantism was not maintained, the new millionaires would have to disgorge. At the same time the value of money was falling, and therefore the Crown, which paid for all State expenditure out of its own revenue, was impoverished and in difficulty. To redress the balance, it had

to apply to Parliament for aids, for such aids as were always asked for in emergencies, like a war. But the rich men *were* the Parliament, and their aim, at first unconscious, was to supplant the King by an aristocracy, by themselves. As we know, they succeeded, and Charles I was the last true King—the last not to be a salaried official in their hands, the last to stand between the rich and the people generally.

Laud and Wentworth are shown as pillars of Kingship in the effort to impose unity in the Church, in Ireland, and in Scotland. So long as Charles could avoid war, he could just manage to maintain his revenue, for the yield of the customs was rising, but after eleven years of fair success in this effort the war with Scotland necessitated extra revenue, therefore a Parliament, and thence the struggle in which the King was killed. The book is a vivid outline of this thesis, which is stamped upon the mind with all its author's customary force. This thesis is more important than the minor surprises: the favourable portrait of Buckingham, the case for the Star Chamber. If it makes better reading than the Whig version, one is left with the uneasy feeling that this is not merely because Mr. Belloc writes so well.

Almost the same period is covered by the *Life of William Blundell*, of Crosby Hall, near Liverpool: the Cavalier and Catholic whose sacrifices for both causes are told with homely heroism in his letters. Wounded in the Civil War for his King, half ruined by fines for recusancy, imprisoned more than once, and finally tried for alleged treason against William III, his survival of all misfortunes is an epitome of his time. An engaging man, with a large family (including some in-laws) to support, he showed excellent courage and prudence amid his many cares, and the wonder is that it never occurred to him

to abandon his religion or his loyalty. He educated his children to become Jesuits or nuns, and managed the remnant of his property, without faltering or complaint, and was as happy as his difficulties allowed him. It is interesting to read how the Penal Laws could be evaded, how (in his county) Protestant friends connived at his evasions, and how even in those times a good man could in some places carry on. His wife and children live in these pages, which give a lively picture of domestic ways, and the whole book is a precious record of family history in an epoch of civil war, revolution, and penal enactments. Mr. Blundell seems the image of his portrait—a good, genial, fussy, but observant man who in normal times would have been regarded as a valuable citizen, and whose spirit shines more nobly from the persecution he endured unembittered but unbreakable. His descendant has presented him extremely well.

OSBERT BURDETT.

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES, by Lytton Strachey. *Chatto and Windus*. 10s. 6d.

No writer during the past twenty years has won so instantaneous, so catholic, and so secure a reputation as Lytton Strachey. In the present century there has been only one name comparable with his in this respect—the name of a poet; and whatever the calendar may say, you feel that Mr. A. E. Housman and Lytton Strachey belonged to the same generation (a generation which is post-Shaw, post-Kipling and post-Wells, but not yet post-war) and have breathed the same exhilarating, though slightly rarefied, air. Neither of them can lay claim to Ben Jonson's epithet for Shakespeare—"copious"; and neither of them will be

accused of having forgotten "the art to blot". In both, the reader has the certain conviction that for one word that has found its way into print, six have been toyed with, tried in the balance, and rejected as being over- or under-weight—more often perhaps the former than the latter. In life and in letters, they represent the criticism of detached scholarship; and they have used the armoury of criticism, first and foremost, upon themselves.

This posthumous volume—Lytton Strachey's seventh—does not of itself afford a fair basis for judgment. It consists frankly of sweepings. There are *juvenilia* which their author would never have published at all; there are reviews and minor essays which he had himself not chosen for inclusion in previous collections; and there are a few more recent productions which might have been "collected" later. But while there is nothing here that is supreme, there is much that is typical. A critic's real self can be discovered more in his praise than in his blame; and Strachey's characteristic objects of admiration—Racine, Voltaire, Horace Walpole (to whom he returns three times in the present volume)—are a sufficient commentary on his own place in literature. Still more significant are the qualities which he singles out for praise in writers of a totally different kidney. There is a little article here called *A Russian Humorist*. The "humorist" is—you could take ten guesses and miss—Dostoevsky! The observation is just. There is in Dostoevsky an odd vein of sturdy, Dickensian humour. But it tells you something of a man that, amid all Dostoevsky's wild and incoherent qualities, he picks out this almost drawing-room one for comment. And when you find Strachey praising Rabelais for his "exquisite measure" and "supreme restraint", you begin to understand why he made a supreme success of Queen Victoria and a complete

mess of Elizabeth, and why he is commonplace on Shakespeare and brilliant on Pope. His "Leslie Stephen lecture" on Pope, delivered at Cambridge in 1926, is the outstanding piece in this volume.

There is no space here to speak of Lytton Strachey's influence during the last decade. But a word may be added on the impending reaction against him. Strachey sprang into fame as the flail of the Victorian age. But he believed firmly in many things which now seem infinitely Victorian: in freedom of thought, in the French revolution, in the darkness of the Dark Ages, in Reason

and—horror of horrors!—in Progress. "Short of some overwhelming catastrophe", he wrote in 1919, "the doctrine (of Voltaire)—that life should be ruled not by the dictates of tyranny and superstition, but by those of reason and humanity—can never be obliterated from the minds of men". Soon—it is already beginning—our Irrationalists, Fascists and Mediævalists will be turning against Strachey himself that condescending slickness with which he used to knife the Victorians. The shade of Matthew Arnold (who became an obsession with Strachey in his later years) will be avenged.

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SECKER

THE THEATRE IN MY TIME, by St. John Ervine. *Rich & Cowan*. 5s.

BACK-STAGE, by Philip Godfrey. Illustrations by Pearl Binder. *Harrop*. 10s. 6d.

WE are all of us sentimental about our first visit to the play. I began with pantomime, and I have never forgotten the last couplet spoken on that magic afternoon:

"We pledge you a bumper of sparkling champagne

And hope you will come here again and again."

I have gone again and again, and not always willingly; but, unless some magic remained, I would not go at all. Mr. Ervine, a lover of the theatre who can briskly chasten the object of his affection, has also been again and again. For him, too, there was magic and still is. He begins a trenchant volume of theatrical criticism and reminiscence with a warm and vivid survey of the Belfast theatre in his boyhood. I proceeded from pantomime to "San Toy"; he to larger matters, since he alternated Mr. Benson with the Widow Twanky. There was also George R. Sims, author of "The Lights of London": Belfast liked plays with London in the title, a form of compliment not reciprocated by London, which has not greatly cared for plays about other cities unless they are foreign capitals. After Benson came other and more lustrous fascinations: "visits of Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry . . . the theatre was a different place to me thereafter. I had seen a play by Bernard Shaw and I had seen great players". Still, it was the theatre romantic which prevailed. Its gas-jets were Aladdin's lamp; they made Alsatian kingdoms out of ill-painted canvas. The change to actuality, to the theatre of argument, to the sociological survey in three acts,

was yet to come. The change was not towards Fabian and Shavian philosophy alone. "By the time the war began the English drama had achieved an extraordinary fluidity of manners and English acting was supreme in one domain—that of comedy. The French theatre had lost the impulse of life. . . ." That condition remains, despite the appalling havoc wrought by the war on theatrical finance and on the minds of playgoers. The theatre has had to endure the rise of immense mechanical competition and the presence of a neurotic film-fed generation. The films, being aimed at a cosmopolitan horde of illiterate millions, make every point so obvious that the film-goer, when he attends a play, sits baffled and bemused by what seems to older people to be the simplest matter. Through this age of sore trial the theatre, as Mr. Ervine observes, lives on and "when adult minds prevail again", it will revive. Mr. Ervine provides his argued claims for confidence, while he vigorously unmasks and punishes the silly pretences of the left-wing theatre, particularly that of the Master-Producer who proposes to teach author and actor their business—a very little one—while he does in fact confine himself to pompous pronouncements of policy and drawing airy sketches of a Hamlet who is about the size of a flea amid soaring pillars. What a compliment to the actor may be found in that scale of proportion! Mr. Ervine, examining the contemporary world of entertainment, from the lowest brow in Hollywood to the highest in Bloomsbury, has, and takes, the abundant opportunity to offer folly a purge and common sense the encouragement of an experienced, constructive criticism.

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—*Aberdeen Press*.

Museum Street, London, W.C.1

and telling us of wages and conditions; while Miss Pearl Binder amusingly records the visual scene. The result is a fresh and useful book, but the theatre changes so quickly that Mr. Godfrey is already out of date in some details, notably in his remarks on musical comedy on page 176. Musical comedy has entirely changed; the decoration is now much lighter and the humour, too. The "heavy comedian" has been dropped, so, for the most part, has the massed chorus. Light comedies with a few songs and some highly specialised dancing have replaced the old kind of Ruritanian richness. "Gay Divorce", at the Palace, is typical of the new mode. It was recently and wisely remarked to me by a famous actor that the theatre changes every five years. Mr. Godfrey, in attempting to describe the entertainment industry, is therefore bound to be late with some of the news. What he says about dramatic criticism is just. Very few papers have it now and, were it offered, they would reject it. A brief, gossip paragraph suffices many organs of the popular press. The films, which pay for large "display" advertisements, receive preferential treatment. Mr. Godfrey, like many actors, blames the critics for their inability to distinguish a producer-fed actor from a natural actor. But the critic can only judge the finished performance; how is he to decide whether the player has been given all his moves and intonations by another? The judgment may be unfair to the producer who has made an actor, but that it is all part of the game. Every play has a secret history; such and such a player had to be spoon-fed; another had immense luck in getting the effective lines. Unless the critic has been attending all the rehearsals, how can he possibly know the exact merits of each contributor to the success? He must judge on what the finished performance presents. For a good piece of

acting the actor must be praised, although he may have been schooled in every detail. There is no other way.

IVOR BROWN.

SPRING ENCOUNTER, by John Pudney. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

DIFFICULT MORNING, by Randall Swingler. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

POET: A LYING WORD, by Laura Riding. Barker. 6s.

INTENSITY is integral to poetry. It sometimes seems that poets forget this, and in an immature enthusiasm advance to storm a city whose gates never open unless to the rarer foe. He has no drums to beat, his weapons are only his instincts and heart. He knows that to be pierced with beauty is man's greatest privilege: beauty of human endeavour, or of the earth with its "veined violets and tall trees". To say that a poet "writes well" is to withhold one's tribute. He has to write so that on reading one is kindled deep down, and then one loves and admires.

Mr. Pudney passes this second test, perhaps the only poet under thirty (for all the critics who have seen greatness where actually there was only brilliance and a kind of forthrightness) to do so over here. One will not attack occasional unachievement in a first book that has poems like "Last Word" in it. How good it is to feel the generous motive, the eagerness, the passion and shyness, of some of these poems! After all, these are the qualities that count.

"This is where I, abashed to hesitate,
In eagerness must pause, and O my love,
Certain that I must gather strength—"

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The boat from the island of hazels
across the sleeping
River returns.

But his poems seem to stand at a distance; they do not come in and make impact—as the above pleasant phrase may show.

It is possible Miss Riding's expertness in jugglery with contradictions in terms:

"Like an island with no water round"
dazzle the eye that otherwise would see
other and finer things in her poetry. It
must be fairly conclusive, however, to
read through a hundred and fifty pages
(Mr. Pudney's book, though slight, is
sure in its effect) without finding a single
touch of the simplicity the true poet
attains to by his majority. Miss Riding
writes thus:

"It falls to an idiot to talk wisely.
It falls to a sot to wear beauty.
It falls to many to be blessed
In their shortcomings.
As to the common brute it falls
To see real miracles
And howl with irksome joy."

What a gulf there is between that and
oneself, as one reads!

Cleverness in statement, sharpness of
verbal effect, one gladly concedes to Miss
Riding. She "writes well". Nor is that
disparagement, for careful craftsmanship
deserves respect. Yet in *Poet: A Lying
Word* there is no revelation of suffering,
love, or faith, and how can one admire
without being impelled to do so by some
such revelation?

ARTHUR BALL.

HE CAME TO ENGLAND, by G. J.
Renier. *Peter Davies*. 10s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH taken to task, particularly by
American reviewers, for holding that
since the nineteenth century the English
have discarded the human for the gentle-
manly and are only just beginning to
suspect their error, Dr. Renier persists
in the view. It underlines the whole of
this autobiography which terminates
triumphantly with the unanswerable
testimony of John Stuart Mill to the
same effect. But, one asks, were the
English ever "human"? What does
he mean by such a general idea?

We ask and do not stay for an answer.
Many of Dr. Renier's correspondents
made the mistake of taking this and other
remarks of his *au pied de la lettre*. It is
distressing to note that when an Eng-
lishman takes to the suspect and un-
congenial task of thinking, a conscientious
literalness is apt to paralyse his unac-
customed mind. We are obviously at
our most irritating best when we do not
think, and as with Colonel Bramble, our
silences are more eloquent than our talk.
The continental writer is naturally
teased by silence. We are a nation of
somewhat plain Mona Lisas and it is the
very devil to decide whether the wordless
smile conceals a blank mind or a match-
less irony. We can reply only that there
is an art of repression as well as an art of
expression, and if we talk we shall con-
tinue to say what we believe and not
what we think.

Dr. Renier is full of talk of what he
thinks—of belief he seems ashamed—
and if much is slight all is entertaining.
He plays the international guessing game
well. The talk is about how he came to
like us well enough to live among us.
I suppose he found not us but what all
writers need, a negative and congenial
environment; for however far we may
go in our affection for other countries
we invariably like them for those nega-

tive things which allow us to transplant
our essential nature and habits undis-
turbed. (How excellent, for example,
is the background of bourgeois France
as long as one is not deeply involved in
it.) Virtue is found in those things which
a nation takes for granted and not in its
absolutes and gods. Tracing the growth
of his attachment which varied with the
hour of the day, the state of the weather
and his digestion, he candidly confesses
that in the matter of English religion,
for example, his whole training precluded
him for a long time from understanding.
Educated as a Roman Catholic by the
Fathers of St. Jerome he retained the
Latin need of an intellectually defined
position long after he had rejected
Catholicism, and it was some time before
he could appreciate that the religious
sense pervades English life in a fashion
not found on the Latin continent. By
concealing this fact socially we put the
Dutch rationalist at an ease in which he
could deny the absolute and the ideal
in the happy belief that the English were
essentially indifferent to them also. So
at least one may read between Dr.
Renier's lines.

What Dr. Renier calls the English
"psychologic ritualism" had here
played its part, but it is deeper than the
nineteenth century code of gentlemanli-
ness. This code, like the rest, is not only
to guide Englishmen in their behaviour
but to ensure their privacy. This nega-
tive amenity—the natural recourse of a
nation devoted to action rather than to
thought—enabled Dr. Renier to preserve
his role of spectator which already his
mixed blood and cosmopolitan education
had led him to take. The world is outside
Englishmen, it is outside the spectator
in Dr. Renier—what better arrangement
can be imagined than that he should join
us? But he is clear that it is an arrange-
ment and not a harmony, and hence the
flint and tinder sparkle of his observations
and his theories.

The book as a whole is full of con-
versational ideas. Its fault is that both
ideas and experiences are too generalized.
The process of his conversion is recorded
purely as an intellectual debate on vague
data. If he could have continued the
intimate autobiographical vein of his
early chapters describing his home life in
Holland and his school life in Belgium
he would have given us an experience—
and experience is more satisfying than
argument however deftly conducted.
His experiences as a player of the noble
game of shove-ha'penny, for instance,
were pregnant with true revelation.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MEMORIES OF A VICTORIAN, by
Edgar Jepson. *Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

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of curiosity, if not of enthusiasm; and
these two volumes of Victorian auto-
biography, each in its very different way
attractive and revealing, should prove,
like Katharine's coat, very much to "the
fashion of the time." Mr. Carton, it is
true, disclaims the style and title of
autobiographer, which he calls the
attribute of "loftier pens"; but his
panorama of suburban life near London
some forty years ago is so irradiated by
a pleasant personality that it soon be-
comes the intimate autobiography of a
receptive temperament absorbed in its
surroundings. Mr. Edgar Jepson's
"Memories," on the other hand, present
the study of a critical, often irreconcil-
able nature, at odds with the standards
and customs imposed upon it. Mr.
Carton's attitude to Victorianism is that
of an obedient child of his time; Mr.
Jepson's that of a frank and effectual

rebel. The two books supplement one another's impressions very suggestively, turning fresh searchlights upon the strength and weakness of the much-dissected Victorian tradition.

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," says Mr. Jepson, "the Victorians were the world's greatest humbugs"; and the most characteristic sentiment in his reminiscences is a burning hatred of pretence and cant. He gives the impression of having been a man who could do pretty well anything he put his hand to, yet never greatly cared whether he did it or not. A delicate childhood made him melancholy, and rather apathetic; but at Leamington he played for the school both at cricket and football, and won a shelf-full of silver cups on the running track. Towards all these boyish triumphs and to his half-blue at Oxford, he maintained a Gallio-like indifference. He was a good scholar, and concedes that a classical education is about the most stimulating yet invented; but he confesses that he always rather disliked work. When, after a false start or two as schoolmaster, he settled down to a literary career, he deliberately chose the kind of writing which was likeliest to earn a livelihood. In all this there may seem a touch of cynicism; but Mr. Jepson's humour and ebullient sense of

character sweep real bitterness out of his remembrance. He is extraordinarily frank about the morals of his forbears, about his own youthful indulgences, and the excesses of the "decadents," of whom he gives by far the best picture yet extant. At every turn he whisks pretence and cant out of his way, and floods his pages with sincerity and insight. His critical portraits of contemporaries are brilliant; all done in a few strokes, and every stroke telling. The record stops short in the 'nineties, and is apparently only the first instalment. If the rest of the story is as good as this beginning, Mr. Jepson's autobiography will rank among the most shrewd and searching of all Victorian investigations.

Mr. Carton's very pleasant little book begins where Mr. Jepson's leaves off, in a London suburb in the last decade of last century. It is a picture of childhood in a semi-detached villa at the end of a new suburban road, with a gipsy encampment in the meadows beyond. The children are left to themselves for amusement, and being self-reliant and imaginative, find plenty of entertainment in the simplest pleasures. They make friends with engine-drivers, milkmen, and bricklayers. Their games of adventure circle round the coal-cellar, which serves them in turn for castle, cavern, and harbour. The doctor's visit is a dreaded incident, only less awe-inspiring than the expedition to the dentist. A funeral means an excitement to remember, and the day when Queen Victoria drove down the road is set in golden letters in the calendar of remembrance. A happy, sincere and fragrant book, in which acceptance and contentment are the keynotes of a gentle harmony. One is left with a haunting conviction that Kenneth Grahame would have liked this book; and his approval would have set the seal upon its worth.

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SHORT STORIES

DUNKY FITLOW, by A. E. Coppard.
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AMONG contemporary writers of the short story there are few whose work has been so consistently exciting and disappointing as that of Mr. A. E. Coppard. He began to publish his originally coloured and rather elaborately joined stories when the short story in England was suffering very badly from magazinitis, introducing us to a strange variety of people—fishmongers, farmers, tailors, sextons, sailors, publicans, old ladies, and so on, to whom he gave the oddest names he could find or invent. Here and there he built a totally different kind of structure, as fantastic and crooked as a house in a Rackham drawing, peopling it with appropriately crooked man and crooked wife. He had two distinct methods: on the one hand a strong, deliberate style in which the humour and the images seemed a natural and inevitable part of the whole; on the other a fantastic, slapdash, colloquial style in which the images seemed false and the humour as heavy-handed as a cheap pun. At times the two styles became slightly intermixed, but not often disastrously. He was influenced by Chekhov, but the influence was subtly assimilated; he was even more influenced by Henry

James, and the influence was so painfully obvious that at times he might have been merely parodying James. But generally his own inspiration was so strong and rich that one forgot both James and Tchekhov. At the time of the publication of *The Field of Mustard* he was the greatest living English—not Irish—exponent of the short story. He has done as much as any man also towards nursing the short story from its long bout of magazinitis to its present state of health.

In *Dunky Fitlow* he has given us fifteen stories, though the publisher's wrapper says fourteen. Except for an odd story, they might all be called the bastard children resulting from the marriage of his two styles, and they have inherited all the vices and scarcely any the virtues of their parents. One searches in vain in *Dunky Fitlow* for anything with the quality of *The Field of Mustard* or *The Presser* or *Polly Morgan*, three of his finer tales; indeed, it seems scarcely credible that the man who wrote them could also have wasted seventeen pages in telling us *The Foggy Foggy Due*, a story even more feeble and absurd than its title. The one exception to these remarks is a story called *Doe*, a story told in Mr. Coppard's most unelaborate and compelling style, where one exalts at the sight, as Sherwood Anderson once said, of a master drawing his line with unhesitating skill. *Doe* is a moving story, most tender and right in its touch, in every way worthy of Mr. Coppard. Ironically, it is the fifteenth story in the book—as though it were too fine to be counted with the banal fourteen. Nevertheless, one is glad to see it there, for it renews one's hopes in Mr. Coppard's future work.

H. E. BATES.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1934

LITVINOV'S DIPLOMATIC YEAR

BY LOUIS FISCHER

NO Foreign Minister spent as much time abroad during 1933 as did Maxim Litvinov. But none registered as many important political successes. The last and most brilliant of these—United States *de jure* recognition—merely crowns a whole series of diplomatic triumphs which have inordinately strengthened Moscow's international position and fundamentally modified its foreign policy.

George Chicherin, Litvinov's predecessor, was practically *hors de combat* after 1927. In 1927, Stalin's status as unquestioned leader was definitely established. In 1927, the Soviet Government enunciated the principle that the capitalist and socialist worlds could live together in peace. Maxim Maximovitch Litvinov, therefore, is pre-eminently Stalin's Foreign Commissar. He is the commissar of the era of bourgeois-communist symbiosis, or co-existence.

Litvinov is a rugged realist. The world revolution was not coming and the Soviet Union needed fruitful contacts with the outside world. He accordingly proceeded unsentimentally with the attempt to establish such contacts. This is the first clue to the Soviet Union's new foreign policy. The second is Moscow's cooling off towards Germany and its friendship with France. A pro-German attitude was for years the keystone of Soviet foreign relations. This attitude rested on mutual national understanding and, more particularly, on Bolshevik sympathy for an oppressed and weak nation bound by the unfair Versailles Treaty. Chicherin often said to me that the Soviet Government

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must prefer good relations with weak countries. Hence his special interest in Lithuania, Turkey, Germany, Persia, etc. But while such a principle was ethical and altruistic, it was not very profitable. It was too unpractical for the practical Litvinov. It was too unpractical for the practical Joseph Stalin.

This is the background against which the Litvinov convention defining an aggressor can be comprehended. That London pact was made notable by the circumstance that two nations—Yugoslavia and Rumania—signed it, although neither had recognized the Soviet Government *de jure*. It was historic because for the first time the world received a rather inclusive and almost watertight interpretation of the concept of an aggressor nation. But it was significant, above all, for a little-noticed addendum wherein Litvinov stated that if a country aided a revolutionary movement in a foreign land, it would thereby be committing an act of unwarranted aggression. The Soviet Government thus declared publicly in a solemn international undertaking that foreign Communist parties would have to depend for victory on their own national force instead of looking to the Soviet Union for assistance. Here, then, was a concrete manifestation of the principle of socialist-capitalist symbiosis. This same principle facilitated the *rapprochements* with America and France.

Although the establishment of relations with Washington is undoubtedly Maxim Litvinov's biggest quarry, Russia's new intimacy with France is for the present far more important as a guarantee of security and peace. France has now taken the place of Germany in Moscow's foreign political pattern. This shifting of roles was a gradual development. The abortive and well-nigh forgotten Austro-German Customs Union caused Briand to approach Litvinov in Geneva in May, 1930. The Commissar was mildly interested, but when Reichs Chancellor von Papen suggested a *bloc* between his country and France whose spear-head would be pointed at his openly avowed *bête noire*, Soviet Russia, the Kremlin began to take the French flirtation seriously. A settlement with Poland was the Quai d'Orsay's *sine qua non*; if possible, too, an agreement with Rumania. Moscow was in an acquiescent mood. It had previously seen itself in the role of Germany's protector against Polish aggression; the U.S.S.R.

could always, by threatening to move troops across Poland's eastern border prevent Poland from invading Germany. This was the tacit intent of the Rapallo Treaty and of a decade of warm Soviet-German relations. With the rising tide of militant German nationalism, however, Poland seemed to be more exposed to German designs than *vice versa*.

Adolph Hitler's assumption of power, moreover, inaugurated a long period of irritating incidents. Soviet citizens were arrested, Soviet economic institutions and steamers searched, Soviet journalists discriminated against, Soviet pride offended by official attacks on the Bolshevik social system, and Soviet fears aroused by undisguised avowals by persons in authority of Germany's desire to extend eastward at the expense of Soviet Ukraine. The Kremlin patiently bided its time. Moscow restrained its anger and refrained from counter-attack. It reacted by applying itself assiduously to the cementing of Franco-Soviet ties. A Soviet-Polish non-aggression pact was signed. A Franco-Soviet non-aggression pact was signed. Both were negotiated by Litvinov. At Geneva, early in 1933, Moscow abandoned its ancient contention that the way to disarm was to disarm, and supported the French point of view that security would prepare the way to disarmament. This was another victory for Maxim Maximovitch—the business man of diplomacy. He knew that the capitalist nations had no intention of disarming. With much regret, therefore, he pigeon-holed his still very beloved scheme for complete and universal disarmament and stepped closer to the side of France. Paris appreciated the gesture. The summer of 1933 brought Herriot to the Soviet Ukraine and Moscow. Effusively he praised Soviet economic progress. Tactfully he nursed emerging Bolshevik hatred of Germany. Air Minister Pierre Cot and outstanding airmen completed Herriot's mission. Foreign correspondents wrote of a "Soviet-French air *entente*". Paris salons buzzed with rumours of an alliance with the Bolsheviks.

When Litvinov returned home from the London Economic Conference, he went through Austria and purposely avoided Berlin. This was a pro-French and anti-German demonstration. More recently, when returning from Washington and Rome, he stopped in Berlin, but though travelling in his official capacity,

he refused to see a single German official. This was an uncommon and uncushioned rebuff. It probably comforted any wavering Frenchmen who might have suspected that the Commissar and the Duce had evinced too much affection for one another.

In December last, Stalin, Prime Minister Molotov and Litvinov in quick succession paid tributes to the possible effectiveness, however small, of the League of Nations. How Chicherin must have writhed. He had told me for publication and told others that the Soviet Government would never join the League and would never co-operate with most of the League's commissions; that the League was a coterie of marauding imperialists. When Germany was about to join the Geneva body, he moved heaven and earth to prevent her. Yet even in those distant days—1926—Stalin adopted a different strategy. He was not opposed to Germany's adherence. Germany would plead Russia's cause at Geneva, he argued. And Germany did on a number of occasions. In other words, the quality of a Bolshevik's antagonism to the League of Nations may vary. They have all cordially detested it and frankly reviled it, however, and Moscow's recent relatively tolerant expressions concerning the League therefore came as a very startling surprise. The change can only be interpreted as reflecting a wish to win favour with France by lifting a finger on behalf of an institution which the Quai d'Orsay is attempting to save from eclipse or demise. An endeavour to tighten the bonds which connect the Soviet Union with France is implicit in practically every one of Litvinov's moves. This is perhaps the most significant fact in European diplomacy. A wise German correspondent of a Nazi daily who heard Litvinov's anti-German tirade at the Moscow session of the Central Executive Committee on December 29th, said: "Germany has lost the second World War". Germany lost the first World War long before it began when the Kaiser allowed Russia to join England and France. Hitler is helping history to repeat itself.

The growing Soviet *rapprochement* with France is the best possible guarantee against a foreign attack on Russia's Western frontier. There is as yet no such guarantee in the East. General MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, told

two journalists who accompanied Litvinov to Washington that he expected a Soviet-Japanese war in the spring of 1934. I am constrained to differ with my gallant countryman and with the Bolsheviks who heartily agree with the American general. It is my conviction that the very material strengthening of the U.S.S.R.'s military defences in Siberia will deter Japan from attacking. It must be clear in Tokyo today, if it was not a year ago, that a Soviet-Japanese war would not necessarily end with a Japanese victory. It could conceivably end with a Japanese defeat. It would in any event be a protracted, expensive affair. The Soviet Union is not the Russia of 1904. The Five Year Plan has not been finished for nothing. Russia is a great industrial nation, and a modern nation fights on its factories. Conditions in the Far East are likely to remain tense for many a moon, and no one would be foolhardy enough to preclude the possibility of hostilities. The situation is full of dynamite. Certain elements in Japan openly strive to create a war atmosphere, and many Japanese feel that unless the offensive begins in 1934, it will be too late; the U.S.S.R. will have become too powerful. But such persons might ponder the question whether it is not too late already.

The Soviet case against Japan has undoubtedly been reinforced by United States *de jure* recognition. Whether President Roosevelt intended it or not—and he may have—recognition has been interpreted as a friendly gesture towards Moscow's stand in Pacific affairs. Maxim Litvinov's reception by President Roosevelt, by American officials, by the American press and by the American people was in the nature of a personal triumph, but its political connotations have not been noted in Tokyo. The choice of Mr. William C. Bullitt as first United States Ambassador to Soviet Moscow acquires special meaning in view of Bullitt's unconcealed and ancient friendship for the Soviet regime. These and other circumstances support the view that President Roosevelt's declaration that he wished to establish "not merely normal but friendly relations" with the Soviet Union is far more than a formal announcement. It is a fact of tremendous international moment. Not only will America acquire some of the Russian trade which previously went to Germany and England. The Soviet Union acquires more

prestige and more influence in the arena of world diplomacy.

As a result of Litvinov's trips and triumphs during 1933, the U.S.S.R. emerges as a great Power with a foreign policy worthy of its "hard-boiled" Foreign Commissar. Moscow suspects, however, that the events of the year have not been fully appreciated in London. True, the ugly aftermath of the Vickers trial was "liquidated" during Litvinov's visit to the London Economic Conference with as much grace as might have been expected. And the negotiations for a temporary trade agreement seem to be tending towards a successful conclusion. Yet the progress of the pourparlers has been slow and halting, and here in Russia they seem to have been accompanied by no marked change in British public opinion on the Soviet question. Litvinov stated in his great address on December 29th that "as far as we are concerned, we are ready and anxious to maintain the same friendly relations with Great Britain as we have with other countries". Nevertheless, he was surprised that "despite the well-known practical and common sense of the British, one still found among them Don Quixote snipers and guerrilla warriors" who continued to think of undermining the mounting strength of the Soviet Union.

Litvinov does not believe, as Chicherin frequently did, that an insurmountable conflict of interests separates Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. The Bolsheviks sometimes resent the one-sided information about Soviet conditions in certain British metropolitan dailies, and wonder why there is not a more general realization in England that the Soviet Union is not Tsarist Russia, that the Bolsheviks have no designs on India, that the Soviets are no menace to the territorial integrity and independence of Persia and Afghanistan, and that the socio-political differences between London and Moscow could be bridged just as effectively as they have been bridged between Paris and Moscow, or Washington and Moscow.

ODESSA, January, 1934

THE ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE TEXT

BY SIR FREDERIC KENYON

Late Director of the British Museum

THE transfer of the famous Codex Sinaiticus of the Greek Bible, for nearly three-quarters of a century the glory of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, to the British Museum, which took place in Christmas week, has revived memories of the acute controversies which raged over the Revised Version of our Bible in the early 'eighties. Following on the recent discovery of the Chester Beatty papyri, of still earlier date but very fragmentary, it has recalled attention to the whole question of the Bible text. More than that, it has been the occasion of a fresh manifestation of the deep-seated attachment of the British people to the Bible. Crowds awaited the arrival of the precious manuscript at the Museum. Photographers and cinematographers attended in shoals to record the event. For several days queues defiled past the show-case in which it is displayed in the hall of the Museum; and a stream of subscriptions, large and small, translated this interest into cash to assist in raising the sum necessary for the purchase.

It has been said that the Bible is less read now than it was in former generations. It may be so; but one recalls that before 1914 it used to be said, at home as well as abroad, that the modern Englishman was degenerate. The Great War disproved that cheap pessimism, and showed the danger of assuming that a spirit does not exist because no particular occasion occurs for its manifestation. The interest of the British people in the Bible was shown clearly enough in 1881, when the Revised Version of the New Testament was the sensation of the publishing world and the cause of heated controversy; and the excitement shown over the acquisition of the Codex Sinaiticus proves that the interest has only been lying latent. The Bible is still the book which is closest to the hearts of the British people.

The popular pleasure in the acquisition is perhaps in part due to a feeling that it is a symbolic act. One of the two oldest and greatest Bibles in the world passes from the keeping of Soviet Russia, which has repudiated the Christian religion, to Great Britain, which maintains Christianity as the mainspring of its spiritual life. The Bible is more intimately associated with our life, our history and our literature than is the case with any other country; and British scholars have at all times held a foremost place in its study. One does not forget or minimize the services of German scholars and theologians, such as Luther, Griesbach, Lachmann, Harnack, and Constantine Tischendorf, the discoverer of the Sinaiticus and editor of so many manuscripts of the Greek Bible; but one is entitled to set against them the names of Wyclif, Tyndale, Walton, Mill, Tregelles, Scrivener, Westcott, Hort, Lightfoot, Sanday, Wordsworth, and several who are still alive and at work among us. It is no accident that three of the greatest Bibles in the world, which lie at the root of all study of the text, the Sinaiticus, the Alexandrinus, and Codex Bezae, have their home now in England; and no one can say that the fourth is otherwise than appropriately housed in the library of the Vatican at Rome.

It is not always realized how great a revolution was made in the textual criticism of the Bible by the discovery of the Sinaiticus and the slightly later publication of the Vaticanus, which had been but little used and never adequately edited before 1868. Until Tischendorf published his discovery in 1862, the Codex Alexandrinus, which was brought to England from Constantinople in 1627, had been the main basis of textual study. It may be opportune now to call attention to the facts, to show the bearing of recent discoveries on the study of the subject, and to indicate what remains to be done, for which the efforts of younger scholars are invited.

Considering the unique importance of the Bible, it is curious to reflect for how long students were content with a text which, by any of the standards which would be applied to any other work of ancient literature, could only be regarded as inadequate. Until within living memory, the accepted text of the Greek New Testament was that produced by the French printer, Robert Estienne (Stephanus) in 1550. This was based on a collation

of not more than fifteen manuscripts, nearly all of which were late minuscule manuscripts at Paris. The Codex Bezae was the only early authority consulted, and that but slightly. It was a text representing the form in which the Bible circulated in the Greek Church from about the year 1000 A.D. onwards. From this our Authorized Version was translated in 1611. The discovery of the Codex Alexandrinus in 1627 was the beginning of the search for manuscripts and their scientific study. This first took form in the great Polyglott Bible of Walton, of which the New Testament volume was published in 1657; and this was followed by the editions of Fell (1675), and especially of Mill (1707), the latter of which added collations of seventy-eight MSS. to those used by Stephanus. Then followed more than a century, during which the work of cataloguing and collating manuscripts was industriously pursued, mainly by German scholars, notably Bengel, Wetstein, Griesbach, Matthaei, Birch (a Dane), and notably Scholz, whose catalogue enumerates over a thousand manuscripts and definitely established the system of nomenclature which has since been generally followed. During the same period the Codex Alexandrinus had been fully published (Old Testament by Grabe in 1707-20, New Testament by Woide in 1786), and also the Codex Bezae (by Kipling in 1793).

During all this time no attempt had been made to revise the text which had been accepted since the days of Stephanus and the Elzevirs, and only a few efforts to indicate the principles on which a revision should be based. Respect for the established tradition of the sacred text seems to have discouraged attempts such as would certainly have been made in the case of Plato or Virgil. It was perhaps right to accumulate materials as extensively as possible before proceeding to emendation, but the restraint practised with regard to the text actually printed had the effect of rooting that text (which, as shown above, rested on a very slight and late foundation) more firmly in general acceptance. The principles of revision had, however, been indicated by Bengel, Semler, and his pupil Griesbach. Bengel, in 1734, first pointed out that the manuscript authorities for the New Testament fall into two main groups, one being small in number but ancient in date, and the other comprising the great mass of manuscripts of later date, and asserted that the prefer-

ence should be given to the former, as it would be in dealing with any other ancient work of literature. Griesbach followed the same line, but extended the classification, dividing the authorities into three families, which he named Alexandrian, Western, and Constantinopolitan, the latter comprising the mass of later MSS., which he regarded as of negligible importance, and the two others forming two divisions of the earlier witnesses. The new principles of Bengel and Griesbach, however, made little way among scholars in general. Wetstein, Matthaei, and Scholz, while more or less accepting the division into families, declared emphatically (like Burgon in a later generation) in favour of the text represented by the mass of later authorities.

The needed new impulse towards the application of sound critical principles was given by a scholar who had been trained in the criticism of classical texts. It is barely more than a century since Karl Lachmann published his first edition of the New Testament, in which he for the first time set about constructing a text from the earlier authorities. With the Codices Alexandrinus, Ephraemi and Bezae, and some knowledge of the Vaticanus, with several other early but fragmentary MSS., the Latin versions and the quotations in the early Greek and Latin Fathers, he had ampler materials to work on than exist in the case of many a classic author, and his editions are the first attempt at a critical text; but he came before the age of discovery and intensive criticism which began in the second half of the nineteenth century, and consequently lacked much evidence which would have greatly assisted his task.

Such was the state of things when Tischendorf burst upon the world with his discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus, and followed it up by his edition (not perfect, but a great advance on anything preceding it) of the Vaticanus. Here were two manuscripts, a century older than the previously accepted premier MS., the Alexandrinus, and both emphatically lending their weight (which the Alexandrinus in the Gospels does not) to the type of text which Griesbach had labelled as Alexandrian. Hitherto the champions of the Received Text could fairly say that no substantial Greek manuscript except the eccentric Codex Bezae and the inadequately edited Vaticanus was against them, and that the advocates of the Alexandrian text had to depend mainly on the

early translations and quotations in the Fathers. Now the boot was on the other leg. The earliest manuscripts, which had just risen from the dead, had declared emphatically in favour of the type of text which critics trained in classical scholarship were already maintaining to be preferable, on objective and scientific grounds, to that which was found in the mass of later authorities.

It was the discovery of the Sinaiticus, therefore, which gave the impulse that led, in 1881, to the production of our Revised Version, and to the formation of several new critical texts of the New Testament. Foremost among these was that of Westcott and Hort, which not only exercised a decisive influence on the Revised Version, but determined the lines of all subsequent criticism and has formed the centre of the critical battlefield ever since. Accepting in the main Griesbach's classification, Hort in his epoch-making *Introduction* divided the authorities into four groups, which he named Neutral, Alexandrian (a small group of Egyptian authorities which differ from the Neutral family), Western and Syrian, the latter being the mass of later witnesses which others call Constantinopolitan or Byzantine. The Neutral group is headed by the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus, and to this (and especially to the Vaticanus) Hort pins his faith, regarding it as a text which has come down substantially pure and free from editorial revision. The Western group is headed by Codex Bezae and the Old Latin version, the Byzantine by the Alexandrinus (in the Gospels). The Byzantine text is regarded as relatively late, the result of editorial revision beginning about the middle of the fourth century and proceeding progressively, the Western as early but aberrant, the Neutral as substantially pure.

Such was, in few words, the doctrine which, when its effects were made evident in the Revised Version, raised a storm of criticism on the part of the upholders of the Received Text, headed by Dean Burgon. As between Hort and Burgon, the controversy was heated but not long. Burgon's case rested on the argument that the numerically preponderant later authorities were to be preferred to the minority of early authorities; which is contrary to the accepted principles of textual criticism as applied to ancient authors in general. Hort's main (and really decisive) argument was that readings characteristic of the Byzan-

tine text are not found in the quotations of the early Christian writers before the age of Chrysostom, and that intrinsically, as compared with the Neutral text, they have the marks of editorial revision. In the eyes of Biblical scholars in general there was no doubt as to the issue; and very few students of textual criticism would now uphold the claims of the Byzantine text. On this issue the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus remained masters of the field.

A new conflict, however, speedily arose between the Neutral and the Western families. Here the patristic evidence, which had decided the earlier controversy, was in favour of the Western type; for nearly all the earliest writers show in their quotations readings which differ from the Neutral type, and which have more or less affinity with the leading Western representatives. These were classed together as if they formed a single family, which was then set in opposition to the Neutral; and some of the best scholars were inclined to affirm its superiority on the ground of the early patristic evidence. This issue is still not wholly decided; and for the last half-century critical interest has been concentrated on the consideration of the bearing upon it of the new evidence which has from time to time come to light.

Of this new evidence only a brief summary can be given here. It includes the Sinaitic Syriac palimpsest of the Gospels, coming from the same home as the Codex Sinaiticus itself, and containing the earliest form of the Syriac version of the Gospels; a manuscript of the Gospels, written in the late fourth or fifth century, found in Egypt and now in the Freer Collection at Washington, which has texts of a different character in the different Gospels; a late uncial manuscript from an out-of-the-way monastery in the Caucasus, which turned out to have a strong affinity with two groups of minuscule manuscripts which had already been noted as containing a number of remarkable readings, alien from the prevalent Byzantine type; and, finally, the Chester Beatty papyri, a group of fragmentary manuscripts about a century older than the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus. All these discoveries (together with an increased study of the versions and later MSS.) produced a mass of fresh evidence, by means of which the theories of Hort and his successors could be tested.

In interpreting the new evidence, one is not entitled to be

dogmatic. Different scholars may take different views; and on the whole it may be said that the new evidence rather complicates the problem than solves it. It is true that it does nothing to rehabilitate the Byzantine text, and therefore may be claimed as confirming the results at which scholars had already arrived on this head. But it does not decide the issue as between the Neutral and Western families; rather it weakens the claim of both, and shows that the problems connected with them are wider and more varied than had been previously supposed. As against the Neutral type, it has established that it was not (as had been suggested) a text generally current in Egypt (the home of textual scholarship), which might be supposed to have descended with little or no substantial deviation from the original verity. It is clear that other forms of text circulated in Egypt; and considerations of probability and wider knowledge of the methods of book production and publication make it improbable that a text of such uniform quality could have been produced in the fourth century without the intervention of some amount of editorial revision.

As against the claims of the Western type, on the other hand, the new evidence went far to show that it is not a homogeneous family at all. The Old Syriac version, like the Old Latin, shows a number of marked variants from the Neutral text, but they are by no means always the same variants. The Old Latin authorities themselves are by no means unanimous or uniform. The greatest extent of divergency is shown by Codex Bezae and the African type of Old Latin (that which is found in the quotations of Cyprian); the European branch of the Old Latin shows variants of a minor character. It is impossible to form a "Western" text of the Gospels which is homogeneous in the sense in which the text of the Vaticanus is homogeneous. The truth would rather seem to be that there were from the earliest days great diversities of text all over the Christian world, which eventually crystallized into local families, some differing more and others less from the type found in the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus, which may, with considerable probability, be regarded as domiciled in Alexandria.

Another result of recent discoveries is the identification of yet another type of text, which has been labelled as Cæsarean, as being

that which was used by the great scholar Origen during the latter part of his life, which he passed at Cæsarea. It is to be found principally in the Caucasus manuscript and the two groups of minuscules mentioned above, with support from the newly-discovered Chester Beatty papyrus and (in the Gospel of St. Mark) from the Washington MS. Here we would seem to have a text, of which at least the elements existed in Egypt in the time of Origen, which he himself may have taken to Cæsarea, and which in any case became domiciled in the library which (consisting in part of Origen's own MSS.) was established there by Pamphilus in the latter part of the third century. It would be the result of scholarly revision of the materials available, and the same may be held to be the true origin of the text which Hort called "Neutral."

The net result, therefore, of modern discoveries and investigations would be to deprive the Vaticanus of something of the exclusive predominance which Hort assigned to it. It would be regarded as a critically formed text, not as a primitive uncontaminated text. It may still be on the whole the best text, formed by the best critical scholarship in a place where ample materials were available, as may be presumed to have been the case in Alexandria. But side by side with it there are many variants, sometimes crystallized into families, such as the extreme Old Latin and Codex Bezae type (to which the title of "Western" may properly belong), or the Old Syriac type; or again the Cæsarean, but including also a number of unassorted readings which are no more "Western" than they are "Neutral," but yet have early attestation. Among these the editor of the future will have to use his critical judgment, not pinning his faith solely to a single manuscript, even though he may believe it to be generally the best, but taking the other early witnesses into account, just as he would do if he were dealing with a work of pagan antiquity.

If this be so, it is evident that the Sinaiticus gains in importance in relation to the Vaticanus. Instead of being (as Hort tends to treat it) merely a supporter of the Vaticanus, welcome as a powerful reinforcement to the latter when they agree, but generally to be rejected when they differ, it must be regarded as a coeval witness, recording many readings of great antiquity, which

though not accepted by the editor of the Vaticanus, are yet deserving of respect and impartial consideration. It has, moreover, a further claim to consideration on account of the large number of corrections which have been made in it. Some of these were made in the original scriptorium before the manuscript was (if the phrase may be used) published. But another group can be shown almost certainly to have been made in the library at Cæsarea, between the end of the fifth and the early part of the seventh century, which are of importance on account of the good materials which were available there. It is in connection with these corrections that the future presence of the original MS. in a place so accessible as the British Museum is especially welcome, since, as is well known, in assigning corrections to their authors, details such as the colour of the ink are vital, for which no photograph is wholly trustworthy.

A more definite idea of the relations of the various authorities to which reference has been made may perhaps be given by a few statistics. In 155 passages in the Gospels, selected by the late Dr. Sanday as exhibiting the most important various readings, the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus agree 109 times, and differ in 46. In the 109 cases of agreement, the two ancient witnesses are opposed to the received (or Byzantine) text in 99 instances, and support it only in 10. In the whole 155 passages the Vaticanus is against the Received Text 128 times, with it 27 times; the Sinaiticus shows 124 differences to 31 agreements; whereas Codex Bezae has 70 differences to 63 agreements, and the Alexandrinus (which is deficient in Matthew) 23 to 94. It is thus plainly evident that the Vaticanus and Sinaiticus are akin, but also that they are not identical, and each has an independent value.

It may also be of interest to indicate a few of the readings in which the Sinaiticus differs most materially from the text to which we are accustomed. In Matt. i. 25, it has "a son", instead of "her first-born son"; in v. 44, it omits the words "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you"; in vi. 13, it omits the doxology to the Lord's Prayer; it omits xii. 47, "then one said unto him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee", but a contemporary corrector inserts the words; it omits the passage with regard to discerning the weather from the face of the sky in xvi. 2, 3; it

omits *xvii.* 21, "howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting"; and *xviii.* 11, "for the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost"; in *xix.* 17, it reads "why askest thou me concerning the good?"; in *xxiv.* 36, it adds the words "neither the Son", but the Cæsarean corrector has cancelled them; in *xxvii.* 49, it adds (apparently from St. John) words describing the piercing of the Lord's side. In all these instances it is in alliance with the Vaticanus. In Mark *i.* 1, it departs from the Vaticanus by omitting the words "the Son of God"; but the earliest corrector has inserted them, and if it were not that Origen twice makes the same omission in quoting the passage, we might suppose it to be merely a scribe's error. It omits the two occurrences of the phrase "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" in Mark *ix.* 44, 46, and likewise the words "and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt" in 49. It omits also, like the Vaticanus, the last twelve verses of the Gospel. In Luke *ii.* 14 (the Christmas message to the shepherds), it agrees with both the Vaticanus and Alexandrinus in giving the form "peace to men of good will" (or "to men in whom he is well pleased"). It has the shorter version of the Lord's Prayer in *xi.* 2-4, agreeing partly with the Vaticanus; but it differs from both Vaticanus and Alexandrinus by giving the incident of the Bloody Sweat. Here an early corrector has marked the passage for omission, thus proving that in the fourth century there were some manuscripts extant which included it, and some which did not. At the end of the Gospel it differs from the Vaticanus, but agrees with Codex Bezaë, in omitting the words "and was carried up into heaven"; but the Cæsarean corrector has inserted them. In John *i.* 18, it reads "God only-begotten" for "the only-begotten Son"; in *ii.* 3, it has a reading which is found in no other Greek MS., but appears in some European Old Latin authorities, "they had no wine, because the wine of the marriage feast was finished"; in the incident of the pool of Bethesda it omits all mention of the stirring of the water and the descent of the angel. Like every other important uncial it omits the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, which, whatever its origin, can be no part of the Gospel of St. John; but it is quite singular in omitting the last verse of the Gospel, which, however, has been added by the first corrector.

So much for the Gospels, in which the textual variations are most numerous and most important. There is no space left to discuss the evidence of the Sinaiticus in the rest of the New Testament, or to do more than recall the fact that it contains also the Epistle of Barnabas (for which it is the earliest authority) and a considerable part of the Shepherd of Hermas. It would be wrong, however, to end without a reference to the Old Testament portion, amounting to rather less than half of the whole text. The problems of the Septuagint are very complicated, and criticism has not yet succeeded in defining the issue so clearly as in the case of the New Testament. The comparative merits of the principal MSS. are not yet determined; nor indeed are they likely to be uniform throughout. The Sinaiticus lacks the Pentateuch and the historical books almost completely, but it has most of the prophets (except Ezekiel and Daniel), with the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Job, Esther, Tobit, Judith, and the first and fourth books of Maccabeas. At the end of the books of Esther and Esdras are the notes which associate the MS. with the library of Pamphilus at Cæsarea; and in these books the alterations of the Cæsarean correctors are especially plentiful. For the Old Testament, so far as it exists, the Sinaiticus ranks with the Vaticanus and Alexandrinus as a primary authority.

This brief survey has, it is hoped, shown something of the value of our new national treasure, and of the present state of the department of knowledge to which it belongs. The problems of the text of the Bible are by no means exhausted; on the contrary, as has been indicated above, recent discoveries have tended rather to complicate them, or at any rate to put them in a new light. There is plenty of work to be done, and in England now we have an unrivalled wealth of material. What is needed now is more labourers in the harvest, to carry on the work in which their forefathers earned so much distinction.

THE FAITH IN ROOSEVELT

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THE Roosevelt experiment is nearly a year old, yet no satisfactory name for it has been found. The objective, according to the President himself, is "an economic constitutional order". Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, one of his wisest Cabinet Ministers, calls it "a balanced social state". Mussolini condemns it as state socialism. Writers in America do not hesitate to use the word revolution, though they are not clear what revolutionary change is to be ushered in. Maybe it is state capitalism, maybe a co-operative state, or maybe only regulated capitalism or disciplined democracy.

Part of the confusion is due to the repeated contradictions between various segments of a hastily fitted programme. The President's policy has been not unlike a musical improvisation. Certain of his main themes have played about in his mind throughout his political career. Given time last year to work them out, he might have produced a co-ordinated composition. He had no time. One idea after another tumbled out, not where each belonged in an orderly pattern, but where it would best fill a gap.

As the first year draws to an end, the American public begins to see that the Administration is working for two sets of objectives. One is reconstruction, the other recovery. They do not lie in the same direction. Sometimes the President in going towards one is going farther from the other. He has not always made it clear that he himself distinguished between the two directions. Thus the N.R.A., chiefly an instrument of reconstruction, definitely retarded recovery. Yet the initials stand for National Recovery Administration. The President may have believed that the N.R.A. would contribute to recovery because the \$3,300,000,000 public works appropriation of 1933 was part of the bill, though even this huge sum was not enough to avert the heavy slump of the autumn. He may, too, have

believed that higher wages and shorter hours were themselves going to contribute largely to recovery.

The reconstruction programme, as it now begins to appear in outline, is both economic and social. The word of the day is balance. There must be balance first between agriculture and industry. This is to be achieved by relieving the debt on the agricultural community, and by raising prices through restricting production and the processing taxes. The next balance, a social one, is between capital and labour in industry. This has been approached by the codes, establishing minimum wages, maximum hours, and collective bargaining. A still further balance is to be in the economic system itself, in which prosperity is to be based primarily on the demand for consumer's goods, and only subordinately on the demand for capital goods.

Social reconstruction includes, too, the sharpening of control over concentrated wealth, capital issues and speculation. The Government is buying preferred shares in a great number of banks, ostensibly to bolster up the banking structure undermined by the March crash. But it is not giving the help without providing an unprecedented degree of future control. If the preferred shares pay no dividends, the Government will be able to sack the management of a bank and put in its own nominees. This is a step to state capitalism, but the intention is to make banking secure without fear of names.

In announcing his Budget in January, the President continued in the divided directions of both objectives. Public works expenditure is to be around \$5,000,000,000, a large-scale play for recovery. But the borrowing of an equal amount is for refinancing of one sort or another, to be classed chiefly as reconstruction.

Having dared incur so prodigious a debt, the President might be criticized for not devoting most of it to recovery. If the root trouble for the depression is under-consumption, the cure for it is buying. Individuals are unable or unwilling to spend. The state can take their place. The public works programme of last year was too small, and the \$3,300,000,000 was not rapidly or boldly spent. The \$5,000,000,000 for this year also may be insufficient to set the whole economic machine running at the speed to re-absorb the unemployed in America.

But this criticism leaves out of account the emotional strain in America. The President cannot and does not desire recovery alone. It would not content him to rebuild the economic structure which collapsed in 1929. Neither he nor the country as a whole believes in that structure. They consider it a bad system socially, in giving too much power to special interests which had little sense of trusteeship to the public. They consider it a bad system economically, in not striking a balance between agriculture and industry, and in not enforcing a more equitable distribution of wealth.

The country is beginning to take a conscious interest in reconstruction as distinct from recovery. Last year, when people paraded for the Blue Eagle, they believed in the N.R.A. as a means to recovery. Now the system of codes, minimum wages, maximum hours and some form of industrial self-government under federal supervision is recognized as having permanent value. The system itself may have to be re-vamped, and the codes will cause infinite bother before they can work smoothly. Control of some permanent kind over production and marketing in agriculture has also come into favour. The present system may not be the best way, but the majority would not go back to "rugged individualism and the constitution" which the Republicans are lamenting with a great show of piety.

Roosevelt's hold over the country was stronger by the time Congress met in January than at any time since April. It also was on a much firmer basis. After the crisis in March his popularity was almost hysterical worship. The nation had hung over the abyss and had been rescued from it knew not what greater disasters. Criticism stopped at a time when it became an essential servant of reconstruction. Then by June, America was experiencing a mild boom, and in over-reaction to its earlier fright, blithely proclaimed early recovery. It was so relieved that it lost interest in reconstruction. Mr. Roosevelt still had his work to do, and there was a real danger that the public might desert him.

The collapse of the boom brought more sober thoughts. Had recovery been genuine, most people with the deepest relief would gladly have gone back in spirit to the old order. Now

they grimly faced the need to go forward to something changed. The banking inquiries in the Senate had left a deep impression. Someone had remarked that the day Albert H. Wiggin testified before the Senate Committee was the end of an era in America. Big business and big finance were on the defensive. Voluntarily the big New York banks cut the connection between banking and security-hawking. They even tried to recapture some of their prestige by suggesting permanent reforms of the same character. Industrial leaders rushed into print with far-reaching schemes for reconstruction.

But the President still had no sure footing. Opposition was growing. People began criticizing the professors, the N.R.A., the gold policy. Though they swore allegiance to the President "because he was trying", they struck at him indirectly. When it saw a good opening, the opposition would fire its broadsides, and who should foretell the result? The Republican party leaders had muzzled ex-President Hoover, who was bursting to warn the country against impending disaster. But they themselves could not keep quiet much longer.

The gold-buying policy and the President's espousal of the commodity dollar gave the long-awaited signal. Restraint ended with the resignation of Professor Sprague from the Treasury and the succeeding resignations of other opponents of monetary experiments. Here was a familiar issue, sound money. It had won victories for the Republicans in the past, it must be sure of winning now. The East fretted over the instability of the dollar, and feared the coming of fiat money. The Republicans fired their guns. Eastern newspapers which had not dared to criticize the President frankly now let go. They branded him as a radical. They branded the gold policy as radical, the commodity dollar as radical.

The Administration did not rush out to defend itself. The President may have been thanking his lucky stars. His opponents were clarifying the issue for him, they were giving him a character which he was only too willing to bear. The farm belt had been seething with resentment because he was not radical enough. What had he meant by putting a man like Woodin at the Treasury? Was he not hopelessly compromised with Wall

Street? Western Congressmen were getting ready to come to Washington in January and ride over the President to their own radical destinations.

Foreign criticism of the President's policy also came to his service. From London the agonizings of the financial press over the gold-purchasing policy were cabled to America, along with ill-tempered remarks in other London quarters. American journalists in London and Paris cabled that the British and French newspapers were getting more and more hostile to Roosevelt. (By the turn of the year there was more friendliness in the London press.) People in America remarked that the President was not liked abroad. If his policy was hurting the foreigner, it must be that it was pro-American. Thinking people did not argue in this way, but emotional people did. They were not in a mood to believe the President was wrong and the bankers in London and Paris right.

The attempt to stampede the country into a revolt for sound money signally failed. It had some effect, but even this effect played into the President's hands. Since he himself wished to hold Congress in check and keep the money question in his control, he was given enormous reinforcement. Now that he was beyond dispute a radical, he could say "No" without arousing prejudice if Congress went too far. The campaign also helped the country to find its own mind, and to make sure that it was a radical mind. It learned that it thought highly of the President, not only as a leader to recovery, but to reconstruction.

The reaction against the President had come, it had spent itself, and it left him with a popularity far more useful than any he had yet experienced. The country believed in him, not as a saviour, but as a builder with plans. He controlled Congress, he had now his first real chance to proceed in an orderly way to finish the composition, the first part of which he had been improvising. He went in person to Congress to read his first Budget speech with its three-year programme. The Administration was settling down. And when the Senate voted a rider in the Liquor Tax Bill assessing an extra duty on countries which were in default in their debt to America, he had only to ask

and even this popular expedient was dropped. Mr. Roosevelt had come through the floods of over-popularity, and was on solid rock.

To some extent his security was the gift of the gods, but it has been largely due to his character and extraordinary abilities. No man in modern times has been better equipped to deal with the cumbrous machinery of an extensive democracy. First, he is a great team-leader. Washington is an overcrowded capital, where within a few months problems never before facing an American Government have piled up in confusion to mountainous heights. Nothing could be dealt with in orderly quiet. Officials loyally worked eighteen hours a day, never catching up with their tasks, and pestered all day by lobbying callers. Everywhere the newly created bureaucracies were colliding. Nerves were frayed, personal hostilities were bursting into flame. Only superb leadership could keep so complex an administration together and at work. In contrast to the rest of Washington, serenity reigned in the White House. No one worked harder than the President himself, yet he never showed fatigue or discouragement, and his callers always came away with some of his faith. They found him buoyant, able to laugh heartily, quick to speak encouraging words, ready with searchingly apt advice. His associates learned that he did not shift responsibilities which rightfully belonged to him. Not even his closest friends could forget who it was must decide the larger issues. He rubbed shoulders without forfeiting command.

His knowledge of the public is even more important than his gifts of captaincy. With uncanny certainty he knows what the public thinks today, what it will think tomorrow. Fundamentally he sympathizes with people. He knows how to talk with them, directly, frankly, at times emotionally (as in his attack on the money-changers), and how at the same time not to be precise about contentious details. He is the most persuasive of statesmen over the radio, when a direct personal appeal is wanted. Still more, he knows how to use the Press, which is the constant channel between him and the country at large.

His success with the Washington newspaper correspondents is not merely conquest by affability, and it is not a superficial

matter. The role in public affairs of the Washington correspondents is not to be found in any other democracy. In England, the Government does not deal with the Press first, but with Parliament. Any pronouncement of importance is made in the House of Commons, which is the chief competitor of the British public (hence the Press) in getting political news. In Washington, Congress plays a lesser role. It cannot overthrow a government, and in the main it bows to the opinion of the home constituencies. The Administration deals with Congress and the public separately. The Washington correspondents as a body are the most capable news gatherers in the world. They are not there to be outspokenly partisan, and even representatives of opposition newspapers report with an objectivity which would startle the average European editor. "I do not make the policy of my paper", an American editor told me somewhat regretfully. "It is made by my Washington correspondent."

Other Presidents have tried to cope with the Washington correspondents with varying success. President Wilson instituted the White House press conferences, and answered oral questions until the outbreak of the war. Harding tried to be agreeable, but gave out little news. Coolidge invented the "White House spokesman" and timidly required all questions to be in writing. Hoover started out well, but he insisted on written questions and, as more and more he failed to answer them, attendance dwindled. At the end of his regime conferences were rarely held at all. To a greater or lesser degree preceding Presidents have been incapable of taking the public into their confidence.

President Roosevelt has met the correspondents much as he meets his own associates. Many of them he knows by their first names. He answers all questions orally, distinguishing at the time whether his reply can be attributed in publication to the White House, or is to be used "as background". More than any previous President he talks on certain matters to this large body of men—usually over a hundred—confidentially. He tells them: "This is off the record", meaning that it is not for publication in any guise, not even for the private information of the editor at home. Often these off-the-record

statements are explanations why some important question cannot be answered. The candour and trust of these occasions would frighten statesmen in Europe, but for the President they have been one of his greatest investments. It is not that he has flattered these men with his trust, he has carried them along with him in dealing with his problems, so that many a criticism has been disarmed by the knowledge of the actual circumstances.

The day before the budget speech, the President called all the first-string Washington correspondents to his private study on the second floor of the White House, and went through the Budget with them page by page. This had never before happened in Washington, though as Governor of New York Mr. Roosevelt had so confided in the Albany correspondents. On this occasion nothing he told the correspondents was attributable to the White House, and some quite important explanations were "off the record". The next day, when the Budget was released, the American Press had at once a complete, accurate, sympathetic account of it. It was nothing like so startled and dismayed over the ten billion dollar deficit as it might have been had the news come trickling in by sentences over the telegraph.

Such treatment of the Press is more than clever or even astute. Under the peculiar conditions of America it is democratic. The President may be sewing patches on the constitution, as his Republican opponents complain, but he is closer to public opinion, both in listening to it and informing it, than any President of modern times.

This is the mainstay of his leadership. No doubt there is in his position an element of dictatorship. No President in peace-time has yet been vested with the powers given to him. But the dictatorship is always bent on the attainment of the two objectives of recovery and reconstruction, and never on its own perpetuation. In other countries where dictatorship has sprung up has come with it a new philosophy of the state, and of the diminution of the individual. Of this America has heard nothing. Roosevelt remains democratic in his nature and daily life, and if he achieves his objectives, he intends to have saved the essence of American democracy. Forms will have changed and the state will be

performing new functions in supervising economic life. But it will still be a democratic regime, and the road to it will have been taken in partnership between the President and the public.

Dictatorship, so far as can be foreseen, has reached its limit. The Republicans are committed to their cry of "Back to the Constitution". Thus, there is no room in the America of today for a Fascist Right. The alternative to Rooseveltian democracy is Republican individualism.

Roosevelt comes to the close of his first year, his own position clear and strong, and the political conflict confined for the present to moderate limits. The only potential left-wing attack is from the Western farmers, whose radicalism harks back to nineteenth-century populism, and who would rather print greenbacks than found a new kind of state. The attack from the Right is as non-Fascist as can be. The President is modifying American individualism, but for the present he appears to have saved it. And this achievement must be counted in appraising the substantial advance America has made since the banks closed in March.

Much of the criticism of the Roosevelt experiment in England has been along narrow economic lines, without due appreciation of the political perils America faced. Some of the criticism has certainly been inevitable, particularly the attack on the gold-buying policy. Had American gold purchases been carried through on a large scale, world prices would have fallen, with evil consequences to all countries outside America. No wonder the British cried out. But usually they ignored the fact that, when they themselves abandoned gold, this had been the effect on the rest of the world, and that they had benefited by penalizing their neighbours. No one can be unaware of the advantages to Britain of going off gold. The difference is that they resisted it to the utmost, and so felt no compunction at enjoying the full benefits of the plunge. But it is a curious morality which insists that another nation must act to its own advantage only after going through similar tortures of resistance.

These, however, are not serious inconsistencies, and American criticism of England is full of the same sort. They belong to

the fraternal back-chat of all families and closely related nations. More important is that much of British criticism of America has been without any subjective awareness of what America has experienced. To many observers, America is seen as floundering about under the leadership of an avowed experimenter, ready to try obviously foolish expedients, while Britain has been steadily recovering in an atmosphere of sublime tranquillity. The natural conclusion is that the British are wisely led and the Americans not. But only a Britain with social insurance and a centralized banking system could have escaped what America endured last March. Had all British banks on a given day closed their doors, had Britain been confronted by five million unemployed, dependent for the most part on private charity which had collapsed, it would sense more vividly what the Roosevelt regime has achieved. British social insurance was established nearly a generation ago, and the central banking system grew up naturally without ever being a great political issue. The Britain of today inherited these fundamentals of its safety. It received neither from its National Government nor its present leaders.

British critics, too, have trouble in stretching their minds to the continental aspect of America. They do not distinguish sufficiently between sectional interests, or allow for the want of the national coherence which is the basis of their own political life. It may be inconceivable that Washington should not be a national capital like London. It was a national capital only for a year or two under Wilson during the war, and is just becoming one again under Roosevelt. There are districts in America which have no interest whatever in what goes on outside the region, not even in Washington. To defend sectional interests they are ready to go on the warpath, as the corn-belt farmers twice threatened to do last year. Such a country is not easy to reconstruct, if first it must be converted to the religion of balance. One might have expected some attempt to enforce unity on a national basis. It was the disunion and sectionalism of both Germany and Italy which made the creation of Fascism possible. America has come through the worst of her crisis without paying this political penalty.

It is, of course, too early to say that Roosevelt's experiment will succeed, if by success is meant the arrival at both objectives, recovery and reconstruction. After eleven months a fair amount of recovery and a good start on reconstruction can be recorded. But if it is going to fail, there are no signs forecasting failure in American political life. There is no militant left-wing, ready like the Bolsheviks to take over from a Washington Kerensky, no right-wing listening with growing fury to the rhetoric of an American Hitler or Mussolini. Instead, American democracy, whatever it may be uncertain about, is sure of itself and in no mood for recantation.

WINGS OVER THE ATLANTIC

BY THURSTON MACAULEY

TODAY, at the end of its third decade, aviation stands at the threshold of a new era of expansion. It is only just over thirty years since the Wright brothers made their famous first successful flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17th, 1903: what amazing strides in man's conquest of the air have been witnessed in that time!

The first decade of flying was like the first years of a person's life, largely experimental, learning first to crawl, then to walk and otherwise express oneself. But the second, with the World War as the crucible out of which modern aviation was formed in the white heat of deadly strife, saw tremendous advances. So did the third, in spite of the years of widespread economic depression. Unfortunately, the product of the seed planted by the Wrights and nurtured in the womb of war is again linked with fears of Armageddon; but this is outside the scope of the present article.

I have two outstanding and imperishable memories, both of pioneer stages in aeronautical development. As a schoolboy in North Carolina, I was taken to see the Wrights' machine in the air when their venture was still scoffed at and ridiculed by most sensible people of that day as the worst form of sheer insanity. The date I have forgotten, except that it must have been some time around 1910, because the first aeroplane is associated in my mind with the sight of Halley's Comet, and as I now recall those two greatest events of a small boy's experience, they seem to have taken place more or less about the same time. I remember vividly the crowd at the barren, disused field outside the town; how everybody unanimously refused to believe that that curious and ungainly contraption would ever leave the ground, or if it did, would immediately crash to earth again; the frightened horses, shying and almost running away

at the strange, fearful noise ; and, finally, the breathless, awful suspense as the machine passed triumphantly over our upturned heads. It made a profound and lasting impression upon me, and while I was then naturally too young to understand its real significance—perhaps, like many others, I should have failed to grasp it even had I been older—I was an avid reader of Jules Verne, and what I had had the luck to see seemed to me just like an episode from one of his most fantastic and gripping tales.

The very machine I saw in flight, the world's first flying machine successfully flown by man, now in the Science Museum at South Kensington, is a remarkable illustration of how far we have progressed in the short space of three decades. As these lines are written, it now appears likely that the old feud between Orville Wright and the Smithsonian Institution may at last be brought to an end and the Wright biplane taken back to America for its long-delayed national recognition, if the present negotiations, in which Colonel Lindbergh has been proposed as mediator, are concluded satisfactorily. The reason for its five years' expatriation is that the Smithsonian, of which the late Samuel Pierpont Langley was secretary, exhibited Langley's four-winged flying machine, *Dragon Fly*, as "The First Machine Capable of Flight Carrying a Man", and Orville Wright thereupon indignantly sent his own machine to London. It is hoped that it will be repatriated and given a place of honour in the aeronautical museum in Washington, in front of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, in which Lindbergh made his lone flight to Paris.

Nor will I ever forget that May night in 1927 when Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget. With other newspapermen, I had waited hours at the French airport : he was expected about seven-thirty, and when after several hours he failed to arrive, the spirits of the people sank to a low ebb. Only a short time before, two of France's most popular airmen, Nungesser and Coli, had been lost in an attempt to fly to America, and it was feared that the young American—then called the "Flying Fool" by many—might have shared their tragic destiny. Ten o'clock passed, and he was almost generally despaired of. Then, a few minutes later, some of us heard the drone of a motor overhead : "It's Lindbergh !" we shouted. The sound faded ;

we were "hearing things", the more sceptical declared. We were right after all, however, for Lindbergh had flown over Le Bourget without at first recognizing it, and circled back over Paris to pick up his bearings. How Lindbergh's silvery monoplane swooped down from the sky to receive one of the greatest welcomes in history is familiar to all ; but it will remain always in the minds of those who were there.

"Well, I made it."

Those first words of a tired but happy airman that night are characteristic of the modest simplicity Lindbergh has shown in everything he has done. So were his remarks, which by now are doubtless forgotten, before he left Roosevelt Field, New York :

"Are you taking only five sandwiches ?" someone had asked him.

"Yes, that's enough. If I get to Paris I won't need any more ; and if I don't get to Paris I won't need any more, either. How is it ?" He turned to the mechanic who was making a final inspection.

"She sounds good to me."

"Well, then, I might as well go. So long !"

And with a wave of his hand, he was off on his great adventure.

Though then only twenty-five, he was by no means a raw and inexperienced youth recklessly undertaking a foolhardy stunt. Behind him lay years of the most gruelling training an airman can have, as night airmail pilot, dubbed "Lucky" Lindbergh by his fellows because of his four parachute escapes. He had worked out himself, carefully and painstakingly, every detail of his transatlantic flight.

Bruce Gould, one of the few airmen who have contributed to a small but genuine literature of the air, in his book *Sky Larking* made the following observation about Lindbergh and his relations with the press, which may possibly be illuminating to the world at large :

From the first moment I saw him I liked him. Unlike a number of newspapermen, I still do. Lindbergh has quite naturally resented the grosser importunities of the press, and with good reason has shown his dislike of various unwarranted invasions into his privacy. That has made him unpopular among a certain group of newspapermen. An almost equally large number are frankly bored by him. The journalistic mind is attuned

to change, and Lindbergh, by remaining unspoiled through all the world's adulation, gives this group no opportunity to indulge in its customary practice of tearing down the idol it helped to erect. Few front-page heroes last as long as a month. Run the ordinary man through a Hoe press day after day and he thins noticeably. Lindbergh gives evidence of lasting for years. And it seems to me Lindbergh should not be blamed because he cares nothing for publicity and refuses to stub his toe to provide a newspaper sensation. Like Colonel T. E. Lawrence, as sophisticated and erudite as Colonel Lindbergh is naïve and practical, Lindbergh is not unduly impressed by the current huzzah. He is, in short, a man sufficient unto himself.

"It surprised me how short a distance it is to Europe", Lindbergh remarked in Paris, predicting the beginning of ocean airways between America and Europe in from five to ten years' time. That was nearly seven years ago, and it now seems that his prophecy may be borne out. He was referring, of course, to a service of heavier-than-air machines, so the German *Graf Zeppelin*, which, with the regularity of an express liner, has already completed its fiftieth Atlantic crossing, does not, strictly speaking, enter into the present discussion. Without in the least wishing to minimize the impressive record of Dr. Eckener's dirigible, Lindbergh—and many other air experts are of the same opinion—is firmly convinced that the future seaways will be flown by powerful seaplanes, new types of which are now being developed in many countries. Airship development has been at a standstill in Britain since the loss of the *R.101*, and in America it received a serious setback after the *Akron* disaster last year, although the United States has commissioned her sister ship, *Macon*, now the largest dirigible in the world. Germany, meanwhile, is building a new and even bigger airship, the *LZ-129*, with a length of 812 feet, which is expected to have her trials and perhaps be put into regular use during the year, to supplement the *Graf Zeppelin*. At least passing reference might also be made to a combined airship and aeroplane route around the world, which is being studied by American, German, and Dutch interests. And even now you can walk into a Cook's office and come out booked with a complete world air tour in fifty-seven days—the Pacific crossing is the only part of the tour not covered by air, the South Atlantic being spanned in the *Graf Zeppelin*.

Hard times notwithstanding, 1933 has been notable for many conspicuous achievements and forward steps in aeronautics. The British speed record of 406 miles an hour was raised by Italy to 423. A French aeroplane attained an altitude of over eight and a half miles, and a Russian balloon ascended nearly twelve miles. The British non-stop distance record of 5,341 miles made during the year by a flight from England to South Africa was later broken by Frenchmen, Rossi and Codos, flying 5,657 miles from New York to Syria. Kingsford Smith flew from England to Australia in record time, which Ulm lowered to less than seven days. One-eyed Wiley Post flew alone around the world on a northerly latitude in 7 days 18 hours 49 minutes. Two British aeroplanes flew over Mount Everest, the roof of the world, for the first time. Balbo led an Italian air armada of twenty-four flying boats to the Chicago World's Fair and back.

Less spectacular, perhaps, than some of these, but of no less importance to the future of aviation, was the 30,000-mile survey of *all* possible air routes between the New World and the Old, undertaken by the Lindberghs for Pan-American Airways. Look on your map of the world at the zigzag course flown by this Columbus of the air and his wife, an aerial Odyssey over four continents and twenty-two countries, lasting five months and ten days. Leaving New York on July 9th, they followed the North American coast to Labrador, made a 4,000-mile tour of Greenland's coastline, twice crossing the ice cap, then by way of Iceland, the Faroe and Shetland Islands to Scandinavia and Russia; then after stopping in most of the capitals of Europe, on down to Spain and Portugal, their jumping-off point for an equally meandering flight homeward; from the Azores, Madeira, Canaries, and Cape Verde Islands to West Africa, 1,875 miles out across the South Atlantic to Natal, Brazil, and, finally, north through the heart of South America.

Mrs. Lindbergh, who shares with Amelia Earhart and Mrs. Amy Johnson Mollinson the distinction of being one of the three women who have flown the Atlantic by aeroplane, was no mere passenger, just so much excess baggage, in her husband's seaplane, but as navigator and radio operator an equally active, important member of the crew. Lindbergh has proudly declared that he considers her a better navigator than himself, and radio

experts have commended her skill in sending out messages to the world during their flight.

It is not too much to say that Lindbergh occupies an unrivalled position as far as ocean airways are concerned. Certainly he knows more than any other airman today about the projected transatlantic routes; if he has not actually flown over each mile of them all, at least he has personally inspected every feasible starting and landing place, weighing over in his mind the advantages or disadvantages of one route against another. The results of this exhaustive survey are, as yet, confidential, known only to himself and officials of Pan-American Airways. Since his return he has not discussed his trip publicly, nor given any inkling of whatever route or routes he favours, assuming he has reached a decision in this matter himself.

Lindbergh has already flown over two of the three proposed North Atlantic airways. His Paris flight covered roughly the shortest, but what is generally considered the most hazardous, direct route between Canada or Newfoundland and the British Isles. The second, by way of Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland, he plotted out on his survey flight: here the longest stretch over open sea is the 700 miles between Greenland and Iceland. On the third, via Bermuda and the Azores, he has flown to the latter islands; this route, however, requires a middle open-sea jump of 2,000 miles, which is just slightly more than the non-stop crossing of the first.

Sir Eric Geddes, Chairman of Imperial Airways, announced at the last annual general meeting that his company hoped to establish this year, in conjunction with Pan-American Airways, an air service between the British island, Bermuda, and the United States. This statement has been taken as an indication of the starting of the first leg of the Bermuda-Azores ocean airways. The next step will probably be a service from Europe to the Azores, followed by the spanning of the long hop between the two islands.

Here it should be mentioned that the two companies most concerned in the immediate possibilities of ocean flying, Pan-American and Imperial, are working hand in hand towards the early realization of a service which will be mutually satisfactory and in the best interests of the two countries, Britain

and the United States. While he was in England recently, Lindbergh is known to have spent some time discussing plans with officials of Imperial Airways, discussions which were continued in Lisbon, with the simultaneous arrival there of Lieutenant-Colonel Burchall, the Imperial assistant general manager.

It has been reported that Lindbergh will recommend to Pan-American the use of a northern ocean air route via Greenland when weather permits, with an alternative Azores route when it is inclement on the shorter, but less pleasant, northern one. This, incidentally, seems to bear out Sir Eric's remark in his 1932 report, concerning the prospects of ocean flying: "It may well be that the routes will change according to the season, in the same way as the steamship routes do." Likewise, a working arrangement is said to have been discussed whereby Pan-American and Imperial may divide up a circular transatlantic system, one taking the northern eastbound service, and the other taking the southern westbound. The Arctic course is not only 500 miles shorter, but has the further advantage of continuous summer daylight, against which must be placed the uncertain weather factor.

New Sikorsky flying boats are being built for Pan-American's Caribbean airways, believed to be capable of carrying thirty-two passengers, plus a 1,000-lb. mail and express load, a distance of 1,200 miles non-stop, or fifty passengers and a corresponding mail load 600 miles. For transatlantic flying it is claimed that they will be able to carry 500 lb. or more of mail 2,500 miles non-stop against a 30-m.p.h. headwind. These machines are expected to have a cruising speed of 150 m.p.h. It will probably be this same type, or some development of it, which will be used to open the Bermuda service, and later eventually to inaugurate the North Atlantic airways with the first regular airborne ocean mails. An experimental airmail service is certain to be tested sufficiently thoroughly to demonstrate the safety and utility of the passenger travel which is to come.

While American and British interests are together amicably considering the North Atlantic crossing by air, it is a different story down around the Equator. Just now the South Atlantic is the scene of intense rivalry between Germany and France

to establish the first transatlantic airmail linking Europe and South America by way of Africa. Both countries have already made successful experimental flights with their newest type flying boats, and both are expecting to launch regular services in the near future: it is a race to see which will be the first to do so.

The German Lufthansa has planned a route from Berlin to Rio, via Seville, the Canary Islands, and British West Africa, with the freighter *Westfalen* as a mid-Atlantic base between Bathurst and Natal (Brazil), reached by a radio beacon system. This ship has been fitted with a drag sail, used to "smooth" the surface of the sea for safe landings, cranes to hoist the machines aboard, and a catapult for launching the flying boats on the second and final hop to South America. On a recent flight the Dornier-Wal seaplane reached the *Westfalen* six hours after taking off from Bathurst, and landed at Natal some eight hours after being catapulted from the deck of the ship in mid-ocean.

The French, on the other hand, intend to fly the 2,000 miles from Senegal to Natal non-stop; their experimental seaplane *Croix du Sud* recently accomplished it in about eighteen hours, although another French machine, *Arc en Ciel* flew from Dakar to Brazil last year in fourteen hours. (Lindbergh's time for his South Atlantic crossing was sixteen hours.) After the cancellation of the French concession in Portugal and the Azores, France is now all the more anxious to retain expiring airmail contracts from Brazil, and hence will fight to the finish in her present air race with Germany.

Italy, meanwhile, has been keeping a watchful eye on the South Atlantic herself, evidently not intending to be caught napping by France and Germany. Announcement has just been made of an airmail service to be started between Rome and Buenos Aires, via Casablanca, Dakar, Natal, and Rio.

Already, an abbreviated form of transatlantic flying has quietly been carried on for some time past, although it is not generally so well known as it should be, in the ship-to-shore service of seaplanes catapulted from the express liners, *Bremen* and *Europa*. This has been in regular operation now for four years, with a total of seventy-nine flights to date, and only one serious casualty—the loss of a machine last season with its crew of

two. The seaplanes have beaten the steamships to their destinations by an average of nearly a day, and in one instance by seventy-two hours. By means of this service and the American transcontinental airways system, letters have been received in San Francisco in only five days, or less, after being posted in London! The success of the North German Lloyd and Lufthansa in this direction has not failed to impress other steamship companies; now the Cunard Company is reported to be negotiating with Imperial Airways to get the scheme tried out on its own fast liners. Because of unfavourable weather over the North Atlantic at other times, the season is generally restricted to less than half the year, from May to September. The longest westbound flight last year was 735 miles. Such flights are made on the day before the arrival of the steamship, or early in the morning on the day of arrival. In the eastbound service, the 'plane is catapulted one day before the liner calls at Cherbourg. If, for weather reasons, the flight is impossible on that day, it will be made to Amsterdam the following day. The mail is then carried by 'plane from London or Amsterdam to all parts of Europe, delivery being speeded up by one to two days. During the ship-to-shore flights, the seaplanes keep in constant radio communication with the mother ship by a code two-way radio. Each machine carries about 450 lb. of mail, has a cruising radius under ordinary weather conditions of 800 miles, and a speed of 125 m.p.h.

A short while ago world-wide interest was aroused by the announcement that the United States Government intended building, at the cost of \$1,500,000, an experimental Atlantic "seadrome" to test Edward R. Armstrong's plan for a chain of anchored landing places at intervals of 400 or 500 miles between America and Europe—the entire project to cost some \$30,000,000! For the past twenty years Mr. Armstrong has worked steadily on his scheme, the idea of which, it may be recalled, appealed to Lindbergh in 1927 after his Paris flight. It appears, however, that the first announcement was somewhat premature, the money grant not having been voted for the purpose; consequently, after the first great burst of publicity, followed by considerable controversy, the plan seems once again to have been quietly shelved. If a transatlantic air

route were to cost \$30,000,000, it could await more prosperous days. Clarence Chamberlain, veteran of one transatlantic flight, who made in 1928 the first mail flight from a liner's deck 100 miles out from New York, summed up critical aviation opinion by stating that the advance in 'plane and motor design in the last ten years had made the seadrome "aeronautically obsolete". The main objection to the seadrome idea is that it provides a landing place for *land* planes, while it is the *seaplane* to which the world is looking as obviously the carrier of future airborne ocean traffic. But, however fantastic it is in its conception, the interest aroused by the seadrome points plainly to the fact that the world today is rapidly nearing the time when ocean airways will be an actuality instead of merely something for future speculation. Whether it will come this year, or the next, or the one after that, no one can predict with any degree of assurance; but, those who should be expected to know are agreed that it is, indeed, coming soon.

Will the people take to transatlantic flying when it comes? Not so long ago the English Channel held terrors for the airman; today the number of passengers using the airways between London and the Continent increases steadily year by year. The important thing is that the stunt flying era has definitely ended, replaced by a new air age; Lindbergh in America and the Prince of Wales in Britain have probably done more than any other individuals to make the world air-minded. The problem of safety is still an important matter for consideration, although the percentage of accidents is remarkably low. The cost of an aerial Atlantic crossing will be determined by the pay-load that can be carried; that cost may be considerable at the outset, but eventually it is hoped there will not be too great disparity between the fares on the ocean airways and first-class steamship charges. In any case, as the *Graf Zeppelin* has shown, there will always be a number who can afford to pay for the time saved in getting where they want to go. The first passengers will probably include many attracted by the novelty of a new experience and whatever notoriety they might achieve thereby, but in the end a regular and reliable means of transportation will be accepted, as the world always comes to accept its wonders, as a matter of course.

UNEMPLOYMENT POLICY : LESSONS FROM ABROAD

BY WILLIAM TEELING

THE Unemployment Bill, introduced into the House of Commons on November 8th last and certain to become an Act of Parliament within the next few months, is the only measure undertaken this winter by the Government to deal with unemployment directly. We have many measures that will presumably affect unemployment indirectly, but probably only temporarily, in this country: such as tariff measures and air and naval increases. But only this Bill deals directly with the problem.

Much can be said for it as a Bill destined to clear up the many anomalies that have arisen recently through the introduction of almost yearly measures dealing with unemployment insurance. Very little, however, can be said for it as a constructive effort to give our unemployed occupation, however temporary, or to do away with the gradual pauperization of probably the proudest and most independent working-class in the world.

Whatever indirect measures are undertaken the increasing use of efficient machinery will always come before men, and it would seem that we are to be left in the coming years with over one and a half million people, as well as their dependants, leading an idle and aimless existence at the expense of the nation.

Almost every other country of importance in Europe, as well as the United States, is making supreme efforts this winter to deal with a similar problem—in addition to giving either a dole, supporting an insurance scheme, or assisting through municipalities or large voluntary organizations to keep the people from starvation. Our own Government is giving no noticeable lead in any direction with regard to this problem of the new uneducated, leisured classes—leisured through no desire of their own. Nor can one truthfully say that the nation,

as a whole, and the middle classes in particular, are anything like as interested or as active in assisting the unemployed as they are in other countries.

There would seem to be two reasons for this.

First, we are so burdened with taxes, much of which go to social services, that we feel we have done enough. Yet we forget that the payment of cheques and the loss of the personal touch not only make us individually more self-centred, but they deny to those we want to help the invaluable advantage of personal sympathy and friendship which they badly need ; also, through the interposition of politicians as middlemen, distributing our cheques and taking the credit to themselves, much unnecessary bad feeling is brought about, to say nothing of serious class hatred.

The second reason would seem to be that, as we are all so busy and so uninterested in depressing subjects, we are apt to think that the much vaunted Unemployment Bill is another step forward on the wonderful march towards the solution of the unemployment problem. In actual fact, though it is an excellent Bill for clearing up past mistakes, it will make practically no difference whatever to the vast majority of the unemployed, who will not notice any change in their position for better or worse. It merely means a reshuffling within rigidly circumscribed limits. To those who travel abroad and see the fresh vigour and enthusiasm of other nations in the effort to stamp out this new cancerous growth, it is extremely disheartening to come home and see what looks suspiciously like window dressing so that certain interests shall not be disturbed. One is forced to ask oneself whether it is really true that all the schemes of other nations would be impracticable here and financially unsound ; and whether, if the nation were once awakened to the real facts, the Cabinet would not perhaps take a more serious interest in this question, and give more time to thinking out solutions. They might then evolve some courageous scheme that would do away with much of the dole and prepare us for a future of machinery, shorter hours and an increased internal market, together with healthier citizens and young men more like their steadier parents than unfortunately they are becoming in many parts of England today.

What, then, are foreign countries doing, especially with regard to financial assistance ?

Let us take France first.

This is a country where it is safe to say nearly 80 per cent. of the workers are their own employers. These people do not usually come on relief, but submit to privations, such as the cutting down of meals and luxuries. There remain, however, those who are definitely unemployed. And by far the largest number of these are to be found in the Seine Department, surrounding and including Paris, where the French official figures show that over half the unemployed of France are living. Here the single man is allowed from ten to twelve francs a day, making a total of about 70 to 84 francs a week—about 17s. 6d. to 21s. at the present rate of exchange. In addition, if the man is living in lodgings, his landlord is allowed an additional sum for his room of four francs a day or about 7s. a week. The total sum may therefore amount to about 28s. a week and is not less than 17s. 6d. a week ; whereas our unemployed single man gets only 15s. 3d. a week. Furthermore, this sum is found as to one-third by the State, one-third by the municipality, and one-third by the Department.

I know it will be argued that far more people are entitled to relief under the English system, and that the Seine is only one Department—each department and municipality differing in the amount of relief. But the chief things to remember are that the man, unlike our working man, has at no time to contribute anything towards this sum, and also that the Seine Department holds over half the French unemployed.

If we take another area where there is considerable unemployment, namely the city of Marseilles, we find, on the same system of payment, that a married man with three children can get a maximum dole of 24 francs a day or 168 francs a week—equivalent to £2 2s. a week at the present rate of exchange—and considerably more than we can give our married families.

Again, it will be argued that the cost of living is much higher in France : but the answer must be that parts of the year are so warm in Marseilles that the need for food is considerably less, and, moreover, the slum rents do not compare with Newcastle or London. So much for France.

Italy, with over one million unemployed, and new medical and other social services that compare very favourably with our own, gives to her unemployed who are insured an allowance of 3½ lira a day for every insured member of the family. This makes for a single man a total of 26½ lira a week, or 8s. 9d. a week (taking the lira at 60 to the pound), compared with our 15s. 3d. However, we must add to this, weekly books of tickets for bread, rice, milk and meat, distributed by the Fascist Party Clubs, and I maintain that that more than balances our 15s. 3d. as a total sum. It is true this money is only paid for four months, but the manner in which the exchanges are run by the syndicates makes it unlikely that any man is out of work for very much more than four months. No employer is allowed to take on a new man except through the exchanges and in consultation with them, so that the length of unemployment is more evenly divided by the exchange controlling the distribution of jobs. Furthermore, no employer is allowed to lay a man off without paying him one month's salary for every year of his employment. Lastly, in Italy, far more than in Marseilles, we find the warmth of the climate a great help to economic living, as the cheerfulness of the peasants, and indeed of all the poorer classes, makes it possible for them to occupy themselves when unemployed far more easily than our own depressed workers herded together in the industrial areas of the North.

The figures for poverty-stricken Austria show about 1s. to 3s. less than ourselves in insurance benefit, and it is interesting to note that, owing to Roman Catholic clerics being so frequently members of the Government, the recent cuts in benefit have not been applied to families of three children and over. Here it must be remembered that, whereas housing rent swallowed up about 25 per cent. of the working man's income before the war, that figure has now been reduced to about 5 per cent.; and with it the largest expense in the unemployed man's budget in an industrial city is usually the rent.

We know that a dole is paid in Germany and that in the United States each State acts independently, indeed often each city. But from what I saw there I can safely say that when a State or a city did not pay a direct dole it was paid in some form by the citizens—usually through the Community Chest

—and all this over and above what went to the ordinary social services and what was done in conjunction with City or State or Federal Government to find active work for the unemployed.

This is not written to belittle our own efforts, efforts that are magnificent considering our position, and efforts that every nation admits are more regularly and more widely organized than their own. But it is written to point out that it is inaccurate to believe, as so many do, that our insurance schemes are so much better than anything done for the unemployed in other countries—so much better that there is no need for us to do anything else. I have shown how near to our efforts are those of other nations on the financial side, and I want now to show that, over and above this, these nations are working both publicly and privately on schemes to alleviate distress with which, alas, we cannot compare at all.

Let us take Austria. In the last eighteen months she has put about one-sixth of the whole of her unemployed to work in quite voluntary labour camps. They are not just existing there. They are doing active and useful work. A typical example is the following: a group of poor civil servants in Vienna decided they would form a small colony because of the housing shortage, buy a piece of land outside the city and build some cottages for themselves. They were all Postal Service workers. They have built their own houses themselves with the aid of instructors; had they not done so they would have been condemned to city overcrowding, having nothing like enough money to get experienced builders to put up their houses. Next came the problem of the amenities, such as a drainage system, one or two roads and some paving. Obviously they would not have time to do that themselves, nor could they ask their wives, least of all pay professional labour, and so they approached the Labour Exchanges, and the latter agreed to allow a labour camp to be started in their colony. The unemployed volunteered, two temporary huts were built, some thirty men went to work; the colony was paid the dole money by the State and in return provided tools, blankets, work, clothes and food, and gave the men about 5d. a day pocket money in addition.

Such are Austrian labour camps. In the same way private

organizations and municipalities and other bodies apply to the State, which then satisfies itself that the work is such as could not be undertaken at ordinary rates, and a labour camp is started. The camp does not usually last in one place more than a few months, at any rate only until the local work has been accomplished. The numbers in the camp are seldom over thirty-five or forty men; and they do not get homesick, for they usually come from near-by districts—unlike our South Wales and Northumberland miners, who often feel quite lost when sent away for the first time from home, sometimes to agricultural camps as far afield as Brandon in Suffolk.

Yet another constructive effort has been started outside Vienna. Here an agency working with private funds has bought a piece of land and chosen 350 families of totally unemployed men, with a preference for those who are stonemasons or carpenters or men otherwise useful for building and laying out a small village. These people have been building two-room houses, and when they were finished in December everyone drew lots as to which they should possess, so that nobody should know whether he was building his own house or someone else's. Each family receives half an acre, one quarter to be cultivated privately, one quarter communally. The total cost is no more than £150, and this is to be paid back with 2½ per cent. interest to the company over a period of twenty-five years, the company providing the necessary tools and having a first charge on the products of the communal patch.

One cannot but wonder whether it would not be possible to arrange some such scheme on a large scale in this country. Perhaps one reason why we hold back is that Austria gives this added advantage. For the first two years obviously the inhabitants of the colony must work on their new possessions but are unlikely to earn anything like enough to keep them alive, and so the Government is allowing them their dole money for these first two years.

In this country if you put unemployed men for a single week to work on schemes likely to bring to them or yourself a profit, they cannot receive the dole for that period.

A very slight advance has been made in the new Bill whereby schemes likely to be of use to a municipality can be helped

with dole money, but there is still no provision whereby unemployed men can be helped with dole money over the lean years until they are on their feet, as there is under one of the schemes I have mentioned. When this Bill is law, it will be almost impossible to have such a scheme, for it would mean another Bill, unless we are foresighted enough to have an amendment put in, allowing dole money to be applied to help genuine unemployed to become independent citizens, owning perhaps their own small holding or their own little workshop.

If the nation were to wake up to the possibilities of the constructive use of the dole, not in extravagant public works, but in worth-while efforts to put men permanently on their feet, I am sure the Government could be shamed into action to assist; but unless some such amendment goes through while the present Bill is before Parliament I am assured from the most official and authoritative quarters that it will become almost impossible, short of another Bill, to obtain the use of these funds for such schemes.

What more are other countries doing?

We all know of the Italian Government's public works schemes; of the twenty-five year plan for the development of Genoa and other great cities; of the huge German national effort to abolish not only unemployment but, what is as important, any form of aimless idleness; and of the supreme efforts being made throughout America—efforts about which authorities are equally divided as to their success, but efforts that undoubtedly are bringing the best out of most people and showing up the graft and self-centred ideals of certain opposing vested interests. But in Italy and in Germany there are two further movements, which competent authorities consider will last, even should the Fascist and the Nazi movements disappear, namely the *Dopolavora* (After Work) and its German equivalent. In Italy this means that certain large industries group together their workmen and unemployed, build a large hall with further amenities, keep their people together and teach their children cheaply, get easy terms for doctors' care and for the theatre, and generally develop the old craft guild idea of comradeship in the same trade, the men subscribing small sums as their share. In the smaller towns all industries group together in one *Dopolavora*, and in Germany,

where the system is only just starting, there is this difference, that the employers as well as the employees have to come into the scheme.

Lastly, from America comes yet another plan. Each year about the beginning of the winter every big city or district has through its Community Chest one large drive lasting about a fortnight. During this drive are collected all the moneys calculated to be required during the ensuing winter for the following purposes. First of all, for the usual charities of the city ; secondly, for any work schemes likely to be started to help the unemployed (these also usually receive a grant from the local taxes) ; and, lastly, for the actual support of those unemployed who are unlikely to be covered by such work schemes.

Before seeing how these schemes might be applied in this country, we may look quickly at the efforts at present being made. First of all, we have the Unemployment Insurance Scheme, to be perfected in this Bill. Next we have the relief for those no longer entitled to the insurance. For these again the Government offers money, and then, with a great deal of publicity, it announces at the beginning of Part II that there will be largely increased training camp facilities. This is where the Bill is open to grave criticism. Actually there are Government camps today, entirely voluntary, that employ about 8,000 men on various schemes, not very practical for their future. In another part of the Bill, the amount of money which the Government states it is likely to spend on the new much-heralded camps cannot allow for the taking of more than an additional 20,000 men. And so, after all this publicity, we shall find about 30,000 men in training centres out of a possible 2,000,000. It has been officially stated that no trade is to be taught in these camps because of trade union objections. One is tempted to remind the Government that there are trade unions in Austria and America, and that there must be a limit to their power of preventing national reconstruction.

Next to this scheme come the voluntary efforts under the auspices of the National Council of Social Service. It has been stated that over 300,000 men were working in occupational centres by last May, but that is greatly above the official figures, and the enthusiasm shown last winter is sadly lacking this winter.

The suggestion of forced labour camps in the Bill as first introduced is partly responsible for this waning zeal. As one studies the state of the people more and more one feels that the Minister of Labour ought to be almost the most important person in the country, and certainly personally one of the best known and most trusted members of the Government, as well as a very human figure. Unfortunately Sir Henry Betterton, who is thoroughly alive to the whole situation, is not personally given the publicity that he needs, and his very name is often unknown.

Could the Government do anything on the lines suggested by the efforts of other countries ?

It would be a great gain if we could get workers and unemployed working together, rather than segregate the unemployed in clubs and occupational centres. Recent figures from the Ministry of Labour show that not many more than 100,000 people remain permanently unemployed all the year round. What we should aim at is a scheme for people partially unemployed, and for that we badly need something on the lines of the *Dopolavora*. The Government could give a lead there by encouraging big companies and banks to help occupational centres, each firm adopting a separate one. But the Government must first gain the confidence of the unemployed. The Ministry of Labour officials are popular because they are considered fair ; why, then, not let them work the machinery of the new Act, rather than hand over the less popular side of it to a new unknown office ? Whether they like it or not, the Government will be identified with that unpopular office. If it could win the trust of the unemployed it could probably help to start such invaluable *Dopolavora* schemes.

Further, it could not only encourage allotments, but it could help those who are not keen on the land, and who still object to occupational centres. It could provide " indoor allotments " for them. That is to say, it could take disused factories, divide them up into cubicles and rent them to men, employed and unemployed, to do their own carpentering or whatever their hobby might be. This the men would appreciate, for what they want most is not aimless work, but something that has the possibility of future benefit to themselves. Many men would gladly go to land camps if only they were attached to agricultural colleges

where they could learn something worth while. And nothing could be more helpful to constructive effort than permission to apply the dole money, as in Austria, to schemes where, in a year or two, the men would be independent at their own piece of work. If this were allowed, then cities and whole districts might join together, as in the case of the Community Chest drives of America, to raise funds for work schemes—not for charity, because the money would be paid back eventually. That would not only put the unemployed into an independent and, it is to be hoped, prosperous position, but would make each city realize, as it organized its yearly drives, what a dead weight unemployment can be. By leaving it all to Whitehall, we are apt to forget the money and the talents and the energy we are wasting. And perhaps one might visualize the attendance in each particular city during that fortnight's drive of a member of the Royal Family visiting the centres, encouraging the enthusiasm.

One could go on enumerating plans of this kind that might well be adopted in England, if only we would cut adrift from the present well-beaten track. We should realize that we are well able to do what other countries do, and that many of the excuses such as that one cannot see clearly where such plans would lead, or that there is nothing permanently constructive in them, or that the nation does not want land camps, are largely excuses for laziness. The working people would not mind land camps if they were doing worth-while work there. On such lines as these the nation could easily be roused, as it was during the War. We can see only too clearly where the dole money must lead us, and could anything be more permanently unconstructive than that?

Let us then learn from other nations and adapt to English conditions where we can. Nothing will emerge until we set our hearts and our minds to the work, but above all do not let us be lulled into a false state of security by thinking the Unemployment Bill is Parliament's constructive effort for the future. It is nothing of the sort. It is a tidying up measure on extremely sound lines. But it merely postpones the plunge into action. Every postponement makes a real cure more painful and less easy.

INDIAN REFORM AND THE PEASANT

BY SIR WILLIAM BARTON, K.C.I.E.

IF brains were the predominant factor in government the Brahmin intelligentsia of India could provide enough to rule the whole of Asia. Brahmin brains, allied with the scarcely less subtle brains of the high caste Hindu, aspire to govern the empire that Great Britain has built up in India. The claim in fact rests mainly on intellectual culture, and a hybrid culture at that. Is such a claim firmly based? History replies with a decisive negative. Civilizations have come into flower only to be destroyed by hardy tribesmen bred in Northern fastnesses and boasting of no philosophy; Mongols, Goths, Scythians, Huns, to mention a few. So Rome and Byzantium perished; so Babylon fell. Mongolian and Turkish hordes destroyed the early Chinese civilization; highly developed empires in India have been crushed in wearisome iteration by unlettered barbarians from the steppes of Central Asia. The lesson of history, and that lesson has never been more strongly impressed on suffering humanity than in India, is that organized force is the ultimate basis of political dominance. The cold logic of history stands out against a claim to rule based only on intellectual capacity.

The White Paper, together with the Lothian franchise, gives practical reality to the dream of the Hindu politician for the last half century, of wielding political control of India. With the exception of the Punjab, Bengal, and two minor provinces, the North-West Frontier and Sind, the Hindus are a vast majority everywhere. The executive power throughout the greater part of British India should, under the White Paper scheme, be in their hands. In the Federal government the British constitution-builders expect that the States' representatives will hold the balance between Hindus and Moslems and so help to create an atmosphere of conservatism. It seems to have been forgotten

that most of the States are Hindu, and it should not be difficult for the Hindu Congress politician of British India to attract adequate support from them by a conciliatory policy, especially if the Crown, in the exercise of its responsibilities as Paramount Power, should feel compelled to take action of a kind to create alarm in the minds of Princes conscious that their administration was not above criticism. The dominant element in this Hindu coalition would be Brahmin and high caste Hindu. This class, compared with the countryside, has a practical monopoly of English education and political experience. It is mostly town bred. The higher ranks comprise big industrialists, financiers, merchants, prominent lawyers, civil servants, and professional men generally. Next in order are journalists, educationists, less important lawyers, moneylenders, the larger shopkeepers; among the rank and file are the smaller shopkeepers and the lost legions of the unemployed graduates, the "failed B.A." and students.

These people have no traditions of rule behind them; few of their families have any kind of military associations. Military capacity and traditions lie elsewhere, in the class they hope to dominate and exploit. Not unnaturally the desire for power is prompted by the hope of preferment in the many thousands of half-educated youths whom Nature has equipped to work with their hands rather than with their heads, a pathetic truth they will some day realize. The intelligentsia has little sympathy with the countryside; they do not understand the point of view of the peasant; their own interests would naturally be pressed against those of the peasantry.

A clash of interests between town and country would in fact be inevitable with the White Paper scheme and the Lothian franchise in operation. The urban politicians would take control of finance, industry and commerce, with the disposal of patronage, and, in the provinces, of law and order. They would avoid imposing taxation in any form on their own class; the last thing they would think of would be to lighten the impost on the land. On the other hand the rural population, so far as they are interested in democracy at all, regard it as a means of reducing the weight of taxation on agriculture, and for bringing a new era of prosperity into rural life.

The emissaries of Congress have in the past few years made desperate efforts to imbue the countryside with their economic as well as their political theories. The peasant has been taught that his poverty is due to the selfish policy of an alien despotism: the maintenance of a huge army in the interests of Britain is responsible for the deadly incubus of taxation on the land; the manipulation of the currency, and especially the raising of the rupee sterling rate from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d., has still further impoverished the villager by making it impossible for him to sell his produce in competition with producers in countries in which the currency is depreciated; Australia can, in fact, undersell Indian wheat in Indian markets; Congress rule alone can lift the burden from the shoulders of the peasant and bring on the golden age. That has been the Congress message.

Will the Hindu intelligentsia when clothed with political authority be either able or willing to concentrate on a policy devised in the interests of the peasantry? There is no unanimity in India about the rupee ratio; a lower ratio suits various interests, notably the Bombay millowner; other business centres would prefer not to risk the financial difficulties that might ensue from a lowering of the ratio, involving as it would a great increase in the sterling obligations of the country. Congress militant's would, of course, attempt to repudiate sterling debts, but this at the outset they would find difficult of achievement. The Indian States, whatever their feelings may be regarding some aspects of paramountcy, would oppose anything that might lead to an open rupture with Britain. Without some startling innovation in financial policy, and unless they possessed the power to reduce military expenditure by at least half, it is not easy to see how a Congress Ministry could redeem its pledges to the peasantry. The States would not agree to a weakening of the defences of the country, and in this they would have Moslem support. What then has the Hindu intelligentsia to offer the peasantry in return for its support, either in the provinces or at the centre?

The prospect is discouraging. Land revenue and irrigation dues are still the sheet anchor of Indian finance, and no government is likely to effect substantial reductions in the demand. The hopes of the peasantry that taxation may be reduced are

doomed to disappointment. In other directions it will be difficult to harmonize their interests with those of the intelligentsia. The village folk want cheap cloth, agricultural implements, hardware and other imported goods. The object of the industrialist is to build insurmountable tariff walls against the British manufacturer, thereby antagonizing the peasants' best customer and raising the price of everything the peasant wants to buy. To bring prosperity to the countryside a policy of reconstruction is essential. The peasantry need cheap credit in order to escape from the toils of the Hindu moneylender. But the latter is the staunchest supporter of the Hindu politician. He would be alienated by an attempt to introduce a new system of credit in competition with his own. Such a system could only be introduced in close co-operation with British financial interests and this would be anathema to the intelligentsia. Improved methods of cultivation, especially of "money crops"; better breeds of cattle; development of the milk supply—these, combined with a scheme of cottage industries which in many cases might be provided with cheap electric power, would help to put India's greatest industry on its feet.

To achieve this the emphasis in the sphere of education should be on agricultural and veterinary research and vocational training. Rural education generally needs overhauling and placing on a sound basis. Anything of the kind would involve a self-denying ordinance on the part of the intelligentsia which it would be futile to expect. The plain truth then is that the countryside has little to hope for from a government of the intelligentsia. On the contrary, it is not unlikely that attempts would be made under such a regime to increase rural taxation. Even without this, the fading of the dream of prosperity as a result of India's political victory over Britain might easily lead to agrarian unrest. Would the Viceroy be prepared to lend troops to support the Police in dealing with troubles of the kind brought on by an unsympathetic policy? If so, the ultimate consequence would be that the unpopularity of the Indian Ministry would be diverted to the British Government.

There can be no doubt that the urban intelligentsia will make every effort to seize political power once the new scheme of reform is introduced. So far as it is possible to forecast results,

they should unquestionably succeed if the Lothian franchise proposals are allowed to stand. From what has been said it is clear enough that the almost inevitable consequence would be a clash of the new executive government in the Provinces with the countryside. This is a real danger, almost as obvious and threatening more serious consequences than the policy of handing over law and order to responsible ministries. It is a question apart from the Hindu-Moslem imbroglio.

Does the White Paper anticipate an attempt to meet the danger? The reply must be in the negative. It fails to recognize that, apart from the Hindu-Moslem question, the major issue in the chaos of Indian politics lies between town and country. The countryside produces most of India's wealth, provides her soldiers and police, pays the bulk of the taxes. Nearly ninety per cent. of the population are rural. The Hindu urban population on the other hand, mainly as a result of Western education, have largely monopolized the Bar, the Bench, finance, industry and the services. It is true that they have borne the brunt of the fight for political freedom, and it is not unnatural that they should expect to enjoy the first fruits of their victory. At the same time, their success does not entitle them to exercise supreme power to the exclusion of the countryside. That would be an inversion of political values, and it should not be forgotten that they have already as the result of Western education enjoyed immense privileges as against the agricultural interests. Let them share in the spoils of office, but let the predominant influence go where it rightly belongs.

The only way to make democracy safe for India is to give due weight in the administration of the country to the conservative element, the rural population. Let autonomy in the provinces be broad-based on the ancient autonomy of the village. The peasantry and the land-owning class are after all the political and economic foundation of Indian life. Democracy in India should, in fact, be built up from the *panchayat* or village council. British constitution-makers have preferred to build downwards.

There can be no question that to make democratic institutions workable the Provinces of India should be reconstituted on a basis that recognizes ethnographical, historical and geographical facts. Such a rearrangement of boundaries would give a series

of compact Provinces or States far better suited to a federation than heterogeneous agglomerations like Madras, Bombay, and the United Provinces, which owe their origin to historical accidents. Smaller units would be easier to administer. Many Indian politicians favour a scheme of the kind. The opposition is based chiefly on finance. The difficulty is, however, apparent, not real. Far-reaching economies could be effected if the Services were Indianized and paid on the basis of Indian standards of living, as in the larger States.

For the rest, the impatient politician must wait for the golden age, till abounding prosperity gives him the necessary resources. The Indian Civil Service, as we know it now, would disappear. It might be absorbed into a *corps d'élite* which would provide the cadre of the Political Department, and lend officers to the Provinces as advisers, or to hold positions where impartiality was essential.

The failure of the British Government to reconstitute the federal units on a natural basis is unquestionably a mistake of policy. It will be a potent factor militating against the success of the great adventure on which India is about to embark. It is too late to take up the question now. There are, however, other means of buttressing the new structure. The problem to which, it is suggested, British statesmen should now address themselves is the elaboration of an electoral system which will enable the countryside to exercise its full weight in the provincial parliaments and in the Federal Assembly. It will probably be retorted that the Lothian report gives the peasant every opportunity of making his voice heard. Is this really the case? The peasantry have no kind of political organization; their candidates, if any were to come forward, would have little chance against the *protégés* of Congress, with their organized propaganda and financial resources. And be it remembered that the Hindu moneylender and shopkeeper class of the villages would everywhere be on the Congress side, and there are few peasant voters who are not deeply involved with one or the other, or both. Subtle influences would be at work which the peasant could not always resist. The Lothian system would unquestionably place the peasant in the keeping of the Congress politician. How can the danger be avoided?

The safest way out of the impasse is to make it certain that the peasantry and landowners shall have an opportunity of returning their own people who understand their interests and necessities. This end can best be obtained by giving the peasantry their full voting power in definitely rural constituencies. And in order that all the villagers may be interested, the system of third degree election should be introduced as in Egypt. In other words, in addition to those entitled to vote on the basis of a fixed standard of land revenue payment, let all the remaining villagers select representatives to record a vote on their behalf for the candidate they favour. The Lothian Committee, it is true, rejected the scheme of third degree voting. Their reasons do not appear adequate.

There is another essential condition apart from voting power. Even if the peasantry has the majority of votes the urban candidate might still carry the day. The only means of ensuring the return of the local landowner is to lay down definitely that only a local landowner with hereditary interests in the land and who is a member of an agricultural tribe shall be eligible for election to a rural constituency. This is not, of course, the pure milk of democracy, but to make democracy safe for India, British statesmen have found it necessary to deviate from many of the accepted canons of the creed. Consider, for example, the association of autocratic federal units in the case of the States, with units invested with responsible government. Consider further the communal settlement. And it seems certain that in most Provinces there must be a Minister representing the minority community in the House.

Apart from all this, a provision ensuring that the peasantry are represented by their own people cannot be reasonably described as an offence against democratic principles. Another element of stability is a Second Chamber. There should be one in every Province. The landed interest should have adequate representation in these bodies; the mercantile and industrial community, the professions, education, should select their representatives. With a system such as has been described, a reasonably stable and conservative administration should be possible in most Provinces. There can be no question that this would be in accordance with the wishes of the countryside. The people of

the villages desire peace, good government and ordered progress. The intelligentsia would not be entirely left in the cold ; they would have a share in the Ministry and be in a position to influence policy.

Elections to the Federal Assembly should be indirect. Members should be elected by the Upper and Lower Houses in the Provinces. This again would make for stability. The members of the Council of State or Senate should be nominated by the provincial governments. In this way the conservative element provided by the peasantry and landed interests should be adequately represented at the Centre.

An obvious criticism of the policy as outlined is that the peasant has not been sufficiently educated in politics for the third degree method of elections. That is true up to a point ; it is equally true of those who have the direct vote. Much would depend on the quality of the candidate. If he can adapt himself to the intelligence of the village and explain the issues in simple language the peasant in many parts of the country will realize how he should vote. The organization will count most. Much might have been done within the last ten years by means of wireless broadcasting to instil into the village mind the policy of the British Government in its attempt to introduce democracy ; what self-government stands for ; what duties it involves ; how it will affect the peasant. That opportunity has passed. With responsible government everywhere in British India, party divisions and communal jealousies will make the use of wireless a dangerous problem. Wireless will be a federal subject. It might be possible to set up an impartial broadcasting authority with the Central Government whose duty it would be to explain the new constitution to the peasantry and give them unbiased advice. And on some occasions it might be possible to obtain a general agreement to the broadcasting of information regarding particular measures. Whatever the difficulties may be, it is certain that broadcasting will inevitably become a feature of Indian village life.

The transfer of law and order to a responsible Minister is the bugbear of a certain school of political thought. If the Minister in charge is responsible to a majority in the House composed mainly of rural members he is not likely to risk his position by

harassing a police force recruited mainly from the villages. Nor would he be supported in measures which might jeopardize the peace of the countryside. And beyond this, the Minister in charge of law and order will have ever before his eyes the possibility of the denial of the use of troops, if trouble should ensue as the result of deliberate provocation on his part. It should be possible to find men of the right type for the heavy responsibility involved in the portfolio of law and order if a reasonable chance of election be given to people with a stake in the country and anxious to preserve the British connection. The key of the position lies in the electorate. If the field is left open to the Congress organization, disaster is certain to follow. Let the landowners and peasantry who are in the great majority, who supply India's soldiers and the bulk of her police, hold the balance of power and there will be hope of a stable government, of ordered evolution to full Dominion status within the Empire. The countryside has not been nurtured in hatred of the British connection. We may look for co-operation, for moral support, from the landowning class. A Ministry at the Centre based largely on that class, and reinforced by the contingent from the States, should set an example of moderation and sound statesmanship to the whole of India.

THE PECKHAM EXPERIMENT

BY GEORGE GODWIN

NINE years ago a small group of medically-trained biologists decided to apply the methods of the scientists's laboratory to the problem of the causation of disease. They reasoned somewhat as follows: Since the material that comes to the practising doctor, the consultant and the hospital represents only disease in an advanced state, or, at least, definitely established, we must seek for the causative factors nearer their source of origin. It is clear, then, that we must contrive some means of studying scientifically a given number of men, women and children in their ordinary lives and under the normal conditions of modern life.

Now, the research worker who sets out to test a theory begins operations on a limited scale to test the validity of his method. The validity of the method demonstrated, he proceeds to work upon a more extensive and elaborate scale. Thus the Peckham Experiment, begun in 1926, was on a modest scale and planned for a limited period. At the end of three years it was brought to an end.

In research, the first tentative experiment is often done in the laboratory; the second, on a larger scale, is usually spoken of as a "field experiment", the work being done in the field. So interesting and valuable were the results of this first small experiment that it has been decided to embark on a second phase, a field experiment, as it were, covering a wider section of the community. Now the fundamental thing about this work which distinguishes it from any other social or medical experiment ever made in this or any other country is the mode of approach adopted. The practising doctor and the hospital doctor alike *look for disease*. The medically-trained biologists, who began this work in a modest house in Queen's Road, Peckham, set out to *look for health*. It was their postulate that the

absence of disease does not necessarily imply health. Here they were observing with scientific eyes the play and interplay of heredity and environment upon a group of families drawn from that stratum of society which possesses but a meagre margin of survival value.

The Family Health Club began operations by inviting families in the immediate neighbourhood to join at a subscription of sixpence a week, and for that modest sum—half the price of a cinema seat—they were offered, for the father and mother, an annual overhaul; for the adolescents, a bi-yearly examination; for the children of school age, an examination every three months; for the infants, a weekly overhaul. In addition, member families had the privilege of using the Club daily between the hours of two and ten p.m. From this simple beginning a social life sprang up, with concerts, dancing and so on, and, as knowledge of the Club spread, adolescents applied for membership. They were refused, for the Club was a family club; but they returned, bringing father or mother, and thus qualified for membership.

This insistence upon the family was based on the thesis that neither man nor woman, nor yet the community, constitutes the true biological unit, but man, plus woman, plus child. In short, the family is seen as a development deep-rooted in instinctual needs; a reality, whether we will it or no—or whether Russia wills it or no. But since youths grow up and pass from courtship to marriage and from marriage to parenthood, their membership became essential to the success of the scheme. For the Peckham Experiment was, and remains, much more than a mere novel piece of scientific field-work conducted in a populous part of a great city, an experiment from which the experimenters intend to retire to the seclusion of the laboratory with no other spoils than scientific data: it was, and remains, a unique social experiment as well.

The medical survey of the Club members revealed the fact that ninety per cent of all adults over twenty-five years of age had some physical defect, and while the adolescents did not reveal definite disease symptoms, they were to a surprising extent C3. Neither of these categories, however, would, in the ordinary way, have come under the notice of a doctor, for

their condition of defect or disease on the one hand, and devitalization on the other, left them still able to carry on with their work. Here, then, said these biologists, we have the actual conditions that, later, inevitably lead to the doctor or hospital. Therapeutics would touch them, then, only when medical science could do no more than palliate.

It is one of the hard propositions of these biologists that, once lost, abundant good health can never be regained. The time to act, then, is when the precursors of disease—"negative" health, physical defects, devitalization—alone are present. The interesting discovery was made that all such conditions are discoverable if a suitable organization can be found which will bring doctor and individual face to face early enough. Besides these disease-breeding conditions, many other maladjustments were disclosed, each one inevitably leading by slow but sure stages to definite incapacitating disease.

"There was", writes Dr. G. Scott Williamson, "the man who was habitually overclothed because his wife was afraid he would catch cold. There was this woman with flat feet because her shoes were too tight: the man with lumbago who was found by the orthopædic surgeon to be pushing his barrow with a faulty action of his muscles. There was the man suffering from sleeplessness and fatigue and the fear of consumption due to a night cough. He was found at the periodic medical overhaul to have a denture fifteen years old which was loose, and which slipped back into the throat, inducing a cough whenever he lay down. A new denture removed the cough and the sleeplessness; with it fatigue and the fear of consumption also disappeared."

The survey also revealed the frequent existence among Club members of disease the existence of which he or she was totally unaware, a state of ignorance explained by the physiological fact that defective functioning by a diseased organ is compensated for by the increased activity of the healthy organs, each of which, in health, works with an eight-ninths reserve of maximum functioning capacity. It is only when that reserve is exhausted, or near exhaustion, that the cryptic disease declares itself and becomes manifest. One instance will illustrate how this condition operates upon the health of the unconscious sufferer. A

Club member, whose work involved the laying of stone sets for tramway lines in crowded thoroughfares, developed a morbid degree of traffic nervousness. His wife mentioned this fact to the Club doctor. The member was examined and found to be suffering from emphysema, a condition of inelasticity of the lungs which had thrown an undue strain upon his heart. The nervousness was merely the protective mechanism of a body nearing the last of its functional reserves.

Besides these undisclosed disease conditions, much recognized but untreated disease was found, disease that resulted in intermittent incapacity, but not medical attention. In such cases the individuals struggled to maintain themselves, adapting their lives to the increasing limitations, postponing treatment because of the economic penalty inseparable from protracted hospital or home treatment. Last, examination revealed another category midway between disease and health, but facing towards the former and moving towards it: the maladjusted. Psychological maladjustments, no less than physical ones, were revealed as potent disease-producers, not only for the individual concerned, but for the family as a whole.

The reader may object that, after all, these things make up merely a picture of any economically-limited group, in any country, in any age; which, of course, is true enough. Also true is it, however, that the sum total of such groups form the bulk of any community, in any country, in any age, and that disease has always been, must always be, the bitter fruit of a defective heredity operating in a defective environment. It is because the Peckham pioneers, in their initial experiment, have set to work to fight disease wherever abundant health was found to be lacking that their work becomes significant, for never before has prophylactic medicine been applied so thoroughly, both on the physical and the psychological side, nor in a spirit so truly scientific. This purely biological approach to the problem of health goes back inevitably to first things. We face two problems, say these pioneers: to see that only the fit marry and beget, and that having married and begotten, they have an environment in which the achievement of the potential is possible. "It is", says Dr. G. Scott Williamson, "a deplorable experience to examine any community and assess the

potential capacity of its members. The potentiality is enormous, the achievement relatively microscopic".

As he sees the biological significance of the family, it is that "living conditions shall be such as to afford the human organism the opportunity, first, of creating a family nucleus with its own specific sphere of influence; secondly, of flowering in that sphere". "I would like to see", he says, "all social workers assuming the biological point of view".

During the three years' work of the initial experiment no actual treatment was given to Club members, a principle never once departed from. The Club doctors, both men and women, diagnosed and referred the member concerned, with an introductory letter, to the appropriate individual or centre. It was an initial postulate that if the aim is to be the healthy adult, it must begin with the pre-natal care of the infant, a proposition that led, among other practical problems, to the pure milk supply. They saw, too, that if they were to enrich the lives of the young people, fellows and girls, they must lead them to a wider cultural sphere, be able to indicate something better than the streets, the over-heated dance hall, the cinema—their only courting places, their sole relaxations. They saw clearly, too, that to convert wives stale from long years of domestic work and nerve-racked by the unremitting noise of children, there must be some social centre where such women can be rid of their burdens and for a few hours, now and then, be able to relax and go out towards a fuller life.

Thus grew up the Club bridge centre, the dressmaking, the afternoon chat. And the small child, always in mischief or at its jaded mother's skirts, it, too, had to have its share of a larger life wherein its dormant social instincts could find in appropriate soil food for growth. And so the Club nursery, in charge of a trained nurse, introduced the "awkward" child to others of its own age, taught it constructive play, provided an outlet for vital energy seeking for expression. And those youths, with their flat chests and feelings of inferiority, fertile soil for the lurking disease to come, they, too, had to be thought for. Hence, the Club scheme for "prescriptions": for this one swimming three times a week; for that the gymnasium. Since the twin objectives in this part of the work were to improve physique

and general health and stimulate self respect, these youths were never pitted against their superiors, but treated by categories, so that each, in his attempt after health, found himself graded with those of his own capacity and thus, in a sense, strove with himself.

At the end of three years the Pioneer Health Centre closed down. Its activities had become too multifarious for its modest headquarters: the initial biological experiment, carried through according to plan, had proved the rightness of the line of attack upon disease: that the only method that can give constructive results is that which aims at the preservation of health in the home, and among every member of it. As Dr. Innes Pearse puts it: The Greek ideal is the true one: the temple of Aesculapius is for those enjoying abundant health, a place where that health can be increased by games, sports and, after them, intellectual exercises. For the Greeks did not regard health as the mere absence of disease, it was, with them, the realization of the potential of each.

The summarised findings of the Peckham pioneers are, briefly, as follows: The individual and his environment are inseparable: the welfare of the child demands the integration of the family: the artisan classes are prepared to co-operate in any endeavour to secure medical attention *before* disease declares itself: that periodical medical overhauls prove that ninety per cent. of the population are suffering from frank disease: that such disease goes untreated, but taken early on, can be cured. That the onus of disease detection must pass from patient to doctor: that the development of latent potential is essential to health: that in youth there is latent power idle for lack of opportunity and therefore a source of disease.

The second Peckham Experiment has begun with the designing of a new Centre. It is the work of Sir Owen Williams and is to be built at a cost of £25,000. These new buildings will give full facilities for the exercise of the latent potential of the individual: and it will do so without resort to charity. That is to say, the new Pioneer Health Centre, when it reaches its full complement of families, will be self-supporting. The new buildings have been designed to give facilities for two thousand families. The membership subscription per family is one

shilling a week, and an additional shilling per week per family is anticipated from the 2s. 3d. subscriptions paid by individuals to the Centre's internal clubs. On this basis, with a calculated annual revenue of £10,000, the promoters can see their way to repaying the cost of the building in thirty-five years. The new buildings will have a large swimming pool, gymnasium, boxing and dance halls, cloak rooms, cafeteria, lecture rooms, infant solarium, reading cubicles and full medical and administrative facilities. The gardens will be used as playgrounds.

To the criticism that many of the functions for which the new Centre is designed have been used in previous social endeavours, the men and women behind this scheme reply that they have never been so designed as to have reference to the functional unit: the family. The Peckham Experiment, then, reveals itself as a frontal attack upon that paucity of environment that precludes from a rich, full and abundantly healthy life millions of our people today. It reveals itself, too, as a raid into the hinterland of the common enemy—disease. It offers an answer to the heart-breaking problems of our medical services and great, costly hospitals, and does so by indicating how, if the legacy of disease handed to us from the past is one we may not hope to repudiate, yet, by building for the future, we may assure the biological fulfilment of our race.

Such work obviously belongs to the sphere of biology; but as surely it could be achieved only when, alongside with first-class brains goes that practical idealism which is, in the biologist's own terms, the maximum functioning of the emotional impulse.

FROM JERUSALEM TO ISTANBUL

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

I HAVE passed up the parched road from Jericho to Jerusalem so many times that I know most of its turns and twistings, from the first moment in the deep valley, when you look up and see the tower upon the Mount of Olives, piercing the clouds, until the last turn of the road, when you come upon the sudden, awful beauty of the city walls, above Gethsemane. The road rises from the Dead Sea, where none but the hollow apples of Sodom are brave enough to grow. It passes the Inn of the Good Samaritan, and then it divides the little group of houses which are still called Bethany. From Bethany, the way winds about a hill and then it dips into the valley of Gethsemane, before it rises and loses itself in the pandemonium of Jerusalem. For the first part, from Jericho to Bethany, the way has changed since the day when Zacchaeus climbed up into the sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by. Clever engineers have cut a new road through the hills of Judæa, but they still allow it to pass the Inn of the Good Samaritan, where a brown Arab boy sprawls upon the step, brushing the flies from his face with the back of his dirty little hand.

The road from Bethany into Jerusalem has not changed. The succession of Turkish and British engineers have smoothed and widened it, but they have not disturbed the final beauty which comes as you turn about the flank of the hill beyond Bethany and see the city walls for the first time. It was here that Jesus beheld the city and wept over it.

Down beside the Dead Sea, the Zionists have built a casino, near to where Sodom and Gomorrah once stood. In Jericho, the archæologists are digging deep, and they have sent the story of the trumpet and the falling walls to the four winds. But here, with Bethany behind us and Jerusalem shining before us, all is quiet and the air is sweet with the smell of wild flowers. The

last time that I travelled from Jericho to Jerusalem, I came upon the city walls in the first dimness of evening. The stone was burning with the light of the setting sun. The dome of the Mosque of Omar rose from the conglomeration of roofs, like a giant bubble. Light as a bubble and as full of colour, it might have risen from its captivity to float into the sky and burst against the sharp edge of a cloud.

The struggle of Pontius Pilate's regime is not so very different from the struggle of today, when Briton, Jew and Moslem are tearing the earth from which they all drew their first simple creeds. Then, as now, Palestine was a mandated country, and Pontius Pilate was sent from Rome to curb the unruly Semites, in much the same way as our own High Commissioner is sent out from Downing Street. One turns quickly from the thought of what might happen today if a peasant rose in Nazareth to awaken the shores of Galilee with phrases which would be as disturbing to our government as they were to Pontius Pilate and the High Priests in Jerusalem. Pontius Pilate did not see Jesus in a divine light. It was natural for him to exclaim, years afterwards, when the subject arose, "Jesus? Jesus of Nazareth?—I cannot call him to mind", as he does in Anatole France's story, *The Procurator of Judæa*. To Pontius Pilate, Jesus asked for no more than the Arab insurgents in Nablus and the Jewish settlers on the Plain of Jezreel are asking in our own time.

For two years I have stayed here, to see the spring changing into summer. The lilies of the field have turned red upon the Plain of Sharon, and they have died. The oleanders have painted the dry stream beds near to Jericho with patches of gay pink. In one of the valleys, a big German gun lies as it fell, when it went hurtling down the hill after the Turks had forsaken it. The oleanders blossom between the spokes of its wheels. In some of the valleys, the pomegranates burst into flower, lighting the trees with a million little flames. The roads are still a medley of dusty asses, laden with more than they should bear. Proud camels still pad their way through the dust, and the Bedouin still slumbers beneath his goat-hair tent, languishing in the story of the Turkish yesterday and shuddering at the thought of tomorrow. Only at the whisper of intrigue or litigation will he rise in a spurt of fine, angry energy to defend

the earth he decorates: the earth he does so little to enrich or to hold. The walls of Jerusalem are the same, except that you may see the place where they made an opening for the Emperor of Germany to ride in, in 1898. It was near to this way that Allenby walked into Jerusalem, some thirty years afterwards.

There are few outward signs of change as you leave Bethany and come nearer to the city. Only afterwards, when you have climbed down into the convent quietude of the valley of Gethsemane, and then up again, do you see the big new buildings which are the temples and offices of our mandate: the lion shape of Government House, intentionally planned so that it sprawls, with extended paws, upon the hill. When you come within the city, the dream is ended. The new million-dollar Y.M.C.A., the houses of the German colony, the big new hotel, the new stone Consulates, remind one of the grim changes which have come to Jerusalem with British rule. In all practical affairs we have been a blessing to the land; æsthetically we may have hurt it a little. The dust worshipper, who pins his faith and devotion to the past, might turn from the manifestations of change in disgust.

Sometimes the worshipper of yesterday, who embraces the conquests of his ancestors rather than go out and make any conquests of his own, goes so far as to say that Palestine was more happy under the Turkish regime, when Christians, Moslems and Jews could come in peace to their memorials: to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of Omar and the Wailing Wall. But there is an answer for the blindfolded man who is so devoted to the past. The answer is in the statistics which the government officials can show him. Poverty and disease have been eased under the British and Zionist social services: Palestine is the only country in the world today where there is no unemployment. Almost ten thousand of the Arabs who were herded into the picturesque but fetid bazaars of the old city have been brought out and housed where they can drink fresh water, breathe fresh air and escape the pestilence which lurks in the dim tatterdemalion of old Jerusalem.

The one violent cry which has not yet inspired an answer is for water. The scheme which would give Jerusalem the water it needs would cost a quarter of a million pounds, and there

seems to be no way of finding the money at present. Yet it was possible to induce a kindly American to give a million dollars to build the Y.M.C.A., which provides comforts for the class of people who are already well fed and well watered. The bitter criticism against such grand new buildings is that they seem incongruous in a land already full of churches—where the Arabs need bread. The poor Arabs, indeed, feel that they have asked for bread and have been given a stone. But the certain, penetrating policy of the High Commissioner is surmounting each of these difficulties in its turn. His rule has brought new honour to the English name in the Near East and the first signs of peace to a troubled country. The signs are still dim, for he has a mighty task: settling people as opposed as the Arabs and Jews upon a piece of earth no bigger than Wales. The fearful possibility is that the charming, lazy Arab will become the servant of the energetic Jew: that the Arabs will dwindle into the ignominy of a servile race.

The stories of depression among the Arabs are dimmed by the glow of the Zionist prosperity. Pessimists say that this prosperity is not economically sound because of the subsidies which come from the zealous Jews of the rest of the world. Nevertheless, the Plains of Sharon and Jezreel and the Jordan Valley are rich under the new order. The oranges tumble out in millions to the markets of the world. One passes through the Arab villages in despair. They are drab and poor before the Zionist settlements, with their bungalows, their bathrooms, their nurseries and their hospitals. One rejoices over the sight of the orange groves: one is amazed before the prosperity of Tel Aviv, the only purely Jewish city in the world. But one turns from this prosperous scene, back to the Arabs again, with wistful concern. They have so many qualities; charm in hospitality, touches of poetry in their lazy existence, slim hands, and soft 'cello voices. All qualities which are delightful in a fading people, but ineffectual and pathetic before the earthquake of Zionism, which is shaking the land and re-moulding it. The answer to Adolph Hitler's apparent persecution lies here. The Jews in Palestine have proved what they can do if they are given their own earth to till, just as the Jews of England have proved what they can do if they are given the dignity and rights of

citizenship. Even the dour anti-Semite must open his eyes in wonder when he sees the straight-backed, healthy, brown young Jewish farmers, making the slopes upon which Jonathan was slain blossom and flourish as David said they never should.

Palestine's neighbour is Trans-Jordan, a smaller, poorer country which might have been allowed to keep its original name of Trans-Jordania, for the sake of those people who are still sensitive over their Latin forms. Trans-Jordan owes its allegiance to an Amir, and its obedience to British authority. The difference of aim between these two Powers adds colour to the dull daily life of a picturesque country. So far, the coming of the Jews to awaken Trans-Jordan to life is no more than a threat. But the Arabs are so poor and lacking in leadership that some change must come soon if they are not to perish. The Arab ruler of Trans-Jordan is the Amir Abdullah. One comes upon his capital and his strange, new palace, after four hours gentle motoring from Jerusalem. He rules a lazy, proud people. Four thousand pounds worth of eggs are imported into Palestine and Trans-Jordan every year, partly because the Arab is too proud to keep chickens. That, he says, is woman's work, and it is undignified for a man to scatter grain to birds or to gather eggs.

The Amir Abdullah is a brother of the late King Feisal and a son of the late King Hussein, the brave, devout old man who fired the first shot in the revolt against the Turks, whom he hated. Hussein was a dreamer and an Arab nationalist. His qualities were modified in inheritance. His sons had each some of his character, but no one of them all of it. For this reason, the Arab people lack the leadership which might have come from this noble family, which ruled Mekka from the time of their ancestor, the Prophet Mahommed.

Hussein, who was kept a prisoner in Constantinople by Abdul Hamid, brought up Feisal and Abdullah to believe in their inheritance from the Prophet (they even claim descent from Ishmael and Abraham). Hussein also instilled into his sons a conviction that theirs was the divine right of Kings. Unfortunately, he died and left them to survive in a century when the divine right of Kings is no more than a phrase for historians. The eldest son was Ali, who ruled the Hejaz with charm but

without power. He was dethroned by the Cromwellian figure of 'Ibn Saoud, who swept the Sharifian Princes out of Mekka with all the Roundhead's humourless, puritanical vitality. The second son was Abdullah, now ruler of Trans-Jordan, and the third son was Feisal, King of Iraq until his death last autumn. King Feisal forsook his father in his dream of one Crown for the Arabs, and he accepted a smaller crown for himself. He was an ambitious, charming, astute man, with cold eyes which sparkled at a hint of intrigue. His brother, the Amir of Trans-Jordan, is still an Arab Prince, and a great gentleman, in mind and manners. He is one of the most charming men I have ever met. As a host, he makes one's day radiant. As a wit, he saves dull occasions, and as a scholar he makes history his plaything. I recall the first time I met him, in a yellow-lined tent in a valley near the Jordan. An incongruous telephone was the only furniture in the tent, excepting the chairs and cast-iron table. We talked of money and of extravagance. I tried to aid the conversation with the well-known *cliché*, "Money is made round so that it will roll away". "Ah, yes", he answered, "but now you English make it of paper and it simply flies away".

Amir Abdullah's heart and mind are with the past. He sits upon his Trans-Jordan hill, where Britons protect him, but he dreams of Mekka and of the inheritance which has been filched from his family. The British officials say that he has neglected the opportunity which the British Government gave him, with the crown of Trans-Jordan. But the British Government is greatly to blame for this. To woo an Arab Prince into our methods of colonization is not easy. If he had been given a personal adviser who could have been his friend, in the sense which is impossible to a British Resident or a High Commissioner, he might have learned our lesson gently. As it is, he is estranged, charming, smiling and witty, but speaking no English, bewildered by our methods and our ethics.

His safety and power are dependent upon British authority. The maintenance of law and order in the country is in the hands of the Arab Legion, an unconventional police force controlled by Peake Pasha, a man of iron will, scholarship, energy and shrewdness. All defence is under the order of the Royal Air

Force. Here is an experiment which is full of interesting examples and lessons. Trans-Jordan is a country of deserts and lifeless hills. Its verdant valleys are rare and far apart. It was therefore an ideal country in which to test the qualities of organized aircraft as a means of enforcing law, and as a service working with the co-operation of the Army. One squadron of the R.A.F. is stationed at Amman and one section of armoured cars is at Ma'an, the southern town near which Lawrence carried out so much of his picturesque campaign.

The advantages of aircraft in open desert country such as this have been proved from the points of view of both defence and economy. Observing both the bombing section and the armoured cars at work over a period of four months, I would also say that another benefit is coming out of the peculiar isolated conditions of life imposed upon the R.A.F. in this country. They are in command of defence, for the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force co-operates with them, as a military support, in time of conflict. This responsibility of command and the isolation of their life is showing itself in the development of character in both officers and men. The co-operation and understanding between officers, non-commissioned officers and airmen is magnificent. This youngest of the three services, still necessarily suffering the growing pains of its youth, will draw much that is strong and permanent from the officers and men who are trained in Trans-Jordan. They will take into other stations, to which they might be transferred, a heritage of character and tolerance which will be a strength to the developing service.

I motored from Amman to Damascus, pausing, on the way, at Jeerash, where Dr. Horsefield, the Director of Antiquities, is completing the most convincing Roman excavation in any of the Near East countries. Neither Baalbek nor Palmyra awakens the living picture of a Roman city as Jeerash does, with its glorious principal street, recovered from the earth without sentimental indulgence or over-restoration. Set in a valley, cool with trees, Jeerash awakens the imagination of the layman and it satisfies the scruples of the scholar. I walked there in the heat of noon, when the lizards were baking upon the steps and upon the flank of a porphyry column. I picked twenty-seven different wild flowers from among the pillars

and between the great paving stones upon which you can still trace the lively marks made by Roman wheels.

In the moment when one passes from British mandated country into Syria, one passes across the channel from England to France. The transition is uncanny. In the first little Syrian village, with no more than a cluster of tumbledown Arab buildings, the French officials have made their inevitable marks, so different from our own. Sweeping all one's insular pride aside, it is distressing to see some of the evidences of French control in Syria. While we have been scrupulous in sending only our best men to Palestine, France has used Syria as a dumping ground for a number of officials who have jeopardised their good name in France. The Arabs, being masters of intrigue themselves, have been quick to detect and to complain.

Politics are a disease and a menace in Syria. Every man I met on the train between Baalbek and Aleppo talked politics at me as if he were a German. Every man seemed to be the secretary of some society which had as its aim the destruction of one hundred similar societies. If only these busy people would till the fields, as the British authorities urge Palestinians to till their fields, the exports from Syria might increase and the discontent might fade away. The spying which darkens the life of Damascus and Beyrout is ridiculous: an innocent deed-box full of standard Victorian biographies, which was among my luggage, was the focus for grim attention. This continued until I arrived in Istanbul, where the deed-box was detained for three days and eventually opened before five officials. They seemed disappointed when I unlocked it and handed them, from the top, three harmless biographies of Queen Victoria.

The French have enlivened Damascus and Beyrout with cabarets, night clubs and places of bawdy entertainment: an element which has been scrupulously censored in our control of Palestine. Syria can offer no statistics for health and public services to compare with our records in Palestine and Trans-Jordan. While Palestine roads are good, except in outlandish places, Syrian roads are as bad as they were when the Turks controlled the country. Telephones are ill-managed, and the excessive number of people in uniform gives the depressing

impression of a country that is over-policed. One never feels this in Palestine. An occasional aircraft may fly over the deserts of Trans-Jordan to remind the wily Bedouin of our power. By ceasing to raid, he will become decadent and he will fade from strength and courage. But this is the law we impose upon him. Sometimes in Jerusalem one sees Ulster Rifles marching towards the Jaffa gates—a line of men so noble, well drilled and meticulous that one feels pride and deep emotion at the sight of them, turning in the shadow of the old wall where Allenby's name is still whispered. Our expression and air of military power in Palestine and Trans-Jordan is dignified. But the story in Damascus is not the same. The cafés and cabarets are filled with lounging soldiers who mix too frequently with the conglomeration of people whom it is their duty to control.

One trembles to think of the future of the border between Iraq and Syria. France turned King Feisal out of Syria with little ceremony. The Iraqis, over whom he lately ruled, have now been granted the status of an independent people, without recognized British aid. But after the events of last August the omens cannot be said to be favourable for a quiet constructive policy in Iraq, and the Syrians will never be contented with the French dominion under which they are wincing now. Already the tribes on the border are doing battle. Scarcely a month goes by without a conflict.

I joined the train for Istanbul at Baalbek, the restored Roman city which is so surprisingly heavy after the more delicate beauty of Jeerash. Until the Emperor of Germany came here in 1898, after sealing his friendship with Abdul Hamid in Constantinople, Baalbek was lost beneath the dust and rubble of time. First the Germans, and now the French have swept the ruins clean. Even the later Arab doorways, which lend their own important chapter to Baalbek's story, are being removed. The Christian Church which was built in front of the Temple of Jupiter has been taken away. The plan is to present a purely Roman ruin. Baalbek is surprisingly mighty, with its colossal pillars rising against the snow-covered peaks of Lebanon and its feet planted on the edge of a garden of poplars, apricots and pomegranates.

I travelled from Baalbek at night and came to Turkey with the dawn, surprised by the beauty of the endless valleys and the mountains which guarded the dying Byzantine capital from Saracen invasion. Every valley burned with poppies: the wild flowers almost touched the train as we thundered past the peaceful farms. The modest goat-hair tents of the Bedouins still appeared in places. But they were few. One was coming nearer and nearer to the sophistication of Europe. Slowly the illusion of the East faded away. The motor car and the telegraph wire, Western clothes and petrol pumps pressed in upon one insistently. I am told that there are three hundred motor cars in the forbidden city of Mekka now. How, then, should these nearer, accessible places escape?

My story ends in Istanbul. There Mustafa Kemal turns to the West for his inspiration and example, as assiduously as the Old Fox of the Yildiz Kiosk turned to the East. I came upon the Bosphorus in the late afternoon; upon the speechless state of excitement and awe with which one must see Constantinople for the first time. The new Turks insist that their city is Istanbul and that their capital is Ankara. The women are without veils, and the tide of Western ideas is drowning the beauties which have been left to Istanbul from yesterday. From the water one may see the unbelievable bubbles of the domes of the mosques, and the crowning beauty of St. Sofia, "hung by a chain of gold from the height of heaven".

Outside, the noises of the change and the dictatorship are incessant. But within St. Sofia, the noises are not heard. One stands there, beneath the gold domes which are like the very arches of heaven, dizzy and amazed by their majesty. Still, with all the pandemonium outside, one may stand here, where Justinian stood, and understand why it was that when he beheld his work, he said: "Oh, Solomon, I have surpassed thee".

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

V.—SPAIN

By V. S. PRITCHETT

THE similarities in the relation of Spain, Ireland and Russia to the rest of Europe make a fascinating and tempting material for misleading generalization. Each is outside the main current of European culture, each is an isolated and "backward" country, and each has passed through violent political upheaval since the war and this upheaval was the conscious aim of the writers of the generation which preceded it. But, stripping away all dubious resemblances, the main fact which emerges is that there are two kinds of society in Europe: the modern, mechanized and irreligious, possessing an international economic homogeneity; and the less powerful, non-mechanized society which is only at the beginning of the struggle of its values and traditions against the machine, and is still nationalist in tendency and essence.

And as there are two societies in Europe, so there are two literatures, one in the main European current and the other outside it; and the latter, like a secure and hidden mountain lake is visited by pilgrims from the former in those frequent times of spiritual drought which afflict the people of the mechanized plains. Soon, we suppose, the pipe-lines will be laid and the lake will be brought into organized unity with the modern world.

Spain and Ireland still belong spiritually to the old peasant and feudal cultures; or, rather, we should say that they have not yet shown what the effect of social upheaval upon their life will be. In Ireland where nationalism is synonymous with religion and the land, the impulse at the moment is to isolation; in Spain, on the other hand, the movement is towards Europe.

This break with the long isolationist tradition of the Spanish

decadence is a matter of great interest, for the Reformation and the French Revolution had been rejected. The conflict vaguely known as the struggle between Africa and Europe in the Spanish mind has entered a new phase. After spending two thirds of the last century in civil disorganization and strife the Spaniard had seen liberalism—which meant Europe to him—eclipsed in the fall of the first Republic; and later he had seen the exuberant Bourbon restoration punctured first by the Colonial disasters of the war with the United States in 1898, and latterly by the Moroccan failure of the twenties of this century. Both catastrophes were decisive; the first provided the inspiration which was to break into action after the latter. Students of Spanish literature are familiar with that much overworked caption: "the generation of '98". It would be more accurate to put down the Spanish intellectual renaissance to the pervasive educational movement of which Don Francisco Giner de los Rios was the leading figure. But it is true that in '98 a mood of pessimism, introspection and realistic self-scrutiny engrossed the best minds of the country, a desire to prick the bubbles of patriotic rhetoric and to discover what Spanish facts really were. Regeneration, Europe and realism became the intellectual watch-words of the day.

There is no need to discuss the "generation" in detail, for we are concerned only with the novel; it is enough that every writer of mark was influenced by its ideas. Then Spanish individualism asserted itself and each writer took his own course. But the irony of it is that the only writer to attain an assured European reputation is the one who has most eloquently declaimed his antagonism to the European idea. When Miguel de Unamuno cries in his Basque voice from the wilderness of Salamanca, "I feel within myself a mediaeval soul" that part of Europe which is weary of European culture—middle-class culture and Unamuno's "false god"—reads his *Tragic Sense of Life* with applause. It is indeed a great book. When, however, we turn to Unamuno's novels, such as *Niebla* (translated as *Mist* in an American edition, a novel highly regarded in Spain), for some sight of the life from which the mystic has sprung, there is disappointment. Unprophetic, Unamuno sinks to the garrulous, the Chestertonian and the merely ingenious.

His only contemporary to win an English audience was, inevitably, Blasco Ibañez. There is no doubt about the vigour, the narrative power, competence and panache of Blasco Ibañez, but his reputation abroad lies not in his early studies of Valencian peasant life but in his gaudier cosmopolitan melodramas. We need not linger over him; except to note that the more vulgar side of Parisian influence has a fatal fascination for those Spaniards who throw off tradition and restraints entirely, in order to cut a figure. The mass of quasi-pornographic Spanish novels published during the past thirty years, which have been the reading of the small, non-intellectual middle-class, show clear traces of the non-inoculated intellect with the worst of France.

We are left with two or three excellent novelists who, though translated in the United States, have been little heard of in England. Gabriel Miró and Valle-Inclán both stand apart from the modern world. Miró has died recently, and his death has removed the most fastidious and individual writer of prose in this generation. He has portrayed the pagan Catholic peasant of Alicante. Valle-Inclán is a man of the Renaissance who has survived into modern times. He also is admired for the sumptuous music of his prose style and the utmost refinements of poetic artifice. It is not far fetched to compare him in this respect to George Moore—Galicia has many resemblances of scene and race with Ireland—and, except that his sensuality is suave and exotic dreaming, with the more fiery D'Annunzio. But both Miró and Valle-Inclán are delicate wines which do not travel well. Miró, particularly, is essentially of the peasant twilight.

The intense regional nature of the various Spanish genius has not diminished in spite of the move towards Europe. It is the source of the Spanish novelists' vitality and, for want of a better word, his sweetness. It is also the characteristic which frequently gives him a difficult provinciality from the point of view of the foreign reader, unless he knows the Spanish environment well and can identify himself with the native temper. How is it, the English reader finds himself asking again and again, that an author who has entranced him in the Spanish disappoints him in translation? Once the sound of the "lordly language of Castile" has been poured away there is so little left.

Was his pleasure merely a form of self-flattery at his ability to read the language? Was it that in Spanish sound and sense are more peculiarly entwined than in English? Was it that a nostalgia for the past worked like a transforming and insidious wine in the veins or that the revolutionary sounded more revolutionary in a foreign language, the devotional more devout? Was it that, absorbed by the nostalgia in Azorin's evocations of the decaying Castilian towns, we did not notice his debt to certain French stylists since out-moded? In short, once the thing is in plain English before us, do the wheels of that movement to Europeanization creak, and, although we may find comparable dissatisfactions with our own Aldous Huxleys, are they not easier to gloss over because they are also ours? Furthermore, remarkable as the contribution of the "generation of '98" is, it received its spiritual death-blow at the hands of the Great War, and having begun in almost puritan nationalism at the beginning of the century there remained for it only to gather the bouquets of revolutionary triumph with the establishment of the republic. Since the war politics have become an increasing preoccupation, and as novelists the older generation have had little new to say and the young no time or wish to say it.

Putting aside Pío Baroja and Ramón Pérez de Ayala, the two outstanding novelists of the last thirty years, perhaps adding the name of Benjamin Jarnés, there are none of like stature among the young as far as a foreigner may judge. They are absorbed in politics, and neither stability nor disillusion has yet released them. When it does we may expect a number of political novels of the kind our English Communists pray for but do not get. One such novel is worth noticing, more because of its subject matter than because of its writing, which is very unequal and rather commonplace. It is an agglomeration of material inadequately differentiated. *Siete Domingos Rojos* (*Seven Red Sundays*), by Ramón Sender, is contemporary political history intelligently reported. It describes the men of the syndicalist, anarchist, communist and socialist movements, their meetings, intrigues, secret organizations, their processions, their acts of sabotage and their clashes with the police, with a heavy bias against the "bourgeois" republic. It contains some good descriptive writing, and it gives an interesting, if long-winded,

account of working class ferment. The book is worth reading, and certainly surpasses in interest most of those German novels on civil strife which have been recently translated into English. Behind the laconic and caustic realism of Pío Baroja's work, behind the intellectual brilliance of Ramón Pérez de Ayala there could always be detected an atmosphere of idyllic innocence and sweetness. The kind of literature which may be deduced from *Siete Domingos Rojos* has replaced this by a naïve, Soviet poster-fed lyricism of physical fitness and the novelties of exercise. This apparently is the only refreshment the revolutionary puritan is to allow himself.

Until the political spate begins Pío Baroja must stand as the only notable revolutionary novelist, and he began writing thirty years ago. In fact, although with apparent perversity he early transferred his interest to the past in the innumerable novels called *Memoirs of a Man of Action*, which deal with the intrigues of the Carlist wars, he seems to me to be the revolutionary novelist *par excellence*. Firstly, because he is the novelist of the streets; secondly because his central preoccupation is the young man of anarchic, wandering disposition, at odds with society, moving from job to job and from town to town. He is unable to fit into the stupid and barbaric life which surrounds him and his end is a stoical despair. He is petulant, melancholy, hopeless, a man foiled by the stupidity of the world until the spark of a new adventure catches him. Such a character, given his head, is ruinous to the construction of a novel, and since, as he has confessed, Pío Baroja finds difficulty in invention, his novels tend to become a string of episodes. This is the picaresque tradition in liaison with the Naturalists.

Open any of Pío Baroja's novels and you are looking at once at a street down which every kind of street-haunting character drifts, stops to talk for a while and then passes. Now it is an aged beggar and his daughter, now a doctor—Pío Baroja began life as a country doctor, ran a bakery later, writing his novels in the account books—a prostitute, a penniless political hanger-on, an agitator, a youth living by his wits, a priest. The stream is endless and the grey inertia of the streets is upon every one. As in the life of the streets these people also suddenly break into sporadic activity. Often the author follows the passer-by to his

home—some crumbling place in a provincial town, a room in a boarding house, a Ministry or a slum, and in a few words he can sketch the essence of a man or woman's life with unforgettable vividness. Pío Baroja's knowledge of the way the poor and struggling genteel classes live in Spain is unsurpassed among his contemporaries. He is a bitter anti-clerical, abrupt and perfunctory in his contempt. His temper is epitomized by the title of one of his novels on the rag-pickers of the Madrid slums—*La Busca (The Search)*. And he answers our tacit enquiry with the Selah which runs through *Paradox Rey*, a kind of Peer Gynt fantasy: "Parece que busco algo pero no busco nada" ("I seem to be looking for something, but I am not"). He is not. He has this perverse humour. He moves on from scene to scene, an intellectual and spiritual anarchist sharp-tongued with the pessimism of '98.

Whatever his defects as a novelist, Baroja has drawn the life of his country with a variety and acuteness of observation equalled only by Galdós among the moderns. He is like a traveller of sad eye passing from town to town and province to province, putting down the chance words of the journey and the main notes of the landscape.

He is a prolific novelist. His early trilogies of Basque life—*El Mayorazgo de Labraz* must be read—of the sea, the cities and the struggle for life, are more attractive to foreign readers than the *Memoirs of a Man of Action*. In these he seems to have been inspired by the *Episodios Nacionales* of Galdós. The intrigues of the Carlists and Liberals in Bayonne, the secret traffic of the frontier, and the character of Aviraneta, a soldier of fortune, liberal spy and Baroja's kinsman, are the kind of material to which he can escape from the boredom of modern life. In England there is a preponderant middle-class who are comfortable enough to put themselves at one remove from the more urgent facts of the struggle for life, and they may therefore refine upon their sentiments and discuss on a full stomach the finer issues of psychology and sociology. In Spain this security is less secure—I doubt, for example, whether, in spite of his fame, Pío Baroja has ever been able to earn enough to live by his writing—and his novels are steeped in this atmosphere of the fight for security and subsistence which is written on the faces of the people.

As a Basque Baroja has the frigidity of his race. His lack of geniality (though not of humour), his deficiencies in the racy and robust, leave him with the superficial traits but not the warmth one expects in a picaresque writer. For this genial quality one turns to the work of a younger man, an apostate from the teachings of the Jesuits, a more polished and more intellect-ridden anti-clerical than Baroja—Ramón Pérez de Ayala. He is the most brilliant of contemporary novelists, a complete European but rooted in the Asturias, his native province, where the scene of most of his novels is laid. Some of his books have appeared in American translations, and last year *Tiger Juan* (Jonathan Cape), his latest novel, was published in England.

Ayala first made a reputation as a poet, and in his love of fantasy and the fantastic metaphor the poetic tension is on every page he writes. The Spanish have frequently been reproached for an excess of originality, for an ability to strike bizarre attitudes and to perform astonishing isolated feats, a failure to sustain their effort, and a lack of discipline. They are the enemies of organic form and, as in government so in literature, they prefer the grandeurs of individualism, being quite willing to resign themselves to its monologues and longueurs. As in their life, they drift along to the blank interior monody of their self-isolation, limp and apparently without will. One sits in the café listening to an interminable conversation about everything, and one is the only person listening. Each of the others is conducting not a conversation (which implies criticism, discipline and suppressions) but a monologue. Suddenly an incident occurs, an idea is thrown out, and everyone has gone up like a rocket and a passionate brilliance is in the air. The minds flash and then, as suddenly as it all occurred, they go; and instead of rockets in the air one is aware of the ring of empty sticks.

Applying the test of this experience to the work of Ayala one finds a writer on the contrary who is brilliant all the time. Ayala is the chameleon of Spanish novelists. Opening his novel with perhaps a description of the huddled houses of the Asturian town of Pilares, he moves from the sardonic humours of his picturesque manner which delights in the fantastic and grotesque, to a swifter and robust picaresque realism, thence to the novel of discussion in which intellectual Aunt Sallies are put up and

knocked down, and on to idyllic scenes of innocent love. His humour is broad and lively. Restless, excitable and witty, he cannot resist a fantastic theory, a strange metaphor, an exaggeration of character or a passage of dialect, so that one might be meeting Synge, Fielding and Aldous Huxley and on the same page. His novels are fairy tales which have lost their innocence and have gone to the university, the fantasies of a mind electric with ideas, rascally and malign, but which is capable of a pure and limpid sentiment. In modern English literature pure sentiment has become not only unfashionable but impossible. The techniques of psychology have acted like an acid on sentiment and have split it into its component parts. Psychology has moved the stress in feeling from the passive to the dynamic, and we now have characters which leap into passion and then have to worry their way out of it. Sincere sentiment, in our preoccupation with mechanism, has gone. It survives only in degenerate state in mediocre fiction. It has become a sham antique. In the Spanish novel and theatre—one recalls the plays of Sierra and the Quinteros—this decline of sentiment has not yet taken place. The Spanish mind has not yet been mechanized. It dwells in a world in which the machine is still the servant and not the master, and is treated with that lack of respect with which a Spaniard treats his animals. The master is still the medieval Catholic childhood, and the current of sentiment flows through even the most tortured or most emphatic Spanish agnostic writer and refreshes the divided paganism (which is a common result of the Jesuit education) of such a writer as Ayala, like the springs and green streams of his Asturian mountains. This sentiment has not the pantheistic associations which it has had in England; we must turn indeed to Irish literature to find anything like it. Its existence in garrulous intellectual fantasy is puzzling to the modern English reader.

Tiger Juan is the most ambitious of Ayala's books, the most conscious, the most subtle and elaborate piece of writing; and, while it is not in my opinion his most successful, it is a rich book. As writing, it has the monotony of its own brilliance. It is a theory put into fiction and its theme, the purgation by fire and suffering of a typical Spaniard from the evils of the seventeenth century doctrines of honour, and his transformation into a modern

man with a sane understanding of the relations of the sexes, is of less interest to English than to Spaniard readers. The story moves slowly and the character of Tiger Juan, quack, market vendor, public letter-writer, fuming about his honour at his stall, seems too grotesque and archaic a figure to bear the brunt of the argument. But the people who move about him step with the grace and life of truly imagined creatures—the soldier, type of the romantic lover: the commercial traveller who is Don Juan brought up to date: the women. These lovely beings are allowed to appear when the author has thrown off the load of intellectual conflict, and then he is the superb poet of a picaresque ballet. Again and again in the more limpid pages of *Tiger Juan* one thinks of Alarcon's *Three Cornered Hat*, but with a northern pathos and tenderness added to the intrigue.

Realism and mysticism, mutually responsive poles, are the great Spanish contributions to literature, the one perfectly balancing the other. The Jesuits have effectively destroyed mysticism in Ayala, at least, a mingling of sophisticated rationalism and a Celtic nostalgia has replaced it. In *Belarmino y Apolonio*—his best and least translatable book—he has soared into an air where these elements have attained a delightful equilibrium; and again in the short stories *Luz de Domingo*, *Prometeo*, and *La Caída de los Limones*. Ayala has experimented more than any other Spanish novelist, and *Tiger Juan* contains a great deal of technical interest to the foreign novelist. The climax of this book, a Midsummer Night's Dream of transfiguration, is one of the best things he has done.

But, like most of his contemporaries, Ayala is now deep in politics; he believes that the revolution of establishing the republic is enough to go on with and that it must be firmly established. Literature in the meantime waits, and at the moment his position as the most European of Spanish novelists is unchallenged.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

MY friend David, with his wife, Mildred, came to live in the hills. She was a delicate little woman. I used to go often to the cabin they had rented. Although David is a scholar, he and a mountain man named Joe, a man much older than David, became friends. I sat in their cabin one evening, after I had first met David, while he told me the story. Joe was not there and Mildred was in the kitchen at work.

Joe is a thin mountain man of forty with the straight, wiry figure of a young boy. David spoke of the first time he ever saw the man. He said: "I remember that he frightened me. It was a day last Fall, when he had first come in here, and I was on the grey horse riding the hills.

"I was a little nervous. You know how it is. Romantic tales of mountain men shooting strangers from behind trees or from wooded mountain-sides floated through my mind. Suddenly, out of an old timber road, barely discernible, leading off up into the hills, he emerged.

"He was mounted on a beautifully-gaited but bony bay horse, and while I admired the horse's gait, I feared the rider.

"What a fierce-looking man! Stories of men taken for Federal agents and killed by such fellows on lonely roads became suddenly real. His face was long and lean and he had a huge nose. His thin cheeks had not been shaved for weeks. He had on, I remember, an old wide-brimmed black hat, pulled well down over his eyes, and the eyes were cold and grey. The eyes stared at me. They were as cold as the grey sky overhead.

"Out of the thick golden-brown trees, well up the side of the mountain down which Joe had just come, I saw a thin column of smoke floating up into the sky. 'He has a still up there', I thought. I felt myself in a dangerous position.

"Joe rode past me without speaking. My horse stood

motionless in the road. I did not dare take my eyes off the man. 'He will shoot me in the back', I thought. What a silly notion! My hands were trembling. 'Well', I thought. 'Howdy', said Joe.

"Stopping the bay horse, he waited for me and we rode together down the mountain-side. He was curious about me. As to whether he had a still concealed in the woods I do not know and I haven't asked. No doubt he had.

"And so Joe the mountain-man rode with me to my house here. (It was a log cabin built on the bank of a creek.) Mildred was inside cooking dinner. When we got to the little bridge that crosses the creek I looked at the man who had ridden beside me for half an hour without speaking and he looked at me. 'Light', I said, 'and come in and eat'. We walked across the bridge towards the house. The night was turning cold. Before we entered the house he touched my arm gently with his long, bony hand. He made a motion for me to stop and took a bottle from his coat pocket. I took a sip, but it was raw, new stuff and burned my throat. It seemed to me that Joe took a half-pint in one great gulp. 'It's new, he'll get drunk', I thought, 'he'll raise hell in the house'. I was afraid for Mildred. She had been ill. That was the reason why we had come up here into this country.

"We were sitting here in the house by the fire-place and could look through that open door. While we ate, Mildred was nervous and kept looking at Joe with frightened eyes. There was the open door there, and Joe looked through it and into his hills. Darkness was coming on fast and in the hills a strong wind blew, but it did not come down into this valley. The air above was filled with floating yellow and red leaves. The room here was heavy with late Fall smells and the smell of moon whisky. That was Joe's breath.

"He was curious about my typewriter and the row of books on the shelves up there along the wall, but the fact that we were living in this old log house put him at his ease. We were not too grand. Mountain men are, as a rule, as you know, uncommunicative, but it turned out that Joe was a talker. He wanted to talk. He said that he had been wanting to come and see us for a long time. Someone had told him we were from

distant parts, that we had seen the ocean and foreign lands. He had himself always wanted to go wandering in the big world, but had been afraid. The idea of his being frightened of anything seemed absurd. I glanced at Mildred and we both smiled. We were feeling easier.

"And now Joe began to talk to us of his one attempt to go out of these mountains and into the outside world. It hadn't been successful. He was a hill man and could not escape the hills. He had been raised in the hills, and had never learned to read or write. He got up and fingered one of my books cautiously and then sat down again. 'Oh, Lord', I thought, 'the man is lucky'. I had just read the book he had touched and after the glowing blurb on the jacket it had been a bitter disappointment.

"He told us that he had got married when he was sixteen and suggested vaguely that there was a reason. There often is, I guess, among these mountain people. Although he is yet a young man he is the father of fourteen children. Back in the hills somewhere he owned a little strip of land, some twenty acres, on which he raised corn. Most of the corn, I fancy, goes into whisky. A man who has fourteen children and but twenty acres of land has to scratch hard to live. I imagined that the coming of Prohibition and the rise in the price of moon had been a big help to him.

"That first evening his being with us started his mind reaching out into the world. He began talking of the journey he had once taken—that time he had tried to escape from the hills.

"It was when he had been married but a short time and had but six children. Suddenly he decided to go out of the hills and into the broad world. Leaving his wife and five of the children at home in his mountain cabin, he set out, taking with him the oldest—a boy of seven.

"He said he did it because his corn crop had failed and his two hogs had died. It was an excuse. He really wanted to travel. He had a bony horse, and taking the boy on behind him, he set out over the hills. I gathered that he had taken the boy because he was afraid he would be too lonely in the big world without some of his family. It was late Fall and the boy had no shoes.

"They went through the hills and down into a plain and then on into other hills, and came at last to a coal-mining town where there were also factories. It was a large town. Joe got a job in the mines at once and he got good wages. It must have been a good year. He had never made so much money before. He told us, as though it was a breath-taking statement, that he made four dollars a day.

"It did not cost him much to live. He and the boy slept on the floor in a miner's cabin. The house in which they slept must have belonged to an Italian. Joe spoke of the people with whom he lived as 'Tallies'.

"And there was Joe, the mountain man, in the big world, and he was afraid. There were the noises in the house at night. Joe and the boy were accustomed to the silence of the hills. In another room, during the evenings, men gathered and sat talking. They drank and began to sing. Sometimes they fought. They seemed as strange and terrible to Joe and his son as these mountain people had seemed at first to Mildred and myself. At night he came home from the mine, having bought some food at a store, and then he and the boy sat on the bench and ate. There were tears of loneliness in the boy's eyes. Joe hadn't put him in school. None of his children ever went to school. He was ashamed. He was only staying in the mining country to make money. His curiosity about the outside world was quite gone. How sweet these distant hills now seemed to him!

"On the streets of the mining town crowds of men were going along. There was a huge factory with grim-looking walls. What a noise it made! It kept going night and day. The air was filled with black smoke. Freight trains were always switching up and down a siding near the house where Joe and the boy lay on the floor under the patched quilts they had brought with them from the hills.

"And then winter came. It snowed and froze and then snowed again. In the hills now the snow would be ten feet deep in places. Joe was hungry for its whiteness. He was working in the mines, but he said he did not know how to get his money at the week's end. He was shy about asking. You had to go to a certain office where they had your name on a book. Joe said he did not know where it was.

"At last he found out. What a lot of money he had! Clutching it in his hand, he went to the miner's house and got the boy. They had left the horse with a small farmer across the plain at the place where the hills began.

"They went there that evening, wading through the deep snow. It was bitter cold. I asked Joe if he had got shoes for the boy, and he said 'No'. He said that by the time he got ready to start back into the hills it was night, and the stores were closed. He figures he had enough money to buy a hog and some corn. He could go back to making whisky, back to these hills. Both he and the boy were half insane with desire.

"He cut up one of the quilts and made a covering for the boy's feet. Sitting in our house here, as the darkness came, he described the journey.

"It was an oddly dramatic recital. Joe had the gift. There was really no necessity for his starting off in such a rush. He might have waited until the roads were broken after the great snow.

"The only explanation he could give us was that he could not wait and the boy was sick with loneliness.

"And so, since he had been a boy, Joe had wanted to see the outside world, and now, having seen it, he wanted back his hills. He spoke of the happiness of himself and the boy trudging in the darkness in the deep snow. There was his woman in his cabin some eighty miles away in the hills. What of her? No one in the family could read or write. She might be getting out of wood. It was absurd. Such mountain women can fell trees as well as a man.

"It was all sentimentality on Joe's part. He knew that. At midnight he and the boy reached the cabin where they had left the horse and, getting on the horse, rode all of that night. When they were afraid they would freeze, they got off the horse and struggled forward afoot. Joe said it warmed them up.

"They kept it up like that all the way home. Occasionally they came to a mountain cabin where there was a fire.

"Joe said the trip took three days and three nights and that he lost his way but he had no desire to sleep. The boy and the horse had, however, to have rest. At one place, while the boy slept on the floor of a mountain house before a fire and the horse

ate and rested in a stable, Joe sat up with another mountain man and played cards from after midnight until four in the morning. He said he won two dollars.

"All the people in the mountain cabins on the way welcomed him, and there was but one house where he had trouble. Looking at Mildred and myself, Joe smiled when he spoke of that night. It was when he had lost his way and had got down out of the hills and into the valley. The people of that house were outsiders. They were not hill people. I fancy they were afraid of Joe, as Mildred and I had been afraid, and that being afraid they had wanted to close the door on him and the boy.

"When he stopped at the house and called from the road a man put his head out at a window and told him to go away. The boy was almost frozen. Joe laughed. It was two in the morning.

"What he did was to take the boy in his arms and walk to the front door. Then he put his shoulder to the door and pushed. He got in. There was a little fireplace in a large front room, and he went through the house to the back door and got wood.

"The man and his wife, dressed, Joe said, like city folks—that is to say, evidently in night clothes, pyjamas, perhaps—came to the door of a bedroom and looked at him. What he looked like, standing there in the firelight with the old hat pulled down over his face—the long, lean face and the cold eyes—you may imagine.

"He stayed in the house three hours, warming himself and the boy. He went into a stable and fed the horse. The people in the house never showed themselves again. They had taken the one look at Joe and then, going quickly back into the bedroom, had closed and locked the door.

"Joe was curious. He said it was a grand house. I gathered it was much grander than my place. The whole inside of the house, he said, was like one big grand piece of furniture. Joe went into the kitchen, but would not touch the food he found. He said he reckoned the people of the house were higher toned than we were. They were, he said, so high and mighty that he would not touch their food. What they were doing with such a house in that country he did not know. In some places,

in the valleys among the hills, he said high-toned people like us were now coming in. He looked at Mildred and smiled when he said that.

"And, anyway, as Joe said, the people of the grand house evidently did not have any better food than he sometimes had at home. He had been curious and had gone into the kitchen and pantry to look. I looked at Mildred. I was glad he had seemed to like our food.

"And so Joe and the boy were warmed and the horse was fed and they left the house as they had found it, the two strange people, who might also have heard or read tales of the dangerous character of mountain people, trembling in the room in which they had locked themselves.

"They got, Joe said, to their own house late on the next evening and they were almost starved. The snow had grown deeper. After the first heavy snow there had been a rain followed by sleet and then came more snow. In some of the mountain passes he and the boy had to go ahead of the horse, breaking the way.

"They got home at last, and Joe did nothing but sleep for two days. He said the boy was all right. He also slept. Joe tried to explain to us that he had taken the desperate trip out of the mining country back into his own hills in such a hurry because he was afraid his wife, back in her cabin in the hills, would be out of firewood, but when he said it, he had to smile.

" 'Pshaw !' he said, grinning sheepishly, 'there was plenty of wood in the house.' "

THE UNRECAPTURABLE

The dance was done, the music quiet,
 The sea and the steep hills stood faint
 'Cross that they call the dawn, which is
 The earliest slur on night, the waking taint,
 That reapparels day we had forgotten,
 The world that bends into that space
 Which troubles men and brings their minds
 To build some god with terror in his face.
 Dawn, and the revels ended, silent we
 Look at light coming, see the hills
 Step to appointed places, one by one,
 And while we watch the landscape fills
 With irritating detail, tree and hedge,
 Ditch and a farmstead, here a road.
 All these were shadowed out by night
 Till to our company there only showed
 The narrow dancing room, the fiddler
 Resting his arm while we, the dancers, talked.
 On with the dance . . . and when it stopped
 We linked our arms and gently whispering walked
 To look at that blue night beyond
 Our shelter and ourselves, and kissed
 Gently in the darkness or in the inner haze
 Of lamplight and the peaten fire that hissed.
 Now, night deceased, we stand, still watching :
 Each looks into each other's eyes afraid,
 The hireling fiddler passing to the dawn, we felt
 Something more present than the darkness fade.

G. I. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

THE ROMANCE OF TEA

BY PHILIP JORDAN

IF the beginning of tea is hidden in the conflicting myths that surround the god-like person of Confucius, its first arrival in British markets is hardly less clearly defined. Historians are, however, now generally agreed that one Thomas Garway first sold the drink of which, at this day, more than ten pounds are drunk each year by every man, woman and child in Great Britain. His advertisement in the September, 1658, issue of the *Mercurius Politicus* stated that "the excellent and by all physitians approved China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee", was on sale at the Sultanness Head Cophee House in Sweeting's Rents by the Royal Exchange at four guineas a pound, and that it was also brewed on the premises and served to customers. The history of tea had begun.

Two years later it became the object of taxation, and since it was then customary for large quantities to be brewed and sold in liquid form, the tax took the form of a levy of eightpence on each gallon. This outrageous figure did much to hinder the growth of tea's popularity, and a large body of traders resorted to unwholesome adulterations in order to avoid paying what was then considered to be nothing less than an abhorrent restraint on a legitimate and growing business. Adulteration became a public scandal, and in the reign of George II penalties were imposed on all "ill-disposed traders who use the leaves of trees, shrubs or plants in imitation of tea; and do likewise mix, colour, and dye such leaves with terra japonica, sugar, molasses, clay, logwood, and other ingredients, and do sell and vend the same as real tea, to the prejudice of the health of his Majesty's subjects, and to the diminution of his Majesty's revenue".

But the medicinal properties of real tea had already been recognized, and as early as 1699, J. Ovington, M.A., Chaplain

to his Majesty, dedicated a work on tea to the Countess of Grantham in florid and sycophantic phrases. But if his dedication is a thing of the past, his book has lost no virtue with the passing of nearly 250 years. His descriptions of the tea plant and its habits, which so much resemble those of the vine, might stand to-day in face of all the scientific and accurate research with which the empire tea industry has sought to improve the quality of its wares. It was Mr. Ovington who first realized the digestive properties of tea. In his little essay he refers to the Tartars as being not "insensible to the Benefit of this Infusion, or Strangers to the Virtue and Usefulness of it. For", he says, "whereas these persons are by Nature very hardy, and have so far improved this Hardiness by Custom, that raw Horse flesh is their ordinary Food; and this they eat and digest with the same Facility, as we do Beef that's boiled or roasted, now hereupon, however", he is quick to add, "it sometimes happens that their Stomachs are oppressed with Crudities, and mightily weakened through Indigestion, to cure which they readily apply themselves to Tea, without consulting any other Physick; and in this they find so much Relief, and their Appetites are so effectually strengthened, that they soon recover their Digestive Faculty again, and remove the languid Indisposition".

The opposing vested interests of the time resisted the introduction of tea with every force that they could command, but it did not lack for champions. Indeed, in the early seventeenth century the famous Dr. Bontekoë, of Leyden University, was so outraged by attacks upon what he considered to be a divine beverage that he was urged to issue a monograph on tea in which he compared it with the Fountain of Eternal Youth, very much to the latter's detriment. But even Dr. Bontekoë could not stem the tide of hatred which ran well into the nineteenth century, when Duncan Forbes, a Scottish jurist, was so incensed by the sobriety of the country that he wrote a protest to Parliament on behalf of the brewers who had suborned him, saying that "the cause of the mischief is evidently the excessive use of tea, which is now become so common that the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in boroughs, make their morning meal of it, and thereby disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink. The same drug", he adds, "supplies the

labouring women with their afternoon's entertainment, to the exclusion of the twopenny ".

But the decline in beer consumption was not the first problem that tea had set. When Dr. Bontekoë was writing the properties of tea were beginning to be understood, but the disposal of used leaves was as great a problem as that of safety razor blades is said to be today. It is recorded that schoolboys were asked to eat them, spread thickly on bread; and there is a case, whose truth is vouched for in contemporary journals, of an English country family serving a dish of them as vegetables to a number of distinguished guests, who were more impressed by their toughness than by their flavour.

In the literature of those early centuries tea began to play the part that wine or ale had previously occupied, and for much of its popularity it is grateful to the memory of Samuel Johnson, whose prodigious consumption was the object of remark even in those days of robust appetites. He would drink as many as twenty-five large cups at a sitting, and would repeat the dose day after day. Earlier, Dryden was unable to resist what was the extremely fashionable drink of his time, a drink then peculiar to those with as much money as good taste.

"And thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tay",

is probably one of the most familiar and oft quoted of his usually splenetic couplets. In the course of time the tea trade from China fell to the East India Company, and in those tenacious and historic hands it remained for close on 200 years. The tea trade actually remained the Company's monopoly until 1813, when it was thrown open to anyone who cared to take out a licence. The charter of the monopolists, whose private passions for profit now outweighed their sense of service to the community, was not renewed, largely owing to the price of tea, which had at last made a regular appearance on the breakfast tables of the less well-to-do citizens; but despite this cancellation of the charter the Company did not finally burn itself out until the Indian Mutiny in 1857, when its life of 257 years was brought to an abrupt and inglorious end.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the yearly importation into England was stabilized at about 20,000 pounds, a

figure that has grown in less than a century and a half to the astounding height of nearly 500,000,000 pounds, at which the yearly imports stand today. England, indeed, was almost the only country to consume tea in large quantities until comparatively recent times. Russia, the other great tea-drinking country of the world, was not ready for it so early: in the time of Pepys, for instance, it is recorded that the envoy at Delhi brusquely refused to carry a present of it to the Tsar on the grounds that his master would not wish to be encumbered by a commodity for which he would have no use whatever.

The history of tea drinking, as we know it, is almost exactly one hundred years old. In 1834 the East India Company formed a committee to inquire into the possibility of growing tea in Assam, and in that year one Captain Jenkins, a servant of the company, was deputed to investigate the whole matter. His report was favourable, and it was decided to bring plants from China and to establish the industry in an Empire country. The venture was a failure, largely owing to poor stock and to ignorance of local conditions, but this did not put an end to the experiment. Tea was found to be indigenous, and from the wild plants of the neighbourhood seedlings were taken and the industry established. Less than ten years later the people of the United Kingdom were drinking an average of $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of tea per head every year. From that moment the industry has grown, and production in Assam alone is now very nearly 250,000,000 pounds a year or rather more than one quarter of the total world exports of tea, which now amount to about 900,000,000 pounds. Of this total India produces 400,000,000 pounds, Ceylon about 250,000,000 pounds and the remainder comes mainly from the Dutch East Indies. China, East Africa and Formosa export an almost negligible quantity.

Tea has now become a drink with world-wide distribution, although the partiality which different countries express for it varies in astonishing degree. In this country we import as much tea as the rest of the world put together, and, as we have seen, our annual per head consumption is over ten pounds. Australia and the Irish Free State run neck and neck for second place with about eight pounds each. Newfoundland and Canada occupy the next two places with an average of nearly five pounds,

with the United States far below, drinking 90,000,000 pounds a year, or only three-quarters of a pound per head. Italy and Spain drink less tea than any other countries in the world, and one hundred of their inhabitants barely consume a pound between them every year. Most of the tea consumed in this country comes from India and Ceylon; only a very small quantity from China, whose annual production, although large, is mostly sold in the local market. The exports of China tea, indeed, have fallen more than 50 per cent. in the last thirty years, and very little is now sold in Great Britain.

With the passing of the tea-clipper much that was romantic departed from the tea trade. The steamship even put an end to the famous Russian Caravan Tea which had for so long been the joy of the connoisseur, although it was indeed nothing but ordinary China tea which had been brought overland and had thus avoided the perils of ocean transport. It died a hard death, however, and traces of it lingered in the market until the catastrophe of 1914 closed for ever that expensive and luxurious road. And the steamship, too, put an end to the racing of the clippers and drove away for ever the white wings that sailed proudly into the tea ports of the country. They have passed into legend, those fabulous and graceful ships whose captains knew only one law, which was to deliver their cargoes of tea chests as soon as possible after leaving the country of their origin. The steamship, too, has narrowed the number of tea ports down to two, and today nearly all the tea that is drunk in England comes into the Thames and is taken in barges up the shallower reaches of the river until the huge tea warehouses, lying beside Tower Bridge and in the heart of the city, give them shelter and a firm berth on land. Smaller consignments go direct to Manchester, and occasionally a lonely chest is seen on the Liverpool docks, but London and London's City, where so much of the alchemy of world trade is performed in small and dingy offices, give the first welcome to the nation's drink.

The leaf has already undergone a long and complicated process before ever it arrives in London, and now its quality is submitted to even more rigorous testing and investigation. But its history has already been long: from the time it was first plucked by deft hands from the three feet camelia bush, whose leaf it is, until

the time it was slung, in a chest, into the holds of great ships, it had changed its appearance and its weight. Tea grows on bushes of such strength and vitality that, were they allowed to develop to their full height, they would be at least forty feet tall. From the moment of plucking, the quality of the tea which will eventually reach the markets is decided: if coarse tea is wanted the bud and two leaves are plucked, if fine only the bud and the leaf that is nearest to it. Once plucked the leaf is dried, both naturally and by furnace, and when it has emerged from the process it weighs only a quarter of what it did when it first was thrown into the basket suspended from the shoulders of the plucker.

It arrives in London in the lead-lined cases into which it is packed at the estate factory. When the long voyage from Colombo is over the ship drops anchor at Tilbury, and the barges, laden with wooden and wicker chests, move slowly up the river to the bonded warehouses whose fragrance is a thing of immediate but passing wonder to the visitor. In loads of twelve they are slung high up above the river and deposited on golden and polished floors from which they will not be removed until they have been sold and are about to lose their individuality in giant blending machines. At this moment the customs officer appears, and for his benefit one chest in every ten is broken open, turned out, and the contents, which are usually within a few ounces of 125 pounds, are weighed. It is for him to see that a duty of two pence on every pound of Empire tea and four pence on every pound of foreign is paid before the tea is allowed to proceed on its way. Once the tea has been passed by him the weight of every case is gouged on the side with a special steel instrument which makes figures that would baffle all but the expert. The instrument, which looks like a tin-opener, is a source of immense pride to its possessor, and the subject of a tradition which brings bad luck to a man who loses his own or uses anyone else's; and when a warehouseman finally retires his gouger is passed on with due ceremony to a successor.

From the docks and warehouses it is but a short step across the river to the narrow and uninviting pavements of Mincing Lane, behind whose shabby doors lies the fate of tea. In that short street whose name is as famous throughout the com-

mercial world as that of Lombard Street or Broadway, the tea brokers, with their almost eternally steaming kettles, taste and value the cargoes which it is their duty to sell on commission. On long wooden benches are rows of white china pots in which samples of tea are made and allowed to infuse for four minutes before the taster with his tireless palate begins the unending round. There are teas from Ceylon and from India, dark and coppery and fragrant, lighter teas from Java, green teas and scented teas from China and Formosa, bitter maté from South America, and teas sprayed with eau-de-Cologne from exotic stores all over the world. When the samples are ready for tasting they are poured into cups and the leaves are turned out into the pot lids, as further evidence of their qualities. Some are black and small and curly; others unfold in the heat and, like copper ferns, writhe gently on their platform; still others look like chopped hay that has not stayed long enough in the sun. And all day long on the morning of the auctions, streams of buyers' clerks come in and take away samples so that they, too, may gauge the prices that they are prepared to pay.

The tea taster goes round, sips the teas, rolls them voluptuously on his tongue and spits them out again. He can often tell you in which garden they have been grown, and, to a farthing, what price they will command at auction later in the day. His knowledge of tea, and of the wide range of its prices, is something of wonder to the outsider who watches him and who could himself hardly tell the difference between two grades of the same type. In the tea market prices range from just above a shilling to as much as twelve shillings and sixpence a pound for a tea that will eventually be retailed at little short of a sovereign. Teas from the high gardens of Darjeeling fetch the highest prices in the market, and those of Ceylon are the next most highly prized, for the better qualities of these are grown far above sea level in the cool and wet ground of high mountains, for, just as those fruits which come to maturity in northern countries, where the struggle for life is harder, have a finer and more subtle flavour, so do teas grown at high altitudes where their strength is neither dissipated nor allowed to run riot under the hot suns of lower lands. And on the taster's lips are those magic names which were invented to proclaim the size of tea but which are so often unscrupulously

used to designate its quality to the ignorant: Orange Pekoe, Broken Orange Pekoe, and Broken Pekoe together with Fannings and Dust, which explain themselves.

From the offices of most of the tea brokers the auction rooms, at the top of a high building in Mincing Lane, are but a few steps. Climbing the stairs to that small room in which practically all the tea that comes into the country is sold, many and strange are the notices which catch the eye. Here are the auction rooms for most of the world's exotic commodities. Ivory and coffee, ostrich feathers and other strange products have their fates decided in this ugly building with its white tiled walls and its everlasting flow of men, all there for the purpose of making money. At the very top of the building is the room devoted to tea. Any one may go in, for the auctions are held in public, and although, in theory, any member of the public may make a bid, an outsider who did so would suddenly find that the price was being run up against him by the half-dozen men who are the recognized buyers for the whole trade.

Inside the London Stock Exchange no unauthorised person may enter: inside the room at Lloyd's a layman may enter if he is accompanied by a member: but into the tea auctions anyone may go at any time. But if the explorer could understand what he saw in the first two, in the third he would be utterly bewildered by the men who sit in pairs at desks like so many truculent and noisy schoolboys. On a raised dais at the far end of the room sits the auctioneer, an amateur auctioneer it is true, but none the less one who knows exactly what he expects to get for the goods he has to offer. Each broker acts as his own auctioneer, and when he has run through his catalogue steps down to make way for the next man. The bidding, sometimes so fast and noisy that it seems as though the room had suddenly become an aviary of horse ravens, is done in farthings, and a mere half-a-dozen men call it out, each one of whom has instructions from his own clients. True there are a few other buyers, but they, for the most part, buy merely in order to sell again and split the commission with a partner. Their voices are the only intelligible ones, for after croaking a price they add hurriedly: "Who wants it?" and peer around the smoky room for someone to relieve them of the newly purchased burden. All day long

these hoarse voices cry out their bids, and all day long relays of clerks move along narrow gangways to mark in yellow and white catalogues the prices that tea is fetching.

In recent months prices have risen sharply and are now, once more, reaching an economic level, thanks largely to the fifteen per cent. restriction which has been imposed on exports from the principal tea-producing countries of the world, a quota that is to be reduced to 12½ per cent. next April. The future, they say in Mincing Lane, looks good, but the vagaries of public taste leave them all somewhat bewildered. If they only knew, for instance, why peasants in the south of Ireland always drink expensive tea, why the same quality of tea is drunk in the distressed areas of South Wales, but not in Durham; why Scotsmen buy better tea than Englishmen, their problems of distribution would be easier, and the restriction quota might be reduced. In an attempt to rationalize the industry, the producers of Ceylon, India and the Dutch East Indies have now entered into an agreement whereby wasteful competition will be eliminated, and each will have its own fields for development.

In this country the producers of India and Ceylon are to have a free hand to build up the market for their own teas, for at present the Dutch East Indies supply 160,000,000 out of the 500,000,000 pounds which we drink every year. In Canada and South Africa the Ceylon producers are attempting to popularize their own wares, and in the United States, India, who has already been making inroads on the coffee drinking habits of the people, is to continue her efforts. The Dutch are to make a determined drive on the continent of Europe.

But above and beyond all these markets there lies one of almost unlimited potentialities—the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, whose tea consumption has declined by more than 50 per cent. since the years before its birth. It is believed that if reasonable credit facilities could be given to the Russian Government, they would be able to take as much as 100 million pounds a year, an order which would enable an immediate large reduction to be made in the restriction quota.

In an age when so much is talked and muttered about rationalization, and so little done to bring it about in other than an uneconomical manner, it is a matter of wonder that it has been

done by a group of men not conspicuous for their business experience and, for the most part, out of touch with the latest theories of economics. The tea planter has set an example to other producers and, by voluntarily imposing on his goods an export tax that in India amounts to eight annas on every 100 pounds and in Ceylon to 50 cents on every 100 pounds, he has provided himself with funds which are being devoted to spreading ever wider a knowledge about the quality of what he has to offer. Such a cess or export tax in no way affects the price of tea for, while in the aggregate it produces a considerable sum, on the individual packet or pound its burden is negligible. There is little or no doubt that the expenditure of these sums will eventually ensure that better tea is drunk throughout this country, for it is the intention of the Empire producers to spend the money in an educative manner. But whether they spend money or whether they don't, one thing is certain, and that is that tea will always remain the most popular of all our national institutions.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WAR-TIME emergency: that is what the richest and most powerful State of which the world holds record finds itself facing at the New Year, and without threat or apprehension of war. Civilization as we have known it must underpin and hastily remodel the structure menaced by the explosive forces generated in its own advance. Long ago, across an examination table, old Professor Bonamy Price, looking like Punch in cap and gown, told me to define civilization, and finally supplied the answer he wanted—Progressive Desire. It would be a good definition nowadays of the world's disease. War gave the impetus; and with its monstrous demands, not only for the machinery of destruction but for supplying necessaries (and luxuries) to several million men engaged wholly in the work of destruction, it showed what could be done by machinery and by the mechanization of society. Behind the millions of combatants it flung more millions into the work of running machines. Unlike the combatants, these people had to be paid to work, and by all earlier standards, paid extravagantly.

The result was a circulation of cash such as had never been dreamt of: desire progressed, not gradually, but by frenzied leaps. A phrase comes back to my mind, heard in one of the countries where there was no mechanization, and no great fortunes were to be made, yet where the change was felt no less keenly. "The farmer", a man said to me in County Galway, "is mad with the dint of the money". In Irish countryside the standard of life went up with a rush; but no great harm was done. Some pianos and fur coats were bought unwisely; much money was lost almost as soon as it was made

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by buying land at fancy prices; still, on the whole, progressive desire justified itself. It is an advance in civilization that in our poorest districts every man and woman can go to church decently dressed. But on an Irish farm man and woman were not in the grip of machinery. Those countries felt it which in our Western world stood for the highest point of civilization. Yet in England, France and Germany, the War, while it quickened in many ways the progress of desire, taught also grim lessons of doing without. Consequently all classes accommodated themselves with tolerable philosophy to the inevitable shrinkage when wartime profits ceased. The United States saw no reason to do this; and for ten years life with them appears to have been one vast game of grab. Everyone had examples before his eyes of wealth suddenly acquired, in one form or other, by pillage. Grabbing markets without the least care whom you ruined was laudable enterprise. Now, with extraordinary speed, the whole system has broken down. Where all the money has gone to makes a puzzling question, but certainly much was turned into the huge buildings or engines created with a single end in view—the accumulation of private wealth; and these lie idle.

Meantime the American workers have set up a standard of living which in a manner has acquired the sanction of society; and President Roosevelt has to consider how several millions of them are to be kept alive on conditions approaching that standard, when they have ceased to be wage-earners; or, alternatively, how to find the means of making them wage-earners again. He is probably persuaded that the alternative to be faced is revolution; and revolution in the United States would run grave danger of being captured by gangsters. Civilization has to guarantee itself against two of its most characteristic products, the motor car and the machine gun, acting in combination. Yet these are obvious dangers, and the gangster is really less an agent of revolution than the speculator whom he blackmails. War-time emergency means that President Roosevelt has to cope with the consequences produced by predatory wealth; and it is clear that he means to end the state of things which left wealth

Predatory Wealth

free to be predatory without even loss of reputation. Meantime, however, money has to be spent, on the scale of the last world war, to avoid collapse of the social order; the American future must be mortgaged almost as heavily as that of Great Britain.

This should in some measure ease off pressure on British manufacturers, who were handicapped by exceptionally high taxation. But as the competition from America lessens it increases from Germany, from Russia and from Japan—all of them countries where the wage costs are lower. Recently, a letter to *The Times* from Sir Herbert Austin advised us not to assume that the standard of living was lower in Japan; though life is certainly cheaper for the working man, he is not less well nourished nor less well amused. In Russia, so far as one can ascertain, the standard is incomparably lower; desire gets no chance to progress. But there is one formidable factor there: a tendency to treat work as if it were football, and to compete between factory and factory for the biggest output. The same inconvenient phenomenon presents itself in Japan; a girl who can run thirty looms is treated with such honour as we pay to the leading batsman or bowler. Worse than that: she is treated as an agent of victory in the international war for markets. No doubt similar dexterity could be developed in England; but while six looms is the permitted limit—and permitted grudgingly—such a performer is no more likely to appear than a Sutcliffe would be if a batsman were penalized for making too many runs. Apparently the free development of individual excellence is permitted only in sports; and while this is so, British products cannot easily compete with those of a race which encourages exceptional prowess in the worker and maintains itself satisfactorily at a lower wage.

Thus, while the United States is concentrated on its own struggle, Japan becomes a new and menacing competitor to all the industrial world; and, foreseeing the probability that markets will be closed against her products, she hurries to extend the area which she can earmark for herself. So comes grave danger of a clash with Russia. It is remarkable to observe how,

under the shadow of this contingency, the Soviet Republic inclines to improve its relations with the West. It is also remarkable to find the West much less inclined to treat Russia as a pariah among the people—internationally an outlaw. Japan has helped this change; for America, always apprehensive of that Power, is increasingly so since Japan shook off the shackles of the League of Nations—which, according to American opinion, should be worn by all countries except God's own. And, certainly in England, if conflict arose between Russia and Japan, sympathy would not go to England's old ally so readily as before.

The causes of this change in international feeling are complex; but the most strongly operative has certainly been a violent revulsion of feeling in regard to Germany. Russia savagely broke with the old order of civilization, but in doing so disavowed all European standards of conduct. This horrified Europe, but was the less surprising because the fusion of that semi-Asiatic power with the European country has never been more than superficial. Germany, on the other part, was no less integrally bound up with modern European civilization than France or England, and when a great popular movement in Germany outraged those central conceptions of justice on which European society is based, the feeling in England was less of horror than disgust. These people in the name of nationality seemed to spit on freedom and fair play. Nevertheless, everybody in Europe knows that Germany must remain integrally a part of Europe. If, then, we have to live with Germany, it becomes less unacceptable to think of co-operation with Russia; and a larger consideration comes into view. The essential interest for European civilization is to organize peace; and at the moment when Germany threatens in a passion to break up all that has been accomplished—however much or however little that may be—Russia is seen to be moving effectively, from outside the covenanted League, to organize internationally with a peaceful purpose. Rightly or wrongly, and perhaps half consciously, people tell themselves that the propagandist fury of an early period in revolution has passed off—as it passed off in France even before the Consulate; they believe that Russia is now a

State, organized on a principle very different from that of other States, but willing now to live and let live, to let alone and to be let alone. They argue that if Russia is bound into the European comity, pressure upon Germany will be increased to a point that will prevent any violent disturbance of what is admittedly a precarious stability. And on the other hand, Russia, forced to contemplate the possibility of conflict with Japan, fully realizes what it may be worth in a near future to have Europe's good will. Ten years ago, even five years ago, nine Englishmen in ten would have regarded Russia as the worst menace to the European order. Not one person in ten would feel that today; and, even temperamentally, dislike of Germany is more acutely felt than dislike of Russia. Some abatement of this feeling has been produced by a German Court which gave, in the trial of Communists charged with arson, a verdict intelligible to Europe; more has followed from the proof that religion at least will not submit to cry "Heil! Hitler" and do whatever it is told. Yet on the balance Russia still gains in respectability by the disrepute of Germany.

Moreover, there is in England and probably there is also in the lesser countries which hold strongly to the League of Nations, indignation against Japan as the nation which made the first breach in the Covenant. Whether Japan was or was not justified in taking back her own destinies into her own hands, there is no doubt that her action gave a shock to the rickety fabric which she quitted. Yet, looking at it now, one can see that at least the result was to reveal the League's true character. The withdrawal was regrettable, but it touched no vital point; the League was in reality a League of Europeans. When Germany went out, the most that could be said to remain was a League of the victors and neutrals. And at first, among despisers of the League, there was a certain throwing up of caps. Since then, a few weeks' reflection has brought a change of mind. The world realizes today that if you break up the League, you destroy Europe. Italy followed Germany's withdrawal with some gestures of disdain for a thing so unreal as the flaccid organization which Germany proposed to quit, and indicated preference for

**The League
Survives a Crisis**

something that could be set upon a basis of overwhelming force. There was an immediate stiffening among the smaller Powers, all the more formidable because it did not express its anger in copious words; while France and England made it plain that they would have no part in over-riding the Covenant by a league of a few great ones. And so the slow work is resumed by statesmen, seeking first to attain some measure of positive agreement by which Germany can be induced to fall again into step. Since they who are inside the negotiations for disarmament think it worth while to continue, we are bound to believe that a possibility of agreement exists. But meanwhile there are many signs that even in England, where the plan of sanctions had least popularity, it begins to be realized that means must be devised to ensure that breach of the peace will not be allowed to profit any European nation as it has profited Japan.

These are the problems—or some of them—which our common civilization faces, and this is no time for pessimism. It is the fashion to say that we are on the eve of war between France and Germany. People who say **The Frenchman and War** it do not realize that it would be just as impossible to carry France into a war, unless France were attacked, as to carry England. Even intervention in support, say, of Poland, could not be undertaken by the French without grave internal danger. It would probably not be undertaken unless the Little Entente also were ready to move. If it were known that a violation of Polish territory would certainly produce the intervention of these Powers, with England certainly backing them, no violation would be likely to take place; and while the mind of Germany remains so feverishly militant as it is, nothing but an assurance of overwhelming opposition is likely to ensure peace. In the meantime, dangers are increased by one of the financial scandals which from time to time jeopardize the existing order in France, by producing a hysteria of distrust. Till that is quieted, responsibility lies heavier on the other great nation which with France has kept the peace of Europe since the war—though, frankly, it has left to France the dangerous part of that business. There has not been since the War any moment in which it was more necessary for the two nations to

have a common policy and be prepared to pool their resources in support of it. It should be the easier for England to take the necessary decisions, and give the necessary assurances, because powerful and disciplined action may now be looked for from the group of lesser Powers which under the tutelage of France have grown to be defenders with her of the peace of Europe.

It is curious to observe how remote the affairs of Spain are from the rest of the world—except Portugal. Spain went through its revolution without disturbing its neighbours; it now undergoes the recoil from revolutionary excesses, and still there is no backwash felt beyond the Pyrenees. For once prophecy has punctually fulfilled itself and excess of anti-clericalism has brought clericals again into some degree of power. But one would like to know what there is in the Spanish temper to account for the Church's increasing inability to live at peace in Spain with the laity in politics. Meantime, a most sympathetic figure among reactionaries, the Catalan leader, Colonel Macio, has died before the fruition of autonomy has yet brought disappointment. Czecho-Slovakia, too, has lost one of the men who most helped to remodel Europe, perhaps the one least known outside his country; yet, if Czechs are good judges, certainly one of the most potent, Mr. Swehla. Rumania, not a thoroughly established political unit, is in grave trouble with one of those patriotic organizations that believe in getting their way by repeated assassination. After M. Duca's death, the "Iron Guard" has frightened one Prime Minister into resignation, and a hardier man takes on the task. If there is one greater curse than another in any land, it is a political murder gang. Excuses are to be made for them when the revolt is against alien and external rule; but in a self-governing land they are insufferable and inexcusable. These patriots want to emulate what is most disgusting in the Nazi movement, and M. Duca died because he would not consent to Jew-baiting. It all sounds far off, yet, whatever affects the stability of Rumania affects the stability of the Little Entente; and that is a main prop of the stability of Europe. The Balkans are by no means so remote as Spain; they are, unhappily, much too near Germany.

Spain
and others

Some men have an aptitude (which must be natural as well as acquired) for interpreting one nation to another. As between England and France, heaven knows they are needed, and one of the best is just lost to us. **A Frenchman on the English Novel** Abel Chevalley is best known to English readers as the author of a book on *The English Novel*, published (in French, of course) by the Oxford Press. It has always appeared to me not only the best work on its subject, but one of the best pieces of critical writing that I know in any language: so terse, so vivid, so revealing of the way in which not only English literature, but English life, looks to a Frenchman. In the contemporary chapters his judgment is perhaps less sure: he was never immune to the amiable foible of overpraising his friends. Yet allowance is easily made for this, and on the main outlines he is discerning and sympathetic without the least effusiveness. Probably, however, his name will be remembered by a work not yet published—the French Dictionary which, in collaboration with his wife, he had been several years preparing; and of which again the Oxford Press will be the publishers.

For those who only knew him, or may come to know him in print, there is nothing to regret. He died early, considering the toughness of his whole nature and its power of resistance; yet even at sixty-five the painful disease which he had borne for years with fortitude had made all literary work impossible to him of late. But there must be many who, like myself, had while he lived a singular access to the mind of France. Although he read probably as much in English as in French, and thought (especially with pen in his hand) as easily in one language as in the other, I never met a more completely typical Frenchman. Yet it was a specialized type, bearing the strong imprint of French Protestantism, though church-going he certainly was not. The statesman by whose work for France he set most store was M. Combes, who had so organized French education that the clever boy in the most out-of-the-way village found a ladder available which would carry him to any height. He had cause to esteem it; his father was a small working clockmaker in Vendée—in the little town from which Clemenceau came; and, oddly enough, Chevalley had the same Mongol type of face.

From the village school to the Ecole Normale was a practicable leap; once there, the State guaranteed a career in teaching. But the ambitious and enterprising young man could combine journalism with teaching; and from teaching through journalism into politics has been the progress in scores of ministerial careers. Career as well as personality bore the stamp of France.

Chevalley's work on the *Temps* attracted the notice of Delcassé, who in the early days of the Entente Cordiale wanted to know what would be the reactions of South Africa to a European War. Chevalley was given a consular post and sent out there. Coming to know Lord Milner's entourage of brilliant young men, he learned, as will be realized, a good deal that was significant about England. His diagnosis of the South African situation was borne out by results; but long before then he had been shifted to Egypt and elsewhere. The War found him in Scandinavia, watching imports; but his most notable diplomatic post was after the general armistice, when he was Chargé d'Affaires in Warsaw, saw the Bolshevik rush coming, and wrote the report which brought General Weygand on the scene at a decisive turning point in history. After that, he came on a visit of curiosity to Ireland, whether for his own interest or that of the Quai d'Orsay I cannot say; but there I had the good luck to meet him, and form a friendship with one of the most variously accomplished men I have ever known. Everybody, I suppose, has found some modern counterpart of Ulysses: mine is Chevalley. His mind, nourished with reading of every kind, had made contacts with many men in half a score of countries; and every contact found a vivid apprehension which immediately discerned its quality. He had eloquence of the finished French kind: everything that he wrote was full of sap; but, above all, at his best he was a talker such as one seldom has the good luck to encounter. Neither in his speeches nor in his writings did I feel so much that mastery of his own language, and that delight in it as an instrument which is the true mark of a Frenchman. I do not know how many people in these countries will feel the world a poorer place without him; but I am very sure that I am not the only one.

From Literature
to Diplomacy

There should be some such gathering of Chevalley's contributions to literature as has been made from what Professor Saintsbury left, dispersed in the form of introductions, prefaces and the like. I seized upon the book (*Prefaces and Essays*), intending to write my own views on some of the topics he handled, but found myself wholly preoccupied with the essayist himself. What a reader! He "cannot share Peacock's admiration for Nonnus . . . though to give that Panopolitan his last chance, I once took him with me on a solitary holiday as sole literature". How many even among omnivorous book-tasters have ever heard of Nonnus—or can say what is a Panopolitan? Yet there never was any man less a bookworm than this professor; nor had anyone a more vital feeling of delight in literature. How is one to know a poet of the first order, he asks himself, claiming the right to that title for Poe. "A poet of the first order must be able to satisfy both the ears and the eyes of the mind; and beyond, though through, this satisfaction, he must give the indefinable but, by the right recipients, unmistakable poetic 'effluence,' 'emanation' or whatever you like to call it—for me, and for my house", he adds, "Poe does this". Nothing could be less logical as a definition; but nothing could be more conclusive that the man who so speaks feels poetry, and has felt it all his life. And the same sense of intimate and familiar sureness is conveyed when he writes, in prefacing a Selection from Seventeenth Century lyrics:

"No sonnets will be found here, for they seem to me, for all their beauty, among the least lyrical—that is to say, *singable* to music—of any poetic forms. Nor is there anything from Shakespeare or from Milton; for the stars look best when both sun and moon are away."

That, it seems to me, reveals his whole attitude to poetry. For his special sensitiveness to another kind of beauty, here is again a revealing choice. In the novels of the last hundred years he says there are at least five young ladies "with whom no man of spirit can help falling in love. Their names are, in chronological order, Elizabeth Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemone Lavington, Beatrix Esmond, and Barbara Grant." For his comparative appreciation of the five I must refer readers to the book; and I invite them to consider how many of the five names are immediately invested by memory with the appropriate attributes.

Literature, to a man who had so full-blooded an enjoyment of it, was an indulgent mistress. He had the happy temper that could be content with moderate rewards, and what he says of Smollett as a journalist had undoubtedly reference to himself.

"Such men pay for facility, for adequacy up to a certain point, for versatility, for the capacity to work whensoever, wheresoever and howsoever work is wanted, with a certain falling short of the best things, and the only consolation I know for those who are gifted with the lower talent is that they can at best recognize the higher genius, and that they need not fall either into the error which keeps a man from producing any work at all because he is precluded from producing the greatest, or into complacent acquiescence in mere hack work—in scamped, in ignorant and in Philistine book-making."

As a judgment upon Saintsbury the writer, that is final. But beyond the genius for expression there is another thing: the genius for appreciation, which can communicate itself by a kind of contagion. I am much mistaken if Saintsbury, the professor, had not this, beyond any English critic in his time.

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MODERN AMERICA

by D. W. BROGAN.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT: A STUDY OF BOURGEOIS CIVILIZATION, by M. J. Bonn, Trs. by Mabel Brailsford. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION, by Ernest K. Lindley. *Gollancz.* 5s.

DESPITE a similarity of title, these books are different in aim and achievement. Mr. Lindley's is journalism, first-class journalism, indeed, of great value for the moment and likely to have an abiding historical interest as a picture of the times, but not likely to be the last word on any topic. Professor Bonn's book has a more lasting aim and character; it is a picture of modern America, social, political, economic, as seen by an acute observer who has long known the country and yet who stands outside it, a spectator, if a sympathetic spectator.

First published in 1930 as *Die Kultur der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika*, Professor Bonn's book has been brought up to date, and an attempt has been made to assess the future of the sorely-shaken American society which is so admirably described here. Professor Bonn is not the slave of his statistics; he recognizes and emphasizes the spiritual problem of modern America (which is in lesser degree our problem too); he knows that the decay of the Puritan tradition is of more permanent importance than the passing of its livid by United States Steel. The

landscape, its human population; the fluidity of American class-lines which still astonishes the European, used to his hierarchical society: there is no important strand in the American rope which is not unravelled by these dexterous hands. This is a book which will stand much reading and pondering; and its translation is to be welcomed by the serious student of modern America.

With Mr. Lindley we are in a different world. It is hard not to be reminded of the flood of books which a few years ago called the attention of a credulous world to the solution of most economic problems in "America the Golden." Yet the comparison, if natural, is unjust to Mr. Lindley. He is a partisan of the President; he wants the experiment to succeed and hopes that it will; but he is not too positive as to the doctrinal content of the revolution. It matters little that, since he wrote his book, some of the President's coadjutors have vanished from the scene, like Messrs. Woodin, Acheson, Straus, etc., and that at least one of them, Mr. Sprague, has taken the field against the President's policy. The important thing is that the President remains with his personal position unshaken, and the most valuable part of Mr. Lindley's book is that he makes it easy to understand the faith of the plain American in Mr. Roosevelt. As Mr. Lindley tells us, it was fortunate

or Mr. Roosevelt that he was so generally underrated by his countrymen. His political and vote-getting ability were admitted, but for the rest, he was thought to be a "good, easy man". The nation had so decisively sickened of Mr. Hoover, that any change was, psychologically, for the better, but few expected positive achievement. Yet, within a week of taking office, in the larkest hour of the nation's history, at any rate the darkest since Lincoln's inauguration, the new President acquired a hold on his countrymen such as Lincoln never knew. But the new President's hold on the man-in-the-street was not equalled by his hold on Congress, where there were plenty of politicians who outdid any Bourbon in their capacity for neither learning nor forgetting. We are so prone to think of Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator that it is good to be reminded that his dictatorship was very limited, that congressional opposition was more obstinate and, in details, more successful than we now remember, that immense political art went to securing those powers the new President needed and that no sooner had the first days of panic passed, than Big Business—and its political wing—began to withdraw some of the confidence they had had to repose in their saviour. But no dictator, not even Messieurs Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler, is really absolute; Aladdin with his wonderful lamp and our old text-book friend, Robinson Crusoe (in pre-Friday days) are ideals which the strongest ruler strives to live up to, but never quite reaches. The inducing of Congress to adjourn and the granting of vast and vague powers made the President as near to an Aladdin-cum-Robinson as any reasonable man could hope for; and, for six months, the United States has been steered rapidly, not always in one direction, but at any rate she has been a speedboat, not the almost perfect imitation of the Ancient

Mariner's ship which Mr. Roosevelt took over from Mr. Hoover.

There is plenty of material for criticism in what the President has done. Mr. Lindley does not make his own economic position quite clear, but he seems to be an adherent of some under-consumption school; to be comparatively sceptical about currency manipulation, but definitely hostile to orthodox economics. These obscurities do not matter very much, nor does the series of assumptions which are necessary to Mr. Lindley's descriptions. At times his lightness of allusion may be misleading; not all readers will understand that when the United States "exported gold and tourists" (p. 150), the tourists were, economically speaking, *imports*.

Again, Mr. Lindley is a stout economic nationalist, but the necessarily painful adjustments involved in making foreign trade a minor luxury are lightly skipped over. It is most necessary to point out, as Mr. Lindley does, that a great part of the American people regrets the American intervention in the World War, and, consequently, resents all appeals about the War Debts that involve a "common cause" and the other stereotypes so popular in Europe and the eastern states. Mr. Lindley cannot think of any argument which an American farmer can understand that will induce him to forgive European debts—and yet to pay his own. Neither can I, but then I cannot find any argument that will induce a French peasant, who has seen Germany freed from her obligations under the lead of President Hoover, to consider himself still bound to pay the War Debts.

Mr. Lindley, for all his enthusiasm, has plenty of healthy scepticism. He tells us that southern mules "trained to walk between the rows of growing cotton" have resisted orders to trample it down; that farmers, invited to sell pigs to the government, cheerfully sent

4,000,000 little pigs to market—but kept the sows at home, having, apparently, a firmer grasp of the facts of life than our own Ministry of Agriculture. One may doubt if the place of France in the wheat buying world was as important as is implied (p. 218); whether German policy has been as rigidly deflationary as we are told it was (p. 164); but to an understanding of the positive achievements of the administration, Mr. Lindley is an excellent guide. One thing he makes abundantly clear, the reasons why technical criticism, not infrequently well-founded, has proved futile. The American people has realized that a banking system that has room for Mr. Charles Mitchell, must have room for Senator Huey Long; that the Chase National Bank is not only adorned by Mr. Benjamin Anderson, but served the purposes of Mr. Albert Wiggin. All orthodox economics are suspect as a "racket" in a country which has seen very eminent citizens (including professors) active or sleeping partners in rackets like the power trust. Americans cannot be expected to accept the views of the most competent critics without a good deal of suspicion. But, in addition to its mistrust, they have misunderstanding to get over. America is not short of economists who can split hairs with the skill of a scholastic philosopher; nor is she short of heretics, with more than a Greek appetite for the diverting novelty. What she needs is fewer practitioners of the science of economics and more of the old and neglected art of political economy. American economists of the orthodox school are "short" on ability to convince the man in the street that they are capable of prognosis as well as diagnosis. Naturally they are not listened to, and the public turns to the economic osteopaths. This difficulty is not, however, confined to America.

VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS. Vol. II.

The Hakluyt Society: Bernard Quaritch.
31s. 6d.

THIS volume of the Hakluyt works, completing the voyages of Columbus with the narratives of the third and the last, is a very valuable addition to a famous series. We see in it, too, the measure of our loss through the early death in 1932 of the editor and translator of the Columbus documents and letters, Mr. Cecil Jane, a scholar whose reputation as an authority on Columbus and the early history of South America was acknowledged by Genoa and Spain. His Introduction to this second volume is an examination of the negotiations between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella; he did not live to complete it, and quite properly the lively fragment is published as he left it.

Mr. Jane, throughout his comments, gives the impression that the vivacity of his writing comes solely through living in his subject. You feel that, though you may never have a chance to stay long in the Archivo General de Indias at Seville, yet you may confidently take Mr. Jane's word for it. Evidently his concern was the truth of the matter, as near as the relics allowed. His task needed sagacity that was unmoved by pleasing theories. It would not be easy to name another explorer—better, perhaps, to call Columbus a discoverer, for he cannot be classed with the great seamen and navigators—it would not be easy to find another character in the Hakluyt series of adventurers whose character, attainments and motives make a problem as mysterious as is that of the man Columbus. Contemporaries who thought he was mad were not right, unless a self-confidence which is founded on direction by the Holy Trinity is madness; but their bewilderment and distrust are understandable. We need not wonder that Ferdinand and

Isabella were doubtful over the first great project, and very dilatory in providing Columbus with the means. For one thing, the conquest of Granada, and the money for it, necessarily worried them; and, as Mr. Jane tells us, Columbus, though explicit about the rewards for his success, yet offered a prospectus which was as magnificent, and as cloudy, as that of a later South Sea Company.

If you keep sailing westward, at last you come to the east. The world was round, for a number of people, even in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. But did Columbus really voyage only to reach Cathay, or thereabouts, by the westward? Or was something else in his mind? Even the royal promoters of his first enterprise were well aware that Cipango, and the Grand Khan, were important facts. The grandeur and power Marco Polo indicated were known to be realities; Columbus could not have expected to be a viceroy out there. Then where? Nobody knows.

In those days, anyhow, there was a land, and it was something more than a fable, called Terra Australis. Columbus knew of that yarn; moreover, he did not think the earth to be a perfect sphere. He had the Earthly Paradise in his mind, though it was not veritably in the atlas. Says he: "I have been led to hold this concerning the world, and I find it is not round . . . but that it is the shape of a pear which is everywhere very round except where the stalk is, for there it is very prominent; or that it is like a very round ball, and on one part of it is placed something like a woman's nipple, and that this part where the protuberance is found, is the highest and nearest the sky, and it is beneath the equinoctial line and in this Ocean sea at the end of the east." He thought the Earthly Paradise was there, and supported his idea with the opinion of wise and holy theologians.

When he reached San Salvador, on his first voyage, he supposed that the raids of the natives indicated trouble for the Grand Khan. To him, Cuba was Japan. He had reached the East. He had always known that the earth was smaller than had been supposed. It is noteworthy, too, that though his course was westward, he was inclined to give it a southerly trend. He just missed the discovery of Florida, and by inference Mexico, through not continuing westward. He turned south—drawn by opinion of holy theologians. Mr. Jane wisely does not declare so much, but merely supplies us with what facts he can relate to the voyages of Columbus. The greatest of all geographical discoveries appears to have come by chance; just as the revealing of North America still further west and north came through prying after another route to China.

In Seville Cathedral is the worthy tomb of the great dreamer. His bones rest in a vast bronze casket upborne by huge figures symbolical of Spain's old kingdoms. When Columbus died, he rested first in Valladolid. Then, it was learned, after some years, that he had desired to rest at San Domingo. Thereupon he again crossed the Atlantic. When San Domingo became French, the remains of Columbus were removed to Cuba. Not so long ago Cuba went to the United States, and patriots returned Columbus to Spain, to Seville. Yet now the French declare that he never left San Domingo, and assert that they have evidence in proof. What was removed from there, they say, were the bones of his son, which are now, say the French, honoured in Seville Cathedral as those of his father; who in life never understood his great good luck as a discoverer—if a responsibility so terrific and ominous may be called that—but who was always sorrowfully aware that fate had a way of thwarting him.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

by MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE LATER WORDSWORTH, by E. C. Batho. Cambridge. 16s.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford. 21s.

"THIS study," writes Miss Batho,

"was not undertaken as a piece of advocacy: if it may seem to have developed into that, it has been through what has appeared, in the course of reading, to be necessary correction of pardonable or unpardonable misunderstandings: the failure both to recognize any historical events but the French Revolution and the Reform Bill, and to look at them through any other eyes than those of Shelley and Macaulay; the repetition from writer to writer of the same statements, uncorrected by reference to any other evidence or any consideration of their original value; most of all, the illiberalism of the liberal and the orthodoxy of the unorthodox."

The book is of the very greatest importance in the study of Wordsworth. It is written with authority, breadth of vision, and a scholarship which is admirable in its comprehensiveness. Miss Batho not only brings together a mass of contemporary records concerning the later Wordsworth; she also shows him, as regards his politics, his religion, and his mental equipment, against his full historical background, and the result of this profound and careful study is to dispose once and for all of the popular myth of Wordsworth the lost leader, the renegade, the revolutionary youth who abandoned his early ideals and relapsed into Toryism and a narrow orthodoxy.

It is not possible in a brief review to give the substance of Miss Batho's elucidation and vindication of Words-

worth's political and religious attitude. They are based on a very acute examination not only of the documents relating to Wordsworth himself, but also of the politics and religious situation of the period, and they are hardly to be questioned. They have the effect of revealing a noble and consistently developing character and therefore of exploding the contradictory and incomprehensible creature we have been offered for so long. Let me quote a few details. At the age of fifty-four Wordsworth formed the habit, whenever he went to London, of breakfasting with a group of young men, Benthamites; among them, John Stuart Mill, who would be about eighteen at the time. "And though," wrote Henry Taylor, his host, "he was old and the rest so young, and he was opposed to them in politics, yet the force and brightness of his conversation, his social geniality, and the philosophic as well as imaginative largeness of his intellect, delighted them all." J. S. Mill wrote of him in 1831, "He seems to me the best talker I ever heard (and I have heard several first-rate ones)." R. P. Graves, who first met him in 1833, says of him: "If I don't apply to him the epithet 'intense', it is because I believe it to belong more properly to a weaker type of man in a state of strain; but I never met with a mind which to me seemed to work constantly with so much vigour, or with feelings so constantly in a state of fervour." In 1846 (Wordsworth would then be in his seventy-sixth year), the Chartist Thomas Cooper, shortly after his release from prison, called without introduction

on Wordsworth and was received with a cordiality that astonished him. He records Wordsworth's words on Chartism, " 'You were right', he said; 'I have always said the people were right in what they asked; but you went the wrong way to get it' ".

As regards the paucity and, on the whole, the lower quality of Wordsworth's later poetry and the fact that *The Recluse* was never finished, Miss Batho points out that

"for the last forty years of his life he was living under a threat of blindness, that he was frequently in severe pain, and that for long periods, twice at least for more than a year at a time, he was physically incapable of reading and writing and of continuous poetic composition. It was during intervals of comparative but not complete ease that he wrote his later poems, and any additional exertion, whether of composition or correction, was likely to entail a heavy penalty."

An excellent companion to Miss Batho's study is Professor Ernest de Selincourt's life of Dorothy Wordsworth. In it we have a portrait, and an admirably full and vivid portrait, of the poet's sister, conveyed in her own unguarded private writings and in the writings, for the most part private, too, of her relatives, friends, and acquaintances. Professor de Selincourt presents his subject with the minimum of comment and, unlike most modern biographers, with no psychological theorizing. His more intelligent readers will be grateful to him, for though in dealing with such a character as D. H. Lawrence psychological treatment becomes valuable and necessary, in the case of a transparently simple creature like Dorothy Wordsworth it would reveal nothing more than the intelligent reader can easily and effectually draw from the copious and direct narrative presented here. One of the few observations which Professor de Selincourt allows himself seems to me, in the light

of the facts at our disposal, entirely just. "That Dorothy loved Coleridge", he writes, "with a depth of devotion of which few human beings are capable . . . cannot be questioned; but if her life had its tragedy, it was not that she loved Coleridge, but rather that her passion for her brother was so intense as to preclude her from feeling for any man an emotion which would have satisfied the physical as well as the spiritual side of her nature."

It is an enthralling book, not only because its theme is one of the most vital and lovable of women, but also because it presents a vivid picture of English life a century ago.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, by Hugh Kingsmill. *Arthur Barker*. 10s.

In this age of speed we like our reading up-to-date, and as it must be quite four or five years since the last study of Mr. Kingsmill's subject appeared, it was clearly time for someone to attempt another. The author does not make it apparent that he has better qualifications than intelligence and a lively pen—no mean assets—or any especially vital views to propagate, but for those who have still to make the acquaintance of the great Dr. Samuel (and the young at any rate are always with us) here is as amiable and entertaining a chronicle and estimate as almost anyone could wish for.

It is no more easy to escape the Johnson of Boswell than it is to escape the Pepys of the Diary, and though Mr. Kingsmill is at pains to show us just where and how Boswell fell victim to his own limitations, the final effect is not, it must be admitted, of liberation. He has high praise for Johnson's qualities as a writer, but he touches the root of the matter when he says: "The imaginative element in Johnson was very strong, and would have made him a great poet, had he been able to harmonise it with the

moral element, but the conflict between the two was never resolved." True enough that "whenever his mind was kindled it recognised the supremacy of the imagination in poetry, and the baleful effects of moralising," but all too seldom, unfortunately, was it stimulated to that degree of "passionate emotion" which could "melt his didacticism" and so evoke "some of the greatest prose in our language, and a few of the noblest verses."

Finally, and the test is acid, it is Boswell we read, not Johnson. However we may pay him honest and even deep-felt tribute as a "great spirit which had never fainted in the prison of its corrupted body," it is less as a great writer than as great character that we acknowledge him, even while we know that the "character" is less than the writer—the talker, the social figure, less than the man. He talked for victory rather than

truth, and would resort to sophistry rather than risk defeat—and not only sophistry, but downright brutal rudeness. He was in his talk, too, more cynical than his nature, which means, plainly, that he was more superficial.

Perhaps, Mr. Kingsmill's account helps to suggest, we like to see him so because thus we have him in the happiest hours of what was, truly, a melancholy life. Johnson, partly from ill-health, partly from profound interior contradictions, partly from unavoidable circumstances of his period, seems never to have found full opportunity or even medium for his powers. In life and work alike he remains a figure always within, never transcending, his century. Mr. Kingsmill shows him as in some respects its victim; it is in general, if not an impressive, a pleasingly sympathetic portrait that he draws.

GEOFFREY WEST.

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QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER MINISTERS, by Sir John A. R. Marriott. Murray. 9s.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT is a proved and popular historian of politics and society in the Victorian era, and he has here a theme which gives full play to his gifts of picturesque and penetrating narrative. For the story of Queen Victoria's relations with her ministers is the story of a period critical alike for the country and the throne; when, in Sir John's own phrase, "kingship was on trial", and the air full of murmurs of revolt. It was a time of more immediate danger than the public at large has realized, until the recent publication of many intimate diaries and memoirs; and Sir John Marriott is fortunate in the lucid and tactful use he has made of a mass of intricate material. The result is an intensely interesting and illuminative study, packed with character, and alive on every page.

It is difficult to realize, across the mist of comfortable and prosperous years, that Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne at an hour when it was very uncertain whether the principle of monarchy would survive the battering-rams of the French Revolution. Yet so it was. Amid the storm of disturbing theories, and shrill challenge to the tradition of ages, the young Queen needed a cool head, and a guiding hand. How well she shaped herself to the situation this book abundantly illustrates. "I am very young", she wrote on the day of her accession, "and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill, and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have". The goodwill was sincere, the desire ardent; but it is not to be pretended that the task was an easy one, either for herself or her counsellors. From the very first the Queen manifested "a peremptory disposition", which could

only be influenced through the medium of her affections. It was lucky for everyone that, at different periods of her long reign, she had at her side advisers to whom she was deeply attached, and by whom she could be delicately influenced—Lord Melbourne, the Prince Consort, and Benjamin Disraeli. What the nation owed to these three men has only gradually been revealed, though Walter Bagehot thoroughly appreciated the Prince Consort's value at a time when it was fashionable to speak lightly of his qualities. As for Melbourne, he laid the foundations of the Queen's public character when "he taught her to reign and not to rule".

All the portraits in this lively book are vivid and entertaining; but perhaps the completest of all is that of Disraeli, whose whole career was one of ingenious ingratiating, alike with his party, his country, and his Queen herself. In the first letter he ever wrote her, Disraeli protested that in return for her "condescension", he could "only offer devotion," and he played every possible variation upon that sentiment during his pre-eminently successful life of public and private service. "Kings love him that speaketh right", was the text his Sovereign chose for Beaconsfield's monument in Hughenden Church; and if ever the gift of "speaking right" was perfected between courtier and monarch, its outstanding example is in the patience and tact of the devoted minister who won for his royal mistress the added dignity of imperial honours.

The idea of Empire was indeed, as Sir John Marriott insists, conceived and matured during Queen Victoria's reign; and it may well be that "the historian of the future will point to that conception as the most distinctive and most significant contribution made by the Victorian era to the sum of the ages".

ARTHUR WAUGH.

EAST ANGLIA, by R. H. Mottram
Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.

It is true that we have been waiting for such a book as this from Mr. Mottram. From his novels we have inferred that sooner or later this study of his province—(for it is his by grace as well as by adoption)—would be born. Even so, for one reader at least, the highest expectation has been reached and passed. Perhaps because that reader finds here conjured up the spirit of places he knew so intimately during the first twenty years of his life; but also because there is a complete absence of those false angles and artificial lightings which make the average guide-book so abhorrent. Let no one be so misguided as to call this study a guide-book. Yet I for one shall not fail to seek its guidance and companionship whenever in future I return to my native city of Norwich and its environs. Mr. Mottram is my ideal

topographer. Possibly the fact that he is an East Anglian makes him see so far and so clearly: we are used to sharp, far-off sky-lines in Norfolk. But not only does he see well, in observing distant places and times, but he is always plainly true to his vision. This passage illustrates the point: "The Saxons at their best were too agrarian and provincial ever to have become, unmixed and unadministered, a great people. . . . They, with the even fiercer Danish strain mingled with them, have been the backbone of the long tradition of armed revolt and subdued criticism of authority, these eight hundred years. The streets of Ely any market day are full of their long-limbed figures, fresh complexioned, good-natured faces, and the air full of their slow speech, just ceasing to be that of Eastern England at the very point Ely marks, and tending to the more nasal Midland." This, surely, is the voice of



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that rare person, the historian who interprets in terms of living flesh and blood.

This book gives me a peculiar pleasure in that it has enabled me to re-discover many of my own favourite haunts, and, for the most part, has enriched my experience of them. But I look in vain for the Soken country, for Laver Marney Hall and for the parts between Landermere and Dovercourt, including Beaumont-cum-Mose. The Hall at Landermere, the interior of which has now been made comfortable and reasonably modern, holds such a story as Mr. Mottram would delight to tell. This is the country, by the way, where the gardeners always tell you that they have not seen a drop of rain since this time last year. In all likelihood, Mr. Mottram has avoided this corner in order to stay as far as possible from London's overflow at Clacton and Frinton; or perhaps he would here feel himself out of touch with his beloved Norwich.

The author writes of the manifold beauties of Norwich as one who knows the strange, indefinable influence of the place. There is no way of repaying him adequately for the delight his descriptions and anecdotes have given; and if I add an experience of my own, it is because I do not wish to take all and give none. At the great church of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich (which, of course, is honourably mentioned in this book), Douro Potter was verger when I was a boy. Of all the vergers I have known, Potter was the best informed and his personality, the strongest. On one occasion I was the cause of his righteous anger. I was practising a Bach Fugue on the organ and could not resist adding the *Tuba Mirabilis* for my climax. Unknown to me, Potter was discoursing to some sightseers. He came over to the console, waited for the release of my final chord, then said: "I wish to take advantage of this silence to protest against an unequal competition."

BASIL MAINE.

IN SCOTLAND AGAIN, by H. V. Morton. *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

THE SCOTLAND OF OUR FATHERS: a study of Scottish Life in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. *Maclehose*. 12s. 6d.

THAT indefatigable searcher, Mr. H. V. Morton, has been at it again. Of all his quests, the Scottish one he undertook four years ago has been by far the most successful—so successful that he has made a second expedition over the Border, the results of which we doubt not will be no less encouraging. Here is a paradox. Books about Scotland, though plentiful enough, heaven knows, are notoriously poor sellers. Most of them, it is true, are pretty poor stuff; but even those for which some merit can be claimed have to struggle against a massive deadweight of prejudice. How Mr. Morton has managed to triumph over that prejudice is an interesting subject for speculation, though, like that song the Sirens sang, it is not likely to get beyond the stage of conjecture. He is not a Scot. His knowledge of Scotland is superficial and often inaccurate. He has not a single fresh thing to say about the country or its inhabitants. He does not even write particularly well. On the other hand he is fluent, very sure of himself and careful never to say anything that his dullest reader could fail to understand. Is his success due to the fact that he has recognized that there is a strict convention to be observed in writing or talking publicly about Scotland—a convention that the Scot insists upon from national vanity and the Englishman acquiesces in from customary indolence?

Another element may be his skill in using scraps of history and legend. Most of these are hackneyed enough, and none of them is far out of the way, but they are very appealing to a person so ignorant of his country's history as the average Scot. These scraps are tastefully pasted on a back-

ground of unconfined wanderings over moor and through glen, where some noble savage in Harris tweed (that is to say a gamekeeper) can always be found to give you a night's lodging in a bothy and treat you to the best of his homely fare. Nobody can deny that this is the right "dope". If you can resign yourself to it dreamily, Mr. Morton will take you on a lovely tour. You will enter the magic land by Dumfries (a moving Burns note or two here), thence through Galloway and Ayrshire to Glasgow, where you take shipping for the Western Isles, but soon come back to the romantic mainland solitudes of Moident and follow Prince Charlie to Inverness. Then John o' Groats, where you have no option but to turn south and, zig-zagging a good deal, finally make your exit via Abbotsford in a flood of tears. For the sight of Abbotsford makes Mr. Morton sob noisily at the thought of poor Sir Walter "shouldering his publisher's debt" (which, by the way, he didn't) and prompts the following characteristic example of his style and charm:

It is of the man I think, the man whose character was pure gold. It is a commonplace that we who come after must forgive many a man his sins because he was a great artist. Scott needs no forgiveness. He was a perfect man.

Well, it is all a very pretty picture, and we can hang it on the wall and in the contemplation of it forget the Scotland where, outside of the two great cities, it is hardly possible to get even a bad dinner save at a ransom price; whose inhabitants do not live on whisky and bannocks, but on strong tea, soda scones, pastries and fried steaks; where, as a rule, the only way for the wayfarer is a tarred road; where his most innocent movements out of doors on a Sunday are still regarded with disfavour; where—but let us change the subject just a little.

For it is a relief to turn to Miss Haldane, who tells us—rather breathlessly but quite readably—how this Scotland that Mr. Morton has discovered came into being during the nineteenth century. It would be idle to say she has done so adequately, and she herself makes no such pretension. Her book is ill planned. It shows bewildering gaps and not a few bad blunders. But Miss Haldane knows her Scotland, which is quite a different thing from saying that she knows all about it. Thus, while she is quite capable of writing of the growth of the Clyde shipbuilding industry without ever mentioning Henry Bell or the *Comet*, her notes on the changes in Scottish country life during the nineteenth century are invaluable, being derived from personal recollection and first-class family tradition.

DONALD CARSWELL.

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SELECTED FICTION

MAGNUS MERRIMAN, by Eric Linklater. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

MR. ERIC LINKLATER, as several thousand—or it may be several hundred thousand—readers of *Juan in America* hoped he would do, has escaped from politics and returned to the picaresque. In a foreword to his newest novel, *Magnus Merriman*, he reminds us that he is giving us neither photography nor history, but fiction. Whether this statement will satisfy those who search for autobiography in everything, I do not know, but from between the lines of Mr. Linklater's satire on the Scottish Nationalist movement there emerges a very sane summary of the political manifestation with which the author's name was not long ago associated.

Those who expect in Magnus a new Juan may find themselves disappointed. Scotland conducts itself with less extravagance than the United States, and Magnus rides a quieter steed than the frolicsome palfrey whose hooves struck laughter from the American macadam. But it is still literary horseplay, and the satire does not suffer for being reined in. In *Magnus Merriman*, moreover, the hero is no longer a stranger spying out the laughable nakedness of a strange land, but the descendant of

Orkney Vikings, a Caledonian, feckless and shiftless maybe, but capable of surrender to at least one profound emotion—the passion for the rock whence he was hewn.

He is pursued, this Magnus Merriman, by a sardonic fate which reserves for him situations comic to the point of tragedy. His strenuous efforts to obtain military distinction land him in a court-martial. In London and Edinburgh two love-affairs which appear to offer the ingredients for tolerably satisfying romance both end ridiculously. He is twice arrested for too vigorously combining alcoholic enjoyment with the defence of Shakespeare against the rival merits of Racine. He loses an election fight and forfeits a twice-paid deposit (the first payment having disappeared with his agent) because he loses touch with the fluctuating policy for which he is standing. Weary of politics and journalism he returns to Orkney to make an honest woman of a farmer's daughter, is afflicted on his honeymoon with the undignified complaint of thrush, and thereafter with the unbridled temper of his wife. "I'm Troilus with a cold in his nose, not sighing but sneezing towards the Grecian tents. I'm Romeo under the wrong window, Ajax with a boil in his armpit, Priam with a hundred hair-lipped daughters, Roland with a pair of horns. But before God I'm a poet too."

Thus Merriman, and to crown the irony the author mercilessly gives us samples of his hero's verse. But if Magnus claims too ambitiously the command of language, Mr. Linklater may make the claim with justice. The question, as Humpty Dumpty observed, is which is to be the master; and here is a master of words.

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THE DEATH OF A WORLD, by Romain Rolland. *Thornton Butterworth*. 7s. 6d.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRAGEDY, by Rudolf Brunngraber. *Loval Dickson*. 8s. 6d.

MARY OF NAZARETH, by Mary Borden. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN, by Lord Dunsany. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

INEVITABLY more and more novelists are being attracted by the theme of the post-war dissolution. The possibilities of the War itself, as a dramatic motif, are temporarily played out (though the great novel of that catastrophe has perhaps yet to be written) but the possibilities of the aftermath of the War are still inexhaustible. M. Rolland and Herr Brunngraber both give us pictures of a world in the process of an after-war disruption. M. Rolland's method, as was to be expected of the author of *Jean Christophe*, is subjective: he is an idealist, and, to some extent, a moralist, and he is often not adverse to the unnecessary emphasis of a foregone conclusion. His novel is the fourth volume of a work called *The Soul Enchanted*, but it can be read without reference to any of its predecessors. Those who are already acquainted with his chief character, Annette Riviere, will be prepared for this bitter and ruthless story of her son Marc, who may be considered as representative of the disillusionment of post-War Parisian youth. But the book is far more than the story of any particular person: its protagonists focus the tragedy of all who grew up in "this rich meadow nourished by the decomposition of a world".

Herr Brunngraber's method is, in comparison, objective, and therefore probably more appealing to the contemporary mind. His hero, Karl, is shown against a background of events which, while they mould his life, are

completely outside his control and even his immediate interest. He was born in 1893 and he committed suicide in 1931: he represents the generation that was nurtured on the false prosperity of the pre-War years, served in the War itself, and survived to endure for a while the horrors of a tottering civilization. By setting his story mainly in Vienna perhaps Herr Brunngraber has rather disproportionately emphasized these horrors, but for all that his book remains essentially the story of Karl's generation. Inevitably that story is told briefly: the years fly past, and the War itself is crammed into eighty pages; but the effect is by no means sketchy, since the author chooses his detail with insight and knows how to brush in his essentials vividly. His finest mastery is shown, however, in the manner in which he paints his world-background: at every few pages the scene widens out from Karl's immediate setting to include those national and international events which were unwittingly the springs of his most intimate actions. The effect is a bird's eye view of astonishing range and intensity.

To turn from these two translations to *Mary of Nazareth* and *The Curse of the Wise Woman* is as if one were suddenly

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CASTE AS A COMPLEMENT TO DEMOCRACY G. H. Rao
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to be transported from the lush, decaying foliage of autumn into the grey and delicate traceries of a winter dusk. Both are quiet books, more notable for their descriptions than for any drama of events. Contrary to what might be expected from the subject there is nothing sensational about Miss Borden's book: indeed, her very failure is a compliment to her obvious determination not to offend. Considering the temptations inherent in such a theme as *Mary of Nazareth*, is even extremely reticent. One cannot help wondering, however, what exactly was the necessity for writing it, since by the limitation of its invention it makes little appeal to sensationalists or to those who look to the novel primarily for a good story, whilst at the same time it offers little which the orthodox reader could not (and would not rather) find elsewhere. *The Curse of the Wise Woman* is equally reticent—but this is the reticence of a creative mind: Lord Dunsany has slung his memories of "an Ireland which, they tell me, is quite gone" on to the slender thread of a typical Irish tale of mystery and incantation. His hero is really the Irish bog itself, whose grey, mournful charm permeates every page. Leisurely, simply, beautifully, he writes of that Ireland he

knows so well, giving us, incidentally some of the most attractive accounts of bog fishing and bog shooting we can ever hope to read.

C. HENRY WARREN.

PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER, by Anne Meredith. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THIS book deals with a family of unpleasant people of the professional class, nearly all of whom are out for what they can get. The father is murdered by the disreputable artistic son. The reader knows all the facts and has merely to watch the subsequent march of events. It is an uncomfortable mixture, partly an exposition of the processes of detection as seen through outsiders' eyes, and partly an ambitious study of the murderer's character. The theme is handled in an original manner, but there is too much analysis and too much repetition. Miss Meredith has a talent for depicting the interrelation of characters, and I think it is a pity that she has tried her hand at a murder story. She is not a second Francis Iles, but may very well make a name for herself in a different branch of fiction.

H. G.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

MARCH, 1934

IS IT A CURRENCY WAR?

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

IF the plain man finds it hard to understand the technical theories that underlie Mr. Roosevelt's experiments with gold and the dollar, he can at least understand (and this is more important) the general nature of Mr. Roosevelt's purpose, and its probable effect upon the rest of the world. It is indeed arguable that it is a waste of time on the part of anybody, except those who make money out of academic dogmatism, even to try to understand the mass of doctrinaire disquisition about internal and external price levels, about the relation of gold to commodity prices, about the "velocity" of money, about "purchasing power parity" as a criterion of currency stabilization, and the like. Two years ago the theorists and their graphs rose to great heights of learned diagnosis about the depression and the way out. The grim people who keep cuttings, if they also keep a sense of humour, may repay themselves for their labour by now re-reading such cuttings.

The essential facts are simple. On January 29th the Gold Reserve Act, which constituted the first big step in a dictated monetary "policy", was passed by Congress. Mr. Roosevelt signed his Act on January 30th. Within twenty-four hours, on January 31st, he "declared" a new dollar. The technical description of the new dollar was that it was fixed at 59.06 per cent. of the old dollar's gold value, containing $15\frac{3}{10}$ grains, $\frac{2}{10}$ ths fine, of gold, so as to make the new price of gold exactly \$35 per fine ounce.

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What, in plain practice, that meant was that Mr. Roosevelt copied what was done by Mr. Protopapadakes in Greece some twelve years ago, except that Mr. Protopapadakes did it by the cruder and more attractive method of tearing all the outstanding paper currency notes into two, and *stealing* (for the government) *the bit torn off*, or the value it represented. By depreciating the value of the dollar in terms of gold Mr. Roosevelt automatically increased, and nearly doubled, the value of gold in terms of dollars. As, in the same Act, he had taken the precaution of vesting in the Government the title to and the possession of all the monetary gold to be found within the boundaries of the United States, he made a haul of money. The amount of monetary gold in the United States amounted to some \$4,000,000,000. He made a "profit", therefore, of some \$2,660,000,000.

Now, all this looks easy. Within the confines of the United States, where in the post-war years the bulk of the world's monetary gold, by reason of America's financial liens on the belligerents of both sides, has been concentrated, it is indeed easy; even though in the long run such methods of high finance must inevitably prove to be a form of self-deception.

But the United States is not an isolated community. It is an integral part of the world. What Mr. Roosevelt does in Washington by powers conferred on him by the United States Congress has its effect abroad. Now it is one of Mr. Roosevelt's purposes to impose upon the world a certain comparative value for the dollar, such value having been decreed by himself alone. To achieve that purpose it is necessary that the franc and the pound, for instance, be hitched to gold at the precise corresponding value, that is, at such a value as will not affect the dollar depreciation ordained by Mr. Roosevelt. For gold is merely a yardstick. In itself it is pointless and valueless, except in so far as gold rings may be preferred to platinum as the insignia of people about to be married, or except in so far as gold might be bought for other non-monetary purposes.

Unless the dollar be stabilized internationally Mr. Roosevelt's "declaration" of January 31st becomes meaningless outside the United States. He cannot promote the foreign commerce of the United States unless those foreigners who buy American

goods are certain that the value of the dollar in terms of their own currencies is likely three months hence to be, within narrow limits, what it is now. Chaotic, fluctuating exchanges make international trade impossible. Such truisms are elementary: but the whole circumstance is elementary. The collapse of trade the world over, the "depression" as we have called it for the last five years, at least partly persists because of the collapse of the gold standard and the consequent inability of anybody to resume business with the nationals of other countries. The stabilization of currencies, on a gold standard, is therefore necessary before trade can really revive. The World Monetary and Economic Conference of last summer broke down because the United States, as directed by Mr. Roosevelt, would not then discuss the question of currency stabilization. He was not ready. He is ready now. But in effect what he is now ready to discuss is not so much the stabilization of currencies, as the stabilization of currencies on the basis already laid down by himself.

Out of the profit made by the revaluation of gold a \$2,000,000,000 "stabilization fund" is to be set up. That fund is to be in the sole charge of the Secretary of the Treasury, that is, under political control. That official is empowered to use it "for the purpose of stabilizing the exchange value of the dollar" by dealing "in gold and foreign exchange and such other instruments of credit and securities as he may deem necessary". "I am ready", Mr. Roosevelt says in effect, "to discuss with the other parties an arrangement which shall be to our common advantage, provided the other parties to the discussion are willing to make it agreeable to themselves that the arrangement shall be exclusively to my advantage".

The argument has been often heard in Washington quarters closely identified with the Administration that the British Exchange Equalization Fund has been used to establish an artificial exchange value between the pound and the dollar, in short, that the new American Fund is merely a form of retaliation. That is hardly the fact. The fact was more correctly put by Mr. Rupert E. Beckett, Chairman of the Westminster Bank, when he addressed the annual general meeting on January 31st last. "By his latest step", he said, "in

establishing an Exchange Control Fund, Mr. Roosevelt has introduced a new element into the situation. The purpose of that fund, it should be noted, is different from that for which our own Exchange Equalization Fund was created. The British Fund was intended, and has been used, only to mitigate violent exchange movements, caused by waves of speculation or sudden movements of nervous capital. The American Fund, on the other hand, has the avowed purpose of holding the dollar at a certain level, and at a level which appears to be lower than is justified by economic circumstances".

At this moment what matters most in the world's economic affairs is that currencies should be stabilized. As a competitive lever the depreciation of currencies is useless, even senseless; for by the very nature of the process there is no security that the depreciation achieved at any given moment can be maintained, and therefore the merchants cannot take advantage at any given moment of the position then obtaining. If one assumes that the interests represented by, say, the pound and the franc will not, obligingly to the interests represented by the dollar, quietly accept Mr. Roosevelt's fiat, how otherwise is currency stabilization to be achieved? Can it be achieved by political conference between governments? Or will man's native resource, his irresistible recuperative faculty, urge him into business enterprise despite the politicians, and thus create a *de facto* stabilization on which the politicians, after their manner, will then find no difficulty in agreeing, because there will be no alternative open to them? As at the Lausanne Conference of August, 1932, the European politicians agreed to remit Germany's reparation liability because Germany had already stopped paying reparation and everybody knew she would never pay reparation again; so this year or next the world's politicians may agree upon a stabilization of the exchanges because the world's merchants have already imposed stabilization at the natural levels resulting from the actual effect of trade.

There are the two alternative methods, the one political, the other commercial. The dilemma is that the political method is not only hopeless from the start as a means to any constructive achievement whatsoever, but the commercial method itself can hardly function because the politicians of the world

make it nearly impossible for anything to function. The political debtor countries, including Great Britain, are all in default (of course). The only post-war political creditor country, that is, the only country which gave, without receiving, political loans—namely the United States—is (of course) bankrupt. The word "bankrupt" itself needs to be defined when applied to Governments or to communities politically organized. A private individual is bankrupt when his total assets, capital and/or other, are not enough to meet his liabilities. Countries are bankrupt only when the total income of the country is not enough to meet the *interest* on total liabilities, as funded.

Politicians and their works are subject to special laws, of their own making. As a human being, even a politician dies sooner or later. As an institution he goes on for ever. The £7,000,000 a day spent by the British politicians during the last big war will go on to the *nth* and *nth* generation extracting earned income from British pockets to pay, not the debt, but the interest on it.

But that is not all. The various governments prevent their several countries from purchasing each other's goods by the imposition of prohibitive tariffs, and by restrictions against the payment for each other's goods in each other's currencies, although foreign exchange is the only available method of such payment. How, therefore, can the merchants of the world defeat the politicians of the world and make contact with each other for trade purposes? Is it even possible, at a time in the history of the world when bolshevism, that is, political dictatorship is almost omnipotent, for the exchanges to be stabilized? It is no good not facing the difficulties. The difficulties of the Baring crisis in the 'nineties were child's play by comparison.

It is nearly impossible to believe the facts we all know to be true. The United States Government went off the gold standard in spite of its possession of the bulk of the world's gold. That Government returns to the gold standard frankly in order to accumulate still more gold and to make the working of the gold standard still less possible than before. The governments of the chief trading countries still try to steal each other's trade by means of competitive depreciation of currencies, so that the pound and the dollar, for instance, instead of looking each

other in the face, play hide and seek with each other. If the commercial method is to triumph, in spite of the political barricades set against it, the achievement must needs be something of a miracle. On the other hand, all realistic, experienced people believe in miracles. Not otherwise can life be explained. In the present case the miracle seems to be beginning. There is a returning feeling of confidence. Bank deposits are growing less. Brokers' loans in New York are growing, in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's ill-concealed and impartial dislike of Wall Street and the American banks.

None the less no person whose imagination does not mislead him expects that if in the prevailing conditions the politicians of, say, Washington, London and Paris, do agree to meet in conference, they will then proceed to agree to anything further. In this present century there have been only two important international political agreements: in August, 1914, that a war should begin; and in November, 1918, that the war should stop. The twin achievement was really only one, because when a war is started, it follows that it must also stop. The Disarmament Conference, which after two years of business has ended in an armaments race, is merely typical of what must be expected from political activity. Politicians are the representatives of mobs. Mobs can destroy, but cannot build. One has to face the possibility that an international currency stabilization conference may be arranged, just as an international disarmament conference was arranged. As soon as Mr. Roosevelt's Bill was passed for devaluing the dollar, Mr. Morgenthau, United States Secretary of the Treasury, put about the notion that Anglo-American negotiations about currencies were about to start. It seemed reasonable to assume that if the negotiations were to be Anglo-American, something ought to be known about them in British as well as in American quarters. Within twenty-four hours of Mr. Morgenthau's act of inspiration, an innocent member of the British House of Commons (January 30th) asked Mr. Neville Chamberlain if it would not be well to "expedite" the said conversations. Whereupon Mr. Chamberlain wished to know what were the conversations to which the hon. gentleman referred. On being told that they were conversations "regarding currency", and on being asked if,

after all, there were no such conversations, Mr. Chamberlain answered: "No, sir, not to my knowledge".

If the currency conference meets, we know what sort of an exhibition to expect. It is not unfair, as an historical description of what took place at the two years' Disarmament Conference, to say that the various delegations devoted their energies towards securing to their own countries the maximum of armaments. It is likely that, if and when the currency stabilization conference meets, the delegations will devote their energies towards driving up the other, and driving down their own, currencies.

In the international politics of our time the British Government has a way of getting the worst of most things. Because Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry borrowed from the United States and lent to France and Italy at one and the same time—thereby performing a masterpiece of pleasantries such as never occurred even to the lively imagination of Mr. Charles Dodgson, *alias* Lewis Carroll—and because Mr. Lloyd George's successors hit upon the further pleasantries of attempting to meet the liabilities that fell to Great Britain as a political debtor while sacrificing the assets that ought to have fallen to her as a political creditor, the British supply of gold was steadily lost. Great Britain was a gold standard country that practised the rules of the gold standard. Not being able for other political reasons, this time imposed by her creditor, to meet her liabilities in goods or services, she had to meet them in gold. By September 21st, 1931, the British gold reserve had fallen to £134,974,000, and it was clear that the fall could not be arrested. Britain on that day was forced off gold. The resultant depreciation of sterling, and the advantages it conferred on British trade owing to the contemporary topsy-turvydom imposed upon commerce by the political conditions, are therefore not a fair argument in the mouths of American dialecticians and apologists who expound dollar depreciation as a "retaliation", and who protest that the last people to complain logically are the British. There is no analogy. On April 19th, 1933, when America went off gold, she held more gold than the rest of the world put together. The British abandonment of the gold standard was the normal, inevitable effect of the international financial and economic

facts. America's abandonment of the gold standard was a political device. We shall hear the accusation and the defence *ad nauseam* at the conference.

But the typically British misfortune, imposed by British politicians upon the British people, does not end there. The governmental game of extracting gold from paper, and putting a fancy value upon the gold thus extracted, may strike a Frenchman as both exhilarating and beneficial. France has few foreign investments. Great Britain, who holds more foreign investments than any country in the world, cannot lightly contemplate the permanent loss of (say) one half of her entire income from those investments. The United States (if we are to be logical) ought to be in the same boat as Great Britain; but America's foreign investments are a post-war innovation, too recent, it seems, to have yet eradicated the debtor-country complex on which American economic and financial mentality has been founded. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt hates "capitalism" in all its forms, even in the form of America's capital invested abroad; and hatred is blind. It is his delusion that bolshevism is a finer thing than capitalism; that men should not work for their own benefit but in order to hand over the fruits of their work to a politician, to be disposed of as he in his discretion may think fit. Mr. Roosevelt is not therein original, or even exceptional. It is the curse of the age that individualism is being crushed under a political omnipotence which first robs the individual in order to secure the means wherewith to crush him. The uprooting of democratic government in Italy, in Poland, in Germany, the rioting against democratic government in Paris, are straws in the modern wind. The politician not only always hangs himself, but takes the precaution of appropriating enough rope to do the thing thoroughly.

This currency conference will probably be added to the long list of international political conferences about armaments, reparation, trade, money, and what not; but the time may come when the politicians will no longer dare even to suggest such things, for fear they be hooted by the mobs they at last have disillusioned; and when, therefore, the world may again set about its business. The only cause of currency chaos is political. To convene a political conference about it is rather

like cutting off one's head as a cure for toothache. If the politicians by contrast could be lulled to sleep and their works undone, the chaos in currencies would be automatically eliminated, and there would be no need for any conference at all.

Let Mr. Roosevelt be given his due. There was a danger last summer that the World Monetary and Economic Conference might commit the governments of the United States, Great Britain and France to an artificial stabilization of their currencies. It was Mr. Roosevelt who prevented it. From the beginning of the conference every delegation, including the American, said that currencies must be stabilized before the other business—tariff reduction, the abolition of exchange restrictions, and the rest—could be approached. They spoke thus, even while they denied that they were doing anything about it. With all the freshness of a new enterprise, indeed, the Conference plunged into the discussion on currencies. Within a week it had drawn up a tentative plan for provisionally stabilizing the dollar, the pound, and the franc for the duration of the conference. On July 3rd, Mr. Roosevelt, to whom the plan had been submitted, rejected it in vigorous language. He even put on record a sentiment which excited the sympathy of every serious person in the world. He sent a message to the conference in London. "The world", he said, "will not long be lulled by the specious fallacy of achieving a temporary and probably an artificial stability in foreign exchange on the part of a few large countries only. The sound internal economic system of a nation is a greater factor in its well-being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations."

Mr. Roosevelt's subsequent change of sentiment, his present apparent desire to stabilize the dollar internationally on an artificial basis decreed by himself, cannot in one sense cause surprise. We are all inconsistent and we all change our minds. In Mr. Roosevelt's case the change is not likely to do much harm. Before he can stabilize his cheap dollar by international agreement, he must win international agreement. Probably the British Government, which in this matter is sensitive to advice from the banks and from big business, will remain true to its oft-repeated principle that there can be no return to the

gold standard until the "favourable" balance of British trade is restored, and until the several central banks reach an understanding that the gold standard in the future will be allowed to work. The restoration of the British trade balance presupposes a dollar not undervalued. The working of the gold standard presupposes a commitment that no single central bank will in the future accumulate more than a given small percentage of the world's supply of monetary gold. The circumstance of America's approaching this matter from the standpoint of an undervalued dollar and an American price for gold which attracts gold to New York, whereby America's huge gold hoard is further increased, gives little reason to expect, or to fear, that a political conference will contrive to agree upon artificial stabilization.

Nor is it merely destructive to scoff at the political handling of this problem. Politics are the disease, not the cure. Ever since the Genoa Conference of 1923 the politicians have added muddle to muddle by dictating conditions to international trade and finance. Currencies will stabilize themselves when the political machinery is slowed down enough to allow international trade and finance to function within their own security.

THE ENDS OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

DR. FLEXNER concludes his deservedly famous book on the Universities with the remark: "England is rubbing its eyes and gradually discovering the difference between teaching youth and advancing science". Equally it would be true to say that England is rubbing its eyes and discovering the importance of having some principle—perhaps not quite unrelated to the advancement of knowledge—in accordance with which youth should be taught.

Criticisms of our present educational system have been coming from unexpected quarters. It is the late headmaster of Harrow who is saying that, in the education which he wants to see in the future, "I do not think there will be room or time for Latin". It is a very angry music master at Winchester who announced, in a presidential address to the annual conference of Educational Associations:—

"If once we could envisage an education which would think more of the actual characters, the actual talents, and the future lives of our present pupils and less of the pens and ink of a specialized past, we should soon begin to march in a new direction. . . . We should cease to subject to the grind of an overloaded and exclusively intellectual syllabus the many talents which have no part or place in it".

The day has gone by when William Pitt, the Younger, was brought up by his father, Lord Chatham, from the age of eight on port and Latin tags. If not the port, at least the Latin tags were useful at a time when the House of Commons was impressed by the roll of Ciceronian oratory. Parliament today is frankly bored by that kind of thing, although it does not mind a classical reminiscence or two from Mr. Baldwin.

The education given in the secondary schools is largely shaped by the system of education customary in the universities. The examining habit decides that. The core of that education was shaped ages ago by men long dead before even William Pitt

was heard of. It was determined by long dead bishops. When we give our children what we fondly call a "liberal" (as distinct from a technical) education, we are really giving them the technical and professional education intended for the clergy.

A tale is told that a porter at Winchester College, when he showed visitors round, used to explain that the school was founded for the sons of the clergy. Unfortunately for the veracity of the porter's statement, William of Wykeham founded that school at a time when the clergy, being Catholic, were not supposed to have any children. It was founded for a much more interesting reason. It was established to educate, from childhood, the clergy themselves. So they were trained in Latin and, later, Greek.

To the professional training of the clergy the great teachers of the Renaissance added a study of classical literature—of "humaner letters". The languages that had been the living languages of the Church were now dead and their bones polished. But they were indispensable instruments for exhuming that great civilization of the past that awed the sixteenth century mind. They served a purpose by enabling men to be familiar with noble models and novel customs of a mightier bygone age.

The novelty of the bygone does not last long. We look at some antique, unfamiliar thing, as we now look at Tut-ankh-amen's tomb: acquaint ourselves with it, and put it away. Sometimes we think that it is so valuable that we build a museum for it. We imitate the model. That is what the schoolmasters, the museum-keepers, did with classical literature.

Unhappily for the schoolmasters, the Greeks were the great inventors—the men who did not imitate. And those imitate the Greeks in spirit best who imitate them in word least. Nothing can be less Greek than learned hoeings and harrowings over the minutiae of Greek scholarship or white-washings of Greek sepulchres.

We are no longer content with education as a mere decoration—an impressive adornment for the leisure of country gentlemen. Of this earlier type of education its treatment of modern language subjects was typical. The gentry of the eighteenth century either learned their French and Italian in their well-connected

families or on the Grand Tour, or they did not learn it at all. As for common folk, they had no need for such fal-de-lals. One could apply the phrase of a South African politician (used, indeed, about Bantus), "some people are made to serve". Or, more moderately, one could say, with Arthur Young, that a wise farmer had no need to envy the possessors of these gifts.

The prejudice against modern languages, as no true part of schooling, has lasted on. The execrable teaching of modern languages in many public schools and grammar schools can only be explained upon the supposition that the intention is, not to teach the language, but to maintain discipline. Modern languages have been taught, with stress upon grammatical structure, in precisely the same fashion as Latin is taught. That is to say, the object has not been to enable the child to use the language but to help him to improve his character. *Per ardua ad astra.*

The public school, however, of the last century prided itself that it did at least teach thoroughly Latin and Greek. It did this, chiefly, because it always had done it as part of the clerkly tradition. Actually, as the century wore on, the catholicity of the literature studied became less and the stress upon the style of the author became more. Style was everything.

Apparently it did not occur to the schoolmasters that the habit of a good Latin style might be a sovereign receipt for a bad English style. The complicated Latin sentence is a model of how not to write English. To have caught the knack of the Ciceronian or Tacitean construction is a reliable certificate against journalistic success. Since style of writing is style of thinking, drill in a long disused mode of expression is a method of making us unable to follow easily the workings of the ordinary man's mind. Its chief effect will be to make us "literary", in days when there is no longer a clerkly ruling caste. Nor will a collection of etymologies help particularly when the first advice we shall receive from any master of English will be to avoid Latinisms. To know that "elevators" is derived from the Latin will help neither the Society for Pure English nor the lift-boy.

The customary reply to all this is that training in the ancient languages gives discipline to character. In the lower levels of

education a like principle has been well expressed by Lord Eustace Percy, speaking of the elementary schools of forty years ago. "The child learned to sit still for the sake of school order". The whole duty of man, inculcated in the public school, went a little beyond sitting still. Nor would it be quite fair to describe the end in education as leading people up a blind road on the ground that, at least, it was a very difficult one.

Through a knowledge of the "humanities"—of Euripides, Plautus, Horace—a certain acquaintance with human nature and the facts of life was imparted to the boys. It is true that the form the instruction assumed was sometimes slightly ridiculous to the modern child, and the parodies of Greek chorus sagacities were not without excuse. It is true that this instruction could have been got as well, or better, elsewhere—in modern authors. It was yet a training in life and ideas.

It would have been a fine training if only the life of Rome in the first century B.C. had been a quite safe guide to conduct in the twentieth century A.D. The ideas, moreover, and the values that were imparted in this training would have been splendid had they only been suitable ideas and values, taken (as it were) neat. It is, however, at least worth recalling that the ideas we thus take over, thanks to a classical education, are those of a slave-holding civilization. They may perhaps need re-thinking in terms of the modern world. One point about a classical education is that it provides us with such an ample field for a study of the inhumanities from Achilles to Belisarius. The criticism of what we have learned to accept as good from the great classical tradition of the Occident is probably the chief intellectual obligation of the modern world. We cannot for ever walk about in the cast-off cultural clothes of other ages and peoples.

Sometimes I think that those are most fortunate, little although they realize it, who are formally uneducated. At least they have not the disadvantage of never suspecting their ignorance of most of those things a modern man should know. Much of our education is a training in how *not* to be adapted to the contemporary world. The untrained and uncorrupted have some chance of seeing things freshly. If they fail, it is from lack of natural personality.

There is another, and very different, attitude towards education. Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, said recently that, "in terms of usefulness there is no reason why medicine or law should not be considered 'higher' education than any other course. . . . Any sort of vocational course is worth while so long as it is useful to the community". The university "absorbs the money of the community", and the community is, apparently, entitled to call for the tune.

Dean Pound's argument is a useful reply to that snobbishness that would re-inforce the professional training of the clergy, which we call "liberal education", by admitting to the category of higher education training for those professions usually affected by the wealthier classes. If technical training for law and medicine are to be admitted, without further inspection, as higher education, then there is no reason why (should the rate-payers so desire) professional training in dentistry and plumbing, journalism and advertising, domestic economy and scavenging, hotel-management and lodging-house keeping, should not be admitted to the field of higher education. And, obviously, the lower education should be capable of leading up to the higher education.

Why educate? That is the fundamental question. Dean Pound's reply is: to train a man in a useful job. That is good education which pragmatically—and pecuniarily—works. That reply appears inadequate when we reflect that, without education, we should neither have that obedience upon which the order of the world rests nor that trained initiative upon which its progress depends. Bertrand Russell makes two suggestions, in his *Education and the Social Order*, that here appear very relevant. "The individual should mirror the world. Why? I cannot say why, except that knowledge and comprehensiveness appear to me glorious attributes, in virtue of which I prefer Newton to an oyster". A catholic appetite for knowledge is, then, one characteristic that we seek in the fully educated man. Further, Bertrand Russell asserts that "our social structure increasingly depends upon trained and well-informed intelligence". The appetite for knowledge must be related, not merely to a money-making job in demand in the economic market, but to the duty of the citizen and the powers of the

man. Science, in its full sense, and politics seem to be the two proper subjects for education.

Doubting Thomases may ask how far these things—intellectual curiosity, sense of duty as a citizen, vigour of personality, even fitness for a paid job—are best acquired in schools. Is a catholic appetite for knowledge best satisfied by direct experience or by “talk” and second-hand experience? Perhaps sound schooling should be such as to develop in us the power to criticize—to discover what experience can be dispensed with, to judge what first-hand experience will be first-rate experience.

It is not, however, the critical powers alone that require development. The logical discipline that has been the pride of our universities has had the defect that it has persistently regarded one fallacy detected as mattering more than five truths gropingly discovered. It is an attitude appropriate for conservation and defence, for those who are *beati possidentes*; it does not engender the mood that can create a new world or foster research into new and uncertain fields of knowledge. It intimidates initiative and sterilizes imagination. Its panacea is cold water. The creative and imaginative powers also require development in any sound education. Science and politics are not enough. We also require personality, which can inspire intellectual knowledge with vitality and politics with purpose and shape. It is not the quality of the ready and docile examinee. It is the result, as Plato said, of the impress of a good world upon good human material.

To that impress of the world the human being should not, in any intelligent system of education, be merely passive. The critical power should be strengthened by controversy. My only reservation to Bertrand Russell's suggestion that children should be made to listen in to wireless debates, on the social future, between Mr. Winston Churchill and M. Stalin, is that the child might surely be entitled to protest against such an overloading of its capacity. But I would rather assume too much capacity than too little. A mere intellectual cleverness, however, and controversial aptitude, existing alone, are no better than a curse. Along with critical powers must be developed perceptive power.

Three quarters of humanity is intellectually dead, spiritually dead, because it merely does not see the things before its nose.

Here a conventional education is something worse than useless. There is much more hope in the untrained person who retains a certain *naïveté* of perception. It is not necessary for a man to be much schooled in order to be a poet. And this will remain the case so long as the professional educationists pay less attention to teaching children how to look at, and vividly experience, their world than how to talk correctly about it. The perverse reaction of writers, such as D. H. Lawrence, against the intellect is precisely due to this breakdown in the conventional presentation of what is intelligent. Of course, every artist of spirit reacts against it. Perhaps no kind of schooling can give this education that really matters in vivid perception. But, in the teaching of elder children, it can scarcely be said that a very vigorous attempt has been made.

The stimulus of controversy—Plato's notion of “biting and tearing like young puppies”—should awaken the mind, not only to take in, but to give out. Vivid perception alone, like keen criticism alone, is not enough to make a complete man. The world is full of things that we might learn about. One of the difficulties of modern education is that, even if we are content to turn men into specialists, still there is a danger that they will be in their middle twenties before they approach the confines of existing specialized knowledge. While still under tutelage they grow into adult men who should be taking responsibility. The result, as one sees it in the American Ph.D. and in that home of over-learned men, Germany, is not too satisfactory. Initiative is suffocated by erudition. An intimate connection is necessary between knowledge and action, so that even intellectual curiosity itself may be guided clear of the sterilities of philosophic doubt and may issue in some kind of reasonable human satisfaction. The living current from the great world that enters us through vivid perception, must be returned again through power of creative action.

Hitherto every system of education has tended to turn out some special kind of man of affairs. The education of Rome especially qualified a man to be a lawyer—although he might prefer the less Roman pursuit of a rhetorician. The education of the Church was designed to perfect the spiritual directors of Christendom. German education has had the official in

mind; recent English education has concentrated on making a good civil servant. In America alone, with characteristic experimentalism, instead of concentrating on training a ruling or administrative class, there has been an attempt to fit men for any and all walks of life in which they could make a well-paid livelihood.

The theory, moreover, that the aim of all education is to produce a man of fully developed powers who is also a good citizen, and that the aim of all higher education is to produce a man of fully developed powers who is able to take a lead in the art of government is not a stupid theory. It requires careful consideration. It is not merely the case that we would wish well-educated men to be our governors—philosophers to be kings. It is fully as much true that, knowing what we want in our governors, we discover there the final end of our formal education. If Plato was not talking nonsense, he surely must have meant that philosophy must be kingly.

Here, then, is a clear goal in our general education, our "liberal" (that is, "freeman's") education: to make every man something of a ruler, if only of himself. If objection is taken to this, it is because we have not changed enough our notion of government with the change of the times. The art of government is not only one of military command. It is also one of understanding the man who understands the control of nature. The people, again, may choose to be ruled by Communist commissars. If so, the object of general education should be to impart the training appropriate for a good man who would also be capable as a commissar. It is interesting that in Russia they stress music.

Whatever may be the particular fashion that it assumed, this training to play a part in the guidance of affairs gives direction to what otherwise—specialized education for a profitable job apart—would be merely aimless education of the human powers and the cultivation of an unpleasant self-expressionism. If we regard man as, primarily, not the individual who is also citizen, but the individual who is also pilgrim of eternity, then religious education must be brought in to play its part.

The reason why modern liberal education is so bad is that it no longer fulfils the function that (in part, unconsciously, and

in part, deliberately) it once performed. We are therefore dissatisfied with it without knowing quite why. We daily revise the Map of Democratic Western Europe, discover new explanations for its old shrinkage towards the dimensions of Holland and our own isle, and put the blame upon some fault in the electorate. The explanation may lie in the fact that the education at the top does not engender imagination in the conduct of modern government, but only qualifies a man for being a cautious Treasury official (who will, presumably, no longer ask, with a certain Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he looks at the decimal points, "What are all these damned dots?"). And the education at the bottom has no adequate continuity with that at the top.

Attempts, as in the recent Education and Employment of Young Persons Bill, to remedy the danger by raising the school age to something less than that customary in most American states are unhappily abortive. That is a scandal. It is rightly said that we do not want a class of white-collared unemployed. It is very rightly suggested that some vocational training in the probable pursuits that will be followed by the children will do no harm. It is even true that some manual training for all may do much to heighten that power of perception of which the importance has been stressed. If some Cambridge undergraduates or undergraduates of provincial universities in this country today did as some undergraduates, a few centuries ago, used to do—as Harvard undergraduates do in great numbers at the present time—"work their way through college", it would give them some valuable experience upon which to philosophize.

What, however, is generally forgotten is that every child, boy and young man or woman, should be given the conviction, at the appropriate age, that the community is *his* or *her* community and that he is entitled to some intelligent notion of its structure and working, nature and spirit. He should have the true freedom of contemplating its purpose as something integral with his own purposes and as something in which he has a share. To induce the sense of being a shareholder in the treasure house of civilization is the essence of a liberal education.

THE JUNKERS' LAST THROW

BY HARRISON BROWN

THE thesis of the National-Socialists and the standpoint of their foreign apologists is that Germany has had her Revolution and now wants to live at peace with the world. In both respects the claim is controversial and in both the necessity for drastic qualification at least can be proved. It is as untrue to say that Germany has yet had her revolution as it is to say that Hitler "seized power". The Nazis were hauled into office by the Junkers and the Industrialists after they had passed the zenith of their influence and had begun to disintegrate. The "Saga of the Revolution" is a myth which no informed person has ever taken seriously.

Hitler has not destroyed the old regime: he has supplanted a weak interregnum of Social-Democracy, which had already collapsed in July, 1932, with the surrender of Severing, just as the old regime itself had collapsed in 1918 with the surrender of Ludendorff. The impetus created by the rank and file of the Nazis in the wake of Göring's terroristic activities carried Hitler considerably farther than his own timorous leadership would have done. It enabled the Party to turn the tables on their Nationalist allies; it has enabled spokesmen all down the line to proclaim the glory of the *Führer Prinzip*; by the sensational destruction of what are considered elsewhere the cultural bases of civilisation, it has created the impression that Germany has been wholly *gleichgeschaltet* to the Nazi pattern. For the moment at least most of that is bluff. The power factors of the old regime have been eliminated from the surface only, it is they who still run the country.

But if the functioning of the leader principle is a myth, the incessant proclamation of it is important for several reasons. By the fanaticism of his single-track mind and his flair for popular sentiment, Hitler has retained the leadership of his

movement against many obstacles. Apart from that he is a vacuum. The *Führer Prinzip* is doing for him now what his audiences have done for him in the past. Alone, or in committee, he has always been a nonentity, subject to fits of melancholia; faced with a crowd he has a capacity for imbibing their magnetism and throwing it back to them in concentrated form. Suggestion may yet make him a leader, in the sense of statesmanship, by means of this same capacity for serving as a channel. But the fact that he is still far from maturity is of great importance. On the manner of his development may hang the future of Germany and of the Western world.

At present, in any case, Hitler is the sport of intrigue and the marionette of circumstance as much as any puppet king that ever was. To a simple mind the complexities of modern government are unutterably confusing, and in these days especially Dr. Hanfstaengl is often called upon to play the piano to cheer his depressed chief.

This period is indeed portentous, for even outwardly the theory of the complete supremacy of the Totalitarian State is being assailed. The joint denunciation of the paganism of the Nazi "German-Christians" by the Evangelicals and Catholics strikes more deeply than any mere struggle for liberty of conscience, upon which alone a graceful withdrawal before such numbers would be easily possible. It strikes at the dearest phobia of Hitler himself: anti-semitism. For propaganda purposes his coming to power destroyed such bogeys as unemployment, corruption, the Junkers, etc., and attention has therefore been largely concentrated upon "racial purity". The Jew has been more than ever the wire through which all criticisms of brutality and delay have been short-circuited. How can there be a volte-face on such a question? How stem the flood of anti-semitism which is the base of all new laws and all new education?

Foreign policy, too, is proving less simple than it seemed. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler has written: "Let this be perfectly clear. The inexorable deadly enemy of the German people is and will remain France." Arrived in power, there were demonstrations around the frontiers, "strong-hand" talk by Nazi leaders, finally strong action at Geneva. Then a sudden

change, a proffering of hands across the Rhine, much talk of "gestures". Hitler had acquired the ambition to be the man who solved the Franco-German quarrel. Hitler is always sincere; that the French realize. They did not doubt the momentary sincerity of his interview with M. de Brinon, they only feared that later there might come another somersault. Their suspicious minds thought, too, that some of the Nazis might be as militaristic as they said they were; they even imagined that the frantic preparations for war were not entirely a matter of prestige and of that "inferiority complex" which Hitler claimed to have destroyed. They noted the unprecedented importations of such an all-important war material as nickel; the purchases of scrap iron and the prohibition to export it; they watched the efforts of the Government to make the German people "air-minded", and the drilling of the whole male population over the age of ten.

Nevertheless, the French presented a new offer on disarmament. It is no secret that Hitler was at first delighted with this document. "You give me more than I asked", he is reported to have exclaimed to the French Ambassador. The French offer was certainly an advance; had it come five years earlier most subsequent history would have been different. It looked for security to the reduction of French armaments, but it also required no re-armament for Germany. It was worded with extreme politeness. And yet it took the Germans many weeks to answer. The old officials found several snags in it; the heavy industry, which largely controls the Nazi Economic Council through its members Thyssen, Vöglér, Böhringer and Krupp von Bohlen, also did not approve of being baulked of further orders. Hitler's disillusionment cannot have been less painful on account of his first innocent burst of enthusiasm. So this was the tricky foreigner he had heard about! Soon a revulsion of feeling became evident in his speeches. There crept in a note of bluster which certainly did nothing to convince outside opinion that Nazi conversion to peace is either profound or permanent.

In addition to all this there is the economic situation. The Ministry of Finance may pretend to optimism, but the leaders have no illusions about the state of affairs. Nazi statistics on

unemployment are obviously open to question, the "dole" figures are no guide at all, for not all even of registered unemployed receive the dole, notably domestic servants, agricultural labourers and bargees. *The Economist* has pointed out that "fresh employment was only found at the expense of those already occupied, by cutting down their hours of work and reducing their wages accordingly". Real wages are lower today in Germany than they have been for fifty years. At the beginning of last year the total unemployment figures were estimated at about eight millions. A Nazi paper, the *National-Sozialistische Volksdienst*, of the 12th January, says that today seven million people are being assisted by the Winter Help—to the extent of an average seven marks monthly in money or kind. When the dependents of the assisted people are included, this means that at least a quarter of the total population of Germany is receiving help to the extent of a very few shillings per month.

These figures, and these dissatisfactions of large groups do not proclaim that National-Socialism has failed. They do, however, indicate that it has as yet done nothing to improve the material well-being of the people. And that alone is sufficient to indicate further changes in store. That the changes will come by means of pressure from the "have-nots" of the movement upon the forces now in occult control is fairly certain. The tempo of this development cannot be prophesied, for it depends as much as anything upon the ever fluctuating rivalries between the leaders of the party.

The alliance of Junkers and Industrialists with Brown Fascism came into being under various forms of pressure, and with different specific objectives. The Industrialists sought a popular mask under which they could destroy organised Labour. Hitler was faced with the disintegration of his movement and clutched at the last chance to save it. By so doing he proved the correctness of Gregor Strasser's analysis of the situation a few weeks earlier, when that leader had sought to persuade Hitler to throw in his lot with von Schleicher. Strasser was disgraced and for a period was a refugee in flight. He has now for some time been back in Germany and, as a chemist, holds the important post of Manager of the Schering-Kahlbaum factory

in Berlin, one of the chief potential poison gas factories in the country. Strasser has always represented the extreme revolutionary socialist wing of the Nazis, not far removed from Communism. It is not unlikely that his influence and advice is already felt inside the jarring factions of the Berlin leadership.

The position of the third party to the alliance was the most interesting, and may still prove to have been the most important. Since the war the Prussian Junkers had regained their political influence, but their economic situation had gone from bad to worse. They had survived the collapse of their world in 1918 by the simple expedient of retiring to their estates and keeping quiet. Outposts of the old regime in the civil service watched every opportunity of re-asserting the claims of the traditional ruling class. Above all the old professors throughout the educational system never ceased to stab the Republican Government in the back. Once only in the succeeding years was there an interruption in the slow return to power of the Junker. At the time of the Kapp Putsch there were peasant risings throughout Mecklenburg, Pomerania and East Prussia. A few landowners were killed; often the scenes resembled those of the French Revolution, with aristocrats facing an angry mass of agricultural workers armed with pitchforks and old guns. But the latter were quickly outwitted and the revolt subsided. Until a year ago, in outlying spots, it was still possible to see the peasant kiss the hand of his overlord. Feudalism was only just out of sight in East Prussia, nor was the general level of culture of the Junkers themselves far removed from that period. Heine denounced the Prussian aristocracy as "a handful of common nobles who have learned nothing beyond horse-trading, card-sharpping, drinking feats and similar stupid, rascally accomplishments. Such are the men who think they can fool an entire race, and, moreover, the race which invented gunpowder and printing and the *Critique of Pure Reason*".

Nevertheless, the doom prophesied by Heine has been a long time coming. For nearly a hundred years after he published his diatribe, the Junkers have continued "to fool an entire race". Not even their own tenants saw through them. In 1932 the decline in prices of meat and dairy produce had become catastrophic for the peasant farmer. Yet the latter never saw

that a chief cause of his ruin was the prohibitive grain duties imposed for the benefit of the Junker. Despite the reformers of 1848, despite Free Trade Caprivi, Bismarck, the war and the "Revolution" of 1918, this tiny minority of a few thousand families, in an ocean of sixty-five million souls, has disappeared into the trough of one wave only to reappear on the crest of the next.

By 1924 they were a power in the Reichstag, advocating, amongst other things, an anti-semitic programme. In the Luther Cabinet of 1925 they held four seats. Finally, when Brüning resorted to the idea of "Presidential Government", they began to come into their own. With Parliamentary control out of the way, intrigue inevitably played a greater part than ever in public life, and just as inevitably did the intrigues centre round the aged President whose edict had become law. If Schleicher was the political assassin who actually dispatched the Catholic Chancellor, it was the Junkers who had undermined his authority.

Papen's six months term in office was only important in that he fell. His "Cabinet of Barons" was a bare-faced attempt on the part of the Junker clique to reimpose their domination and prepare the restoration of the Monarchy. That at least the German people would not stand. Their refusal to tolerate von Papen was destined to be the people's last expression of democratic sentiment. Henceforth when they voted, they voted themselves into chains. Schleicher, who followed Papen, sought to profit by the latter's mistakes and to redress the balance. He fell foul of the Junkers, however, on several points. "They will not touch me", he told a friend, "I have done too much for them". But in politics there is no gratitude for past favours when the future is at stake. In one of his last editorials, written as the intrigues were thickening in Berlin, Theodor Wolff wrote: "These weeks the hungry ravens are circling ever more narrowly round the ancient tower". Hindenburg was indeed besieged by the raven Junkers. And the Junkers, as Wolff continued prophetically, "during, before and since the war were always great patrioteers before the people and great profiteers for themselves. Why should it not be the same this time?" With dry sarcasm the great editor remarked

that the makers of the Weimar Constitution had not foreseen the President's son.

The full story of the frantic Palace intrigues of those weeks will not yet be disclosed. When it is, the "mystery" of Hitler's advent and the origin of the Third Reich will become much clearer. The root cause was, as ever, the desperate struggle of the Junkers to continue to over-rule economic fact by political power. For almost the last time the Junkers betrayed their country and, for the conservation of their great estates, threw sixty-five million people into the maw of Fascism. Brüning had fallen because he threatened to exempt bankrupt estates from the proposed agrarian moratorium. Schleicher intended the same, but he did more. He encouraged the exposure of the scandals of the Eastern Relief Act (the *Osthilfe*).

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the sordid swindles uncovered by the Budgetary Committee of the Reichstag. Suffice it to say that this fund for the provision of credits for agriculture in East Prussia was found to have become a Junker racket. Small farmers got little, the Junkers helped themselves. In every conceivable way these loud-voiced patriots, who for generations had battered on the German people, were caught red-handed robbing the till of their bankrupt Fatherland. Credits granted for the reconstruction of one property were found to have gone in the purchase of others. In some cases estates were "reconstructed" three times in succession and, on a fourth bankruptcy, were ceded to a daughter who was a minor, in preparation for another raid on the Fund. Others bought automobiles and hid them to the French Riviera. The Press bore vicious headlines incriminating famous names, and the waves of the storm washed high. The climax was reached when rumours began to circulate concerning the President's entourage.

Neudeck is the unpretentious estate in East Prussia upon which President Hindenburg spent his boyhood, and for which he has a great attachment. Quite early in the heyday of intrigue the wildest and most cynical of the Junker clan, Herr Elard von Oldenburg-Januschau, conceived the brilliant idea of a "national gift" of the former family estate to the old President. Neudeck is rich in sentiment but poor in soil; it stands in urgent

need of "reconstruction", a typical eastern estate indeed, which never has and never can pay its way. Installed at Neudeck the President found himself surrounded and courted by noble families. There the simple old soldier became, like them, a needy Squire. Little imagination is needed to link this factor with the stranglehold which Junkerdom had again established over politics by 1933.

The *Osthilfe* scandal caused a panic, and by no means only among those whose names were already disclosed. The sack of secrets was not exhausted when its mouth was sealed by the overthrow of Schleicher. About Neudeck itself, for example, there was much that was not clear. The title deeds had been made out to Major Oscar von Hindenburg, the President's son and aide-de-camp, who for years had been increasingly the channel of reactionary approach to his aged father. It was freely rumoured that no Donation Tax had been paid on the homestead and that provision had been made for future evasion of the Inheritance Tax. Clearly there were other quarters besides the Junkers to whom the Reichstag exposure was unpalatable. Ironically enough one of the first acts of the Combine under the "anti-corruptionist" Hitler was to reclaim the documents laid before the Reichstag Committee in connection with the scandal.

Much has happened since the Unification Bill of April 2nd established the Nazi-Nationalist alliance in power for four years. Much that has happened has been unpopular with the landowners. There have been forced levies of cattle and food by local Nazi units, in addition to the usual "voluntary" contributions to Party funds. Unemployed are thrust upon large and small estates alike and must be fed and housed whether or not there is work for them to do. The Nationalist Party has been dissolved; the Stahlhelm, which in 1932 Papen threw into politics as a "Junker Army" against the Brown Shirts, has been merged into the S.A. Hugenberg has been dismissed from the Cabinet, despite his furious reminder to Hindenburg that his going would upset the balance of parties and thereby invalidate the National Government.

Nevertheless, the big estates remained intact. Darré, the Nazi Minister of Agriculture and originator of the Party's Land

Programme, had publicly eaten his words. He had announced that "Nazi land settlement would have nothing in common with the Marxist methods of proletarianizing the country population", and in July he definitely declared that the great estates would not be touched. The *Erbhofrecht*, or Peasants' Corporation, which came into force on June 12th, did not concern the Junkers directly. Indirectly, however, it seemed to show the writing on the wall. Germany was to be a land of smallholders, the official commentary declared that "Bauer" was to be a "new title of nobility", and this was followed by further regulations concerning the use of titles which would have been unthinkable a few months earlier. The new law, loosely phrased, seemed partly designed to create an impetus which would not long tolerate even the secret subsidizing of the large estates.

Happily for the Junkers, this law has aroused the bitter antagonism of the peasants, who do not approve of being bound to the soil, with prices fixed by the authorities in Berlin. The rigid principle of primogeniture, which is an integral part of the scheme, is even more unpopular. The rule of all post-war changes of system is applying also to Germany; in their turn the Nazis are finding that peasant discontent is easier to foment than to satisfy.

It is in these circumstances that the Junkers judge their time for re-asserting themselves to have come. For a year the Nazi giant has laid about him with a club, smashing all that seemed hopeful, but changing little that was bad in the Fatherland. Now the giant is a little breathless, and more than a little puzzled. The sweep of the club has hitherto done no more than chip some paint from the economic machine, but the dust and grit it has raised does not improve its running. The question now is whether the club is to be used on the machine itself or whether the old engineers are cunning enough to steal it from the giant.

To the outer world the fiction of a united Germany is incessantly proclaimed. The Junkers and Industrialists know better. They also know, however, that they themselves are no counter-attraction even for the disillusioned. Their solution is simple—back to the Monarchy. Though it is doomed to

failure, the moment chosen for the mention of it is inconvenient for the Nazis.

Of the Nazi hierarchy, however, Göring, the gangster Premier of Prussia, would be almost alone to welcome it. Göring always had monarchical leanings: today both his relationship with the Industrialists and his growing insecurity amongst his Nazi colleagues tend to increase his sympathy for the change. By so much the more do the "Socialist" Nazis become vehement in denunciation. "All over the land the reactionaries are stretching themselves," says Goebbels, "Let them beware".

The "Second Revolution" was halted by Hitler at the beginning of a dangerous winter. It is about to start again. Its predestined victims are Schacht and Krosigk, guardians of "orthodox finance"; Kurt Schmitt, appointee of Big Business in the Ministry of Economics; a host of non-Nazi officials throughout the upper ranks of the Civil Service, who have remained till the present on account of their experience. And with these will go the Junkers and their big estates. With the coming of spring Point 17 of the "unalterable" Programme is due for revival. "We demand land reform adapted to our national needs, the enactment of a law for the uncompensated expropriation of land for public purposes, the elimination of land interests and the prevention of land speculation".

When that occurs one hope alone will remain for the Junkers. That hope is war, in which their services as officers still remain indispensable. For if it is true that Germany alone was not responsible for the last war, it is also true that Germany's share of war guilt must be borne almost solely by the Junker class. The Junkers have war in their blood and their egotism is all-consuming. Not for nothing are the fortunes of Japan followed with such attention and such sympathy in the new Germany, for Japan also came late to imperialism and is unsatisfied. For the Junkers especially Japan has become the centre of urgent interest, for the Junkers alone cannot make war today. For that they would need outside assistance and some discontent at home. That discontent in certain circumstances could well be focussed on Point One of the Nazi Programme, which reads: "We demand the inclusion of all Germans in a Great Germany on the ground of the right of self-determination".

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

VI.—RUSSIA

BY D. S. MIRSKY

THE Russian Soviet novel has passed through three stages which correspond in the main to the stages passed by the country since the end of the civil war. In the first stage, Soviet literature was chiefly dominated by writers who did not belong to the proletariat or to the Communist party.

In the civil war novel, to which their work is devoted, the writer is either a passive onlooker thrilled by the grandeur of the spectacle and intent on expressing his personal attitude to it in as individual and original a way as possible; or else he is a blind atom that has lost all sense of will and personality in the impersonal (and equally blind) revolutionary force; or, again, a helpless but fascinated victim, both dreading and worshipping the Juggernaut of the revolution. Hence the dominant features of the novels of those years—the absence of individual characters, the dominant role of masses, crowds, communities, armies—a fatalism in the presentation of the oscillations of victory and defeat, as of the individual fates of that helpless atom, individual man—and, on the other hand, a fierce insistency on the author's originality, a desperate desire to write as personally and as originally as possible.

These features will all be found in various proportions in the works of the most representative non-Communist novelists of those years: in *The Bare Year*, by Boris Pilnyak, the earliest success of the Soviet novel; in the Siberian stories of Vsevolod Ivanov; in the early work of Leonid Leonov; in the consummately condensed stories of *Red Cavalry*, by Isaac Babel; and in Artem Vesely's epic, *Russia Washed in Blood*.

The last named may be taken as the summing-up of all this phase of the Soviet novel. It appeared in its full and final form only in 1932, long after the phase had passed, but all the

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main parts were written in 1923-27. The impersonal, mass story is given pure and simple. The novel consists of two disconnected parts which deal with two distant parts of the country, the North Caucasus and the Middle Volga, and have no link except a unity of atmosphere, and the one impression left is that of a seething maelstrom of struggle, horror and heroism.

The second stage of the Soviet novel is the early proletarian novel, which is almost the exact opposite of the novel just described. The term "proletarian" does not so much imply the individual origin of the author in a working-class family, as his general political and ethical attitude. The proletarian novel took form chiefly in the end of the nineteen-twenties, but its first steps were made at the same time as those of the non-Communist writers, and its earliest productions may be regarded as, in a sense, an answer to the works of writers like Pilnyak and Vesely. The individual novels sometimes actually preceded in time the works to which they are an answer. Thus, nothing is more illuminating than a comparison of Vesely's *Russia Washed in Blood* with the first great achievement of the proletarian novel *The Iron Stream*, by Serafimovitch. Serafimovitch is seventy, and Vesely not thirty-five. *The Iron Stream* appeared in 1922, and *Russia Washed in Blood* in 1932, and still *The Iron Stream* is a step further than Vesely's novel, and an answer to it, in about the same sense as *Joseph Andrews* was an answer to *Pamela*.

Serafimovitch's novel is a story of leadership, of effort of revolution, a story of how the Bolshevik leaders of the Taman Red Army saved it from demoralisation and disintegration, and led it to victory. In style and manner *The Iron Stream* is reminiscent of much pre-revolutionary literature, and lacks many of the features of the mature proletarian novel. But the main feature of the latter is present: the approach to the story, as to a problem of leadership, education and victory. For the main subject of the proletarian novel is the political education of the rank-and-file by the conscious revolutionary, and the education of the revolutionary himself on practical work with the masses.

The masterpiece of the proletarian novel was *The Nineteen*,

by Alexander Fadeyev. It is also a story of the civil war, the story of a commander of Red Guerrillas in the Far East. The story is written in a manner strongly influenced by Tolstoy. This Communist novelist is primarily interested in understanding the human material by which Socialism is being fought for, to appraise the real value of every individual fighter, to know what to expect of him, and how to get the best out of him. Two characters of Fadeyev's novel are particularly memorable—the commander of the fighting group, Levinson, and the young intellectual, Meychik. Levinson is the first adequate character of the Communist in imaginative literature; steady, unspectacular, utterly reliable, unassuming, brave and patient, capable of gauging the value of every man under his command, and with his quiet, persevering energy keeping up their energy and resolution, even after a seemingly hopeless defeat (the Russian title of the novel actually is *The Defeat*). Meychik, the individualist, the young man brought up on "human values", dreaming of abstract heroism, but afraid of blood and incapable even of keeping himself tidy in bush warfare, or properly looking after his horse—an ineffectual individualist, who from sheer discouragement and offence becomes a traitor.

Novels like these changed the face of Soviet literature in the later nineteen-twenties, and must be regarded as the fountain-head of the Soviet novel of today. But in the interval developments took place which changed the face of the country and affected literature most profoundly, making of Soviet literature something fundamentally new and different from other literatures both past and present.

Here is not the place to give an account of these changes, which began in 1929-30, and which amounted to the advent of Socialism, that Socialism which had been a distant goal for so many generations, and the foundations of which the Soviet Government had been steadily and unostentatiously laying ever since the moment of the October Revolution. Outside the Communist party, this coming of Socialism was almost unexpected, and the mind of the intellectual was strongly impressed by the new developments.

The intellectual always imagined that Socialism was a noble dream, a distant and delusive ideal. He suddenly realised

that it was a more efficient practical proposition than capitalism.

An important effect of all this on Soviet literature was to do away with the existing distinction between proletarian and non-proletarian writers and to merge all in one army of Soviet writers equally concerned in the great work of Socialist construction, and to give Soviet literature a unity it had not hitherto possessed. This political background had to be brought out before we can understand the new tendencies in the Soviet novel. They are entirely conditioned by the social upheaval of those years. The key to the Russian novel and to all the Soviet literature of today is the will to help in building Socialism. Literature has become a conscious part of a common effort; a function of the social organism closely and consciously co-ordinated with its other functions, which all converge towards one common purpose.

The two new characteristics of the new Soviet literature are its conscious purposefulness and its conscious co-ordination with a collective existence. This has to be grasped before anything can be understood in the novels that are being written in Russia. To understand what it is the Soviet novelists are doing, the non-Soviet reader must make at least some step towards understanding the new Socialist civilisation that is growing in the Soviet Union.

First of all he must get rid of the individualistic aesthetic ideas that are dominant in England and other capitalist countries about literature being the "expression" of an individuality, and about its producing an independent world of "value." A "willing suspension" of all acceptance of the ideas of Benedetto Croce, Bertrand Russell and Middleton Murry is an act of goodwill required of the person who intends to understand Soviet literature. If he approaches it as just another "national" literature, comparable to German, American or French literature, he will find himself in the ridiculous position of a biologist who would study a bird from the point of view of its adaptiveness to the life of a fish.

It may be useful in this connection to say a few words of the attitude of Soviet literature to the literature of the past. It would be wrong to regard the former as *solely* a growth of the new social conditions, with no roots in literary tradition.

The recognition of the great importance of the cultural heritage left to Socialist civilization by the civilization of the past is an essential point in the Communist outlook. A great interest in the classics of the literatures of the world is a striking and essential feature of literary life in the Soviet Union. Translations and books about them are numerous and widely read. My last work before sitting down to write the present article was an extensive essay on Smollett, to serve as an introduction to a new translation of *Peregrine Pickle*, which is shortly to appear simultaneously with *Tom Jones*.

Of all the writers of the past, the two that are today most on the lips and under the eyes of the Soviet man of letters are Shakespeare* and Balzac. In the present connection it is the latter with which I am most concerned. We recognize him as uniting in a supreme degree all those features which in the novel of the past are most actual and instructive for the Soviet novelist. Balzac, you will say, was neither a particularly purposeful writer nor had he any sense of being part of a great army working at a common task; but these qualities are precisely what the Soviet novelist has no need to learn from the past. He gets them direct from the time and place he is living in. What he can and does learn from Balzac is the art of seeing society, of seeing and showing history in its uninterrupted flow, of giving historical forces, classes and social entities individual life in characters of unsurpassed convincingness and reality. Balzac was a greater historian of his age than any professional historian. His art was knowledge, and the Soviet novelist regards his art as an instrument of knowledge.

Balzac's knowledge, however, was not applied, it was not placed at the service of a great common cause. In this respect the Soviet novelist has nothing to learn from Balzac, and everything to learn from the scientific Communism of Marx and Lenin.

The Soviet novel of today wants to be an instrument of knowledge applied to the great tasks of the time. It wants to be a picture of its vast collective effort and a study of the men and women engaged in it, of the changes operated in them by the new conditions created by themselves, and of the further

* Two Shakespeare plays, *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night*, are at present running in Moscow.

possibilities contained in them. Purposefulness, co-ordination with the social whole, and an approach to imaginative work as a form of knowledge—these are the three main characteristics of the new Soviet novel. Their combination is defined by Soviet criticism as Socialist realism.

The reality which the Soviet novel of today reflects is the Socialist reconstruction of a vast country, according to plan and directed by one conscious collective will. The vast scale of this reconstruction gives the literature that reflects it a scope that may be called epic. The Soviet novel is an epic of purposeful effort. As a rule it has no definite plot in the traditional sense of the term. It is the story of a series of successive engagements in one and the same campaign, every hard-gained victory raising new tasks and demanding fresh victories. "The fight goes on" is the refrain that ends every novel. It was the refrain of Fadeyev's *Nineteen*, which ends with the defeated irregulars, who had been dispersed in their last encounter with the Japanese, gathering together and rallying for fresh battles. The new Soviet novel usually ends on a victory, but a victory which demands new exertions in order to gain new victories.

These words of "fight" and "battle" and "victory", and these analogies with the war novel of Fadeyev, must not be interpreted too literally. The fight is not necessarily a fight with lethal weapons. It is, on the one hand, of course, a political and economic fight against the last of the propertied classes, the village bourgeoisie, but it is also a productive struggle with the reluctant forces of nature, and a fight with the servile and indolent mentality bred in the people by generations of subjection to bosses, an educational fight to bring up a Socialist mankind.

The most characteristic novels of these last two or three years are all connected with one of the two main problems that had to be (and were) solved by the political leadership of the country: the problem of turning the rural districts from a world of isolated petty properties into a system of collective socialist farms, and the problem of turning a backward agricultural country into a country of advanced industrialism. The examination of these two problems in their respective fields is

the subject matter of what we may call the *kolkhoz* (collective farm) novel and the industrial novel.

We may take as specimens of these two types of novel two which were probably the outstanding successes of last winter (1932-33): the first volume of *Broken Earth* (Podnyataya Tselina), by Michael Sholokhov and *Forward, Oh Time!* (Vremya, Vperyod), by Valentin Kataev.

Sholokhov is a Don Cossack. His first novel, *The Quiet Don*, which made him famous, is a vast chronicle, constructed somewhat along the lines of *War and Peace*, relating the stories of several Cossack families from the period preceding the war to after the civil war. This vast scale is typical of the modern Soviet novel: it tries to take in as much as possible of life and to follow the unfolding of history in all its varied detail. But *The Quiet Don* is a story of the recent past; *Broken Earth* is a story of the present, a present that is not yet over. It is typical of the Soviet novel to come out in parts, without even the author sometimes knowing what will be in the next part, because the events that he will have to relate have not yet happened. The *kolkhoz* novel which shares the first place with Sholokhov's is Fyodor Panforyov's *Bruski* (of which the third and by far the most interesting volume appeared a few months ago), another instance of such a chronicle. It is the history of a whole rural district, from the end of the civil war onwards, which can be continued until the final victory of Communism.

Sholokhov's book is the history of a village of Don Cossacks during the crucial period of the campaign for collectivization, the early months of 1930. It is the story of the fight between the Communists and the rural bourgeoisie, led by ex-officers of the Tsarist Cossack forces, as to who shall win the main masses of the working Cossacks. The plot is unfolded simultaneously in the two hostile camps. Davydov, a Communist workman of the Putilov works in Leningrad, arrives in the village to direct the work of collectivization. He acts with the support of a very small number of local Communists and of the village poor, and soon succeeds in winning over the "middle" Cossack, and in establishing a *kolkhoz*. But the inexperience of the Communists in this entirely new field of work leads to exaggerations and excesses: they insist, for

instance, on socializing even the poultry. These exaggerations give fuel to the reactionary propaganda of the officers. A Cossack officer lives concealed in the house of his former sergeant-major, and succeeds in winning over a considerable number of "middle" Cossacks. They get ready for an armed insurrection. Davydov loses ground—he narrowly escapes being lynched by a mob of women, but his steadiness and resoluteness win through. By degrees he acquires the experience he lacked at first. Then arrives the news of Stalin's famous article (March 1930) condemning and cancelling the exaggerations of the local Communists. The middle Cossacks swing back to the Soviet side. The officers' plan collapses. Davydov is brought to trial before the district party committee, but succeeds in vindicating himself, and shows himself an admirable organiser during the first "sowing campaign" of the new-born *kolkhoz*.

This bare outline will give an idea of the extraordinary richness of Sholokhov's book, of the wealth and variety of characters and of the wonderful colour and vividness of every scene. Least of all is the story a mere strategical account of the moves and turns in the struggle. Davydov acts in a complicated atmosphere of political and personal relations; and his love affair with a Cossack woman plays a prominent, though not dominating, part in the latter part of the novel.

For wealth and truth of detail, for variety of characterization, Sholokhov has nothing to fear from a comparison with Fielding. The principal thing in his novel is the characters, characters which are the best instance of the Soviet novelist's ability to unite the general with the particular. Davydov, the Cossack officer; Polovtsev, the ex-N.C.O.; Ostrovnov, who is the officers' agent in the *kolkhoz*; the Cossack Communist and civil-war veteran, Nagulnov, who has never been outside the Don Territory, but whose fondest dream is to see England a Soviet republic; the absurd and naïvely selfish old pauper Shchukar, are figures that hold their own by the side of the greatest in the portrait gallery of Russian literature. They are, at the same time, searching studies of the social forces at work in the Soviet Union, and an invaluable contribution to the practical work of understanding and directing them.

Forward, Oh Time! is a very different performance. If

Sholokhov's novel is a chronicle like *War and Peace*, Kataev's, like *Ulysses*, is the story of twenty-four hours in one town. The town is Magnitogorsk, or rather the site which has since become Magnitogorsk—for at the time described by Kataev not one of the plants was ready, and the whole place was doing nothing but building. Kataev is a brilliant and sparkling writer, who conveys his characters with a marvellous lightness of touch through their gestures, through the accent of their voices, so that, as in real life, one sees them as sensuous images before one perceives them as natural agents.

The story turns on the rivalry of the three relays of workmen engaged in a particular part of construction; which of them will work better and hold the red flag. The issue is, how many mixtures of concrete can be made in an hour. The story is told with extraordinary *brio*, and reads like the most exciting novel of adventure, or rather perhaps like a sparkling comedy (the book has been turned into a play).

Kataev is a less central figure in Soviet literature than Sholokhov. He approaches his subject from the outside, and not without a certain levity, but he succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of Soviet industry with extraordinary vividness.

I have not room to analyse in any detail any other novels. Their variety is great. Nothing, for instance, can be less like *Forward, Oh Time!* than the industrial novel of Marietta Shaginyan, *Hydro-electric Central*—a thoughtful and searching study of the main motives of the Socialist worker and engineer, and of the spirit of collective work. Again, a very different variety is presented in *A Man Changes his Skin*, by Bruno Jasienski—the story of the building of a great irrigation system in Central Asia near the Afghan frontier, where the characters of Socialist realism are paradoxically, but successfully, blended with the technique of the detective novel—the story turning round the discovery of a plot to wreck the enterprise.

An entirely different type again is the book which was the most successful first novel for several years—*I Love*, by Alexander Avdeyenko. As a literary production it is not typical of the Soviet novel, but of all books it is perhaps the one of which one may most confidently say that nothing like it could have been written outside the Soviet Union, and before 1930. It is

unlike the typical Soviet novel, for it is what usually that is not—the expression of a personality. But what a distance from anything in those literatures where the expression of personality is the one accepted object of literary work. The novel is autobiographical. The hero is born in a miner's family about 1905; the family, exposed to all the miseries of a proletarian existence, falls to pieces and dissolves. The boy becomes a waif, and develops into a thief. After many years of anti-social existence he is taken into an educational settlement. There he learns to work and learns the pride of work. From there he goes to Magnitogorsk as an engine-driver. Avdeyenko's Magnitogorsk is very different from Kataev's, but both are permeated with the same spirit—the pride of work, the pride of the Socialist working for no bosses, but for his own class. Avdeyenko is young, and his education was casual. His work is distinctly immature, but no one has yet expressed this new pride which is bred by Socialism with the same force.

Avdeyenko is very representative of the mentality that is growing up in the new generation of Soviet workers, but as a writer he can hardly be regarded as typical, for he lacks what is, after all, the dominant feature of our literature, the attitude towards imaginative work as a form of knowledge. Among other things, this attitude finds expression in a tendency to break down the boundaries separating imaginative literature from other forms of knowledge, especially from social science and history. In this connection a highly symptomatic development is the *History of the Factories*, a tremendous enterprise inaugurated by Gorky and directed by L. Averbakh, for which the active support of thousands of factory workers and engineers, and hundreds of professional authors has been mobilised. The *History of the Factories*, of which two volumes have already appeared, aims at being a scientific history of the individual plants which together form the vast army of Soviet industry. Without surrendering a tittle of scientific rigour, it aspires at producing at the same time genuine art, "the great epic of the Soviet proletariat," as Averbakh puts it, and thus bringing together these two essentially cognate forms of knowledge.

The very nature of the *History of the Factories* makes it a collective work. A still more novel experiment in collective

literary work has been attempted in the book, just out, on the White Sea Canal. The book was written by a group of over thirty writers (also presided over by Gorky) and welded into one in such a way as to form a single seamless whole. The group describes itself as the first literary kolkhoz. Being myself one of the group, I will venture no opinion on the result, all the more as the book is not, in any strict sense of the word, fiction.

MORNING IN THE SOUTH

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

The morning, like a living crystal, blue,
Cloudless and deep

Some god has passed unseen
Leaving an ecstasy in wave and land
And fragrance of his body on the air,
A living hush, part awe, part tenderness,
The promise of the mystery of birth
Which seems more real than death.

Could time stand still,
Poise with unswerving wing at this one hour
When life has stepped into immortal paths
And beauty triumphs like a faultless rose.
Could this sun stand for ever in this sky
For ever pouring forth pure morning light,
This faint warm wind for ever breathe, these boughs
For ever tremble with such greenery,
The air still hold its fragrance, and this sea
Shine like a richer sky to the last verge
Where both embrace. Why should not this endure,
This unexpected touch with kinder gods?

Because it passes, it is beautiful.

L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY

BY PHILIP CARR

IN France the pawnshop is an official institution, conducted by the municipal authorities. It used to be called the Mont-de-Piété, and in Italy, where these establishments were first created, the Monte di Pietà was a charitable bank. The old name had continued to be used in France from the time of the adoption of the thing itself, at the end of the eighteenth century, until quite recent years, but it has now been changed into Crédit Municipal.

Every important town in France has its Crédit Municipal; but until 1931 those inhabitants of Bayonne who wished to raise ready cash on the security of their valuables had to be content with a branch office, whose headquarters were in Toulouse. Early in that year M. Garat, the Maire of the town, who was also the local member of the Chamber of Deputies, suggested to his colleagues on the municipality that with the luxurious watering place of Biarritz only a few miles away, and with the proximity of the Spanish frontier, across which aristocrats, carrying their jewels with them but often short of money, were daily taking refuge in France, a Crédit Municipal might bring in a considerable profit for the alleviation of the rates. Moreover, he was able to announce that he had obtained from private sources, which he would not reveal, the necessary 200,000 francs for the initial capital. The proposal was adopted, the municipal councillors had confidence in their Maire, and nobody even seems to have raised any objection when the management of the new institution was confided to a certain Tissier, unknown locally, but vouched for by the Maire as having had experience of this particular business, and when a certain Cohen, whose references were of a similar kind, was appointed valuer of the articles to be pledged.

Naturally enough, the amount of the original capital already indicated was not sufficient to carry on business to any great extent; but a benevolent legislature had long since devised means for meeting this difficulty. In the time of Napoleon III powers had been given to any properly constituted *Crédit Municipal* to raise money by the issue of bonds on the security of the valuables which it held in pledge; and as it had authority to charge 12 per cent. interest on the pledged property and could borrow at 8 per cent. or less, there was a handsome margin of profit. These powers were even extended by laws passed in 1908. On the other hand, *Crédit Municipal* bonds were placed in a category of investments which would approximate to what in England are trustee securities. Insurance companies were entitled to take them up, and as the District Committees under the new Health Insurance Acts were left free, under a law passed in 1930, to invest half of the large sums of money at their disposal in other than strictly government funds, here was another direction in which *Crédit Municipal* bonds could be placed.

Of course, the accounts of these institutions are, in theory, severely controlled by representatives of the Ministry of Finance and the other public Departments concerned; but the event showed that the very multiplicity of this control enabled it to overlap in such a way that it was at no point really effective.

Here is a conjunction of circumstances such as to make the mouth of any bold and imaginative swindler water. The surprising thing is that from the Second Empire to our own time no one had taken advantage of it. The field was untilled. It was left to a little Russo-Polish Jew, Serge Alexandre Stavisky, who had already been in prison for theft and fraud, who was awaiting trial for other thefts and frauds, who was well known to the police, who had been excluded for cheating from every public gaming table in France—it was left to this entirely discredited individual to work the virgin soil and to reap the harvest.

For it was he who supplied that first 200,000 francs. It was he who nominated the manager and the valuer. It was he who persuaded the Maire to sign the bonds in blank. It was he who instructed the manager to make out these bonds

for fabulous amounts and to hand him the bonds so made out in return for the payment of the quite small sums marked on the counterfoils. It was he who discounted the bonds and pocketed the money, or at least so much of it as he was not obliged to pay away to accomplices, to lawyers and to blackmailers or to spend on the magnificent style of living and the lavish entertainment of politicians which kept him afloat for such an amazingly long time.

It need hardly be said that when he presented himself to the Maire of Bayonne he did not draw attention to the incidents in his past to which I have referred. He did not even make his appearance in the name of Stavisky. He had become the elegant, sleek, dapper, smiling, discreetly overdressed, respectfully gallant millionaire, Serge Alexandre, whose beautiful wife, in her splendid motor car, won prizes for fashionable distinction at every smart watering place at its proper season, while he himself played with his children on the sands and took healthy exercise on the courts by day after losing hundreds of thousands of francs at a throw with admirable composure by night, or in the early hours of the morning. How far the Maire really knew anything about that past and whether or how far he consciously took part in the swindle will perhaps be revealed at his trial. What is certain is that he could easily have discovered the facts if he had taken the trouble to make enquiries.

In examining the Stavisky affair it is as well to distinguish between the fraud itself and the fact that people in honourable positions should have been induced to lend themselves to associate in any financial operation, even apparently honest, with a man whose reputation was so peculiarly tarnished.

About the actual fraud two things may be said. One is that the crash was not the result of imprudent speculation, leading to doubtful practices in an effort to recover. It was a swindle from the beginning. The other is that we have not here a case of robbing the private, credulous and inexperienced investor of his savings. The bonds of the Bayonne *Crédit Municipal* were not taken up by individuals. They were discounted by the managers of insurance companies and banks and by the treasurers of official insurance funds, who ought to have known their business and were responsible for taking proper precautions.

The total number of Bayonne bonds issued has not yet been exactly ascertained; but when it is taken into consideration that Havre, a leading seaport with a population six times that of Bayonne, only has bonds for less than a million and a quarter francs in circulation for a *Crédit Municipal* which has been in existence for many years, one would think that the attempt to discount the very first of the considerable number of bonds of a million should have aroused suspicion, long before the appearance of the bond for eight million francs which provoked the general refusal to renew and led to the smash.

Why did these experienced business men accept the bonds? At first, no doubt, because they belonged to a class of security in which they were authorized to invest. Afterwards their motives become rather more doubtful. Considerable commissions were certainly being offered and paid for the discounting of these bonds, and they may have been an inducement, even if the money went into the secret funds of the insurance companies and not into private pockets. On the other hand, M. Dalimier, then Minister of Labour, wrote a letter in which he first recalled that Health Insurance Committees were free to choose the investments for one-half of their capital, and then virtually recommended the Bayonne bonds. This letter was written in answer to an enquiry made by the newspaper editor, Dubarry, now under arrest for having accepted money from Stavisky, but it was used as if it had been written to the manager of the Bayonne *Crédit Municipal*. On being informed of the existence of the letter, insurance companies and committees which were being invited to take up the bonds may have thought that they were almost covered by a State guarantee, and that the Government could not allow those who subscribed to lose their money. The revelation of the letter caused the resignation of M. Dalimier and the fall of the Chautemps Government; and although the honesty of the Minister was affirmed by his colleagues, that of the business men who took his advice can hardly be cleared except at the expense of their judgment.

However, the disquieting issues of public and business morality involved in the ease with which the almost obviously worthless Bayonne bonds could be discounted are far less important than those connected with the fact that, taking his

past into account, Serge Stavisky, alias Alexandre, could move at all, as he did, in financial and political circles, and could not only set on foot the Bayonne fraud, but could almost succeed in setting on foot the far larger fraud of the indemnities of the Hungarian Optants, with whose profits he would have paid up the damage of the Bayonne affair, in the classic tradition of swindlers, before floating some larger fraud still, in order to pay the damage of the Hungarian Optants.

His criminal record begins in 1915 with a sentence of six months' imprisonment for theft. At this period he is engaged in shady theatrical business and suspicious transactions in jewellery. There is afterwards a prosecution for passing forged banknotes and another for altering the figures on a cheque. In each case Stavisky gets off owing to police evidence; and this evidence is given in such a way as would lead a keen observer to the conclusion that he is already an informer in police pay. In the second case, moreover, the cheque in question mysteriously disappears. When he is next heard of—in a criminal sense—he is already launched on his resplendent career. He and the beautiful mannequin who is to become his wife have their 40-h.p. car, and they are well known figures at Deauville. He makes millions, and his next prosecution is for obtaining a million by false pretences. He is arrested at his villa at Marly-le-Roi, where he is giving a very smart but very bohemian party. The arrest of "the great swindler, Stavisky", is made the subject of dramatic pictures in the popular illustrated papers. It is at this time that his father, the modest dentist who had struggled to educate his son at the Lycée Condorcet, commits suicide in despair.

This arrest was, however, the turning-point in Stavisky's career. He had apparently long since discovered that it was possible for a wrongdoer to make friends with the police. He was now to put the knowledge to much better account. He was also to take advantage of the fact that although it may be useful to be defended by a brilliant advocate, it is much more useful that the advocate be a member of the Chamber of Deputies. From this time onwards his constant legal adviser was Gaston Bonnaure, the Parisian Deputy now under arrest at Bayonne, and three or four Ministers or ex-Ministers accepted lucrative

briefs connected with the important financial transactions in which he was to be engaged. It was, perhaps, as much due to the ingenuity of his advocates as to his police connections that, after eighteen months' prison awaiting trial, he was released on the ground of ill-health, and that for seven years, up to the day of his death, the prosecution of Serge Stavisky was nineteen times adjourned on the plea—supported by medical certificates—that he was too ill to appear, while the dazzling Monsieur Alexandre was building up one financial house of cards after another, with retired ambassadors, Civil Servants and Senators as directors; was subsidizing a daily paper, as well as several weeklies; was running a theatre, at whose opening performance *le Tout-Paris*, including the Prefect of Police, was in the audience, and was forming a racing stable. It is true that he met with a little difficulty here; for the association which in France corresponds to the Jockey Club refused to allow him to race in his own name—or what was generally believed to be his own name. However, he discovered a South American diplomatist with a high-sounding title and all sorts of decorations to act for him.

If the influence and pressure discreetly applied by his parliamentary advocates kept Stavisky out of jail for his past offences, it was the tolerance of the police which enabled him to continue his operations. It has been admitted that after his release he offered them his "co-operation", that it was accepted and that he was given a letter which acted as a sort of pass and enabled him not only to change his name, but to enter the gaming rooms, from which he had been excluded. Moreover, it is difficult not to see a certain police protection in the immunity from prosecution which his many doubtful enterprises enjoyed; and associates with known police connections were with him in his last hiding place—perhaps to protect him or perhaps to see that he did not escape and give the whole story away.

At the same time, it was quite easy for anyone who took any reasonable precautions to have had warning. The Bayonne fraud itself had been preceded by an attempt at a similar fraud at Orleans only a year earlier, a fraud from which that municipality was saved by the honesty and common sense of its *Maire*. Besides, apart from the fact that the man was well known for

what he was in financial as well as gaming circles, there were numerous official reports to his discredit, and he was even openly denounced in certain papers. No doubt it is only today that attention is being drawn to the existence of some of these reports; for just as none of the people who dined at Stavisky's table will now admit having had any acquaintance with him, so a certain number of authorities, who are now accused of negligence in connection with him, point at unfavourable reports which were unnoticed at the time. Nevertheless, it can hardly be questioned that anyone who made it his business to enquire into the trustworthiness of Stavisky could have found out that he was untrustworthy, although it can hardly be claimed that those who should have protected the public from him and warned the public against him fully did their duty.

It is this double failure—failure of public honesty and failure of public duty—which has aroused the fierce indignation of the French people. The enormous majority of the individuals who compose this French people are much more honest and much more public-spirited than some of the men whom they have allowed to take the control of their business and their politics.

Why do such men succeed? First of all, because the mass of Frenchmen are peasants. This means that their interest in politics is purely local. They are either clerical or anti-clerical, according to the social and religious tradition of the neighbourhood, sometimes slightly modified by individual personalities. For them the Deputy is the man who represents their clericalism or anti-clericalism, and after that the man who can serve the material interests of his constituency, especially in the evasion of tax-paying in general and taxes on the local products in particular. Consequently the representatives who are sent to the Chamber are of one or the other of two very different kinds. Either they are quite honest but entirely unintelligent clodhoppers, elected because they are popular in their neighbourhood, simple fellows who are sometimes dazzled by the life of Paris and sometimes maintain an unreasoning prejudice against it. Or else they are carpet-baggers of the most vulgar and most cynical character, ready to gull their constituents and indulge in every kind of trickery.

There is no middle class living on the land, and the old aristocracy has unwisely stood aloof from Republican politics. The result is that the rural politician and consequently the majority of the Deputies possess none of that tradition of conduct which even a small leaven of those who have an older and more constant standard introduces into any assembly. The peasant is not dishonest himself. On the contrary, he is indignant at dishonesty; but he is so suspicious that he almost provokes dishonesty in those who serve him, especially as he is also so mean that he always underpays them, and thus tempts them to make money in other ways.

It does not follow that he always succeeds in making his servants dishonest. There is, in the highly competent, strictly conscientious, but underpaid, ranks of the magistracy, the army and navy and the civil service, a code of responsibility and duty which is admirably high. But these ranks are recruited mainly from the middle classes of the towns—limited in number—and also to a small extent from the old aristocracy; and although this middle class is often composed of men who are only removed from the peasant by one generation, that generation has been sufficient to impress the stamp of professional morality.

However, honourable as is the tradition of the permanent public service, there are conditions of French public life which make it dangerously liable to pressure from politicians whose standard is not so high. The judges are not appointed from the members of the Bar, as in England, but begin their careers in the lower grades of the magistracy, and depend for their promotion on the Minister of Justice, and consequently in part upon the influence of any Deputy who may come—as he will not hesitate to come—to ask a favour for a friend or for himself. The police are divided into four groups—the local police, who are municipal forces, but are in Paris under the control of the Prefect of Police, himself removable—as was shown recently—at a moment's notice by the Government of the day; the Sûreté Générale, or national political police, directly under the orders of the Minister of the Interior; the gendarmerie, who are a military force under the orders of the Ministry of War; and the Garde Mobile, a recently created

body for the suppression of disorder, also military, but responsible to the Minister of the Interior. It may be said that all these forces are subject to political pressure, which means not only the pressure of the Government but that of the private member, because, for good or evil, the parliamentary rule and practice give a great deal more power to the private member in France than in England. The mere fact that the Prime Minister cannot force a dissolution contributes to this private members' power.

As for the Press, the existence of two large secret service funds, one at the Ministry of the Interior and one at the Quai d'Orsay, although it is supposed to protect the Government from wanton attack, really tends to put a weapon dangerously approaching blackmail into the hands of those papers which cannot live as commercial enterprises and must be subsidized by somebody. In Paris the number of such papers is very high; for as the French business world has never taken to newspaper advertisement as a normal form of publicity, there are very few journals which can be described as sound business propositions. It was, therefore, possible to reach the preposterous situation of Albert Dubarry, editor of the nominally Radical *Volonté*, who is now under arrest for complicity in the Bayonne scandal, who was certainly associated with Stavisky, who is held to have been responsible for persuading M. Dalimier to write the letter which induced the Health Insurance committees to subscribe for Bayonne bonds, but who regularly drew subsidies from the Government—not only from the Radical Governments of Herriot, Chautemps and Daladier, but from the entirely opposed Right Concentration Governments of Poincaré and Tardieu.

It is not so much the financial scandal which has stirred the indignation of the ordinary Frenchman, who is so surprisingly long-suffering until he reaches the point where his patience cracks and he becomes violent. It is not so much that money has been lost or that it has been fraudulently taken. It is not even that the honour of outstanding public men has been involved. The Oustric scandal obliged a Minister, who had been President of the Senate and was first favourite for the Presidency of the Republic, to retire from public life and spattered several other

politicians of the parties opposed to those Radicals who are now involved; but the country was not roused. The Marthe Hanau scandal passed almost unnoticed, except by those who had lost their money. It is not so much a question now of the honour of individual politicians or even of money lost—for, as I have already explained, the private investor is not directly hit.

The reason why this scandal has moved men who would otherwise have been indifferent is that it has revealed the corrosive action of corrupt political pressure upon a number of points in the judicial and administrative machine which had been believed to be secure from such pressure.

The immediate reactions have been political and professional. Among the latter is a severe decree issued by the *Ordre des Avocats*, which declares that a barrister who is also a Deputy must not in future appear in any case for or against the Government, and must not defend or advise anyone accused of a crime connected with a public appeal for money, or the director of a company so accused. The first political reaction is naturally an anti-parliamentary movement, or, at least, a movement against the powers and privileges of members of Parliament in their present form. Let it not too hastily be assumed, however, that this means a movement towards autocracy. Certain political organizations in Paris have attempted to direct the general uneasiness and indignation in this sense; but if they have met with a considerable response in Paris—even so, largely confined to middle-class Paris—it should always be remembered that Paris is not France; and France, although conscious that there must be a reform of Parliament, is not undemocratic.

Apart from the professional and political reactions, there has been provoked a far deeper reaction of a moral character. One of the most surprising things to an ordinary decent Englishman, when he begins to understand something about France, is to notice how men in whose honesty and honour he has learnt to trust, and can safely trust, will consent to live in personal relations with other men, whom, in spite of their intelligence and their agreeable manners, he recognizes as belonging to the sort which no reputable club would consent to elect. He will observe how men of this sort conduct most of their political

and public and even their private affairs by exercising pressure, because they are in a position to say something or do something which would be eminently disagreeable to their opponent. He will see such men tolerated for an incredibly long time, and then, suddenly and unexpectedly, a violent row and open enmity. The exaggerated sufferance and the brutal reaction are alike foreign to the English character, but they are typical of the public and private life of France.

In France the cure for evil always comes at the last moment. It is always drastic, but it hardly ever fails to be effective. The metaphor of "opening the abscess", which has recently been used pretty frequently in Paris, is in close sympathy with the present French state of mind. Everywhere there is a feeling that France must pull up sharp. There has been a loosening of morality in private as in public affairs, and there must be severe reform.

When the French democracy has been in this spirit, its instinct is to look for moral leadership to one of its elder statesmen. In 1871, it was to Thiers, whose career seemed to be over, but who came out to live the most glorious part of it and to consolidate the young Republic. In 1917 it was to Clemenceau, another veteran. In 1926, it was to Poincaré, who had passed the highest office in the State and returned to save the franc. In 1934 it is to Doumergue.

THE GREYS AND THE HALIFAXES

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

WHEN John Keble stood in the pulpit of St. Mary's to deliver an Assize Sermon before the University of Oxford, his immediate intention was to denounce Lord Grey for permitting the Reform Government to abolish some unwanted Irish Bishoprics. It was incidental that his sermon should have inaugurated the so-called Oxford Movement. It was also incidental that Keble could one day claim admirers among the statesman's somewhat numerous descendants; for Lord Grey's last surviving grandson became first President—and virtual founder—of the Church Union, while a great-grandson, a future Viceroy of India, wrote the preacher's biography. Charles Lindley Wood, second Viscount Halifax, outlived by nearly a quarter of a century the Psalmist's allotted span of three score years and ten. There can be no tragedy in the ending of a life well and truly lived, and it was fortunate that Charles Wood—like his friend, Edward Talbot—defied not death, but the helplessness of great age. And yet many were deeply moved by the knowledge that Lord Halifax was no longer alive. It was not always because they knew him personally or because they shared his passionate desire for the union of Catholic Christendom under the primacy of the Bishop of Rome. It was, rather, because he represented for them the very last link with an age tawdry and yet magnificent, prejudiced and yet courageous, confused and yet confident of a commanding destiny; the England portrayed in the correspondence of Thomas Creevey, so recently re-discovered by Mr. John Gore: the England of one hundred years ago. There is, for instance, the close link with the first Earl of Durham. Lord Durham was a fantastic figure. His extravagance staggered the other grandees of his own generation. In an age burdened with revolutionary sentiment, he claimed that a man "could

jog along on forty thousand a year", and so gained from his contemporaries the name of "King Jog". He was, however, by no means devoid of political wisdom, for he returned from Canada with advice so reasonable, and ultimately acceptable, that the generation which had broadened the basis of franchise was able also to broaden the basis of Empire. "King Jog" was Lord Halifax's uncle by marriage.

Charles Wood, at the age of five, travelled to Howick to see his grandfather. He found him seated in an invalid's chair. Lord Grey was then a benign octogenarian. He first became a member of Parliament three years before the storming of the Bastille. He had taken part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. As far back as 1788 he had attacked the Prince of Wales for his debts, and refused to deny that a royal marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert had taken place. Then came marriage with Mary Ponsonby, and his alliance with an Irish family made him a wholehearted champion of Irish rights. He opposed the Act of Union, for it seemed to him an unprecedented act of folly to introduce a hundred Irish members to a Parliament completely unreformed. Whig sentiment, however, could not triumph over corruption in London and Dublin. The Irishmen came to Westminster, and there they remained—a thorn in the side of the Tories—for over a century. Once the Irishmen were in Westminster, Grey sought to make them more truly representative of their own country. He pressed for Catholic emancipation, though often he was to be found checking the exuberance of fellow-"Catholics". Misunderstanding was inevitable. Grey incurred the displeasure of King George the Third, whom any proposal for Catholic emancipation swiftly shocked. Later on, his advocacy was to alienate him still more from the Prince Regent, in whose eyes Grey was a dangerous "Catholic". But in any event Grey's quarrels with the Prince were becoming long and frequent, and when, after his accession, Grey dared to oppose the Queen's divorce bill, it was a foregone conclusion that he would not receive office during the King's lifetime. Yet office had never fascinated him. Grey was devoted to Howick, a four days' journey from London. He loved country life. Years ago Fox had noted with dismay that Grey could not stay in London without wishing to rush

away and join his family in the North. Here was a characteristic with which Lord Grey of Falloden—his brother's descendant—would have sympathized completely.

By the time the volatile Duke of Clarence succeeded to the Throne, Grey had been out of office for more than twenty years. To all appearances his public life had been a dismal failure. He had been deprived of his seat, which was Northumberland, by the nomination of Lord Percy, whom he could not afford to oppose; and when another seat became available, his father crippled his chances of a career in the House of Commons by accepting a Peerage. Nor did the succession of the Duke of Clarence necessarily signify a change of fortunes for Grey. King William—"a very good king if he does not go mad"—was no more loved than his brothers. "They have insulted—personally insulted—two-thirds of the gentlemen of England", cried Wellington. But while the gentlemen of England might be united in their detestation of the royal brothers, they differed in their projects for countering revolutionary activity. Between those who feared any show of weakness before the enemy and those who believed that reform of some sort or other was imperative a deep gulf had been fixed. When Wellington declared that the constitution was as near perfection as possible, he was using the language of Edmund Burke. But in the first years of King William's reign the language of Burke had become the language of defeat. The way was paved for the return of Lord Grey.

The tale of the Reform Bill has been often told. Once Lord Grey was in power he would not retire until he had accomplished his object. He was ready to suffer one defeat after another in the House of Lords. He extracted from a reluctant monarch a promise to create a number of new Peers sufficient to ensure the passage of the Bill to the Statute Book. His was a ruthlessness for which his closest friends were not prepared. He forced the aristocracy to abdicate. He had brought the upper middle classes to political power. But the masses, whom the aristocrats feared, remained without the franchise. The revolutionary—for such Lord Grey was—had effected a typically English revolution. For all his high-mindedness and his fine oratory he had conceded no more than was absolutely necessary.

But when these concessions were made he had no desire to remain for long in office. Men hated him, even as Shelley hated Castlereagh. To the Prince Regent Grey had been a "Catholic"; to Keble a "radical". We know how to be just to both Grey and Keble, even as we know how to be just to both Shelley and Castlereagh. But in public life there is little gratitude. The man who inaugurated a new era in English political life was permitted no longer to participate in the public affairs. In the next century another bearer of his great name led England to war and as a reward was never again allowed to return to office. Both faced their misfortunes calmly. There is an excellent portrait of Lord Grey, written by Creevey during a visit to Howick. He described Lord Grey distributing the letters to his guests, and commenting, a little sadly: "It's funny enough, of all these letters, there is not one for myself".

A very good picture, this [writes Creevey], for politicians to study and a very pretty portrait of a retired one. The same tranquillity and cheerfulness, amounting almost to playfulness, instead of subsiding have rather increased during my stay, and have never been interrupted by a single moment of thoughtfulness or gloom. He could not have felt more pleasure from carrying the Reform Bill than he does apparently when he picks up half-a-crown from me at cribbage.

This was the man, seated in an invalid's chair, whom, even in advanced years, Charles Wood vividly remembered.

Grey's one bold act of statesmanship was destined to have curious effects upon the fortunes of his descendants. The Reform Bill secured Parliamentary representation for the manufacturing town of Leeds. There zealous Liberals, anxious to secure an impressive candidate, nominated Thomas Babington Macaulay. This man, then in his early thirties, was too ambitious to be content with the lot of a private member of Parliament, when powerful friends were offering him a post worth ten thousand a year, and, in little more than a year after the Leeds election, he proceeded to Calcutta to take up his duties as Law Member of the newly-constituted Supreme Council of India. That he should have shown any sympathy with Indian art or letters was doubtful from the start. In fact, no sooner did he arrive at Seringapatam than he urged all the English people he could find to read *Clarissa Harlowe*. As far as possible he chose to forget that he was living some seven

thousand miles from London. He read and re-read the "classics". It was, however, necessary for him to pen a Minute on Education, which was to decide whether funds should be devoted to the encouragement of Oriental literature or English literature. A more sensitive Englishman might have desired to encourage Urdu. Not so Macaulay. For him the English language spelt progress and enlightenment. Oriental culture produced not light, "but rather darkness visible". As it happened, the Bengali reformers of that period—the men who applauded Bentinck for abolishing *suttee*—were more than anxious to support the Law Member. India was anglophil. But Macaulay's plans for anglicized methods of education in India led to difficulties which a succeeding generation had to solve.

It was only a matter of time before Englishmen introduced the University system to India. A pioneer of this system was Sir Charles Wood, Lord Grey's son-in-law. Even before the Mutiny Sir Charles Wood had become an authority on Indian affairs. Queen Victoria's proclamation and the establishment of peace brought India into a completely new relationship with the British Government, and Sir Charles Wood went, almost as a matter of course, to the India Office. There he remained for several years, until a serious hunting accident brought his public career to a sudden end; whereupon he retired to the House of Lords as the first Viscount Halifax. Sir Charles Wood has made no deep impression upon posterity. He lacked the compelling eloquence of his father-in-law and the almost barbaric splendour of Lord Durham. But it is not unreasonable to claim that the prim Peer who promoted the Indian Universities was a revolutionary second only in importance to the Peer who enfranchised the upper middle classes of England and the Peer who decided the direction of Imperial development in the New World. United in one family are the makers of modern England, modern Canada and modern India.

It may be that Sir Charles Wood interpreted the traditions of public service rather too rigidly, for when his son and heir expressed a wish to be ordained, he objected. It was certainly not his intention that the school-friend of the heir to the Throne should serve the Church rather than the State. In like manner

some thirty years beforehand a wealthy parent, builder of several churches, had opposed the wish of William Ewart Gladstone, when he, too, sought ordination. One cannot altogether withhold sympathy from Sir John Gladstone or Sir Charles Wood. Gladstone would have made a troublesome Primate—if one may assume that Queen Victoria could not have prevented his arrival at Lambeth—and his vituperations against the Papal decree of Infallibility would not have eased the task of those who, in the days to come, reflected upon the baffling prospects of union with the Church of Rome. Lord Halifax, even as a clergyman, could not have evaded the responsibilities of a great landlord. He might have chosen, like Sabin Baring-Gould, to become both squire and vicar. He could have been a charming "squarson", convincing the most prosaic of his Yorkshire parishioners that it was possible to combine the distinctions of wealth with the renunciations of the priest. And yet his opportunities for service within the Church would have been very different. The Church of England does not resent the advice of laymen, though foreigners are undoubtedly puzzled by the fact that for more than a century the sacerdotal party within the Church of England—the party that deliberately extols the office of the priest—should itself have followed the leadership of a layman. But, in spite of themselves, the sacerdotalists, though anxious to advance beyond the limited conception of a purely National Church, are Englishmen, whose Catholic advocacies have invariably an English ring.

Rome requires submission. Yet Lord Halifax looked forward to the day when English Churchmen, while acknowledging the Primacy of the Pope, would retain autonomy for the Provinces of Canterbury and York, and be permitted to use an English liturgy, as well as their matchless translation of the Scriptures. In Belgium wise Cardinal Mercier saw that England had an important part to play in the religious as in the political life of Europe. He knew only too well that the alienation of the Church of England tampered with the welfare of Christendom. It may be that his own keen sympathy misled Lord Halifax and his friends; for, however advanced the conclusions reached at Malines might be, the final word had to come from Rome.

Archbishop Benson and, indeed, the greater number of the Anglican Bishops never doubted that in the end Rome would refuse to abate any of the terms of submission.

In the last century Anglican sympathy in Rome was not strongly marked. There was, in fact, an attitude occasionally bordering on the flippant. How else can we explain the delightful legend of the Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar being received in audience by an amused Pope: "I believe, my Lord, I am in your diocese?" But the undertones of flippancy have long since vanished. There lives to-day, as Pope Pius the Eleventh, a man with a closer knowledge of Anglican history and aspirations than any of his predecessors, and when he authorized Masses for the conversion of Anglicans, he was thinking of such men as Henry Master Bannerman and Dr. Wickham Legge whom, as Cardinal Ratti, Prefect of the Vatican Library, he had known personally, whose scholarship and character had attracted him, and whom he longed to bring within the fold of Rome. But sympathy with Anglicans has not meant sympathy with Anglicanism, and there is no likelihood that the Pope will encourage some successor to the Malines conversations. Lord Halifax struggled towards a goal which in his own lifetime, long though it was, he could not reach. For no prospect of union could commend itself to Rome unless there was first a closer unity within the Church of England, and unless, at some future date, Roman negotiators were assured that they were meeting the representatives of an united Church rather than the leaders of a sectional party. And so his life ended with apparent failure.

The incidental victories, however, were many. It has so happened that, within the very last year of his life, Lord Halifax was able, by his personal prestige, to effect an amalgamation between the English Church Union and the Anglo-Catholic Congress and to become first President of the Church Union. The Church Union brings with it the promise of this closer and indispensable unity, and it may be, therefore, that Lord Halifax has done more in his last year than at any other time to realize his life's ambition. The great statesmen of his family were, for all their personal and intellectual limitations, the pioneers of a new social order. A future generation may discern

in Lord Halifax the pioneer of a wider and deeper Catholic order, which ends England's isolation from the religious life of the greater part of Europe.

More than half a century separates Charles Wood, the Secretary of State for India, from Edward Wood, the Viceroy. The seeds of revolution were planted by the one and reaped by the other. For good or ill our forebears decided to introduce English culture to India. The Universities of India follow logically from Macaulay's Minute on Education. To regret them, as many students of Indian affairs appear to do, is no more helpful than to regret that Catherine of Braganza did not remain a spinster or give to some other impecunious monarch the dowry which included the malaria-infested islands of Bombay. A great deal of the literature of England is the literature of revolt. An Indian cannot be expected to delight in the poetry of Milton or Shelley, or study the writings of John Stuart Mill, without becoming infected with the same spirit. An Indian versed in English literature cannot remain for ever contented with a British *Raj*. It is true that Russia's defeat in her war against Japan destroyed the illusion that the Oriental was inferior to the European. It is true also that the Great War revealed the decadence of Western civilization. But these cataclysmic events hastened a process inherent in the establishment of the British *Raj*. Admittedly, the University system leaves very much to be desired. The present Universities train Indian youths for urban occupations in a country predominantly rural. So doing, they create a discontented class of unemployed graduates. But economic discontent and political discontent are not of necessity synonymous. University education is not permanently damned because there is a need for University reform. The expression of political discontent in the Universities is a sure sign of health; and only by the success of the demand for freedom can the success of the British experiment be gauged. Edwin Montagu was by no means the only British statesman who thought it right to disturb the "pathetic contentment" of the Indian masses.

When Mr. Baldwin sought a successor to Lord Reading, the retiring Viceroy, he knew that events were about to put British statesmanship in India to the severest test. The

Government of India Act embodying the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms ordained that, within ten years of its operation, a Commission should be set up to consider the problem of future reforms. Whether the appointment of this Commission was precipitated or not, it would commence its investigations during the next Viceroyalty. The office of Viceroy is second only to the office of Prime Minister. It is one which many ambitious men, whether professional politicians or not, have coveted; but what would an ambitious man—a man with an eye on opinion in England, the esteem of a great political party and a flair for the acquisition of honours and decoration—have made of those eventful years which ended in the Delhi Pact? Mr. Baldwin chose Mr. Edward Wood, his closest Cabinet colleague and the least ambitious. Before 1926 Mr. Wood was but little known to the general public. A sense of duty brought him from Yorkshire to the Cabinet councils in Downing Street. He is as devoted to Garrowby was as his great-grandfather to Howick. Like his great-grandfather he would have borne more than twenty years of political retirement without the least bitterness or resentment. But just as Lord Grey came down to London in 1832 determined to meet the agitation for reform effectively, so Lord Irwin went out to India resolved to make British policy correspond with Indian sympathy. The men without ambition were men of iron.

Nearly three years have passed since Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi signed the Delhi Pact, and for the last time the "half-naked" fakir walked down the side steps of the Viceroy's house. Lord Irwin had done what a Viceroy in his position was bound to do. His predecessors could—and frequently did—impose the will of the British Government upon Indians. Those days were past. The issues which affect the destinies of India are now decided in India itself. No amount of deference to the prestige of the India Office—no harping upon the ultimate responsibility of the Imperial Parliament—can alter this fact. Lord Irwin was compelled right from the first to pursue a policy already shaped during the Viceroyalties of Lord Chelmsford and Lord Reading. Personal qualities might save him from particular blunders. Another Viceroy, we may well believe, would not have conducted his negotiations with Mr. Gandhi in

quite the same intimate fashion. Another Viceroy might have failed to exhibit the same patience. As it was, Lord Irwin is said to have been seized more than once with the desire to pick the little man up and hurl him out of the window, and one shudders to think what consequences would have followed the fulfilment of this wish. Another Viceroy might not have seen the ultimate goal of British policy in India with the same clarity of vision. If during his Viceroyalty Lord Irwin made mistakes, he was undoubtedly right in convening a Round Table Conference and in negotiating with Mr. Gandhi at the close of its first session. Former colleagues at home might complain. Members of Parliament might hint that the Viceroy deserved impeachment. He might have wrecked his political future. But these misfortunes and forfeitures of confidence were inherent in the task Lord Irwin had promised to fulfil nearly five years beforehand. British policy had to be reconciled with Indian aspiration.

The best tribute to Lord Irwin's Viceroyalty is the fact that, despite the detestation of many Conservatives three years ago, the new Lord Halifax holds an honoured place in the Cabinet. He served Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald with the strictest fidelity, and it is now his privilege to be the colleague of them both in a National Government. It is well, for no Viceroy was ever more successfully divorced from a narrow party outlook. Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, lacked the genius of Lord Curzon, the youthful Viceroy, and we do not know whether the future achievements of Lord Halifax will be of the exalted order of those of the Viceroy who came face to face with an enigmatic adversary. But the times demand exceptional men, for whom patriotism is allied to vision and for whom politics divorced from spiritual purpose are meaningless.

That attitude of mind which laid the foundations of modern England, modern Canada, and modern India must be brought to bear on the greatest problem now confronting this country—her relations with a sick and desperate Continent. Whoever solves that problem will number the Greys and the Woods among his political ancestors.

JAPAN GOVERNED BY "THE CAMP"

BY H. VERE REDMAN

THE leaders of the Army and the Navy, constituting a definite organism, popularly known in Japan as "the Camp", are in effective control of the Government. That is beyond dispute. Under the constitution the power of the military authorities to command the armed forces without interference from the civil authorities is unquestionable, while the power to determine the organization and strength of those forces is shared by the military and civil authorities, the division of power being so equivocal as to permit much elasticity of interpretation. In constitutional terms, what has happened in the past two years has been: (1) that the Camp has successfully upheld the right to enlarge the command power; (2) that the Camp's share of the organizing power has been stretched to its fullest extent, with the result that it has involved a partial control of general economic policy; and (3) that the constitutional privileges possessed by the Camp leaders—privileges intended to guarantee the effective exercise of their special powers—have been used to secure the adoption of general policies in line with their political views.

In order to understand why the Camp governs, we must examine the nature of its powerful influence and try and see to what extent it is based on popular assent, to what extent on a mere threat of force.

In modern Japan the military have enjoyed and deserved remarkable prestige. The reasons for this can be summarized as follows: The military establishments have always proved themselves professionally efficient, having conducted successfully the three campaigns in which they have engaged. People have come to realize that the international prestige of Japan has been peculiarly dependent on these achievements. Moreover, throughout the age of feudalism the warrior enjoyed high social

prestige, and his code of ethics, *Bushido*, plays a proportionately important part in the ethical equipment of the nation at large. This traditional code in many of its more pleasing aspects—frugality, self-control, etc.—has been largely followed by the modern services. On the other hand, military swagger among officers in its Prussian brute form, or in its English socially snobbish form, has been largely unknown. There are officer clans in both services; there is no officer class.

The prestige of the services is all the higher because that of civilian administrators is low. Even in the early days of Meiji the renown of civil government as a whole had some dark spots. In the popular mind the elements of that government were roughly divided into four: the Emperor, the oligarchs, the bureaucracy, and the politicians proper. At a time when the Emperor was taking personally a prominent part in government, as was obviously the case with the Emperor Meiji, a man of unquestioned talent and energy, whatsoever things were pure and of good report in the civil administration were regarded as the work of his hands. The oligarchs too were admired for their strength, and credited with devotion to the common interest; but the rising tide of liberalism was hostile to their autocratic methods, while the constant intrigues among them indicated that zeal in service was at least equalled by lust for power.

The members of the bureaucracy, recruited by examination, and operating in a circumscribed sphere just short of actual power (which remained with the oligarchs), were regarded as, so to say, an extension of the Imperial beneficence; the "government" were non-human, partially divine and partially mechanical. They enjoyed the prestige accorded to detachment from the game of politics (such prestige as is enjoyed by the English permanent Civil Service), as well as that derived from being direct and constant servants of the Emperor.

As to the politicians, the members of the House of Representatives, they were regarded with contempt from the first. They were as impermanent in their comings and goings as the oligarchs, and the intrigues among them were more common knowledge. To their impermanence and imperfections was added their virtual impotence. Disdainfully abused by the oligarchs, they were, when occasion served, as disdainfully

used. They thus appeared as hirelings hardly worth hiring, as vociferous underlings, hoping by their clamour to enhance their price.

We see, then, that only two elements of the civil government, the Emperor and the bureaucracy, stood out from the beginning; the one as above, the other as undeserving of, reproach. As the reality of constitutional government developed, it brought nothing to enhance, and much to detract from, the prestige of the civil arm. It fostered an acquaintance with the principles of constitutional monarchy, principles the more evidently put in practice in view of the more modest personal capacity of Emperor Meiji's successors. Moreover, in the course of Japanese constitutional history it is above all in civil affairs that the monarch-substitute theory has been given formal and documentary sanction. Thus, for the conception of an active monarch controlling ministers has been substituted a conception of something very near the rubber-stamp monarch of the West. In the popular mind, then, as far as civil affairs are concerned, *vox dei* has given place to *vox populi*, a *vox* doubly suspect for its human quality and for the quality of the humans to whom it belongs.

For this quality, too, has changed. The rising tide of liberalism, plus the virulence of inter-oligarchical intrigue, combined to produce a party system. From 1918 to 1931, save for some few brief interludes, Japan's civil administration was conducted, in form and largely in fact, by the political parties. Instead of the dictatorial, power-hungry, but otherwise disinterested oligarchs have appeared ministers less disdainfully dictatorial, but combining ambition for office with avarice for gain. The new ministers have been more talkative and explanatory personages than the old, but no less given to intrigue and, of necessity if not of taste, much more given to corruption.

One of the places where that corruption has been most damaging to the prestige of civil government is in the bureaucracy. The transformation of a detached bureaucracy into competitive swarms of placemen took over twenty years to accomplish, but for the past ten years or more a spoils system, almost as complete and quite as blatant as that in the United States, has existed in Japan. With its development, the dual

glory of officialdom in popular esteem has departed. For its Imperial inspiration has been substituted one shabbily constitutional, while its former neutrality has been plastered o'er with the plainest party labels. As for the politicians proper, they are a little nearer the seats of power, but hirelings they remain, no longer of political leaders, but of the master-hirers in a capitalist democracy, the moneyed interests.

With the Emperor's influence gone, what can be looked for by the public from this trinity of variously competitive hirelings? Who stands here for disinterested service to the nation? These are questions which have been spasmodically asked by various sections of the public throughout the past five or six years. The mere putting of the questions has supplied the answers, and the result has been a gradual decline of the prestige of the civil administration.

In contrast with this actual and imagined decadence of all agencies of the civil government, the two combatant services stand out almost as oases of virtue. As has been said, the Emperor-substitute principle for the military organs is not so clearly embodied in documents as in the case of the civil authority. Thus, the relationship between the Emperor and his military chieftains is popularly conceived rather as one of mystic coalescence than constitutional substitution. In any competition, then, for popular favour between the military and civilian agencies of government, the former start with the initial advantage of appearing, as it were, to partake of the Imperial person.

Moreover, the record of the military leaders, as a body and as individuals, has been, on the whole, one of disinterested service. On the surface at least, they have had no connection with the corruptive forces of big business. There have been scandals, of course, like the Siemen case of 1922*, but when they

* In this case Vice-Admiral Matsumoto was convicted of receiving bribes in connection with Admiralty contracts and sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of Y.409,800; Captain Sasaki, on a similar charge, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of Y.11,500; while Rear-Admiral Fujii, the chief offender, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and a fine of Y.368,306.05. (The amounts of the fines were supposed to correspond exactly to the bribes received.) Several civilians (including three Europeans) were involved in the case.

have occurred, a civilian has always been conveniently involved to save military honour by his own disgrace. There have been individual cases, too, of public misconduct by service men. By general consent, Japan's most glaringly corrupt administration was that of General Tanaka from 1927 to 1929. But the inglorious career of this military man somehow reflected no discredit on the services. He was represented in the public mind rather as one erring member of an irreproachable order who had strayed into the wider and more wicked world. For the rest, the service officers have maintained a reputation for Spartan integrity. They have been seen as perpetually preoccupied with the stern rigours of their craft, and with their thoughts concentrated only on the national honour and safety.

It is evident, then, that they have always been in a position to exercise an important influence on the national mind. In most European states the services remain tolerably popular, provided that they keep out of politics. If they step into politics, they step out of esteem. It is probable that this apparently general law would have operated in Japan, too, if the military had taken any *general* interest in politics. They did not. They were political, so to say, only in a military sense. When politics involved no question of defence, their silence was matched by their reputed strength. When defence questions were *en jeu*, their weighty influence was immediately brought into play. Thus the very infrequency and the specified nature of their intervention has given it an added effect. Their role has seemed to be one of holding a watching brief for purely national interests. It is as if they had said: "The day-to-day business of government can be left to the politicians, who will reap from it possible material benefit and certain discredit. But if the national destinies are at stake, the combatant services are always at hand."

Such was the generally accepted position until comparatively recently. The Camp was non-political, with a vague mandate to be occasionally political when military necessity decreed. But no account of the Camp's assumption of supreme power two years ago is complete which ignores the existence of two important agencies through which the military leaders have been able to establish direct contact with the people at large: the Imperial Reservists' Association and the Young Men's Leagues.

The former was founded in 1910 and included all reservists on the Army List, membership being thrown open to Naval reservists four years later. At present it has a total membership of more than three millions and branches in the chief cities and all the rural centres. "The fundamental object of the Association is . . . to develop the military spirit and to promote military efficiency, which in their turn will promote social welfare, encourage virtuous customs and habits and guarantee the stability of national defence." Among the listed activities of the Association is the holding of meetings for members and the general public to be addressed by military and naval eminences in the active services. Another listed activity is to give guidance to the local Young Men's Leagues and the Boy Scouts. The Boy Scouts organization varies little in composition and activities from its prototype in the West. The Young Men's Leagues, however, constitute an indigenous organism and require some description. They are organizations of young men between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five devoted to aims of civic usefulness and general righteousness in a spirit and by means not dissimilar from those of the Imperial Reservists. The members wear uniform resembling that of the Army, and although they receive training in various non-military accomplishments, this is liberally interspersed with the inculcation of the warrior code. One of the activities of the Leagues is also to hold meetings for their members and the general public, and although there is no statutory qualification for speakers the military complexion of the whole organization guarantees a preponderance of military eminences among their number. The total membership of the Leagues is nearly three million, spread over some seventeen thousand branches, again mostly in rural districts.

It must be evident that these two organizations provide excellent platforms for the Camp to make known its views on any subject. In normal times these platforms are not used for the expression of political views, but if the Camp wants to go into politics, here is organized access to practically all the twelve and a half million voters, backed by three million others, future voters predisposed to sympathy; in fact, all the machinery for a successful electoral campaign.

Such a campaign has in fact been waged. In 1930, over the

London Treaty, the service leaders took a fall. The treaty was signed against their wishes. They made those wishes known to the Government, judging that such an intervention, as in the past, would be enough. It was unsuccessful; partly because the leader of the Government, Mr. Hamaguchi, was peculiarly resolute, partly because other extra-constitutional personages, like the Genro, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Minister of the Imperial Household were in favour of the Treaty and, above all, because public opinion did not for once take the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of the Camp as the last word. The times were out of joint. From that moment onward the military chieftains were assiduous in their campaign. The iniquities and ineptitudes of party government and capitalist democracy became the text of countless orations delivered, under the auspices of the organizations previously described, in staccato accents to rustics gathered in village halls throughout Japan. These stirring lectures on the age's decay had a picturesque amplitude which made them peculiarly suitable as diversions for the long winter evenings. The iniquities and ineptitudes of earlier mention got pleasantly involved with dance-halls, cafés, increasingly un-submissive wives, foreign-style tailoring and other urban evils. Juxtaposed to this were a few simple truths about patriotism and Spartan rigours as largely enjoyed by the audiences themselves and, it must be said in justice, by the speakers. It was a party campaign and a successful one: it won a sort of invisible election, and the military ultimately secured the united rural franchise on the patriotic ticket.

This campaign was not a secret one. Indeed, upon occasion the military leaders made public announcements of their intentions. In August 1931, for example, General Minami, then Minister of War, in a public address to divisional commanders of the Army, delivered himself as follows:

Some people hastily advocate limitation of armaments and engage in propaganda unfavourable to the nation and the Army, while others take advantage of the present psychology of the people with a view to reducing the Army for domestic reasons. *I hope you will co-operate with the War Ministry authorities to correct such mistakes.*

The "co-operation" and correction referred to could only mean pursuit of a political campaign by the military officers addressed. This provoked indeed a mild protest from the

Foreign Minister, and one more vigorous from a private body of parliamentarians led by Mr. Yukio Ozaki. But the general impression was that the Camp was justified, while dealing with affairs from a purely military standpoint, in waging this clearly political campaign just like one of the parties which its spokesmen constantly condemned.

It is sometimes asserted that the strongest weapon in that campaign was the Manchurian incident, whereby the military leaders, made conscious of their loss of ascendancy by the atmosphere surrounding the negotiation and ratification of the London Treaty, deliberately engineered the conflict in Manchuria to bring about what they have since called "the unification of the national spirit", a state of affairs which would have as one of its incidental manifestations a revival of Camp influence. The evidence in support of this grave accusation is not conclusive. It is unquestionable that the first steps taken on the Japanese side in the conflict were taken by the military, without knowledge of the civil authorities in Tokyo. This is, however, no proof of a concerted military plan. It is still uncertain whether the supreme military authorities were aware of what was going to take place, or that the rapid extension of the scale of Japanese operations took place under their orders. There is, on the other hand, much negative evidence of the fact that the Kwantung Army itself was not the inseparable unity which it is desirable for all armies to be. In addition to the discrepancies between statements merely issued by the Imperial Government and actions taken by troops of the Imperial Army, there were less frequent but more disquieting discrepancies between the statements of the Kwantung Command and the actions of troops under that command.

The recent obituary notices of the late Marshal Muto (who succeeded General Honjo in the Kwantung Command) listed as one of his supreme services to the Empire the "stabilization of the Kwantung Army." Stabilization must surely mean, if it means anything, that the state preceding it was unstable. To what could that instability refer if not to a certain insubordination among officers, or at least to a tendency to amplify the orders given them by their superiors? Again, in the same obituary notices, it was counted unto the Marshal for righteousness that,

during the Jehol campaign, there was "absolute co-ordination between the General Staff in Tokyo, the Kwantung Command, and the officers in the field." (It is to be noted, incidentally, that by this time the mere Government had taken its proper place in the scheme of things.) If this co-ordination was an achievement, the only conclusion is that it did not exist before. It might be added that although these statements were not officially made, they were not officially denied. This would seem to indicate that the military leaders did not concertedly plan the Manchurian affair as an instrument of professional policy.

The most reasonable explanation of events would seem to be that the military leaders, in waging their campaign to restore their position, achieved a success "great beyond their knowing," creating the sort of enthusiast, common enough in the universal history of causes, who is *plus royaliste que le roi*. Large numbers of these enthusiasts were in the lower senior ranks of the Kwantung Army, where they engaged in pursuits of valour temporarily embarrassing to those who had inspired them. Others, confined to the homeland and thus with more meagre opportunities to give expression to the fervour within them, were the young men responsible for the murder of the Prime Minister, the late Mr. Inukai, and the other outrages committed on May 15th, 1932. The recent trials of these delinquents reveal clearly the sources of their inspiration: the London Treaty in all cases marks the date when they imbibed the faith which was later to be translated into works. In short, their conversion began with what has been called earlier the Camp's electoral campaign.

While, then, it is extremely doubtful whether the military leaders staged the Manchurian incident, it is unquestionable that their propaganda in and out of the services promoted the spirit which can be held responsible for its extension, even accepting all the Japanese statements as to immediate Chinese provocation at their full face value.

Summing up, it can be said that the military leaders, by reason of an inherited reputation for peculiarly Japanese virtues, a reputation refurbished by a year's assiduous propaganda, by reason of circumstances (partly and indirectly of their creation) which naturally give military attributes an exceptional value, have established themselves as a party with strong popular

support. They thus represent a body of opinion; it can be said even that they represent majority opinion. This fact alone must clearly entitle them to influence profoundly the Government of the day.

The general conclusion which would appear to emerge from this survey is that the power of the Camp is essentially based on moral authority. It is clear that the Camp leaders have at their disposal to some extent the means to impose their will by force; it is equally clear from the care they have taken to enlist popular support, that they regard the possession of these means as insufficient to maintain authority. Time was when that authority was adequately vindicated by traditional conceptions both of morality and policy, together with the prestige derived from the leaders' own exploits. The ancient "exploit prestige" has latterly needed to be revived in some modern equivalent, and means have been found for that end. That, in its essence, is the story. It cannot, therefore, be said that the Camp Government of today is a military tyranny; it is a government based, for the moment, on popular assent.

As to the future, who shall say? When demi-gods become demagogues, Olympian lustre is lost; and one wonders, in the present case, if they can ever regain it. The Japanese civil service lost its reverence by becoming political. In the long run the combatant services may find that they have done the same.

SKETCH BY A MASTER

BY WESTON MARTYR

THIS is a tale about a queer friend of mine. I have a lot of queer friends, but Carlo Bertrandi is one of the queerest in my collection. I have thirsted to write about him for a long time, but refrained because I was afraid. However, I feel that he is far too good a subject for this poor scribe to waste. Also, he never by any chance reads even a newspaper, and he has just sailed for Guasualito, which is somewhere on the headwaters of the Caucagua, where he proposes to drill for oil, and the odds are, therefore, he will never see this. So I will risk it.

I do not know what Carlo's nationality is. His names do not help at all, and I never could manage to inveigle him into talking about such matters. He looks like a Bulgarian, mixed with a dash of Turk. He speaks perfect English when he wants to, in a deep and cultivated voice, with such beautiful resonance in it that he can make it carry incredible distances by merely raising it a tone or two. I have heard him, at three o'clock of a dark and windy morning, call "Ar-r-r-ambo Ahoy!" to a vessel that lay a quarter of a mile away to windward. I say he called, and by no means did he shout; but he roused that sleeping ship, her lights came on, and presently she sent her boat for us. And Carlo called but twice.

Carlo's voice and his perfect English do not help me with the question of his nationality, because he is equally at home in German, French, Italian and Spanish, and I have listened to fluent streams of other languages I do not even know the names of, pouring from his polyglot lips. No shibboleth ever betrays his, either. When he wants the Worcestershire sauce he asks for the Worcester, and he knows when a dog is a hound. But he eats spaghetti with a neatness and in quantity that no Englishman could hope to achieve. Further, he can use chop-

sticks as if to the manner born, shoot with a Tartar bow and hit what he aims at, and twist a sarong round his waist so that it stays there all day. And when I discovered he could throw a knife with the precision of a Mexican, lasso a steer and roll a cigarette with one hand like a Texan, and handle an Arab dhow in a breeze of wind, I gave up the game of guessing his nationality as hopeless. And one of the queerest of all the queer things I know about Carlo is that he was educated at Nijni Novgorod and Loretto.

Carlo has a large head, black hair cut *en brosse*, small eyes that can twinkle or glare at choice, a tuft of beard under his lower lip, and a face he shaves every day, but which looks as if he didn't. And he must have had a fine nose once, before it got broken. In spite of all this, Carlo is a most distinguished looking personage, and people who pass him in the street turn round to have another look and say to themselves, "Hullo! Now who? I wonder?" People who pass him in the kind of countries where there are no streets, also turn round and watch him, being careful not to lose sight of him until he is well out of range.

When Carlo sojourns in a civilized country he always wears Jermyn Street clothes. And, wherever he may be, he affects a gold-rimmed glass in his left eye and a pistol in his right hip-pocket. His chest is the size and shape of a barrel and he despises walking, because he weighs a deal over two hundred pounds, and when he desires to move all that amount of tonnage he prefers to have the legs of a horse or the wheels of a vehicle under it. The first time he meets you he concentrates his gaze on the interior of the pupil of one of your eyes, and you feel as if he was sticking a needle into it. His manner with all women is courtly, but when he meets a lady whom his fastidious sense of beauty allows him to admire, the speed with which he goes into action is amazing. He smiles at little children, and all children smile at him. And he can never pass a cat without pausing to pay homage.

It is typical of Carlo that I should first meet him in peculiar circumstances; peculiar circumstances seeming to be his natural environment. It was in 1920, when I was trying to get out of Georgia in a hurry and one of the slowest trains I have ever

been in in my life. That confounded train, I remember, seemed even slower than it was. It was one of the last trains the Georgians ever ran between Tiflis and Batum, and no doubt it was doing its best; but its 15 m.p.h. made me feel nervous, because the Georgians had been chased out of the Latpari Pass two days before by the Bolsheviks, and I had reasons for not wanting to meet them. I had only been trying to sell the Georgian Government a couple of old tramp steamers; but you never knew your luck with Russians in those days, and the Georgians had certainly jumped at those ships as soon as I told them their 'tween-decks were pierced for ports. Port-holes in a tramp's 'tween-decks can mean only two things; cattle or troops; but I knew I should have a job to convince even a Commissar that the three new tiers of bunks in those 'tween-decks were fitted for bullocks to sleep on.

I had one thing to thank Russians for, at any rate. Their proximity to the line made the Tiflis-Batum route so unpopular that I had a compartment to myself all the way from Mtskheta to Samtredi, where the branch line from Poti comes in. But at Samtredi my carriage was invaded by Mr. Schoolmaster. I had never seen Mr. Schoolmaster before, and it took me less than two seconds to make up my mind I never wanted to see him again. He arrived in haste, with a leather portmanteau, which contained something hard and heavy. I knew this, because he threw the bag down on my feet. I kicked the thing hard, and hurt myself, and Mr. Schoolmaster then trod on me, slammed the door with a tremendous crash and hung on hard to the handle.

I called aloud on Beelzebub to condemn and explode Mr. Schoolmaster for a clumsy lout; but he (Schoolmaster) was far too strenuously engaged just then to pay me any attention. He was striving his hardest to hold the carriage door shut, while Carlo, standing on the station platform, was wishful to open it. Schoolmaster was a big man; he was even bigger than Carlo and he had the advantage of position. He was braced solidly against the framework of the carriage, he was on higher ground, and he was using both hands. The essential will to prevail was his, too; that was quite clear from the look of him. His teeth were clenched, his head was thrown back

and his eyes were shut with the intensity of his effort. Also he sweated. Carlo had a suitcase in one hand and the door-handle in the other. He was looking at Schoolmaster's contorted face and chuckling at it. Then the train began to move, and so did the door handle. It turned, in spite of Schoolmaster, and the door began to open, inexorably. Schoolmaster gave up the struggle suddenly. He let go, stepped back, tripped over my legs, sat down most abruptly and said "Hell!" And Carlo said, "Good evening. I'm sorry we've disturbed you. I apologize for my friend. You were quite right. He is clumsy, even at his best, and just at the moment he's rattled."

Schoolmaster said, "Gurr", and reaching for that bag of his he put it on the seat beside him. He puffed awhile through pouted lips and wiped his bald, domed head with a handkerchief. I have said Schoolmaster was a big man, but that adjective has several meanings and is apt to be misleading. Gross is an epithet which fits Schoolmaster better. He carried a lot of flesh, but most of it looked soft, while his complexion was like the under parts of an eel, and his eyes were pig's eyes with the lower lids of a bloodhound. I regarded him for a while with distaste, and then turned my gaze on Carlo with relief. Carlo winked.

"What's he scared of", I asked—"Russians?"

"Scared nothing!" boomed Schoolmaster, surprisingly. "Mister, don't you believe a word that man says. He'll say anything. I've fired. . . . He's a dismissed employee. That shows you a light, I guess. He's taking advantage of conditions here to—to pester me."

I cocked an enquiring eye at Carlo, who grinned.

"Scared stiff", said he. "I will say, though, he has some grounds for it. That's why I'm keeping my eye on him. I'm afraid I shall have to continue to—er, pester him until I've got him safely out of this. It's a nuisance."

Here Schoolmaster sat up, hit his knee hard with his fist and ejaculated the word "Bull", which is American for arrant nonsense, plus rats.

"See here, Mister", said he. "You'll pardon me if I upset you when I got aboard, but I was rushed. I wanted to keep this guy out and I hadn't got time to be polite. I guess I must

have hustled you some and just naturally you got wild. But now I'll say I'm sorry. I apologize."

I responded suitably. When I do not like a man and am forced to converse with him I strive to be extra polite. Usually I find this is a good plan, but on this occasion I regret to state Mr. Schoolmaster mistook politeness for camaraderie. Said he: "Ah! I see you're a white man. That's great. And I'll say you're the first and only white man I've met up with since I struck this goddamned country; and I have been here three weeks. My name's Schoolmaster, Mister. I'm pleased to meet you. Shake!"

I took hold of a hand that felt like a lump of moist, warmish, unleavened bread, and let go of it quickly.

"I'm a Genpetco man", Schoolmaster went on, and he seemed to be so proud of it that I felt moved to ask him what a genpetco might be.

"Don't you try to tell *me* you've never heard of Genpetco", cried he. "I'm Superintendent Engineer for the continent of Europe for the General Petroleum Corporation of New York. That's who I am, and I'd hand you one of my business cards if I hadn't had to leave 'em in Poti this morning with all the rest of my gear."

Here Carlo laughed.

"Yes. You laugh!" snarled Mr. Schoolmaster, with much venom. "You'd have liked me to stop there, you would. It 'ud suit your book fine if only I'd been fool enough to wait until the Reds came and cut my throat for me, while you made your get-away with the—the—"

Here Schoolmaster paused, and clutched the portmanteau on the seat beside him.

"What's this?" I said. "Are the Bolsheviki in Poti already?"

"Turned up today at daylight", answered Carlo. "A gunboat of sorts and three transports. They hadn't landed any troops when we left, because the Georgies were putting up quite a good scrap. But I expect Poti's done for by this time. What made me laugh was the thought of His Nibs here when that gunboat's shells began to arrive. He wears pink silk pyjamas, and when I found him he was trying to . . .".

"I wasn't", said Mr. Schoolmaster. "I tell you, Mister, don't you believe one word that man says. When I heard the Reds were coming, my first thought was for Genpetco. Yes, Sir! That's the tradition of our Corporation. With all us Genpetco men, all of us that *are* men, that is, there's only one golden rule—Genpetco *first*!"

"Then what were you doing with your stern-sheets sticking out from under that bed?" said Carlo.

"I was looking for a place to hide . . ." Here Schoolmaster hesitated; but when my grin refused all efforts to stifle it, he slapped his portmanteau and cried: "I was looking for a place to hide *this*".

"Observe Mr. Schoolmaster's little bag", said Carlo. "It's pathetic to think it contains all that remains of the General Petroleum Corporation's . . ."

"Stop!" cried Schoolmaster. "You've got no right . . ."

"All that remains", continued Carlo, "of the General Petroleum Corporation's vast, or as Schoolmaster would say, colossal possessions, concessions, oil wells, pipe lines, tanks, installations, organizations *and* tradition in the country of Georgia. The corpse of all that is in his bag!"

"A pretty solid corpse", I said. "I nearly broke my toe on it."

"Ah! You must have connected with the business end of our diamond drill", replied Carlo. "I only had time to salvage one. The balance of that bag's contents consists of wads of paper currency which is now depreciating so rapidly that one might almost say the corpse of the late lamented Genpetco is decomposing fast."

"You scab!" ejaculated Schoolmaster. "You got no right to talk that way about Genpetco's business. To a stranger, too. You're a . . ."

"You're an ass", answered Carlo. "You said yourself our friend's the only white man you've met in Georgia. Well, we'll be badly in need of a white man's help before long, if I know anything, and I propose to trust him."

I replied, I think, that I was flattered; but I know I made it clear that I was in very poor shape to help anybody, including myself.

"If you're in trouble, too", said Carlo, "we'd better stick together. I don't know what your trouble is, but I'll tell you mine. My name's Bertrandi. I am, or was, in charge of the G. P. Corporation's installation at Poti".

"Was, is right, Mister", Schoolmaster interrupted. "He was, but I fired him".

"My contract having five months to run", continued Carlo, "I fear I am forced to regard myself as still in the Corporation's employment—in spite of His Nibs here".

"You're fired", said Schoolmaster, licking wet lips. "I fired you."

Carlo said, "You—dry—up", and it was quite plain to me, from the tone of Carlo's voice and the look in Carlo's eye, that for Schoolmaster to dry himself up would be highly advisable.

"I was appointed by the Board in New York", Carlo went on. "I fear I cannot accept my congé, therefore, from this fat slug".

"I've shot men for less than that", cried Schoolmaster.

"Don't interrupt", said Carlo, not even looking at his man. "This slug thing crawled into Poti three weeks ago", he went on. "He brought the news that our people were selling out the whole of their interests in Georgia to the Baku-Romano Group. He showed me a cable from New York instructing him to complete the proceedings. The cable told him to hurry up".

"That looks as if New York saw the Bolsheviks coming", said I.

"Yes. But they saw too late", continued Carlo. "If they'd listened to me they'd have got out of this six months ago, while the going was good. But they wouldn't believe me. They believed the optimistic views of our Paris office—where this ass reigns. Hence the mess".

"Don't you believe it", said the irrepressible Schoolmaster, who was risking his life, but had not the sense to know it. "I've sold out, cleaned up, *and* got the money. Where's your mess now?"

"Yes. He's got the money", said Carlo. "The poor fool's got it—in that bag!"

I jumped, for I was very startled. It is not safe to travel in Asia Minor with money about you at any time; but in 1920, in Georgia, I would rather have travelled in a bumpy railway carriage with a bag full of nitro-glycerine and fulminate of mercury than with a bag full of cash. When I came to, I said: "Does anyone know what he's got?" And Carlo grinned. Said he: "All Georgia".

"Then, if you don't mind", I said, "I'll remove myself at the next stop and find another carriage. I don't want anyone to think I belong to your party".

"Next stop's Batum", said Carlo, "where I confidently expect things to begin happening as soon as this train stops—or even before. There's one chance in two we might dodge the toughs, but the police are going to collect us for a certainty".

"Uh—Hoo! Who's rattled now?" remarked Mr. Schoolmaster, patting his hip-pocket. "I reckon to be a shade tough myself. And to hell with their dago police, too, once I get inside our United States Consulate".

"You'll note the brand of fool I'm nursing", said Carlo. "He's in a semi-savage country, on the verge of revolution and in process of being swamped by Bolsheviks—and he bleats about Consulates. That's the man New York has sent to do a job they ought to have given to me".

I said: "I wish to Heaven you'd chosen another carriage. And I do trust you're exaggerating when you say all Georgia knows what's in that bag".

"I don't think I exaggerate", answered Carlo. "Judge for yourself. All Baku and Batum know he came here to sell the G. P. C.'s properties. And all Tiflis knows he couldn't remit the proceeds to New York, because of the rumpus he kicked up in the Bank when he found out the Government had prohibited the export of currency. And if all Georgia, Turkey and Armenia doesn't know he drew the money out in cash and rushed off to Poti with it, then you can call me Kelly".

I said: "Gosh!" I added, "Why Poti?"

"Because I ain't a darn mug", said Schoolmaster. "I knew there was one of our tank-ships loading there, and if only it hadn't been for those damn Russians butting in, me and the money would have been sitting pretty, *now*, aboard

that ship, with the Stars and Stripes waving on her flag-pole. And I'll trouble you to tell me, who would have touched me *then*?"

"The police, of course", said Carlo. "You'd have been arrested for smuggling currency before you put foot aboard the ship. You're a marked man, and they were waiting for you. And they're waiting for you now at Batum. You think they're fools, but I know they're not. They'll guess you're off to try the same game in Batum, for certain".

I said: "If that bag of your's belonged to me I'd throw it out of the window. I shouldn't worry about the police. They'll grab your money, of course; but, if you don't resist, they aren't likely to cut your throat. What you've got to worry about is the fact that, at this moment, Georgia is the abode of all the thugs, roughs and desperadoes in Asia Minor. They've had to run from Russia and Turkey, and they're all here. And if you think they're going to let you get away with what must be about the biggest lump sum in cash that's ever been carried around loose in these parts of the world . . . Well, need I say more?"

"Aw, pshaw!" said Mr. Schoolmaster. "You're as bad as this bum skate Bertrandi. He's scared and you're scared, but you can't scare Phineas Schoolmaster. I reckon to know how to take care of myself. See?" Here he patted a portion of his vast hinder parts and broke into song. "There was a little man and he had a little gun and his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead", sang Mr. Schoolmaster.

I said: "Then stew in your own juice. What do *you* propose to do, Mr. Bertrandi?"

"Don't know—yet", answered Carlo. "I hope to think of something before we arrive at Batum. If I don't, we're done. I don't care much what happens to Schoolmaster, of course, but I simply can't stand by and see all that money—wasted".

"If he pulls out his gun when the trouble starts", I remarked, "we'll get massacred—all the lot of us".

"His gun!" said Carlo, with more scorn in his voice than I can indicate with pen on paper. "He'll get no chance to use it, even if he knows how. He's got a Colt automatic buried

behind him somewhere in all that fat, and before he's had time to dig the thing out he'll find his belly cut wide open and his tripe hanging all down his legs in loops. These birds down here use the knife like lightning. If you hope to keep your end up with them you have to work quick. Like this!"

I have read wild stories of the Wild West, about those "two gun men" who were so almighty "quick on the draw" and all the rest of it. I rather liked some of those yarns, but I never could manage to believe in the super-shooting of those bad, bad men, nor in the super-quickness with which those strong and silent Sheriff's drew their pistols. After watching Carlo at work, however, I am glad to say I can now believe the tallest of those thrilling romances. When Carlo said, "you have to work quick", he was lolling in a corner of the carriage, with one hand tapping idly on the window while he held a cigarette in the other. When he said "like", it seemed to me he slapped his chest with both hands, and when he said "this" he was pointing a little revolver straight at my right eyeball. He was also pointing another revolver at Schoolmaster, and he seemed in some superhuman manner to be staring straight at both of us at once.

Schoolmaster shrank visibly within himself, said something that sounded like "Arragh", and made as if to ward off a blow with both hands. As for me, I jumped two feet from a sitting position without conscious effort, and I still remember my relief when Carlo smiled.

"That's how you've got to do it", said he. "And these are the only kind of tools you can do it with". Here one revolver dematerialized, vanishing apparently somewhere underneath Carlo's armpit.

"Those clumsy automatics aren't a bit of good", he went on. "They're more useless than those big 'six-shooters' you read about in the magazine stories. No man who knew he might have to shoot quick, and knew *how* to, ever did use a clumsy great thing like that forty-five Colt Schoolmaster's got sticking in his hip-pocket. That gun is all right if all you want to do is to shoot straight. But for close work you don't need to shoot straight; what you want is to shoot *first*. And this little thing of mine is the gun for that. It's made for it.

It's a five-shot, thirty-eight, single-acting Colt ; the kind they used to call a belt-and-pocket-pistol. It's small and light and smooth. There aren't any corners or things sticking out to catch in your clothes when you draw it. And I've filed off the fore-sight—for the same reason. You don't need a fore-sight when you aim to blow holes in a man's stomach at two yards range."

"I see ", I said. I added : " I wish you wouldn't keep on pointing the thing at *my* stomach ".

Carlo grinned. "It's all right ", said he. "I can't pull the trigger by mistake, because it's wired back permanently. I keep it like that, as I prefer to shoot by pulling back the hammer with my thumb and then slipping it. That's a shade the quickest method and it's that shade which counts. That's the reason I never carry a gun in my hip pocket when I'm in a country like this. Only inexperienced persons, heroes in books and people like Schoolmaster do that. It's bad enough, having to draw a gun, quick, from behind yourself, even if you're standing up ; but if you're sitting down, like Schoolmaster is, it simply can't be done quickly. Not quickly *enough*—if you understand me ?"

I told Carlo I understood him perfectly. He grinned. And then his smile was cut off and his face changed very suddenly, and he turned upon me and Schoolmaster a look so formidable that it seemed as if his face had been covered with a mask—a mask of implacable ferocity. I have chosen that adjective with care. The ferocity was very plain to see and there is only one word for it ; but it was the cold and implacable quality of the man's ferocity which daunted me. I felt the weight of it like a blow in the face. I realized with crystal clearness that what the man had made up his mind to do he *would* do, and nothing but death could stop him. And let me make this point quite clear, too. I do not refer to my death, nor Schoolmaster's death ; I mean Carlo's. He looked menace incarnate—and I quailed at the sight and put my hands above my head and kept them there. And it would be unwise, I think, to sneer at me for doing so. I have read myself of trains full of people being held up by a single robber, and I used to sneer at the people who allowed this to happen to them.

I called them cowards. But now I know better. I know now what a successful train robber must have looked like. His face was the lethal face of a tiger and his eyes were cold and deadly like a snake's. And, if you were shut up in a little room with a tiger and a cobra, and knew you could save your life by holding up your hands, I think you would hold up your hands.

I did not sneer at Schoolmaster. He held his hands up and he trembled, because Carlo's eyes were glaring into his and the barrel of Carlo's pistol was buried in his ear.

The rest of the proceedings in that train might make acceptable reading for those persons who buy Penny Dreadfuls and the popular adventure magazines, but they would not hold much interest for readers with fully matured minds. Suffice it to say, therefore, that Carlo threw Schoolmaster's revolver out of the window, pulled the handle of the emergency signal and brought our train to a stop with much grinding of breaks. Then he got out and disappeared into Georgia and the night, taking Schoolmaster's leather bag and Genpetco's remains with him.

* * *

The second time I met Carlo was some months later, in surroundings which, peculiarly enough, were not peculiar at all. I walked into the grill room of the old Hotel Cecil, intending to treat myself to a good lunch, and there I saw Carlo in process of doing as much for himself. My impulse was to sneak out of there and call a policeman ; but I did not follow the impulse for four reasons. Firstly, my distaste for Schoolmaster persisted still. Secondly, I was hungry, and the business of fetching a policeman and getting Carlo arrested might take a long time. Thirdly, the police would want proof that this distinguished gentleman lunching in the Cecil grill was a Georgian train robber, and it would merely be a case of my word against Carlo's. Fourthly, Carlo recognized me as soon as I recognized him. He stood up, grinned and waved a welcome and pointed to the other chair at his table. And I took that chair. I took it because the situation intrigued me, and a dramatic situation is something I foolishly but invariably try to mix myself up with if I can. I took that chair at Carlo's

table; but in case you think I condone robbery with violence, I would state that I did not take Carlo's outstretched hand.

Carlo, instead of getting angry, said: "Oh, oh! Well, I suppose I mustn't be surprised, considering what you—know about me. I'm glad to see you, at any rate."

I said I thought I was the last man, bar Schoolmaster, he would be glad to see, and Carlo said: "Nonsense. What happened to you and Schoolmaster after I—er—left? I do hope I didn't cause *you* any inconvenience".

I said: "Well, you did. A lot. The police didn't believe Schoolmaster's story. They thought it was a put-up job, and they arrested him. They arrested me, too. And I'd be in Batum yet, if it wasn't for the Bolshies. When they arrived the police left. So did I. And Schoolmaster came with me. I couldn't shake him off until we got to Constant. I owe you something for all that".

"On the contrary", said Carlo. "I'm heavily in your debt. And first of all, as I want you to have lunch with me, I'll tell you this. As soon as he got to Constant, Schoolmaster cabled his sad story to New York. And he got a reply the same day, telling him he was fired. You see, I'd cabled the Board my story a week before, from Salonika. What was more to the point, I'd cabled them the money, too. Now, do let me order you a sherry and let's talk to the head waiter about your lunch".

I remember being stricken dumb, but I think my face betrayed me, for Carlo grinned and went on: "If you don't believe me, ring up Genpetco's London Office. Or perhaps this may help".

He put a visiting card on the table in front of me, and I read this:

MR. CARLO BERTRANDI
The General Petroleum Corporation of New York.
Superintendent Engineer
for
The Continent of Europe.

QUESTIONS IN PARLIAMENT

BY FRANK ELLIOTT, C.B.

THERE is a well-known story of the stranger who was pressed by an inquisitive person to disclose what his religion was. His two answers might be given, *mutatis mutandis*, by a good servant of the State who is asked about his politics. "My politics are those of every sensible man"; and "a sensible man does not tell". In fact, one cannot be a good servant of the State if one is a politician. He must give equally loyal service to Parliamentary Chiefs of every shade and colour, and if he professes to belong to any particular party he is *pro tanto* a bad servant.

In my Civil Service days it was an established practice for Parliamentary Chiefs to choose their private secretaries from among the ranks of the juniors of the Upper Division of their respective departments. The post carried a handsome allowance, and was a kind of halfway house to promotion to higher rank. There was nothing to prevent a Chief from appointing some outsider to the post, but this was rarely done. Such a private secretary was like one blind man escorting another across a one-way street. But to nominate a man from your own department meant that you got at least reasonably efficient service from the start. This established practice led to increased efficiency in the department, for it is immensely useful to a Civil Servant to learn not only the procedure but also the mentality of Parliament, and the natural reaction of his Chief to the latter. My own experience of nearly five years as private secretary to Chiefs of widely differing political views left me with a deep and abiding respect for Parliament as a bulwark against tyranny, caprice and injustice. A Minister may be an adept at shelving awkward criticism, but he cannot always emulate Tennyson's Chancellor "and, smiling, put the question by". He may have to skirt round an awkward question, but

he would much prefer to give an honest answer, and he looks to those under him to order the affairs of the department in such a way that he can with a clear conscience meet his political enemies in the gate.

Thus it was that at an early stage of my career I used a mental yardstick: "if I do so and so, can the Secretary of State properly support my action when challenged in Parliament?" And I believe that, consciously or unconsciously, this is the standard which affects the decisions of nearly all Civil Servants.

It may be argued that it is a standard of fear. This is only true in the sense that it applies to a child who loves and respects his parents, or to a good servant who is anxious not to displease a good master.

In a free country like ours, public opinion is the ultimate arbiter. Public opinion is largely swayed by the Press, and the publicity given to questions and answers in Parliament endows them with a peculiar importance. A wholesome fear of Parliament is the best safeguard against harsh or hasty decisions on the part of servants of the State, and against the careless application of rules which may be based on good grounds but which fail to take account of exceptional circumstances. Everybody who reads his newspaper knows how the House of Commons sits up and takes notice when a question is asked on a matter affecting the liberty of the subject. Unless the responsible Minister can satisfy the House that there has been no injustice, or, if there has, that it will be put right, he will find both opponents and political supporters ranked against him, and his own position will be in jeopardy.

It would be idle to deny that questions in Parliament give much trouble and anxiety both to Ministers and Civil Servants. The preparation of the answers may involve an immense amount of work, and members as a rule are not too considerate in allowing time for this. If the question is "unstarred", that is, for written answer, it does not matter much if the answer is given a day or two late. But "starred" questions, for oral answer, must be dealt with on the day for which they are put down; and they involve the necessity of the Minister being coached in all subsidiary points which may be raised by a supplementary question, so that he need not have to say,

if it can be avoided, "I must have notice of that question". Every Minister likes to give the impression that he knows all about his job.

As regards short notice, I remember a question once being asked about the punctuation of the Lord's Prayer, which, as printed in the Prayer Book, was alleged to contain faulty punctuation involving a change of meaning. There was no information in the office about this, and I had to sit up all night to concoct an answer, during which I made the surprising discovery that the "Deposited Book", which crystallizes the published form of the Book of Common Prayer, contains the Lord's Prayer in at least a dozen places (fourteen, I think), and in no two cases is the punctuation the same.

Unstarred questions have occasionally led to humorous results, comments having been added which were never meant for publication. In one such case a Treasury official provided the Chancellor with the answer, but added in his minute that to give further information would only encourage the honourable member to further activity. This latter comment was inadvertently added to the answer as printed, to the great delight of all the Civil Service, and doubtless of the House of Commons as well. In this imperfect world, all useful weapons are liable to be abused, and the Parliamentary question is not an exception. There have been members who made a point of asking a string of questions every day, and who in addresses to their constituents boasted that they had asked so many hundreds of questions every Session. Other members may never put down any questions, but by tact and patience and expenditure of time on interviews with Ministers and their officials achieve much better results, although they have kept out of the limelight of the Press.

One of the earliest decisions I was asked to make after I had joined the Metropolitan Police as Assistant Commissioner was to cancel the licence of an omnibus-driver who had been convicted of bigamy. Why? Because bigamy is a felony, and it was an established rule to withdraw the licence of any convicted felon. Precedent is a good servant but a bad master. In this particular case the Judge had said, according to the Police report attached, that the man was more sinned against

than sinning, and he had passed the significant sentence of one day's imprisonment, which meant that the man was discharged with the rising of the Court. Could it seriously be maintained that such a man was morally unfit to drive an omnibus? Could the Home Secretary, if our decision was challenged by way of question in the House of Commons, conscientiously maintain that it was just? The publication of such a reply in the Press would inevitably raise a storm of protest before which we should have to bow, but not without meriting censure from the Home Secretary and the public. By far the more probable thing was that he would consider it his duty to throw us over and answer that Police action was harsh and indefensible, and we should be in the invidious position of incurring odium as well as having to reverse our decision. It was quite a new idea for my staff to look upon Parliament as a kind of court of appeal, but it was an idea which they promptly adopted, and during the whole of my Police service it stood me in good stead.

Questions in the House of Commons may often be asked by a political opponent with the object of embarrassing a Minister, but a question to expose an apparent injustice is quite as likely to be put by a political supporter, especially if the alleged victim is one of his constituents. At the same time an experienced member knows that the best way to obtain a concession in a proper case is not by way of publicity but by personal appeal. There are so many decisions which may in a sense be tinged with caprice but which cannot be challenged as unjust. By way of illustration, I quote a remark made to me by a constable on the eve of his retirement. He was telling me how active he had been at the beginning of his career and the large number of summonses for which he had been responsible. "And most of them", he said, "would never have happened if the fellow had not been saucy". The reactions of the public to Police interference are widely different. For instance, one motorist on being told by a constable that he has committed some minor offence will reply politely and apologetically and put the matter right. The affair ends there. Another gets angry and abuses the constable, and is reported for process. Undoubtedly there is inequality of treatment

in the two cases, though the legal offence is identical, but if a question is asked on behalf of the aggrieved motorist he will derive no benefit from it. The answer will be that Parliament has decided that such and such action is an offence, and it is the duty of the Police to enforce the law. One reason why women drivers proportionately figure so seldom in Police Courts is not because they are essentially better drivers than men, but because it is natural for them to say "So sorry", where a man of the same class will say: "How dare you speak to me like that?" To the first, the constable's reply will very likely be: "All right, miss, carry on", while to the second it is: "Pull into the kerb and produce your driving licence", which means a report and a summons. Until policemen cease to be human and become mere automata, such inequalities are inevitable, but they cannot be stigmatized as unjust or tyrannical, even if they are, as I said, tinged with caprice.

The use of what is known as "a friendly question" helped me many times in my work. When the Press got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and we were wrongly blamed, I drafted a question and (after obtaining the necessary sanction) sent it to one of my friends in the House. The question promptly appeared on the Order Paper, was referred to the Yard by the Home Office for observations, and I furnished the true facts and the Home Secretary gave them in his answer. One Commissioner under whom I served had a rooted objection to "friendly questions" and preferred to write to the editor who had published the misleading report. But this never led to anything better than an acrimonious correspondence.

In one of those spasms of clearing up which attack even the most untidy, I recently discovered an ancient copy of *The Times*. Why had I kept it? There was a marked passage in the report of the proceedings in Parliament. Captain Murray (Kincardineshire) asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he was aware that motorists in London not infrequently used cut-outs, and could he suggest steps to bring the practice to an end? The Secretary of State's answer was: "I am sorry to say that the facts are as stated, and some motorists are so grossly inconsiderate as to drive in London with open cut-outs. Motor cabs licensed in the Metropolitan

Police District are absolutely prohibited from using cut-outs, but I have no power to make regulations for motor vehicles generally, either in London or elsewhere."

Thereby hangs a tale. Many motorists of those days fitted cut-outs to their cars, but only with the intention of using them in the garage in order to be sure that the car was firing on all cylinders. I myself always had a cut-out, but never presumed on the fact that its use on the highway was perfectly legal. As St. Paul puts it in other words, things may be lawful without being expedient.

At last there came a day, when, as a subaltern in the Army Motor Reserve of Officers, I was engaged on a Staff tour driving two distinguished senior officers. The duty was urgent, and one of the officers directed me, so as to combine speed with safety, to drive with the cut-out open. Mine not to make reply. Now, when you are in a car with an open exhaust, you don't hear all your own noise, especially if you are driving fast. The greater part of it is, so to speak, left behind. But I was under no delusion as to the nuisance I was creating. If I had been, the looks cast on my car by other drivers and by pedestrians would have disillusioned me. I could only hope that the disgust and hatred I read on their faces, especially in the villages and towns where walls and houses intensified the noise, were directed more to the red tabs in the tonneau than to the humble two stars at the wheel.

Anyone with the least acquaintance with the House of Commons is aware that a Minister does not rise from his seat on the Treasury Bench to answer a question in the light of his unaided and impromptu intelligence. The answer is carefully drafted by his department, with or without amendments of his own, and he reads it from typescript. This particular question of Captain Murray's came first to me, because at that time I was the only owner-driver in the Home Office, the one-eyed among the blind, and anyhow the subject affected my branch, which included in its work all matters relating to Police and traffic. Since it referred to London, I put on the file the routine minute "to Commissioner of Police for observations". The Commissioner returned the file with the very natural and proper minute that the use of cut-outs did not infringe the

law and therefore the Police could not interfere, except as regards public vehicles, which came under regulations of their own.

I went over to Scotland Yard and saw Sir Edward Henry. Would he mind my suggesting the answer I have already quoted? I found that, on the contrary, if I could get the Home Secretary to give it he would be delighted.

At that time there was what seemed to be a rather unnatural division of work between the Home Office and the Local Government Board. Housing of the Working Classes and certain matters relating to burial grounds came under the former department, whereas they were more appropriate to the latter. On the other hand, the Home Office, which had to deal with by-laws for good rule and government, thought that motor regulations ought to fall within its province. Parliament, however, had given this duty to the Board. It was an open secret that the Board had had to invoke the aid of the late Sir Arthur Thring, Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury, a practical motorist as well as an eminent draftsman, to prepare the regulations which followed the Motor Car Act of 1903, having nobody on their staff who was competent for the work.

But those regulations did not deal with silencers, and some prohibition of unsilenced motors was long overdue when Captain Murray asked his question. What was the cause of the delay? We at the Home Office were assured by our friends at the Local Government Board that the President of the Board accepted the view put forward by the motor trade that any attempt to silence motors would be the death knell of the trade. The Police and we knew that this was absurd. Therefore, when Sir Edward Henry said to me that, if my answer as drafted were given by the Home Secretary, the President's hand would be forced, I confessed that that was just what I had in mind.

When the file reached the Home Secretary, he at once noticed that the answer submitted to him differed from that suggested by the Commissioner of Police, and very naturally he wanted to know why. He did not, however, take the natural step of sending for me. If he had done so, I should have had to point out the *con* as well as the *pro*, that is to say, that he would be treading on the toes of a Cabinet colleague. Instead, he tele-

phoned direct to Sir Edward Henry, and received the comforting assurance that my draft answer was an improvement on the Commissioner's. The answer was given in the House of Commons, and the President's hand was indeed forced, and he had to make an Order requiring cars to be adequately silenced. He still listened, however, to the plea of the trade that it was impossible to silence motor-cycles, and some time elapsed before they came under control.

Captain Murray's question was not, to the best of my belief, a "friendly" one. How the Clerks at the Table passed it was a mystery to me, for a question relating to the work of one department should not be allowed to be addressed to the head of another. However, it did happen so, and my conscience is clear for having seized the opportunity to help to ~~put an~~ end to a public scandal.

After having disclaimed any overt interest in politics, I am aware that I lay myself open to accusation of inconsistency if I put certain questions. Supposing that Parliament lost its independent position and we came under a dictatorship, who would dare publicly to question any and every act of the executive and administrative services? Who could force the dictator to give truthful and perhaps incriminating replies? Would we not then have parted with what I have described as a bulwark against tyranny, caprice and injustice?

THE LITTLE HOUSE

BY G. H. STEVENSON

THERE is a little house in Chelsea that attracts more visitors, perhaps, than any other in London. Men and women come there from all lands—some because of the genius of the man whose home it was for nearly fifty laborious years; others drawn by the unexpected revelation of tragedy in a marriage not so much ill-assorted as frustrated. And yet as one goes from room to room, examining the chairs they sat upon, the very cups and plates they ate and drank from, the letters they wrote, the little presents he gave her, remembering how it was he who kept these things together, preserving every trifle for her sake, one thinks less of the tragedy and more of that passion of remorse, which make the *Reminiscences* such poignant reading.

And this pitiless museum is their home still. Their presence and their story fill its silent, empty rooms. There, in the half parlour, half dining-room, with the china closet beyond, is the table—scene of so many famous tea-parties. The fireside is much as it was when he used to smoke his clay pipe up its chimney; whilst she sat mocking him from the arm-chair opposite, with Gertrude Jewsbury sprawled asleep upon the hearth-rug, reminding the dispassionate genius of an "auld snap-wife". It was here that Americans came to worship at the feet of the Sage; and if he refused to see them, his wife made his excuses, answered their questions and repeated their flatteries. Half-way up the polished stairs a shallow-seated window looks into the garden with its flower bed. An ash tree, reminder of their beloved North, shades the long grass-plot, whilst a pear-tree which they planted still flowers every spring. Looking upon the street is her drawing-room, its panelled walls covered by a Morris paper dulled now by time and London dirt. Here she wrote her letters; mended his shirts; gossiped with her female acquaintance; or chattered

brilliant nonsense with men like Jeffrey or Froude, who marvelled how any husband could leave a witty wife so much alone.

Her bedroom—with the screen she made that Carlyle thought “the beautifullest and cleverest screen I have ever seen”—opens out of the drawing-room. Pushed into the corner is the little red bed in which she used to sleep alone, almost as restless as her husband in his garret above. How she pulled and tugged at the bell-rope one night when she was ill because she thought the nun whom it had been her whim to have as nurse was trying to pervert her! Carlyle, come hurrying down, speaks contemptuously of “ghostly consolations . . . with something more express about ‘Blessed Virgin’ or ‘Agnus Dei’ or whatever it might be”. But though he commended his Jeannie’s constancy, he could at least feel “really sorry for this heavy laden, pious or quasi-pious and almost broken-hearted French-woman, who lay silent after that amid her rugs; and disappeared next morning”.

Only when she departed was he free, one supposes, to return to his attic bedroom or that famous sound-proof room beside it, which so belied its title. Nowadays the sound-proof room is as quiet as Mrs. Carlyle’s bedroom. Not a sigh lingers of the old frenzies. It is as empty of the genius that once dominated it as his old dressing-gown, which lies, stained and mouldering, beside his bed. A wonderful little house it is for those who know its story and love its poor ghosts. One can see them that “damp clouded” June day a hundred years ago (June 10th, 1834), when, freed at last from Craigenputtock, they took possession. Scotch of tongue, blunt of speech, they brought not only such chattels as they had, including a canary, but a sack of good Scotch meal for the porridge upon which in those early days of struggle they regularly supped. Charles Lamb made a jest upon it and was never forgiven; though to Hunt the morsel of Scotch porridge (with sugar!) winding up the evening was “endlessly admirable”.

It was not then the sad little house it has since become. Carlyle, buoyed with high hopes and bravely encouraged by his wife, was working at his *French Revolution*; whilst she—as Edward Irving told her—was making the new little house “a little Eden”. Friends gathered round them—Jeffrey, the claimed

kinsman of Edinburgh and Craigenputtock days; John Stuart Mill, very useful about *French Revolution* . . . How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector’s ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt—the Sterlings; a “sprinkling of foreigners, Mazzini, Godfroi Cavaignac and the like”; Forster, “all Brummigam enthusiasm and foaming vitality”; Erasmus Darwin, always Mrs. Carlyle’s faithful admirer though Charles couldn’t think her “either quite natural or ladylike”. Women came, too—the ladies of the Montagu and Buller connection; Mrs. Macready and Elizabeth Pepoli; the luckless Gertrude—“no living soul takes to her”—also “over-the-water Poetesses” like Mrs. Sigourney, “all glistening in black satin as if she were an apothecary’s puff for black sticking-plaster”.

Which of them all, one wonders, first hinted at the “Carlyle secret”? Was it Jeffrey, recalling how rough a setting was Craigenputtock for so delicate a creature? Or Miss Jewsbury, her novelist’s mind exaggerating confidences a thought too vivid? Or must one blame Froude’s too chivalrous belief in the complainings of a lady, who admitted she had married for ambition and haggled at the price? Perhaps there was no secret save the one her lines to a building swallow so pathetically reveal; and three most patent facts accounted for all the mystery—ill-health, Lady Harriet Baring and the undoubted truth that genius and dyspepsia combined did make Carlyle a man “gey ill to get on with”.

Even humorously considered, he was a trying husband. “Carlyle has upset all our household arrangements here, as he upsets all our household arrangements wherever he goes”, she writes to Babbie, her favourite Liverpool niece, from Troston in 1842; and from Cheyne Row the same year: “Our house is on a sort of climax of irregularity just at present—C. orders the dinner at half after four and keeps it waiting till six—goes to bed at two—and the breakfast prolongs itself into midday. It is an evil in its way to a punctually disposed person like myself”. He forgets to post her letters—“no fault of his, however!—he had no recollection of ever having charged himself with them”. He could be unjust, as over the missing pamphlet—“one of those books seen for a moment, laid out

of his hand, and then swept *irrecoverably* into the general chaos of this house". She found it "in his own bookpress . . . But the music of our souls was jarred for that day".

How often she writes to "a running accompaniment of small household worry—such as, "Am I never meaning to take any steps about getting home that picture-frame?" "Strange! that a man cannot have a morsel of cake baked in his house, having the meal, an oven, and *two women*". Then there's his lamp—"ordered to be flung out of his way—it makes an atmosphere that no mortal can breathe in. As I am a living woman I have never been able to detect the impurity! . . . but no matter about that, it must go". And she comments significantly: "Much else will have to go before *Cromwell* is finished—perhaps the animate as well as the inanimate". For whenever Carlyle was writing "his irritability and unsettledness . . . is something that cannot be figured but by those who have witnessed it". "Oh, dear me", she writes to Helen Welsh, "if all book writers took up the business as *he* does . . . writing down every word as with his heart's blood, what a world of printed nonsense would be spared a long-suffering public!!" And to Babbie: "Carlyle is now got about as deep in the *Hell* of his *Cromwell* as he is likely to get—there is a certain point of irritability and gloom which, when attained, I say to myself: "now soul, take thy ease . . . for nothing worse can be". And that same spring (1845): "Carlyle is very much out of sorts—nervous and a man of sorrows *not* acquainted with *silence*".

Another aspect of him that constantly teased her were his "unceasing speculations about 'flying presently', he knows not whither; but to some 'remote region', or 'solitary shore of the sea', or even 'solitary island in the sea'". At No. 5, Cheyne Row, she was always combating such schemes. Now it was a country cottage; now a return to Annandale; now a farm house on the Ashburton estate. So that the poor thing feels herself "no longer in a *home* but in a *tent*, to be struck any day the commanding officer is sufficiently bilious!" And yet he could be kind. And his presents never fail to touch her; from the comb and brush, "the size and shape of an ordinary pancake", to the cloak "warm and not *very* ugly . . . being a *brownish colour* with *orange spots*".

The real shadow over the Carlyle *ménage* was what she herself called (Jan. 18, 1843) "Lady Harriet Baring's love-making to my husband". Her friends took alarm first. The following May, Geraldine "seemed horribly *jealous* about it—nay, almost scandalised"—though finding reassurance in the thought "that habits are much stronger in him than passions" as also "his indifference to *all* women as *women*"; she herself was "pleased that he has found *one* agreeable house to which he likes to go and goes regularly—one evening in the week at least—and ~~when~~ *he* visits them on their 'farm' on Sundays, and there are flights of charming little notes always coming. . . . Mrs. Buller in her graceful, quizzical way insisted I should 'see a little into the thing with my own eyes'—and accordingly Mr. Buller came last Monday to ask me to meet her that evening at tea at seven o'clock".

Not only did the "intellectual Circe" make a good impression—"just the *wittiest* woman I have seen"—but she announced to Carlyle her intention of paying her respects to his wife—"a reality whom you have hitherto *quite suppressed*". Looking at the bland, good-humoured, placid face, that now—by some irony of arrangement—hangs in the dressing-closet, one feels that poor Mrs. Carlyle did Lady Harriet less than justice. On Carlyle's side nothing could more completely prove his innocence than the fatuous obstinacy he displayed in a matter that cost his wife so much real bitterness. Let her ridicule him as she will, his is that sublimity of indifference inseparable from a good Scotch conscience. As to the lady, whose "fascination of Carlyle" proved her "the most masterly coquette of *Modern Times*", she had her uses. She takes them to the Opera—"my *début* (*sic*) in fashionable life. . . . Carlyle too was at the Opera, God help us! . . . Nobody knows what he can do till he tries, or, rather, till a Lady Harriet tries!"

That was in June, 1845. In July she "had to go off with the Lady Harriet to Addiscombe for four mortal days!"; Carlyle ("he has established a small permanent wardrobe there!") spending Sunday as usual. In September Lady Harriet, "unexpectedly in town for two days—too ill to go out", sends her carriage "to take me to see her". "More than *gracious*! *incomprehensible* upon *my* honour!" comments Mrs. Carlyle.

"She insisted that I had promised to give her my *whole winter* at Alverstoke!" And from Alverstoke in November: "I feel as if I should get on here in an even, middlingly pleasant sort of way". The association was uneasy; but "you would be amused to see the increase of charm I have for the smaller gentry since Lady Harriet took me up". A visit to Addiscombe the following April "went off quite well". Carlyle came every Saturday and staid till Monday". But her letter ends: "Once and for all, life is *not pleasant* for me, and the best I see in it is that it does not last very long".

It was this same summer that with a mind "all churned to froth", and ill besides, she left the little house and went to her friends, the Paulets, at Seaforth, uncertain whether she would return. Mazzini's advice averted the catastrophe; and a card-case Carlyle sent for her birthday wrought relenting. In November: "the programme is that after Christmas we shall go for a month to Bay House. . . . So the Lady Harriet wills at present—and her ladyship's will is become the law of this house!—even her *whims* are as imperative as the ten commandments!" They went; and, whether or not it was remorse upon the lady's part, "she will read no German with him. . . . Moreover she has got a green parrot—to which she pays the most marked attentions. . . . And the parrot does not mind interrupting *him* when he is speaking. . . . and her ladyship listens to the parrot—even when C. is saying the most sensible things."

In 1848 Lady Harriet Baring became Lady Ashburton; and in 1849 old Rogers ("who ought to have been buried long ago") asks impertinent questions. "Is your husband as much infatuated as ever with Lady Ashburton? . . . Is she kind to *you*—as kind as she is to your husband?" "Why, you know", replies the witty woman, "it is impossible for me to say *how* kind she is to my husband; but I *can* say she is extremely kind to *me*". Which, as far as attentions went, was true enough; for in 1850 the "Bath House Ball threw me into a perfect fever. . . . Mr. C. was quite determined for once in his life 'to see an aristocratic Ball' . . . I pleaded the want of a dress—he 'would pay for any dress I chose to get'; . . . then I fell back on the horror . . . of 'being bare'—to which he told me

angrily—'true propriety consisted in conforming to other people's fashions!!!' and that Eve, he supposed, had as much sense of decency as I had, and *she* wore no clothes at all!!!" So to the Ball they go, she in white silk "cut down to the due pitch of indecency"; though, once amongst the "universally *bare* people", she forgot her neck and arms almost immediately. And after the Ball she goes down to the Grange; and keeps her hostess (in bed with a cold) company for three days. But "the third day she had absolutely nothing to say to me!"

There was offence in October, 1851, when the lady—despite the presentation of two woollen scarves "of her own knitting" ("in fact I believe the dear woman would never have done all that knitting for *me* unless as a handsome preparation for doing the comforter for Mr. C.")—refused to receive her; though that "very day. . . . Mr. C. walked off and sat an hour with her and is off now again thro' a pouring rain to sit till dinner time". And he "could not see what the devil business I had to find anything strange in that or to suppose that any slight was put upon *me*". "I suppose", she continues, "I ought to feel by this time quite resigned to such annoyances. . . . But I am angry and sorrowful all the same." Though her diary sufficiently reveals her very real wretchedness, the armed neutrality held good; and that Christmas she braved rank and fashion at the Grange with "just two decent gowns, and I put them on on alternate days".

It was in October, 1863, that Mrs. Carlyle, already ill, met with an accident, the cause of months of suffering, when nothing stands out so clearly as Carlyle's distracted devotion and her own pathetic anxiousness to make amends. "'I will make you another cap if I get better', said she lovingly"—when, returning from St. Leonards, where he had left her in vain search of health, he lost "a velvet cap of her old making". "But she never did, or perhaps well could", he adds. They took a furnished house there; and John stayed with them—"and occasionally was of some benefit to us, though occasionally not". Carlyle wrote and rode, and always, when he returned, she would "sit trying to talk or listen, while I had tea, trying her best, sick and weary as she was". In June, "after nine days totally without sleep", she decided to return to London.

"The next move was to Annandale (my sister Mary's); and she slept that first Gill night for almost nine hours". "In August", he continues, "rooms all fresh papered (poor little Jeannie), she came back to me, actually there in the cab when I ran downstairs, looking on me with the old kind face, a little graver, I might have thought, but as quiet, as composed, and wise and good as ever. This was the end, I might say, of by far the most tragic part of our tragedy; Act 5, though there lay death in it, was nothing like so unhappy."

The last years had begun; the brief, healing lull after the storms. The second Lady Ashburton was very kind. *Frederick* ended, they stayed with her in Devonshire, where "though very feeble, I remember her as wonderfully happy". The following year they were in Scotland; she going home to prepare for him. "She was waiting for me the night I returned. . . . She stood there, bright of face and soul, her drawing-room all bright, and everything to the last fibre of it in order. . . . Such welcomes could not await me for ever; I little knew this was the last of them on earth." The end is well known. On March 29th, 1865, Carlyle went to Edinburgh to deliver his inaugural address as Lord Rector. On Saturday, April 23rd, taking her drive in Hyde Park in the little brougham he hired for her use, she died. When the news reached him, Carlyle was with his sister at Dumfries; and the next day they led him out "to wander in the green sunny Sabbath fields". On Monday he returned; and on Wednesday they took her to Haddington and laid her beside her father.

And now the little house became sad indeed. John essayed living with him; but they did not agree, and in 1878 John died. Then his niece came. For fifteen years he survived his wife, lingering till February, 1881, a lonely, broodin gold man for whom "the light of his life had indeed gone out".

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By STEPHEN GWYNN

IN *The Threshold of the Victorian Age*, Mr. Gamaliel Milner has written a book which is full of shrewd and often humorous comment, yet never sacrifices truth on the altar of epigram. It may seem ungracious to pick out one aphorism, by no means exactly for praise; yet within certain limits it could be fully justified. Having remarked that Peel "was generally in favour of reforms, but of reforms for which public opinion had become ripe", Mr. Milner indicates briefly how the task of preparing public opinion had been left to others, frequently with Peel arguing against the reform which he was afterwards to carry out. This does not lessen Mr. Milner's appreciation of Peel's value. "Practical statesmen", he says, "cannot move in advance of the general opinion". And indeed not only in the period to which his book is devoted, but throughout the whole nineteenth century (whose limits he extends to reach from 1789 to the beginning of the Great War) the destinies of England have been shaped by statesmanship of this "practical" quality. One cannot but admire the results.

Still there are moments when the advantages of this quality seem less apparent than at others. A dangerous passage could not be very well navigated if the officers had to convince themselves that general opinion in the crew was well abreast of the measures which they took to meet emergencies. They must rely either on discipline to ensure prompt action or on the power of their leadership to create general opinion at a pinch. A leader of this type in politics does in fact rely on both these resources; and though such leaders may not be practical statesmen, they produce very practical results; and when it

comes to a trial of strength, the odds are not on the practical statesmen—at all events, on a short view. Yet there is consolation for quiet men in a book like Mr. Milner's, because it deals with the beginning of an age in which the British practical statesmen unquestionably came out winners.

Consolation is needed at the present moment. Only two of the leading European countries are in the control of statesmen who wait upon public opinion, as according to the aphorism they should. In the United States Mr. Roosevelt is miles ahead of the masses; yet apparently their one desire is to think what Mr. Roosevelt thinks they ought to think; their difficulty is to be sure exactly what that is. One thing, however, they make clear. They have had enough of practical statesmanship: they desire to be led. Italy, Russia, Germany and Poland are all in the hands of statesmen who cannot, by Mr. Milner's test, be judged practical. On the other hand, France and England, the two great Powers who are especially the trustees of European civilization, still are guided by men who before they set a course must assure themselves that wind and tide are with them. And the worst is that these Powers are especially committed to work for international objects through the League of Nations, on which the collective wisdom of its founders imposed the extreme theoretical precept of practical statesmanship, namely, that before a course is adopted, there must be unanimity. This was the rule which ruined Poland. If Poland had to act only after unanimous agreement, where would Polish affairs be now? Where they always were while the principle prevailed—in chaos.

It has to be noted that the principle opposed to British practical statesmanship, the principle of consulting nobody, has produced much more than what is commonly described as "general support". We find in Italy, Germany and Russia the appearance of unanimity; and even admitting that this appearance does not answer to the fact, observers agree that in these countries a strong current of popular will carries the government forward on its chosen course. Tendencies to disagreement have been suppressed, and are being suppressed,

by bludgeons, by concentration camps or castor oil, to name a few of the leading means of persuasion: enthusiasm functions unchecked. Nobody in England wants to see these methods adopted, but there does appear to be even in England a growing desire for some statesmanship that shall be less cautiously "practical"—especially in the international field. And leadership appears more than ever necessary in England, because France is for the time incapacitated.

There is nothing new in the phenomena which Paris has presented. So long as any of us can remember, France has been a country quietly contented with its own culture, its own civilization, its own way of life, and vocally discontented with the government which administers that excellent order. Periodically there is revolt, as now, not against statesmen but against politicians, who are believed to be too practical in a much less delicate sense. The condition of restoring tranquility has been always that they should find a man strong enough to impose his will and his beliefs upon the people: a man not afraid of taking risks. M. Daladier, M. Chautemps, and then M. Daladier again, though commanding and deserving personal respect and sympathy, were not able to inspire the belief in their will to an object, nor able so to present an object as to command allegiance. The man no doubt will be found; but even when he is found, English statesmanship will almost certainly need to become less "practical"—less devoted in its research for the line of least resistance. For our government, determined to guide Europe rather than to lead it, has been so anxious to avoid going too far that it is not quite clear where it is going. The debate on disarmament proposals cleared up nothing till Sir Austen Chamberlain brought about contact with reality. Sir John Simon had laid it down as an axiom that the German claim to equality of rights in the matter of armaments cannot be resisted. Later, he explained that this did not mean that they are entitled to equality of armaments—a distinction rather too subtle for Herr Hitler to observe. But the essential point was raised by Sir Austen Chamberlain's question: Are they to have equal armament at sea? This conclusion was

**A Lead
Wanted**

indignantly resisted. In other words, Germany is to have British support in her claim to have land forces equal to those of her neighbours whom she can invade; but the British will resist by all means any attempt to secure for her strength equal to that of the British fleet. Sir Austen, unlike Sir John Simon, refuses to admit that parity of armament should have been conceded to Germany. "I have never felt that that was a reasonable demand to make upon ourselves", he said, "or to present to others who are nearer to danger than we are and more acutely alive to the possible peril". But practical statesmanship has conceded this demand, because general opinion was not ripe for determined resistance to German bluster. In the matter of a guarantee for collective action in case bluster should pass into deeds, practical statesmanship will go no further than an undertaking to consult at once with the other Powers as to what should be done.

But what are the reactions of all this in Europe and more especially in France? The political manifesto which M. Tardieu has published, *L'Heure de la Décision*, is the better worth reading because it is addressed directly to France. M. Tardieu may stand for a type of the best Frenchman: one who, having proved his intellectual eminence among a people where highly cultivated intellect is not rare, showed qualities that do not always accompany it by throwing down his part in the Government to serve as a company commander in the trenches. His review of history since the War shows France earnestly determined to secure civilization, and, to that end, striving to make the League of Nations into a live force—to give it the essential by which a Power is a Power: in one word, authority. In these efforts France, according to him, has been continually baffled by England and America. M. Tardieu assigns interested motives; Frenchmen always do. He underrates the influence of practical statesmanship in its constant search for some easy way round. But no one will deny that Germany succeeded time and again in driving a wedge between France and England, with the result that Germany has obtained, in Sir Austen Chamberlain's phrase, "heaven knows how many concessions". At the

end of these concessions, France finds herself facing the peril of war. From whom? Why is everybody in Europe talking of the imminence of war? The danger lies where the will to war has been fostered like a religion, in a manner that, according to the older ethics of patriotism, would be hailed as admirable, but that places those who endeavour to live by the new light in a cruel difficulty. It is true that Herr Hitler has talked to France of peace; but what matters is the talk that Herr Hitler holds to Germany: and M. Tardieu illustrates that talk by formidable citations.

It is true also that Herr Hitler has concluded a pact of non-aggression with Poland—which proves how far removed his line of conduct is from that of practical statesmen, since general opinion in Germany was by no means fully ripe for this step. But it would be hard to expect Frenchmen, concerned about the Saar, concerned about Austria, concerned about the whole fabric of post-War Europe, to regard the settlement on the East as reassuring. It had not been made when M. Tardieu wrote (his book is dated the 9th of January) and so he has no allusion to it. But one may be very sure it does not allay his fears for the West.

On the crisis which brought the veteran M. Doumergue out of his retirement and places M. Tardieu among others at his side, M. Tardieu, for the same reason, says nothing; but those who read him will recognize in it a powerful demonstration of his case. His anatomy of the body politic shows to a foreigner under what staggering difficulties the government of France proceeds. He has had enough of the statesmanship which must be "practical"; he calls for changes which will make leadership possible—which will restore authority. The conclusion which he drives home is this. Even under these difficulties, even with that self-defeating machinery, a man of sufficient force may get control, may establish authority, and may save his nation in the face of danger. Clemenceau did it in the last years of the War; Poincaré did it in the financial crisis of 1926. M. Doumergue may do it again. But when the danger is past, the possibilities of mischief, which men dared

not then exploit, become active again and the leader is knifed by a cabal. The reforms which M. Tardieu indicates as necessary in order that authority may be coherent and continuous and not spasmodic are few, and, to our sense, anything but revolutionary.

The first is that the head of the government shall have the right to demand dissolution of Parliament, so that the deputies may not give themselves the pleasure of upsetting him without risking their own seats. (At present a dissolution during the statutory life of Parliament can only be had by a vote of both Chambers demanding it from the President.) Next, he wishes to take from individual members the right of proposing expenditure, and limit this privilege to government, leaving to the House at large, as in England, only the power to reject a financial measure. Whether one argues from the English results, or from the appalling budgetary confusion of the French, the case for this reform seems unanswerable; but plainly it will be fought to the death by innumerable vested interests. The third reform again conforms to English practice: he would enfranchise all the women. The existing electorate of men being too completely grouped and organized, he wants to pour in an equal number of voters not yet regimented who may therefore conceivably think first of the nation. For this Frenchman retains the belief that the people of his country, if they are given a fair chance, will show the larger patriotism. His desire is to support authority by an appeal to the nation at large; and he proposes as his fourth measure to give the head of the government power to seek support for a given measure by asking every voter in the country to say Yes or No to an outlined project. This referendum is only to be consultative: it stops far short of the Swiss example: but the purpose is clearly to assert the sovereignty of the nation vested in its chief executive against the "oligarchies", the organized sectional interests. The fifth reform is to make the State master in its own house: to deny public servants the right of trade combination which they at present exercise, and especially the right to go on strike. This right has already

A Five-Point Programme

been asserted against the newly combined Emergency Government, which in addition to M. Tardieu, has General Pétain at the Ministry of War, and gets M. Poincaré's blessing. The Socialists stand out. It is not surprising that they should refuse to join a government which includes M. Tardieu; for he lays it down in his book that Socialist government wherever it has been tried has meant bankruptcy, financial and political.

Spain offers no conclusive proof to the contrary, but Spain seems incapable of choosing a middle way, either between monarchy and communism, or extremes of clericalism and anti-clericalism. But Spain's affairs are singularly without effect on the rest of Europe, whereas the new arrangement among Balkan States to respect each other's frontiers (and by inference the post-war treaties) concerns all Europe from Poland, even from Russia, to France. Bulgaria is not comprised in the understanding, nor Albania; so that there is not even a provisional finality. Hungary is affected only in the sense that Hungarian claims are implicitly rejected. But Dr. Dollfuss's visit to Budapest suggests that Austria may gain much-needed support, and Hungary a better economic status, through reviving the old union in some looser form. All these agreements make for security in Europe; and they are working for the League of Nations by preventing a clash which might finally end the League by exposing its impotence. That impotence results from the principle that any steps to give sanction to the League's decisions must be taken unanimously on the Council. England so far is the special champion of this provision. It may be practical statesmanship to recognize that English opinion is not prepared to run any risks to make the League a reality; so far only the Labour Party, securely out of office, has given support to the project of international sanctions to be set in motion by the general decision of the League. But it seems increasingly clear that the rulers who need not wait upon general opinion are moving so fast that the only choice lies between strengthening national defences, or setting up a defence which, because it is international, must limit the right of each nation to decide for itself. The statesmanship which is not "practical"

The Balkan Agreement

is making "practical" statesmanship impossible. It is evident, for example, that if M. Doumergue succeeds it will be by creating public opinion, not by waiting till it is formed.

Mr. Devlin's death removes from the House of Commons the last relic of the old Irish party. Nobody was ever more really a Labour member than Devlin: the people who would have given their heart's blood for him were the mill-hands of Belfast.

One day when there was some big demonstration and we had to march in procession through Dublin streets, a tall young fellow, stiff with strength, forced his way through the ranks that lined our way and stalked alongside of the muster of our members, with his eyes blazing. "Whar's Joe?" he kept on demanding, and then suddenly seeing his mark, burst in among us, seized Devlin's hand, grasped it like a vice and put all the passion of his soul into four words. "Joe! God blast ye!" So, having uttered his devotion, he let go. One could feel the inward glow as he passed. Nearly two thousand of these devotees poured down in a mass upon the 16th Irish division when it was forming at Fermoy, and a good half of them were of that same type: hard-bitten fighting material, not the easiest to discipline or handle, but formidable stuff.

I have often wondered whether Redmond was right when he stopped Devlin from going with them, as, of course, he wanted to go. But the man was irreplaceable; and at one point in 1916 after the rising, when something might have been done, he made that possible so far as Nationalist Ireland was concerned. A proposal was put forward to bring Home Rule into operation at once, for what is now the Free State; and the Nationalist leaders went to Belfast to secure the consent of Nationalist Ulster to this measure—which was represented as provisional. But the hatred of partition was so great that neither Redmond nor Dillon could make any effect: it was Devlin who carried the meeting to an agreement. Thereafter, as Mr. Lloyd George has told, Conservative members of the Cabinet, having waited in hopes that Belfast might save them trouble, raised opposition and threatened resignation: the

scheme fell through. Devlin and the other Irish leaders always held that the Liberals, Mr. Asquith and more definitely Mr. Lloyd George, were pledged in such a case to bear down opposition by a counter threat; and they always felt that they had been betrayed.

From that time forward, Devlin's career brought him nothing that he cared for. Partition when it came definitively severed him from Ireland. In his own place and among his own people he retained his personal popularity; but he felt he could do nothing for them.

On the Westminster stage, where he found himself now an admired and welcomed performer, he was like a lost dog. "The only man here that is any pleasure to me", he said; is ——" and he named one of the extreme Ulster Tories, whose reputation in Belfast I must not imperil. But, so far as I could make out, all the Ulster Tory politicians were attached to "Joe"; and he, for his part, telling me that the Ulster Government was in all ways reprehensible and that he ought to "tear the entrails out of them", confessed simply: "I can't do it: I like them too much."

Nobody who met Devlin could help liking him. Outside of politics he had very little general education; his only culture was a taste for the play; but this rather ugly, stockish little man with the strongest possible Belfast accent, had a charm that very few resisted. That was felt at once; so was his humour. Behind these, one was conscious, I think, of his courage. I once discussed with Horace Plunkett why Devlin had taken a particular line, and said I supposed he did not think it was from lack of courage. "Courage!" he said. "He would fight a circular saw". Horace Plunkett himself had as complete a disregard of danger as any man I ever knew; but he had not what Devlin possessed, the dynamic quality which can transmit it. The eloquence by which Devlin effected his end was not a stream of words: it was the expression of a powerful and attractive personality.

It is not merely by a gift of speech or a pleasant way in greeting that a man holds for life such affection as Devlin got from his own people. He gave what he received. The greatest

pleasure of his later period, and the most savage blow, came to him through a thing he wanted to do, and did, and saw destroyed. When the Irish party disappeared, friends of his wanted to raise a testimonial gift; and he agreed, on condition that they should give him the chance to speak to them about the manner of it. So, having got these men of substance assembled, he told them what was, to his mind, the true source of any power he had had to serve them. He used all his gifts of speech to describe what the devotion of the mill-girls in Belfast had been worth to him; how their devotion had kept others loyal; and he sketched his plans for providing a hostel by the sea where in summer these girls could go, making a payment that would save their pride, and get a fortnight's health and enjoyment. His audience when they passed from under his spell had purses lightened far beyond anything they intended—as he told me with impenitent glee. But when he went on to describe the hostel, and its lovely outlook on the shores of Belfast lough, the arrangements for dancing and singing, I never saw him so happy over anything. A year later, the place was burnt. Of all the brutal things done in Ireland during those years none seemed to me so inhuman. No one has yet been a leading politician in Nationalist Ireland without paying dear for it. Devlin who had no part in the land war, and no fellowship with the final guerrilla struggle, never, that I know of, hurt anybody. But of heartbreak in his last years, his sunny nature had full measure.



A FRENCH PORTRAIT GALLERY

by CLENNELL WILKINSON

A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE, by Charles Seignobos. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

LOUIS XV, by Pierre Gaxotte. Translated by J. Lewis May. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

PRINCE EUGENE, by Paul Frischauer. Translated from the German by Countess von Zeppelin. *Gollancz*. 16s.

It is easy, and has long been customary among foreign readers, to treat French history as though it were a mere portrait gallery of outstanding personalities. You pass through rapidly, pausing now and then to glance at some strikingly picturesque or macabre figure; and you leave with an impression of having met a number of very interesting people rather than a nation. But Professor Seignobos, as his title indicates, belongs to the school of John Richard Green—the school which, in England, found nothing in the career of Richard Cœur de Lion so important as his dealings with the great municipalities. In this country we are accustomed to that attitude of mind; but its application to French history will come as a novelty to the average English reader.

Professor Seignobos, who is Professor of History at the Sorbonne, carries his objection to the portrait-gallery method so far as to deny the significance of many of the greatest figures, which both French and English historians have held up to reverence. He even argues that the leaders of the Revolution were men of

little more than average ability. Of the great soldiers he says very little, of the kings hardly more; his concern is with the social life of the people, their manners and customs and the changing methods in industry and commerce. When he comes to deal with movements in public opinion, he shows a pronounced anti-clerical bias, which will not be to the taste of all readers. But his book is full of solid thought, and has years of reading behind it. It will act as a useful corrective for those who are inclined to take their view of seventeenth and eighteenth century France from the coloured pages of Dumas.

But the portrait-gallery method, in spite of all the professors may say, has never been more alive and popular than it is today. The modern biographer, whatever his alleged deficiencies in scholarship, has an undoubted talent for bringing the great figures of the past to life. He moves through the Victorian waxwork show like a fairy with a wand. Louis XV, one of the dearest of all the dummies, becomes, under M. Gaxotte's delicate hands, a living, rather likeable, and far from negligible personality. His vices were the vices of his age. He was not lacking in courage and common sense. At the worst, he knew how to choose his advisers, and even his mistress, the Pompadour, was obviously a woman of outstanding ability. He was well worth a separate study in the modern manner, such as M. Gaxotte gives us here.

Prince Eugène of Savoy has missed his true position in English historical biography, rather through being overshadowed by the stately brilliance of our own handsome Marlborough than through any fault of his own. But his very ugliness and physical weakness—his spindle shanks, gaping mouth, and wide, black nostrils under a mere vestige of a nose—makes such a dramatic contrast with his colleague's overpowering comeliness that it could hardly have missed its popular appeal in this country if it had ever been pointed out. Herr Frischauer fills the gap. In his dashing, exuberant style, he gives us a memorable picture of Eugène and his period—that of Louis Quatorze—the periwigs and the pomposity, the shameless vice and corruption, the versatility that was almost Elizabethan. The ugly young Prince of Savoy, heavily snubbed by Louis XIV, became a lifelong enemy of France, and the story of his career might, from one point of view, be regarded as the story of his revenge for that painful scene in the royal apartments at Versailles.

Herr Frischauer, at any rate, has chosen to concentrate upon this side of the picture. Of Eugène as a soldier he tells us comparatively little. His military history is brief, even casual; military terminology is employed with almost contemptuous carelessness of its meaning. Political history comes off a little better, though Queen Anne is distinctly stated to have been the widow of William III! But Eugène, the young courtier; Eugène, the embittered exile; Eugene, the diplomatist or the soldier on leave—of these we have a portrait that could hardly be bettered. And we get, incidentally, an admirable pen picture of the birth of modern Vienna, built, as we see it today, in the swaggering style of Eugène's time—a picture that has a certain poignancy in these days of adversity, when machine gun bullets sweep through the streets.

JOHN EVELYN, by Arthur Ponsonby. *Heinemann*. 15s.

THE UNKNOWN CROMWELL, by F. H. Hayward. *Allen & Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

IF John Evelyn and Cromwell do not go very happily in harness, the authors of these biographies are even less well balanced in the yoke. Nothing could exceed the steady and unemotional clarity of Lord Ponsonby's style; whereas, by contrast, Mr. Hayward must be one of the most argumentative and pugnacious biographers now writing. He is full of complaints. Nearly all his predecessors, except Firth and Gardiner, annoy him, for he cannot bear to have a word said against his hero. Hilaire Belloc, Storm Jameson and Stirling Taylor in particular are targets for his storms and sarcasms. Many readers will, no doubt, read a few pages and then lay aside his book; for argumentativeness is wearisome, and most of his more violent sallies are contained in his first two or three chapters. Though these chapters are certainly a bore, the reader would be well advised to persevere, for later the book suddenly becomes interesting, and Mr. Hayward is certainly able to demonstrate that his hero worship, if slightly ecstatic, does rest on solid ground. He also suggests that there is a key whereby we may unlock the meaning of Cromwell's sudden turns and shifts, and open the door upon coherence. It is to be found in his *Philosophy of Events*, for he regarded all events as divine manifestations, and was therefore placed beyond the need to be or to seem consistent.

Lord Ponsonby is everything that Mr. Hayward is not. No trace of emotion or excitement is allowed to mar—or to enliven—his biography of Evelyn. The faculty of wise judgment and skilled presentation is the one most in evidence. This is not a complaint—far from it. It would, on the contrary, constitute a complaint if one called a biography of

John Evelyn thoroughly exciting. For Evelyn was anything but that. He was most worthy and upright, the friend of all the best spirits of his time, immensely industrious, versatile and learned. But he was reserved, and more than a little chilly. Such is the man Lord Ponsonby paints for us. This is the first biography of Evelyn. It is both definitive and authoritative, and it is a book which no subsequent student in the same field of research will be able to ignore.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

T. P. O'CONNOR, by Hamilton Fyfe. *George Allen & Unwin*. 16s.

THERE were many sides to the character and career of T. P. O'Connor, and they all glitter and glow in Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's whole-hearted and revealing biography. Mr. Fyfe writes with knowledge, with sympathy, and with convincing frankness; and his tribute to his old friend would have delighted "T. P." himself. Even in certain passages, such as the Dick Whittington prelude, where the biographer cannot resist the temptation to be almost fantastically picturesque, the cordial exaggeration is quite in the O'Connor tradition: subject and interpretation are akin. And of "T. P.", more than of most men who follow politics and journalism, it is safe to say that the better he was known, the better he was liked. Living in the very arena of controversy and personality, he died without an enemy. He was the typical Irishman of literature and the drama—impulsive, generous, improvident, genial and inspiring in company, yet often sad and disillusioned in solitude. His life may have been a disappointment to himself; but it was a continual source of satisfaction to others.

He came up to London with £4 in his pocket, and saw the years of plenty when his income was many thousands a year; but he worked for every penny he made, and he had to sacrifice his

ambitions to the necessity of his livelihood. Those who, like the present writer, enjoyed the experience of working under his direction, could best appreciate his kindness and humour. If he lost his temper for one moment, he forgot it all in the next; he never cherished a grievance, nor nursed a wrong. In politics he was a chivalrous combatant. Perhaps, after many blows struck with conviction and force, he survived to wonder whether he had been always upon the right side; but he was too loyal to desert his colours for the sake of his own advantage. Perhaps there were moments when he regretted that of all the millions of pages he had filled, very few were likely to survive their weekly service; but he had long since learnt that journalism is a jealous mistress.

Mr. Fyfe acclaims him as the creator of modern personal journalism; but, if that was so, he would most certainly have regarded with aversion the monster which had grown from his own decent and humane nursery of personality. He brought the humanities into the daily paper; he was the first to realize woman's claim to be represented in the press; but he was always on the side of the angels, and he wrote for self-respecting women in a spirit of respect. When the last count is reckoned, it seems probable that Fate permitted him to make the best public use of his versatile capacities. Nature had not moulded him for pure literature, but at least he kept journalism pure and vital. He had the journalist's sense of a subject, and the true journalist's touch to vivify it. When he wrote of books, he interpreted them from the human standpoint; and, in doing so, he broadened the outlook, and directed the sympathy of a great company of readers who might otherwise have remained callous and obtuse.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

MODERN VERSE AND ITS CRITICS

by GEOFFREY WEST.

CRITIQUE OF POETRY, by Michael Roberts. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.**SENSE AND POETRY: Essays on the Place of Meaning in Contemporary Verse**, by John Sparrow. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.**SUMMIT AND CHASM: A book of Poems and Rimes**, by Herbert E. Palmer. *Dent*. 5s.**POEMS—GROUP ONE**, by G. W. M. Dunn. *Cape*. 3s. 6d.**JACK AND JILL**, by W. J. Turner. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

"MODERN Poetry" is no less than a bugbear to many serious and intelligent readers today. "If this is poetry", they are apt to exclaim, "then give us Harry Tate. If *his* world is lunatic, at least it's a lunacy we can understand!" All who have ever felt this way when confronted with some of the more esoteric work of Eliot, Cummings, Joyce, the Sitwells, Auden, Read, Ezra Pound and others of their kind, really should read both Mr. Roberts and Mr. Sparrow. One is counsel for the defence, the other for the prosecution, and each has done his job well, and with judicial moderation. I only regret that they could not have written their books together as one lively—it would be lively!—debate. Mr. Roberts sweeps the larger scope, and is the more fundamental. Quite without reference to "modernist" practice he is concerned with the natures of both poetry and criticism, and their relations one to the other. He desires a more precise critical terminology (who does not!), but at least himself adequately defines his terms. His sections have rather the appearance, and taste, of independent essays, but they have progression and develop, with some divergences, a single and illuminating point

of view—one which would need, however, another essay at least to expound.

It is in his chapters on poetic innovation and the modern intellectual background that he appears most explicitly as champion of the poets whose work Mr. Sparrow seeks to challenge. Both write of the need for sympathy with innovation, and Mr. Roberts can admit excesses in modern poetry, but it is very clear that the two of them would by no means draw the line at the same point—Mr. Roberts is, in fact, one of the critics Mr. Sparrow specifically reproves for encouraging excess by too freely acclaiming it. It is Mr. Sparrow's case that while today as always we have poetry which is obscure because genuinely difficult, we have also not a little which is and must remain for the general public strictly unintelligible. Words, he points out, bear values variously to be distinguished as of meaning, of sound, and of association, and of the three the last is the least general and most personal. Poetry in the main utilizes all three, its success depending in large part upon its capacity to harmonize them each with the others, yet with "meaning" standing in the foreground. But today we have a deliberate attempt, deriving especially from the French Symbolists, to make "association" primary, in an attempt—it appears—to undercut the intellectual response and appeal direct to the subconscious which is the deeper source of feeling. This is, as Mr. Sparrow admits, all very well up to a point, the point at which "the distinction between recognizable and personal associations, between those grounded in common experience and those grounded in accident", begins to appear. When that is passed the key to understanding

no longer lies in the reader's mind but only in the writer's, and the feeling evoked becomes more and more that of a plain exasperation!

Mr. Roberts praises modern poetry for its pregnancy and precision, and quotes as example two lines by Mr. Herbert Read:

"The ethic mind is engine too,
Accelerating in the void."

They mean, he suggests, that "as an inevitable consequence of our existence in time we feel that some acts are good and some are bad, although we perceive no absolute ethical landmarks", and he asserts that they are, if obscure, "entirely unambiguous. Mr. Read says exactly what he means, and either you understand it or you do not. You cannot misconstrue it". Unfortunately it happens that before reading Mr. Roberts's interpretation I evolved my own—a different one! One of us *has* misconstrued it, and who shall say which—save Mr. Read? Elsewhere Mr. Roberts makes the point that the reader confronted by a "difficult" poem "tends to become purely intellectual, and treat it as a riddle", and thereby to regard the poet who wrote it as purely intellectual too. He, presumably, would dispute this, but my interpretation of Mr. Read was certainly an intellectual process, as I believe Mr. Roberts's to have been, and I also find it impossible to regard the metaphor itself as not predominantly intellectual in conception. It is the paradox of so much contemporary poetry that, anti-intellectualist in intention, it should seem so essentially an intellectual product, of theory preceding and not following it. Mr. Sparrow's case against is certainly more powerfully presented than Mr. Roberts's case for. If poetry is, in the latter's phrase, to widen consciousness, it must be one which refuses to exclude "the possibility of communicating feeling through the understanding." There may be

sheep among Mr. Sparrow's goats, but there are certainly some goats among Mr. Roberts's sheep.

The three volumes of verse by Messrs. Palmer, Dunn and Turner scarcely enter the controversy at all. Theirs is all "straightforward poetry." Mr. Palmer, the best of the three and one of the truest poets alive today, though his work here, as always, is almost frantically uneven, presents a volume of lyrics absolutely personal in detail and in bulk. The breath of poetry is in them all (gaspingly at times), and one, "The Exceptional Fräulein", seems to me one of the loveliest and purest lyrics of our time. Mr. Dunn is a newcomer, modern but not modernist, speaking in strong but sensitive rhythms. He has not, perhaps, the full distinctiveness of a Roy Campbell or Stephen Spender even on their first appearances, but his work has qualities of strength and delicacy, sympathy and determination, freshness and power, which deserve every commendation and recommendation. Mr. Turner's allegorical narrative of Jack the Eternal Man and Jill the Eternal Woman, who climbed the Hill of aspiration, drank of the Water of knowledge, fell in Hell, and rose again, seems to lack both inspiration and more than ordinary accomplishment—one almost longs for Mr. Roberts's precision and concision, even with obscurity!

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THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

Translated by Edward Marsh. With twelve illustrations by Stephen Gooden. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

To begin with the illustrations, which play such an important part in this work, I must say that considering the price of the edition, Mr. Gooden's engravings have been well reproduced. One should not, of course, have seen the eight-guinea, two-volume edition first, which contained many smaller decorations now omitted. Here, however, are sufficient to show that Mr. Gooden is one of the finest etchers that this country, if not Europe, has produced. The firm sense of design, the quality of the imagination, the exhaustive use of the medium, make these engravings completely satisfying.

Mr. Marsh's versions of the Fables have already become the "established" ones. They are a good example of the labour of love; begun at ease, and continued over a long period of time with increasing conscientiousness and enthusiastic admiration. One feels that Mr. Marsh has enjoyed this work from start to finish. There is never a touch of tiredness, of automatic "translation".

How he must have needed that enthusiasm! One has only to attempt a version of one of the Fables to be cured of the uncritical idea that La Fontaine's French is simple and straightforward. The translator soon realizes that the famous directness of these verses is in the character of the author rather than in his style. Everything in that style begins to elude one; the speed, the wide allusion, the racy humour, and above all, the *personal rhythm*, the idiom, which consists mainly in a trick of turning, as it were, with his back to the reader, and delivering the latter part, including the Moral, of his fable over his shoulder, with half-averted head. I should like to call it the Yorkshire-laconic method, if it were not so absolutely French. It

might also be compared to the technique of the Parthian shot!

At any rate, this quality was an impossible thing to capture in translation—until Mr. Marsh did it. And he has done it not by chance here and there, but consistently throughout the Twelve Books. Yes, he shares the secret of those laconics, and he has mastered the slippery La Fontaine. The result is something unique in all literature; an original Greek work, a version in French, and a translation from that version into English, so that all three become classics.

As for the wide range of La Fontaine's mind, seeking for illustration and image, Mr. Marsh is not lacking there. His vocabulary is enormous, and he can use slang with an exquisite effect, and a *cliché* so that it is re-minted. With this he allows himself a verbal freedom without ever misconstruing the precise meaning of the original. For example, in the Fable of *Le Loup et le Chien*, La Fontaine begins:

"Un Loup n'avait que les os et la peau,
Tant les chiens faisaient bonne garde.
Ce Loup rencontre un Dogue aussi
puissant que beau,
Gras, poli, qui s'étrait fourvoyé par
mégarde."

Mr. Marsh renders this as follows:

"A Wolf was down to skin and bone
(The Watchdogs did their work so
well),
He met a Mastiff, a tremendous swell,
Sleek, plump, and portly, straying all
alone."

I could continue discussing nice points to illustrate Mr. Marsh's good taste, his naughtiness and audacity, and his complete justification by results; but I should not succeed in conveying the delight that his work must afford to every sophisticated reader who knows the savour of La Fontaine and can appreciate such a *nonchalant* success in conveying it over the Channel, to be added to the permanent joys of English literature.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE QUEST FOR CORVO: An Experiment in Biography, by A. J. A. Symons. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

Not as an astonishing story of an eccentric author, nor as a biting sauce for curiosity, nor as the strange fruit of research by a man of method and imagination, shall I criticize Mr. Symons's book here. The life of Fr. Rolfe (Frederick), or Baron Corvo, the author of that unlikely and remarkable novel, *Hadrian the Seventh*, will attract uncommon readers by the score. The ex-theological student, whose passion was words, who loved a venomous style more than any friend and so sacrificed every friend to the idol he made of invective, who died in 1913 of penury in Venice, who would like to have been Pope, and who wrote his novel about the modern Vatican out of his sense of frustration, is as irresistible as an opal—to those whom that gem does not utterly

repel. The What of this book is a booby-trap for bad critics. The How, the "experiment in biography", is the properer critic's prey.

From his previous essay we know Mr. Symons's biographical aims: revelation, not record; dramatic approach, not chronological sequence; selection, not (even relative) completeness; understanding; a preference for odd men—all in the service of truth made "interesting" by artistic skill, which imposes brevity. (Then what about Boswell?). "A biographer should choose his subject (we are told) as a dandy chooses his suit". Corvo, then, was, certainly, cut out for Mr. Symons. His researches have rescued, tactfully, a talented eccentric from oblivion. On these two frank admissions, how does his Experiment justify its chosen means? Only in so far as it does, will the interest of a strange story place this biography (as a biography)

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beyond the dainty dishes of its class; for good literature, like a good dinner, cannot be made of caviare alone.

The first third of the book describes the biographer's "quest" for information: all right, this, for such an elusive theme. Then comes a chronological section: the quest being more interesting to Mr. Symons than Rolfe's early years and family history. Not all readers will be content with less than both. His method is concentric rather than direct, but the added drama so gained is purchased at the price of several gaps, a few repetitions, some apparent oversights: e.g., the trip to Oxford after Rolfe had left Wales. There is no room to discuss the sympathetic analysis of Rolfe's character. He was his worst enemy, because he would only behave well in conditions ideal to *him*. He was without malice: invective was his favourite literary form. If you praised his venom skilfully, he became friendly at once. He succumbed to his own gifts instead of commanding them. Unlike his work, he did not survive the searching test of misfortune, but he *was* worth the pains, the skill, the artistic ardour with which Mr. Symons has miraculously recovered his life, his lost MSS., from oblivion. Mr. Symons *has* proved his plea.

OSBERT BURDETT.

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STATIONERY

**THE POETRY OF GERARD MAN-
LEY HOPKINS**, by E. E. Phare.
Cambridge University Press. 6s.

ALTHOUGH many essays on Hopkins, critical and otherwise, have appeared during the last few years, this is the first book taking Hopkins's poetry as its subject that has yet been published. Miss Phare describes her attempt as a "survey and commentary"; and its chief fault is that it surveys too many things which have nothing to do with Hopkins. It seems to be a point of honour with critics who light on Hopkins to pass on to general arguments about religion, modern poetry, and the basis of poetry in general.

Miss Phare quotes I. A. Richards, Herbert Read, Robert Graves, Edith Sitwell, Valéry, etc. Some of these have written on Hopkins, others have not. "The poem of Hopkins which most resembles Eliot . . ." she begins one passage. The resemblance unfortunately does not matter, except possibly to Mr. Eliot. There is an air of hearsay in phrases such as this: the poet is "carried along almost in spite of himself, as other poets seem to have been, as, according to Mr. Irving Babbitt, it was the ambition of all romantic poets to be." Does this truism need to be certified by Mr. Babbitt?

Nevertheless, lovers of Hopkins's poetry will be grateful to have this book. Most of the poems are dealt with at length, either directly or in comparison with other poets, and Miss Phare shows a sensitive understanding, especially when she praises. Of her criticism of Hopkins in general, one may say that she fully appreciates the last sonnets, overpraises the fragment *Brother and Sister*, and bungles the *Wreck of the Deutschland*. If she had been less preoccupied with Hopkins's "modernity," and less deferential to his "modern" critics, her book might have been better than it is.

G. W. STONIER.

AUSTRALIAN ECONOMICS

**AUSTRALIA AS PRODUCER AND
TRADER**, by N. Windett. *Oxford
University Press.* 15s.

**AUSTRALIA IN THE WORLD
CRISIS**, by D. Copland. *Cambridge
University Press.* 9s.

**AUSTRALIA'S GOVERNMENT
BANK**, by L. C. Jauncey. *Cranley &
Day.* 7s. 6d.

THERE was a time when Australia was known as the land of the four S's—of sweat and sorrow, sand and sin. Today she is mainly a nation of town-dwellers; Melbourne and Sydney alone contain a third of her 6½ millions of people. The growth of "secondary" industries was stimulated by the war, and maintained and increased by import duties since the war. Mrs. Windett has made a careful study of the leading branches of production during the post-war years. She divides them into sheltered, protected, and export industries, and considers mainly the two latter kinds.

Under a different tariff policy, Australia might develop a considerable export to Pacific countries in certain lines now hardly exported at all, although Mrs. Windett is undoubtedly right in saying that her chief exports must be primary products, and especially wool. I am not so sure that two-thirds of her factory production should be counted as "indigenous" (p. 228): for example, if Governments gave no preference to local producers, much railway material might be imported. But the classification is presumably meant only to describe the state of affairs during the period under review.

In the course of the analysis of the trend of production, prices, costs, and foreign trade in the different groups of commodities, the tariff inevitably appears again and again. It has raised many

costs, but this alone proves little, for costs are also incomes. It has caused a greater expansion of manufacturing and a smaller expansion of farming than would otherwise have taken place. This has kept down the value of rural land, but on the face of it no special burden is placed on the farmer, for capital and labour are free to go where they can earn most. The usual view, however—adopted in this book—is correct: farmers have suffered in so far as they are land-owners, are specialized, have made long-term contracts, and have been confronted with a rising tariff. Producers of some "primary" commodities, notably butter and sugar, have also received protection: the Australian housewife pays a higher price than the English, who buys the dumped surplus. For some years the burdens on wool and wheat growers were offset by relatively high prices. The collapse of these prices was the chief way in which the depression struck Australia.

Mrs. Windett gives us the setting, but we must turn to Professor Copland for a vivid account of the course of the depression in Australia and of the measures taken to meet it. The heavy fall in export prices and the practical stoppage of loans from overseas raised an acute transfer problem. In round figures, Australia had been paying for imports and meeting external interest charges by exports of about £140 millions a year and loans of about £30 millions. The loans ceased; the same volume of exports would have sold for about half as much; and interest charges of some £30 millions sterling remained. At first, there were drastic increases in the tariff, and the Australian pound was kept near parity with sterling

by rationing exchange to importers, while the gold of the banks was used to fill the gap in the balance of payments. Early in 1931, the exchange rate was allowed to fall to £131 10s. Australian = £100 sterling, and was raised only to £125 after sterling left gold. This, together with the fall in spending power in Australia, solved the transfer problem; and with imports at only £47 millions (as against £149 millions in 1928-9) external equilibrium was achieved in 1931-2.

Meanwhile costs fell, so that the exchange rate helped exporters at the expense of consumers of imports. Professor Copland argues that a fall in the exchange rate was essential, and that a policy of deflation in order to stay on gold would have involved impossible reductions in costs. It would have reduced the national income in 1931-2 to some £260 millions as against some £650 millions three years before (p. 97). However that may be, it is certain that the depreciated exchange helped to counteract the influence of the tariff on the distribution of labour and resources. But the reduced spending-power had its repercussions within Australia. Unemployment grew to 30 per cent. and Governments were faced with heavy deficits. In May 1931 a committee of economists and under-treasurers, with Professor Copland as chairman, suggested a course of action subsequently adopted, in principle: "A well-considered mingling of deflation and inflation" (p. 72).

In January, the Commonwealth Arbitration Court had cut the basic wage by 26 per cent., although the States Courts, and especially that of New South Wales, did not go so far. The Copland Committee stressed the need to share the loss of national income equitably: to cut wages, pensions, and so on, but to cut also fixed charges. This was done. There was a great conversion of Government internal debt in the summer of

1931 which reduced interest charges by 22½ per cent. The conversion was voluntary, but the iron hand emerged to force dissentients, holding 3 per cent. of the total, into line. Legislation by the States reduced existing mortgage and other fixed-interest charges by a similar extent. All governments (except that of New South Wales, until Mr. Lang was dismissed by the Governor in May, 1932) reduced their expenditures and increased taxation. But they budgeted for deficits and met the deficits by the issue of Treasury Bills. This has Professor Copland's warm approval; it is the inflationary part of the plan; it has sustained bank credit.

The economic outlook certainly began to improve as the plan came into operation. Who shall say whether the fall in unemployment was due to wage cuts or Treasury Bills? Perhaps more important than either was the growing confidence in Governments. Recovery has been helped by a rise in wool prices, but whatever the future may hold, Professor Copland and his colleagues have every reason to feel pleased at the outcome of their middle course. Australia has emerged, albeit somewhat battered, into less stormy waters.

At the close of 1931 the Commonwealth Bank assumed responsibility for fixing the exchange rate with sterling. Dr. L. C. Jauncey describes the rise of this Bank from its beginning in 1912. It was then a puny rival of the trading banks: a State Bank with no capital. Since then it has accumulated millions in profits, and (mainly through the Act of 1924) it has become a Central Bank of issue and reserve such as its real father King O'Malley (despite his odd idea that it should have no premises but post offices) had desired. Apparently the Bank once met a run from depositors "by putting on more tellers" (p. 80): the device succeeded.

F. C. C. BENHAM.

GORDON IN CHINA, by Bernard M. Allen. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

GORDON of the Sudan has so obscured Gordon of China in popular estimation, that Dr. Allen is greatly to be thanked for adding to his previous book this faithful and vivid story of the Chinese epic. The only cause for regret is that Dr. Allen does not appear to know China personally. He would not have made the slip of describing Ningpo and Hangchow as being "about ten miles distant" from Shanghai, and he would have been able to give greater vitality to the Chinese personages of the story and the background of the conditions of the day, which is needed for proper appreciation of the wonder of what Gordon accomplished.

Many speculations have been indulged in as to what Gordon might have done for China, in co-operation with his friend Mr., afterwards Sir Robert, Hart,

had he stayed on in the Imperial service after smashing the Taipings. Probably nothing, except as another Clive. The "rats and foxes", always ultimately the downfall of China's dynasties, were already visibly undermining the Manchu Empire, and although the ruthless strength of the still youthful Empress-Dowager could take advantage of the new lease of life won by Gordon to stay the dynasty up for another forty-four years, every Chinese knew that the "mandate of Heaven" was running out.

Yet what Gordon accomplished was miraculous. Besides the exasperating shortcomings of his Chinese colleagues (whose repeated failures to pay Gordon's troops their promised rewards provoked mutinies which only his fearless personality could quell) his superiors gave him all the trouble they could. Thus Sir Frederick Bruce, the Minister in Peking, having failed to stop Gordon

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from being appointed to command the "Ever Victorious Army" after Ward's death (his letter to Lord Russell was providentially delayed) tried to get him superseded by Burlinghame; and when the latter treacherously went over to the Taipings, Sir Frederick actually complained that this catastrophe might have been averted if only Burlinghame had been put in Gordon's place.

Of Gordon's many battles, of his fertile plans and infinite care in laying them by close personal survey of localities, usually under ceaseless fire, of his indomitable energy and almost superhuman indifference to danger, we get the clearest pictures from Dr. Allen. That Gordon escaped all hurt except a trivial leg-wound is incomprehensible. Truly might the Chinese say that he bore a charmed life. And when he dared to refuse the Emperor's gift of 10,000 taels after the capture of Soochow, their reverence for him knew no bounds.

Dr. Allen sufficiently explodes the famous story of Gordon hunting for Li all round Soochow with his revolver, after the decapitation of the Wangs: and it is not difficult to believe that there was a good deal to be said for Li. His own story of the affair to Macartney suggests as much, for a great Chinese mandarin would never stoop to say all that he might in self-defence to a foreigner. One is glad to think that Li and Gordon were reconciled, for there is no doubt that the great Chinese had a sincere regard for the great Englishman. Very early in their association, Li wrote of Gordon:

What a sight for tired eyes and elixir for a heavy heart it is to see this splendid Englishman fight! I have just returned from nine days and nights with him and, if there is anything that I admire nearly as much as the superb scholarship of Tseng Kwo-fan, it is the military qualities of this fine officer.

O. M. GREEN.

THE ENDLESS JOURNEY, by Henry Baerlein. *Thornton Butterworth*. 8s. 6d.

MR. BAERLEIN is a born rover; neither "bohemian" nor "tramp", the two commonest varieties of book-making travellers. Obviously locomotion itself has no inherent attraction for him; nor does he find any special delight in contrasting the dull familiar exhalations of hearth and home with the exotic effluvia which are the pride and privilege of the wanderer. He moves about in little-known countries—Spain, Slovakia and further afield—quite frankly, because he likes the people and their conversation. One of the minor figures, for instance, in the present volume is a lavatory attendant (described in the publishers' blurb as "a philosophic charwoman"!) whose mode of speech, in proverbs literally translated into English, has a fragrance all its own. She notices that her interlocutor is bursting to ask her questions and disposes herself with the words: "I am the meat, you are the knife". A moment afterwards she assures him "I am as resolute as garlic".

In his new book Mr. Baerlein's roving, in terms of space, recalls M. Xavier de Maistre, the author of *Voyage autour de ma chambre*. The journey's end, like its beginning, is Pamplona, the old capital city of the independent kingdom of Navarre. But if his itinerary "round Navarre" never gets beyond the stage of a project, his progress in terms of history and legend is prodigious. By way of initiating us into the mysteries of Basque lore he makes the principal figure an archivist, ever ready to satisfy the author's appetite for old knowledge and new viewpoints. There is also an old Marquis and his daughters, one of whom supplies the modicum of love interest which Mr. Baerlein is conventional enough to provide; and there are sundry journalists and officials who make excellent foils to the author's inquisitiveness. Throughout there is a sustained political theme—the peculiar virtue of the Spanish

Republic. Mr. Baerlein seems indeed to have patented this method of airing his political views without any obligation to support them by fact or argument.

Such a *mélange* of folkways and politics is not really satisfactory. Indeed, unless you are as attached to things Spanish as the author is, you will very soon put down the book in a huff. But if you are a hispanophile, you have your reward in as tasty an *olla podrida* as publishers have given us since the republic came upon the scene.

W. HORSEFALL CARTER.

THE FROLIC AND THE GENTLE:
A Study of Charles Lamb, by A. C.

Ward. *Methuen*. 6s.

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. CHARLES,
by E. V. Lucas. *Methuen*. 5s.

ANOTHER centenary—Lamb's this time—raises once more the thorny question as to the justifiability or otherwise of centenary publications. We get too much of this sort of thing, and even the name of Methuen on these books offers no certain guarantee beforehand that we shall be glad of their publication. It all depends, of course, on the author. But a century is a century, after all, and following a hundred years of such adulation as fell to the lot of Elia, it is, perhaps, only right that we should examine well to see how he wears.

Mr. Ward, very wisely, begins in this strain. It is hardly to be expected, he says, that a generation such as ours, with its new "emancipation" and standards, should set as great store as our predecessors on one who was, pre-eminently, a genius of the heart and the hearth. But alas, either he or his publisher disappoints us by the brevity of the book, of the searching criticism which his opening chapter suggests is to follow. Plainly, the intention has been to provide a popular biography-cum-criticism at a price to suit the modest purse, and as such this book will fulfil

its purpose. By careful selection and apt "chapterization" Mr. Ward has got into 230 pages every necessary and salient feature of a fair and far from one-sided presentation of Lamb and his writings as Lamb and as Elia. An ardent Elia, one feels, he yet succeeds in approaching his subject anything but sentimentally (with Lamb so fatally easy an approach), and if his book, in consequence, tends rather to the pedestrian, at least he keeps both feet on the ground and handles his far-from-easy subject with a clear vision and a saving, though somewhat baited, humour.

Mr. Ward's is, in short, an excellent study, and if one feels, as he does here and there, that the author is purposely holding in leash a warmth and enthusiasm hard to control, that is only as Lamb himself would have had it. (How he loathed to be described as "gentle", and would have more than hated Thackeray's "St. Charles"!) Our only

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quarrel with Mr. Ward is that his book is so excellent as to make us wish it were twice as long, biographically and critically. Robbed of a century's adulation and regarded twentieth century-wise, Lamb, he shows us, will stand the test. That is all that really matters.

A welcome must be extended, too, to Mr. Lucas's slender sheaf of "stray papers" on Lamb, now first brought together. For all he has said and written about Lamb, he can still, as these fugitive pieces show, discover new aspects that will delight, and these gleanings form a welcome appendix to the intermittent labours of a lifetime whose focal point has been the shrine of "St. Charles".

JOHN LINNELL.

THIRTY PRELIMINARY POEMS, by George Barker. *The Parton Press*. 2s. 6d.

ALANNA AUTUMNAL, by George Barker. *Wishart*. 5s.

THERE is an adolescent period in the life of many writers, and in particular of poets, when conceptions crowd in upon them with such force and profusion that they can hardly stay to examine one before the next demands attention, and each receives but scamped and inadequate expression. If the poet has the seeds of greatness in him, however, it will be apparent from a line here and there from the first, but will only be recognized later, when the power of sustained composition gains control of its material, and results in the production of a poem which is a complete work of art, hardly less rich than the confused emanations of immaturity, but infinitely superior to them in power and conscious control.

These two books seem to represent the two stages in Mr. Barker's development. In the *Preliminary Poems* there is much omitted that is necessary to complete the expression of the thought which, from a line here and there, we must

assume to have been well worth expression. There are experiments in technique which had better have been withheld from publication. There are also lines which fill the reader with the hope of what is to come, as when Mr. Barker says of summer that its abundance

"Silently chokes the river with a dam

Of lateral heat; . . ."

or describes the sense of touch as being
"Like an inhalant tasting and twice sensitive sight."

There is hardly a complete poem in the book, but there is much to indicate the work of a poet.

Alanna Autumnal requires less comment. It is competent to speak for itself. The theme is one which has dangerously fascinated many poets, the influence of the temptation to incest upon a brother and sister who are brought together by circumstances in isolation from the world. In his choice of the circumstances which produce the isolation and temptation, Mr. Barker has succeeded, however, in making the poem (it is written in prose) far more than a narrative of two persons. The tragic frustrations of modern society, forcing the individual to turn inward for satisfaction which he cannot find in the world, are implicit in their situation, and its development implies also the inevitable consequence of this retirement, in madness and destruction by the forces of society. The sense of personal despair is intense, but it is swallowed up in the sense of deeper and more inevitable conflict in the very foundations of modern life which the implications of the narrative convey.

The poem is one which requires from the reader as great an integrity as belongs to the writer. The beauty and strength of the writing are sufficient to encourage its exercise.

ALAN M. WELLS.

SELECTED FICTION

THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION, by H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.
WINNER TAKE NOTHING, by Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

THERE is the repetition which is the search for perfection and the repetition which means that a writer has found a formula. It strikes me that both Mr. Bates and Mr. Hemingway, who in differing ways are masters of the short story, have reached the danger point. They are marking time, and one begins to notice the defects of their qualities. The accumulated sound of stories already written has clouded their ears. Mr. Bates's rapturous and pervasive calm is becoming a set dullness: we note, and are irked by his close limitations; and Mr. Hemingway's laconic naturalism is disintegrating and petering out into catalogues of perfunctory reporting. Such declines are, of course, the fate of short-story writers owing to the exhausting difficulties of the form, and however severe the criticism, it is a necessary act of gratitude to remember that even at their weakest, the masters of this difficult art stand head and shoulders above the average level. Anyone who had not read Messrs. Bates and Hemingway before would recognize at once their individual quality.

Mr. Bates's gift is a poetic sensibility in beautiful equilibrium, and its world is the world of feeling in bud, flower and fruition. He writes of this only in its elemental forms of fear and love, and in the course of every story one of these feelings is brought either out of darkness into bud, or out of bud into flower and fulfilment. Even his disasters and deaths are seen, in a sense, as

fulfilments. There are two kinds of figures; those modelled round and full, and those carved down by the refinements of time to an ideal and waxen emaciation. There is no atrophy, no essential evil, no corrosion of the mind. The vessels of emotion are always ideally full, and Mr. Bates excels in bringing to consciousness a world of sensibility recognized by us but never so well defined. But the mind is left out, and when this liquid gift is used too much, his work thickens and—as always with the ideal—becomes tasteless and dull. One tires in the end of his too milky madonnas, his too slender children, his too silent men, his visionary young ladies. It becomes monotonous to regard them as vessels of feeling only, blended with no other experience. Putting aside his holidays with the quaint—which are escapes from his real problem—his surest path of development lies, in my opinion, in that more mature side of his art which is at present at its best in descriptions of the simple incidents of domestic life and in which he gets effects which may be compared with the work of the Dutch painters. His ideal visions need to retire into that domesticity which his quiet, slow art portrays with such satisfaction. It is dangerous to dogmatize on the value of a writer's influences; but I think Mr. Bates not at his best when obviously trying to penetrate into the dark passionate world which was peculiar to the work of D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Bates's hatreds always seem to be borrowed.

As with *The Woman Who Had Imagination*, Mr. Hemingway's book has many excellent passages, though the

book as a whole disappoints. It contains nothing as good as "The Killers", for example. "Fathers and Sons" and "A Way You'll Never Be"—a curious study in shell-shock—are good stories; the rest show what a dangerously borderline method Mr. Hemingway's kind of naturalism is. Sometimes it enables him to get close to the skin of sensations; at other times it is little more than a sketchy commentary. His dialogue depends upon immense eliminations, as well as upon close fidelity to the spoken word. In fact, he relies for his effects more on the suggested and unspoken—or that which cannot be spoken—than is at first apparent. Now this suggestion must be definite and calculated, building up a strong invisible pattern which must increase the potency of the spoken words, otherwise they will be merely realistic, weary, futile, vague. They will drop into perfunctory reporting. The excellence of "The Killers" and of the Indian part of "Fathers and Sons" is in the drilled definiteness of suggestion; the banality of such pieces as "Homage to Switzerland" is due to the fact that it suggests nothing at all. There is a subtle difference between a personal sense of the emptiness of the world, and that sense translated into terms of art. Translation is the difference.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

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WORK OF ART, by Sinclair Lewis.
Cape. 7s. 6d.

BREDON & SONS, by Neil Bell.
Collins. 8s. 6d.

THE DEATH-SHIP, by B. Traven.
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

IN *Work of Art*, his latest comment on the American medley, Mr. Sinclair Lewis returns in his liveliest manner with another story about an American business man, a New England hotel-keeper's son whose life's ambition is to establish himself as mine host of The Perfect Inn. But it was not to be expected that Mr. Lewis's satire should be directed against the same type of chicanery and humbug as hitherto. Myron Weagle, his hero, turns out to be a genuinely honest and very likeable character. In fact, it is he who is the artist and poet, and as such he is, of course, up against it from beginning to end of his career; whilst Ora, his younger brother, the "literary genius", is the one who does all the talking about Art, as well as all the sponging on Myron, for whom his contempt is unbounded. Naturally it is Ora and not Myron who ends by making all the money and becoming outwardly the big success.

This is the bare theme of the book, which in any other hands but Sinclair Lewis's might have remained as competent and commonplace a psychological study as the most serious critic of the modern novel could desire. But fortunately the author of *Babbitt* shows no signs as yet of coming down off his perch. . . . I picture Sinclair Lewis as some queer kind of derisive bird sitting on the top of a very tall tree from which he has a good clear view of the whole of the U.S.A. from New York to 'Frisco, and from the 1880's to the 1930's. And what industry as a collector of technical detail! I recommend *Work of Art* to British housewives as an alternative "cook-book" to Mrs. Beeton or Lady Clark of Tillypronie.

Mr. Neil Bell also takes the wide view, as though from a privileged tree-top from which to survey Time as well as Space. *Bredon & Sons*, as the title implies, is one of those "family chronicles", by which nothing detrimental is intended, only it must be admitted with regard to this long and conscientious type of novel dealing with four or five generations of the same family, that readers tend to be sharply divided into two camps of opinion: either they can't stand the Family History Novel or they like nothing better. (And as I don't set out to criticize, but only to review and give some idea of what books are about, the only thing that can be done in the circumstances is briefly to indicate the type of book and, in this case, apologize to the author for not being able to deal with his 600-page volume at greater length.) *Bredon & Sons*, in short, begin as boat-builders of the Suffolk coast, and end as raincoat manufacturers, aeroplane builders, actors, poets, and novelists all over the place. I personally enjoyed the book thoroughly, all plain sailing after the rather heavy seas of the first hundred pages or so.

But *The Death-Ship*, in spite of a two-penny shocker title, is far from plain sailing. In the first place a bitter indictment of the modern State as against the individual, it is the supposed story of an American sailor—written in German and translated here into English—who finds himself ashore in Antwerp without either his seaman's card or a passport, i.e., without "papers". And if you haven't got your "papers" in these days (your certificates of nationality and respectability and all the rest of it)—who, what, and where are you, and what can you do? Shunted from one frontier to the next, he is disowned by every Consul. According to the author who quite evidently loathes England, and is not above a little anti-British propa-

ganda masquerading as Pure Art, Spain is about the only European country left where they know how to mind their own business. (And there may be something in that.) But it is whilst lounging idly in Spain that he gets lured on board the Death-Ship (*Das Totenschiff*) and the reader is left to guess what exactly this grim ghostly vessel and her "dead" crew may be supposed to symbolize. A hulk without a national flag, doomed for her insurance money yet loaded with a secret cargo of armaments, her sweating "black gang" is goaded to madness in order to keep her villainous engines chugging remorselessly on towards that final disaster which may I suppose, be envisaged as the end of the present civilization. Yet for all that it is an amusing book, and may be looked on, if the reader likes, as simply a "straight" sea-yarn spun by an ingenious Yank A.B. who finds himself in trouble.

HAMISH MACLAREN.

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UNCOUTH SWAIN, by Roger Dataller.
Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE opening of Mr. Dataller's new book is slow and the mechanism by which the characters are introduced creaks rather loudly at times. But once he has got under way, the story moves with increasing speed to a romantic conclusion. The scene is Yorkshire, the date 1816. The hero, Edward Holiday, is a self-educated miner, conscious, as his fellows are not, of the degradation and stultification of their lives. The mine-owner is a brutal employer and a down-treader of all Radicals—the characterization has not much finesse—and when he is murdered, suspicion falls on Holiday, who is only saved by the evidence of Julia Rigby, proving an alibi. Julia, not daring to return home and face the scandal, falls into evil company, but her lover rescues her, and all ends happily. The author has set this nineteenth-century romance in the stirring times when the conflict between Labour and Capital was just becoming articulate, and he draws a sincere and sympathetic picture of the early struggles for reform.

H. G.

DEATH AT BROADCASTING HOUSE, by Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell. *Rich & Cowan. 7s. 6d.*

THE authors are to be congratulated on selecting a venue for their murder which, as far as I am aware, is virgin territory to the fiction criminologist. Broadcasting House, with its warren of sound-proof studios; its Control Room at the top of the building, hearing all but seeing nothing; its Listening Room adjoining each studio through which alone the performers can be seen, all lend themselves most effectively to the Perfect Murder.

It would be unfair to the authors to divulge the details of their plot. Sufficient be it to say that in my opinion the ingenuity of the murder outweighs the motive. Is the modern actor likely to allow himself to be blackmailed for a seven-year-old indiscretion? But this is carping criticism. Murder may well be committed for a habit of speech or the indiscreet use of a toothpick. Messrs. Gielgud and Marvell have wisely concentrated on adapting the possibilities of Broadcasting House to a sinister but exciting end.

M. M.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1934

DIMITROFF

BY HARRISON BROWN

"A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places: and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"—*King Lear*.

"You wait until we get you out of the power of this court, you crook."—*General Göring to Dimitroff*.

LIKE an ungainly toad the Reichstag building squats beside the River Spree, its stumpy towers bulging up like eyes above the tree-tops in the corner of the Tiergarten. It is empty now, a hollow shell which has had its day and served its purpose. The legend "*Zum Deutschen Volk*", carved in great lettering upon its western front, seems as hollow as the building since the German people used the urn to vote away their liberty. There was a banquet in progress that February evening when the Reichstag burned. They say that the wittiest and most shameless of the Junkers, Herr Oldenburg-Januschau, had cackled when they brought the news that the Reichstag was burning, "At last they have found a use for it". He little suspected, this old survivor from the feudal past, that the age-long power of his kind would also crumble in the ashes of the Session Chamber. Januschau, the same who, a quarter of a century earlier, had asked the Kaiser to be allowed a lieutenant and ten men with which to clear out the Deputies. The same who, during the war when Germany was already starving, had announced that he would grow food only for himself, since

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the market prices did not suit his appetite. Januschau who, in the summer of 1932, had roared from a Berlin platform that he would "brand this people with a constitution which would take away their sight and hearing". *Tout arrive*.

Without the Reichstag fire it is conceivable that the Nazis would never have obtained absolute power. It was the Fire which lit the flame of propaganda and flared through the land "the exposure of the Communist menace". On it again was based the famous Decree which swept away the constitutional liberties of the citizen and, in a twinkling, turned Germany into a Slave State. The Communists had fired the Reichstag as a sign to the Bavarian peasants that they were about to set light to farms and living houses! It was a "sign from heaven", said Hitler. The shuddering peasant crossed himself and voted Nazi.

Berlin, it is true, was more sceptical. The Nationalist *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* remarked next day that it was incomprehensible that a Communist could be found so foolish as to commit the crime. The Herren Klub, rendezvous of the old regime Nationalists, did not at first see the implications, and chuckled that "Göring had made a good job of it". The same view was not uncommon in Nazi circles. Foreign observers to a man ridiculed the official explanation.

Nevertheless, all Prussia was a prey to anxiety when morning came. The night had been a busy one. Thousands upon thousands of men had been aroused from their beds and marched off by the Storm Troopers. Most of them were to disappear from their relatives indefinitely, some were never heard of again. Ten months later one witness in the Trial was asked, "Where is your husband?" "If I only knew!" she answered. "I think he must be in Moabit prison." Foreboding had hung heavy in the air for weeks, nerves had grown more tense as Göring's edicts to the police became more savage. Now zero hour had come; the barrage opened; confusion, fear and whooping fury swept through the land, and every gamut of the emotions was run.

On that morning, the 28th February 1933, a man sat chatting with a lady passenger over breakfast in the Munich-Berlin express. Papers had come aboard the train at the last stop, the

fire was headlined in them and excitement spread as the express approached the capital. Dimitroff, revolutionary and political student, had no illusions and could feel no surprise. It was not his affair, however; he made a date for the evening with his fellow passenger, and went about his business. Ten days later he lay with two Bulgarian compatriots in prison, charged with complicity in the crime on the sole accusation of a Nazi waiter. In near-by cells were Torgler and the Dutchman van der Lubbe.

Dimitroff was fifty-one, of Bulgarian peasant stock. His boyhood had been spent in a suburb of Sofia, where his father kept a small hat shop. Hard-working, intelligent, but a rebel from childhood, his mother declared that Georgi got into more mischief than all her other children together, but was rarely punished "because he never lied". He became a Communist in his teens, for ten years he was a Deputy in the Bulgarian Parliament. Three times condemned in connection with risings, once, in his absence, to death, he had been a political exile for the last ten years. Now the Nazis had got him.

"If the quality of Dimitroff had been more widely known, the agents of the German law might have been tempted, like the schoolboy with the newt, to put him back again. Certainly they caught a Tartar when they took Georgi Dimitroff", writes Mr. Reed, in what must certainly be the classic account of this historic trial.* Dimitroff was unknown when he was arrested, on March 9th, with Popoff and Taneff, in the Bayernhof restaurant. Not until the third day of the Trial, on September 24th, did more than his name become known to the outside world.

Within a week he began to figure in the headlines. After two months Dr. Bünger, the Presiding Judge, told him "almost paternally" that "a foreign newspaper had said that you are really conducting this trial". In the end he came to dominate the whole proceedings, and men in other countries, miles away, when reading of his expulsions from the trial room for insubordination, came to resent them as fiercely as though the injustice had been inflicted on their closest friend.

But on that third day when he rose to be examined about his

* *The Burning of the Reichstag*. By Douglas Reed. Gollancz.

past, Dimitroff had a world against him. Here was the very type of wretched internationalist, caught in the act, the official statements said, a miserable Balkan in the pay of Moscow come there to undermine the Reich and stifle awakening Germany. Elsewhere in Courts, Communists were being condemned to death on hearsay evidence. Germans no longer whispered their disagreement with the Government. Why all this pampering of the foreigners?

Dimitroff, however, was not oppressed by the atmosphere. He rose as coolly as though he were a witness in a motor accident; without haste or hatred, dignified and firm, his voice rang clearly through the room as he said aloud things which only German lunatics would mutter in the streets. A Communist outlaw, he should have been afraid; a foreign criminal before the highest German Court, humility at least should be his attitude. But Dimitroff was proud of his career, he boasted rather, his very bearing was an irritation. All the dragooning of the red-robed judges could not make him behave, as he said, "like a prisoner of war or a soldier in barracks", nor force upon him an inferiority he was incapable of feeling. "Speak only about your person", snapped the Presiding Judge, as the glorification of revolution poured out. Dimitroff bowed. "Precisely to that end do I wish to tell you what I am", he answered, and proceeded undeterred upon his way.

His life had been eventful. In other circumstances he would have been a schoolboy's hero round whom hung legends of escapes at night and marches through the mountains with his followers. There was, too, a dramatic quality about his mind which made his every movement interesting and which, supported by his most expressive face, combined to produce what fiction writers call an exciting personality. From his very first word the correspondents came to recognize him as the pivot of the trial. Absorbed though most of them were at first in the political aspects of the business, Dimitroff forced the human element upon them. Soon he was being sharply told to moderate his tone, and at once electrified the Court by eloquently holding out his handcuffed wrists before him. A little patience, please, some excitability was surely comprehensible, "since I have been six months in prison, and during five months of that time was

shackled day and night, and I am, at that, a completely innocent man".

Later, Dr. B nger told him that the couple with whom he had lodged had attempted suicide: he had brought trouble on them. It was the first he had heard of it, said Dimitroff. "Not I, but the methods of the police have driven them to it." Angrily the Presiding Judge said that was not true, and warned the prisoner to be careful. "You provoked me", answered the Bulgarian.

Courage is an overworked word. Foolhardiness, a gust of passion, ignorance of danger, and much else is written of as bravery. Dimitroff was far too intelligent to be unaware of the danger in which he stood; passion, it is true, often shook him, for passion forms a large part of his tempestuous temperament. But there were hours, also, in which spectators and his fellow-prisoners alike became listless and weary, but through which Dimitroff worked unceasingly, watching for openings, checking up discrepancies, making his endless notes. His alert brain and eager, questioning mind were never listless; he sniped the Prosecution, carried on guerrilla war continually with the impatient Judge and often hampering Counsel. Big or small, charwoman, tramp or Nazi Minister, no matter what witness stood against him, Dimitroff betrayed no sign of nervousness; if he showed no respect for authority, he showed even less for his personal safety. He read the Nazi Press which openly demanded his head; he listened to threats in Court which, in the circumstances, might have curdled the blood of any man. But none of it influenced a single gesture. This was no case of courage screwed up for an hour to the highest pitch; here, at last and anyhow, was a man born fearless.

That much the public came to understand, and at the end he had the world all with him, and it saved his life. But it was Dimitroff himself who forced the world to be his ally. A drab world, fed on tinsel fame and Hollywood heroes, for once found one whose valour was not faked. The world may take credit that it recognized him, and Dimitroff that he helped the world grow bigger.

The Fire Trial fell into two parts. In the first and longest, the prosecution sought to establish its charge of incendiarism

against the five prisoners. The second part was designed to show their "moral complicity" as Communists. In the first, the prosecution failed dismally. Quite early in the proceedings the prosecution accepted Dimitroff's alibi. Tactically the Bulgarian might well have considered it his best course to keep quiet. He thought the opposite, and he was right. Had he not fought like a lion the chances are that he and his compatriots would still have been acquitted, but they would never have left Germany.

The tatterdemalion file of witnesses crept on. They came from every corner of the Reich, and farther still afield. There were tramps and officers, unhappy men from Concentration Camps (one of whom cried that he "had suffered enough"). Experts and journalists, gossips, students and common thieves seeking grace through perjury. All and sundry passed under the flail of Dimitroff's hampered questioning, for the majority of his questions were disallowed, and he had always someone tugging at his sleeve, or the bench rebuking him. He had a foreign tongue to contend with, too, and often the witnesses spoke in strange provincial dialect.

No matter! With pugnacious jaw thrust forward or his rugged head thrown back, his features often as eloquent as his questions were searching, Dimitroff continued to defend himself, his fellow-prisoners, and the cause of Communism. "Such bad luck for the prosecution", he taunted, "that so many of their witnesses are lunatics, morphinists, or thieves." And again later, during the political period of the Trial, when he alone seemed to survive undamped the effect of long documents read out monotonously, Dimitroff commiserated with the Public Prosecutor that "the brew he had cooked should not taste as good as he had expected".

One thing always infuriated him, and, for that matter, the other Bulgarians, too. It was the prosecution's insinuation that their political convictions placed them in the same class as the criminals amongst the witnesses. It was a strange attitude in any case, and no doubt Dimitroff, had he not felt the honour to be a doubtful one, would have pointed out that, by such a ruling, he was in the felon class with Hitler, who had also suffered imprisonment for political reasons. When Popoff was

confronted with a man serving eight years for burglary, he spoke contemptuously of "this thief and liar", and Taneff quietly indicated through his interpreter that he "had no acquaintances amongst thieves". At the end of this trial, which the most charitable neutral observers said was rarely far from the stink of perjury, Dimitroff declared that he had said no word which was not true. By then it seemed the Court believed him.

But, in addition to his incessant attacking of the prosecution, Dimitroff had his own theory of the fire, and pressed it whenever opportune. His opinion of the findings of the preliminary investigation was contemptuous. Indeed, the only individual in the Trial for whom he showed personal antipathy was the examining Magistrate, Dr. Vogt, whom he proved to his face to be a liar and showed to the world to be a thug. Dimitroff believed van der Lubbe, consciously or unconsciously, to have been the tool of the Nazis. He was not allowed to be present at the reconstruction of the fire in the Reichstag, but, with the rest of the court, he had inspected the underground passage between the building and the Speaker's residence and Reichstag engine-room. Incendiary material had been laid in the Session Chamber by men who knew when they could do it without disturbance. Seven or eight men at least had been necessary, official statements had said, and Göring himself believed the tunnel to have been used. The Nazis sought to prove that the Communists had done it. They failed to produce any stronger evidence than the "intuition" of Göring and the "natural assumption" of Helldorf (who, incidentally, claimed to have heard of the fire half an hour before it started).

Dimitroff alone was indefatigable in his endeavour to prove that those who were the sole beneficiaries of the fire had also planned and laid it. That he did not prove it is scarcely surprising, but that, with his own alibi admitted, he should have so passionately persisted, is further evidence of his dauntless nature. Van der Lubbe, said the Nazis, had planned the fire with his accomplices in "the Communist stronghold" of Neukölln. Dimitroff's theory was that van der Lubbe had been "got at" by Nazis in Hennigsdorf, a more "respectable" residential district, which the Dutch boy had visited the day before the fire. So persistent was Dimitroff in pressing the

point that at length the court was constrained to investigate van der Lubbe's movements on the Sunday afternoon.

Had he been a highly paid prosecuting counsel, Dimitroff could not have been more oblivious to his surroundings than he was during this session of the Trial. He got no proof, but he seems to have satisfied himself, and he certainly provided one more dramatic interlude. "Where were you on the day before the fire?" van der Lubbe was asked. And to the vast excitement of the court there came the answer, "With the Nazis". "Dotted lines from Dimitroff's eyes to van der Lubbe's lips could almost be seen at this point", writes Mr. Reed.

But the trail fell flat. In answer to the questions which bubbled forth from the Bulgarian, the half-awake or half-witted boy would only say that he had fired the Reichstag alone. It seems he had met a Nazi procession, no difficult thing to do, and thus he had "been with the Nazis". In his final speech in the Trial, just before he dissolved the court in laughter for the last time by demanding "compensation" for his wasted time, Dimitroff turned fiercely on the wretched Dutchman, then slaver and giggling in his seat. "There sits this stupid dupe, this shabby Faust, but Mephistopheles is absent. The alliance was struck in Hennigsdorf between political madness and political provocation", he said.

Göring was not troubled by any such niceties of evidence as the whereabouts of the accused at the time of the crime. As he had entered the Reichstag on the night of the fire he had overheard the one word "arson". "And then it was as if a veil had suddenly been lifted from my eyes. In that moment I knew: 'The Communist Party is guilty of this fire'. I could only wish that the outer world had seen it just like that." Too bad it didn't. But it mattered little. He had "intended to hang van der Lubbe at once", but had decided there must be more of them, and this one might serve as bait. In any case, "let the trial end as it will", scoffed this strange Premier, "I will find the guilty and lead them to punishment".

General Göring appeared less as a witness for the prosecution than to answer the Brown Book's allegations against himself. To this end he harangued the court a full two hours, dutifully cheered at intervals by a retinue of Brown Shirts. The situation

was piquant. Not every day does a Cabinet Minister have to defend himself in public from a charge of arson. Dimitroff seemed impressed by his opportunity.

When the oration was over, the Bulgarian was seen standing in his place, waiting to question. The unhappy Presiding Judge prepared for action; "spectators craned their necks; the expression of somewhat apprehensive expectation on their faces was like unto that seen in a Bateman drawing. A tense silence descended on the court. It was the lull before the storm". "This conviction of yours that the Communists are guilty of the fire", said Dimitroff, "may it not have influenced the whole police and judicial investigation, have guided it into one channel and closed all other channels of investigation?" "If so, I influenced them in the right direction", answered Göring to a chorus of "Bravos!". Dimitroff swept the applauding yes-men with a contemptuous glance: "Yes, of course, bravo, bravo, bravo", he said.

The storm soon broke. The man who held the lives of millions in his hand was accustomed to grovelling, not to the sort of looks Dimitroff gave him. The jangled nerves of the morphinist broke down, he raged and bellowed, shook his fists and danced in frenzy before the highest court in Germany. General Göring, Premier of Prussia and Minister of this and that, "was not a pretty sight".

There are moments when so much emotion is packed within four walls that it seems they must fall outwards with the strain of holding it. It was so that day in Berlin. The livid fury of the German Nero, the seething indignation of his followers in the gallery, the anxious twittering of the Judges and ill-concealed alarm of the guards and petty officials, all combined to make as tense a situation as any court of law has ever witnessed. And the object of all this concentrated emotion, the swarthy Bulgarian Communist, flashed back contempt for hatred. Alone and in the power of the wild beasts, his life already done with, his head, it seemed, already lost, Dimitroff stood uncowed and smiled disdain upon the red-faced maniac whose sadism had long since earned him the loathing of the civilized world.

"Are you afraid of my questions, Herr Minister-President

Göring ? ” called the outlaw above the tumult. That was the climax : pandemonium broke loose. Dr. Bünger shouting “ out with him, out with him ”, Göring beside himself, and then the famous threat which bids fair to last as long as Germany. Alone in his cell that night even Dimitroff must have felt some anxiety about the future.

Three days later, however, Dimitroff was again face to face with a Nazi meteor. Dr. Goebbels does not shout, he referred often to “ provocative questions ”, and Dimitroff was constantly admonished and threatened with expulsion. But Goebbels is at once the most intelligent and most cynical of the Nazi hierarchy, the snake who has twice deserted Hitler, and each time he scrambled back to safety when he saw the revolt was hopeless. Dr. Goebbels hoped to shine in contrast with his rival Göring. He knew, as Propaganda Minister, what effect Dimitroff was having on sentiment abroad. Goebbels caused no riot, but he scarcely shone. He seemed indeed, under Dimitroff’s questions, to give away the case for ferocious measures against “ the Communist menace ”. But he used his charm, and the court applauded him.

When the stars had gone, the case became more human. Perhaps, says Mr. Reed, “ the court felt that where such men as Göring and Goebbels had failed to master Dimitroff, it could not be expected to succeed, whatever the papers said ”. The papers said plenty. When the verdict finally came, the chief Nazi organ denounced it as “ a triumph of dead paragraphs of Roman Law over sound sentiment and the law of the people ”. In writing thus, the *Völkischer Beobachter* itself pronounced a verdict on Nazi Germany. Torgler, acquitted by that same Chamber of the Reich Supreme Court before which Hitler once shouted “ Heads shall roll ”, is still a victim of Nazi jungle morals. Perhaps Dimitroff, and the companions for whom he fought, will prove the last in Germany for whose benefit the “ dead paragraphs ” of civilization will be revived. If so, then for once at least the gods may be said to have looked with favour on superior courage.

THE COST OF NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

BY AUSTIN HOPKINSON, M.P.

TO those who find enjoyment in paradox and whimsicality, the present political situation must be a delightful study. But those who share in the responsibility for the welfare of the nation may well find it less amusing. For their only comfort is the knowledge that many incidents in our past history appear to show that we can safely practise absurdities, yet still survive, and can even draw national progress from national illogicality. The supreme paradox is, of course, our Prime Minister. In the autumn of 1931 we were on the brink of the abyss. That is to say, the time was rapidly approaching when employers of labour would have sent their cheques to the bank on Friday to obtain cash for the week’s wages, and would have failed to get it. For us, such a situation would probably involve an immediate breakdown of civilized life, and it was directly brought within the range of possibility by the policy of the present Prime Minister and his colleagues, whose childish notions of national finance had been put into practice with a result as fatal as it was inevitable. The nation realized its peril, demanded a constitutional dictatorship, signified its readiness to submit to the unpleasant process of financial rehabilitation, called for a strong man, and acclaimed—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

But, underlying the superficial delight of our nation in political farce, is a hidden vein of common sense. So, having satisfied the former in the way mentioned above, we eased the discomfort of the latter by arranging to have two Prime Ministers. This Consulate of Cæsar and Garrulous is now in its third year, and has been so successful that we can, without immediate risk or ruin, practice in a modified form some of the political follies which brought us to the verge of bankruptcy two and a half years ago.

When we look beyond our own frontiers we can, I think, realize even more vividly the absurdity of our own political situation. The ape and the tiger are far from being dead, as we imagined them to be in the optimistic nineteenth century. They are very much alive and are making a supreme effort to gain control of humanity. They have established themselves in Italy, Russia, Germany, Chelsea, and parts of Oxford, whence they scream their war-cry of "Back to the jungle again". It is useless any longer to pretend that we do not know the meaning of Fascism and Bolshevism. For we are well aware that they are simply the outward symptoms of world-wide degeneracy, of refusal to continue the evolutionary struggle, and of a deliberate move toward reversion, both biological and intellectual. We know that, in all probability, this new diabolism will dominate the whole of humanity unless we are prepared to fight it—not with argument, for it is impervious to that, but with guns and aeroplanes. We understand at last what it is for which our long history has been preparing us, and we know well that all who still cherish hope for humanity look to our country for a definite lead. They look to us for clear vision, unflinching determination, and skill in battle—and they see Mr. Ramsay MacDonald making gestures.

The reader must not, however, think that I advocate a change of nominal Prime Minister. That is altogether out of the question. For the Conservative party, through its leader, undertook to maintain Mr. MacDonald in office for as long a period as might elapse before he should realize that his continuance there would put an almost intolerable strain upon Mr. Baldwin. The latter is perhaps the only man prominent in politics today who can be depended upon to risk political ruin by carrying out such an undertaking, and to perceive that it is vastly more important that promises should be fulfilled than that the present farcical situation should be ended by a withdrawal of that support which alone can keep our present Prime Minister on his perch.

The pretence that the present Government is national and non-party need not be maintained, for it deceives no one. It is, and has been from the beginning, a Conservative Party Government, whose first care on taking office was to introduce

a cut-and-dried scheme of Protection, of which the details had been lying ready in the party offices for some time before the General Election of 1931. The failure of Protection to restore prosperity to our industries, and the insuperable bar presented by the Ottawa Agreements to any rational system of international trade reciprocity have naturally given rise to a search for a scapegoat. Disappointed office-seekers and the congenitally disloyal members of the Conservative Party have found one in Mr. Baldwin, whose crime is that he values the honour of his party more highly than its immediate advantage. The open attacks upon him and the poisonous propaganda which is being circulated more secretly are now mainly based upon the ground that he is betraying the party by insisting upon fulfilling the understanding arrived at in 1931. Mr. MacDonald is apparently satisfied with this state of affairs; and there, for the moment, the matter rests.

Students of politics, however, naturally expect that there will shortly be changes of personnel in the Government, since it is likely to remain in office for another two years and certain misfits are overdue for correction. I do not know whether there is in existence any agreement to the effect that Mr. J. H. Thomas must remain in the Cabinet. But the fact that he is still there seems to indicate that some such undertaking has been given. Certainly it is difficult to account for his presence otherwise, and doubtless a similar reason may be sought in the case of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, though in this instance the pledge did not include cabinet rank and was presumably given, not at the General Election, but about the period of the Samuelite exodus.

Only extreme party prejudice could suggest that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Attorney-General, Home Secretary, Secretary for India, First Commissioner of Works, Minister of Labour, War Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, and most holders of minor offices, are not competent. Many, of whom I am one, disagree with much of their policy. But that fact should not make us blind to the advantage of having honourable and capable men in charge of departments of state. With all its faults, the Conservative Party can at least find men enough to make up a Cabinet which inspires confidence, if not enthusiasm. Unhappily,

the other two parties suffer from a shortage of such material, which becomes more acute every year that passes.

The position of the President of the Board of Education is curiously like that in which the late Lord Haldane found himself in his later years. Whenever the opportunity has occurred, I have asked the opinion of distinguished soldiers about the latter. Invariably they have told me that he was probably the greatest War Secretary that we have ever had and, aided by his military advisers, made a heterogeneous collection of regiments and batteries into a real army, a thing we had never possessed before. Yet he was hounded out of office by one of the vilest campaigns of calumny that blatant ignorance has ever organized. In the same way, Lord Halifax, as Viceroy of India, was a target for ignorant abuse during his whole period of office. To be the Viceroy of India in these days with a Socialist Government in England is one of the most nerve-racking experiences that any man could have. Yet Lord Halifax (or Lord Irwin, as he then was) managed to break the power of Gandhi and thus to render possible the policy pursued by his successor. Already a certain number of people are beginning to understand his work, and it is pleasant to know that in all probability he, unlike Lord Haldane, will live for many years after his fellow-countrymen have learnt the truth. Certainly a Government of which Mr. Baldwin is, if not *de jure*, at least *de facto*, the head would be seriously weakened if Lord Halifax left it.

The President of the Board of Trade is undoubtedly the mystery-man of the Cabinet. If ever a man had the appearance of knowing exactly what he is doing and whither his policy is leading him, Mr. Runciman is that man. The usual attitude of Cabinet Ministers is one of innocent wonder at the policies they are perpetrating, and devout but surprised thankfulness when they see their way clearly for as much as a week ahead. But it is obvious to any observer that the President of the Board of Trade looks forward very much further than that, and is perfectly satisfied that matters are moving in the direction in which he intends them to move. Who can say, however, what his policy is? I well remember an occasion early in the lifetime of the present Parliament when he made a speech on the steel industry which was the most brilliant exposition of the unwisdom

of protective duties that I have ever heard. Shortly afterwards he acquiesced in an arrangement for imposing an import duty on iron and steel, which duty is to lapse if the industry fails to "reorganize" itself. No one knows what "reorganization" means, if indeed it has any meaning at all and is not merely a catchword. Not even his bitterest enemy would accuse Mr. Runciman of any love of catchwords.

Having imposed import duties to prevent our foreign customers from obtaining sterling wherewith to buy our coal, he then skilfully arranges trade agreements, removing those duties and thus enabling our customers to buy our coal again, as they did before he prevented them from doing so. He now proposes to introduce legislation designed to raise the price of coal in this country and to give the foreign buyer of our coal a substantial cash present with every ton which he buys, thus making British coal dear at home and cheap abroad. As this brilliant policy has already been adopted by Continental coal-producing countries, we shall soon establish a trade Utopia in which no coal will ever be consumed in the country in which it is mined, unless it has first been sent abroad and shipped back to its country of origin, when the export subsidy can be handed back to the consumer, together with the coal, thus reducing to its natural level the net price which he pays for the latter.

The above example will, I think, cause the reader to agree that Mr. Runciman is a mystery unsolved. That there is some good and sufficient reason behind his incomprehensible actions no impartial observer can doubt. But I would hazard the suggestion that no man on earth, except himself and Mr. Baldwin, knows what it is.

A minor mystery is embodied in the Minister of Health, who appears to have conceived a strong distaste for our system of local government. Presumably our ancestors, when establishing that system, divided up the country into a number of semi-autonomous areas in order to encourage local patriotism and to induce men, who desired the welfare of their district, to give their services in governing it. The Local Government Board, now the Ministry of Health, was set up to advise the local bodies and, when necessary, to encourage the laggards and restrain the over-zealous. It is inconceivable that any honest man of

good standing would ever take part in local government from any other motive than that of designing and carrying out a policy for the benefit of his neighbours and the improvement of his district. There are unhappily some of our fellow-countrymen so degraded that membership of a municipal council might be regarded as enhancing their social position, and doubtless a number of these seek to take part in local government for that reason. Some also there are who do so because they think that they can serve their financial or other personal interests thereby. But long experience on a local council has convinced me that such work can have no attraction for those who are neither knaves nor fools, except the pleasure of seeing their district enriched and improved by wise conduct of its affairs.

But the policy of the present Minister of Health appears to be intended to make an end of such disinterested service. The autonomy of local authorities is being encroached upon to a greater and greater extent. Councils are being coerced into raising rates for purposes of which they cannot, in the present state of trade depression, approve. Huge half-bankrupt municipalities, who by transport monopolies, vast housing subsidies provided by the taxpayers, and constantly increasing assessments, can make a specious show of solvency, are encouraged to spread their blighting influence over neighbouring territories, and to render sterile for indefinite periods the land in progressive areas by joint town-planning schemes. I have expressed amazement that Mr. Runciman should allow himself to seem to be deceived by the cant phrase "reorganization of industry". It is equally surprising to find Sir E. Hilton Young apparently entranced by the cant phrase "town-planning". For town-planners admittedly have no notion of what they are planning for. They plan for the sake of planning. Their schemes show that they have a vague idea that the habits of the people, their means of livelihood, the methods of transport, and the technique of building, will always remain as they are now, and that the population will continually increase. One cannot but feel sympathy for future generations who will have to deal with the problem of fitting to the requirements of 1964 a country planned for the requirements of 1934.

A joint Area Town-Planning Committee is naturally a re-

ceptacle for the ignorant busybodies of that area, who bemuse themselves with cant while some ambitious or interested person uses them to further his own schemes. A district compelled, as mine has been, to submit to their domination can never be administered successfully, and it is mere waste of time to endeavour to carry out any long-term policy. But in this matter it may be that I am not unprejudiced. After many years of service on a local authority, during which time I was able to save my district from the foolish schemes of Dr. Addison and Mr. A. Greenwood, I find myself driven out of local government work by the man who, one might have thought, would have perceived the fundamental fallacy of town-planning. And no doubt many others will find themselves shortly in the same position as myself.

In discussing possible changes in the Cabinet, a considerable section of the Press has made a very bitter attack upon the Foreign Secretary and has, indeed, in many cases far exceeded what may be regarded as fair criticism. That the policies pursued by Sir John Simon have failed is quite manifest. But those policies, being founded upon meaningless internationalism, were doomed to failure and were, when all is said and done, the policies of the Government of which he is a member. The Prime Minister is evidently still of the opinion that the nations are longing to embrace one another and that a liberal provision of round tables with plenty of verbosity are all that is required to introduce a reign of universal peace. As a matter of fact, the nations have never before been so steeped in hatred, envy, and fear of one another as they are at present, and there can never be peace in Europe so long as we refuse to maintain adequate armed forces. But the Prime Minister is not interested in facts.

It is, therefore, unfair to criticize the Foreign Secretary on the ground that he has failed to induce foreign nations to behave reasonably and to disarm. For no critic would dare to suggest that anyone else could have succeeded. Indeed, it would appear that the only justifiable doubt of Sir John Simon's fitness for the office which he holds arises from his extraordinary forensic ability. Brilliant advocates are prone to think that, if you can reduce a man to silence by argument, you must necessarily have convinced him that he is wrong. Yet nothing is further

from the truth, and our diplomatic history seems to show that subtlety on the part of our adversaries is best opposed by a certain simplicity and directness on our part. No one outside official circles can really know enough about the matter to judge whether our present Foreign Secretary would do better service to the country in another office. But we may, I think, feel certain that the Government would be weakened if he ceased to be a member of it.

The reader will doubtless have noticed that, in the course of this article, I have not thought it necessary to discuss the fitness of most of the Cabinet for the offices which they hold, since no unbiased observer can suggest that those Ministers are not carrying out their duties competently. I have, however, done rather more than suggest that the two *ci-devant* Socialists might serve the interests of their country and of their own reputations best by graceful retirement from the scene of their failures, though such retirement must be voluntary. For there is no doubt that there exists an understanding to the effect that the Conservative Party will leave them in office as long as they desire to remain there.

The quondam Liberal Ministers, though indistinguishable from Conservatives, have been the subject of more careful consideration in view of the attacks which have been made upon them in certain newspapers. No doubt the reader will agree that those attacks have not been altogether fair. But the fact remains that any politician who has been a member of the Liberal Party during the last thirty years must always be regarded with some degree of suspicion. That party has, with almost incredible shamelessness, trampled in the mud every principle of Liberalism, and has done more than any other to render the present position of democratic government critical in the extreme. It made inevitable the abandonment of Free Trade, introduced the organized worship of catchwords, and undermined the love of freedom and pride of independence of our people. If, as seems but too probable, our political liberty disappears within the next few years, the responsibility will be mainly upon the Liberal Party.

When, therefore, two former members of that party appear to be pursuing policies engendered by that virulent hatred of

liberty which is its main characteristic, it is difficult to suspect that its taint can ever be eradicated from those who have once been exposed to the infection. One can but hope for the best.

For Mr. Walter Elliot, however, there is no excuse. His distaste for liberty is an auto-toxin parthenogenetically conceived by himself. Brought up in the hard school of war and Glasgow University, he at least should be able to see the fallacy of the parasitic theory of industry, which is based upon the remarkable assumption that national prosperity can be assured if each industry is made a parasite upon every other industry. While Mr. Runciman strives to render the coal industry parasitic, and Sir E. Hilton Young performs the same kind office for the building trade, Mr. Elliot goes forward with his great plan to make agriculturists into highly-distended ticks on the body politic.

But, serious as are these matters of detail in policy, they are as nothing when compared with the black cloud which overhangs the path in front of us. Prophecy in political affairs is a dangerous occupation; but few who have studied the working of the political cycle in other countries can doubt that a Socialist victory at the next General Election will almost certainly start a train of events culminating in civil war. Hence the one criterion by which Ministers and policies must be assessed is clear. If the continuance in office of any particular Minister renders a Socialist administration more likely, he must be ruthlessly thrown aside. If the continuance of any particular policy has that same effect, it must be dropped. Above all, nothing should be done which in any way conduces to the growth of a lack of respect for Parliament. It is not enough that the Government should be incapable of corruption, as the present Government obviously is. It must abstain from all appearance of evil, and on this count the Conservative Party cannot be fully acquitted. Tariffs, quotas, subsidies, London Transport Acts, and Electricity schemes are terribly dangerous playthings for a party which may have to call upon the people to fight for their liberty against the Fascist dictatorship which is the inevitable sequel to the open and shameless political corruption constituting the essence of Socialism.

THE AUSTRIAN AFTERMATH

Consequences for Europe

BY C. F. MELVILLE

THE Austrian question has ceased to be just an Austro-German dispute. It has resolved itself into a struggle between Germany and Italy for the mastery of Austria and the control of the Danube. In this way it has become a major European issue, for it is fast creating a dynamic international situation of which the probable issue will be a new balance of power in Europe.

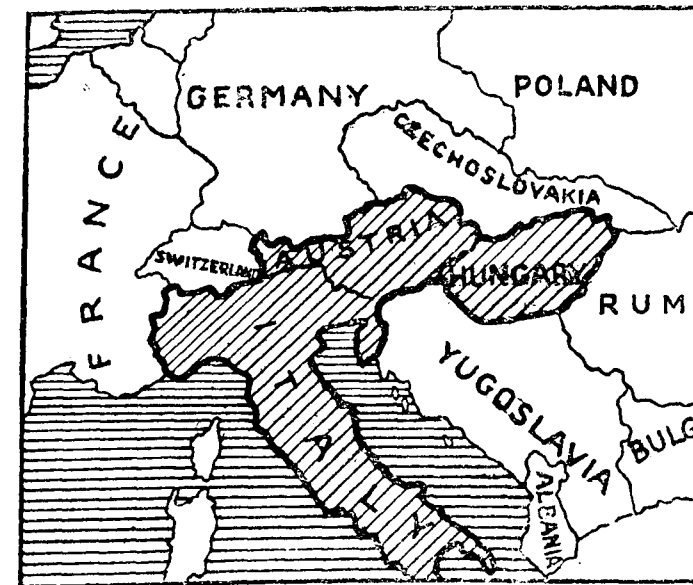
Italy, although reluctant to abandon her former hope of settling the Austrian question by means of an understanding with Germany, is being forced by the logic of events more and more to pursue a policy which must inevitably cause a breach in Italo-German friendship; and this, in turn, is bound in the long run to result in new alignments of interests and a regrouping of States.

This policy is one of support for the present Austrian regime and its defence of Austrian independence, to which Italy is now irrevocably committed. Italy must at all costs prevent the creation of a Greater Germany on her own frontier of the Brenner. But her desire to keep Germany out of Austria is equalled by her wish to prevent Austria from coming into the orbit of the Little Entente. Thus, Signor Mussolini is trying simultaneously to obviate a Nazi triumph in Austria and to frustrate the Little Entente plan* in which a solution of the Austrian problem could be found within the framework of a general Danubian co-operation. For the germanization of Austria or the Danubian Confederation would both mean the end

* This plan is similar to the Anglo-French plan which at the London-Danubian Conference was wrecked by Germany and Italy, and is generally considered to be the best one.

of Italy's hopes of dominating the Danube. Italy is therefore staking everything upon her scheme for a close politico-economic association between Austria and Hungary, under Italian ægis, with a possible restoration of the Habsburgs, calculating that by these means she will be able to achieve her double purpose.

The recent dramatic internal events in Austria must be interpreted to a considerable degree in the light of Italian foreign policy. When Signor Mussolini and Dr. Dollfuss met at Riccione last year, positive Italian support was promised to Dr. Dollfuss on terms. The terms included the suppression of the Austrian Socialists and the setting up of a Fascist State



in Austria based on the Heimwehr. At the same time the Duce sketched out his scheme for an Austro-Hungarian Entente. Details were filled in during the subsequent visits of Signor Suvich, the Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Vienna and Budapest, and the final touches were given in the course of the meeting between Signor Mussolini, Dr. Dollfuss and General Gömbös in Rome during March.

France, anxious to prevent the germanization of Austria in any form, has given Italy a more or less free hand to deal with the Austrian situation, and Britain, principally concerned not to burn her fingers one way or the other, has acquiesced.

But France's allies of the Little Entente are deeply suspicious of the aims behind the Italian policy.

A germanized Austria, or an Austria-Hungary under Italian domination, would be equally inimical to the interests of the Little Entente; although the former would be a more immediate menace to Czechoslovakia than to her Rumanian and Yugoslav partners, while the latter would be a more actual threat to Rumania and Yugoslavia than to Czechoslovakia. (In this connection M. Titulescu is said to have declared privately: "I prefer the German sauerkraut to the Italian macaroni.")

Yugoslavia has vivid memories of Italian attempts over many years to encircle her from without and to disrupt her from within, including a secretly cherished scheme for detaching Croatia and Slovenia from Yugoslavia and including them in an Austro-Hungarian Federation under Italian control. Yugoslavia, therefore, might not unreasonably be thought to have a greater distaste for an Austrian arrangement in the interests of Italian *sacro-egoismo* than she would for a *gleichgeschaltetes* Austria. On the other hand, a germanized Austria might lead to Hungary being brought definitely under German influence, and therefore to the Hungarian claims for a revision of the Versailles settlement being backed by a great German *bloc*, which would constitute a menace to Yugoslavia and Rumania no less than to Czechoslovakia. Therefore, whatever the nuances in their individual outlooks, the three States of the Little Entente are at one in advocating a solution of the Austrian problem within a general Danubian framework as the only workable and desirable solution.

The inspired German press has lost no time in stressing the features of the Italian policy most likely to be prejudicial to Little Entente interests, arguing that Italy, having failed to dominate the Balkans, has now turned her attention to Austria and Hungary. It has also said that a Greater Germany would be able to accord a bigger and better market for Little Entente trade than could Italy. To these attacks the inspired Italian press has replied that Hitlerist Germany is ungrateful for Fascist Italy's friendship, a friendship which, although "historic" is not "unreplaceable".

This leads to the vital question: will Herr Hitler endeavour

to forestall Signor Mussolini by promoting a Nazi *coup* in Austria; or, on the assumption that time is on his side, will he wait until the Italian plan fails and he can obtain at least sixty per cent. of what he wants in Austria without recourse to any violent action? The latter would seem to be the more probable course. At all events, it is significant that Herr Hitler has modified the violence of the Nazi propaganda against the Austrian Government and has reprimanded Herr Habicht for his broadcast "ultimatum" to Dr. Dollfuss; while at the same time Herr von Papen has been working behind the scenes for a compromise solution of the Austro-German dispute.

There will probably be two main phases in the future development of the Austrian situation. The first one will be the Italian phase. Italy will endeavour to revitalize the economic life of Austria by means of special preferential trading agreements between Austria, Hungary and herself, in which the Port of Trieste will play an important rôle. This economic arrangement will have a political background, in the form of a tripartite entente between Austria, Hungary and herself, which, as far as Austria is concerned, will mean that the foreign policy of the Ballhausplatz will be directed from the Palazzo Venetia. It does not necessarily predicate a Habsburg restoration, but the enthronement of Archduke Otto is a card kept in reserve.

The Italian plan has no economic reality apart from its underlying political motive. As this political motive is purely and simply the obstruction of the only two alternatives which could possibly secure Austria's economic future—*i.e.*, Austro-German union or Austro-Little Entente co-operation—the economic provisions of the Italian plan are artificial, and therefore doomed to failure.

Thus Signor Mussolini's scheme can only be regarded as a political expedient, and even as such its possibilities of achieving a durable success seem to be very doubtful. For as soon as it becomes evident in Austria that the economic part of the Italian plan fails to deliver the goods, its political part will become increasingly unpopular. The Italians are bound more and more to lose their grip, and in corresponding measure the Germans are likely to increase theirs.

Although there are bound to be many differences between

German and Austrian Fascism—due both to the Austrian particularist tradition and the influence of the Catholic Church, which is naturally hostile to the quasi-paganism and the racial doctrines of Nazism—nevertheless, the new Austria will inevitably tend to become in many respects more and more akin to the new Germany. A compromise between Herr Hitler and Dr. Dollfuss on the principle of “one people and two States”, reinforced by a close co-operation between the two German Fascist States in matters of foreign policy, might very probably form the basis for an eventual settlement of the Austro-German dispute. It is not impossible to visualize circumstances in which Italy might be obliged to agree to a compromise of this kind.

The second phase in the future development of the Austrian situation is therefore practically certain to be a German one, either by means of an out-and-out Nazi triumph in Austria, or, which seems to be more likely, through a compromise between German Nazi-Fascism and the Austro-Fascism of the Heimwehr. In either case there would be established the beginnings of German *Mittleuropa*.

The time would seem to be at hand, therefore, when some attempt should be made to assess the politico-economic consequences for Europe which would result from the arrival of Germany, in one form or another, on the Danube.

There is much in the possibilities conjured up by this not improbable development which recalls the ideas behind former German projects for *Mittleuropa*. There are, of course, differences, inasmuch as the doctrines of Hitlerism have postulated an entirely new technique of German expansionism. The Hitlerian race-theory, for instance, makes it possible for Germanism to transcend frontiers, and there is no doubt that Herr Hitler envisages a great Third Reich embracing not only Austria, but also the German-speaking populations of many other countries, without necessarily changing the map of Europe. Nevertheless, there are certain permanent elements in the idea of German expansionism, and reference to Naumann's original “*Mittleuropa*”, and to the writings on the subject of Austro-German union of men like Höper, Scheffer, Gürtler, Sieveking, Kniesche and others, makes it clear that many of the political and economic ideas which formed the basis of the earlier con-

ception of the German “mission” in Danubian Europe hold good in the new Hitlerist conception. Thus the idea of a politico-economic unit of all the German-speaking peoples in these regions is not in itself an invention of Hitlerism. Hitlerism has but given it a new form and a new momentum.

According, for instance, to Dr. Herbert Höper's *Oesterreichs Weg zum Anschluss* (Austria's Way to Union), there would be a “Pan-German economic unity embracing the Germans living in connected areas—for example, Switzerland and the German-peopled districts of Czechoslovakia belong to the future Pan-German system”, and again, that this would lead to “ultimate (German) dominance over the centre of Europe, and new frontiers with Hungary, Yugoslavia and Italy”. At the same time, in the composite volume, *Die Anschlussfrage*, it is said that “into the first zone of the Austro-German sphere of power would fall the States of Hungary, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Rumania”, the eventual aim, according to Höper, being that Germany would “become the leader . . . whether the world wishes it or not”. In all these writings the association of economic and political expansionism is clearly indicated.

On the other hand, it is equally, and probably more, likely that the eventual result would be the creation of a Great Germanic *bloc* weighing more heavily upon Italy than upon the Balkans. In this case it might well be that the Germanic *Drang* would be aimed at Trieste and not against any Yugoslav interest, and that in any case the Balkan Slavs would be strong enough to resist German penetrative influences, and even to enjoy platonically friendly relations with the Germanic *bloc*, especially in the commercial sense.

A consolidation of Germanism would probably be accompanied by Balkan consolidation, in which connection it is important to note the new Yugoslav policy of *rapprochement* with Bulgaria, a policy in which King Alexander and his Foreign Minister, M. Yevtitch, have shown and are showing both vision and political wisdom. Italy would be shut out from further intrigues on the Danube and in the Balkans, and would probably draw closer to that Latin sister, France, with whom, so far, she has been in rivalry. The warning in the inspired Italian press, of which I have already made mention, that Italy's friendship for Germany

is historic but not unreplaceable, assumes, therefore, a prophetic meaning. This may, of course, be an Italian manoeuvre. Perhaps Italy is hinting at transferring her friendship from Germany to another quarter in order the better to be able to bargain with her for a compromise on the Austrian question, which would preserve some vestige of Austrian independence without actually causing a final Italo-German breach. It is, however, far more probable that the eventual re-orientation of Italian policy will be away from Germany.

It is therefore possible to visualize a Europe in which the balance would be maintained by three main groupings: Germanic, Latin and Balkan Slav, with Soviet Russia looming in the background and Britain occupying a position best described by a note of interrogation.

And now a word concerning the internal situation in Austria in so far as it relates to the more general external developments. Although the recent tragic events in Vienna were in large measure due to the bargain with Italy, at the same time it should not be overlooked that even without the Italian inspiration, the abolition of the parliamentary system and the suppression of the Socialists in Austria would in any case have come about. The bargain with Italy hastened the process and determined the method. But the idea of remodelling Austria on other than democratic lines had its origin as far back as the Chancellorship of the late Mgr. Seipel, in whose mind it was originally conceived.

There is reason to believe that Mgr. Seipel left to Dr. Dollfuss and his colleagues something in the nature of a political testament. Supporting this theory is the fact that the late Priest-Chancellor committed to paper certain ideas containing the germ of much which has since formed an integral part of the Dollfuss policy. As Mgr. Seipel did not set down those ideas for publication, nothing more than a reference to them in the most general terms is permissible here. But this much may be said: that Mgr. Seipel was convinced that democracy on the English or French model, such as Austria had adopted after the War, was unsuited to her character and traditions, and that a new kind of democracy more befitting that character and those traditions would one day have to be instituted; but for this to come about, an Austrian "Cromwell" would have to arise, who would

have the vision, the courage, and the capacity to implement the change.

In the light of these ideas it seems not unreasonable to suggest that Dr. Dollfuss's projected Catholic Corporative Constitution, for an independent Austria, bears the imprint of Seipel's mind.

Had Mgr. Seipel lived to put his plan into operation himself, it would not have been accompanied by the mistakes and crudities which marred its execution by the present regime. He would have avoided the bloodshed in Vienna. He would also have prevented the cause of Austrian independence becoming the preserve of one Power, such as Italy; for he would have kept the Austrian question on the widely international plane. The mistakes and crudities occurred because his plan was put into operation by men whose energy proved to be greater than their finesse. It is a compelling thought that the situation in Austria today, which is having such far-reaching effects on Europe as a whole, is, in a sense, being directed from beyond the grave.

Things have not worked out quite as Mgr. Seipel could have wished. But something of his work is living on in the endeavours of Dr. Dollfuss to build up a new Austria. Democracy is dead for ever in that country. It is now a choice between Austro-Fascism and German Nazism. The maintenance of the former means the preservation of Austrian independence, and with that the preservation of some forms of liberty, if not of the libertarian idea. The triumph of Nazism would mean not only the suppression of the libertarian idea, which has happened already and would be bound to happen in any case, but the suppression also of all that remains of any forms of liberty.

The preservation of Austrian independence, which depends upon the continuance of the present regime, is therefore vitally necessary. But that independence cannot be maintained permanently if it is to rely for its outside support purely upon the self-interest of Italy. Dr. Dollfuss would, in consequence, be well advised to emulate the late Mgr. Seipel and place the Austrian question on the wide international plane, and as many Powers as possible should undertake the preservation of Austrian independence, for the Austrian question is neither a German nor an Italian preserve, but is a matter for Austria, her neighbours, and for Europe.

It is, perhaps, an unhappy sign of the times that the reference of the Austrian question to the League of Nations has been constantly side-tracked, for it would seem that the very Powers which permitted the League to be weakened are now afraid that it is too weak to deal with a question of this magnitude. The one thing, therefore, in this fluid situation, which can be said now with any certitude, is this : that the development of the Austrian situation has set in motion forces which must inevitably result in the opening of a new chapter in European affairs.

A FAITH WORTH DYING FOR

The Defence of Freedom

BY STORM JAMESON

IT must be very difficult for anyone who cannot remember what before-the-War was like to realise fully the present. There are times when I wish I were a few decades older so that I should have as well some memory of the ordinary man's state of mind in the mid-Victorian moment—how, without being conscious of it, he must have leaned on a feeling of security and certainty in his world. An age of unbroken progress lay, he thought, all before him. I cannot summon up that moment, since already at the time when I had begun to think about things other than myself, the imaginations of the young were quick with a new age. Change, we said, is on the order of the day—and but that all our expectations were joyful ones, but in the end there was no joy, and for many of us only death, we felt aright. Change is still on the order of the day, with this added—that now we look for it, some with fear, others expecting a victory. That light confidence of before-the-War is vanished, and if anyone is confident it is as a soldier is confident in the righteousness of his cause but not in his own chances. Then, we did not conceive change except as an advance. We know now, because we have seen it happen, that the social order of a whole nation can be turned backwards.

Though he can examine them, the artist is not outside the conditions shaping his world. A writer born in 1900 cannot feel or think in the mood of the Renaissance. He is affected, deeply and subtly, by drawing his breath in a society in which human forces are overmatched by the power generated in machines. We do not so much use our machines as, blindly and with increasing despair, suffer them to bind on us ten evils

for one they remove. I can put a girdle round the earth in an aeroplane, and tomorrow the aeroplanes may destroy London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, bringing our world down in flames. When the last century began, famine was an act of God and want was a reality. Today, men starve and shiver in the midst of an abundance of all things. Why is this? Why, the machines must pay their way, though a multitude of human beings starve, and a greater multitude—in which count yourselves—are cheated of the leisure they could use. Such a reversal of the right human order of things could only take place in a society in which human values are less respected than the values created by the machines. How less respected? Why, if we have a fine, powerful machine, we take pains to house it well and to feed and doctor it. Yet today, in every town and city in this land, the minds and the fine, powerful bodies of young men are rotting from neglect. Which is the more respected—the machines we tend or the men we let rot? What kind of a tomorrow, can you tell me, will be born from these loins?

In a society degraded by the degradation of very many of its members, you would expect anger and apathy—you will find both, but more apathy, in a terrible book, the *Memoirs of the Unemployed*; also you would expect a religion of especial comfort to the poor and oppressed (it was Christian communism in the first century, and those who call themselves Communists today can count older witnesses on their side); and opposing it, a counter religion which embodies, but in its crudest form, the dominant philosophy of the day. It is at this last that I would draw attention—the more so since it rests on the authority of a great thinker and writer.

Whether the artist by his work gives direction and a form to tomorrow, or whether tomorrow enters into him as a quickening spirit, is a knot I shall not try to undo. The economic interpreters of history are not of two minds about it. I am only anxious that you should mark how readily the subtlest and noblest conception of an artist can be turned to gross uses in a society able to give abundance of life to less than a company of its regiment of souls. It is true that Fascism discovered that it had a philosophy only after it had discovered that it had teeth and claws, yet it is true also that in the beginning was the

word. A mystical Hegelian nationalism had filtered through many minds during the century that elapses between the publication of the *Grundlinien der Philosophie des Rechts* and the march on Rome. Hegel believed and said that the national State is the ultimate form of the social organism. It is the final reality, and in it are absorbed and through it are made manifest the acts and impulses of the single members of this all-embracing authority. The individual has no significance greater than his significance as a unit in the State, no function more imperative than the function he can perform for the State, no loyalty which can supersede his loyal willingness to serve and sustain with his body, mind and spirit the supremacy of his State. This is a conception of the individual flatly opposed to the democratic conception.

From this idea of the national State as an Absolute many things follow. A vulture does not hatch doves. First follows a hardening of the caste system as men and women become imprisoned in their functions. In *The Times* of May 15th of last year I found these views of Herr von Papen, Vice-Chancellor in the German Fascist state: "The maintenance of eternal life demanded the sacrifice of the individual. Mothers must exhaust themselves in order to give life to children. Fathers must fight on the battlefield in order to secure the future for their sons."

This vision of man, as a creature which feels, thinks, and moves only between the hands of his leaders, who will more readily spring from among violent men than from reasonable ones; a creature which may not reason like a god but only like an obedient servant; nor lift his eyes to any heaven but a national one, nor move without feeling round his ankle the tug of the cord fastening him to his mother, the State: this vision must be denied not only by every democrat but by every artist that knows himself to be the son of God. To match it in Europe we must go as far back as to the mediæval order, in which the bodies of most men belong to their feudal lord and their minds to a consoling and admonishing Church. With the Renaissance this order begins to break up, more quickly in some countries than in others. The mind begins to erode the barriers erected against freedom of thought and inquiry. Again and again it is

defeated and flung back, here a scientist retracts, here a preacher is burned, an artist defaces his own work, a poet is silenced by being starved or imprisoned, a writer hides his manuscript, a leader of a peasant revolt is tortured to death. But always it comes on; the advance is never checked along the whole line; where one falls, ten take his place. In the end, but not everywhere in Europe, and not everywhere at once, freedom to think and speak is established as a human right, with behind it a roll of martyrs, men who died defending it, greater than that of any other faith. Writing of Fascism, Mussolini said: "That this faith is very powerful in the minds of men is demonstrated by those who have suffered and died for it". But if it were possible to summon up all those men who died by sundry kinds of death for the freedom he and his have set themselves to murder, they would fill Europe with their voices.

This freedom was never universal. Not only did one country lag behind another—at the opening of the nineteenth century Germany was still a country of serfs and mediæval guilds—but in every country there were some classes of people who enjoyed less freedom, in their minds and in their manner of life, than others. If you could walk across England at this day, questioning all you met, you would find many whose minds are the same age as Chaucer's parson: "God has ordained that some folk should be more high in state and degree, and some folk more low, and that everyone should be served in his estate and his degree". There are many people, some old, some young, but all as rich in goods as they are poor in imagination, to whom it is inconceivable that the poor woman who has born a child to an unemployed labourer has as overweening a care for it as would, if she could, give it the softest clothes, pure air, food, a fine bed, and clean, airy rooms for its estate. This you may see every day in the letters, speeches, and writings of those whom I would call our mediævalists if they were not living in time with the Mussolinis, Hitlers, von Papens, and their trooping or preaching mercenaries by whom the most generous concepts of freedom are thought of as the most shameful and ridiculous.

Let us be very clear about this. If ever this nation submits itself to a dictator, the first sacrifice we shall have to make to him is the sacrifice of our freedom to think and speak. There

is one condition the dictator of a State must have—that is, sovereignty as much over the minds as over the bodies of its members. No voice must be lifted against him. Inquiry and criticism are infectious. If any of us have a prejudice in favour of reasoning with opponents and against killing or imprisoning them, which is the way oftenest taken by dictators, we must either give up our consciences or our lives. Giving up our consciences for the State may seem an acceptable sacrifice, as when Mussolini says: "The Fascist State organizes the nation, but leaves a sufficient margin of liberty to the individual; the latter is deprived of all useless and possibly harmful freedom, but retains what is essential; the deciding power in this question cannot be the individual, but the State alone." Here we have only to ask, "Sufficient to what manner of life?" "Harmful to whom?"

I was lately reading the advertisements of new novels and I came on one in which a certain well-known woman novelist praised another in these terms: "I suppose I so particularly enjoyed Miss So-and-So's novel because I like to laugh and to forget real life and its problems as often as I can". I confess I do not understand the temper in which an artist can like to forget his proper study as often as possible. It is as much out of my way of thinking as a heathen religion. To call it irreligious describes exactly its effect on my mind. I have no wish to burn a heretic, since I hold that every man has an inalienable right to the practice of his beliefs, and yet I am amazed that any artist should choose this moment to apply for leave of absence. The challenge has been issued to us, in one country already our comrades have been proscribed and their books and paintings destroyed; the order of the day is being written out; it is time to close the ranks. The issue is one which sharply concerns the artist. It is impossible to put off making our choice to a time when we have less to do, fewer dinners to attend, or less need to finish our own work. There is no question that we are to march; it is still possible to decide whether we shall advance or retire. Forward to a society in which the individual has more freedom than now, more leisure, more power, and more security; or back to a society organized on the model of the hive or the ant-heap, in which the individual, imprisoned in

his function, must read, hear, and write only what is allowed by his masters.

It is to me strange that the artist should say: "My concern is with my art. What troubles are troubling the world is not my business. Let those whose business they are attend to them: I have my own business". The poet who continues to write his poems in a leaky ship, though he is needed to pump, seems to himself a sublime being. To me he seems more than a little ridiculous—less, not greater than a man. The storm which is now breaking on the world I take to be more the business of the artist than of other men. In the mind of the artist, man is the great seventh wave of the Creation. When the greater part of men are being starved in the sight of plenty and pressed as the readiest escape from their degradation to enter the service of a State which degrades them further by making itself absolute arbiter of their consciences, the indifferent artist is one that does not care whether he speaks to slaves or free men and whether he himself is a slave or free.

But no artist is indifferent. He who turns away does so as consciously and deliberately as another who allows his fellows in an emergency to make use of him. I am certain that for one who avoids the fight, a score will take his place. I cannot see that even the certainty of disaster would absolve us from our duty. If we let the barbarians take charge of our city, they will light their fires with all our poems.

This moment can be matched in history. Liberty, equality and fraternity are the notes of an old song, many times silenced, and forever springing out again. Now, equality is no need of the artist's. As well as the supreme interpreter between men, he is the supreme solitary. He can flourish in any society, however wide the difference of fortune between its divers classes, in which life is full and rich. There may be savage injustice and cruelty, as there was in Elizabethan England, but if the savour and dignity of life have not yet been squeezed out, he can breathe freely. The impoverishment of life that began in the eighteenth century was at its ugliest when our industrial towns were being built and children of five years forced into the mills. It is at its most hopeless now, when millions of machine-serfs are eating their hearts in an idleness made sterile

by poverty. This is a muddy pool on which the artist must draw. Be in no doubt about it: the artist draws on the life of the whole people, not on that of a class, and if the common life is narrow, stunted, and undignified, he cannot escape being wounded by it. He will be driven into abstractions or into frivolity or he will make it his business to protest. If the oppressive order is being attacked, he will join the attackers.

One thing is essential to the artist, without which he might as well cut off his tongue and hands. We have nothing if we have not liberty to write and speak by the spirit. Now, the new censorship which spreads in Europe differs from previous ones in being bestially efficient. No earlier tyrant was equipped with wireless and aeroplanes. He could not appeal to mass psychology, for there were no masses, and while he was imprisoning one subversive writer another, a short distance away, was teaching the people a treasonable song. In brief, his tyranny was human, and human wit and courage could mock and even outwit him. Now for the first time it is possible to set a million arms to make the same gesture and a million voices to shout the same words at the same moment. These instruments we have forged for our undoing. The proscribed writer is proscribed in every corner of his country. The press, the air, the schools, the universities, literature, the drama, even the opera, are founts of propaganda. It goes on day after day, it filters into everything. The appeal is to the mass, and to the lowest emotions of the mass, because these are the easiest to reach. An appeal to reason is less than a whisper raised against massed music. Worst of all, we find that there are artists who do not shrink from betraying one another. In the early weeks of the Nazi regime in Germany I was sent the literary supplement of the *Börsen Zeitung*, which was made up of articles written by hitherto obscure German writers, denying and dismissing all those others, a roll beginning with Thomas Mann, who were not willing to submit their minds. When we remember how eager writers and artists were during the War to help in disseminating lies and hatred, and how few are the names of those who declined to surrender their reason to the emotions of war, we have no right to blame those German writers who have betrayed the Manns, the Zweigs, and the other disgraced Liberals

and internationalists. It was never possible in the past for a nation to be put to school to learn the same lesson at the same moment. We cannot judge the effect. But it would be foolish to think that our English freedom is less mortal than others. It is safe only when it is jealously guarded. It is never won. It has always to be fought for.

We have a tradition and an inheritance, of which the artist is the guardian by nature. It is his business to watch that nothing of value is lost or made useless. Our tradition is threatened now equally by war and violence, whether of Left or Right. It could be so scattered and trodden into the ground that a future generation would know as little of Shakespeare as of the quantum theory. These things are only part of our inheritance, which is so rich it can scarcely be surveyed. Yet even in the English character a subtle, ceaseless propaganda would wear new channels. It is scarcely likely that they would be sound. That brutal and narrow self-confidence which permits a man to dictate to his fellows has no understanding of the humility with which truth must be sought. The way of trial and error, of free argument and research, is closed by his order, and there is no other road. The notion, too, that we become stronger by indulging in collective actions and beliefs is false. Reliance is not learned in a mob. The mind of the mob is closed to reason and accepts what is accessible to it—if it is told to hate pacifists, Jews, and liberal thinkers, it will hate them.

We have said that freedom is limited with us. A Communist will try to persuade us that it does not exist. But this is only his propaganda. Like all propaganda, it is less than half the truth. Mr. Wickham Steed wrote a letter in *The Times* in which he asked the sympathy of the civilized world for Carl von Ossietzky, a very distinguished writer and journalist, near death in the concentration camp at Sonnenburg, where he has suffered for his opinions. We in this country enjoy a freedom which no dictator would tolerate for longer than it took him to forbid the printing of books or newspapers by his opponents, to take over the wireless, and to replace offending civil servants, schoolmasters, university professors, with others. It will not matter what colour he is of, and, while I might wish to be dictated

to by one party rather than another, I could never be easy under any tyranny that forbids me to debate what opinions I choose, or orders me to debate what I do not choose.

There is no need especially to pity writers in a dictatorship. If they suffer in having to write what they do not feel, it is because they were not more zealous guardians of liberty than other men. If we now believe too easily that the courage and the stubborn faith of the past have secured liberty to us and to our children for ever, we shall have to learn, it may be sooner than we expect, how few days are needed to steal it from us.

The stifling of thought, the suppression of books already written and forbidding of new ones to be written, the forbidding men to speak until they have considered and looked about them to see whether it is safe, the imprisoning and beating of writers for their beliefs—what a State for artists to live in! Moreover, these things are not done only with a view to quietness—of a graveyard in which lie more liberties than one—at home. They have an eye to war. Modern war is hideously the enemy of art. The brutish disorder which must follow a war in which whole cities and districts are wiped out, made uninhabitable, festers which break out into typhus and famine, will nourish no artist. Let us not comfort ourselves because common men and women, living in Fascist States, shrink from war and talk hopefully of peace. They are our fellow-victims. Nor has Fascism created the world conditions in which nations, hell-bent on choking each other with the goods not one of them will distribute at home, piously regard war as a sin to be avoided as often as possible. What Fascism has done is to sharpen the knives. The doctrine of the Absolute State, with its insistence on blind loyalty to the policies and gestures of State authority, its perverting of young minds to praise war, throws a new element of violence into scales already weighted against men of good will. It does so deliberately, and of its nature. As when Mussolini writes :

"And above all, Fascism, the more it considers and observes the future and the development of humanity quite apart from political considerations of the moment, believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace. It thus repudiates the doctrine of Pacifism—born of a renunciation of the struggle and an act of cowardice in the face of sacrifice. War alone brings up to its highest tension all human energy. . . . Thus

a doctrine which is founded upon this harmful postulate of peace is hostile to Fascism."

Men who will the Absolute and Divine Right and power of their State will, too, the human sacrifices so primitive a god needs. Perhaps never before was the fate of the artist so bound up and marked with the fate of common men. This tyranny respects neither the spirit nor the body, the life neither of the mind nor the blood.

Must not the artist, if he is awake, feel the danger to our inheritance, and wish to defend it? None of us wishes to become a pamphleteer and tub-thumper in a cause. I confess I cannot honour a writer who hears, without feeling himself forced to deny it, a doctrine which forbids the free and fearless pursuit of Truth in all its forms. The artist is the servant of Truth—by which means, if he decides to abandon his place, he can do more damage than another. A great wave of disrespect for the spirit of Truth—which spirit is free inquiry and argument—is sweeping over the world. Who knows how much we contributed to this disaster by our cowardice during the War? For a long time after the War I did not understand what was happening. The issue is now clear. Two principles only are struggling for mastery in the world, and tomorrow belongs to one of them. On one side stands the conception of the Absolute State, holding aloft the banner of its contempt for the liberal spirit of freedom. Against it rises, but weak and scattered, a new affirmation of man's freedom. In sharpest contrast with the dogma of the Absolute State it declares that men should be more, not less, free. Men are born free and with an equal right to the good and the hard consequences of having been born with the reasoning and feeling capacities of a man. None should bear an unjust share of the common burden. None should be able to think, "If I had been born in another rank of society I should have had a better chance." Inequality is a biological fact, but until we have given all children equally a healthy environment, we do not know how to distinguish apparent inequalities from real ones.

This affirmation springs from a belief that the custom of allowing an accident of birth to decide for us whom we shall well nourish and well educate is foolish and wasteful. It is

denied by the present grinding and mechanical system, which decides that so far as most men are concerned their right to live depends on their usefulness as supplementary machines. Certain millions of reasoning and feeling creatures it keeps alive, though grudgingly, on the chance that they may some time be needed to tend a machine. As men, as human beings able to read books, to enjoy food, wine, music, art, to contemplate the world, to fulfil mind and body, they have no rights. To acquiesce in this degradation of a great part is to wait in the ante-room of Fascism. A creature who, although he looks like a man, and feels and reasons like a man, and propagates his kind like a man, has no function higher than his function to serve, as cheaply as he can be got, the ambitions of Powerful Interests in time of peace and to defend them with his body in times of war, is fit for nothing but to live in a regimented State. What is Fascism but the perfection of such a State? Towards it we must move—by a natural law—unless we should turn from it and with all the strength of our human minds and hearts deny it, strive with it, and so force it to surrender to us. There is no choice but between these two—Fascism or Democracy. The choice cannot be put off. Unless we will Democracy, we cannot escape Fascism.

The present disorder is unendurable, and becoming more unendurable to more people with every day. This partial and bungling Democracy we have, though I would labour to maintain it, cuts only a poor, dull figure beside the swagger, the bold promises, the gestures, theatrical as they are, of the new party. The choice is not between Fascism and our present Democracy, a chaos in which food is destroyed and men starve. It is not between a disciplined herd and an undisciplined herd. It is between Fascism and a wider, finer, grander, and more dignified Democracy. Men are not yet free. If they were free, Fascism would not exist, since a free man will not sign away his liberty. The choice is between the slavery offered in the name of order and the freedom of which we have seen the promise and the hope. It is between a disciplined herd and a society of well-educated men and women, whose minds and bodies are fitted to stand the rigours of freedom.

Quicker than other men, the artist should realise that Fascism

arises out of man's need for an Absolute. If nothing better is offered to him, man will accept a false absolute, a system which seems to him wide enough to absorb all his impulses and satisfy all his needs, even though to achieve it he has had to sacrifice the greatest of all human values, the freedom of the mind. The known world is visibly changing. There is no security. There is no spiritual authority to which every other owes a final allegiance and which lifts from man the awful burden of disbelief. Their uncertainty, and the consciousness that forces are at work in our world to destroy it, frightens people so gravely that they will cling to anything which offers a foothold. Hence the growth among us of this new vicious Nationalism. It appeals to our proper longing to see England rouse herself from her apathy, her towns cleaned and rebuilt, her countryside a fresh fountain sending life through the whole nation. And at the same time, by its deification of the State, its acceptance of war and exultance in it as the noblest chivalry of which man is capable, it is preparing a dread fate for the nation in the destructive wars which must arise between States all refusing to abate a jot of their separate sovereignty and all armed with weapons against which courage is useless and endurance vain.

If I say that I believe in the brotherhood of all human creatures, I am only saying at the same time that I believe there is no halting-place for humanity in search of an Absolute short of this, and no religion worth dying for except this. I am not saying that it will inevitably triumph, as Christianity triumphed over a great part of the earth. It is even possible that we are all lost, that unreason will triumph, here as elsewhere. I do not think that is an excuse for feigned indifference or for losing heart. Without ceasing to enjoy the world, to laugh, to read and to write books, to paint pictures and to admire them, we ought to protest against the acceptance of unreason and violence until our tongues are silenced in our mouths. I am not protestant by nature, yet here I have no choice. My conscience will not let me rest when I see and hear men plotting against liberty, and first against that liberty we have still, to argue, to dissent, to utter freely what is in our minds, to hold what faith we will and to teach it.

CHANGE ON THE FARM

BY ADRIAN BELL

THIS farm, whose geography I so well remembered, I now found as confusing as a maze. In place of the twenty-acre stretches of fallow and corn were endless rows of fruit trees, and between the rows bushes of soft fruit. Old paths were unrecognizable, skirting or striking through the growth, and new tracks had grown up tributary to them. I had walked over these fields many times with the old farmer, and now I acutely missed their former wide intimacy. The new farmer in a few years had changed the very spirit of the place. One could see no more than a few yards to right and left. The whole expanse of low bushes seemed deserted of all save an occasional fat missel thrush. Then, as I stood undecided, plucking idly like the overfed birds at some tempting red loganberries, I espied the shiny top of a car. Keeping it in sight, I forsook the way and forced on between trees and bushes straight towards it. I came out upon a wide earth track—and there stood my friend the new farmer. Now for my old friend, the old farmer, when I sought him in the fields, I had only to go to a high spot and look about, and I should see him, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away, jogging over to his sheep on his horse. I always remember the creak of his leather gaiters against the saddle as he came to meet me, and his old greenish-black hat, and his stiff collar and "front" and flat cravat.

The new farmer stood bare-headed, with open shirt and flannel trousers, one foot resting on the running-board of a green-upholstered closed car. It looked the kind of car to go to the theatre in, but it stood in the middle of a farm of summer-baked heavy clay, and there were signs both inwardly and outwardly that it did as much field-work as road work; also that the ground was not always dry, though rough, as now.

Near the car were two pairs of scales and a quantity of chip-

baskets. Otherwise the car seemed to stand alone in the expanse of bushes.

As I approached, the farmer looked at the watch on his wrist and blew a whistle. Immediately the field became full of people. They rose out of the bushes, a whole village population—men, women, and children—and came towards the car.

They and I arrived together. The farmer looked like a poet, but spoke as a man of action. "Check in, everybody", he called, and at once the scales were busy. A van came bumping over the ground and the baskets were deftly packed in. At the same time a young man appeared in khaki shirt and shorts on a motor-cycle. He ran up (I almost expected him to salute) and presented a despatch. "'Phone message from the canning factory, sir", he said. The farmer tore it open. "Good! They've accepted my price", he cried. "A ton and a half of black currants at fifty pounds a ton. You've come just at the right time", he laughed to me, and handed me a chip-basket. "We've got to get fifteen hundredweight picked and on rail tonight—the rest tomorrow. Threepence a basket for picking."

Of all the laborious means of earning money, the picking of black currants in full sun must be the most. In imagination one simplified one's needs to make threepence commensurate with the time it took and the application. And it was some such modification as this, the spirit almost of a child's game, which made the pickers cheerful and eager in accumulating their gradual pence.

The master had blown the whistle to bring the pickers off the loganberries on to the black currants, for which he had received this sudden call. Telephone and time-table had made the new farmer's day one of crises and urgency such as the old corn-harvesters could never have imagined.

Not only was everyone put on to stripping the black currant bushes, but the khaki-clad young man was sent off on his motor-cycle to distant parts of the farm summoning all to the fruit-picking. And after what seemed a long time, the other men began to arrive on the field. In two's and three's they came, with their baskets and coats slung over their shoulders, and not having omitted to light up their pipes, as the farm-

labourer will do for the least interval of transit from one job to another. Here was something I recognized from of old—the deliberate gait of the true country-fellow. Not even the most up-to-date methods had been able to alter that. Some had been digging out a pond, others hoeing in the roots grown for the cows, two repairing a fence, one scything thistles. I rather rejoiced to see their slow coming-on; they brought an element of steadiness to counter-balance the shrill banter of the women-pickers, to whom the spacious summer day and companionship of their kind came like an intoxication after long, solitary confinement in the duties of the home.

One could not help feeling affected by it; the labour was no harder than they were accustomed to, while the sun and the smell of the fruit filled them with an unsteady joy that found vent in sudden bursts of laughter, screamed-out jokes.

The men, they didn't like it much; it was a "tiffing" business, picking black-currants, which put them in an inferior position to their women-folk, whose fingers were more nimble. And it was all piece-work, so much per basket. Some grumbled that they couldn't "earn the money"; but the farmer had a manner of soothing, firm reassurance.

"I shouldn't have asked you to do it if I thought you couldn't earn the money (*i.e.*, as much per hour as the standard wage); you'll see that you can."

The bushes were mostly well-hung; and the men gathered up baskets and submerged themselves among the women till all had disappeared, and it was as though the field were full of disembodied voices.

Now the farmer had his own special task, in which I accompanied him. We went from man to man (the women's picking he could sufficiently trust), picking for a few minutes at the bush with each, noting that he stripped the bush clean and did not crush the fruit in his anxiety to keep up with the women. As a matter of fact, in a number of cases this was just what was happening; the man's fingers fumbled, while at the next bush the woman's ran up and down like creatures of themselves, plucking gently and swiftly. The black currants were dead ripe, almost as large as little grapes, and in the man's basket was a squashy, purple mass.

"Wet fruit", said the farmer to me, "is the devil".

Other men, in the endeavour to keep up with their wives, brought down showers of leaves and stalks with the fruit, leaving the bushes wintry. Others had placed their baskets a foot or more from the bushes. "Look", the farmer said to the man, thrusting the basket right under the bush, "a lot will fall into it like that of their own accord".

As I went from man to man I recognized ploughmen of former days. And one I saw who always used to steer the corn-drill, he had such a straight eye. Then again I found myself beside the man whose whole life had been married to the steam-engine. He used to be in charge of the threshing. His engine always shone, green and black, and when he had the whole thing running well, the leather driving-belt taut, the drum rumbling merrily, the engine puffing and jerking slightly between its blocks, he would walk to and fro like the captain of a ship, giving a look to gauge and hopper, moving a lever half an inch this way or that. Now I found him, his head only a little more grizzled and grey, on his knees before a fruit bush. He was the last person I had expected to find picking black currants at threepence the basket, and I almost told him so, but checked myself. It was as though he sensed "What has brought you to this?" in my mere presence, for he did not look up; his old chatty self was not there; our conversation was everyday, fragmentary; all that had happened since I had seen him last standing by his engine tacit in it. He preferred to be thought of as one who had never had an engine, I could see, but had always been a fumbling, "tiffing" old fellow doing little things.

And then, great heavens, here was the blacksmith at it, too. He was quite cheerful, though. It was his nature. "'Tain't like as when they kept twenty horses up at the Manor", he said. "The forge is cold most days of the week now, and chaps like we have got to earn a bit where we can."

Then there was the old bee-keeper, with his face round and warm as an apricot. Bee-keepers, I am sure, have some fortifying intuition communicated from the exact and complex socialism of the hive. Their belief in the pattern of life shines through their words and abides in their silences. They have the patience of an occult certainty.

Old Cleridew stretched in such a way that I almost felt the crick in his back. We had been talking of bees while he fumbled about among the currants on his bush. *He* wouldn't "earn the money"—at least, not while someone talked bees to him. But neither did he worry about it. He wore the amused expression of a grown-up finding himself a fool at some child's game. "Rum tack, this", he said.

But he had not anything to regret in the change on the farm. Whereas his bees had formerly been his private hobby, the new farmer had made him a master of many hives among the orchards.

We had been the round of the men; and the farmer paused near one of the women. He confided to me, "The best picker in the field". So quickly did she work that the fruit seemed to fall from the bush into the basket of its own accord.

She was the wit of the field, and kept up a fire of repartee to all around as she picked. Also there was the child (it was rumoured) of an Italian who had passed that way years before; certainly she introduced something of a southern abandon there; what with the sun and the fruit and baked brown earth. She was vivid and gypsyish, flashing warm, swift glances among some youths nearby, with paralysing effect. *They* wouldn't "earn the money".

But the farmer was engrossed in estimating his crop.

"Four tons", he muttered, pacing to and fro. "Or five, perhaps—no, four." He looked at his watch. "Where's H——?" Just then a van came down the track and halted by the scales. "Have you seen H——?" he asked the driver. "These fruit are dead ripe, and now that we're picking, we'll pick the lot. I want to get a message back to the office to telephone to the station and reserve two more trucks for tomorrow."

Just then a youth appeared bouncing down the track on a push-bicycle, a sheaf of papers under an arm. It looked like a music-hall turn—he hit a clod, described a capital S, and fell off. He collected the papers and continued on foot. They were letters for the chief to sign, that they might catch the post. The car was made a temporary office. The message was sent back.

The first black currants began to come in. My job now was to stand by the scales and pay out the checks. For every basket

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of full weight the picker received a pasteboard ticket with a "3" on it. They were cashed at the office at the end of the day. These tickets—equivalent to money—lay in an open bag by the scales; and as the pickers with full baskets came in increasing numbers, even got scattered about on the ground. Yet nobody thought of appropriating any—though for the matter of that they might have been coppers lying there.

Soon it became apparent that there would not be four tons; and H—, who conveniently appeared on his motor cycle after his round-up of farm-workers, was despatched to cancel one of the trucks.

Just before dinner-time it became apparent that there would not be any more than enough for the factory order—and the second extra truck was cancelled.

"I'm such an optimist—that's the trouble", the farmer said, pacing his bushes once more. "Frightfully difficult to estimate the crop."

When we drove in the beautiful mud-violated car over the fields to dinner, it was even murmured that there *might* not be a ton and a half.

We ate in the great tiled hall of the old house under many carved beams. From the window we could see little yellow motor vans arriving at the "depot", one after the other, like bees returning to the hive. The air was loud with their humming. For the farmer had a wide retail trade also, and this was the hour that the vans returned from their rounds.

We were soon back in the field. The farmer looked at his watch, looked at the clouds, and at the picked fruit packed in the waiting horse-van. "The train goes at five-thirty."

He marshalled his workers and allotted them their bushes. To the uninitiated it would seem a simple matter—there are the bushes—here are the pickers—let them just go ahead. Not so—for some bushes are better hung than others. Towards the far corner, where people seldom pass, the thrushes have thinned the fruit. The farmer must be umpire as well as paymaster. Those who had the light bushes before dinner must now be given the heavy ones, and *vice versa*, so that each has equal opportunity of "earning the money". There were four rows of particularly well-hung bushes, and these the farmer had

reserved for certain pickers whom he called by name. He told me, "The other night these stayed and helped me at a push, while the others went off home—that's how I show my appreciation."

One woman walked eight miles each way to the fruit-picking daily, pushing a pram with two babies. To her was given the best row of all. Those women who had older children used them for carrying the baskets to the weighing, and so saved themselves time and earned more money.

Several young married couples came, and these liked to work in pairs, husband and wife.

About mid-afternoon it began suddenly to pour with rain. The farmer blew a blast on his whistle, and everybody rose out of the bushes with a merry shout and rushed to the van. "Keep the fruit dry, keep the fruit dry", cried the farmer. It is a gesture of the true fruit-picker to take off his coat and cover the fruit with it, at a sudden storm.

The rain rattled down. "No time for weighing", cried the farmer, and standing by the van he adjudicated on each basket as it was hurriedly packed in under the tarpaulin. "Twopence, twopence, penny, hreepence, penny, twopence"—I could not hand out the checks fast enough; I am sure some of the pickers received two stuck together. Then they crowded under the van or under any of the taller trees that offered protection. The dusky lady with the black eyes sat under the van amid the youths and kept up a continual bubble of chatter. The other, the expert picker, the elder wit, held her court under a plum tree; so the shower passed off merrily for them—but not for the farmer. Time was passing. Also it was now apparent that the crop would be short even of the ton and a half ordered by the canning factory. An elaborate apology was framed, while the despatch-rider stood by.

"Tell them, 'We've slightly over-estimated our crop, but we've stopped all selling of black currants on the vans and we're concentrating on fulfilling your order. But we've been delayed by rain—hope, however, to let you have fifteen hundredweight on rail tonight'."

The urgency was communicated to the pickers, and they increased the pace. Despite rivalries, the spirit was one of

camaraderie. At the scales the basket of one picker weighed light; her companion tipped some from her own half-filled one into it, with a "That's all right, dearie", to save her taking it with her to the next lot of bushes.

At 4.55 p.m. there was one row left and a picker to every bush in it.

At 5 p.m. the last basket was weighed and put in the van. The horse was whipped up and cantered away to the depot.

At the depot the lorry driver stood waiting, with his engine running. The horse drew up panting—there was a scramble to unload, re-weigh, and re-load into the lorry.

"Right away!" The driver leaped into his seat and the motor vanished with a scream of gears.

The farmer looked at his watch. "Five-nine. It's twelve miles to the station."

"Well, at any rate they've gone—now you can rest." I offered a cigarette.

"Rest!" he cried. "Now we've got to pick the fruit for the vans to take out first thing tomorrow morning."

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

VII.—ITALY

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS, the illustrious historian¹ and critic of Italian literature, the centenary of whose birth we are celebrating this year, considered Manzoni's *Promessi sposi* (The Betrothed) to be the basic work of Italian narrative literature. In the *Promessi sposi* the humanitarian idea is completely freed from the Biblical, Christian, religious idea, and is made more humanly dramatic by the fact that the vast plot has its centre in two peasants. In these lowly peasants is embodied the sense of human dignity that had emerged only recently, and was to form the foundations of the history of today.

This Manzonian idea, of love and consideration towards the humblest, with all the concepts, spiritual, moral and social, that sprang from it, and all the warnings and feelings it implied, has given our literature a fundamental quality that has found development more or less near to it, and artistic results more or less appreciable, in works such as Ippolito Nievo's *Confessioni d'un ottuogenario* (Confessions of an Octogenarian), in Emilio De Marchi's *Demetrio Pianelli*, in Fogazzaro's *Piccolo mondo antico* (The Little World of Yesterday),² and in the novels of Edmondo De Amicis. All subsequent writers, in one way or another, are linked to this group.

In almost direct descent from it is Marino Moretti, a cautious writer, of delicate and savoured intimacies, with a pervading tone of humility, yet combining sudden outbreaks of caustic wit. Among his numerous novels must be mentioned *Il sole del Sabato* (Saturday's Sun), *La voce di Dio* (The Voice of God), *L'isola dell'amore* (The Isle of Love), and *L'Andreana*.

¹ *The History of Italian Literature.* Oxford University Press.

² Published by Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *The Patriot*.

Giovanni Verga, in the mighty works of his maturity, is also linked with it—but in another sense. On one side he is specifically artistic, on the other ideological, in direct contrast to his contemporary Fogazzaro. Verga is not romantic, nor psychological, nor yet idealistic, though his work is in the stream of literature that flowed from Manzoni. His world is humble and human, of lowly people who are instinctively religious. But religion, instead of consoling them, leaves them disconsolate. And the art of Verga is denuded of every ornament, of every grace of literature or allurements of humour—his art, as it were, is anti-artistic; it is stark and bare, the mere representation of things.

This starkness, this system of pure representation, this reducing of things nearly to their origins, gives Verga's work a true epic quality, more especially in *I malavoglia* (The Slothful) and *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*,³ which are his masterpieces.

These works appeared during a violent literary reaction, which had started with Carducci against the Manzonian idea. And, partly perhaps through lack of understanding, this new and great art of Verga was treated with abuse and contempt, or ignored. But Verga's values were of course to reappear, and not merely as a fashion or affectation, as was the case with his first disciples, De Roberto and Capuana, but as the beacon and guide of the new generation. Not all of these followers, of course, had the purity of Verga, who strove unceasingly for art with devotion and sensibility. But the more the years pass, the greater becomes Verga's influence on the new writers; his art is an authentic stream running through the whole of our narrative literature. It is found (with the differences, of course, that come from difference of stature and variety of quality) in the works of the famous Grazia Deledda, the woman novelist who won the Nobel Prize, and in those of Bruno Cicognani, Federico Tozzi, Rosso di S. Secondo, Mario Puccini, Corrado Alvaro, and Alberto Moravia.

Carducci, properly speaking, does not belong to this article, for he was not a novelist. But besides being a poet he was a great critic and prose-writer, and was occupied, in his way, with the problems of our prose. His reaction was a natural evolution in our literature, and arose especially from the rejection

of two great streams in literature, of Giacomo Leopardi in poetry, and of Manzoni in prose. With Leopardi and Manzoni both poetry and prose had been purged, and at the right time, of the excess of scholasticism, the academic stiffness, of the rhetoric and formality that had arisen from the exterior cult of antiquity. The reaction of Carducci was not only in forms, but also of the spirit. In place of the Manzonian idea—religious, Christian, Catholic, of love for the lowly, of meek resignation—it put forward an idea that was pagan and heroic. This new humanism was founded on culture. Carducci had a hot temperament, so his outbreaks of anger in his writings were genuine, and for that reason found true and lively expression.

The fruits of his reaction, in ideas and forms, were extremely varied. Writers seized on it from different sides, developed one aspect to the exclusion of others, each taking what suited him individually, so that the consequences deduced from it might seem contradictory without being so in reality.

The vital works, the historical, political and social works, of Alfredo Oriani, were on the lines of this reaction. His non-fictional works are alive and breathing. But as a novelist he was linked, unfortunately, with a determinism that his spirit never wholly accepted—hence the weakness of his fiction. And other writers, often extremely gifted, remained in their novels artificial and unformed. The fermentations in the reaction, both in spirit and in form, were too many and varied; its followers took and attempted to develop more than they could assimilate.

But the fruits of greatest splendour, by far the most important of the whole reaction, are unquestionably the works of d'Annunzio. He took the reaction from its formal side; he never allowed its spiritual complications, or its moral values, to quench for a moment his living sensibility, the most rich, refined and acute that can possibly be imagined. His works, more particularly his novels, mark the highest point of the reaction. While linked always with Carducci in forms and in spirit, he maintained a position of free independence. A great part of our fiction today derives in some way or another from d'Annunzio.

While the work of d'Annunzio was developing with a splendour and opulence truly amazing, and a prestigious skill that made many of his followers, and himself too, pronounce it to be

³ Published by Jonathan Cape under the same title.

bordering on æstheticism, his free attitude of independence made him wander from the straight line that together with humanist culture was the basis of Carducci's reaction. Among his disciples and the younger writers came cleavages. We will mention but two of them—Guido Da Verona and F. T. Marinetti—as complete a contrast as could well be imagined: Guido da Verona with his rich colouring, his rampant sensuality, and Marinetti with his clear self-confidence, his boldness and impetuosity. Marinetti is the leader of the Futurist movement, which, however, has not taken roots as an intellectual formula.

A writer of vast output who has never sacrificed clearness in thought or in style, but gives an exquisite grace to both by his modesty as artist and man, is Alfredo Panzini. In a period of confusion in society and in politics he saw the ill and proclaimed it, and at the right moment. This he did in his novel *Il padrone sono me* (I am Boss), a work of high originality. And in his *Viaggio d'un povero letterato* (The Journey of a Poor Scholar) he had the quickness of spirit and self-confidence to prophesy the Great War before anyone had thought of it. His works without exception have harmony and style, but these qualities are found most abundantly in his novel *Santippe*, written with a clean brevity, and with profound and rich sentiment.

Contemporary with Panzini, but influenced on different sides by d'Annunzio and Oriani, as also by the Russians—more especially Gorki—is the novelist Antonio Beltramelli, who in his *Cavalier Mostardo* foresaw the confusion and ferment of today.

Corrective of the wanderings from Carducci is Riccardo Bacchelli, the author of *Il diavolo al Pontelungo* (The Devil at the Long Bridge);⁴ corrective, but not arid. On the contrary, he is rich and copious, full of warmth and savour. Corrective, too, in their separate ways, are two writers who died young—Fausto Maria Martini and Umberto Fracchia. Martini is intimate and delicate, with passages of lyricism. Fracchia is romantic and pathetic. The vast panorama of his canvases, as, for instance, in his *Angela* and *La stella del sud* (Star of the South), give him, perhaps, a sort of likeness to Dickens. Corrective, also, in his fashion, is Aldo Palazzeschi (a highly original poet if ever there

⁴ Published by Longmans Green.

was one!) His recent novels, carefully written, are clear and lucid. Yet he managed to leave his mark on the Futurist movement with his famous novel *Il codice di Perelà* (Perelà's Code). Among this group there is also Giulio Caprin, a refined, delicate writer, whose novel, *Quirina e Floriana*, has been put into English.⁵

But far more important, complex and significant is the position of three writers, all of them in the first rank—Giovanni Papini, G. A. Borgese and Massimo Bontempelli. Borgese, besides being a novelist, is renowned as a critic of contemporary literature, not only of Italy. His masterpiece of fiction is *Rubè*, a work of torrential force, almost like a rushing fire, that puts in dramatic relief an obscure spiritual complex amid the turbid passions that marked the period of the War and Armistice.

Giovanni Papini is the author of the *Storia di Cristo*⁶ (The Story of Christ), which marked his conversion to Catholicism. But his conversion has not checked his output, nor devitalized his art, which continued as before in the stream of Carducci. His greatest novel is *Un uomo finito* (A Man—Finished),⁷ one of the fundamental works of the modern fiction in Italy. Papini's influence has been immense. His proud spiritual impulses, his restless ardour, his wealth of new and provocative ideas and his crashing judgments, have been a strong stimulus to the younger generation, and have drawn to his side, if only temporarily, even writers of real independence.

So the reaction of Carducci, in spite of its errors, did, in fact, enrich our literature. It plunged it into a long travail, of forms to be renewed, of problems to be solved, of needs to be satisfied, of styles to be applied and imprinted, not merely on art, but also on life. The results of this travail, more especially in regard to forms, can be seen in the works, clear, capricious and witty, of such writers as Ugo Ojetti in his *Cose viste* (Things I have Seen),⁸ of Emilio Cecchi, Guelfo Civinini, Vincenzo Cardarelli, and Bruno Barilli—writers with a sort of humour and whimsicality that had already been an element of some parts of our literature.

⁵ Published by Jarrolds under the title, *Bohemian House*.

⁶ & ⁷ Published by Hodder & Stoughton.

⁸ A selection from these essays have been published by Methuen under the title of *As They Seem to Me*.

Among the youngest generation of today there is a group of writers, not novelists, nor indeed preoccupied with fiction at all, but who are intent on man's duty to the State, his spiritual wholeness, who meditate on political facts as moral pledges. They, too, are a result of the Carducci reaction, and for that reason I will mention them briefly. Of this group there are two writers very much to the fore—Nino Savarese and Enrico Pea. The first started in the stream of Verga, but later became occupied with style. The second is fantastic and extravagant, flitting between heights and depths as in a dream. Both live in a world of fantasy that they treat with extreme seriousness, arriving at poetry through a dry nudity of facts.

In the recent works of Bontempelli we get the highest degree of life and actuality. He has renewed the values of Carducci in a way not thought of; he has dug them, as it were, from their dry river-bed and, with limpid clearness and an intelligence that is truly prodigious, set them on a new and flowing stream. His works are most personal—impossible to conceive him as influenced by anyone, or of taking the ideas of any school whatsoever. He is free and independent, living in a world of his own creation, which he describes as "verismo magico", in the sense that truth creates itself in the poetic imagination of the writer. And he does it with incomparable style. It is difficult to say what we admire most—his logical daring, his rapidity, lightness and complexity of sensations, his luminous clearness in rendering the most imponderable things, almost in their musical essence, his transforming of the probable into the absurd and the absurd into the probable, making everything so real that we accept it unquestioningly. He is one of the most original of writers, not only of Italy, but of the world. In fiction his masterpieces are *Eva ultima* (A Latter-day Eve), *Il figlio di due madri* (The Son of Two Mothers), *Vita e morte di Adria e dei suoi due figli* (The Life and Death of Adria and her Two Sons), and *La famiglia del fabbro* (The Blacksmith's Family). Of non-fiction his best is *Verismo magico* (Magic Reality), absolutely inimitable, which has attracted to his orbit a group of very young writers, "The Twentieth Century" so-called, in the hope of enriching their own works. But Bontempelli is privileged and unique. He has reached maturity through long experiments,

and has attained not only to a conquest of style, but also, and above all, to an organic and individual conception of life.

To conclude, there are novelists of various tendencies, some belonging to groups, and some isolated. There is Italo Svevo, famous for his *Conscienza di Zeno*⁹; and the poetess Ada Negri, who in fiction is the author of *La stella mattutina* (The Morning Star). And there is a group of writers, still young, who will certainly give us larger works, more complex and important than hitherto, such as Giovanni Comisso, G. B. Angiolotti, G. B. Titta Rosa and Bonaventura Tecchi. An authoress of standing is Sibilla Aleramo, who began as a naturalist but is now becoming an æsthete. And there is Achille Campanile, very popular for his fantastic, buffoonish plots, who all the same is a sensitive writer. Others of merit are Arturo Loria, Giacomo Stuparich and Quarantotto Gambini. Of the romantic novelists with a large following the best are Guido Milanese, Salvator Gotta, Virgilio Brocchi, Lucio d'Ambra and Alessandro Veraldo.

In the rich vein to which the new generation is returning, as to something secure and solid, we have Bruno Cicognani, whose first novel, *La Velia* is a work that deserves to be remembered in the history of our literature. It has an admirable style, very sure and direct, and a well-handled plot of close texture. The events are described with implacable reality, the passions developed with inexorable truth, and the whole is so convincing as to be almost irrefutable.

A writer not entirely in the tradition of Verga, because of a certain exuberance both in spirit and forms, yet substantially and intimately true, is Rosso di S. Secondo. Closer to Verga in style and material, describing as he does the lower and middle classes minutely and with stark simplicity, is Mario Puccini, a writer who by now has a considerable output. But the novelist of by far the most importance in this connection is Federigo Tozzi, who died very young about ten years ago, in the first maturity of his creative genius. His *Tre croci* (Three Crosses) is a real masterpiece; others not far behind it are *Il podere* (The Vineyard) and *Con gli occhi chiusi* (With Shut Eyes). In *Tre croci* the influence of Verga is unmistakable, but his sobriety and starkness are so intimately transformed by Tozzi's creative

⁹ Published by Putnams under the title of *The Confessions of Zeno*.

powers as a writer that they seem instinctive, so natural they are, and spontaneous. In him there is an astonishing richness, an absolute novelty of sensation, as well as an exalted spirituality. In his life Tozzi was neglected, his books were abused, or ignored; but immediately he was dead he was proclaimed universally as a great writer. And certainly his *Tre croci* is one of the best of our contemporary novels.

We have now arrived at the most recent tendencies of the novel in Italy. On one side we have "magic realism", on the other an artistic consciousness that goes deeper and deeper into life, into its very roots, growing always richer and more complex. Among the best of this school is Corrado Alvaro, a very serious and solid personality. His short stories are admirable, but his short novel, *Gente in Aspromonte* (People of Aspromonte), is undoubtedly, up till now, his masterpiece. But Alvaro will go far. Impossible to set limits to his achievement, for he is never satisfied, is always moving forward, searching, experimenting, with a creative gift that seems inexhaustible. Though his narrative is held close to reality, minute, verifiable, exact, there yet arises from it a breath of authentic poetry. He explores the new culture, the new relations between society and the individual, the origins of our life today and the presentiments of the new reality that is maturing.

A young writer from whom much is expected is Alberto Moravia. Very young in years, he is fully mature artistically, as is proved by his first novel, *Gli indifferenti* (The Trimmers) a work that was deservedly acclaimed from the beginning. It dissects with cruel impartiality a sadly corrupt and vitiated element in society today. His *Mariagrazia* is unforgettable. She is shown, as it were, in the round, with a truth and consistency that make her almost symbolical. Moravia, in the handling of his characters, shows the gifts of an acute psychologist.

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THE EMPIRE AND THE COLLECTIVE SYSTEM

BY ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE moment is evidently drawing near when important decisions on foreign affairs will have to be taken. The Disarmament Conference, which has been intermittently in session for over two years, cannot remain indefinitely in a state of suspended animation; it will be compelled to arrive at some conclusion, whether positive or negative. Moreover, quite apart from considerations of procedure, the process of German rearmament sets a fixed time-limit to its deliberations. Thus, a point must soon be reached when the Government will have to reconsider the whole trend and direction of our foreign policy; for the assumptions on which it has been carried on in recent years, at least since the Locarno Agreements of 1926, no longer hold good. In these circumstances one thing is certain. The people of this country will wish to remain in the closest possible association, both in thought and action, with the peoples of the oversea Dominions. This has, of course, become an accepted axiom of our post-war policy, irrespective of party differences; but attention has been so much concentrated of late on Continental happenings and on our relations with other European powers that there has been a tendency in some quarters to leave it out of the reckoning. It may be useful, therefore, to draw attention to it at the present juncture—all the more so because the recent unofficial Conference at Toronto, the proceedings of which are very shortly to be published, provided a most valuable and timely opportunity for focusing the opinions of a very widely representative group of public men from all the overseas Dominions.*

* *British Commonwealth Relations*: Proceedings of the First Unofficial Conference on British Commonwealth Relations, held at Toronto from September 11-21, 1933. Edited by Arnold J. Toynbee; Oxford University Press, 1934.

The original object for which the Conference was summoned was to discuss methods of co-operation between the different self-governing portions of the Empire. But it very soon became apparent that it was impossible to discuss methods without a preliminary discussion of policies. In the rapidly-changing world of today, agreement on policy cannot simply be taken for granted on the basis of common underlying ideals; it must be continually worked out afresh and adjusted to new circumstances. If this has been found desirable for the Governments of the Empire at Imperial Conferences, it is equally necessary for the wider circles of public opinion, as represented in an informal Conference such as that of last autumn. Hence it came about quite naturally that the greater part of the time of the Conference, and certainly by far the greater part of its attention, were concentrated on the discussion of principles of policy. Thus, when the Conference separated, its members went home clearer in their own minds, not simply as to how to keep in closer touch in the future, but as to the objects to be pursued in the common association thus reinforced.

The conclusions arrived at in this protracted debate can be stated very simply, since they were arrived at with unanimity. The foreign policy of the Empire, it was held, should be based on two principles: firstly, support of the collective system for the maintenance of peace; secondly, maintenance of the closest possible co-operation with the United States.

At first sight these conclusions may appear to some a little surprising, since they are capable of being represented as self-contradictory. The "collective system", it may be said, means the League of Nations. The United States is not a member of the League of Nations, and President Roosevelt has made it clear that they will not become one during his present administration. How, then, can these two policies be reconciled?

The answer is that the Conference was not laying down a programme, but merely summing up and giving expression to the general public opinion existing throughout the Dominions. If any attempt had been made to define the collective system in any particular way—still more if it had been attempted to tie it down to the actual Geneva system—marked divergencies

of opinion would at once have shown themselves. The same is true about the form which the proposed co-operation with the United States should assume. Should it be in and through the collective system as, for instance, in some arrangement arising out of the Kellogg Pact? Or should it be in some more intimate form, independent of, or in addition to, a collective arrangement with other Powers? Should it be confined to questions of foreign policy, in the old sense of that term? Or should it extend also to the field of economic policy? These matters were not discussed; and, if they had been, they would have revealed an equally marked divergence of opinion. The fact is that in neither field, neither in regard to the collective system nor in regard to British-American co-operation, has opinion yet had time to crystallize. Our common thinking is still in the formative stage. Moreover, the facts on the basis of which practical conclusions must sooner or later be arrived at are at present not sufficiently known, and it was no part of the business of the Conference to make them known. Indeed, had an attempt been made to do so, it would have proved futile, since the international situation was transformed a few weeks after the Conference closed by the action of the German Government in retiring from the Disarmament Conference and from the League of Nations.

But if the implications of the two conclusions thus unanimously adopted were not clearly envisaged, all the more importance attaches to the conclusions themselves: for the agreement about them evidently represented something more than a judgment formed in the light of passing events. It went down to bedrock. It was, if one may use a hackneyed expression, "instinctive". By that is not meant that it was reached without reflection. On the contrary, an instinctive judgment in politics is a judgment representing an accumulated mass of reflection, a mass so great that the separate items of fact and argument embodied in it can only with difficulty be disentangled. The two policies impose themselves on British opinion as a matter of course. To ask the ordinary citizen at home or overseas to explain why they are for him a matter of course would be to ask him to put into words what he would rather leave unformulated. But at a moment like the present, when clear

thinking is needed for the making of practical decisions, it is perhaps worth while making the attempt on his behalf.

Let us take first the collective system or, to use the more familiar expression, the League of Nations. Why does public opinion throughout the Empire view the idea with favour? Why has it won support from public men of all parties, if with varying degrees of emphasis and confidence? Surely the answer is to be found in the experience of our own history and institutions. Because there is a British League of Nations which is a going concern and is, we feel, gaining in inner strength year by year, therefore we consider the idea of a universal League of Nations to be not merely sound but inherently practicable. It may not work very well at first; it may need generations or even centuries to attain a finally satisfactory form; but it is "bound to come in the end". And if at this point the sceptical non-Briton, perhaps a Frenchman or an Italian, asks "Why?" the British reply is couched in terms of the Victorian idea of progress. Experience has made most of us in the Empire incorrigible optimists so far as politics are concerned, and we cannot bring ourselves to imagine that the mass of mankind will, in the long run, be either so foolish or so wicked as to refuse to follow the one obviously sensible political track. A typical expression of this philosophy may be found in a recent speech by a member of the present Government, as reported in the Press. "He was sanguine enough to believe", he said, "that some day both Germany and France would find it better to be friends than suspicious of each other. What this country had to do was to maintain a great public opinion in favour of peace and try to inculcate the same desires in the other nations of the world." Put in plain language, the French and Germans are here told, firstly, not to be so *silly* as to go on quarrelling, and, secondly, to learn sense from the example of Britain.

If this extract fairly represents, as surely it does, the general British state of mind, there are certain practical conclusions to be drawn from it.

The first is that the present League of Nations is obviously not yet satisfactory. It consists mostly of foreign nations who are still in a somewhat quarrelsome state of mind and have a good deal to learn from Great Britain. It is Britain's duty to

persevere in trying to influence them towards more reasonable courses. It is thus her duty to support the League of Nations. But it is not exactly a League between equals; if Britain participates in its activities, it is partly at least in the hope of influencing the others for good.

In the lengthy discussions on security at Geneva some years ago, a speaker divided the various nations into "producers of security" and "consumers of security". In the same way we unconsciously classify the members of the League into producers of sweet reasonableness and consumers of sweet reasonableness, with ourselves almost alone in the former class. Obviously such a League cannot be regarded as being, for the present, at any rate, a satisfactory *political* instrument. It is, in fact, little better than a training ground. Thus, for those who think along these lines—and they surely form the great majority of British people who are thinking about this subject at all—to support the League of Nations means little more than to support a great and noble experiment in political and moral education. That is why it is so closely bound up in the ordinary man's mind with other good causes—with missionary societies, charitable relief, and other forms of voluntary effort.

From all this a second conclusion emerges—namely, that the use of force in connection with the League is not to be thought of. Obviously, if the French and Germans are at school together learning to be better friends, it is no use applying constraint to one or both of them to expedite the process. You cannot bully anyone into sweet reasonableness, still less can you bully a whole nation. Moreover, we have tried it in the British Empire and it has not been a success, whereas the opposite method of patient and considerate treatment, as in South Africa, has shown much better results. It is true, of course, that both in the Covenant and the Locarno Agreements there are references to a big stick held in reserve. But in neither case did we really believe that it would ever be necessary to use it. At the very time when we were giving our signature to the "sanctions" clause of the Covenant, an official commentary was declaring the futility of such methods. "If the nations of the future are in the main selfish, grasping and warlike, no instrument or machinery will restrain them. It is only possible to establish

an organization which may make peaceful co-operation easy and hence customary, and to trust in the influence of custom to mould opinion." We can indeed imagine circumstances in which, as in 1914, one may be compelled to have recourse to force in order to avoid or put down a greater evil. But that would seem, for most British people, to be something like the end of the League of Nations; for, to quote the words of Sir Austen Chamberlain in the famous statement rejecting the Geneva Protocol, "Such catastrophes belong to the pathology of international life, not to its normal condition, and anything which fosters the idea that the main business of the League is with war rather than with peace is likely to weaken it in its fundamental task of diminishing the causes of war".

Now we are in a position to understand the present crisis and the perplexity into which it has thrown us. It results precisely from our belated discovery that important portions of the non-British world, especially on the European Continent and in the Far East, are not in a state of mind even to begin making progress along the lines laid down for it according to our own conception of the League of Nations. We have, in fact, been reasoning from the known to the unknown. We have *assumed* that the nations of the world as a whole were ready, or approaching readiness, to co-operate together in the same way as (the Irish Free State excepted) the nations of the British Commonwealth. We have not stopped to ask why a method that has succeeded in our own case should necessarily succeed under other conditions. Realizing that we are, individually, no more intelligent or virtuous than other nations, we have assumed that they will apply their intelligence and virtue to politics in the same way as we have done. Now we are discovering that some of them are not doing so, and have no intention of doing so. This we find very disappointing, very perplexing and, in some respects, even dangerous. It is forcing us to ask ourselves two questions. Firstly, why are these non-British peoples not following our example? Secondly, what are we to do about it?

The answer to the first question is not difficult to give in general terms. The nations that refuse to co-operate and continue to promulgate ideas of militarism quite alien to our thinking

are not necessarily composed of worse individuals, less unselfish, less capable, less honest, less hard-working, than ourselves. The real difference between them and ourselves is a difference in political education and experience—perhaps, one should say, a difference in maturity. A successful system of co-operation between nations demands certain qualities in the individual co-operating nations. You cannot create a League of Nations, any more than you can create any kind of partnership, simply by flinging individual units together at haphazard. Our British League of Nations is, in fact, the result of a long political development; among the characteristic elements in this development are the establishment of the King's Peace in England in the twelfth century, with the deepening respect for law which followed it, the working out of the processes of self-government, both central and local, the steady extension of power and responsibility to wider and wider sections of the population at home and overseas, the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland, followed a century later by the union of the Parliaments without any weakening of the national spirit of either people.

These are only a few bare indications of a vast theme. They are sufficient to explain what is meant by saying that the British League of Nations is bound together by an unseen constitutional framework, which is a constitutional and co-operative frame of mind amongst its individual citizens. We may wish to see such a state of mind among other nations; but wishing will not bring it about. Its absence is not due to native perversity, and cannot be remedied by exhortation. It is due to a state of mind resulting from an utterly different type of political development. We cannot analyse it here. It is enough to say that, if freedom and responsibility have been predominant influences in our own development, Power and Sovereignty have been the watchwords over a large part of the Continent. Two peoples each seeking power cannot co-operate. Neither can two peoples each thinking in terms of sovereignty. The chairs and the tables may be set for co-operation; but the spirit will be absent. That is the real reason why the larger League has made so little progress. That explains the suspiciousness which we so deplore among some Continental peoples.

Having realized that we cannot mould the League of Nations

to our heart's desire, we ask ourselves in our perplexity what we are to do. But in fact we have already divined the answer in our second "instinctive" reaction, in favour of closer relations with the United States. What does this imply? What did it imply when, in one of the finest episodes in our history, the working people of Lancashire maintained their enthusiasm for the cause of the Union even when the Northern blockade was cutting off their own supplies of raw cotton and causing them untold misery? Here is an instance of an "instinctive" reaction, if there ever was one. Neither then nor at Toronto did our people judge Americans and American civilization to be necessarily superior to Europeans and their culture. But what *was* recognized was the existence of a kinship in political ideas and traditions providing a basis for mutual confidence and, if necessary, for common action. It is this confidence which has been so lacking in the heterogeneous society at Geneva.

Thus our sense of political kinship with the United States leads on naturally to a further thought. If Geneva cannot as yet realize for us the necessary conditions for a collective system, why should we not realize it as best we can on a more limited scale? Why should not the peoples whose political experience and institutions fit them to be partners in a co-operative system draw together in an association which, if it is smaller than the projected League, will be far more extensive and powerful than the British Commonwealth by itself? The lesson of the British Commonwealth is that, paradoxical as it may sound, *freedom is itself a binding force*, whilst despotism, though it appears to bind, is in fact a dissolvent. If, therefore, the free peoples in the British Commonwealth, in America and in Northern and Western Europe draw together, politically and economically, they will be more than an example; they will be a magnet to draw others to them, for they will command moral and material resources such as have never been assembled together in the cause of freedom and good government before. In this way a true collective system would come into existence and the free peoples would be relieved from the perplexity and anxiety which are oppressing them at present. This is, as it would seem, what the Toronto Conference really meant when it united together the two themes of the collective system and the closest possible

association with the United States. Or perhaps, to forestall the disclaimers of individual members, one should say that this is where the Conference report leads to, whatever some of its framers may have thought.

Is this a practical policy? it will be asked. Obviously this is not a question which can be answered in a few words. It involves numerous points of detail, problems of the adjustment of old policies to new, which lie beyond the scope of this paper. The simplest way of replying to it is by a counter-question. What other policy is practical? Isolation clearly is not. If so, what other policy promises any degree of true international co-operation? We may still hope for a Disarmament Convention. But at best it will be a complicated diplomatic transaction carried through in an atmosphere of suspicion and grudging consent. The outward forms of the Locarno policy may still be preserved; its spirit has disappeared. The true home of the spirit of international co-operation is in that overseas world in which free institutions, planted from our own island, have had time to grow and develop to their appropriate local form. It is here that we shall find the greatest scope for the working out of policies, both in the political and the economic field, making for the better government of mankind.

Thus the moral of the Toronto Conference, reinforced by recent events in Europe and the Far East, is that we should hold fast to our post-War policy of international co-operation, adjusting its application to circumstances which the framers of the League of Nations Covenant could not anticipate. The War marked the end of the old world-order, in which autocracy still loomed large. We are as determined as we were in 1918 that a new order shall arise out of its ruins. But experience has taught us that it is wiser to dig deep for its foundations and to lay them on the sure rock of political freedom.

BOGGAN AND BLITZ

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THOSE of us who are no longer young but do not wish to grow old must be careful to keep abreast of the times. I myself have always made a point of doing so, with the result that I can take down my Ernst and my Arp, my Mirò and my Ben Nicholson, not merely like the good child that bravely swallows its medicine, but often like the insufferable little prig who actually enjoys it and calls for more. As for the new poetry, though I do not understand all of it, much of it seems to me admirable. But to keep abreast of the times, my friend Dolittle assures me, is not enough; one must keep ahead of them, and he does his best to enable me to do so.

Dolittle is a charmingly modest creature: he seldom speaks of himself, and, when he does, it is in a pathetically deprecating manner; so that it is almost by accident that I have gleaned from him that he is a man to be watched, a force to be reckoned with, a dark horse. Whether he will eventually be our greatest poet or our greatest painter it is impossible to say. Probably both. It is impossible to say, because he has as yet neither published nor exhibited anything; indeed, he has not even shown any of his work to his most intimate friends. But (as he one day admitted to me in a moment of unusual expansion) he has drawers and drawers full of stuff—poems, paintings and drawings—which no eye but his own has seen and which he will one day burn. For Dolittle is gradually, laboriously and modestly perfecting himself, elaborating—or rather, I think, simplifying—an art, two arts, which, when they and the times are ripe, he will launch upon us.

I shall perhaps be giving myself away completely when I confess that I had never heard either of the poet Boggan or of the painter Blitz until their names began to emerge vaguely and somewhat portentously in Dolittle's conversation. People

who are really in the know, so I understand from him, regard them as influences of enormous potency. Like Dolittle, Boggan has not yet published anything nor Blitz exhibited anything: it would not at present be safe for them to do so. But, unlike Dolittle's, their work circulates. They show it to a few who have proved themselves fit for it, and its influence is already incalculable. I realized this recently in the case of Blitz when Dolittle and I visited a picture show at the Mayor Gallery. When we had got inside the door and thrown a first glance round the walls, Dolittle sighed impatiently. "The same old Picassos and Ernsts and Arps and Klees and so on!" he remarked wearily. "All so terribly *vieux jeu*! Still", he admitted, as we began to move from picture to picture, "there are faint signs here and there." He stretched a weary finger towards a small isolated disc of red near the bottom of one of the canvasses. "There, for instance", he said, "one sees Blitz."

"Blitz?" I replied. "But it's Ben Nicholson."

He raised his eyebrows. "My dear fellow, I know that as well as you do. But if it hadn't been for Blitz"—he pointed again to the disc—"we shouldn't have had that."

We continued our inspection in silence until we found ourselves opposite a picture by Salvador Dali. Dolittle pointed again, this time to an invisible spot in the centre of a featureless area of mud-coloured paint. "Blitz again!" he said.

I muttered something about surface and colour. "No!" he said. "No, not the surface nor the colour. Simply the...!" He made one of those artist's gestures with the thumb that say so much. "See what I mean?"

"The influence?" I ventured.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, if you like to call it so."

As we completed our round it became abundantly clear that, if it had not been for Blitz, the show would simply not have been worth going to; and by the time we were out in Cork Street again, Blitz, who, I must confess, had recently begun to seem to me, as handled by Dolittle, the sort of bogey that a nurse employs to subdue a troublesome child, had grown all at once into a creature of real importance. Previously he had been merely a mystery in a vacuum: today I had actually seen tangible examples of his work, or rather his influence, and

I have never been one to fly in the face of facts. And as we walked together down the Burlington Arcade, I began diffidently to urge Dolittle to let me see some of Blitz's pictures.

Dolittle knit his brows.

"Would it be a great nuisance?" I pleaded. "Would Blitz himself object?"

"O dear me, no!" said Dolittle. "There's no question of difficulty. What I ask myself is, are you ready?"

"Ready?"

"Have you, I mean, reached the . . . the . . . ?"

"I see what you mean. Well, that's for you to say, Dolittle."

He was silent, considering the problem, until we emerged into Piccadilly. Then he spoke with decision. "Yes, I think you're about up to Blitz now; that is, if I prepare the way for you."

His flattering decision emboldened me to go one further. "And what about something of Boggan's?" I asked.

Dolittle shook his head. "One at a time", he said. "Wait till I've shown you a Blitz. That, perhaps, will prepare the way for Boggan."

The idea of approaching a poet through a painter was new to me. "You mean", I said, "that the one will explain the other?"

"Certainly", he replied, "with my help. You see, we're all three trying to express the same idea."

During the next few weeks Dolittle said no more about showing me a Blitz; in fact, I had come to believe that he had forgotten all about it when, as I looked in on him one afternoon, he pointed to a small canvas standing on the floor with its face to the wall. "Well", he said, "you're in luck. I happen to have a thing of Blitz's here for an hour or two, a thing he's been working on for the last year—in my opinion the most significant thing he's done yet."

"My dear chap!" I exclaimed, and trembling with excitement I took an eager step forward.

But Dolittle arrested me. "One minute!" he said. "It will be much better to prepare you. If I simply face you with the thing point blank, it'll mean nothing to you whatever. Sit down." He pointed to a chair. On the table beside it I noticed

a scarlet pencil and some clean sheets of quarto. I sat down and he drew up a chair beside me, sat down too, and took up the pencil. For a moment there was silence, a silence so awe-inspiring, so pregnant, that I began to feel embarrassed. Then, quite quietly, Dolittle began. "What we aim at", he said, "is an infinite complexity, the complexity of life itself, expressed by means of simplicity. A picture, a poem, any work of art, is a point of contact between the known and the unknown." He turned his face to mine suddenly. "Isn't it?"

The sudden challenge took me aback. "Well . . . er . . .", I said; "I don't . . . er . . . exactly . . ."

He was admirably patient. "Well", he began again, "let me put it another way. A work of art is an event in the space-time continuum. The past, the known, has been working towards it, gestating it, so to speak; the future, the unknown, starting from the event as a train starts from a station, recedes from it into . . . well, into infinity if you like. That's simple, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Perfectly!"

"A work of art, then, must express potentialities based on actuality."

He drew one of the sheets of paper towards him. "Here", he said, "we have nothing . . . or anything."

I nodded again.

As he talked, he began idly to draw a small square somewhere near the upper right corner of the sheet and, having done so, to blacken it in, and with a thrill I realized, though I doubt if he did, that for the first time a work of Dolittle's himself was, through me, becoming visible to the world. When the square was complete, he suddenly and dramatically threw himself back in his chair. "The event has occurred", he said, pointing to the paper. "The anything has been at once limited and extended into *something*. Into what? Not, certainly not, into a mere white square with a small black square thrown haphazard on to it; but into a subtle complex of relations. You see? It's not a mere bald fact, like one of those daubs of Wadsworth's or Braque's, but an active evolution of possibilities." He seized another sheet, stared at it for a moment, then dug a short, sharp stroke across it. "There again. You see? It looks simple,

perhaps ; it *is* simple ; but it's a simplicity you arrive at only after endless study, endless experiment. And now ", he pushed back his chair, " now for this thing of Blitz's."

He took up the canvas but did not even yet turn it round. " Remember ", he said gravely, " that Blitz has worked on this for a whole year, painting in, painting out, modifying, adjusting. On this small canvas almost every possible set of relations has been tried and rejected. Complexity, remember. Complexity through the medium of simplicity." With a flourish he turned it, propped it on the mantelpiece, and I saw before me a square of canvas completely covered with white paint. I stared at it in a deep embarrassment. Dolittle, too, stared. The seconds ticked past till the room was almost suffocating with silence. At last Dolittle stirred. " Powerful, isn't it ? " he said. " Of course, it's difficult, but all great art is difficult. It's a matter of elimination, you see. By an almost diabolical ingenuity Blitz has gradually fined away every obstacle. He has achieved the vacuum, the field of infinite potentialities. That's why a picture like that can never cease to be dynamic art."

After another silence he took it down. " Better not look at it too long ", he said. " These dynamic things are apt to upset one at first."

Several months passed before I was initiated into Boggan. I no longer asked for it ; I didn't really feel up to it, and when Dolittle came in one afternoon and told me he had brought along a copy of Boggan's most important poem, I almost asked him to withhold it. But I didn't. On second thoughts I let him get it out and unfold it. He glanced at it and scowled. " Now remember what I told you ", he said. " Complexity through simplicity. The expression of great potentialities. A balance between past and future, the known and the unknown. Boggan in the last five years has written nineteen different versions of this, and the poem is now almost perfect."

I expected, fully expected, to be presented with a blank sheet, but I was wrong. There was actually, I saw, some writing. " The title ", said Dolittle, " as you would hardly have failed to discover for yourself when you had read it, is ' Continuum '. Past and future, known and unknown, you'll find it all there." He handed me the paper.

Right in the centre of the page I discovered three horizontal dots, the word " and ", and three more dots. Thus :

" . . . and . . . "

" The only question ", said Dolittle, after a suitable silence, " a question which Boggan is thrashing out at present, is whether, after the last dot, there should or should not be a note of interrogation."

" No ! " I shouted, with sudden conviction. " No, certainly not, Dolittle ! He mustn't elaborate, he must eliminate. What the poem really wants, if I'm not being too terribly presumptuous . . ." I paused, horrified at my own audacity.

" Go on, my dear fellow ", said Dolittle.

" Is pruning ", I said. " Boggan should take out those six dots and the word ' and ', "

We stood there, staring at each other, frozen into immobility. Then the white light of spiritual illumination blazed from Dolittle's eyes. He seized my hand. " By God, Armstrong ", he said ; " by God, my dear fellow, you're right ! "

And, by God, I think I was.

THE OPPRESSED UKRAINIANS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

UKRAINA, a nation submerged for centuries, has lately come prominently to the surface of public attention. That this should not have occurred sooner is amazing. It is amazing for one thing, because the Ukrainian nation is as ancient as the British. Yet until recently few people in England had heard of it.

The reason is simple. Ukraina has been held down by other nations, and knowledge of her has been wilfully concealed or perverted by her suppressors.

Ukraina is a God-endowed country. For centuries she has excited the envy of her neighbours because of her unique situation, her fertile soil, her abundance of raw materials, and her gentle climate; and for centuries they have striven to absorb her. Yet Ukraina is not remote. It is the easternmost country of true Europe; and if fast trains were running thither, could be reached from London in little more than fifty hours. Nor is Ukraina small. Within the Soviet Union alone her territory is between three and four times the size of Great Britain. The population of Soviet Ukraina numbers thirty-one millions, of whom four-fifths are Ukrainians. But there are also Ukrainians living in countries bordering on Soviet Russia, in Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, where, out of five million Ukrainians three millions are domiciled in Galicia. An ideal delimitation of Ukraina would therefore be the Carpathians on the one side, and the Caucasus on the other. In addition to the Ukrainian populations mentioned, there are large numbers of Ukrainians in various parts of Russia outside Ukraina, three-quarters of a million Ukrainians in the United States, half a million in Canada, and a quarter of a million in South America and Manchuria. The total number of Ukrainians in the world is certainly not less than 45,000,000.

Ukraina was born from centuries of suffering. She came into being because she fulfilled every condition that proclaimed authentic nationality. Nature created the Ukrainian nation. No matter what test be applied, whether cultural, ethnographical or anthropogeographical, Ukrainian nationality is proved: proved also is the fact that Ukraina is a European nation.

The character of the Ukrainian has been softened by the loveliness of Ukrainian nature and the kindliness of the Ukrainian climate; he is good-mannered, restrained, contemplative and sentimental. At the same time the sufferings which his race have endured cause him to be unyielding, distrustful, secretive, and diplomatic. At many points the contrast between Ukrainians and Russians is marked. The Ukrainians are home-makers and home-lovers: the Russians are inclined to be nomadic and collectivist. The Ukrainians are an aristocratic democracy with a thousand years of history behind them: the Russians are boisterous, immature colonials who have not yet made themselves masters of their rude surroundings.

To serve the ends of imperialism the chroniclers of the Great Russian School turned history upside down. It is the Great Russians who are an offshoot of the Ukrainians, not the Ukrainians who are an offshoot of the Great Russians. In a word, the Great Russians are to the Ukrainians what the Americans are to the English: colonials who cut themselves adrift from the mother country, mixed with other races, and founded a new nation. The name Ukraina came into usage in the twelfth century. It signified "frontier". Ukraina was a frontier state, the last European state before Asia was reached.

The history of Ukraina has been one of repeated subjugation, of continuous and desperate strife against Tartars, Turks, Lithuanians, Poles, and Russians. It was from this ceaseless struggle that the Cossacks, the Spartans of the Steppe, sprang; and by their aid a republic on democratic lines was set up, the intellectual attainment of which was high for those days. Thus Ukraina had self-government, a university, schools, and laws at a time when the Russian colonies in the vast spaces outside her frontiers had no like achievements to their credit. Beset by Poles in the seventeenth century, she was compelled to seek an alliance with the half-Asiatic state of Moscow, which had

established its domination over these spaces, and which was already dreaming to be the successor of Byzantium and "the third and last Rome". A treaty which allowed for the autonomy of Ukraina was concluded; but Moscow disregarded it, and after a bloody war annexed the territory.

The history of Ukraina after the great treachery of which she was the victim in the first half of the seventeenth century was tragical. First she was split into two, one part going to Poland, the other remaining with Russia; then Peter the Great crushed Cossack autonomy and revolt with a ferocity that earned for him in Ukraina the name "Peter the Cruel": a monarch who assumed the title "Emperor of all the Russians" could not tolerate an independent Ukraina. Catherine II completed his work, and, by abolishing the hetmanship, removed the last trace of Cossack liberty; finally, at the end of the eighteenth century, on the partition of Poland, Western Ukraina (Galicia) was handed over to Austria.

In the nineteenth century the repression of the Ukrainian nation was carried to further lengths. This repression came out of the very nature of the autocratic regime which then governed Russia, and which crushed anyone of whom it disapproved. The idea of Ukrainian independence was anathema to it. A crude attempt was made to uproot nationality from the hearts of the people, to destroy everything that might perpetuate it in their memory. Ukrainian schools were closed, and Ukrainian literature was banned. The use of the Ukrainian language, too, was forbidden. In the nineteenth century, also, the civil service of Ukraina was russified. At the same time, hordes of spies and provocateurs were imported into the country, and the vigorous national movement which asserted itself was cruelly suppressed, the leaders being exiled to Siberia in the usual Russian manner.

The fate of the Ukrainians in Galicia, under Austria-Hungary, though far from happy, was better than that of the Ukrainians in Russia. To all intents and purposes they were delivered over to the domination of their hereditary enemy, the Polish aristocracy, by whom they were treated abominably. But their situation was improving; their nationality was allowed for, and a basis for its progressive recognition had been firmly secured.

One of the chief causes of the Great War was the conflict between Russia and Austria over the Ukrainian question. It was indeed this, and not, as was commonly supposed, the Balkan question that poisoned their relations. Russia was alarmed at the awakening of Ukrainian nationality in Galicia. Her semi-official newspapers pointed out that its effect was to render all the more difficult the suppression of the Ukrainian national movement within Russia.

The Treaty of Versailles, which affirmed the independence of Poland, has again resulted in the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia being handed over to the rule of an ancient enemy. It is true that in 1923 the Council of Ambassadors required Poland to recognize the necessity for autonomy for this region; but she has never honoured the pledge which she then gave; her motive for not doing so is clearly revealed by her actions, all of which are directed towards retarding, and if possible, repressing Ukrainian nationality. Obstacles are raised to the teaching of Ukrainian language. Since 1920 the number of Ukrainian schools has been reduced from 3,600 to 120; 2,974 schools have been made bilingual, but only a few unimportant subjects are taught in Ukrainian. Not a single Ukrainian technical school exists, and out of 28,885,420 zlotys, allocated in the 1934-35 budget for universities and colleges, only 63,490 zlotys were assigned for two Ukrainian chairs in Warsaw University.

Rigorous restrictions are placed upon the entry of Ukrainian students to these institutions. In 1931-32, out of 49,770 students, only 2,192 Ukrainian students came from Galicia. The students in the Warsaw Engineering College were divided as follows:—Poles, 3,692; Jews, 468; Ukrainians from Galicia, 6. These facts prove that Poland no sooner gained her own liberty than she proceeded to crush that of another nationality.

In 1917 the autocratic regime perished in Russia, but almost at once its place was taken by another. Abundant proof was soon to be forthcoming that autocracy was not only inherent in Russian rulers, but was rooted in the Russian race. At first it seemed that the Ukrainian state was to be independent of Moscow. The constitution of Ukraina, promulgated at Kharkov in 1919, declared the Republic to be "an independent and a sovereign state". For a while this declaration was fulfilled;

the Republic was, in fact, "an independent and a sovereign state". But in 1920 (after the conclusion of peace with Poland) it had the misfortune to enter into an economic and military compact with Moscow. While this compact stipulated for the sovereignty and independence of both contracting parties, it was nothing more nor less than a repetition of the great treachery of the seventeenth century—the beginning of the end of the separate existence of Ukraina. One by one the rights of the Ukrainian state were filched away, and eventually the whole region was absorbed in the Muscovite Communist State, represented by the initials U.S.S.R.

Together with the destruction of the Ukrainian state has gone the suppression of Ukrainian culture. The issuing of literary periodicals in the Ukrainian language has been forbidden, and the publication of all books is controlled by officials sent from Moscow. The learning of the Russian language is obligatory in the schools. Ukrainian professors have been arrested, the accusations against them being that they had not adapted the technical vocabulary to Russian and had introduced words which widened the gap between the Russian and Ukrainian languages. Thus the Bolsheviks made good use of the formula of repression bequeathed to them by the Tsarist regime. While giving active assistance to national movements elsewhere, they could not tolerate them in Russia.

The endeavour of Moscow to conquer Ukraina met with continuous resistance from the Ukrainian population. What I say here is a strictly accurate description of the desperate struggle which has taken place, and which is still going on. Ninety per cent. of the Ukrainian population consists of peasantry, who exhibit strong individual traits. Whereas in Great Russia land was vested in village communes, in Ukraina separate farmsteads were the rule; and whereas the huts of the peasants in Great Russia were placed in regular streets, those of the peasants in Ukraina were located in carefully chosen spots amid orchards and beautiful surroundings. The Bolsheviks therefore knew that whatever prospect for Communism there might be in other parts of U.S.S.R., in the Ukraine the people were, by nature and instinct, opposed to it. Hence they waged war with ferocity both on Ukrainian nationalism and on Ukrainian in-

dividualism; in particular they sought by every means in their power to reduce the Cossack population. The Cossack population of the Kuban region has diminished by 40 per cent. The peasantry retaliated as only a peasantry can when assailed by organized force. They murdered commissars, and at times formed bands and fought pitched battles with the red invaders. They concealed, plundered and destroyed grain, and thus thwarted the confiscatory demands of Moscow agents. Twice famine and desolation fell upon the land; on each occasion the loss of life was calculated in millions. The number of Ukrainians who have been shot is enormous, while at least a quarter of a million have been exiled to Siberia and other inhospitable parts of Russia.

Under Bolshevism, Ukrainian Nationalism was thus no less a popular movement than it had been under Tsarism. At the same time, it did not lack adherents among the intelligentsia and semi-intelligentsia. In an official declaration made by M. Kossier in Moscow, published in the *Izvestia* of December 2nd, it was disclosed that numerous Ukrainian Communists had been Ukrainian nationalists in disguise, or nationalists first and communists afterwards. Communist and Soviet organizations, from the highest to the lowest, were penetrated with nationalism. Nationalists had got possession of the Communist Party. They were actually in occupation of the theological sanctuary of the Party—the Marx-Engels Institute—and had secured control of Bolshevik newspapers. In all the centres of learning, too, they were in the ascendancy—in the Academy of Science, the Academy of Agriculture, and the Institute for the Study of Shevchenko. And, lastly, they had captured the only two departments of consequence left to the Ukrainians: the Commissariats of Education and Agriculture. The leader of the nationalist movement, M. Skrypnyk, was Commissar of Education. Summoned to Moscow to give an account of his conduct, he committed suicide. In Ukraina there is now a permanent Muscovite army of occupation: Muscovite officials are in complete control of the country, the gaols are full of Ukrainian patriots, and for the moment Red Imperialism is triumphant.

In the course of the speech which has already been quoted, the Bolshevik Commissar said: "Ukrainian nationalism is our

chief danger." The Tsar's Ministers spoke in the same strain. To-day, few Russians are to be found who wholly repudiate Ukrainian nationality. All others say: "We need the Ukraine; without it the Russian Empire would be of no account." In support of this plea the following statements are advanced: Ukraina is the granary of Russia; before the war, 70 per cent. of the coal production of Russia came from the Donetz region, almost the whole of which is within the ethnographic frontier of Ukraina; before the War, also three-quarters of the ore-production of Russia came from Ukraina.

Under Tsarism the interests of Ukraina were wholly subordinated to those of Imperial Russia. Centralization was carried to extreme lengths; the chief offices of important enterprises were located in distant Moscow or St. Petersburg. The industry of Central Russia benefited mainly from the uniform system of tariffs which prevailed; while the agriculture of Ukraina suffered mainly from the retaliatory measures taken by foreign countries. Hence a surplus population was produced which found insufficient employment in the towns, and enormous numbers of Ukrainians were compelled to emigrate.

The Soviet Government continued the policy of the Imperial Government. Ukrainian enterprises were incorporated in all-union trusts with headquarters in Moscow. Administratively the Donetz coal region was severed from Ukraina, and the construction of a main railway connecting it with Moscow was begun and carried on with speed.

The problem in its international aspect is extremely interesting. It cannot be denied that Europe, outside Russia, is suffering from want of space, from an over-production of intellectuals and of technically-trained hands. Geographically, Western Europe is but a peninsula of the Europe-Asian continent, of which Russia is so large a part. While Western Europe was developing its peculiar industrial civilization, was training its people in practical pursuits, it mattered little what happened in the lands to the eastward. But the time has now come when civilized Europe cannot afford to have in its immediate background a primitive and unhygienic expanse, a vast undeveloped estate, the rulers of which cannot manage it themselves, but shut it off from other lands and strive to spread disorder beyond its borders. Ukraina

has changed hands a number of times in history. Germany is now credited with a desire to possess her. This suspicion is not without ground; whereas, formerly German statesmen looked both to the East and to the West, Hitler at present looks to the East only. Poland also is believed to harbour designs of eastern expansion; not less than Russia, she is the hereditary enemy of Ukraina. "From the Baltic to the Black Sea" is a swaggering phrase much heard in these days.

In some quarters it is suspected that the Pact of non-aggression recently concluded between Germany and Poland contains secret clauses defining the spheres of influence of the two signatories in Soviet Russia, with special reference to Ukraina. No one who studies the map of eastern Europe can doubt that there are immense possibilities of a German-Polish compromise at the expense of others. The idea of including Ukraina within the Western European system, and moving Russia on towards the east is certainly tempting. But the penetration of Germany and Poland into Ukraina would be contrary to the economic and strategical interests of Great Britain.

The wisest solution of the problem is, unfortunately, outside the region of practical politics. It is that Ukraina should become a separate nation, and that her independence should be the subject of a joint guarantee by the Powers, or that she should, at any convenient time, resolve of her own accord with whom to federate.

An independent or autonomous Ukraina is indispensable for European economic progress and for world peace. Through Ukraina lies the shortest land route from the West to Persia and India. Were she to achieve self-government it would mean the end of Russia's Byzantine dreams and Indian longings. That the form of her government would be democratic is certain. With Ukraina as part of a democratic federative system there would, it is hoped, come into existence a grouping of states with which Great Britain could be on friendly terms. The moment is long overdue for the creation of some such grouping in Eastern Europe.

MORRIS AND MACHINES

(William Morris was born at Walthamstow on March 24th, 1834)

BY GEOFFREY TILLOTSON

WILLIAM MORRIS turned to the Dark Ages for his enlightenment. It was the same in everything he did. In his poetry he turned to the primitive epic, to the ballad, writing as if he intended his verses to be recited as they recited verses in the middle ages. In his prose he wrote mediæval romances, his one attempt at a contemporary novel proving, as he put it, "just a specimen of how not to do it". In his designs he went for inspiration to the Middle Ages. He revived or continued the practice of mediæval arts, painting tiles, weaving tapestry and carpets, printing by hand, cutting book decorations on wood, making stained glass. He exhausted the manual possibilities of all arts except that of music.

William Morris considered that the maximum pleasure when things were being made was experienced by hands using simple tools. For him the skilled handling of tools provided the best pleasure work can offer. Looking back at the Middle Ages, and for him the Middle Ages must have lasted well into the eighteenth century, he saw man as daily in a state of happiness, since up to the industrial revolution things were created independently of machines. According to Ruskin and Morris, machines brought misery and boredom into workshops which until they came were jolly as any scene out of *News from Nowhere*.

The nineteenth century, now we can see it telescoped, was as much a period of transition as any other. Nineteenth century theorists were so near to the machine that they saw only its ugliness, the ugliness of its contemporary products, and the ugliness which the new conditions of industry were forcing people into. Seeing that ugliness, they did not realize that the machine had come to stay, whatever the reformers could bring

up against it. Those reformers ought to have seen that machinery, even by 1850, had done enough good work to justify itself, in principle at least. Ruskin and Morris, for instance, did not need to travel either in coach or on horseback. Distance was very conveniently diminished for them by the aid of steam transport. Morris uses a train to go to Glasgow. Moreover, when he finds the efficiency of trains failing him, as he did once in the company of Bruce Glasier, what he does is to blow up the guard, behaving, as Glasier puts it, like a pillar of Olympian wrath. So completely has Morris fallen in with the new conditions. When his railway company fails him, Morris does not say, "I told you so; we ought to have come by coach". Instead, he demands more efficient service in machines. Ruskin and Morris ought to have realized that if those who distrusted machinery had through pure convenience to accept of its benefits, then the people with no grudge against it would see to it that machinery had come to stay.

Obviously what the nineteenth century wanted was not fewer machines, but more and better ones. We cannot stop the progress of the machine. Even D. H. Lawrence, a primitive in so many things, realized, or made two of his characters realize, that machines are an improvement. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Sir Clifford says:

"I ride upon the achievements of the mind of man, and that beats a horse."

"I suppose it does" [replies his wife]. "And the souls in Plato riding up to heaven in a two-horse chariot would go in a Ford car now. . . ."

"Or a Rolls-Royce: Plato was an aristocrat!"

The workshops of today employ the achievements of the mind of man. Morris found he could not do without machinery if life was to be lived with economy. But he considered that by using machinery he was aiding and abetting the devil. Unless you made the things you wanted by hand, then your relationship with industry was immoral. The users of machines were removing beyond the reach of man one of his few permanent and satisfactory sources of pleasure. It is perfectly true that a craftsman takes pleasure in his work. The evidences of that pleasure in the things left over to us from the Middle Ages and from all centuries before the nineteenth are overwhelming in proof of this. There must have been pleasure present at

the carving of the minstrels' pillar at Beverley, for instance, or at the making of chairs in the workshops of Chippendale or Sheraton. But this pleasure is not the only one where work is concerned. The advent of the machine has proved this. It has proved that man is a mechanical animal. The percentage must be very high of men who derive satisfaction from observing, examining and participating in the working of complicated pieces of machinery. Looking back, one can see the vaunted Middle Ages as so much the poorer for their unconscious lack.

If the Middle Ages had had the wit to make machines, they would have made them and used them. Chaucer's pilgrims would have delighted in a charabanc. One can see the Wife of Bath perfectly on the back seat. And the Squire on his motor-bike. That this is not fancy can be seen by turning to the tale the Squire tells. There we see the Middle Ages faced with a machine—a horse of brass. Chaucer shows the crowd gaping around it, each man with his own opinion confidentially whispered to his neighbour :

" But evermore their moste wonder was
How that it coude goon, and was of bras ! "

In the end we find that it goes if you " trill a pin ". This shows that before the advent of machines the potential interest in them was strong. One thinks of how the mechanical imagination has always been moving, if fantastically. The conception of Pegasus, for example, a horse with wings, is really a mechanical conception. It is an attempt to improve on Nature by combining materials furnished by Nature. In the mediæval romance of Alexander the aeroplane and submarine are both suggested. Impossibilities in their day, but obviously ready to be accepted when machinery made them possible.

Clearly the human race loves the results which machines provide. And as clearly it loves the machines themselves. Machines do not strip labour of its pleasure. They provide pleasure different from that provided by handicrafts, but not necessarily inferior pleasure. Moreover their cult liberates the strong instinct certain men have for invention. Before an invention becomes a commercial proposition, a great deal of hand labour has to go to its materialization. There is no fear that the handicrafts will die because of machines. Nor does the

pleasure end when the finished machine leaves the showroom for the factory. Or rather, the pleasure *should* not end when the machine reaches the hands of those who are to use it. It is often only too plain that the pleasure does end there. The uncensored version of the speech which the B.B.C. invited one workman to give showed that there was little pleasure in his workshop. Workshops vary in this matter. If a master printer takes you over his workshop, he is not bored, nor does he expect you to be bored. He knows that he can beat an educational film hollow by simply letting you admire the superb machines which cope with modern printing. The men you see in the workshop are not bored. To enter a workshop as an apprentice often does mean, and always should mean, that the pleasure a boy has experienced over his Meccano set suddenly becomes significant, excitingly practical. A monotype machine is much more pleasant to work than the simple composing stick. But many workshops are undoubtedly degrading both to body and mind because their machinery involves automatic human activity. I have blamed the nineteenth century for blaming machines before the human race had learned to use them wisely. In the same way the twentieth century must not blame them. The nineteenth century needed more and better machines, and so do we. If any machine entails human labour so regular as to be monotonous, that is the indication that another machine should be doing that labour. It is a law in the application of machines to labour that if any action has become " mechanical ", as we put it, giving the show away, then it should be taken over by machines. This taking over will depend, of course, on other things, whether the State will equalize the unemployment machines have caused, making the working day shorter and employing everybody for that shorter day, and whether the fine ideal of equal pay for equal labour will be realized. The machines are waiting to be used wisely.

The Ruskins and Morrisises denied that man takes pleasure in tending a machine, in participating in a scheme of super-human practicality, in controlling powerfully the virtual labour of an army of brilliantly efficient hands. One might have argued them out of this belief. But one would have found it more difficult to argue them out of their belief that only things made

by hand have real æsthetic value. Clearly, chairs made under a system of mass production will not usually be as beautiful to look at as chairs lovingly tooled by a fine craftsman. They will frequently be more beautiful than those made by a second-rate craftsman. But to expect mechanically made chairs to be as beautiful as Chippendale's is unreasonable. One must not expect an impersonal machine to produce a personal object. But we can expect a machine to produce an object appropriate to the capacities of a machine. And these capacities are high and valuable. A steel tube is as good machine-made as when made by human hands. And though it is impersonal, it is only impersonal so long as it is not used by an artist as part of his material. The works of art made by machines will not be less works of art because they have not been lovingly fingered by a workman all through their history. They will become works of art when they have been co-ordinated under the supervision of an artist. So that the modern artist is a designer creating his thing by setting a machine to do it for him, instead of being a designer who carries out his creation with his own hands.

The conception of an artist with machinery at his call fulfils the dream men have always dilated their imagination upon. It realizes Hamlet's renaissance cry about man—"how infinite in faculty!"—better than Hamlet's experience could realize it. It puts man in the position of Prospero. Prospero dealt in magic. In using machines, man rides on the achievements of the mind of man. Morris, in these views of his, was not a prophet crying in the wilderness. He was an echo sounding in a wilderness created by his fancy.

In *The Dream of John Ball* come these words:

"But while I pondered all these things and how men fight and lose the battle and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat and, when it comes, turns out not to be what they meant and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name. . . ."

This is certainly Morris's true epitaph. The thing that Morris fought for is coming about, is already visibly on the way. Only it is not coming about in his way, nor is it quite what he dreamed.

We cannot go back to the Middle Ages for our conditions of labour. It is impossible for the world not to go on revolving in the same direction. And it would be quite foolish, as well as impossible, to do so. Machinery is the natural outcome of

man's genius. It is a natural development from tools to machines, since tools are machines in their simplest form. The genius in man that devised a knife or an arrowhead has devised in later ages the electric paper slicer, for instance, and the Big Bertha. The happiness Morris dreamed of for the worker will be got not by scrapping machinery, but by developing it fearlessly.

When all "mechanical" jobs are being done by machinery, man will have leisure, and leisure properly used will mean happiness. In the proper use of that leisure Morris's example will be useful. The handicrafts he advocated will be the sort of thing people will take pleasure in, say of a wet afternoon. It does not appear ever to have rained in Morris's Utopia, but since, out of it, rain is certain, the leisured population of the future might prepare for a rainy day by learning some of Morris's crafts after him. They might bind a few books, or copy out verses on vellum, or paint tiles. But except for people like Morris himself who would use their fingers in crafts anyhow, handicrafts might never grow more important than the work of the small group of cultured ladies who nowadays weave scarves on hand looms with the pretty patience of Penelope. Most of the inmates of Utopia would prefer a leisure of sports and hiking and picnics, like the heroes in the Greek or Roman heaven.

Much more important is the influence Morris has already had on the everyday things of life. We do not make many ordinary things by hand—books, chairs, bedspreads. We make them by machines, but we are learning more and more to make them beautiful. Morris is largely responsible for that beauty. He made a stand for design in an age so fascinated by the capabilities of the machine that it neglected design for ornament. Since the machine did anything you set it to, the nineteenth century set it to do work as elaborate as possible. In the nineteenth century a kitchen range made entirely by machinery was hideous with the festoons of fruit that would have been beautiful in the hand-carvings of Grinling Gibbons, but which were ugly when badly copied by machines and applied indiscriminately to iron and to oven doors. Morris's understanding of the principles of design and of its appropriateness underlies the modern value placed on those principles. Broadcasting House is full of

machine-made things, but it is no less beautiful for that, since those things have been made with full knowledge of what machines can and can not do. Eric Gill was got in to do the carvings. The nineteenth century would have let a machine do those carvings and would have covered the building with their reiterations. We differentiate between the work machines ought to do and the work artists ought to do with their hands. The result, since an artist supervised the machine labour, is something as fine for its object as a Gothic cathedral, and one less guilty of human sweat. The magnificence is one more completely of brain than of brawn, so far has man and his machines progressed since the days of the pyramids. Morris was out for integrity of design. The design in dull blues and yellows which is reproduced on the posters of the Victoria and Albert Exhibition is one of the finest designs made outside Persia. Morris might have rested after having made that design, and after seeing it in the hands of capable machinists who would apply it to weaving. That he was a craftsman who wanted to see the thing through with his own hands was, in the history of industry, accidental.

But the quality of the design was there, and remained there whether or not that design materialised by means of the human hand or by means of the human control of humanly devised machinery. The quality which Morris demanded in his designs, a quality from which Gothic elements were often absent and if present irrelevant to the principle underlying the design—this quality has had its influence on industry. The world is getting more thoroughly accustomed to beauty in ordinary things. The elaborate and preposterous furniture still crowding the second-rate windows along Tottenham Court Road represents the last gasp of the Victorian ideal which made machines a short cut to pomp. The synthetic marble beds, raised on a dais of synthetic marble, which can be secured for paying three shillings and sixpence per week for a prescribed number of years—these things

show machines working without the benefit of Morris's sense of fitness in design. But the better shops are selling furniture sensibly designed with an eye to beauty. Both kinds are machine made, but the latter kind are made by machines fulfilling a sense of beauty and fitness which Morris in his finest moments understood profoundly. We have to thank Morris more than any other man for the growing pleasantness of our rooms, our printed books, our handwriting, our scarves and teacups. Not so much because of what he achieved as for what he stood for. Many of his actual productions—his type designs, for instance—ceased to be pleasing at least twenty years ago. What has lasted has been his example, the example of a man who applied himself to making beautiful the overlooked portions of daily life.

THE DRAMA IN CLEMENT SCOTT'S DAY

BY H. M. WALBROOK

HALF a century ago the London theatres were enjoying a Golden Age. From the west to the east of London people were endangering their lives in the crush to get into pits and galleries, and in the vestibule of the Lyceum a familiar sight was the barricade for regulating the queue to the box-office. The wave of prosperity was one in which native dramatists, with the single exception of Shakespeare, played only the smallest of parts. Everywhere the actors and actresses were the attraction, and the dramatists of the day wrote for them and not for the theatre. In tragedy, comedy, farce and burlesque there were players in the 'eighties fully worthy of comparison with the best of the time of Lamb and Hazlitt, and they carried things triumphantly along. Consequently, the theatre had what is now called a "news value" of the very first order, and it was no unusual thing to see the review of an important first night filling two columns in each of the leading morning journals, and an entire page in the evening ones. "English art is at its best", joyously wrote Mr. Clement Scott in 1882, "and the actor was never so well paid or so generously recognized."

One critic who at that time handled his nightly task with conspicuous independence was Mr. Mowbray Morris. He was quite young when, after the death of that delightful writer, John Oxenford, he succeeded him as dramatic critic for *The Times*, and he speedily showed that his ideals were very unlikely to harmonize either with those of the majority of his confrères or with the popular taste of the day. After six years he laid his critical pen aside, and apparently did so without a moment of regret. In his retirement he collected a number of the articles he had contributed to *The Times* and to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and they were published in a volume called *Essays in Theatrical Criticism*. Later we come across his name again as the author

of biographies of Claverhouse and Montrose and a book of *Tales of the Spanish Main*, and in the year 1901 he apparently helped the Duke of Beaufort to edit the admirable book on *Hunting*. His work in general was that of a man of liberal culture, possessing eminently the courage of his opinions. His ideals as a critic of the theatre have never yet been popular, though many playgoers have shared them (Henry James appears from his correspondence to have been conspicuously one of these), and they have lost none of their force with the passage of time.

The present-day critic who has to hurry off to his office the moment the curtain has fallen and put upon paper at top speed his few hundred words of analysis and perception may well cast his eyes up to heaven when he reads that Mowbray Morris's one or two columns in small type frequently appeared three or four days after the production! In his book of essays he suggests very justly that it is simply impossible for a critic, however brilliantly equipped, to do justice in half an hour or an hour to a new play crowded (as a certain number of every year's new plays are) with original thought, adroit construction, and admirable dialogue, and presented with the art and the personal power of good actors at their best. Even where the familiar works of Shakespeare were concerned Mr. Morris declined to attempt a task so impossible, and his Editor evidently gave him the necessary support. As a devout student of the critical writings of his contemporary, Matthew Arnold, he aimed at making his reviews not only journalism, but literature. Their style was as stimulating as their thought, and, as a good style always does, has preserved their readability in all its first freshness.

One thing which visibly troubled him was the applause which his brother-critics showered on dramaturgic and histrionic work which seemed to him almost as crude as such work could be. "It is with trying as prettily as possible to call bad good that critics of our theatre appear chiefly to occupy themselves at present", he wrote in the Preface to his book of essays; and he did not hesitate to add that one reason for this amiability was the writers' personal relationship with the men and women whose work they had to criticise. "When a critic is bound by ties of friendship, or as may possibly happen by ties of interest,

to the actor, it is surely inevitable", wrote Mr. Morris, "that he should regard the actor less as an artist than as a liberal dispenser of champagne and chicken and other things even more convenient". Here he was no doubt alluding to Henry Irving's hospitable attentions to many of the critics of the day, and to the chorus of praise with which they hailed all he did on the stage—a chorus which in Mr. Morris's opinion reduced criticism to "little more than another and gratuitous form of theatrical advertisement". Instead of trying to lead public taste, argued this independent young man, the critics prefer to swim with it.

And indeed it must be admitted that a critic who has been an actor's guest at lunch in the afternoon, will be in an extremely unpleasant position in the evening when, as an upright judge, he finds himself compelled by what he knows to be a bad performance to say so in his journal, conscious of the fact that by so doing he will certainly hurt the feelings and perhaps even injure the prospects of a man who a few hours before has been his host. Mr. Morris declined to run any such risks. From beginning to end of his work as a critic there is not a sign that he enjoyed the personal acquaintance of a single one of the actors or actresses upon whose work he had to pass judgment. No doubt, in a way, he missed much that was charming by his self-denial, for the qualities which enable a man or woman to be a good actor or actress are also those which make them, as a rule, very agreeable companions in society. Part of the critic's burden, however, is that when at work he has to put quite a number of the ordinary human feelings into his pocket and leave them there. The late Mr. William Archer, who was probably the ablest of all British dramatic critics, unavoidably came to know personally a number of very clever and attractive actors and actresses in connection with his translations of Ibsen for the stage, and most of them came to have for him a warm personal regard. They soon discovered, however, that in his critical chair he treated them and their work with complete detachment, and the cry "Mr. Archer is harder on his friends than on strangers!" became one of the commonplaces of the dressing-rooms. Mowbray Morris ran no such risks. Authorship and adaptation he left entirely alone. It was evidently his view that a dramatist cannot with propriety or dignity sit

in public judgment on the work of his fellow-dramatists, just as it is unseemly for novelists to sit as public critics on the novels of their brother and sister climbers on the same ladder. Contenting himself with criticism and "the rigour of the game", he was in the position of not caring a straw whether the dramatists and actors whose work he discussed liked him or not.

As I have said, the actors in those years were the real attraction in the playhouse, with Henry Irving at their head bestriding the whole English stage like a Colossus; and Mowbray Morris's difficulty was that he found most of their work, including often that of their chief, grievously disappointing. Consequently, as time went by his practice became more and more that of devoting almost the whole of his article to the literary aspects of a production, with a few lines tacked on at the end dealing with the histrionic. In his long review, for example, of the Lyceum production of *Romeo and Juliet* he paid the briefest of tributes to Irving's energy in the killing of Tybalt and the declamatory force of his diction in the scene with the Friar, and devoted nearly the whole of his article to the play and its splendours. Irving's Iago, an impersonation which was almost universally lauded (George Saintsbury's famous panegyric is still one of its many literary monuments), he admitted to possess certain picturesque and brilliant qualities, but added that, as an embodiment of the General's "ancient" as he figures in the text, it was infinitely less accurate than that of the American tragedian, Edwin Booth.

Of the Lyceum actor's Shylock, a performance which caused the public to crowd the theatre nightly for months, and which remained to the end of his life one of the most admired of his impersonations, he said little more than that, in the scene with Tubal, "no one on the stage can express the passions of the mind in the face with more striking effect than Mr. Irving, but the instant he would go beyond this, no one, it is very certain, can tear a passion into such indistinguishable tatters". In a few lines upon the acting, at the end of a long and masterly article on the Lyceum revival of *Richard III*, he let fall the remark that "if Mr. Irving would be 'at charges for a looking-glass', he might perhaps modify his raisings of the eyebrows and other mannerisms". And when, in a lecture to the

Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh, Irving claimed the stage as "the only practical school of acting", he immediately retorted in print by quoting the lecturer's own elocution in impassioned moments as a proof to the contrary!

In all this he was no doubt perfectly sincere. As above remarked, Shakespeare at that time was the only really popular English dramatist of the day, and Mr. Morris not only knew his Shakespeare extremely well, but had come to the conclusion that the only way of enjoying him was in the quiet of the study. Needless to say, he was not the first to arrive at that conclusion. Neither, probably, will he be the last. At a time, however, in which a great actor, a bewitching actress, a fine company, and a superb *mise-en-scène* were drawing vast and enthusiastic audiences to the poet's works and making the Lyceum one of the two leading theatres in Europe, one can hardly envy the position of the writer who was the only member of the critical body who firmly and consistently proclaimed such an opinion. "I have made a great discovery", says Ibsen's Dr. Stockman. "The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone." A journalist in any age would only be able to endorse that remark with rather considerable reservations. After all, the journalist exists to reflect rather than to create. The more he reflects public opinion, the better journalist he is. Under all the circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the general mass of the playgoing public, including his colleagues in the critical body, regarded Mr. Morris either with indifference or resentment, or that one of the latter proceeded at last to "put the young man in his place".

One is conscious of an immediate rise in the temperature when one turns from Mowbray Morris to the journalist-dramatist-poet, Clement Scott. The 'eighties were a period fertile in energetic personalities, and Mr. Scott was undoubtedly one of them. He dominated theatrical journalism very much as Henry Irving dominated the stage. His customary place on a first night was a private box, and his entry, followed by the removal of his fur-lined overcoat, was watched with awe by many, for everyone in the audience knew that his verdict in the next morning's *Daily Telegraph* might do much either to make or mar the night's fortunes. He was a very able journalist, and

no man could tell the story of a new play in livelier prose. On the ethical side he wrote as an embodiment of Victorian conventionality, and no one had a sharper word for anything approaching a *double entente*. In his good English middle-class bosom the Gaul's historic love of a New Thing found no home, and when, ten years later, the Ibsen Theatre came to London, he showed with all his might and main that he regarded it as the enemy of all that was good and beautiful and true. As a poet he belonged to the school of which Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Clifton Bingham were ornaments, and much of his verse was written to be set to music or recited. To all the elementary virtues—patriotism, heroism, chastity and so forth—his literary gun sounded the loudest salutes, and all Suburbia wept over his pathos. In the December of 1882 we find him writing in his monthly magazine, *The Theatre*: "I find that the poems for recitation which I am enabled to give from time to time are exceedingly popular, particularly in the winter-time, when Penny Readings and concerts are held". Although an educated man, his prose style lacked polish, probably as a result of the immensity of his "output". His lucidity, on the other hand, was perfect, and no man in the critical body wrote so glowingly of the actors of the day and their work.

On the whole, it is perhaps not surprising to find that Mr. Morris did not number himself among the admirers of Mr. Clement Scott. One of the latter's dramatic compositions was a short play called *The Cape Mail*, which the Kendals produced with great success at the St. James's Theatre in 1881, and in his book of essays Mr. Morris referred to it as "the thin theatric affectation over which tears were so copiously shed last autumn, providing no real pathos, only sentiment", and reminded the dramatist that he had apparently forgotten the fact that between pathos and sentiment there is "all the difference between Lear and the dead Cordelia and Sterne over the dead ass". Borrowing a contemporary reference by Matthew Arnold to "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*", he described that journal as *leonum nutrix*, and quoted with ironic mirth a roar of praise which that journal's critic had emitted over a very third-rate melodrama which Augustus Harris had produced at Drury Lane. In short, he showed plainly but politely that he regarded Mr. Scott as,

at the best, a rather "eruptive" person, and, at the worst, a very indifferent guide to others in matters connected with Art and Letters.

Like the taciturn servitor in *Pickwick*, Mr. Scott had submitted for a considerable time "with a calm and agreeable countenance" to the lash of his young colleague's wit, but at last he realized that he had borne about as much of it as he could endure, and proceeded to fell Mr. Morris to the ground. The appearance of the book of essays gave him his chance. He immediately reviewed it in the *Theatre*, and started off by describing it as "a silly, unnecessary, and misleading work, written evidently by a soured and disappointed man", and as "containing two hundred and twenty-six pages of aggressive biliousness . . . inspired by three motives: (i) To show the writer's lordly independence of the frailties of human nature and dramatic critics, (ii) To parade his intolerance towards Mr. Irving, and (iii) To hold up to hatred and contempt Mr. Clement Scott". Having satisfactorily established these points, he proceeded to sketch a little portrait of Mr. Morris at work: "So bored was he, and so contemptuous of his delegated duties, that I have observed he seldom arrived at the theatre till the play was well advanced, and often left it before the work he was appointed to criticize was well over. His indifference to the task of reviewing plays was notorious to his companions and well known to most frequenters of the theatre".

Mr. Morris's confrères, said Mr. Scott, could go to their offices and write their columns immediately after the fall of the curtain. Mr. Morris apparently could not do this, and "all the style and scholarship in the world will not atone in journalism for torpidity". Naturally he also had a word or two to say on the "hospitality" innuendo of his retired colleague:

Why should Mr. Mowbray Morris be so angry with the men who have succeeded, and why should he amuse himself by throwing mud at his competitors? I say, on the evidence of this book, that he has done this. I say that, failing the courage to make a definite charge against one single individual, he has accused a whole body of public writers of subserviency and venality. I say that he has made accusations that he is unable to prove. I say that when he alludes to a popular actor as "a liberal dispenser of champagne and chicken and other things perhaps more convenient," he insults gratuitously an honourable man and an honourable profession. I for one say that he is wrong, guilty, and grossly unjust when he puts

forward hints and insinuations that he is utterly unable to substantiate. —after which he proceeded to remark that Mr. Irving, who had "played every possible variety of character in the whole range of the drama, and acquired his fame by a lifetime of work and study", could afford to despise the criticism of a young man whose sole association with the theatre was "six years of carping".

As to the essayist's opinion of himself as an "eruptive" person, Mr. Scott wrote: "The public can judge between the bilious and the eruptive critic", and proceeded at the top of his form to defend himself and the *Daily Telegraph* against his ex-colleague's criticism:

Mr. Mowbray Morris calls the paper which has so often made him shudder *leonum nutrix*. Good! Of the two, I should prefer to be the nursing-mother of lions than of the rest of the feline race. The one brood can roar, the other can only scratch. The eruptive critic and Mr. Mowbray Morris approach the consideration of the drama from two opposite points of view. The one has enthusiasm and sincerity to guide him—the other has an obvious distaste for the occupation, aggravated by a deplorable egotism and a defiant self-consciousness.

It all reads rather amusingly today; but, although half a century has passed since London playgoers first smiled at these excursions and alarms, they can still scarcely be said to be out of date. Morris and Scott in their different ways were individualists, seeing art through a temperament. The younger man underrated the actor, and found in his supremacy a deadly danger to the theatre at its best. The elder overrated him, gloried in the cheers (and the box-office receipts) he drew forth, and lost sight of the necessary pre-eminence of the dramatist. Both lacked a right breadth of vision. Writing at a time in which British dramatic authorship was at the depths of incompetency and for the most part in the hands of men who were little better than hacks, Morris was perfectly justified in describing the state of the theatre as fundamentally bad; but he was equally unjust in belittling the gifts of the men and women who, in Shakespeare, were drawing vast and delighted audiences, and, even in the work of the tenth-rate authors of the day, were at least showing how charming a thing the art of the actor can be. Neither of them appeared able to visualize the theatre steadily and "see it whole". In short, each was thinking more of self than of the institution about which he

was writing. Consequently, all Morris's idealism and all Scott's energy had no other effect than that of leaving things precisely where they were and where they remained until, twenty years later, the British novelists and poets took the theatre in hand, put an end to the long dissociation which had existed between the stage and the current intellectual, social, and moral energy of the nation, and made it the vital thing it became in the years before the Great War struck its silence for a time through almost all the art progress of Britain.

As an onlooker Mowbray Morris lived to see the renaissance which such dramatists as J. M. Barrie, Oscar Wilde, John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, John Masefield, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Stanley Houghton, J. M. Synge, Lady Gregory, St. John Hankin, and other dramatists were destined to bring about, and the brilliant part played in the revival by the brave idealism of Granville Barker. As he watched that rebirth he must have felt that at last the British theatre was again being true to its ancient mission of "holding the mirror up to nature". On the other hand, it was a renaissance that would probably have given small pleasure to Clement Scott, if only for the reason that "great acting" played little or no part in it. Irving's place remained unfilled. No actor arose capable of lifting audiences into tempests of excitement in such parts as Hamlet or Shylock; and he would have said—not without truth—that where that supreme ecstasy of the playhouse is lacking, the state of the theatre still falls far short of perfection.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IT was the achievement of the late King of the Belgians that he raised the credit of kingship at a moment when the very name of it grew suspect. In the close of 1914, an Irish Unionist lawyer, steeped in the honourable conservatism which comes of a true feeling for the continuing inheritance of tradition, a man belonging really to the age of Burke rather than the age of Gladstone, said to me that he began to think monarchy too dangerous an institution to maintain. It was no light observation; the thought came from a mind shaken to the bases of its beliefs. And four years later, where was monarchy respected? In England, certainly; but in Belgium respect was not the word, nor even affectionate loyalty. One has only to read the Princess de Croye's book to realize—and it is worth realizing—what the war meant to Belgium and what the King meant to Belgium in the war. Not so much what is said as what is felt in the concluding chapter, which tells of the royal entry into Brussels after victory, gives us the surge of thankfulness which swept King and people together in one tide. How much his loss may mean to Belgium and to Europe, few can be yet in a position to guess; but his deed was done long ago. He led his country into resistance against overwhelming oppression, believing that justice would prevail; and nobody can reckon the worth to the world of that valour and that constancy. King he was, and a king who gave the world assurance of a man. However this country may deplore the loss of him, there will be a sense here of fitness in his end, that he should lose life seeking to maintain his manly vigour by the pursuit of a sport only too dangerous, yet which could risk or hurt no living thing but himself.

A large company had the opportunity last November of gaining some impression of his successor when the Duke of Brabant was the African Society's guest. We heard careful discourse from a young man who took seriously to the duties of his position and had tackled the problems of the Congo at first hand. Direct responsibility seemed then far from him and his beautiful consort; but plainly, there was a prince who had trained himself and had been trained to accept duty wherever and however it came. The best thing that he inherits should be the kindness of his people for his father's son.

Feeling in this country has been shocked by the tragic scenes in Vienna. Sympathy is natural for so valiant a stand as was made by the Socialist fighters; at the same time its very effectiveness shows how formidable were the preparations made for resistance to the nation by a section within the nation. If it was, as it seems to have been, a struggle between country and town, I do not see why all sympathy should go to the town. Some years ago the Swiss peasantry made short work of a Communist insurrection in Zürich. Vienna's townsfolk certainly had meditated on that example and had made ready; the fight was much harder. How it was forced on, whether it could have been avoided, are questions that no foreigner at a distance can pretend to answer reasonably. But two things seem apparent. First, that Dr. Dollfuss, after force had been used, has shown a spirit of conciliation, not of exterminating vengeance; and, secondly, that the internal difficulties of Austria have been enhanced beyond measure by German interference from across the border.

Meanwhile Austria has decided for the corporate state which is a bar against Communism. Lying as she does between two examples of this type, Germany and Italy, there is little doubt that she will be attracted rather by the call of civilization than of race. For undoubtedly the corporate state in Italy has shown remarkable power to combine the energies of a people and direct them elsewhere than to war. The conquest of the Pontine Marshes is a triumph where humanity and the resources

of modern science are victors without crushing any human foe. Moreover, in its advance to corporate solidarity, the Italian genius has not found it necessary to quarrel with religion, whereas in Germany that quarrel grows. Protestantism, which from its very nature does not impose a strict unity, may somehow conciliate its own creed with that of the Third Reich—though, from its nature again, it will certainly throw off valiant and self-sacrificing minorities, as it has done in so many lands. But a clash must come with Rome; and there is no reason to believe that Catholicism will prove any more tractable under government pressure in Germany than it did, for instance, in Ireland. All the sympathies of Austria, in so far as they are concerned with religion, must necessarily be alienated from the Nazi conception of a State which claims the right to re-shape Christianity into its image. In other words, Austria will by the facts be drawn to see in Italy the guarantee for its separate national independence and for the religious freedom of its citizens.

Italy's interest is clear. Nazi ambitions as they have been defined again and again cannot submit to see the German Tirol cease to be German: and the trouble here would quickly come to a head, were Austria absorbed in the Greater Germany. While

The Future of Austria Austria, desirous to be independent, lies between, the danger is averted; and Italy gains time to do, if she can, what, not to mention Alsace Lorraine, France accomplished in Savoy within a couple of generations, and make the tie of common citizenship stronger than the tie of race. Hitherto, signs have not been encouraging; one must wish her wisdom. Italy's role in Europe is great, for the problem of Austria is linked with that of Hungary, by history, by geography and by economics. Already both Austria and Hungary are turning to Italy for aid in a settlement which would inevitably bring these States close together. That would make for the peace and stabilization of Europe—not without breeding apprehensions in the Little Entente. The best answer to these would be a pact of non-aggression; and if one has been signed between Poland and Germany, the like should not be impossible between even Hungary and Rumania. Whatever

weight the public opinion of Europe, and of Great Britain in particular, may have should surely be exerted to back Italy's effort to benefit those who were losers in the game—none the less if it is for Italy's advantage also. One thing assuredly public opinion should not tolerate, and that is the pretension of the Little Entente to say that neither Hungary nor Austria shall bring back a Habsburg to the throne. Such apprehensions, however flattering they may be to the dynasty in question, reflect little credit on the powers that feel them, and would be better met by the allaying of discontent among the various minorities in these new states.

One has to talk about influencing such matters by the public opinion of Europe: and such efforts are not wholly futile.

But how pitiable that this should be the only resource in a Europe organized as a League! **Disarmament and Security** The Little Entente had to consolidate itself under the ægis of France; Austria and Hungary may come to some moderate stability under the ægis of Italy; and Italy will then be accused, as France has been accused, of aiming at or asserting hegemony. The alternative to such hegemonies is a League that should have power. There should be a tribunal before which minorities complaining of oppression (such as the Croats) would be heard, with a knowledge that the court has power to give redress. Failing such institutions, we must take, as Europeans, what assistance we can, and we should in common decency take it gratefully. France has kept the peace in Europe these fifteen years; Italy is now keeping the peace—if it be kept; and England's service to Europe during that time has been to go about preaching disarmament on land, and to denounce as a dangerous nationalist, for instance, M. Tardieu, because he proposed an international armament. Yet, gradually, opinion shifts and *The Times* has come round to the view that disarmament cannot be seriously advocated unless by Powers who are prepared to offer some definite form of collective security. How far is it from that to M. Tardieu's proposal?

But if any advance in this direction is to be made, Government must be prepared to give a lead, and even to commit the country.

Safety first is not the precept that will establish security. How much of discontent with the Government's international policy entered into the verdict of London's electorate one can only guess: but certainly international policy, the whole question of war and peace, affects the public mind as never before in our lifetime. Argument from municipal votes to general votes is never safe, but the decision of so huge an electorate to put Socialism in power for three years has more than a municipal significance. It means seriously that nobody in office nowadays is allowed to be an individualist; *ecce signum*, the Liberal party disappears with a stroke of the sponge from London Government. Communists are taboo; power is divided between right centre and left centre.

The difference can be best expressed by the division of opinion on a matter much discussed in *The Times*: how in the interests of the community should relief

The Cuts in Unemployment Allowances be best given in the coming Budget. Individualists argue virtually that the stewardship

of what can be saved ought to be entrusted to employers of labour. An archbishop, on the other hand, has demanded that cuts in unemployment allowance should be restored, and has based his appeal on right feeling. Half a dozen able women, with Lady Rhondda at their head and Mrs. Virginia Woolf bringing up the rear, sum up the case by refusing to believe "that a budgetary surplus spent by income-tax payers would do more to relieve unemployment than the same sum spent by the unemployed themselves". Nobody can be sure what will be done with money coming in from a remission of income tax; but it is certain that ten per cent. restored to the unemployment benefit will be spent mainly on food, clothing, light, heat and rent, all products of basic industries, any expansion of which means immediate and direct increase of employment. It will be spent entirely in the main on necessities of life without which the national standard of health must be lowered. These ladies write, not as I have shortened what was already excellently brief, but in academic style of trained economists. Yet no amount of academics can destroy women's desire for direct household arguments.

Austria's example, following on Germany's, has added to the suspicion with which "private armies" are regarded in this country, and Parliament is even asked to think of suppressing Sir Oswald Mosley's black shirts. So experienced a statesman as Sir Herbert Samuel has expressed his belief that uniform shirts lead to uniform belts and belts to revolvers. I do not at all share this view. Organization and discipline voluntarily accepted are useful in themselves, and certainly do not necessarily imply a recourse to deadly weapons. Nobody can argue from states like Austria, Germany or Hungary, painfully recovering from war that ended in ruinous defeat; nor from Ireland, with its experience of a demoralizing victory. But the Irish case is worth some attention. At the close of 1921 a large section of the organization that had fought the English forces by guerrilla methods joined Mr. de Valera in refusal to accept the Treaty, and civil war began because this body, still armed, refused to accept the people's decision. In 1923, when resistance was called off, arms were concealed, not handed in, and the "I.R.A." became a secret and armed society. When Mr. de Valera decided to assume a constitutional attitude and come into the Dail, this body did not endorse his action, but at elections it supported him and finally helped to bring him into power. His attitude then was to let the I.R.A. alone. They could drill and arm as they pleased. His belief was, I believe, that under a course of this treatment they would fade out of existence. But those who did not share Mr. de Valera's political views were seriously concerned lest this private army should interfere with the freedom of elections, and it was decided to form the Army Comrades Association, a body by principle unarmed, which would offer organized protection to voters and to political meetings. The value of this will not be understood by those who do not realize that between 1919 and 1922 the rule of the gun operated so strongly in Ireland that the average citizen always sought safety first, and gave obedience to the man with a gun, whether he wore Black and Tan or green uniform—or neither.

It was an attempt to organize a spirit of resistance to gun-bullies among unarmed citizens, and it was headed by Dr. O'Higgins, whose father and whose brother had been assassinated.

Yet it is not only for personal reasons that a man of his stamp holds the secret society with its sanction of the gun to be the curse of Ireland. There is no denying that the uniform has been a potent attraction, a main cause why the Blue Shirts now far outnumber the I.R.A.—which has had its own attraction for boyish romantics in the secrecy and in the sense of power given to lads in their teens. But Dr. O'Higgins' justification for the uniform seems conclusive. Democratic institutions involve the holding of public political meetings, and such meetings were violently interfered with. When a fight ensued, it was said that the new organization had started the quarrel. The answer was to give the men a clear distinguishing mark which served a double purpose: enabling their leaders to see whether orders were obeyed, and making clear to the police where the trouble came from. Public security in Ireland is menaced at present; but the reason is not that this unarmed force exists and operates, but that the Government seeks to suppress it, for political reasons, while leaving the secret and armed force free to carry on. I greatly prefer this risk to allowing the tyranny of the gunman to remain a permanent fact of Irish life, and already the challenge to that tyranny has forced Mr. de Valera to take steps against some cases of lawless actions, and even induced him to speak of totally disarming the I.R.A.

The conditions of life in an island to which England conceded full self-government to guerrilla methods after refusing it to constitutional action differ almost at every point from those which prevail in Great Britain. For one thing, the use of deadly weapons in any quarrel is not only disliked but despised by the English public; in Ireland it has, unfortunately, too often been associated with the resistance to oppression. Any kind of private organization which began to carry arms would at once be killed by public opinion in England. But an organization which should definitely disavow the use of shot or steel seems to have a useful role to fulfil, if only from the fact that it is an organization seeking the good of the State. For, as things stand, one section of the community is highly organized through the trade unions and can therefore take the community by the throat. In a country like France, where every man is a soldier

but Hewlett's rich and exotic culture brought in many strains. The real difference is that all the English novelists were rooted and grounded in prose—most of all their most perfect exemplar, Jane Austen. Scott indeed was a poet, and attained to a nobler poetry in prose fiction than ever in verse; but Scott's master in romantic creation was neither Fielding nor Richardson, but Shakespeare. Hardy, so completely Meredith's contemporary, and for long years the only figure in English letters who stood on Meredith's level, was a poet too—and if I had to set his poems beside Meredith's poems, there are times when I should rank Hardy higher. But he was a writer completely at home in the medium of prose and never in that of verse; whereas Meredith in every novel that he ever wrote is constantly straining against the ordinary limits. It is never the steady march with him: he runs, he sings, he leaps and cuts capers; the idiom of poetry is for ever breaking in; and not only the dialect; lyrical airs blow through all his creation. If there are people who, having had the love for his work have lost it, those of us who keep it can only be sorry for them.

For where else in English literature is beauty so abundant? men and women with so keen an edge? Beauchamp and Vernon

**Meredith's
Women**

Whitford, the soldier-seaman and the scholar alpinist—these are types that Englishmen might produce to show the intelligent foreigner for reasons of England's part in history and her standing among the nations. But, above all, he has a gallery of women with more life and charm in them than I have met elsewhere. He himself, it seems, had a special tenderness for Dahlia in *Rhoda Fleming*; and in the same order of creation there is Lucy Feverel, of course. But when I read in Saintsbury's essays (and quoted in this Review) a list of heroines chosen out of English fiction by that old lover of beauty as most lovable, it was an amazement not to find Clara Middleton's name among them—or, if not Clara Middleton, at least some one of Meredith's ladies.



APPREHENSIONS OF CHILDHOOD

By GERALD BULLETT

No matter how disenchanted and even cynical he may be, I have yet to meet the man, whether in person or in print, who does not retain some tenderness for his own childhood, if not for the state of childhood in general. In that matter we are all narcissists, and therefore go unrebuked so long as our reminiscent indulgences stop short of tediousness. In the last three or four years, beginning in 1930 with Mr. Frank Kendon's *The Small Years*, quite a number of writers have been moved to "wrestle with the angel of childhood" (the phrase is Mr. Kendon's) in the hope of being told his secret. Mr. Herbert Read in *The Innocent Eye*, Mr. Humbert Wolfe in *Now a Stranger*, Mr. Romilly John in *The Seventh Child*, and Lord Berners in *First Childhood*, all these—since Mr. Kendon—have tried, with varying success, to recapture the sensation of childhood. Indeed the thing threatens to become a fashion, and we recently had the uncomfortable spectacle of a number of newspaper celebrities turning out memories of childhood deliberately, at the command of an editor. There is no great harm in that, you may say; for just as romantic love manages to survive its sentimental vulgarization in fiction and on the screen, so the light of childhood that burns in our secret hearts may well survive its exploitation by journalists with space to fill. Yet it will be a sad day when what should be a labour of love, even in some degree a labour of self-love (and none the worse for that), becomes a mere literary stunt. The danger is perhaps not imminent. It is well known that "poetry does not pay" (and this is the salvation of poetry), and it is only poets—whether they write in verse or prose—who are likely to come within a hundred miles of this shining mystery that beckons and eludes us.

The artist writes first for himself: that is to say, he writes to make clear to himself the form and quality of his apprehension of life. And this is most decidedly true of the man who writes of his childhood. He writes to recover, to re-create, a past that is dear to him; and we who listen to the story enjoy his childhood precisely in so far, I fancy, as it helps us to remember our own. But there is more in it than that. Both writer and reader do, no doubt, enjoy the recollection of particular incidents and facts; but evidently these facts are not the true quarry, for they are often, in themselves, extremely trivial. It is not autobiographical facts, it is a vital sensation, that we are in search of: particular memories are only so many doors into an enchanted country of which that sensation is the all-pervasive atmosphere. Turning the pages of my own memory I come upon a four-year-old child standing alone in a sunlit country lane. There is a white house at his back (but I think it is empty at the moment), and a high hedge in front; he stands at a bend of the road,

with the summer sky arching over him. Seen objectively, as a picture in time, the moment is singularly devoid of interest. It has nothing at all, of drama or poignancy, to recommend it to a reader's attention: nor could I hope to express in words, even for my own information, the meaning it holds for me. But if I shut my eyes, and hold myself very still, I no longer see that child: I *am* that child. The chalky road is hard under my feet and brilliant to my eyes; I feel the sun on my hands and face, and the warm air on my shins. There is nothing in my mind that can be called thought: there is only a vital sensation compounded of warmth, light, freedom, wonder, and aloneness. Except for this aloneness, this sense of *me*, it is perhaps a purely animal or sensual experience, and it occupies, as I conjecture, the merest point in time, a fraction of a second. Of what immediately preceded or followed it in my mental life I have no notion. Nor do I know why this moment among millions should be selected by my memory.

We are apt to think of these things in terms of joy, but if joy is at the root of the matter it is joy of a very special kind, of a singular purity, something so different from what we know as joy in later life that the word is a little misleading. Different in mode, yet the same in essence. In all ecstasy, whether of joy or grief, we are stripped of our years and become as little children; but ecstasies are exceptional, and born of particular occasions. In childhood we live and move in a deeper, a causeless beatitude; and moments such as the one I have been re-living (a moment brimming, not with ecstasy, but with stillness) represent, I think, the norm of child-consciousness, not a state extraordinary to it. If joy, it is joy unadulterated, unclouded by thought: something that cannot be forced into any logical system of cause and effect. If we try to explain it in terms of materialism, all we succeed in demonstrating is that matter is the operation of spirit, or, in other words, that the distinction between matter and spirit is a merely verbal one, having no justification in reality. Grief is caused by this and that; but joy is the very ground of our being, and has no cause. We are happy, let us say, when the sun is shining, but not *because* the sun is shining: there is no logical reason why we should prefer sunshine to dark skies. The most that can be said is that certain things—sunlight, bodily well-being, love, and so on—provide the conditions in which joy is released and has play. But the joy itself is a native endowment, coincident (perhaps identical) with life itself.

No one, I think, has ever seriously contested Wordsworth's statement that heaven lies about us in our infancy, though many are impatient of his quasi-theological inferences from that evident fact. That the child comes to earth trailing clouds of glory, and that his "vital feelings of delight" have their origin in another world than ours—this, to put it mildly, is an unnecessary hypothesis. What he does incontestably bring with him (a question-begging metaphor, by the way) is a virgin capacity for apprehension and wonder. "Certainly Adam in Paradise", wrote Thomas Traherne, "had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child". The comparison is an inevitable one, for surely the Eden story, in its broad essentials, is the story of every child. Every child is born into paradise and loses that birthright. Let Traherne speak for us again:

The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the street were as precious as gold; the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my

heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things . . . Boys and girls, tumbling in the street, and playing, were moving jewels. I knew not that they were born or should die: but all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared: which talked with my expectation and moved my desire.

Admittedly this is not a piece of scientific reporting. But, whatever discount we may allow for the glorious seventeenth-century rhetoric, and for the universal tendency in us to idealise our memories, we cannot dismiss this testimony as a poetic invention. Nor is it in the least invalidated by the fact that children have griefs and terrors as well as raptures of joy, and that, objectively regarded, they are capable of being little-devils as well as little angels. It is not their fortunes or their characters that we are considering: it is the quality of their consciousness, the freshness and purity of their sensual perceptions. We all know, to our bitter cost, that the nerve of delight is blunted by habit, though we do not know how or why. It is not a question of failing physical powers; for the adolescent, still moving towards the peak of his vigour, has already lost something of that first Eden, perhaps because he has learned the trick of diluting his sensations with thought. And it may be that all the delight the future holds for him will be an echo of that first delight. "If only", remarks Mr. Herbert Read (in *The Innocent Eye*)—:

If only I can recover the sense and certainty of those innocent years, years in which we seemed not so much to live as to be lived by forces outside us, by the wind and trees and moving clouds and all the mobile engines of our expanding world—then I am convinced I shall possess a key to much that has happened to me in this other world of conscious living. The echoes of my life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a colour once, see, hear, touch, taste and smell everything but once, the first time.

The apprehensions of innocence are purely vital, because innocence is disinterested: there is nothing of self-regard or calculation to distract or distort the vision. The poet, in his most vital moments, sees with the child's eye, and speaks what the child, being inarticulate, must leave unspoken. And I suspect that the first moment of fear is the beginning of the end of innocence as a continuing state. There are two great and terrible moments in the life of every human creature. The first is the realization of himself or herself as a solitary spirit, imprisoned in a self, and for ever cut off from real communion with others. The second is the intimation of mortality. Of the first is born egoism, with its sense of "curs'd, ill-devis'd properties" (i.e., properties), its greed of possession, its frightened resolve to appropriate to itself the common treasures of the universe; and the second, foreknowledge of death, makes us aware of time as a precious and diminishing commodity. The very young child lives in a timeless world, a world in which death, if he has heard of it, is no more than a remote incredible rumour. He is the heavenly spendthrift of the fairytales, with a purse that always contains seven golden coins no matter how many he takes out of it. How then can he fail to see all things as in the light of eternity: a vision that may be retained, or recovered, only by those few fortunate spirits who, in the face of probability and beyond shadow of doubt, have managed to persuade themselves of immortality?

AT THE COURT OF THE DRAGON

by O. M. GREEN.

TWILIGHT IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY, by Reginald F. Johnston. *Gollancz.* 18s.

NOTHING was done at the Manchu Court without recourse to the astrologers, says Sir Reginald, adding that his promptitude in choosing the earlier of two auspicious days for the commencement of the Emperor's lessons "was regarded as bordering upon flippancy".

Did the astrologers ever read in the stars that the Emperor Hsüan T'ung (now Kang Teh) was a very lucky youth? Lucky after the abdication (though Yüan Shih-k'ai, with his own eyes on the throne, had cheated both him and the Republicans) in being assured of tranquillity for the vital years of education; lucky in having good friends among the Northern generals after Chang Hsün's reckless attempt to reinstate him; lucky in his escape from "the Christian General's" claws; in his return to the throne of his fathers, with Japan only anxious that his kingdom shall be peaceful and prosperous; luckiest in his association with "the barbarian from overseas", who now describes with so much vigour, charm and wit the five wonderful years he spent in the Forbidden City as tutor to the Son of Heaven.

One would specially compliment Sir Reginald on one notable feature of this unique book. Though he is always the narrator and frequently an important character in episodes described, his narrative is entirely without egotism; and, wonderful to tell in these booming days, the only omission from among the many illustrations is a portrait of the author.

Yet, clearly, he did much to mould his pupil's character. He writes of the Emperor with deep affection as "a very 'human' boy, with vivacity, intelligence and a keen sense of humour . . . excellent manners and entirely free from arrogance", and, as the lad grew up, of his frankness, keen interest in world as well as Chinese affairs, generosity, absence of vindictiveness or ill-will.

Nevertheless the tutor was not blind to faults in his pupil, and, he says,

I often told him that there were within him "two emperors, not one", and that he would never be able to do justice to himself or to his ancestors unless the better of the two imperial personages succeeded in reducing the other to a permanent state of vassalage.

The admonition surely bore fruit later—in the spirit with which the Emperor tackled the hordes of eunuchs and the rascally Imperial Household Department (which batted on the Manchu revenues, manipulated affairs of state and was the prime cause of the Empire's downfall), and in his calmness and courage during the terrible days of 1924.

One searches in vain for any parallel to Sir Reginald's amazing experiences—as tutor to the Emperor (and in China that means supreme authority over, and reverence from, the pupil), a mandarin of the highest grade, a member of the "Inner Court" where no foreigner had ever trod, ultimately appointed imperial commissioner in charge of the Summer Palace, when he sadly vexed his underlings by ruthless economies. Every chapter is so full of racy incidents and casual touches that throw light on Chinese life and character, that quotation is impossible.

Apart from the book's attractions as a story it is a valuable contribution to history by one who was in a unique position to observe, kept careful records and can always give good evidence for the why and wherefore of his statements. One emphasizes this because the book will sadly disconcert those who have allowed political prejudice, unsupported by any knowledge of the facts, to persuade them that Japan invented the Manchurian independence movement, and kidnapped the Emperor out of Tientsin to set him on the throne for their own convenience. Both of which ideas are pure moonshine.

Sir Reginald had not been long at the Manchu Court before he had learnt how many influential Chinese sympathised with the monarchist cause: "and I also learned that monarchist hopes were mainly centred on Manchuria". Chang Hsün's attempted restoration in 1917 might well have succeeded if he had had the sense to call in other leaders, who almost certainly would have helped. And then comes the amazing record of Chang Tso-lin's plot in 1923 to get the Emperor to Mukden and reinstate him. In the end, no doubt, Japanese and monarchists were equally useful to each other. But Sir Reginald shows beyond dispute that the restoration movement was purely Chinese and Manchu in origin, dates from years before the Sino-Japanese conflict of 1931, and with Manchuria definitely its goal.

Possibly that was why Fêng Yü-hsiang brutally drove the Emperor from the palace in 1924 and made him a prisoner. Chang Tso-lin's servants, well used to his "black rages", had never seen him in such an appalling fury as when this news arrived. The chapters describing these events and how Sir Reginald managed to get the Emperor into safety in Legation Quarter are of the most thrilling interest, a superb climax to a splendid book.

LORD READING AND HIS CASES, by Derek Walker-Smith. *Chapman & Hall.* 15/-.

LEGAL biography is by no means a literary innovation, but it has changed its character in recent years. Before the war it was difficult for it to escape from one of two forms: either the official "three-decker", solemn, portentous, dull, atoning by a condescending authority for its lack of vivacity, or the autobiography of the busy criminal practitioner like Sergeant Ballantine or Montagu Williams. The one outstanding exception was Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and the Chief Justices*, where the interest was at least sustained by the acidulated comments with which the learned author thought it necessary to disparage the achievements of his contemporaries.

The current practice, however, is to combine the presentation of a vivid personality with an appeal to that innate love of the dramatic element in the law to which most laymen will confess. Nor, it would seem, have authors miscalculated their public. A smattering of psychology has become an infallible recipe for popularity. Of this type of book Mr. Marjoribanks' *Lives of Marshall Hall and Lord Carson* and Lord Birkenhead's first volume on his father's career are conspicuous examples: and the candid critic will acknowledge that he read all three with relish. It is to this class that Mr. Walker-Smith's *Life of Lord Reading* belongs. The author labours under some inevitable disadvantages. Lord Reading's professional career was to a large extent contemporaneous with that of the three great advocates whose lives have already been described, and the recapitulation of such cases as those of Goudie and Seddon robs the book of some of its freshness. Nor can it be said that Lord Reading himself, able and persuasive counsel as he was, possesses quite the outstanding

personality which made the fortune of Marshall Hall or Lord Birkenhead. The very plan of the book, moreover, forces upon it an episodic character which endangers its continuity, and the peroration at the end of each chapter becomes a little monotonous.

It must be added that there are occasional faults of style which aggravate these disadvantages. The author has not always steeled himself to excise the "purple passages" to which we are all too often addicted. When he wishes to explain that Lord Reading preferred to go to sea rather than to the University, he says that "he put the youthful gods of adventure on a higher plane than the more settled and sombre deities of adult distinction." In describing the adventures of the feeble Hartopp family, he says that such cases "are concerned with the very heartbeats of the individual", while, in his chapter on the Titanic disaster, he apostrophises those left on the sinking ship as "Brave men, *human* men, doomed to slow destruction", a tautology which is, under the circumstances, a little unnecessary. Perhaps, too, in a book intended for the general public, the author would have been wise, as he himself implies in his footnote on page 36, to eschew legal analysis. But, having occasionally indulged in this luxury, he tempts a professional critic to hazard some doubts upon his law. He may, for example, be right to regret the decision in *Allen v. Flood* that malice will not make an individual defendant liable if he otherwise keeps within the letter of the law; but he might have added that a combination of persons will not enjoy a similar immunity. So, too, in describing the Taff Vale case, he declares that, if the legislature gives an association the capacity to own property and act by agents, there is *necessarily* a correlative liability for the acts of its agents, unless the Act expressly states otherwise. This was the very point

which fell to be decided in the case, and, while the House of Lords eventually decided in favour of the author's contention, the judgment is generally considered to be wrong.

This, however, is captious criticism. Let me hasten to add that, despite occasional blemishes, I thoroughly enjoyed the book and I expect that a sufficient number of laymen will do the same to enable the author to consign too conscientious a legal examination to a well-deserved oblivion. It ministers with taste and discretion to the current interest in *causes célèbres*, and, for those who acknowledge a kindred interest in politics, the chapters on the controversies which agitated parties and parliaments before the war will be particularly satisfying. Indeed, I am not sure that these chapters are not, in some ways, the best portions of the book. Mr. Walker-Smith has happily combined a philosophic detachment from practical politics with the rare capacity to invest exploded issues with life and reality, and the student of domestic history before the war could do worse than use the book as an able analysis of the problems that confront him.

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A LOST CIVILISATION

by H. J. MASSINGHAM

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA,
by J. Leslie Mitchell. *Jarvolds.* 18s.

WE contemporary Europeans, confronted by the relapse of our continent into something very like barbarism, are not quite so firmly convinced of the inevitability of progress as were our parents and grandparents, particularly the professors among them. But the loss to peaceful arts and the general happiness and security of nations has been the gain of anthropology. The clayey dogmatism which has embedded anthropological research ever since the Tylorian theory of the independent development of cultures in the seventies of last century has been loosened and powdered up by the social frosts and disillusionments of our own period. Some years ago, it was almost a heresy for a respectable prehistorian to admit the factor of degeneration, just as it was a cardinal one for him to trace the rise of archaic civilisations to cultural influences from without. He believed that any given culture was psychologically endowed with an inherent predisposition to progress and independently realized its aspirations to climb with painful steps and slow out of primitive pugnacity and the morbid fantasies of the untutored mind. But the pre-Columbian Maya culture of Central America was a very angular phenomenon to fit into this smooth circle of *a priori* reasoning. It sprang suddenly into being like Minerva from the head of Jove; its fragmentary codices left undestroyed by the Spaniards and pictorial records on the pyramids, courts and long houses

(before the principal stela was destroyed by "bandits" last year), suggested a large number of analogies with the archaic cultures of India and south-eastern Asia, while the Maya themselves, though covering large tracts of Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan with their stone townships, showed no progress during the eight or nine hundred years before the Spaniards put an end to their civilization. The Maya were accordingly labelled as a "mystery" people, and, whatever the solution of the numerous problems connected with them, we were assured that cultural drifts from the Old World had nothing to do with them.

Mr. Mitchell's book is the most authoritative statement upon the origins and social conditions of the Maya that has yet appeared in print. The evidence for a succession of cultural waves from Asia which he supplies is so overwhelming that the impartial reader must wonder why the issue was ever a controversial one. Most intelligent readers are aware of Stela B from Copan which depicted an Indian elephant ridden by a turbaned mahout armed with a goad, and with a spiral ornament behind the ear (which the Maya artist confused with the eye) characteristic of the cult of Ganesa in early Indian art. This inconvenient piece of evidence has recently been obliterated, but other memories of a blend of Asiatic cultures on the Maya monuments are so abundant that the work of the "bandits" was not so indispensable as it might have been. With great skill Mr. Mitchell disentangles

the skein of religious influences which built up the complex and sterile Maya culture. The Egyptian winged disc over a doorway at Ocosingo, the representations of Hanuman, the Indian Monkey God, of the Indian makara, of Ganesa in his uncouth human form, of Indra and of his contest with the serpent-bird, the form of the Babylonian ziggurat and the ritualistic and pictorial reminiscences of Buddhism, all suggest that the ancient mariners reached the American coast from A.D. 700 onwards not once but many times. Maya culture is, in short, a palimpsest of social and religious superimpositions between the archaic sun-cult and a garbled and highly adulterated version of Buddhism.

Mr. Mitchell also writes a graphic account both of the interior life of the Maya in the cities which the forest is devouring, so far as their social and economic hierarchy can be detected since the vandalism of the Spanish invaders, and of that invasion itself. The most striking impression conveyed by the author's difficult enterprise is the inability of the Maya people to make any profitable use of their cultural capital. The different cargoes of influence were jostled rather than blended into an indigestible content upon which the priests and rulers lived in stagnant traditionalism right up to the end. If any movement at all can be discerned, it is a retrogressive one. The rites appear to have become more blood-stained, until they reached their culmination in the holocausts of the Aztecs, whose culture was a derivative from the Maya. The machinery of government and agricultural magic, with which the famous Maya calendar was closely associated, became more and more elaborate and stereotyped. For all their savagery and bigotry, the coming of the Spaniards was, in fact, a blessing to world-culture in disguise. They plucked the mildewed fruit and threw it away.

'T. E. LAWRENCE' IN ARABIA AND AFTER, by Liddell Hart. *Jonathan Cape.* 15s.

In what does the greatness of "T. E. Lawrence", now transmogrified into "Aircraftman Shaw", consist? Legend and the journalists have been busy about him, so that there are now, in addition to the two earlier informed schools which poured on him adulation or execration, according, generally, to whether they were pro-Arab or anti-Arab, rival schools which look upon him either as a Mahdi capable of saving our decadent society, or as a pathological curiosity, a *poseur* with a detestable *penchant* for "hiding in the limelight".

Of Captain Liddell Hart's book it may at once be said that it is the best on the subject that has yet appeared. It is a work of eulogy, written with very considerable, though not complete, authority. It is not critical in any adverse sense, for the simple reason that the author is an admirer, intense and certainly not flocculent, of Lawrence's achievements and of his attitude towards life. He places him, indeed, upon a pinnacle of military fame, among the Great Captains of all time, and, by very careful annotation upon the Arab Revolt against the Turks, he gives his reasons for so doing.

Unfortunately, it seems necessary, in thus praising the accomplishments of Lawrence, to depreciate all British effort in the Middle East that did not tend towards the realization of this young archaeologist's dream—the post-War establishment of an independent federated Arabia. Captain Liddell Hart makes the mistake, which Lawrence persuaded others to make, of assuming that the Arabs who were attracted to service against the Turks by British gold—and without it, for all their "ideal" they would not fight—represented Arabia. The author says: "The war was won, the Turkish Empire overthrown, an Arab State (at Damascus) inaugurated,

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and the possibility of an Arab confederacy, even a new empire created." This is a disastrously erroneous statement. In order to bolster up an essentially confused thesis, Lawrence must needs undermine the post-War position of the British in Mesopotamia, a country in which the Arabs had done little indeed to free themselves of the Turkish yoke, and ignore almost entirely other Arabs in the Peninsula who could never see eye to eye with the Sherifian cause, nor, in fact, disguise their implacable hostility towards it.

Yet what is the position in Arabia today? The Peninsula proper is divided between the Wahhabi King, Ibn Saud, the Imam Yahya of the Yemen, and various chieftains along the coasts, none of whom shared in the rising against the Turks with which Lawrence was associated. In the States where Sherifians rule, Iraq and Transjordan, the effective security of the land is still guaranteed, not by Arab genius, but by the Royal Air Force. The "possibility of an Arab confederacy" is, in short, as remote as it was during the War when Lawrence performed such prodigies of valour and endurance, and as it was after the War, when Lawrence, in co-operation with Mr. Winston Churchill at the Colonial Office, directed British policy in the Middle East into the channels which it has since followed with more or less consistency.

Captain Liddell Hart suggests that those who do not unconditionally praise Lawrence are actuated by animosity towards the cause for which he strove, namely, that of Arab independence. Here, I think, he does less than justice to Lawrence's critics. There are among them, admittedly, men of little vision, of stereotyped thought, to whom only the conventional in word, thought, and deed, is important; but these do not matter. It is to those who assert that, since the Arabs by themselves were incapable of

gaining their freedom from the Turks, and, even with the prospect of so great a reward, were incapable of showing unity, Lawrence was chasing a shadow, and that his creative statesmanship was consequently at fault, that the author appears harsh. Many of the British, it has to be remembered, who were sceptical of Lawrence's proposals, had to fight, not with, but against, the Bedouin: an experience which, largely owing to the support given by Lawrence and others to the Iraqi Arabs, they had again to undergo in Mesopotamia in 1920—with the loss of many millions of those pounds which, it is said, Lawrence was so anxious to save.

Yet, given the point of view, Captain Liddell Hart has written a masterly book. Much that he sets down has been written before, but, except in Lawrence's own words, never as well; and considerable parts of his book are quite new. From Lawrence himself he has extracted many illuminating things, and, with benefit to a balanced presentation of the Arab Revolt, he has consulted, and gives due recognition to, other British leaders than Lawrence, such as Newcombe, Hornby, Dawnay, and, of course, Allenby. It is not, incidentally, the author's fault that the late King of Iraq occupies a comparatively modest place in the record. Faisal, "the leader who would bring the Arab Revolt to full glory", to use Lawrence's own words, supplied rather the unguent than the dynamo to this movement—a necessary but by no means an heroic role.

What of Lawrence's future? Captain Liddell Hart believes that he has a spiritual force which, were he to devote it to humanity, could re-shape our age. It is a marvellous tribute to a friend, who already has had much to endure from the lips of ill-informed sycophants. Of this author's sincerity, however, there is not the slightest doubt.

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TWO GERMAN EXILES

by JOHN HALLETT

MY LIFE AS GERMAN AND JEW,
by Jacob Wassermann. *Allen & Unwin.*
7s. 6d.

I WAS A GERMAN, by Ernst Toller.
The Bodley Head. 5s.

BOTH these autobiographies, written by German Jews, were published in Germany some ten years ago, and now appear for the first time in first-rate English translations. Both authors have added brief epilogues inspired by the events of the past twelve months, which have thrown the tragedy of the German Jew into such lurid relief. Wassermann did not, indeed, witness these events at close quarters; for he had already settled in Austria, where he died at the end of 1933. Toller, who is still only forty, fled from Germany on the outbreak of the Nazi revolution and is living in exile. The works of both writers are banned in Germany—Toller's on account of their contents, Wassermann's because he was a Jew.

Since I have called these books autobiographies, I should warn the reader wherein they differ from the fashionable contemporary autobiography. Both are commendably brief, and are free from that blight of exhibitionism which makes an Anglo-Saxon writer believe that every sordid anecdote of his youth was a vital stage in his self-development. Wassermann is interested primarily in the position of the Jew in modern Germany, Toller in contemporary German socialism and revolution; and they analyse their lives, not aimlessly and discursively, but for the express purpose of illustrating their theme. Wassermann, in particular, remains curiously aloof and anonymous. I cannot remember that a single person

mentioned in his pages is called by name—except a woman met casually in Vienna, of whom it is remarked that she bore the same Christian name as the heroine of one of his novels. But if anyone doubts the possibility of writing, in this impersonal manner, an absorbing, moving and intensely personal book, he should read *My Life as German and Jew*. The words "spiritual autobiography" have become depreciated through excessive and improper usage. But they are the only right ones to describe this book.

From the time when a naively affectionate nurse crooned over him, "There's the makings of a good Christian in you," Wassermann was conscious of the "social fetters" which confined him to the limits of his "caste", of the undefinable but insurmountable barrier which separated him from the German Christian. The fact that he was one of those Jews whose features do not reveal their racial origin made the position all the more subtly humiliating. He was exposed to the sudden changes of attitude consequent on belated discovery—the employer who found a pretext to sack him, the friends who unaccountably cooled off, that other friend who remained faithful but who, by constant morbid probings into the differences between them, betrayed how deeply he was victim of the same obsession. The result was "a permanent darkening of one's outlook on life". Nor could Wassermann make the escape which some Jews found in Zionism. His interest in Jewish nationalism remained academic; and he felt the Russian or Galician Jew as something far more alien to him than the German Christian.

The conflict between Jew and German in Germany has reached its present pitch of keenness because—and this is perhaps Wassermann's acutest observation—the two races mirror so many of each other's traits. Both have suffered "centuries of dismemberment and decentralisation". The German God, as well as the Jewish God, is invoked as One who will lead His chosen people out of captivity and give them victory over their enemies. Both German and Jew are intensely sensitive to the misunderstanding of the outside world, and have been driven by it to suspicion, morbid introspection and internal dissension. Both take refuge in "a detached spiritual life which leads to *hubris*, to arrogance and unteachable stubbornness". It is the ambition of the Jew to become a good German just as it is the ambition of the German to become a good European; and both

resent, and fail to comprehend, their failure. The qualities which the German hates in the Jew are those which the rest of the world hates in the German; and the German reeks on the Jew, more coarsely and more callously, the humiliations which he has himself suffered.

Born in a small town of German Poland, Ernst Toller is conscious of the Jewish problem, but is not, like Wassermann, obsessed by it. The well-to-do Jewish families of the Polish marches naturally sided with the German officials; and common contempt for the "Polak" forged a link, or at any rate a degree of mutual tolerance, between them. At the age of twenty, Toller shared the national enthusiasm on the outbreak of war, volunteered and served for two years (for the most part on the western front) until he was invalided out of the army. The two brief war

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chapters are vivid enough to suggest that Toller might, had he chosen, have anticipated the success of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It was after 1916 that disillusionment became complete, and he joined the left-wing socialists. Here, at any rate, the Jew was not without honour, and Toller once more escaped the Jewish complex. Political agitation and imprisonment now became the alternate occupations of his life. He fomented strikes during the last year of the war, and in 1919 played a leading role in the Red Revolution in Munich, from which he was lucky to escape with five years' imprisonment.

Most of the plays which made him for a short time the leader of the Impressionist movement in German literature were written in prison. The picture of the German socialist movement which emerges from *I Was a German* is not a flattering one. "The instinct for freedom and for voluntary action simply does not exist in Germany"; and the German working class has never emerged from the epoch of flunkayism. Like most other classes and institutions in Germany, it is, in everything but the technical and material sense, at least a century behind its counterpart in Western Europe.

GLORIANA

QUEEN ELIZABETH, by J. E. Neale.
Jonathan Cape. 9s. 6d.

"HAPPY the England that has a Queen for its ruler." Thus far the aphorism has been fully justified. We must leave out of account the brief and unfortunate reign of Mary Tudor. That unhappy woman was perhaps more to be pitied than blamed. She had a touch of the Tudor spirit, and was not wholly without a sense of patriotism; but she was married not, like her sister, to her people, but to a Spaniard who cared nothing for her, and the supreme object of her policy was not the security or greatness of England, but the triumph of her Faith. Leaving Mary Tudor on one side we have been lucky in our Queens regnant. Queen Anne was not great, but she was proverbially good; Elizabeth was not good, but she was undeniably great; Queen Victoria was both great and good. All three Queens have been much in the literary limelight of late. Not least Queen Elizabeth, of whom Professor Neale has just written an excellent biography.

"A little figure in a great age." Such was Mr. Goldwin Smith's sardonic summary of Queen Elizabeth and the Elizabethan era. No one will be tempted to

subscribe to that shallow judgment after a perusal of Professor Neale's painstaking narrative. For "painstaking" the work evidently is. The author has deliberately discarded the whole *apparatus criticus*; he has, in his own words, "removed the elaborate scaffolding of documentary authority used in his construction of the book." From first to last there is not a single footnote; there is not one excursus, there is not even a bibliography.

As to the omission of footnotes I have not the least doubt that Mr. Neale has judged wisely. His object has evidently been to produce a fine literary biography of a great historical figure. He has achieved it. And by his method he has immensely added to the pleasure of thousands of readers, while disappointing, doubtless, the scholarly curiosity of a few. The omission of a bibliography seems to me much more doubtful policy. A bibliography interferes with nobody's enjoyment of a fine uninterrupted straightforward narrative. Nobody need refer to it unless he wants to, while many scholars who read the book would like to unearth or utilize any sources of information previously unknown to them. Mr.

Neale tells us in his preface that his conclusions are "honest and considered judgments based upon careful study of the original authorities and reflection on the views of other writers." No one who reads this book will be tempted to question the statement, but every historian has his own special bibliography, and though Dr. Conyers Read (to whose bibliography Mr. Neale refers us) may provide all needful help to the student, he cannot initiate us into the *arcana* of Mr. Neale's own particular methods. At them we are left to guess.

To turn to the main theme of the book. The book is, as I have already hinted, strictly biographical: it is a life story of Elizabeth Tudor, not a history of the Elizabethan era. Here we see vividly portrayed the young Princess, evidently the daughter of Henry VIII, inheriting also something of the shamelessness and

vulgarity of Anne Boleyn, but endowed with far more shrewdness than either of her parents and already preternaturally circumspect. To Queen Mary the Lady Elizabeth was naturally an object of hatred and suspicion. Yet in more senses than one she kept her head during those difficult years. Only once did she go near to lose it. That was when she allowed Lord Seymour of Sudely, Lord High Admiral of England, to make love to her. Seymour was the younger brother of the Protector Somerset and the husband of one of Elizabeth's stepmothers, Catherine Parr; Seymour was a handsome but utterly unprincipled rascal. He made love to her when she was living under his wife's roof, and after the latter's death, would have married the stepdaughter. Girl though she was, Elizabeth extricated herself with consummate coolness and skill from a situation which might well have com-

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promised her honour and even cost her her life.

Bastard though she was, in the eyes of every Catholic, Elizabeth came to the throne without opposition. It was not an easy throne. Rarely has England stood in greater peril. The Protestant Reformation was fading into an episode. The Catholic Reaction was at flood tide. To the Papacy Queen Elizabeth was illegitimate and a usurper. The two great Catholic Houses of the Continent, the Habsburgs and the Valois, had but lately made friends. The seal of their reconciliation was the extermination of the Protestant heresy. Of that heresy England was the most powerful champion; and even her championship was not wholehearted.

A situation, well nigh desperate, was further complicated by the accession to the throne of Scotland of the widowed Queen of France. Mary Stuart was not only undisputed Queen of Scotland, but to many Catholics she was the rightful Queen of England, and by all was regarded as Heiress Presumptive to the English throne.

To measure the greatness of Queen Elizabeth it needs only to contrast this situation with that which she could contemplate in the last decade of her reign. A people numbering less than five millions had humbled the mighty power of Spain. They had challenged her supremacy in the New World and had taken heavy toll of her richly laden galleons. At home innumerable plots against the throne and the life of the Queen had one after another been detected or had miscarried. Mary Stuart had met the fate which every human heart must pity, but the justice of which no rationalist historian can dispute. Mary's death clarified and simplified the European situation to a degree almost incredible. Philip could now strike his blow at Elizabeth without fear of playing into the hands of his continental rivals.

Elizabeth could repel it at the head of a united England.

The story is one to quicken the pulse of every patriot. Mr. Neale has told it with rare knowledge and skill.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

LOOKING BACK: An Autobiographical Excursion, by Norman Douglas. *Chatto & Windus*. 16s.

THIS excursion, as the author, more modestly than his dust-cover, has named it, reduces to almost nothing our hopes that we shall ever read the autobiography of Norman Douglas. The fact that it is a substitute, rich alike in charm and autobiographical matter, merely deepens our disappointment. Charm—the charm of a mind that has never been pressed or cajoled into being other than its own fresh self—is present in everything Mr. Douglas writes, and it is here. As for the other element, we are tantalized with glimpse after glimpse of what we are missing in being deprived of an autobiography proper or improper. We are treated to pictures of childhood, school and college, of life in the Diplomatic Service, of residence in Scotland, in London, in Russia, Austria, Germany, Italy. But bright as these pictures are in themselves they are so abbreviated, so scattered and so wilfully allusive that the effect as a whole is of an experience veiled, even muffled, from our gaze. One of two things: the writer has refused to set down his life or he is too lazy to make the necessary ordered effort. His device of flicking over a quantity of visiting cards is a concession to his arrogance or his indolence. Perhaps both elements are present.

"Always be a gentleman as long as you can", he recalls a friend of his youth as saying to him, and he adds his own commentary: "Alas! . . . I remained a gentleman too long." It might serve as an epitaph for him—"Here lies one who too long remained a gentleman".

But if this gives quality to his books it infects them also with a weakness that the years reveal. Norman Douglas has never seen the necessity to take off his gloves either to life or to work. And to the gentleman the man has been subordinated.

Having said this we can enjoy to the full a flavour that is too rare in our ungentlemanly world, while at the same time we rejoice in gifts which, among surviving gentlemen, are peculiar to this one. Nobody else can play so delicately with us and so resolutely keep us in the place he deems to be ours. When we should like to know much he gives us nothing or, more provoking still, almost nothing. Of Dr. Axel Munthe, for example, he says, "We have known each other since 1897". That is all. While of a recent and passing acquaintance he will hold forth with careful, amusing insignificance for several paragraphs. Those who try reading via the index will draw many blanks, besides getting pleasant surprises and being irritated by the absence of guiding initials.

For the most part abiding by his card-case plan, even to the extreme of printing out names with nothing but an interrogation mark after them, Mr. Douglas goes outside of it when he likes, as when he takes a character who never left cards—D. H. Lawrence—and runs him down lightly, entertainingly, maliciously, for over nine pages, incidentally seeking to prove that Lawrence was no gentleman. There must always be moments when the man in gloves is violently envious of the man with bare hands. When this book first appeared in a limited edition, Mr. E. M. Forster gave it points for "vitality, wisdom and wit", and Mr. Compton Mackenzie said it was "nearer a perfect expression of the author's personality than may be found in any of his other books". Both these verdicts I heartily endorse.

CATHERINE CARSWELL.

THE LIFE OF EMERSON, by Van Wyck Brooks. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

CONTEMPORARY biography continues to veer ever more dangerously towards the ultra-picturesque, and the more irresponsible practitioners indulge in most extravagant distortions. When Mr. Hackett wrote his flamboyant *Henry VIII* a few years ago he merely anticipated a similar treatment of the King's biography in a recent film, and the same colourful methods have since been applied to all kinds of unlikely subjects. One would not have expected to find R. W. Emerson among them, but here he is, decked out in motley devised for him by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and the result is irresistibly reminiscent of "Savonarola", Brown's remarkable tragedy, in which, it will be remembered, the stage was crowded by eminent people, all occu-

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pied in making highly characteristic gestures.

Emerson's life was not in the least sensational. The stimulating thinker and writer of Concord was able to shape his career within reasonable limits. At the outset the way was not clear. Three years of teaching in a girls' school and a longer period in the Unitarian ministry convinced him that his true purpose in life lay in a kind of spiritual leadership, which could only be determined by himself. "The purpose of life", he wrote in his diary, "seems to be to acquaint man with himself . . . The highest revelation is that God is in every man". He was not afraid to experiment, and his quiet integrity and impressive personality commended him not only to other Transcendentalist teachers, but also to all manner of cranks and charlatans, whose beliefs and theories he heard with grave courtesy and sometimes tried for himself. Charitable and friendly himself, he was perfectly willing to ask his servants to take their meals with his family. When the sensible women informed him that it was an inconvenient arrangement and one that made them profoundly uncomfortable, Emerson gave it up without regret. At one time he believed that manual labour should form part of the scholar's

life, but practical experience soon convinced him that it did not suit him at all, and he dropped it as easily as he dropped vegetarianism, which seemed to him to provide an inadequate diet. He was the most reasonable of men, receptive and alive to new ideas and always prepared to give them a trial and treat them on their merits. His friendship with Carlyle was strong and enduring. Each man saw in the other the human qualities which he most admired, and although Carlyle expressed himself with difficult and tortuous brilliance, Emerson understood his essential aims, and when he looked at the portrait of Carlyle that hung upon his study wall he was able to say with profound conviction, "That is my man!"

Mr. Brooks seems to have been determined to make a sensational business of this quiet, ordered life. The opening sentence of this biography of Emerson sets the tone for the rest of the book. It would be seized upon eagerly by journalists in quest of a good "story". Here it is. "Miss Mary Moody Emerson lived in her shroud." Those who like histrionics may rest assured that Mr. Brooks maintains this standard consistently for three hundred and eight pages.

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It's a battlefield, says Mr. Greene, where the individuals go on fighting in ignorance of the general state of the action; and very often in ignorance of the fact that any conflict is taking place. The political-economic battle is observed by few; a bird's-eye view of it is given in Mr. Greene's novel by the Commissioner of Police. It is he who directs "the system", who sees London as a whole where forces of one colour oppose another; and, by a happy stroke of satire, Mr. Greene has "committed the

initial absurdity of allowing a Government to appoint a Commissioner of Police with experience of police work". The character is admirably drawn; we feel his modest love of the job, his uneasiness in venturing outside it even in conversation; he dislikes rich people and the interference of politics; the detail of one of his murder cases, a *Handbag at Streatham*, fascinates him at all times of the day, as images haunt a poet. The focus, the pattern of *It's a Battlefield* is provided by this character, whose outlook is both simple and comprehensive. The tragedy of individual lives comes to us fitfully from cafés, a bedroom at the top of stairs, a

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THE LIMITATION OF WAR

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

MR. HOFFMAN NICKERSON, the American historian, has recently produced a very remarkable book called *Can We Limit War?** He has followed it up by an almost equally remarkable short article in that original publication, *The American Review*, in which article he goes (in much less detail, of course) over his main argument. It is not the purpose of these few pages to review this book. It would hardly be decent to do so, since it has been dedicated to myself. But I think it is of some importance to call attention to one of the few books on our present situation which is neither a fatuous repetition of conditions no longer applicable, nor an argument based upon some imaginary peaceful humanity without hatreds or envies—which does not exist.

The book is an original piece of work compelling thought in those who will still undertake the labour of thinking, and practical as no other study I have seen on the subject can be called practical. For it meets the immediate problem which we in Europe must solve or be destroyed. It neither merely discusses that problem nor foolishly proposes impossible solutions, but appreciates it and indicates its probable development in the near future.

Mr. Hoffman Nickerson's thesis is briefly this: Conflict between human societies, which is permanently potential and actually recurrent, is normally limited by man in its effect. Man does not normally, taking his history as a whole, push

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conflict to its extremes. There are brief periods in which, with increasing savagery, men allow conflict to approach the extermination of the defeated party, and, when the weapons are of a certain character, or the fighting is of a certain character, allow the approach of something like mutual extermination. But the full extreme is never reached. The approach to it is dreaded, and humanity falls back—partly by necessity, partly by instinct, partly from fatigue, partly from disgust—upon deliberately conceived restrictions, which limit the destructive effect of war; such limitation may be *abetted* by certain changes in armament, but not *caused* by them.

Lastly, he conceives that after the recent extremes (due in the main to the morals of the Prussian General Staff, but drawing their roots from the French Revolutionary epoch) such a reaction towards the limitation of war may well be upon us.

The author is well qualified to approach the matter as he does, through history, for there are few men with a wider reading in the past of armament and consequent tactics, in strategy and its connection with political arrangement. It is as an historian that Mr. Nickerson has undertaken the intensely interesting thesis he presents, and the mass of his book is an historical sequence of human action and conflict from the Roman Empire to this day.

But though the material with which he deals is known in its main aspects to most educated men, his capital conclusion will come to almost everyone as a novelty. It is characteristic of the time in which we live that a thesis of such high practical importance should, despite its novelty, have here attracted so little attention. When we consider the acres of print and the libraries of books that have appeared on the futile conception of “disarmament”, and contrast it with the absence of attention to the two fundamental issues here discussed: (1)—Can we limit war? (2) Shall we probably limit war, if indeed we can do so?—the contrast powerfully supports the opinion of those who believe that the modern world is abandoning reason.

Here some digression is necessary upon what ought to be self-evident, to wit: that the arbitrary limitation of *armament* (not *war*) is beside the mark. There are two plain reasons: first, that men can wage a war of extermination with any arms

or none, if their mood be in favour of extermination; secondly, that forbidden armament can immediately arise after the beginning of a war.

Suppose two tribes to hate so fiercely, or each to regard the other as so inevitably a complete destroyer of the other that neither will allow the other to live; then, though they should approach each other with no instruments but their bare hands and arms, one could in the long run destroy the other; and probably the victor would in the end be so crippled and exhausted that he might in turn disappear. You can betray, and lay ambush, and surprise, without weapons. You can beat to death and strangle without weapons. As the conflict proceeded there would presumably appear superiority upon the one side or the other; it would be used for the further destruction of the inferior, until that destruction was complete. If no decided superiority appeared, the process of mutual extermination would be the more thorough and exhaustive.

As to the second point, it should be equally clear, and a glaring modern instance should be sufficient. Let the New-German despotism go to war, provided with no gun of a calibre over 100 millimetres, no tank above a certain capacity in speed and weight, no aeroplane not similarly limited. Let its opponent be in a similar plight. Let stores of poison be destroyed on both sides and, if it be possible to dissociate the process from ordinary peaceful production (which it is not), let the means for producing poison also be destroyed. How would such initial conditions prevent the production of poison and of more powerful tanks and guns and 'planes by an industrial society after hostilities had begun? How, especially, could it prevent such production on the side which obtained an initial advantage?

The wretched nonsense about the difference between “offensive” and “defensive” weapons is worse still. No weapon is offensive or defensive; it is the use of a weapon which is offensive or defensive; and the offensive or defensive use of a weapon has nothing to do with the offensive or defensive intention, politically speaking, of the side using it. An enemy determined to destroy your society, although you wish him no ill, must be resisted; and you can only resist him by an offensive, if you are to resist him with success. There is no such thing as a defensive tactic

or strategy, save as the preparation for an offensive sequel.

To leave these puerilities, and to return to the serious argument. We note that the author presents his thesis in a threefold form: (a) Limitation of warfare is normal to man, as proved under the test of history. (b) Such limitation recurs regularly after brief periods of "extreme warfare". (c) Its advent is, in part at least, caused by political change, accompanied by tactical change due to a change in the nature of weapons. In this last field an argument is drawn to show that the huge, clumsy, conscript armies based on an egalitarian view of society may well be superseded by the expensive mechanical weapon, notably the tank.

Of the effect of the aeroplane our author thinks less.

I will suggest a brief commentary on those two points in a moment.

That the limitation of warfare is normal to man, *i.e.*, that you find it the rule in history and not the exception, is here most amply proved. It was the very success in limiting warfare after the horrible experience of intensive war at the end of the Roman Republic which produced centuries of disarmament coincident with the establishment of the Empire. Our civilization was policed and sufficiently defended by a comparatively small professional army. From the mass of European civilized and Christian men the habit of bearing arms disappeared in the first seven to eight centuries of our era. It was this which gave to the Mohammedan onslaught its singular efficacy. But in connection with the Mohammedan attack I should be inclined to add another factor, not unlike the Bolshevik peril today. Islam achieved its early triumph not only because its intense fanaticism attacked an unarmed Christian population, but also because it promised to wipe out all debts, to simplify religion down to the level of the meanest intelligence, and to free the slaves, just as Bolshevism promises to emancipate the wage slave, to reduce the strain and complexity of religion to zero, and to destroy the onus of debt by destroying the rights of the creditor.

But no matter. Without a doubt the neglect of soldiering by the mass of Christian men during seven centuries of Imperial rule did favour the Mohammedan tidal wave.

Still more did it permit the quite small bands of murderous heathens attacking from the north by sea, to achieve ruin quite out of proportion to their numbers. There can never have been more than a few thousand of the so-called "Danes" in England—perhaps ten thousand fighting men at the most. The average ship only held fifty men, and we have repeated catalogues of the fleets to show what their limits were. Yet both here and on the Continent these boatloads came near to undoing our civilization altogether, because the mass of men had grown unused to armaments, and there was no military organization with which to meet the pirates.

The feudal period which followed, and which largely arose from the necessity of defence against the enemies of Christendom, was one in which the limitation of warfare was taken for granted. It could not be otherwise in a united Christian civilization. But when that civilization broke up, in the 16th century, the horror of unlimited war re-appeared, and reached another "peak" in the wars of religion. There was detestable proof of this in the original battlefield between the reformers and those of the old religion, which was France. There followed a second example of a still worse kind, a generation later, in the Germany of the 'Thirty Years' War, and we had in these islands a subsidiary but violent example of it in the Irish massacres under Cromwell.

But after this "peak" came a long period of strict limitation: the day of highly disciplined, small, professional armies, which runs from the first campaigns of Louis XIV to the outbreak of the French Revolution. Then comes a new period of intensive warfare, which culminates in the high losses of the Napoleonic wars.

Had Napoleon succeeded, we can presume that the 19th century would have been one of a general peace and universal culture, in which, as under the earlier Roman Empire, general disarmament would again have become the rule, while a comparatively small professional army would have sufficed to protect the order of society. Even as it was, although Christendom was not re-united, the 19th century was, upon the whole, a period of limited war. Then came, far too soon, in our own time, yet another "peak": the enormous butchery of 1914-1918, of which it is interesting to remark that Prussia now declares its

innocence as vehemently as it used to affirm the virtue of aggression.

The worst thing about this last "peak" is that it has left no promise of further limitation through the presence of a pacific mood in Europe, or of an instrument for maintaining such a peace.

The victorious allies, having checked the Powers that were making for the destruction of our culture, quarrelled among themselves. Some of them had the folly to imagine that they could escape future peril by proclaiming their intention to remain neutral between those who desired to renew the conflict and those who were determined to impose peace. Such neutrality is, of course, tantamount to an incitement to further war on the part of the former aggressor.

That such aggression will take place, and that therefore intensive war will be renewed, is, today, an opinion so general that it might almost be called universal; and even those who have brought about this state of affairs by their singular ideas on neutrality are beginning to see things as they are. It is gradually dawning upon them that one does not avoid blows by refusing to parry them, nor check the attacker by promising to be friendly to him. The inevitable contact with reality will belatedly appear to the average citizen when he finds it affect him in the Budget.

But it does not follow—even should, as appears possible to all and probable to most people, the fundamental blunder in policy of the last few years result in a renewed aggression upon our civilization—that the ensuing conflict will take again the form of that unlimited butchery from which we have recently emerged. The materials for such a butchery are there: conscript armies in most countries, and armaments pushed up to or beyond the economic capacity of each. Yet the argument can be presented, and is here presented, that the conflict, when or if it arises, is more likely to be limited, after its initial phases at least, through the advent of mechanised warfare, and especially of the tank.

With one part of this argument the present writer is in full agreement, though not for the usual reasons. The reappearance of trench warfare—that is, of mere siege conditions, such as we

had in the last war—is unlikely, because siege conditions involve the absence of a flank. There will be trenches, of course, because trenches are the concomitant of a flat-trajectory bullet, but that any one line of trenches can be held indefinitely or for a very long period depends, I repeat, upon the absence of a flank to be turned. Now, the absence of a flank to be turned can only be present under one of two conditions: an enclosed fortification—that is, a limited ring—or a fortification reposing upon obstacles of neutral territory, impassable marsh, desert, mountain or sea at both ends. The French line from 1914 to 1918 was not turned, because it reposed on the sea at one end and on neutral Swiss territory at the other. It reposed on the sea because the French had won the "race to the sea", although the enemy was on interior lines in front of them. Now it is improbable that the social discipline permitting the holding of such immensely long lines on the West can reappear. It is morally certain that they will not reappear upon the East.

But even supposing them to reappear, our author presumes that they would be useless against the tank; while to the effect of the aeroplane, which can act above and beyond lines, he would give far less weight.

His arguments are very strong. But two criticisms of them may be suggested.

First, as to tanks. In a number of recent continental studies, summarized with special lucidity in the French press, it has been advanced that the tank can be met by a land mine-field. According to these experts (in a matter on which, of course, the layman can form no opinion of his own), mines can be sown in most soils after a fashion which does not impede horse or foot but destroys the tank; that is, they can be sown at a sufficient depth not to be affected by the passage of infantry, cavalry, or ordinary vehicles, but exploding under the weight of a tank. They can be sown sufficiently thickly within sufficient limits of time over a sufficient belt of territory to paralyse any general advance by tanks. As in all discussions upon war today, the thing remains theoretical, because practical experiment is impossible.

Our author admits, of course, the vulnerability of tanks to guns—even to guns under 40 mm. The losses, therefore, would be high, and as tanks are expensive, the decision would have

to be reached by the successful tanks fairly soon or not at all. But it can still be maintained that tanks will end the use of great masses of conscript infantry.

On the other hand, it is by no means so sure that the aeroplane might not be a decisive weapon. That would depend, of course, upon the nature of the objective. It is probably true that with the vast majority of objectives, bombing from the air could not be decisive. We all know the proportion between the results against limited military objectives from the air and the results from artillery. The railway triangle outside Metz station was bombed from the air unceasingly during the last stages of the war. I saw it immediately after the Armistice, and it looked as though nothing had happened. And the effect of air-bombing upon vital defiles, such as bridges, was laughable. It is repeated in these pages that only one bridge was destroyed by air during the whole war. Further, defence against attack from the air is rapidly increasing in efficiency.

Nevertheless, a great modern capital is fearfully vulnerable to such bombardment. Its civilian population can be stampeded. Anyone who witnessed the condition of London during the primitive tentative efforts of attack from the air nearly twenty years ago can bear witness to that. Under no great extension of that offensive the organized life of London would certainly have collapsed. London is, of course, a town, and England, of which it is the capital, a territory, more densely inhabited, more industrialized and more politically centralized than are any rivals. The capital is nearer the enemy's points of departure than any other, and the society it governs is more dependent upon it than is any rival society upon its chief city.

On the main part of his argument Mr. Hoffman Nickerson is irrefutable. A mechanised armament demands the expert. The non-expert is the "meat" of the expert. He is a rabbit to the other's gun. The supremacy of the expert is the end of horde warfare. That is the idea underlying the whole of the last and most essential part of this book, which is not only of the high interest, as I hope to have shown, but should mark a new departure in our attitude towards the future of war.

THE MIRAGE OF MOSCOW

BY D. W. BROGAN

WHEN President Wilson announced that he was engaged on a crusade to make the world safe for democracy, Mr. Chesterton remarked that the world would never be made safe for democracy—"it is a dangerous trade". How dangerous even the most sceptical observer can hardly have anticipated when the war ended with the triumph of the democratic over the autocratic powers. Today, it is democracy that is on the defensive, having lost all or most of its war gains and a good deal more besides. Constitutional liberty is in danger, we are told, even in its island home, and the principles of '89 are threatened by a Paris mob.

There are many forces which can take the credit or the blame for this change, but it is the purpose of this article to turn a critical eye on one organization which has hitherto been, for the most part, left out of the indictment. By its apparent ease, the Russian revolution deceived the Left-wing parties as to the difficulties of carrying through any fundamental changes in Western Europe; by their dogmatism and incompetence the rulers of Russia have misled thousands of sincere partisans all over the world, so that whatever it may be for the world of the future and for Russia herself, the Bolshevik revolution has been practically an unmitigated disaster for the working classes of Germany and Italy. It may even be a disaster for those of France and Britain, if the proletariat takes counsel of self-appointed intellectualist leaders, instead of its own healthy scepticism, which tells it that a revolution is difficult, that it may turn out badly, and, in any case, that the methods which have been successful in Russia are out of place in the West.

The illusions of 1919, when the war had left the old order badly shaken, were natural enough. The governments of the world had held their soldiers in the trenches by all sorts of promises of new worlds for old; the demobilization troubles

in Britain, the Black Sea mutinies of France, the apparently inevitable collapse of the feeble Italian government and *bourgeoisie* seemed to suggest that millions of men, used to violence and disillusioned about the good sense and good will of their rulers, were about to ask for some of the rare and refreshing fruits of victory !

Not only was force, apparently, on the side of the multitude, the fears of the rulers were manifested in a fashion very flattering to the recently obscure leaders of various movements for the redemption of the workers from wage slavery. Elections, it is true, did not justify these hopes and fears. The proletariat was still bemused enough in France and Britain to return "coupon" candidates and members of the "Bloc National", but the tide rapidly turned in the opposite direction, and it was soon evident that, in politics, patriotism was not going to be enough much longer. The rise of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the fall of Mr. Horatio Bottomley were signs of the times ! In any case, what did elections matter ? Those were the days of guild-socialism, of pluralism, of renascent syndicalism. Had not the electrical trade unions prevented the closing of the Albert Hall to a meeting destined to launch the *Daily Herald* ? Had not a railway strike demonstrated that, whatever significance "definitive" had to the Scottish mind of Sir Auckland Geddes, it was far more plastic in meaning when it emerged from the Welsh Wizardries of Messrs. Lloyd George and J. H. Thomas ?

Above all, there was light from the East, for in Russia the old parliamentary shibboleths had been discarded and the problem of representation in a Socialist state had been solved, theoretically and practically, by the Maximilists or, as it was now becoming quite orthodox to call them, the Bolsheviks. The light of the great twin brethren, Lenin and Trotsky, was beginning to flame in the morning sky ! The Bolshevik suppression of the Constituent Assembly *had* been a little shocking ; the first appearances of terror had shaken optimists who had welcomed the February Revolution as "the most bloodless in history", but the determined and quite unscrupulous hostility of the parties and the papers of the Right was enough for the average Liberal and Labour man. If the Coalition Government and the Coalition Press were hostile to the new men in Russia,

that was enough. The endless flow of preposterously ill-informed prophecy that poured from almost all the leading newspapers, in the years between the march of the Czechoslovaks and the disappearance of Wrangel, justified an equal credulity on the other side.

When open and concealed war had failed ; when the standing headlines, "Fall of the Bolsheviks Imminent", were put away in cold storage by the most resolutely gullible editors, when the war fever began to abate and the deadly truth—that Lenin had had dealings with the Germans—was no longer the last word on the subject, the habit of regarding the cause of the Bolsheviks as the cause of progress and of liberty (properly understood) was fixed. Not only the sympathies, but the hopes of the Left went out to Moscow. There was the school of practical socialism and of practical revolution ; thence was support and direction for the world revolution to be obtained.

This honeymoon was of comparatively short duration. The reconstituted party machines in Western Europe found the infiltration of Communist ideas and men rather a nuisance, for they, like most people, were anxious to have the good old days of 1914 back again. In France, the official party was stolen from its owners, and the machine and paper which had been the life work of that very eloquent but very practical politician Jaurès, were now in the hands of the nominees of Moscow. In Britain, attempts to live in comparative peace broke down and the main effort of the extruded Communists was directed to showing that the official Labour Party was betraying the workers, that it was simply a more ingenious and therefore more dangerous agent of class exploitation than were the older parties. Mr. Churchill was less an enemy than Mr. Henderson, while Mr. Maxton's weakness of head more than nullified his warmth of heart.

In the brief Saint Martin's summer of the post-war years, these attacks fell comparatively flat. A Communist was returned to Parliament for a Scottish seat for reasons that had very little to do with Marx and a good deal to do with William of Orange and the Pope. An Indian Communist M.P. illustrated for a time the traditional dissent of one-half of Battersea, but his voice crying in the pleasant wilderness of Battersea Park won

more admiration than converts. As long as the old order had dividends to declare, the worker wanted a share of them more than he wanted a reconstruction of the company.

In 1929, the old firm began to pass its dividends, Socialist parties, if in office, were thrown out, proving in the subsequent washing of dirty linen that not all of the Communist charges against the official leaders of the workers were libels. Two Labour Governments in Britain had come and gone with results that disillusioned all but the most loyal. The alliance of the Left parties in France produced the "victory" of 1924—and the collapse of 1926. The liquidation of the "victory" of 1932 was to take even less time! In Germany, the oldest and most famous of all Socialist parties saw power slip from its hands; had to support rigorous deflation of wages and liberties; had to run Hindenburg for the presidency of what was still called "the Republic". The songs of Moscow, in such circumstances, had no need to be very siren-like to win attentive hearers. That they have won an audience is not surprising; what is surprising is that the audience is still so small—and so select!

Marxism, by which Stalinism is here meant, is now fashionable. It appeals strongly to what Miss Rose Macaulay has called "the not so very-intelligentsia", to bourgeois who find the world very threatening and still cling to the illusion that comes so easily to their class, that there *must* be a way out; but the worker still remains deaf. The Communist Party and its sympathizers are a Mexican army of generals, colonels and even lieutenants, but workers and soldiers are scarce. No way has yet been found to get the class-conscious proletarian Ulysses to take the wax out of his ears and listen to the melodies that charm his betters. The world may need a revolution, we may have only the choice between going down with the ship and taking to the lifeboats, to borrow Mr. John Strachey's metaphor, but the working man apparently prefers to die in comparative peace and dignity rather than to go to sea in boats turned out by the artisans of Moscow. He has seen too many craft built in that yard put off from the capitalist sinking ship, and he has observed that they had all one thing in common—they sank. The ship may be waterlogged, but it is still afloat.

It is, indeed, one of the most discouraging reflections on human intelligence that with so many of the "educated classes" desiring a revolution, they should be willing and anxious to give the contract for so difficult a job to that too-well-known firm of practical revolutionaries, the Third International. With a zeal and, at times, an ingenuity that should evoke admiration, and a disregard of facts that should make the observer smile (or, if he has a kind heart, weep), the workers of the world are being told to entrust their destinies to the control of the Comintern, the most incompetent body of practising revolutionaries since the tailors of Tooley Street; for if there is one method of organizing the workers into a revolutionary party whose miserable failure is writ so large that only the super-literate cannot read it, it is the imposition of control from Moscow on the revolutionary elements of the western lands. Every country in which Communism, of the official Moscow brand, has made any serious progress has reacted by Fascism and has seen not only the stamping out of the Communist Party, but the abolition of the whole framework of working-class organization and the liberties, fighting resources, and fighting spirit, slowly built up over three generations of agitation and struggle, destroyed. The first result of listening to the words of wisdom from Moscow has been the establishment of capitalist tyranny in a form which has no parallel in Western European history since the French Revolution. The best the Moscow method promises the workers is an ill-conducted and finally disastrous war against rival radical bodies, followed by a period, of unknown length, of subjection to "master-class" rulers whose technical competence and objective ruthlessness in the practice of the old craft of tyranny is as good as Moscow's own—which is saying a good deal.

A good Marxian may believe that this Fascist phase of history may be for years but can't be for ever, but the average wage-slave doesn't want salvation for his grandchildren; he wants it for himself. If he accepts the lead of the Comintern, he can look forward to leaving the frying-pan for the fire, with only the meagre consolation of hearing (as far as the censorship will allow) the assurance, from such of his leaders as get away from the *débâcle* in time, that the technique of Communist

revolution cannot go wrong and that the treason of the "Social-Fascists" is responsible for the collapse. In any case, why worry? The inevitable contradictions of this last dying phase of capitalism will make victory certain in the future. This may fail to console the British or American worker; it is failing to console lots of disillusioned Germans and Italians and Estonians and Finns; but it will satisfy the *intelligentsia*, for they have not only gone over to Marxian fundamentalism and the literal inspiration of *Das Kapital*, but they have added to it an Anglican faith in patristics, with Lenin as the great Father of the Church; and to that, a belief, not only in the infallibility of whatever Pope is ruling in the Moscow Vatican, but in his inerrancy in practical politics—thus going beyond the wildest dreams of the most ultramontane theologian.

How has this simple faith in Moscow survived the series of disastrous defeats to which the most active, determined and courageous sections of the European working classes have been led by the Aulic Council sitting in the Kremlin, planning distant campaigns with more than Austrian pedantry and fatuity? There is, of course, the effect of blind faith. Seventh-Day Adventists, who spent a disappointing night on the roofs of their houses, clad in their pentecostal nighties, did not *all* lose faith in their bodily ascension to heaven when it failed to come off on the appointed date; and Moscow too has its devotees who cannot be argued with. But a much larger class is induced to forget Moscow's follies by the imbecile timidity of the capitalist classes and their mouthpieces in the press. Old women, looking under the bed for unlikely burglars, are models of firmness of mind and judgment compared with the magnates of Europe and America who are forever sweating blood over the menace of the Third International which is threatening their property with expropriation and their womenkind with nationalization. I should not think of denying that all human beings today, including the rich, have plenty to be frightened about. Complicated disasters wrecking our society are not at all unlikely, but the part that Moscow has played, or will play, in these disasters, seems to me to be unworthy of the fears even of a Dame of the Primrose League or of a subscriber to the *Patriot*. In these dark times, indeed, an intelligent member of

the possessing classes might regard the existence of the Third International as something to be grateful for.

Yet the terrors, real or assumed, of capitalism's more vociferous representatives have been a real help to official Communism. If prominent members of Parliament, past and future Cabinet Ministers, and persons in authority everywhere can, apparently, be scared out of their wits by the Communist turnip lantern; if an old American sport like lynching now requires the Communist menace as an excuse; if the Indian Government has no more serious troubles to devote its time and money to than Moscow-fostered conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the King-Emperor; members of the Communist Parties in America and in Britain may be pardoned for being impressed with their own terror-inspiring powers. The Big Bad Communist Wolf may be a very poor specimen of the stage carpenter's art, but the local supers who are given the honour of being the hind legs can hardly be blamed for thinking that the show is "going over big", when the more hysterical members of the audience (the Home Office, for instance), go into fits.

Not all of this terror is genuine. Herr Hitler, it is true, may believe that he has saved the Fatherland from a real red menace; he may even believe that the Communists burned the Reichstag. Indeed, the argument that the Communists did not burn the Reichstag, because it was the silliest thing they could possibly have done, is by no means as conclusive as many people who do not notice what Communists do, may think. But even in Germany, there must be many in authority who were less alarmed than delighted by the existence of so convenient a scarecrow, so useful a weapon in the war on that democratic regime which, as Communists are always telling us, capitalists love so much. If the German capitalists loved democracy, they dissembled their love with a histrionic skill that the Communists might do well to imitate, if they can rise to it!

The follies, the weaknesses, the compromises, the feeble verbal "policies" of the European Socialist parties were, and are, so open to criticism, that in more competent hands the Communist policy of discrediting all rival saviours of the people might have been successful—at a less stiff price than suicide. In nothing was the feebleness of the regular Socialist parties,

and of radicals in general, more manifest than in the childish subservience to Communist bullying which many leaders displayed. Because Moscow is anathema both to the London and to the New York *Times*; because nonsense of a childish unplausibility marked all capitalist news about Russia in the early days of Sovietism, "forward-lookers" everywhere took the Soviets under their wing. Mr. Shaw, M. André Gide, with tribes of lesser writers, talkers, anarchists, individualists, denouncers of machine civilization, Liberal politicians and despisers of all political activity, admired the machine (industrial and political) set up in Russia. This masochism of the "Left" displayed in most Western European countries and in America; the complacency or subserviency with which "Social-Fascists" and other Liberal deceivers of the workers licked the hand that smote them; the heat with which Radicals have denounced tyranny, fake trials, the stifling of intellectual criticism and the rule of official propaganda in Italy and Germany and have seen the same phenomena in Russia through a golden haze: this mental perversion justifies most of what the Communists say about Socialists and Radicals in general.

Moscow, like God, might well spit such backboneless weaklings out of its mouth, but, at last, there are signs that the Left Wing worm is turning. Hints have been dropped, (so gentlemanly that one can hardly call them charges), that the responsibility of the German Communist Party—and so of Moscow—for the arrival of Hitler in power is not negligible. It has even been suggested that the courage with which the Comintern has witnessed the passing of the German working classes under the Nazi harrow, is a little like the attitude of a fighting general towards his cannon fodder. Passchendaele, many writers have given us to understand, looked rather less attractive when seen from the mud than when it was regarded on a staff map at headquarters. Indeed, the proletarian rank and file cannot be expected to realize that the last dying wriggles of capitalism (which is all that Fascism is) are of little importance, if their share of the wriggle takes the form of a beating up or of an appointment with a Nazi headman or a Fascist firing-party. The Irish landlord, who wrote to his tenants that it was foolish of them to think that they could intimidate him by shooting

his bailiff, had nothing on a Communist *Plenum* laying down the general line of the class struggle in Germany or Britain. What the German party-workers thought, or think, of these refusals to be intimidated in Moscow by violence in Berlin is beneath the attention of our literary apologists for the new infallible church.

The craving of the worker for immediate results, his inability to take the long-term view, to realize that x years from now all will be well, is the real obstacle to the acceptance of Moscow leadership by the few surviving organized working classes of Europe. As long as local Communist parties have to take their orders from Moscow, and as long as those orders are dogmatic, irrelevant and, where followed, infallible recipes for defeat, the farcical character of this great world-shaking movement will remain. The hold that Moscow has over the local branches is, of course, partly the hold that the paymaster has over his employees. This is not to assert, in the Communist manner, that the official Communist apologists are mercenaries. It is unlikely that any body of men, however unscrupulous and however thickheaded, would make such a mess of their job if they were given anything like a free hand. Mere money could not buy propaganda at this level; only real zeal and devotion to an ideal can produce such deplorable results. Whoever is to blame, the result of so much effort seems fairly plain. Sixteen years of ballyhoo, the spending of a great deal of money and of an immense amount of effort, has produced enough theoretical expositions of the strategy and tactics of successful revolution to upset the solar system, but the revolution as a fact, and not as a theory, is at a lower ebb than it has been since the crushing of the Paris Commune.

For this state of affairs the "C.P.", as its devotees call it, has, of course, plenty of stereotyped explanations. The "Social-Fascists", Messrs. Blum, Cripps, etc., are responsible for misleading the workers and blinding them to the necessity of putting their fortunes into the hands of the authorized representatives of Revolutions, Unlimited. Trotskyism in America and France, and Maxtonism in Britain, are also to blame for putting out such colourable imitations of the genuine article. Get rid of the impostors and the last round of the fight is at

hand! But the assertion that things are not going too well is, itself, an invention of the enemy, appearances to the contrary are illusions; the class struggle is waxing hotter and the organization of the workers making astonishing progress. Not all local branches are doing their bit, but a close attention to the letter and the spirit of orders from Moscow, a deaf ear to those who ask what Moscow did for the German workers, will do the trick. Look at the progress being made by the Party. If it hadn't been wet in Greenock there would have been a terrific rush to buy the *Daily Worker* (an unintentional jest, lost on those who don't know that it is always wet in Greenock; and that even Lenin would have had to put off the revolution there if he had needed fine weather for it). When a Communist suburb in Paris builds (with the consent of the capitalist state) a new school, that is a triumph for dialectical materialism, certified genuine by the head office in Moscow. If a Socialist municipality does the same, it is a Social-Fascist trick to deceive the workers whose children are to be corrupted in this new intellectual house of ill-fame.

I am not expressing any bourgeois preference for truth in political advertising; all I want is competent lying; and Communist lying is usually highly incompetent. It does not deceive the customers whose sales resistance is being attacked, and it seems almost impossible to believe that it deceives the owners of the internationally advertised brand of revolution which the local contact men and copy-writers are instructed to put over. It is important not to confuse the volunteers and new recruits to the party with the regular members. The newcomers often carry over with them an ability to appeal to the unconverted which wears out after a few years of obedience to directions from Moscow. Mr. Strachey, for instance, is still in possession of his unregenerate faculties and does a good job; he could almost make an Englishman who knows nothing of America believe in the success of an American orthodox Communist party, or reverse the process, as he has done in *The Coming Struggle for Power*, and almost make Americans believe in a Communistic Britain. But the average Communist reader is not served up with Strachey. Innocent bystanders have no idea of how bad the Communist Press is. Most of it

is written by people who could not devise a good selling line for *La Vie Parisienne* in a boys' school. Childish repetition of theological formulæ, guaranteed orthodox by the new œcumenical patriarch; feeble abuse and wildly nonsensical statements about the progress of the cause in England—mixed with scraps of sporting news to show the British working man that the party is no enemy of good, clean, class-conscious fun, make up the stock-in-trade of these drab journals. One is reminded of the duller religious periodicals. There is the same devotion to orthodoxy; the same news from the mission stations, tedious and unconvincing; the same heresy-hunting. When I note the careful planting of "Mr." before Trotsky's name, a childish trick which is now a standard shibboleth, it reminds me of the care with which Protestant journals refer to a Catholic priest as "Mr." O'Connor; and of the equal care with which corresponding Catholic papers put quotation marks round the "Father" with which Anglo-Catholic parsons adorn themselves. However, the worst ecclesiastical journal is a model of controversial force compared with the organs of the Communist Party.

L'Humanité is not so bad; in invective, and in the occasional letting of real cats out of the bag, it is almost as good as *L'Action Française*, which, indeed, it resembles; but no amount of literary talent (and *L'Humanité* draws on a good deal of it), no amount of scandalmongering made possible by the absence of laws of libel in democratic France, can overcome the handicap of Russian direction. It must hurt the pride of competent journalists, who know something of their countrymen, to have to drop a promising exposure of the private finances or the matrimonial adventures of a Socialist leader in order to warn strikers in Lille to think day and night of the imminent danger of a capitalist war against the Soviet Union. Even the propagandist facts are occasionally ill-chosen; for, to a practically minded people like the French, demonstrations by class-conscious conscripts, which so often end in jail for the demonstrators, must, in the not very long run, seem a futile method of protecting the young worker.

But these failures in the west of Europe are nothing to the failures in the east. We are invited to regard the Soviet Union

as consisting of a group of triumphantly revolutionized nations of which Great Russia is only one. What one is not told is why no nations outside the old Russian Empire have been revolutionized, and why so much of the old Empire escaped the Bolsheviks. To overthrow Kerensky, the feeble successor of the most preposterously incompetent government of modern times, which, in turn, had been bled to death in two great and unsuccessful wars, does not seem a revolutionary feat calling for the blind admiration we are asked to lavish on it. I am quite ready to admit Lenin's greatness, but I don't see why I should believe in an apostolic succession of that greatness. If Stalin, or the other authorities of the party in Russia, are worthy to fill Lenin's boots (or Trotsky's), why have they not succeeded in winning over any of the new, feeble, Baltic states? Why, for instance, has Lithuania, stripped of its ruling class, estranged from its most powerful capitalist neighbour, Poland, dependent on Chicago and Lanarkshire for its intellectual leadership, not been an easy mark for the propaganda machine which, once it gets down to the job, is going to revolutionize Britain and the United States? Is it because the Soviet paradise, seen at close quarters, is not as attractive as we have been led to believe? Is it because the Russian propagandists have underrated national feeling in the Baltic countries? Or, is it because Moscow has not really tried very hard? If none of these is the reason for the failure to win over the Baltic states, what *are* the reasons? If they are true, in whole or in part, are we not entitled to suspect the revolutionary zeal or the revolutionary capacity, or both, of the Moscow machine?

We are always being told that technical drawbacks in Russia are due in large part to the backwardness of the Russian peasant and worker under the old regime. It is a partial alibi—although it does not explain why, after sixteen years of power, enough true and trusted proletarian engineers are not available for responsible jobs. But if the slowness, the slackness, the inefficiency of the Russian raw material for a new world is a technical handicap to the Soviet Government, it is a political asset. Russians are used to orders, to terror, to hardship. Communist apologists have been allowed to draw our attention to the debit side of the concern the Soviets took over; they

have been silent about the assets—a patient, docile, ductile and ignorant people. A Clyde or Detroit worker is, I have no doubt, far better raw material for the technical side of a Five Year Plan than a Russian moujik, but he is far less good material than the moujik for the accompanying ballyhoo. When an engine breaks down he is better able to mend it—and far less ready to believe that the reason for the breakdown was ideological. As propagandists and revolutionists the Russian Communists have had things far too easy, and they have not adapted the very simple line of goods they put over on their own countrymen to a market of more discriminating taste. Their neglect of the classical economics of the market may not have done them harm in industry, but it has done their revolutionary activity great harm in politics, for the application of a crude labour theory of value to propaganda has been disastrous. No doubt you have to do a lot of hard work to reach the state of mind in which the jargon of the Third International comes trippingly off the pen and tongue and the tactics of the Comintern seem wise and far-seeing. But the workers of the world have been unconscious exponents of the Austrian school of economics: they have exercised consumer's choice—and the "value in exchange" of sixteen years of revolutionary toil has been nil!

These criticisms have nothing to do with the fundamental Marxian theses. Capitalism may, at this moment, be hopelessly involved in its own contradictions; the future may belong ineluctably to the class-conscious workers, and that class-consciousness may be the inevitable result of all the contortions of dying capitalism, including fascism, but it is possible to hold all these views and yet to refuse to surrender all one's judgment to Moscow. The Comintern may no longer care much about world revolution; it may be playing a long, waiting game; certainly it shows little capacity for provoking a world revolution—or for leading it. Never, one might think, should there have been a better market for Communism than in the last few years; yet everywhere, except in those parts of China where Russia is fairly far away, it is in retreat. As a holding company for the world revolution the Comintern has passed its dividend for the last ten years and it has dissipated the assets of such important affiliates as the German Communist Party. From the Russian

point of view, Stalin and Litvinoff have shown what is, probably, great good sense in concentrating on internal development and contenting themselves with verbal aid for the suffering proletariat of other countries; and our Communist apostles must wonder occasionally how it would feel if, after boosting the business until it had provoked a Fascist *coup d'état* in Britain or America, they, or such of them as survived, heard in Dartmoor or Atlanta that the Soviet Government had just completed negotiations for a trade treaty with the new Fascist Government.

If Marx is right, the only way out of the mess will be through a class-conscious Communist Party; but experience suggests that any kind of success for such a party, in this generation, will be conditional on keeping Moscow at arm's length, or on dealing with it as an equal. A Catholic may believe that Pius IX was doctrinally infallible, but that he made a mess of the political situation of the Church in France; but the Catholic has the consolation of believing that God must win in the end. The Marxian may put the dialectical process of history in the place of God, but he has no next world to console him for the mistakes and failures of this. It will be a sign of hope from a revolutionary point of view when, in America, Communist cells appear appealing to the clientèle of the late Ku-Klux-Klan. When Elmer Ridgway of Sangamon County (Ill.) begins to see the light and to think about the situation guided by Marxian dialectic, the American Revolution will be on the move. Nearer home, Mr. Thomas Johnson has recently pointed out that the great obstacle to revolutionary zeal in the "red Clyde" is the preoccupation with the results of the Battle of the Boyne, which inoculates so much of the proletariat against more recent controversial issues. When the inhabitants of Govan begin to show the same fighting spirit for a classless society that they do for a Ranger's triumph in the Scottish Cup, reports in the *Daily Worker* of the fine fighting spirit in Glasgow will be less gravity-removing. It is no use to tell us that the stern resolution with which the London working man refuses to vote the Communist ticket is of negligible importance, if the faithful are asked to rejoice in the fact that in Northumberland some of the proletariat have been induced to go through the mummary of voting for Communist county-councillors. The making of a revolutionary

instrument, fit to overthrow even decadent capitalism in western Europe and in the United States, is a highly technical job—and Russian technology in this department does not seem to be notably in advance of Russian technology in general. It is not altogether without interest that the only working class which has gone down fighting, which *has* shown some of the qualities required for a successful revolution, has been the Austrian. Austria was a country which was spared the blessing of a powerful Moscow-led Communist party.

It is too much to hope that the Russian illusion will disappear altogether. Long after Beethoven had suspected that there was a good deal of water in Napoleon's revolutionary wine, Hazlitt, and other spiritual ancestors of our Bloomsbury Bolsheviks, were indulging in very competent Bonapartist sophistry; more competent indeed than our Communists can manage, but, of course, they had an easier job. If British rebels must have a Russian connection before they can run a revolution, why should they not apply to "Mr." Trotsky? His technical competence in starting a revolution is at least as great as Stalin's, and, even if it should turn out that Britain requires a different technique, the unknown British Lenin might still find a certificate of proficiency from "Mr." Trotsky as useful for advertising purposes as the manufacturers of an American laxative find the testimonial of Herr Sanitätsrat Schönbaum of Vienna. At the best, a revolution is a risky and uncertain undertaking, and even success may have odd and disconcerting results, but it seems to me unlikely that any indigenous Communist Party could provide less marketable goods than the Moscow multiple shop. Could anyone?

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: HALF WAY

BY LORD ELTON

A HIGHLY entertaining article by Mr. Austin Hopkinson in the last issue of this Review, on "The Cost of National Government," said not very much, as it seemed to me, of National Government, or even of the National Government, albeit a good deal about a number of the gentlemen who are at present responsible for the various Departments of State. To me, I must confess, the National Government appears more significant than its protagonists, and National Government more important than either. As to the Ministers, perhaps with unfashionable humility I find myself increasingly content to reflect that they are presumably of an integrity, ability and experience, to put it mildly, not less than my own; that there is happily no longer any hoary Party shibboleth by adherence to which their reputations must stand or fall; and that, unlike the rest of the world, they are both exactly informed as to the swiftly changing aspects of this age of crisis and have constant access to highly expert advice. I am content accordingly to judge them by their collective achievements, of which undoubtedly National Government itself is one.

It is too often forgotten that National Government is itself an innovation. Since the crisis of 1931 was in itself unprecedented, it was after all to be expected that the best means of grappling with it would need to be novel also. It would have been altogether too fortunate a coincidence if the traditional instrument of Party, forged so long ago to meet such very different needs, had proved itself wholly adequate to circumstances which no one, while it was in the making, could have foreseen. As if a doctor, arriving with his time-honoured, if not particularly efficient, nostrums for a cold in the head, should forthwith administer them successfully to a patient whom he unexpectedly found suffering from a strange, dangerous, and unclassified fever. Our Parties, all three of them, their programmes, their tactics, and to

some extent their leaders, were almost entirely the product of pre-war conditions; and where they were not pre-war, they were certainly pre-crisis. Party alignments and Party programmes had crystallized under economic and social conditions, a great part of which were now as extinct as the fabulous dodo. To-day, facts move too swiftly for programmes. In so rapidly dissolving a world, no programme, shibboleth or -ism can long retain its validity. The supreme merit of the National Government is perhaps that it has discarded dogma more courageously than any previous coalition. For, today, so urgent are our necessities that it is necessary to ask of a measure, not what is its pedigree, but only—will it meet them? It matters little whether it awakes faint echoes of Chamberlain or of Keir Hardie. In such years as those through which we are living, most dogma must be ancient dogma and all political labels largely meaningless. And it is all to the good that while President Roosevelt dubs the National Government Socialist, the Labour Opposition should be denouncing it as Tory, and that it should in fact be both, and neither.

Thus, long before the crisis it had been obvious to reasonably detached observers that British agriculture would not be restored to prosperity without a combination of State reorganization with some form of tariff or import-regulation. Yet, while the Parties grappled along the rigid old alignments, Labour would no more tolerate import restrictions than would Conservatives stomach State intervention. And accordingly agriculture was left to its pernicious anæmia. To-day, there, as elsewhere, the National Alliance has made possible the use of weapons from both the traditional Party armouries as well as novel devices imposed by the novel exigencies of crisis. Mr. Elliot, let us put it no higher, may succeed. No previous Minister of Agriculture could have done anything but fail.

With varying degrees of emphasis much the same may be said of all the other departments of state. Tariff Revolution, London Transport Board, Slum Clearance, Unemployment Bill, Atlantic Merger—what impartial observer can ascribe these to the prejudices of any one Party? Freedom from dogma means liberty of manœuvre, and in years such as these, liberty of manœuvre is a very condition of survival. Nor does political

detachment in this sense mean the abandonment of what may be called the moral instincts of Party. Let Conservatives retain, and contribute, their reverence for order, for tradition, for national unity and prestige; Socialists their passion for planning and their sense of Democracy; Liberals their traditions of economy and peace. It will be found that just now they are complementary, not exclusive.

Similarly National Government releases us from dangerous subservience not only to the dogmas of our grandfathers, but to our own. It makes possible what is the only realistic method of legislation in a decade such as this—enlightened empiricism. No Brain Trusts, no “Labour and the Nation” with its rigidly pre-arranged Utopia. Rather, an executive with the minimum of preliminary commitments, yet sufficiently powerful to act upon expert advice, even when the expert advice is likely to be unpopular. It is surely one of the most sinister political symptoms of the moment that the Labour Opposition should be steadily increasing the power of its annual conference and diminishing that of its so-called leaders.

Again, the very existence of a National Government implies belief in the concept of a national unity and a national interest, as distinct from a mere aggregate of classes and of warring sectional interests. The hateful and sterile doctrine of class-war is now the most formidable obstacle to the progress of this country, and indeed of civilization. For the fanatic of class-warfare a Government styling itself National must be odious and a national policy inconceivable, for the sufficient reason that for him there is no nation. The existence of a National Government not only represents the belief that the nation is a unity, a unity which it is possible to invigorate and enrich, but by representing it helps to perpetuate it. The doctrine of class war has never sunk deep into the British Labour Party. As was suggested by the election of 1931 there are hundreds of thousands of those who normally, and almost mechanically, vote Labour, who, as falling unemployment totals increasingly suggest to them that the present Government is in fact delivering the goods, will not remain impervious to its appeal, always provided that they can be convinced that it is something more than a Conservative administration masquerading under the national colours.

Is it more than this? The Parliament elected in 1931 is certainly formidably Conservative in composition. But it has to be remembered that in this, above all, Parliaments, it is the Executive which counts, and that Parliament is just now seldom much more than a mechanism for registering its often almost revolutionary decisions. And in the Cabinet the balance between different Parties and different social origins is far more evenly struck. There can be little doubt, moreover, that in the Cabinet the Prime Minister exercises a pervasive and persuasive influence which is of exceptional political significance.

Let those stout partisans to whom so effective a measure of agreement in an all-Party Cabinet smacks of political dishonesty reflect that this is still predominantly an economic crisis. And I believe it to be the fact that at any time during the last century, three-quarters of the politically conscious have been substantially agreed as to the economic policy of the next decade. It has been moral and political issues—Bulgarian atrocities, Home Rule, Reform—which deeply divided the nation. Upon economic issues, even in the less complex nineteenth century, members of all Parties unconsciously took their views from a small minority of philosophers and economists. Thus, till 1870, everyone, Tory, Whig, or Radical, was an Individualist, and willingly or unwillingly a disciple of Bentham and Mill. In the twentieth century everyone, Conservative, Liberal, or Socialist, was a Collectivist and, knowingly or unknowingly, a disciple of Coleridge, Ruskin, and the Webbs. Indeed, it was before the twentieth century had dawned that Sir William Harcourt, a trifle prematurely perhaps, announced that “we are all Socialists nowadays”, and almost every item in the long catalogue of Socialist legislation in Britain—whether it be the social insurance of Mr. Lloyd George and the Liberals, the sanitary legislation of Disraeli, or the Electricity Boards and B.B.C.s of modern Conservative administrations—has been the work of avowed anti-Socialists. And 1934, even if a National Government had never been dreamed of, would have found all three Parties publicly committed to the same basic principle of economic reorganization: the Public Corporation, which Socialists and Liberals have repeatedly demanded in conference or manifesto and which Conservatives have, on more than one significant occasion, embodied in legislation. At such a

time as this, National Government is the essential instrument for utilizing in the national interest these wide, but too often wasted, areas of political consent. If the National Alliance founders, it will be some political issue, such as India; not economic policy, which disrupts it. And the crisis, both short-term and long-term, which the nation created it to encounter, was, and remains, economic.

For the idea of National Government there is still, I believe, despite all appearances, support both widespread and forthcoming in unexpected quarters. Not that, despite the industrious attentions of a largely irresponsible and unscrupulous two-thirds of the Press, even the appearances are so unfavourable. A Government which, having been returned with 556 members out of 615, has subsequently won 24 by-elections out of 35, can hardly be considered to be upon its last legs, and the assertion in a great Liberal organ, at the moment when Sir Herbert Samuel and his little band trailed across the floor of the House—that if this forlorn and ill-starred adventure had been but a little longer delayed there would have been a suggestion about it of rats abandoning a sinking ship—is but an illustration of the degree of political judgment now prevalent in the partisan Press. Within the last few weeks I have watched a packed hall-full of Durham miners listening with strained attention to the case for National Government being put by a couple of not particularly well-known National Labour speakers. The unvocal rank and file of the nation is suspending judgment, I believe, upon the instrument of National Government which it created, and towards which it has by no means lost all parental instincts, until the harvest which it is able to garner can be reckoned. Meanwhile, of course, there is the steady poison-drip of the red, the pink, and the yellow Press, and there are the Sound Party Men, inexpugnably in control of nine-tenths of the local caucuses. Chairmen, local agents, would-be candidates—all the vested interests of Party—range themselves inevitably in constituency after constituency against any attempt to draw, in the interests of the National Alliance, on the deep reservoirs of potential support from the unorganized myriads who are sick to death of all the Parties and all their works and ways. Must a Government whose strength is the unorganized and unvocal majority ultimately

be compelled by the organized and vocal minority, and by the very lack of a political mechanism of its own for tapping the new political forces, to revert to the old, pre-doomed tactics of the pre-crisis era? That is the fundamental political problem of the moment.

And yet that National Government in this country should survive and conspicuously succeed is not only a national, but a world interest of the first order. The overshadowing issue in world politics is the struggle of democracy for survival. And it is useless to disguise from ourselves the fact that in country after country the chief factor in the overthrow of democracy has been the breakdown of Party—thanks to its sterile factiousness, its irresponsibility, its almost invariable tendency to treat Party as an end in itself and to set the interest of Party before the interest of Nation; its failure to create and maintain that first essential for a nation faced with economic crisis: a stable and powerful executive. In this country, its birthplace, democracy met the crisis by the surrender, not of Parliament, but of Party. It is imperative that that great experiment should succeed. Without strong government it cannot succeed, and a return to Party, whether Conservative, Liberal, or Labour, must mean weak government. Indeed it seems apparent that there is only one alternative form of strong government to the various brands of dictatorship which are so alluringly paraded before the rising generation today, and that is the replacement of Party Government for Party ends by Co-operative Government for national ends.

But if national government itself may in the last analysis prove to be the principal achievement of the present National Government, it has certainly no reason so far to fear judgment on its record. No Government surely in the long history of British politics can have found it easier to answer the familiar, and not always welcome, question: What have you *done*? The mere invitation to compare 1934 with 1931 is devastating. Not that there are not those who have all but induced themselves to forget that there ever was an economic crisis. In the grim September of that year a distinguished City man of Labour sympathies paced my lawn and congratulated me upon growing potatoes. "At any rate you will have something to eat", he observed. When I

encountered him twelve months later he appeared to suppose that the crisis had been but a transient bankers' ramp, and scarcely turned a hair when I suggested that it had been a good year for the potato crop.

In America President Roosevelt has inextricably intertwined Reconstruction with Recovery, seeming to regard the latter as a Siamese twin, or sometimes even as a by-product, of the former. The Doctor's Mandate of our own Government, however, was obviously a mandate for Recovery a long way first, and for Reconstruction, perhaps a trifle nebulously, second. The short-term crisis was to be tackled before the long-term. It was characteristic, no doubt, of the national temperament, at once practical and over-optimistic, to attack the immediate task of Recovery, the task which would not be denied, while continuing to hope vaguely that something would turn up to spare us the necessity of beginning to reflect upon the even more distracting problems of Reconstruction. None the less, it was undoubtedly the path of wisdom, and the present Government in concentrating at first so exclusively upon the short-term crisis, or, if you will, in treating Recovery as the essential preliminary and groundwork of Reconstruction, was not only honouring its obligations to the electorate, but giving both Recovery and Reconstruction a better chance than, I fancy, they are likely to receive, as yoke-fellows, in America.

Recovery was envisaged as lower unemployment figures and financial stability. Can it be denied that both have been achieved? Even if the almost embarrassing enhancement of the country's financial credit be overlooked, it would be difficult on the morrow of the Budget of 1934 to deny that something remarkable has occurred in England during the last two years. Scarcely anywhere else in the world is anything remotely resembling a budget of Prosperity to be discovered; 1931, with its million-pounds' worth of new debt each week on the Unemployment Insurance fund alone, seems now a remote and scarcely credible nightmare. And be it noted that less than forty-eight hours before Mr. Chamberlain officially dispensed his largesse, the ruler of Italy found himself perforce imposing a series of savage new economies upon the citizens of the model of all dictatorships. How novel and refreshing a sensation, too, to find oneself actually looking

forward to the monthly unemployment totals! And since the Government has declined to follow Mr. Lloyd George's advice, and President Roosevelt's example, by attacking unemployment with prodigious expenditure upon public relief works, the ground which has been recovered is likely to be retained.

The unemployed meanwhile have been maintained upon a scale which, whatever its shortcomings, can be rivalled in no other great industrial country in the world. Were it not for the intractability of working-class rents, the fall in prices since 1931 would already have virtually restored the cuts in benefit, even before the Budget of 1934. And the actual cash payments in benefit have been higher than those which the Labour Government of 1924, in a time of relative prosperity and when price levels stood many points higher, proudly proclaimed as unprecedentedly generous. The columns of, for the most part, lusty young men who swung singing into London earlier this year proclaimed their lengthy hike a protest against the starvation of the unemployed, and in their indignation with the Government for not giving the unemployed more, the word "starvation" has been freely used by critical intellectuals, not a few of whom ten years ago accorded enthusiastic public support to a Labour Government which in times of far greater prosperity gave the unemployed less. Malnutrition, alas! there has no doubt been during the slump. But has there been more than during the boom? It is a difficult, and certainly a vexed, question. The Chief Medical Officer of Health, however, it may be remembered, in his Report of last September, was able to announce that for 1932, the pit of the depression, the infant mortality returns, "the surest of all tests of grave results", were not only not higher than usual, but were actually the lowest on record. Lowest on record, too, were the notifications of tuberculosis, usually regarded as the most accurate, as well as the most sinister, of all barometers of malnutrition. Deaths from diseases of the nervous system, from bronchitis and pneumonia and from premature birth, were all also steadily declining. In order to test the effects of unemployment, so far as they express themselves in "physical impairment, malnutrition, sickness and mortality", Sir George Newman proceeded to compare two large groups of industrial areas: the one with a heavy, the other with a light, incidence of

unemployment. The not unmemorable result emerged that not only were the mortality and other rates in the "bad" area not inferior to those in the "good", but that the average improvement in the area where the incidence of unemployment was heavy was actually greater than that in the area where it was light—the improvement in the male mortality rate indeed being nearly two and a-half times as great.

This report, intelligibly enough, was given but scanty attention in the British Press, the greater part of which just now has little liking for evidence which redounds to this country's credit. It is possible, however, that the economic historians of the future, when they come to pass their verdict upon the national effort for economic recovery, will not fail to observe that physical recovery—at least, if Sir George Newman's statistics are to be preferred to the assertions of the pamphleteers—has been a substantial element in it.

The balanced Budget, the slow but steady decline in the unemployment figures, Ottawa and the Trade Agreements, our rapid resumption of our traditional place as the world's greatest exporter, the great conversion operation; indeed, if it comes to that, the mere contrast of virtually any aspect of 1931 with virtually any aspect of 1934—all this is surely sufficient to convince an impartial observer that National Government has succeeded in reaching its first objective: Recovery. Indeed the very completeness of this success has perhaps increased the restiveness with which a number of friendly critics have begun to clamour for a more determined advance upon the ulterior objective: Reconstruction. "Barring unavoidable accidents, the short-term crisis is virtually at an end; the long-term crisis remains all but unassailed." Such is the burden of a very plausible complaint. Is it, however, so certain that, although the Government has hitherto concentrated (as the electorate unquestionably required it to concentrate) upon Recovery, the ground-plan of Reconstruction is not already beginning to be discernible? If the drive against slums and overcrowding be not reconstruction I find it difficult to be sure what is. And the fact that in the five years following March 1933, more slum-dwellers are to be re-housed than in the previous fifty-eight years of successive Party administrations will appear to many

in itself almost a sufficient justification of the National alliance.

Is the network of agricultural legislation not Reconstruction? And the Atlantic Merger, and the London Transport Board, and Coal Hydrogenation, and the Petroleum Bill? And what of the Unemployment Bill, which seems likely to set the Insurance Scheme permanently, and even generously, upon its legs, and by which, to the manifest advantage of both, unemployment benefit rates will at last be taken out of politics? In the construction of all these measures it is possible to discern both Conservative and Socialist material, but connoisseurs of Party methods will find it significant that the Socialist Opposition habitually, and indeed almost mechanically, professes a high degree of indignant distaste for their own quondam favourites—Transport Boards, Statutory Committees, Nationalization of Minerals—when these are accorded statutory life by an administration to which they have persuaded themselves that the wrong political label can be attached. This reaction indeed seems now to have become almost as mechanical as those of Dr. Pavlov's celebrated dogs.

It will no doubt be objected—for, from the sixth-form boy upward, we are all Planners nowadays—that, though these may be the first-fruits of Reconstruction, where is the Plan? And it is certainly true that, in accordance with a familiar British tradition, the inevitable modernization of industry is never likely, in this country, to be built up to a rigidly preconceived Governmental design. It was no accident that in Great Britain the Economic Advisory Council never came within a thousand miles of developing into a Brain Trust. As Mr. Runciman wrote in *The News-Letter* two years ago: "Such duties could only be carried out if Government Departments knew the detailed working of industries better than those who have spent their whole lives in industry." And it is the obvious intention of the Government (and here can be discerned the influence of its Conservative and Liberal members) that, as far as possible, industry—which seems at last to have realized that reorganization is indispensable if it is to survive the competition of the new, highly-unified Fascist and Communist states—should plan its own modernization from within, in intimate contact with its own individual difficulties. The extent of Government intervention required must vary from industry to industry. But in the Import Duties Advisory Committee it is

clear that the Government has armed itself with a most effective lever for ensuring that reorganization is not obstructively delayed. Indeed just now the iron and steel trade, discreetly reminded that its tariff falls due for renewal next September, is almost breathlessly canvassing a new structure. As one of its own most distinguished members, Sir Charles Firth, has lately warned it, "a country that grants protection is entitled to demand efficiency".

None the less, it is not difficult to forecast the broad outlines of the coming measures of modernization. The public utility corporation has figured so prominently in the programmes of both the Liberal and the Labour Parties, and such conspicuous examples of it have already been placed upon the Statute book by Conservative administrations, that, no doubt with every variety of individual divergence, it seems likely that the necessary unification in our disorganised basic industries, will approximate to this pattern. And if it does, the process should mean not only a higher competitive power in British factories, but greater economic security; a career more open to talent, and a higher average wage for the working-classes (and hence too, in due course, it may be hoped, lower taxation for the middle-class), and an overburdened House of Commons released from preoccupation with the day-to-day problems of industry.

I see little reason for this country, as long as it maintains the National alliance, to fear the challenge of either the Communist or the Fascist tyrannies.

ROOSEVELT AND THE TRADE UNIONS

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

IN the present stage of that extraordinary adventure, the Roosevelt recovery programme, Washington is a welter of activities, of speculations, hopes, and fears. The election campaign which will bring the Administration to its first political test is already within sight. The National Recovery Administration, which has made in the United States greater changes than have been seen in any great country that has escaped revolution, is in its tenth month, and is approaching a crisis. A considered estimate of the Roosevelt experiment is manifestly impossible at this moment, and prediction would be absurd. But upon two points there would seem to be virtual unanimity among all observers with any claim to be informed or alert. They are: that the months immediately ahead must show whether America has experienced a genuine turn of the tide, and whether or not the N.R.A. is justifying itself as a main instrument of national revival. Rapidity in revival is above all things needed.

In this first half of his second year of office President Roosevelt is confronted with a formidable array of difficulties. The Houses of Congress are in session, and they have passed beyond the mood of entire admiration and acquiescence in which, last year, they enacted the amazing first series of Rooseveltian measures. They are now becoming restive and critical. The Administration has burdened them with a crop of important Bills, almost any one of which, translated into British terms, might fill the major part of a parliamentary session (but the legislative pace is usually much faster in Washington than at Westminster). Congressional resistance to some of these Bills will be serious. Mr. Roosevelt must, if possible, avoid defeat: his prestige demands that. And he must decide as to the necessary limitation of his legislative programme. Like every other active ruler, elected or otherwise, the President would prefer to have the Legislature out of the way.

An adjournment by the end of May would suit him admirably ; but that is manifestly impracticable, despite the fact that for various reasons Congressmen and Senators would welcome an early release. There will be no little danger for the Administration if the session should last until midsummer ; but in the meantime two factors remain substantially unaltered. The first is Mr. Roosevelt's personal dominance—a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of the American nation. And the second is the President's virtuosity as a political tactician. In this respect he makes almost all his predecessors look like bunglers or children. But he will need all his adroitness, and a full continuance of the good fortune that has been his portion until now, if he is to escape the harsh treatment at the hands of Congress which the system has meant for all energetic American Presidents.

These, however, are political matters, and at the present time it is the industrial outlook that is at once the most interesting and the most menacing. The President entered upon his second year, in March, amid universal congratulation. Within a few days the industrial sky was all tempest, and in particular the automobile industry—which, with steel, may be said to govern the manufacturing world of North America—was ablaze. The huge army of automobile workers, scattered over five or six cities, appeared to be within a few hours of stoppage. The President made a dramatic intervention ; the great strike was averted, and the world rang with plaudits over the latest and most striking of Mr. Roosevelt's personal triumphs. Were those plaudits justified? What were the issues in the automobile crisis? What was the nature of the settlement reached at the end of March? One does not need a very extensive knowledge of American facts and conditions to know that peace in Detroit must be essentially a peace without victory : a bargain satisfying to both sides. If Mr. Roosevelt's action has produced that result, we may certainly count it a triumph. Let us see.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that the Roosevelt policy should come up against a first spectacular challenge in the automobile industry. That, indeed, was to be expected. The motor car is the central nerve of American manufacturing enterprise. If Detroit and the other automobile centres are at work, mass production throughout the country is functioning, for

no contemporary industry ramifies as this one does. The labour force directly employed is not less than 200,000, and roughly speaking the Middle-Western region around Detroit depends upon the car. With the exception of steel, no other province of manufacture displays the essentials of industrial feudalism in a like degree. The great automobile concerns—Ford, Chrysler, General Motors, and the rest—make an extraordinary consolidation of power, in which may be seen the most complete development of two contrasted forms of organization, as represented by the dictatorship of Henry Ford and the oligarchy of General Motors. Mr. Ford is the last of his race. Being a mechanic and manufacturer of genius, he built up his vast business according to his own ideas; kept the money power at arm's length, and saw to it that the executive authority was shared with his son alone. In the industrial world of to-morrow this remarkable man can have no successor. If mass production is to be maintained and developed, it will not be upon the basis of personal dictatorship, but upon that provided by Mr. Ford's rivals—the great corporations which combine all the resources of mechanical and financial power with technical skill and salesmanship, and an entire absence of the original Ford idea, that an automobile company should build cars and only cars. But, contrasted though they are in plan, the Ford Company and the others have been in complete agreement upon two matters of central importance—resistance to government interference, and refusal to deal with the American Federation of Labour or any other form of outside labour union.

No fact of present-day America has been more glaringly manifest than this. Hence we must assume that Mr. Roosevelt and the authors of the National Industrial Recovery Act knew what they were doing when they devised the celebrated Section 7 (a), which, inevitably and at once, was treated by organized Labour as its charter of right and liberty. This section provides that "employees shall have the right to organise and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing", and that they shall be free from any interference by the employers in organizing themselves and in their choice of representatives. Of course citizens of the United States have always possessed this right. But the corporations and other ruling powers have

free unionization was plainly recognized in the federal law, with the corollary that in collective bargaining the workers were to be freely and fully represented by their own organizations. These claims being refused, the men threatened to strike. The employers insisted upon the right to form company unions, and took the view that such unions provided the only legitimate method of employee representation. Thereupon the organised workers demanded that the claim should be tested by a vote throughout the industry—free union *v.* company union—the election to be held under federal supervision, as had already been done in a few instances elsewhere. In independent quarters it was argued that General Johnson, the National Recovery Administrator, should have ordered the election, and that if any companies had defied the order, the Government could rightly have made use of the coercive provisions of the Recovery Act and treated the rebellious companies as outlaws. That, of course, would have been the means of consolidating the hostility of Big Business to the Administration, and almost certainly of turning the automobile industry into a battleground.

President Roosevelt, in the spring of 1934, manifestly could not face that prospect. His relations with Congress were approaching a crisis. The whole power of Wall Street was being mobilized towards the amendment, or emasculation, of the Securities Act, which governs the essential portions of the Administration's financial policy. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt at that time was engaged in repairing the damage which his authority had suffered in consequence of his drastic action (vitally necessary, as informed public opinion held) in the cancellation of the air-mail contracts. The avoidance of a stoppage in the motor-car industry was a matter of imperative policy, and the chorus of approval which followed the success of the President's intervention showed that this was the feeling of the entire country. But, as a matter of fact, the public approval was, in the main, an expression of universal relief. Mr. Roosevelt had averted a strike at the nerve-centre of the national recovery effort. Had the strike occurred, it could not have failed to be a stupendous calamity.

But the President's intervention did not result in a settlement of the issue, or even in bringing a more conciliatory temper

between the opposing sides. The upshot was a compromise which, so far as can at present be seen, involves a grave surrender in respect of a vital section of the Recovery Act. Peace in the automobile industry cannot be attained on the basis of this compromise. We are driven to the conclusion that the fight is postponed; for if ever an industrial conflict bore the mark of inevitability, it is the one which is held within the conditions of Detroit and its dominant industry.

American Labour, taking its stand upon the language of Section 7 (*a*), will insist that the independent union with the full right of collective bargaining is given specific sanction in the federal law. And the manufacturers realize that if this contention is upheld they will have to make a final surrender of the open shop and prepare for the dissolution of the company unions. But the essential fact of the Roosevelt compromise is that the automobile manufacturers and the Detroit Chamber of Commerce have gained recognition of the company union, which means in effect that, through the response of the A.F. of L. to the President's appeal, Section 7 (*a*) has received the interpretation upon which the manufacturers insisted. The agreement between them and the American Federation of Labour provides for the establishment of a small Board, exercising wide powers of investigation and decision. Its three members will represent the companies, the employees, and the public—*i.e.*, the Government—and for purposes of collective bargaining, a system of proportional representation is instituted. The Board will rule as to the effective membership of an organization, and upon this basis the representation will be fixed. Each factory will have its Works Council, authorized to negotiate with the management on behalf of the wage-earners, and every union in the factory, whether inside or outside, will be entitled to representation in proportion to its membership. It was the acceptance of this plan which led the President to say, as the cloud of the great strike passed from the sky, "We have charted a new course in social engineering".

The "almost complete collapse of the American economic system", Mr. Roosevelt says in his new book *On our Way*, "called for the tearing down of many unsound structures, the

adoption of new methods, and a rebuilding from the bottom up". This statement contradicts the oft-repeated charge that the President is an extreme empiric, continually improvising. How far he was able at the outset to envisage the steps deemed to be necessary for national recovery we cannot tell, but after twelve months of executive experience he is clear enough. The important first steps, he says, were three: (1) by drastic measures to eliminate special privilege in the control exercised by a small and very powerful group over business, banking, and Government itself; (2) to make war on crime and graft, and to build up normal values; (3) to seek the return swing of the pendulum which, for three generations, "had been sweeping towards the constantly increasing concentration of wealth in fewer and fewer hands—back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and property of the nation".

The style of this statement is nothing much, but the meaning is indisputable. It underlines the point that has been made again and again by the more informed expositors of the Roosevelt policy, namely, that the New Deal is in the straight line of historic Americanism, a normal development of that earlier progressivism with which the name of Theodore Roosevelt was so resoundingly connected a quarter of a century ago. True, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt now makes a demand for "rebuilding from the bottom up" in terms more positive than those used in his election speeches, but that is not difficult to understand. He is convinced that America is on the way, and he is speaking with the authority of a Chief Executive who has enjoyed a year and more of unexampled authority and personal success.

How far, then, can the National Recovery Administration be regarded as a main part of the process of "rebuilding from the bottom up", especially in the relations between Capital and Labour? The answer to this question must be sought in the regulating Codes through which industry has been required to make the adjustments which stand, so far as the wage-earners are concerned, as the beginning and end of the New Deal. Official exponents of the N.R.A. are on the whole quite outspoken on this aspect of the subject. They state simply that since the summer of 1933 the Federal Government has, under the pressure of economic reality, set out to determine certain working conditions

throughout the whole area of private employment. Wages and hours are now, for the first time in the United States, being settled by a process of direct negotiation between industry and labour, with officers of the Government acting as arbitrators where necessary. This change of method, they point out, is working a transformation of the whole industrial scheme of things; it is acting as a stimulus to the trade unions, and is a challenge to the company unions which, in some industries, have existed for many years.

The Codes actually adopted amount to more than 300, and there still remains the rather staggering total of 500 to be worked out. They are codes of fair practice, not of structural change, and it is assumed that the motive force and the guiding principles should come from industry itself. Both the method and the rapidity of its adoption, in the midst of the most complicated and anarchic business system known to the world, are characteristically American. When Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House the American system was in collapse, and the mental condition of the people was distressing; but there did not appear to be many Americans who were expecting, or even demanding, a remoulding of the system itself. Nevertheless, within four months the Recovery Act was passed, and the making of Codes became an absorbing occupation for millions of business men who did not ask whether their new activities were American or not.

The Codes are aimed, first of all, at the framing of minimum standards, especially in those trades which, even before the depression, tolerated shocking practices and starvation wage-scales. And, since the first great industries which accepted the Codes—such as steel and textiles—displayed a suspicious alacrity in falling in with the New Deal, it was widely asserted and believed that Big Business, and especially the great monopolist corporations, had, in a fashion only too familiar, found ways of turning government policy to the further advantage of what is still known as private enterprise. The charge can doubtless be proved in respect of certain powerful interests—for example, steel. At the instance of Senator Borah an inquiry was made by the Federal Trade Commission, whose report indicts the steel industry for planning, under cover of the N.R.A., to strengthen its monopolist position and to carry on its exploitation of the consumer. The

steel corporations were notorious for their ingenuity in evading the anti-trust laws. They are now, according to the evidence produced at this inquiry, pleading government sanction for those evasions, and contriving to fix prices without the supervision of the N.R.A. or of any other agency deemed to represent the general public.

It is not, however, to be supposed that a Government such as that of President Roosevelt could, under any legislation at present practicable, bring the powers of monopolist industry under effective public regulation; but it is none the less necessary for defenders of the New Deal to meet the accusation that the Codes in general have been framed by the employers and that Labour has had little to do with them. A partial answer to the charge may be found in the chief mechanism of the N.R.A. The Labour Advisory Board in Washington is certainly not an exclusive or sectarian body. It includes four or five representatives of the American Federation of Labour, together with several independent Labour sympathisers and Mr. Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the most resourceful and influential trade union leader in America. The usual procedure is thus described: An industry submits a code of fair practice, which means also a guarantee of fair competition, with certain definite labour provisions. The draft is then sent to the three national advisory boards most directly concerned—Industrial, Labour, and Consumers'. The Labour Advisory Board appoints two or three *ad hoc* advisers, and a research economist or statistician is assigned to each code.

From the work of all these in co-operation an agreed document should emerge and the industry or trade be harmoniously codified. But if no such happy result should be attained, then it becomes necessary for General Hugh S. Johnson, the National Recovery Director, or the President himself, to impose the Code and to declare the controversy closed. Provisional decisions in all industries were revised and amended, and, as one authority put it, in the making of 300 codes everybody was over-ruled several times by somebody else. The whole vastly reticulated business and the result in the shape of these hundreds of codes, discussed and precisely adjusted, must be described as an astonishing achievement—conceivable in America and nowhere else, and possible

only under the inspiration of a national leader such as Franklin Roosevelt has proved himself to be.

In the middle of April Mr. Roosevelt returned to Washington from his Easter vacation. During his three-weeks' absence a critical situation had developed in Congress, and all over the country the difficulties of the New Deal had become more sharply and variously apparent. The power of Wall Street and its allies, as noted above, had been displayed in the organization of a congressional assault upon the Securities Act in the shape of a lobby more formidable, as *The Times* correspondent rightly notes, than all previous examples of "pressure politics" known in Washington. The inflationist groups, hitherto successfully held off by the President, were mobilized in support of a Silver Bill which threatens a range of adventure in currency politics going beyond anything that seemed possible at the beginning of the year when Congress gave the President authority to fix the reduced gold content of the dollar. The perils inherent in these and other portents of the Senate and the House make it certain that, between the closing weeks of the present session and the autumn election campaign, Mr. Roosevelt will need to call upon all his resources of political leadership and at the same time to maintain his extraordinary command of the American people.

The triumphs of his first year—triumphs of judgment and political skill, no less than of character and a most fortunate temperament—may be read as implying the promise of a large measure of success for his policies, and particularly for his personal leadership. Hitherto the main body of his opponents have been too much disheartened to achieve effective criticism in Congress or the Press, while some of their battalions have tumbled into folly—witness the *divertissement* for which the Superintendent of Schools in Gary, Indiana, was responsible. At one time he came into favourable public notice on account of certain experiments with the Gary schools. That was nearly twenty years ago, and, in the interval, Dr. W. A. Wirt has enjoyed the customary obscurity of the educational administrator. Suddenly, however, he becomes a national celebrity by the innocent means of calling Mr. Roosevelt the Kerensky of the American revolution. Why American editors and politicians should have thought this startling it is impossible to guess; for, as a matter of fact, the epithet has been

freely thrown about ever since it was quoted three months ago by the New York papers from an article by Mr. Raymond Swing in the *Fortnightly Review*. Such outbreaks as these, however, may be read as signs of the nation's nervous condition. And, indeed, it will be surprising if the second year of this memorable presidential term should come to an end without an uprush of those forces of destruction which, ever since the collapse of 1929, have been terrifyingly near the surface of American society.

At the present time, apart from the danger of financial panic, the danger is chiefly visible in two directions: in the multiple difficulties of the National Recovery Administration and in the nation-wide suspicion and resentment of Labour. As to the first, none but the most foolhardy would care to venture upon a forecast. The N.R.A. is an amazing experiment, calling for rapid and continuous mental adjustments on the part of a people which has never hitherto been invited or expected to modify its attitude and practices under the greatest of industrial and commercial systems. As for the second tendency, there would seem to be little room for difference of opinion. Industrial conflict is the scourge of the United States. In the world of American labour a state of peace is never known. With the end of the stagnation which prevailed during the Hoover period, a return of unrest was to be expected; nor could any supporter of the Roosevelt policies have supposed that the N.R.A. would bring peace to Labour and not a sword. The patched-up peace in the motor-car industry may in the retrospect be seen to mark an epoch. Labour, stimulated by the events and experiences of these years, will resume its struggle for unionization. And upon the degree of practical wisdom displayed by the associated employers of America, more than upon any other factor, will depend the issue of this momentous trial of strength.

THE LONDON MARKETS

BY CATHERINE CARSWELL

FROM its beginning London must have been a market town. Indeed, before it was so much as a town it must have been a centre of markets. If you go down any Monday morning to the neighbourhood of Seething and Mincing Lanes you will see little groups of men intent upon examining the grains of corn they roll appreciatively between finger and thumb until by degrees they are standing in pools of spilt grain upon the pavement, and you will hear snatches of conversation such as "I'm disappointed; there won't be much for us," or "A hundred and twenty-five, roughly," while their attaché cases full of samples lie open on the steps and ledges of the houses in Muscovy Street and Crutched Friars and Hart Street, and the London pigeons gather round. Running through from Seething Lane to Mincing Lane goes the great double, glass-roofed building which now combines the Corn Exchange with the London Corn Exchange, but if the day is dark or foggy the dealers in their city clothes come out to peer and bargain under the open sky, and as they do so they stand exactly above what formed a grain market in the days of the Roman occupation. Below them is the Roman pavement where was found the three-fold statue of the Bonæ Deæ, now in the Guildhall. It is more than likely that grain was fingered on that same spot before the Romans came.

Within the confines of the City of London there have been named and known markets for considerably over a thousand years. Fish was being sold at Billingsgate in the tenth century; cattle—alive and dead—were changing owners at Smithfield in 1253. In every good book about London there are mentions of her markets. But these, while often lively, and always interesting once the subject has arrested one's attention, are

remarkably casual, scattered and difficult to find. It is almost as if this essential element had eluded the notice of observers and lovers of London just because it was essential and so indivisibly a part of the body and blood of their chosen study. Stow's references to markets, useful as they are, betray this curious inability to see the trees for the wood. Economic pamphlets apart, there has never, so far as I can discover, been a book devoted to the London markets. This will not, however, be the case much longer as there are at least two now upon the stocks.

Charles Booth, compiling his *Life and Labours of the People in London* in 1902, states that of "natural street market-places large and small" there are a hundred and six, and he adds that in themselves and in numbers these markets are so thriving as to be well on the increase. Coming to our own time we learn* that London is now the leading importing port in England and that the major markets of London are in a state of constant, sometimes troublesome, expansion. Hanging from the skirts of the great central markets and supplied by them are the street markets which richly serve every one of the many villages that go to make up our capital.

Today there are certainly more than a hundred and six market places, large and small, within the L.C.C. area, while others cluster around in such places as Romford, Kingston, and Watford. Not counting the great centres like Smithfield, Covent Garden, Spitalfields, Billingsgate and the Borough, and omitting the romantic clearing places that have grown up and thrive all unseen in some of the railway stations which daily receive the egg train from Holland and the Whitmoor Express with its load of greenstuff, there are close upon two hundred open street markets, ranging from those that occupy a large area without traffic to those which run the length of a street on one side only. Nor does this take into account the innumerable corner pitches and others, where from one to half-a-dozen hawkers have regular stalls, or the thousands of perambulating carts and barrows that serve districts not so well endowed.

In a practical as well as a mystical sense it can be said that London's markets are her soul or, if you like, that London is

primarily her markets. Without them she would no longer be the London we know and love. And this is true of London as of no other capital in the world. Sweep away her markets and you would not merely starve the stomachs of her inhabitants but would remove their hearts and deprive them of the most inexpensive entertainment of their week. The vast army of hawkers, porters and dealers who are the epitome of Cockney life would go, and with them that open-air existence which, all unnoticed, summer and winter, rain or shine, gives Londoners of the working class their merriment, their shrewdness, their philosophy and their health. It may be noted in passing that this open-air life compares quite favourably with the open-air life—so often ignorantly vaunted—of the Continental city dweller. It was not for nothing that Albert Chevalier interpreted the heart of the Londoner in a coster's "pearlies." Without the coster and those who buy from him the Cockney would not be what he is famous for being.

It has taken a foreign visitor to discover the truth. M. Paul Morand, coming here recently to study England and the English character, was quick enough to find the most typical examples of the latter among the workers at Covent Garden and Billingsgate in the hours that shortly follow dawn. Here, more than anywhere else, he came in contact with "the really old English types . . . the people of Shakespeare's England," and it did not take him more than a few minutes before he met "in person Falstaff himself." This caused him to observe that "the character of the Londoner seems to be astonishingly stable." We might add that this stability, which is largely due to the life of the markets, with its physical hardiness, its shrewdness, gaiety and humane philosophy, may yet prove to be a decisive factor in English politics. The street hawker and the market porter and carter are men not easily carried away by mob emotion or by economic theorists. They represent a flourishing, even a growing trade, and demonstrate capitalism at its most innocuous and useful, because at its smallest and most individual. They are not likely to go out of business until England has nothing left to sell. And they communicate much of their philosophy to those who buy from them. Their lives are strenuous, but amusing, and full of events. While never rich, they make

* From *The Markets of London*, by Cuthbert Maugham. (Pitman, 1931.)

a living and always have money in their pockets. Unlike the shopkeeper (whom they despise while they bring custom to his doors) they are no respecters of persons. Most of them have magnificent health—often I have heard them say they do not know what a cold is like—and I imagine that they are of a conservative turn of mind. They have pride and strength and they know themselves to be useful to the community whom they serve without servility. As early as 1632 Donald Lupton, in his *London and the Country Carbonadoed and Quartered into severall Characters*, wrote of some of them—

These Crying, Wandring, and Travailing Creatures carry their shops on their heads, and their Store-house is ordinarily *Billings gate* or the *Bridge-foote* and their habitation *Turnagainlane*, they set up evry morning their Trade afresh. They are easily set up and furnish't, get something, and spend it Jovially and merrily: Five shillings a Basket, and a good cry, is a large stoke for one of them. They are merriest when all their Ware is gone: in the morning they delight to have their shop ful, at Even they desire to have it empty: their Shoppe's but little, some two yards compasse, yet it holds all sorts of Fish, or Hearbs, or Roots, Strawberries, Apples or Plums, Cowcumbers, and such like ware: Nay, it is not destitute some times of Nutts, and Orenge, and Lemmons. They are free in all places, and pay nothing for shop-rent, but onely find repaires to it. If they drink out their whole Stocke, it's but pawning a Petticoate in *Long-lane*, or themselves in *Turnbull-streete* for to set up againe. They change every day almost, for shee that was this day for Fish, may bee tomorrow for Fruit; next day for Hearbes, another for Roots; so that you must heare them cry before you know what they are furnisht withal, when they have done their Faire, they meet in mirth, singing, dancing, & in the middle as a *Parenthesis*, they use scolding, but they doe use to take & put up words, & end not til either their money or wit, or credit be cleane spent out. Well, when in an evening they are not merry in a drinking-house, it is suspected they have had bad returns, or else have payd some old score, or else they are bankrupt: they are creatures soone up, & soone downe."

Some of this is out of date. Today even the man or woman who trundles his own barrow has to pay a permit for so doing, and the standing stall-holder must find 15s. a year for a licence, 2s. 6d. a week for a stance, 5s. a week for the hire of a man who erects his stall daily and takes it to pieces at night, removing the goods to and from a neighbouring store-room, not to mention the rent of the store and the price of electricity extended by cable from the nearest shop. But there is much in Lupton's description that is still essentially true. Easy come, easy go, must always rule when coins pass quickly from palm to palm, and, although the market folk know the value of money better

than the next man, they are philosophic about its little ways and they have at once the stamina and the gaiety of those who know that there is always a living in their trade. Of the coster population in London (has it ever been computed?), living largely to the south and west of Westminster Bridge Road, behind the York Road and Stamford Street, along the Blackfriars Road to Lambeth and from Lambeth Road to Vauxhall, Charles Booth has said that it is a rough class "who do a good deal of singing before they go to bed," that they "have money enough for amusement, but nothing for their homes," their substance being "plenty at times and none at all at other times," and that their children, "though ill-dressed and dirty are fat and happy." "Kindly, genial, and affable and very good natured," their morals, says Booth, are "free but not low." There is "little or no prostitution among them," and "their only grave fault is laxity as to truth if any advantage is to be got by lying."

That there is a living in their trade is proved by the flourishing and ever-increasing condition of the street markets, in spite of international and national crises. If you ask you will often hear that "times are bad," but at all times times have been bad, and you will hear quite as often that there is "nothing to grumble at" or that things are merely "rather quiet." Aside from the fact that there is a living for the hawker, there is a life in his activities and his social contacts that satisfies him. Perhaps it is the only vivid, amusing, exciting and therefore satisfying life that remains for poor and city-bred men. It maintains one of the oldest traditions of civilisation—have not pedlars and market men from the beginning been the disseminators of news, of prices, of wit and of wisdom?—and it demands in its practitioners a combination of the actor, the orator, the gypsy and the psychologist that makes them stand high in their own and one another's esteem. They are born to it and bred to it. One of the most amusing sights in London is the small boy, descendant of many generations of street vendors, practising patter with solemn, unselfconscious countenance upon the unnoticing passers-by. But while it is as much a fraternity—a world within a world—as any college of learned professors, it never loses touch, as these too often do, with the workaday world to which it owes its existence. Life is its subject, and the commodities which

keep life going its learning. The compulsion that a hawker is under, to deal with small quantities and calculate in halfpence, makes for gaiety and a sense of mastery over his material. "Sell," exclaimed Samuel Butler's fishmonger of Leather Lane, "Sell,"—

Why nobody wouldn't believe what can be sold by penn'orths and two-penn'orths if you go the right way to work. Look at whelks, for instance. Last Saturday night me and my little Emma here, we sold £7 worth of whelks between eight and half past eleven o'clock—and almost all in penn'orths and two-penn'orths—a few hap'orths, but, not many. It was the steam that did it. We kept a-boiling of 'em hot and hot and whenever the steam came strong up from the cellar on to the pavement, the people bought, but whenever the steam went down they left off buying; so we boiled them over and over again till they was all sold. That's just where it is; if you know your business you can sell, if you don't you'll soon make a mess of it. Why, but for the steam, I shouldn't have sold 10s. worth of whelks all the night through.

Leather Lane, down which the author of *The Way of All Flesh* must often have walked, living as he did in the near neighbourhood, is one of London's older markets, and I have talked with men in it who have stood selling there for the last thirty years. It is not a gay sight as a rule, this congregation of a hundred and fifty barrows and stalls that straggle shabbily along both sides of the street between the high dark warehouse and factory blocks from Holborn to Clerkenwell Road. The architecture is of the 'nineties at its most hideous, and although there is some relief in the queer, semi-residential crossways of Charles Street and Greville Street, it is on the whole a depressing quarter. The wonder is that the market goes on living in spite of the fact that probably only one out of every thousand people passing along Holborn is aware of its existence. It does go on, however, being what is known as a "lunch market" on weekdays, closing down by 3 p.m., but patronised sufficiently at noon by factory and shop hands who then do their household shopping or hunt for bargains. Here any day you can buy fruit and vegetables, cats' meat and rubber soles (off the same barrow), hosiery, peanuts, cods' heads, "wet and dry" fish, and the liquid iron and bronze of eels, mutilated but still live, that are like the writhing under-current of suffering in human existence. You can buy Ivy-leaf corn-cure and those herbal remedies in which the urban dweller, especially the Londoner, perseveringly believes. Also there are

toffee apples, old hats and new caps, toilette, gramophone and wireless accessories, scents, books, magazines and music, collars and ties, old china and plate, and a dozen varieties of hot fruit and root drinks from a prettily decorated cart. On Saturdays it does a larger and brisker trade until eight at night with the added gaiety of Blanchard and electric lamps—the latter run on cables or merely borrowed by reflection for a small charge from the shops opposite. (If pay is in arrears the lights are then dimmed.)

But, of course, it is at the Christmas season that it wears its brightest face. Then it is full of children's toys and dolls, while eloquent Jews auction gaudy boxes of chocolates at keen prices and the tunnel-like shops on the west side are crammed with fascinating "bankrupt stock"—footballs at a penny and large bottles of high-class hair lotions at sixpence apiece. It was last Christmas that I found in Leather Lane what I had been seeking for years, namely, a cheese dish that was pleasing in shape and colour. (Is anything harder to find?) This one is of stone ware in a lovely white glaze, large enough to contain a small Stilton and decorated all round with fern fronds and bulrushes, the greens and browns of which are as delightful as their modelling in high relief. Moulded edges and a charmingly carved knob on the lid complete one of the best dishes I have ever seen. It is in perfect condition and, sold by a young woman who makes it her practice never to "bate," it cost half-a-crown.

Other novelists who have noted with pleasure the attraction of street markets are Disraeli and Dickens. Disraeli has a fine description of one in *Sybil*, and Dickens was a haunter of Smithfield and of the two now vanished markets, Hungerford and Newgate. When he was a boy working in the blacking factory, Hungerford Market stood where now is Charing Cross Station and he loved to wander there and watch. If there is a better place in London to stand and stare in than such a market I do not know of it. London, so full of free shows, here offers us one of the best in the world.

An article longer than this one could be written on the vanished markets of London—the Haymarket, the St. James's market (where Baxter preached and Nance Oldfield was a barmaid), the Stocks market on the site of the Mansion House, the Cumber-

land Market off Albany Street (which still recalls an old print but will not do so much longer), the Columbia Market, which was built at enormous expense by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts but which the poor of the district obstinately refused to utilise. Besides these and many others there are in London at least nine streets called Market Street and we may presume that there were markets at one time in every one of them.

Again, I might enlarge on the Jewish markets, such as Petticoat Lane, which is all and more than it has ever been said to be, or Wentworth Road—so orthodox that there is no market there at all on Saturdays—where you may see plainly dressed women any week night buying Scotch smoked salmon at 8s. the lb., hothouse grapes of the most luxurious sort and melons in December. Solicitation and a terrific vigour in the patter are marks of the Jewish market. There are stalls of bread in many varieties, jointed chickens, remnants of silk and fine cloth, gloves and furs. To pause for an instant before any stall is to be caught up in a gale of coaxing proclamation. None is gayer or more good-humoured than the Jewish dealer. He has a joy in his calling which has to be heard to be believed. There is a Jewish auctioneer of bed linen and women's underwear in Middlesex Street who often bursts out into a song from *Pagliacci* or *La Bohème*, as if from sheer high spirits and the need to exercise his voice. Near him "Carl, the one and only Corn King" (not to be confused with a character out of Mrs. Mitchison's novel) has persuaded two middle-aged men to sit on his stall displaying their poor feet—a dreadful sight. And on the other side a small boy with a towel round his neck looks miserable while the dealer makes his teeth froth with something out of a tube. "I do believe there's no more filthier 'abit than not to clean your teeth" he tells us earnestly. But the biggest draw of all is the vendor of vigour. He and his little packets of powdered herbs are surrounded by listening, self-forgetful faces, as he promises to "make a man a man and a woman a woman" and to "restore your sexual vigour." At the same time one of the most sickening sights in London is the Jewish abattoir for fowls in this same market.

Not all the Sunday markets, it should be said, are Jewish. One of the most remarkable in London—the Sunday Rag Market

in Notting Dale—seems to be largely run by non-Jewish traders. This used to be a Saturday night market, but it was so rough that the police wanted to stop it. The populace—buyers and sellers alike—insisted on its continuance, but it was shifted to Sunday morning. What a queer place it is! Within a stone's throw of rich and genteel streets it displays a sight that is well described in Dryden's words, "drained to the dregs of a democracy." The dealers, most of whom seem to have their homes in these little two-storey houses, use their own front door steps and area railing upon which to display their rags. Sometimes the rags are interesting in themselves. Mostly they are children's worn clothes, men's flannels, reconditioned and non-reconditioned boots and shoes, old perambulators and part of bicycles. But I saw there one of the most fascinating pictures of the Last Judgment (American, 1875) I ever expect to see, framed in bird's-eye maple, for 25s, not to mention new classical gramophone records at half the West End prices, and the glimpses one gets of interiors through the open doors, while children come and go and the midday meal is cooking, are well worth a visit in themselves. Incidentally, this is the only market so far in which I have seen "reading books" for sale as compared with books for more utilitarian purposes. It is among the very poor that the discovery has been made of books for fuel. A good stout volume will keep the kitchener or the copper fire going for quite a long time once either has been well started with more expensive fuel.

In strong contrast to this tatterdemalion fair is a regular market for a large working-class district such as the one in Chapel Street, near the Angel, where Charles and Mary Lamb must often have bought their supper, as they lived at one corner of it, where a public-house now stands. (Every market has at least one tavern as well as a cinema, and usually a Woolworth's besides); or like the market near Dalston Junction, which at Christmas is a great sight decorated from end to end with bunches of white and pinkish grapes at threepence a pound, branches of laurel and clusters of coloured balloons; or like the Chrisp Street Market near the East India Docks, where Lascar sailors buy themselves gay squares of silk for neckerchiefs; or like Shepherd's Bush Market, popularly known as "Under the Arches," stretching in

a triple aisle of stalls without road traffic and with many pleasant deviations from the Uxbridge Road to Goldhawk Road, and offering every sort of commodity that money can buy, from a suite of furniture to valuable Oriental antiques. In this place you will see Londoners sitting down to eat (Londoners usually prefer to eat standing) at any time of the year and an approximation to Continental open-air life which is due to the comparative shelter of the situation; for what with the awnings and the protection from wind on either side, this market permits you to walk its length in comfort in all but the heaviest downpour. Others too there are, many others, where the pleasures of town and village life are united, and women with only a few pence to spend can linger in the sunshine or before the braziers, pick up a baby's frock for a penny and stare at the latest wear for a smart bride and her retinue on life-size wax figures.

I have left no space here for the Caledonian Market nor for the ways and the patter of the dealers. A good way to gain some knowledge of both is to take a pitch yourself, as I have sometimes done when I wished to dispose as profitably and entertainingly and usefully as possible of an odd assortment of household stuff. A pitch there, which used to cost sixpence, is now two shillings, and as many are engaged by the month, there is not a great deal of choice for the outsider. However, if you arrive round about ten o'clock on a Tuesday or Friday you should find a place without much difficulty and you will get lots of help from the dealers round you. You will learn much about the strange needs of a mixed public, about those who cater for such needs and about yourself. By three o'clock you will have taken in cash some ten times what you would have got had you summoned a buyer of secondhand goods to your door, and you can dispose of the immediately unsaleable remainder to one of your neighbours who will sort it out and later ask five times what they paid for it. Ten pounds in a morning is quite a modest taking for a regular dealer in the pedlar's market at Islington. Above all, you will have learned the truth in all its bearings of the Scripture saying: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer."

THE AUSTRIAN BACKGROUND

BY JOHN HALLETT

IT is a perilous adventure to embark in the pages of a monthly review on a topic more suited in these days to the stop-press column. Things are still happening, or threatening to happen, in Austria from one hour to the next. In the interval which necessarily elapses between the penning of a *Fortnightly* article and its appearance in print, the whole political face of Austria may have changed and almost every familiar landmark may have disappeared. If I nevertheless venture on the task it is because I want to write here not of politics, which change from day to day, but of the background of politics, which remains constant from one generation, sometimes even from one century, to another; not of Austria as a state but of Austria as a geographical entity; not of the Austrian nation, but of the Austrian people.

It is indeed odd to reflect that one of the oldest component units of European civilisation had never been, until fifteen years ago, a state or a nation. The very word Austria—which means nothing but "western land"—did not acquire until comparatively modern times a precise geographical signification. The first Austria, which appears in the early Middle Ages, had its centre in what is now Lorraine and its capital was at Metz. Four hundred years later Austria, transported several hundred miles to the east, had come to mean the appanage of the Habsburg dynasty, the longest-lived house which ever sat on a European throne. But the title of a Habsburg monarch had, even as late as the Napoleonic epoch, nothing Austrian about it. He was the "Roman Emperor"; and since the epithet "Holy" was felt to be somewhat inadequate as a title, his Empire came to be known, first unofficially, then habitually, as the "German" Reich. It was only in 1806 that the Emperor,

hard pressed by Napoleon, laid down his Roman title, and became, in default of anything better, "Emperor of Austria." But the Austria over which the later Habsburgs ruled, and which they preserved intact (save for the loss of the Italian provinces, balanced by the acquisition of Bosnia and Herzegovina) till 1918, was a composite medley of language, race and religion, which had little relation to Austria as a geographical expression or to Austria as we know it today. In the last census taken before the war, the German Austrians were only some seven millions out of the fifty million population of the Habsburg Empire.

Historically, therefore, the Austria of today is not so much a modern State as a mediæval survival. It is the last decrepit remnant of the Holy Roman Empire. Metternich used to say that Asia began on the Landstrasse in Vienna. Like other epigrams, it has worn thin with age. There is not much in modern Vienna which suggests the stirring, teeming restlessness of the East. Nowadays one would be inclined to say that Vienna is the portal, not of Asia, but of the Middle Ages. Now that Signor Mussolini has made of Rome a modern capital, Vienna has become the first museum of Europe. She belongs to an older world, an older stratum of civilisation to which the modern superheated nationalism was unknown. She is international and European. A E I O U (*Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo*) was the ingenious motto of the Habsburg Empire—ingeniously translated into German as *Alles Erdreich ist Oesterreich Unterthan*. Imbued with the spirit of the Holy Roman Empire, the Habsburg ambitions were never national; they were world-wide (the world meaning, from the standpoint of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, Europe less Russia). The Austrian, bred in this tradition, has always taken either too narrow or too broad a view to be nationally self-conscious. When he ceases to be parochial, he becomes universal. Even little bourgeois Dr. Dollfuss was reported the other day as striking a noble attitude and declaring to the world that "the mission of us Austrians has always been to act as a bond between the nations and bring them together." Poor Dr. Dollfuss—the last inheritor of the splendid unifying tradition of Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne and Barbarossa!

The anti-national tradition in Austria bred by the Holy Roman Empire was kept alive, after the collapse of that Empire, by other forces. Austria, alone of all European countries, was totally exempt from the wave of nationalism which swept over Europe in the wake of the Napoleonic armies; and it was no accident that the anti-national and anti-democratic reaction throughout Europe after the Battle of Waterloo should have found its directing force at Vienna in the person of an Austrian statesman. The reason was obvious enough. If nationalism prevailed, the "Empire of Austria" would split into its component parts. The Hungarians, the Southern Slavs, the Poles, the Ruthenes and the Roumanians would tear their respective pounds of flesh from the living organism of the Empire; and nothing would be left but the helpless and lifeless fragment which has in fact constituted "Austria" since 1919. The loyal subject of the Habsburgs could only regard this new-fangled nationalism as the worst enemy of his country.

Where the Holy Roman Empire had sown, and Metternich had watered, Bismarck reaped. Austria, devoid of other national feeling, had always nourished a faint German patriotism. She was indisputably the senior German state. Had she not been for centuries the centre of a so-called "German Reich"? But it was Austria's fundamental anti-nationalism which gave Bismarck his chance. Austria could not place herself at the head of a movement which defied her whole policy and tradition. She could not lead German nationalism to victory; and the way was open for the next most powerful German state—Prussia. It was a bitter retribution which Austria had to suffer. Unable to take her rightful place at the head of the German nation, she found herself treated as an obstacle (which indeed she was) to German national unity. She was thrust unceremoniously out of the Confederation of German states; and when in 1870 the second German Reich was created, Austria alone—Austria, who had been for so many centuries the embodiment of the old Reich—was excluded. A German Reich without Austria which, at any date before 1870, would have seemed an arrant absurdity, has now subsisted for more than sixty years. The first Holy Roman German Reich was, in all its later forms, the creation of Austria. The second Reich was the work of Prussia.

In the third Reich it is the ambition of Herr Hitler, himself an Austrian, to conciliate and unite both Austria and Prussia.

But it may be asked if Austria was completely lacking in that national spirit which is the cementing force of most states, what kept her united and powerful throughout the nineteenth century and right down to the end of the Great War? The answer is twofold. It was partly the *vis inertiae* in a people of whom an English traveller wrote more than a century ago: "It has been said that it is only by chance that an Austrian ever thinks at all, and it is certainly only by chance that he ever thinks on political matters." But it was partly—and this was the more important factor—loyalty to the House of Habsburg. The prestige of a dynasty which had ruled Austria for more than six hundred years, and the personal prestige of a monarch who had himself reigned for more than sixty, were enormous assets which sufficed to keep the ramshackle Empire together long after any other cohesive force was spent. In the Habsburg Empire, mediæval in this as in so many other respects, loyalty to the monarch took the place of what in other countries was called patriotism. Men did not believe in Austria; but they believed in the Habsburgs, and they believed in Francis Joseph. In his pre-war study of *The Habsburg Monarchy*—by far the best book yet written on the subject in English—Mr. Wickham Steed relates a significant anecdote. The Emperor was once told that a certain man was "a patriot." "But is he," enquired the Emperor, "a patriot for Me?" It was the only kind of patriotism which meant anything in Austria. Today, when the old Empire has been carved up among Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, Roumanians and Italians, none of the Succession States fears that any twinge of Austrian patriotism will revive in the breasts of its subjects. But they are, one and all, terrified of one thing: a Habsburg restoration. If a Habsburg were once more seated on an imperial throne in Vienna, the most outlying parts of the old Empire might begin to feel again some faint stirrings of the old Habsburg allegiance—the allegiance which alone had for so long held them together. It is a touching tribute to the loyalty which those arbitrary but not unlovable despots once inspired.

The personal, as opposed to the national, character of Austrian patriotism was indeed by no means all loss. The agnostic can

be relied on to take up a tolerant and sensible attitude towards a religious war; and the Austrian has always been tolerant and sensible about questions of nationality. He has always had the friendliest dispositions to the multifarious nationalities who comprised the Empire—so long as they were content, as they usually were, to do nothing to menace the stability of that time-honoured institution. They were encouraged to use their own customs and speech. They had their own schools and universities. The inscriptions on Austro-Hungarian bank-notes were printed in ten languages or dialects: German, Magyar, Czech, Polish, Ruthene, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Slovene and Roumanian. It was only when the nationalities quarrelled among themselves, as did the Poles and Ruthenes, or developed political irridentism, as did the Italians, that Vienna sometimes intervened, reluctantly and often ineffectively, with measures of repression.

This easy-going tolerance in national questions was all the more striking in that there was the completest contrast between the attitude of Austria and the attitude of her partner in the Dual Monarchy. Austria, herself innocent of national feeling, was tolerant of it in others. Hungary, herself to a high degree nationally conscious, rigorously suppressed every manifestation of non-Magyar nationalism in her territory. The Slovaks were the one national group in the Empire who never obtained recognition—for they had the misfortune to live exclusively in Hungary; and there were many other anomalies of a similar kind. The little Roumanian colony in the Austrian Bukowina enjoyed many privileges denied to the mass of Roumanians in Hungarian Transylvania. The fruits of these contrasted attitudes are still apparent. Today Hungary, weak and isolated, is detested by all the surrounding nations whose nationalism she once repressed. Austria, weaker still than Hungary, enjoys the toleration which she once accorded, and presents the singular phenomenon, almost unique in Europe, of a country whom none of her neighbours can find it in their hearts to hate. Blessed—in this respect, at any rate—are they who have never developed national feeling.

But the other side of the picture must, of course, not be ignored, and it is, in the present critical situation of Austria,

highly important. In these troubled days, a state possessing no national self-assertiveness, and having powerful neighbours who are certainly not deficient in that quality, is what an insurance broker would call a "bad life." It has frequently been alleged that the Austria created in 1919 is not economically self-sufficient and cannot for that reason survive as an independent entity. This may be true, though it has yet to be proved that Austria is economically worse off than some of the other Succession States of the old Empire. But it is not the whole truth. There are cases, familiar to every doctor, where a patient dies not of the severity of the disease from which he is suffering, but of a sheer lack of the will to live. Austria lacks the will to live. She is fundamentally indifferent whether she remains independent or not; and if she is to be wooed or driven into the embraces of one of her greater neighbours, she has no more than a polite preference for one suitor rather than another. The choice is a matter of comfort and of habit rather than of conviction. It was Sydney Smith who said that for many people "God Save the King" really meant "God Save My Income"; and this is the attitude of the average Austrian today about Austria. "Live and let live" is a very human motto; and the whole-hearted adoption of it has endeared the Austrian to successive generations of his fellowmen. But a collection of people who are content with this motto will never make a nation.

It is this anti-national quality of the Austrian temperament and of Austrian institutions which has made Austria the focus of the two most powerful international forces in modern Europe—the Catholic Church and the Jew. The Catholic Church has indeed accommodated itself with its usual tact and forbearance to the phenomena of nationalism. But national antagonisms are, from the standpoint of the Church, necessarily inconvenient and antipathetic; and there are moments when conflict may arise between the claims of patriotism and the claims of the Church. It has indeed been seen in an acute form lately in the dispute over the German Catholic Youth. It is not surprising that in anti-national Austria the influence of the Church has been greater in modern times than in any other state, and that Austria remained throughout the past century the eldest daughter of the Church. The same consideration has made Vienna, ever since

the beginning of the nineteenth century, a particularly happy hunting-ground for the Jew. Industry to a large extent, commerce and finance almost entirely, had passed before the war into the controlling hands of Jews; and it was estimated that ninety per cent of the press was written or managed by Jews. It was in the streets of Vienna, as he himself confesses in *Mein Kampf*, that Herr Hitler first conceived his anti-Semitic prejudices; and many of the statements made in Germany during the past year about the dominant position of the Jews have been far less true of Germany than of Austria. It is significant that these two anti-national powers—Jewry and the Catholic Church—are probably the only two important factors now working *inside* Austria to prevent the incorporation of Austria in Nazi Germany.

What other elements—still confining ourselves to native forces, not to those which derive their motive power from beyond the Austrian frontier—are active in Austria today? Perhaps only one. The absence of national patriotism does not preclude, indeed it has probably fostered, the local patriotism which is strong in certain Austrian provinces. It is notably strong in the Tirol. The Tirolese peasant has his own dress, his own customs, his own history and his own national hero, Andreas Hofer. Unless he is in the habit of dealing with foreigners, he will never think of calling himself an Austrian. He is, first and foremost, a Tirolese, then, more vaguely and distantly, a German. What affected him in 1919, and what he still resents, is not the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire (which meant nothing to him), and not the disappearance of the Habsburgs (for whom he may have had a dim reverence), but the surrender to Italy of a part of his own country—the Tirol south of the Brenner. He is not interested in Austrian independence. He does not care what happens to Austria as a whole. He cares only, and cares passionately, that the Tirol should be reunited; and he will tend to follow anyone who can promise him this result. Further east, the Carinthian, like the Tirolese, has his own local patriotism. Here there is a large admixture of Slavs in the population. In the Klagenfurt area, where there was a plebiscite in 1920, nearly forty per cent of the votes were cast for union with Yugoslavia. Perhaps it is this alien element in his neighbourhood and in his

midst which makes the Carinthian so sturdy in his patriotism. He is a good Carinthian, and is said to be a good German too. But even he does not care for Austria. Many foreigners care for Austria. Some even care for her political independence. But that is all. Politically speaking, Austria does not care for herself.

Such is the human background—a background of age-long history and tradition—of the contemporary Austrian problem. Austria is, in the opinion of many travellers, the most beautiful and most appealing of all European countries. She is the country of a sturdy peasantry, of narrow valleys and of impregnable mountains. She possesses perhaps more ancient castles than any other country of her size, and has seen proportionately more fighting in her territory—and she has the least will of any to defend herself, the least will to be a nation. To describe her political status one can only take refuge in an incongruous choice of metaphors. Shall we compare Austria to a derelict waiting to be taken in tow? or to a vacuum which nature is said to abhor? or to a mark of interrogation? or to an ancient scroll, on which history will ere long—perhaps before these words appear in print—inscribe a few more lines of her mocking, bloodstained screed?

THIS GIANT AIR MONOPOLY

BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

FOR three hundred years the English people have fought to establish, and have prided themselves on having established, freedom of speech and the press. In a little more than ten years they have, in principle, thrown that freedom away. In the case of the most important of all media for disseminating news and opinion, broadcasting, they merely retain the right to say such things as a censor, appointed by a government monopoly, approves beforehand, as expressing pleasant and unobjectionable sentiments.

The case for the freedom of the press is not as simple and obvious as some people imagine. I write this article in Rome, in a country which has only a government-controlled press—in which the editors and correspondents of the old independent press have either subsided into the ranks of writers of literature or have become the correspondents of foreign journals. The same condition obtains in a yet greater country to the north. The soldiers who serve under the sign of the swastika search one's luggage for offending copies of the *Manchester Guardian* or (until its recent unhappy demise) of the *Week-end Review*. South of the Alps they look under the railway seats. There is, however, no reason to suppose that those who turn the pages of the great German and Italian journals for news on entertainment, sport or even the theatre suffer any inconvenience by this paternal control.

It cannot be said that the truth about the news is, by contrast, always to be sought in the venal press that may be found in France. Despite the slogan of the *New York Times* that it publishes "all the news that's fit to print", most people do not want "all the news", but are quite content to have the work of selection performed for them by the news-editor. They are not even restive if the work of interpretation is performed for them

by the editor-in-chief, with the encouragement of the proprietor and controlling interests. It is not undesirable—on the contrary, it is an excellent thing—that commercial interests, which exploit a scabrous public taste for divorce news, should be placed under check. Experience shows that private agreement to observe standards of public decency is inadequate against the temptation of cash returns, and that the law must intervene. A like legal restraint may well have to be extended to the reporting of criminal news; to the exploitation of the private griefs of individuals; to their persecution by personal-item reporters in their daily lives; to the refusal of fair reporting to statements of government policy.

In several countries a second great means of communication, the telephone, is subject to the supervision of the government listener-in. One may allow oneself the delights of making comments upon the personal characteristics of this official in the course of one's conversation—but it is wise not to do this if one happens to be a native of the country and the official knows one's telephone number. In Germany an innocent attempt, I recall, to verify the wording of one of General Göring's remarks, drew forth from an eminent American correspondent the comment and rebuke, "One does not usually telephone that kind of thing here". Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether the mass of users of the telephone, who do not desire to talk about political subtleties, and who are guiltless of what in Japan are called "dangerous thoughts", experience the least inconvenience from this government censorship.

The case for free speech and for a free press is not one of general convenience. It is said that the censorship of books stopped in England because the rats ate the volumes, in the government warehouses, that were waiting for the censor. Valuable private property in paper was being destroyed. But the same argument of convenience is in favour of government control in the air over broadcasting.

No intelligent censorship interferes with the average citizen, but with the man who is eccentric to the common manner—who insists on saying the unusual and inconvenient thing, or with interests that insist upon exploiting undesirable elements in the average man. The second reason is important. It is one that

a romantic liberalism persistently overlooked—partly, because it held to the optimistic dogma of the Original Virtue of the human race.

The case against freedom of speech, in conversation, over the telephone, in the press and over the ether, is largely moral, in the full sense of that term. So many topics of discussion are affected by the public interest. Others, for which freedom of discussion is demanded, may be contrary, not only to public order but to true religion and sound morals—or may, in the words of Lord Cockburn's judgment, damage the morals of those most liable to be effected.

Liberty is, after all, something positive—not something negative. It is, in Goethe's phrase, freedom to do the right. This position has been defined authoritatively by Leo XIII in *Immortale Dei*: "That liberty is truly genuine which, in regard to the individual, does not allow men to be the slaves of error or of passion, the worst of all masters". The same view has been expressed, stated from an angle slightly different, by Nikolai Lenin. In his sympathetic biography of Lenin, Marcu writes: "Nothing in thought or aspiration seemed to Lenin more incomprehensible than tolerance. For him it was indistinguishable from lack of guiding principle". The only difficulty with this conception of liberty is that either it is only applicable to those who share our opinions and seek freedom in the same way of faith—or it means coercion by the fanatic who claims his right to experiment with the life of the other man, "for his greater liberty".

A moral censorship undoubtedly will frequently find itself placed in difficulties that have an absurd side to them. The New York Customs authorities were much ridiculed a year or two ago for refusing admission to an edition of Voltaire's *Candide*, as being an obscene publication. Some of the works of the great protégé of Frederick of Prussia are now under ban in Germany. The American authorities at Boston also held as obscene photographic reproductions of nude figures, even when it was pointed out that the originals, by Michael Angelo, adorned the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel of the Popes. These were the errors of

minor officials, later corrected at Washington. An absurdity of a different kind, due to formal objections, arose when the Lord Chamberlain, in England, prohibited the showing of a play, *Green Pastures*, under a rule against blasphemy, which play had been commended to the faithful by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

Amid these superficial paradoxes the final issue yet appears clearly enough. Is a government responsible for the moral education and condition of the people? And ought a government, therefore, to keep its hand upon the instruments for the dissemination of opinion and propaganda? Is the test of its activity that it can satisfy, in its control of news and education, the majority—or, at least, the majority of those who can make their opinion heard? Or is it the true test of success that, even at the cost of some disapproval and inconvenience, it permits eminent representatives of minority opinion to be heard?

We are moving at the present time into an epoch when political views are assuming the shape of religions and the intensity of faiths. The new attitude of these revolutionary political religions to one another is that which characterized the attitude to one another of the great religious confessions in the past. The warfare of opinions and of cultures is the heart of the contest. In the words of Mr. Justice Scrutton, "war cannot be carried on according to the principles of Magna Carta". And in the domestic war, of words as well as of deeds, of the new epoch it is difficult to see how any single body can allocate opportunity for expressing opinion between contesting parties in a fashion that will satisfy any of them. Nor is it probable that a government monopoly will choose, in the light of its own opinion about its own moral responsibility, to make any such impartial allocation. Granted the conception of the Party as a religion, a new Islam, and of the Party religion as the only true one, any government monopoly disseminating opinions must become a government monopoly inculcating an opinion. We have to choose now whether we desire, by our free act, to encourage such a monopoly. The issue arises when the new British Broadcasting Company charter is granted.

Of all the means of disseminating news and opinion today, the radio is the most important. In the event of war or general

strike, when the press may be curtailed or may cease publication, broadcasting continues.

Freedom "on the air" presents peculiar difficulties of its own, with which the principle of the freedom of the press is not confronted. A broadcasting station that can cover an area of space to which no newspaper, even of the widest circulation, can aspire, is yet subject to the strictest limits in area of time. There are no limits to the number of newspapers that may appear simultaneously and express their different views. There are, superficially, strict limits to the number of broadcasters who can speak on the air simultaneously.

This difficulty has not presented itself to many continental nations as a very serious one. Their attachment even to the older (although less important) principle of freedom of the press has never been very profound. As touching broadcasting, it has been regarded as, primarily, a technical adjunct of the military forces—a scientific invention perfected in time of war—and, secondarily, as a means of popular entertainment in casinos and the like.

In America, the situation has been different. The notorious American distrust of government (temporarily under hypnosis), coupled, it should be added, with American commercial individualism, has issued in a system of so-called "free broadcasting". Actually, this has resulted in the establishment of two major systems, the Columbia and the National; in a common controlling body representing the technical interests, the Broadcasting Corporation of America; in a Federal Radio Commission for licensing and co-ordinating wavelengths; but, also, in the co-existence, with the mammoth bodies, of numerous small stations. The local pastor can expect to broadcast his sermons from his own local station over the surrounding hundred miles. That may have its drawbacks—but nobody is under compulsion to listen to him. It is rather true, in the United States, that there is not enough good radio *personnel* for the stations, than not enough stations for those with a good programme to offer.

It used to be the boast of Victorian capitalism that free commercial enterprise was entirely indispensable where new industries had to be developed and new fields of technical invention explored. The British Broadcasting Company has apparently

demonstrated, at least for the present, the superiority of state or monopoly socialism in this point, by taking one of the most modern of all industries and putting on a better musical programme than the American commercial companies. British upper class taste has, moreover, protested against the vulgarity of supporting programmes by commercial advertising, since it is, perhaps, not so easy to overlook the name of a toothpaste or hosiery firm announced as patrons of an entertainment as to overlook an advertisement for cigarettes or whisky in a literary review. Also English commercial concerns, after the War, probably neither were in the mood nor possessed the imagination for philanthropic adventures in advertising.

As a result, a system of licences was established in Britain. The large profits from these not-inconsiderable sums are not turned back into improving the service (or in order to lower charges) but accrue to His Majesty's Treasury. One incidental result of this state-chartered monopoly is the suppression of the small experimenter in this new field by government agents employed by His Majesty's Post Office. It is interesting to note that the small experimenter was largely responsible for the rapid development of the radio industry and for the stultification of the moderate estimates of public demand made by official committees, presided over by distinguished soldiers and noblemen.

Freedom on the air can be further objected to because the broadcaster possesses, it may be said, peculiar authority. His interpretation of events at a critical moment may sway the entire attitude of a nation. It is not, however, clear why he should possess more authority than a skilful editor *except* under conditions of monopoly broadcasting where he alone is permitted to occupy the air with his views. The superstition, if it exists, that the broadcaster on foreign events is peculiarly inspired and in possession of inner knowledge, not shared by the ordinary editor—a superstition to which little encouragement is usually given by these broadcasters themselves—would be quickly dissipated if there were competition in the air.

There is another difficulty. With free broadcasting, uncensored by the decorous taste of the high officials of Langham Place, it is possible that people who would never have dreamed

of admitting *The Morning Post* or *The Daily Worker* within the precincts of their houses, may, by accident, find themselves listening-in to views representative of these journals. It is, of course, terrible to reflect that the ether is, at every moment, alive with sounds as much profane as sacred; that the Pope in the Vatican is liable to have his ears assailed with jazz from Paris; that, even if His Holiness does not listen in, these sounds are yet there; that the worker in the Kremlin, of German extraction, may pick up some speech of General Göring's. These things will scarcely bear thinking about. The commonplace man has yet his commonplace remedy—to "switch off" from the offending station, if there is more than one. He may not be able to make his children "switch off"—but that raises other issues.

The major objections to free broadcasting are entirely technical. The case of America shows that they are not final. In the smaller European countries the difficulty is greater but does not preclude small range broadcasting from private stations. Further experiments in the field of short wavelengths may widen the available range of wavelengths for allocation.

It is not yet possible to compare adequately the results of an experimental system that is advancing by method of trial and error, with the results of a system recognized by state fiat; with the resources of the state behind it from the beginning, and able to raise funds by a compulsory system of licensing. It can only be said that the Columbia and National systems of America, and even some of the smaller stations, do not compare unfavourably when tested by the undoubtedly high standards of the B.B.C.

It is odd that in fields, such as finance, where an effective monopoly gives real power over the common lives and daily behaviour of men by its bearing on domestic prices and on national economic policy, many Englishmen are prepared to defend the importance of freedom from social control. In the fields of the dissemination of opinion where, if anywhere, freedom and discussion should be held sacred, a monopoly has been embraced almost without murmur. Even, however, if the very dangerous principles of a national monopoly of broadcasting and the indirect state censorship of news and opinion be accepted,

there is a strong case, within this system, for diversity. There is no reason why the conception of the British Broadcasting Company, under its new charter, should not be federal, and why very different policies as to programme should not be followed by the various stations. Daventry or the northern stations might broadcast a type of programme that London Regional would not consider.

People who wished to express sulphurous views on India or on unemployment might be sure of the hospitality of one station—which people would listen in to at their risk—if they could get a patron or advertiser to sponsor them and defray expenses. The public might welcome one controversial station, when it had little stomach for controversy occupying much time on the National programme. Nor is it desirable that those stations, or this federative system, should be responsible in any fashion, save a purely negative one for the restraint of abuses, to any government department. Such a pitiful incident as that of the apology of the head of the B.B.C. to the Polish Government for various statements of fact ought not to be susceptible of repetition. A broadcasting director ought to be precisely as free, within the limits of the law, as a newspaper editor. His sacred responsibility to the facts alone, which every journalist recognizes as part of his professional ethic, should be acknowledged by him as much as by any editor. Broadcasting is admittedly affected by the interests of national defence more than the press. This argument, however, is one that must be watched carefully lest irrelevant and dangerous conclusions be drawn from it. At present broadcasting in Britain is substantially a piece of misapplied State Socialism, rendered unassailable by a disguise of independence. It is the typical fruit of that hustled, executive-minded, ill-considered period that immediately followed the War. The exponents of hustled governmentalism had a happy hunting ground in a new technical field such as broadcasting.

The alternative to the system of the free, or the federated, station here advocated is a system that is in perpetual peril of lapsing, as in Germany, Russia, and Italy, into one of government propaganda. As the cult of the political religion grows—as it seems likely to do—the probability of hearing upon the air any opinion displeasing to the ruling religion will diminish. An

entire new field of controlling and shaping opinion will have been captured by our new makers of Inquisitions and Indexes. It is necessary, while there is time, to erect in Britain another bulwark against the standardization of ideas; not to let the battle for the Freedom of the Press and of Opinion go by default; and, precisely by the character of the new B.B.C. charter, to throw down a challenge. A challenge is needed to the whole tendency to substitute dictatorship, with its neat technical claims to give good government for democracy the cost of freedom and self-government.

UNMUSICAL AUDIENCES

BY BASIL MAINE

BEFORE the present concert season began, the B.B.C. entertained a number of music critics to lunch, and through the mouth of its Music Director, Dr. Adrian Boult, outlined its immediate plans in the sphere of music. It was a friendly gathering. Although the critics were invited to ask questions, no one appeared willing to respond. The silence, perhaps, indicated that there was no desire to mar the pleasant occasion by introducing controversy. Perhaps, too, it implied a tribute to Dr. Boult's genial personality. At the B.B.C. he has filled an exceedingly difficult position with admirable tact, as well as great ability. There is hardly another musician in the country who could sail the B.B.C.'s ship through every kind of weather as he does, and then persuade us that we have had a delightfully smooth passage.

That silence, assuredly, did not mean that there were no questions to ask. We need not beg the privilege of examining the B.B.C.'s post-bag (that strange enigma) in order to learn that the air is full of questionings and doubts. Many musicians, for example, are not at all prepared to agree with the B.B.C.'s attitude towards their art. Instead of encouraging true musicianship, it is, they believe, encouraging affectation and snobbery. This is one of the reasons why so dreary an atmosphere frequently pervades our concert-halls. A large proportion of present-day audiences consists of those who regard a concert either as a kind of penance, and therefore a reason for self-righteousness, or as a gateway to a strange, remote culture. These are they who enter in after much deliberation. In no sense of the word does a concert entertain them. It takes two to provide an entertainment: there must be the faculty to entertain and the faculty to be entertainable. A true musician, having the ways and means of entering into the music and its performance, having the

knowledge whereby to form judgment, can be as richly entertained by a concert as a jazz-fiend is by a dance-band. Cricket does not entertain the average American; *Punch* does not entertain the man who lacks *Punch*-like humour; racing greyhounds (let us devoutly hope) do not entertain the clergy. Likewise, unmusical people cannot be genuinely entertained by music. Yet we find that, whereas most types have the sense and honesty to avoid that which cannot possibly interest them, the unmusical type is forming the habit of attending concerts.

The influence of broadcasting in this country has undoubtedly contributed to this strange phenomenon, and sometimes in ways which in themselves are altogether commendable. Regard the recent improvements in orchestral playing in London, for example. There was a time, not so long ago, when we contentedly took the view that orchestral playing was a jolly game of sight-reading undertaken by a number of old hands who sometimes put in an appearance on the night and sometimes sent deputies to enable themselves to go and take part in another little game in another parish hall. Then something happened. Orchestras from Berlin, Vienna and New York visited us. We were put to shame. We realized that an orchestral concert was not a game, but a serious matter. Led by the British Broadcasting Corporation we began to mend our ways. The amateur spirit of the old kind of concert was superseded by the intensive culture of the new. Yet there still are those who regret the change, those who would choose to be present even at an amateur music-making rather than sit in a present-day audience, consisting for the most part of hawk-eyed analysts of music which has first been masticated for them by innumerable Masters of Appreciation and then is played by an orchestral machine.

These reactionaries are certainly a minority, perhaps a small one; and the instinct of the majority is to accuse them of exclusiveness snobbery and high-brow selfishness. Rarely do they answer the charge, for they are an inarticulate group. On the few occasions when their voice is heard, we find that their fundamental belief is that music (and, of course, each of the arts) is essentially an aristocratic culture, and the present movement towards its democratization, however worthy in intention, is lamentably misguided. They are willing to admit that the

knowledge which is now so generously offered to the public at large, through the medium of broadcasting and the gramophone, has helped a few who were potentially musical to find themselves and their salvation. But, they think, far more people, having no shadow of an instinct for music, have been persuaded to make a show of being musical as a result of mechanized music, talks, appreciation classes and lectures; and it is precisely this section of the public which brings a cold dreariness into the concert-hall, converting it into a laboratory or a class-room at a night-school, and making the atmosphere reek of ill-digested programme-notes. They frustrate the high entertainment which music alone can give.

The root of this complaining is the conviction that the magic of great music and of great performance commands less and less reverence. Symphony concerts are so numerous that the round of them is becoming more and more trivial; and in any case the programmes (in this country) are too long. And if concerts are becoming common and trivial to audiences, how much more so to players who by contract are required to prepare two or more lengthy and arduous programmes each week! What is the purpose of this frantic routine of music-making which is already in danger of reducing the orchestra's efficiency and making it as stale as its audience? (The writer recalls his experience in the United States two years ago, when all the concerts he attended were strictly limited to seventy-five minutes of music, with an interval of ten or fifteen minutes. He found then that programmes were repeated on successive nights, as is the practice at our own Courtauld-Sargent concerts, and that conditions were healthiest where there was a genuine concern for the cultivated section of the public, and were least satisfactory where music was smarting under a dictatorship.)

It is true that the public has never before had such opportunities of hearing the music of the masters, all Mozart, all Beethoven (*with* the Choral Finale), all Wagner, all Brahms, all Bach (*and* the Cantatas, all of them), all Haydn (the spurious symphonies not excepted), all the best, or latest, contemporary music. We have to decide, however, whether or not this represents true progress, whether, in gaining the whole material world of music, we have retained or lost its soul. For the concert,

after all, is of comparatively recent origin. Sixteenth century musicians would have been horrified, or perhaps amused, at the idea of sitting solemnly in a concert-hall. Music then, whether for viols or voices, was always apt for performance in the home. The sweet savour of it would have been lost, had it been brought before a large unpartaking audience and swollen to concert dimensions. There are few nowadays who can take pleasure in one of the early English fantasies, but that is a reflection upon twentieth century conditions of performance rather than upon the music of those delicate, temperate works. With the enlargement of the means of performance the field of interpretation became ever wider, until we come to our own time when a famous conductor's reading of Brahms's Fourth Symphony is regarded as being of far greater importance than the symphony itself.

The sanctification of the conductor is a sign of the age. The conductor is encouraged to dictate to the composer, whether alive or dead, as to the "meaning" of his music. We cannot wonder that arrogance, or, what is worse, affected reverence, is the feature of contemporary performances. When a high-minded conductor like Dr. Weingartner appears in this country, his corrective influence is welcome. His reticence shows up the methods of other conductors. He conducts the "*Symphonie fantastique*" and gives us the essence of Berlioz without providing in his deportment any clue to the fever and frenzy of the interpretation. Sir Thomas Beecham, on the other hand, conducting a Mozart Symphony, suggests by his antics that the work is a peak in the Romantic range. Why is it necessary, then, for a conductor of Beecham's musical qualities, to enact visibly every phrase of the *Jupiter*? The answer is this: to win the approval, or at least to gain the attention, of unmusical audiences. The historian who cannot perform the trick which is called "making history live" is accounted a dull fellow. So with the interpreter of music. Especially with the conductor, who has at his disposal all manner of ways of performing the trick. After one of Beecham's recent performances of a Mozart symphony, one critic observed—and it was clearly the general opinion: "He made the music live, and that seemed to us the first consideration." With all due respect, the first of all critical considerations should be: is this symphony—very much alive and

kicking, we admit—is it the music that Mozart conceived? If the pace (of the last movement, for example) must be enlivened to an exaggerated degree lest a Queen's Hall audience of 1934 should consider the symphony fit only for the museum, it were surely better to resort to the familiar description, Mozart-Beecham. Mozartiana, perhaps, would be an even better title.

In the writer's opinion, it is the radio-educated public which is mainly responsible for this self-vaunting of musical interpreters, this highly-coloured expressiveness in performance. Through the silver microphone, that public from birth has been fed upon the heresy that all men are (or can be made) musical. So false a belief can only persist by representing music as painting, or story-telling or a conductor's histrionics; by pretending, in fact, that it is not music at all.

The preference given by the B.B.C. to talkers and writers who can glibly make pictures out of music, reveals a desire to flatter the great numbers who seek the distinction of being thought musical. How numerous are such people is reflected in the pre-eminence of the conductor in our time. In the concert hall these people follow the conductor's movements in the pathetic belief that they are actually following the music's movement. In the opera house they protest with the fervour of an ascetic that they follow music with a single mind only because they know that there they can luxuriate in a thousand distractions and diversions. And when from time to time it is announced that Covent Garden has risen once again from its death-bed, the Press eagerly hands on the information as if it were proof positive that England is inhabited by forty millions of musical people. As if opera represented the apex of the art of music! As if the Covent Garden Syndicate made it a rule to produce at least three contemporary operas each season! And as if this adornment which London Society puts on for two months, as a beautiful woman puts on a pair of ear-rings to match a particular dress—as if this had any connection at all with the musical propensities of this country as a whole!

We must not overlook the argument that by far the larger part of the B.B.C.'s audience for its symphony concerts is outside the concert-hall and therefore undistracted by the antics of conducting. Nor must we minimize the privilege of those

attending the concerts, in having in Dr. Adrian Boult a conductor, not only of versatility, but also of integrity. Indeed, Boult's ideals are comparable to those of Weingärtner. But even these advantages are constantly endangered so far as outside listeners are concerned, by the non-musical system of control by which concerts are broadcast. That such a system is tolerated is in itself a proof of the B.B.C.'s fundamentally erroneous attitude towards the art of music.

It is impossible, of course, to return to the cool, unhurried conditions of the Fantasy days. But added wealth involves added responsibility, and the public is encouraged to be more and more irresponsible. Either it regards music as a means of exercising the star-worshipping mentality or it looks on music as a dead body to be stretched and carefully examined upon the dissecting table. The music public, as it is at present educated, is either driven along the road of shallow hero-worship, or along the road of cold-blooded arrogance. Until the B.B.C. can teach at least a section of its public to follow music purely and simply for musical experience, the material resources of music and music-making cannot redound to the glory of the art.

TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN NOVEL

VIII.—SCANDINAVIA

BY ERIK MESTERTON

AMONG the few recent periods that can be regarded with any confidence as having importance in creative literature is surely the 'nineteen-twenties. In the Scandinavian novel a number of interrelated tendencies come to clearer expression in these years; but running through them all has been some attitude towards the temptation to escape from the problems of an industrial civilization. The means of evasion was offered in the convention of Regionalist literature, which has bulked so large in modern Scandinavian fiction. What the more living writers have tended to react against is decadent Regionalism, implying devotion to the *idyllic*; the cultivation of those secluded moods and interests which give relief from the less welcome aspects of life; as well as the exploitation of the picturesque. The idyllic peasant novel may have a slender justification as a store of anthropological facts; as a picture of life it is false, since it presents as peacefully existing an order of things which in reality is already destroyed or disintegrating. The fact of this disintegration is evident in Sigrid Undset's work, although she fails to come to grips with the process. She alternates between two planes: her early studies in urban realism, to which she has lately returned, and her mediæval novels—two planes which are unrelated except in their common insistence on traditional values in individual and family life. The spirit of the Swedish 'nineties in its reliance on a great national past and its themes of heroic effort and sacrifice finds its belated Norwegian counterpart in her mediæval family sagas. She, however, in contrast to the 'nineties stands firm on her Catholic feet: she has the pride of the past and the sense of the historical picturesque, but not of historical process and decline. A Danish example

of the historical novel is J. V. Jensen's *The Fall of the King*, treating a period from the great past of Danish hegemony. But Jensen focuses upon the idea of a fatal crisis of national history, whereas Sigrid Undset sees only the stability of a past order. The theme of decline is the undoing of a free peasantry by autocratic government.

A recurrent theme of the peasant novel is that of the prodigal son: the man who leaves his birthplace in the country and returns again after sojourning in the industrial wilderness. This study of the *déraciné*, homesick for his land of childhood, even if not explicitly avowed, is the underlying motive of regionalist fiction. In Sweden, with its more advanced industrialization, it is more interestingly revealed in the later vogue of provincial town novels than in the devitalized rustic tradition. Two themes may be distinguished: the contrast between the emigrant's idea of industrial America and the idyllic Stockholm of pre-war days, and the opposition between urban mechanization and the idealized small town. Superficially realistic, the tone betrays the falsity of attitude; the provincial idyll is of the past, and these writers can afford to be charmed because they are safely out of it. In France, for instance, the old order is still very much alive, and the atmosphere of tension, conflict and acute dissatisfaction infects the French novel of family life (*vide* Mauriac). The title of one of these Swedish novels, *Home from Babylon*, with its obvious reference to the prodigal's return, testifies to the pervasive mood of nostalgia.

In Norway, too, the peasant novel is a major form, and has shown greater possibilities, especially in its psychological insight. An interesting development has been the school of dialect writers; one of its most prominent exponents being O. Duun, who, in a many-volumed saga, uses the common material of "change in the village"—the struggle between tradition and the encroachment of urban mentality. In opposition to the usual family chronicle of decline and degeneration, his theme is progress. This, however, he can only achieve by concentrating on the dramatic values of one character who sums up in himself the qualities and aspirations of generations.

The pursuit of the idyllic—in the sense of a dream world of placid contentment—is a tendency worth mentioning, not

only because it has exercised a considerable *influence par réaction*, in André Gide's phrase, but as evidence of a state of mind from which it vainly attempts to divert attention. Ultimately, it is an indirect expression of a complex attitude which is the essence of post-war mentality, and which has its direct and complementary expression in the experience of desolation. In Sweden and Denmark, the open expression of desolation is the mark of the generation for which the great war came as the crucial experience of maturity. The incarnation of "post-war" sensibility is the Swede Pär Lagerkvist. The initiator of Expressionism in poetry and the drama, he was also the first to rebel against the traditional novel. With *The Eternal Smile* he evolves a new form related to, though not derived from, the "subjective" or "poetic" method which appears elsewhere in the European novel: a rhapsodic narrative, built up with short episodes, sometimes superficially unrelated in mood, round a number of dominating themes: among others the isolation of individual experience; and the protest against a meaningless existence together with the recognition of the value of the mystery. *The Guest of Reality* comes nearer to the straightforward story, but the characters, instead of being three-dimensional, are rather units of feeling, symbols of significant experience. Confusion and disorder, which in his early work were projected on to the external world of post-war chaos, are now realized as being subjective, a state of soul. But the essential experience of adolescence is for Lagerkvist that of *violence*. This theme comes to its fullest expression in his latest work, *The Hangman*. The method employed here shows affinities with the mythical method of Joyce and Eliot in the juxtaposition of past and present, linked by the symbolical figure of the hangman who is both the expression and the victim of the eternal human lust for violence. As in *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*, the nostalgic intention of historical contrast has been transcended in Lagerkvist's identification of mediæval and contemporary reality. The old order of stable relations has now lost all value as a refuge of security: it is presented for the sole purpose of enforcing the identity of *l'immortel péché* in the permanent make-up of the human being.

In the Danish Expressionist movement the double theme of the idyllic and the desolate is also pervasive. The shock of

realizing one's desolation lies behind the attitude taken up here towards the bankruptcy of bourgeois ideals: that of the bohemian *enfant terrible* whose revolutionary zeal is satisfied by exasperating the philistine with modernistic pranks and calling the universal bluff by exercises in sardonic satire. Escape to the idyllic is found in romantic travelling to the far away, presented in a hot-house vocabulary whose exotic colouring has proved extremely fugitive. All that remains of the period is Kristensen's *The Arabesque of Life*, an exhaustive stocktaking of social corruption which is saved from futility by a genuine note of desperation.

A tendency not yet prominent in England is marked by the proletarian novel, which in Scandinavia has an importance probably unequalled anywhere outside Russia. As a critical term proletarian literature in the accepted sense has a wide connotation. First referring to writers of proletarian origin who in their work more or less relied on their experience of proletarian life, it has also been made to cover the social document novel when applied to the conditions of the working classes, as well as the propagandist novel of class war—three occasionally overlapping but distinct types.

In Sweden, the most influential proletarian novelists are Martin Koch and Dan Andersson. The first named gave the prototype of the novel of social (and socialist) indignation, deriving from, but far surpassing, his American models of the "muck-raking" school. His subject is the Stockholm underworld, his intention is to lay bare the functioning of the lower organs of metropolitan civilization. The *milieu* of the other master, Dan Andersson, is that of the rural proletariat, and this accounts for his susceptibility to the romantic free-life-of-nature element in Hamsun, his nomadic love of the wilds and backwoods of the North; a preference for the primitive, which implies the rejection of the settled community of the old order as much as of urban civilization. For him there is no idyll, either past, present or future; what replaces it is an agony of desire for a complete change, a miracle that can hardly be conceived except in terms of a New Dispensation.

The novel of class war found its finest expression in Denmark with Nexø's saga of modern Labour. The book is too well known

to justify discussion here: it is enough to point out an obvious comparison. *Pelle the Conqueror* is the antithesis of Andersson's homeless proletarian Individual, so deep is Pelle's sense of an historical mission. Equally striking is the contrast to Duun. Nexø is able to develop his history of a human progress without suppressing any essential aspect of the process of contemporary reality: for him the progress of the individual is indistinguishable from that of the social movement with which his hero's destiny merges.

Only one other Scandinavian has treated a fundamental movement in the modern world as a theme of progress, the Swede, L. Nordström. He has gradually evolved from the pre-capitalistic to a post-capitalistic idyll, that of an imagined World Town in which the whole planet is integrated as an urban unit. In his aggressive acceptance of mechanization and its implications he had a predecessor in Jensen who first came out as the prophet of the machine age. These writers, though both affected by the post-war awakening of the national spirit, have reacted very differently as an inevitable result of differences in their social background. The progressive theme of Nordström's saga of the expansion of Sweden into the growing world town has the support of a real industrial future, whereas Jensen, in responding to the revived sense of national values, is thrown back on the regressive theme of the Danish countryside as a secluded idyll. Nordström is further significant because he illustrates the difficulties of the contemporary writer in attempting to fuse his sensibility as an artist with his concern for ideas. His concrete experience and his sociological theory exist side by side, unrelated except in the form of abstraction. In Nexø we find a fusion between the two: we can trace the growth of both interests—in theory and in emotional life—since he has a living personal relation to the movement embodying the idea, whereas in Nordström the relation is the purely impersonal one of the spectator.

Nordström stands isolated in a generation which established the novel of realistic narrative in Sweden, devoted to the reporting of topicalities and excited by the latest ideas. For this type of novel even at its best, when presenting accurate knowledge of a social background, international importance can hardly be claimed. Its pre-war originators have now the position of the grandfather

generation to *les jeunes*, and it is interesting to observe a certain similarity between them on points which differentiate them both from the post-war generation. Both have the desire to achieve an "acceptance of life". Eyvind Johnson's *Farewell to Hamlet* makes the representative gesture of "liquidating" the mal-adjusted post-war hero, the young man of literary ambition with shattered nerves and a distaste for regular hours. Where the older generation was preoccupied with the problems of will and energy, the young find no adequate satisfaction in the idea of individual striving, and offer instead the ideal of open receptivity and an almost religious insistence on the value of the impulsive human being. Instead of the would-be energetic grandfather and the sincerely desperate father, we have the son dreaming of a new superman, not intellectual and sophisticated, but the "young god" of primitive instinct. This primitivist school, an offshoot of the proletarian movement, has for its central doctrine the recognition of sexual love, not as possessive, but as a state of spiritual plenitude and a condition of any real contact with life. Of the group Eyvind Johnson is the most interesting figure, endowed as he is with a brilliant destructive gift unequalled since Strindberg. In his work the need for positive values is felt almost as a craving, but it is clear that for him none is to be found in actuality. In his most ambitious achievement, *Bobinack*, he attempts for the first time to create an ambiguous character representing both the anarchic principle, destroying a corrupt and impotent civilization, and the heretical divinity of fertility and spontaneous vigour, in one complex symbol.

The novel of adolescence had been one of the chief literary forms of the 'twenties, when not only the theme but often also the implicit standards of evaluation are those of adolescence. In Sweden the wave of autobiographical fiction includes Andersson and Lagerkvist. Less obviously adolescent in feeling, but nevertheless having affinities with this movement is an autobiography of G. Hellström, informed by the tragic recognition of the limitations of an adolescent temperament which, one feels, the author can realize but not transcend. The most disturbing contribution made by a younger generation in this genre is Krusenstjerna's *Tony* trilogy, which marks an advance in the treatment of early

development, not in profundity, perhaps, but in range of experience, notably sexual experience. The attitude is neither that of revolt nor acceptance, but rather a wondering submissiveness before the awakening of sex, set off against the onset of hereditary madness, with which it is intimately bound up. The more recent novels of adolescence have tended to become media of self-exploration and revision of experience rather than expressions of immediate feeling. Examples are to be found in the novels of the Dane, J. Paludan, and in Norway in Sigurd Hoel's latest work.

The psychoanalytic novel has been a late growth in Scandinavia, though vague glimpses of the new psychology have furnished commercial fiction with attractive novelties. A genuine impact of Adler's psychology is to be found in Hellström's autobiography. A more detached use of psychoanalysis is seen in the work of Hoel, whose *A Day in October* is the most finished product of the type. It confirms the rejection of post-war metaphysical pessimism; the pessimism that remains is conditional, and one is allowed to entertain the possibility of psychological and social control. Technically, the book breaks away from the traditional approach to "character". Instead of the three-dimensional figure, Hoel introduces a new interpretation of character as a sequence of responses conditioned by circumstances. A similar conception of character also marks Aksel Sandemose (a young author of Danish origin now writing in Norwegian), and is evident in his first Norwegian book, *A Sailor Goes Ashore*. In his later work, however, he returns to a more subjective expression of emotion in the form of phantasmagoria.

The abandonment of the post-war mood proceeds very differently in Denmark. Here a number of writers have taken up active attitudes in face of the collapse of standards—partly following the lead given by Paludan. The most noteworthy of these is M. Lauesen, whose chief work so far, *Waiting for Ship*, gives no complete evidence of his sincere and troubled search for positive values. It is a variation of the family chronicle, recording decline, and in its traditional preoccupation with the details of everyday existence it has nothing to contribute to the

development of contemporary sensibility, except in so far as it succeeds in suggesting an atmosphere of impending change and its necessity.

To complete what is necessarily a brief sketch of the modern Scandinavian novel a word is needed to emphasize the position of the writer who, in isolated superiority, represents the real greatness of his age in literature—Hjalmar Bergman. In illuminating contrast to that of most of his contemporaries Bergman's work is untouched by the malady which has vitiated so many of their most ambitious undertakings: the dissociation of thought and feeling referred to in discussing its most notable Swedish victim, Nordström. Bergman is as free from parasitic explanatory theory as from nostalgic sentiment. In manipulating both regional and urban materials he shows full awareness of the break up of the idyllic order and the disintegration of industrial civilization. Without ever using the pedagogical pointer he makes us aware how lives are affected in their most intimate relationships, in their most subtle experiences, by social processes. In his masterpiece, *Grandmother and The Lord*, Bergman shows us the destruction from within of the family idyll, by laying bare the working of the possessive instinct—as conditioned by the demands of an acquisitive society—preying on love and affection and distorting them, until they defeat their conscious aim, finally making both communication and self-knowledge an illusion. Bergman, however, sustains the tone of serenity: his attitude is not that of "pessimism", but the acceptance of the knowledge of life, of the conditions imposed on the "Naked Man", the unchanging human being.

In Bergman we find the terrifying honesty of the pure creator as defined by T. S. Eliot in his essay on Blake. He alone was able in his greatest works to "exhibit the essential sickness or strength of the human soul". He belongs to the small company of writers who, like Joyce and Eliot in England, offer justification for the belief that the 'nineteen-twenties will eventually take their place as one of the great creative periods of art.

THE FOUNDERS OF BRITISH CANADA

BY A. G. BRADLEY

CANADA is celebrating this year the discovery of Quebec by Jacques Cartier. What should be to Englishmen a historic landmark of even greater interest was the origin of British Canada some two and a half centuries later; yet few are familiar with the pioneering effort of the fifty thousand "United Empire Loyalists", who cut it out of the woods and later saved it for the Empire from American invaders. Canadians cannot understand why in the mother country the name and fame of these men, in the words of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, have remained practically unhonoured and unsung. I propose therefore to trace here the main outlines of this story, of such momentous consequence for the British Empire.

By the year 1782 the American War of Independence was over. All serious military activities had ceased. A new ministry, virtually pledged to peace, was discussing its preliminaries with the Americans. New York City alone remained in the hands of the British, while Washington, with his own and the French armies, lay in the neighbourhood under a sort of informal truce, pending the protracted peace negotiations. Sir Guy Carleton, who had patriotically accepted the command of the British army in America, found all the difficulties he had anticipated and more, with the two armies in no friendly mood marking time almost within sight of one another. Above all, some 50,000 loyalist refugees were crowded within the lines at New York and their fate was in his hands. They represented about half of those who, for active or passive disapproval of the revolution, had been expelled from their homes, and their property confiscated. Their pitiable position, as Carleton wrote home, wrung his very heart-strings, "many of them, too, of the best people in their respective provinces". But the British Govern-

ment had not failed them. They had provided for their settlement in the vast and little known areas to the north, little dreaming that they were thus laying the foundations of the greatest Dominion of the British Empire. So the unhappy refugees bade goodbye in their hearts, as they had already done in their persons, to their old homes, and turned to face the future, which to most of them must have seemed a dismal one indeed.

Now the Canada of that day signified the old French Canadian colony of about 100,000 souls territorially organized in semi-feudal fashion on the St. Lawrence, within touch of its two cities Quebec and Montreal. Secured in its language and religion, and in much of its old legal code, it had been dealt with generously by the British Government, with a view mainly to its loyalty. To the eastward was the vast territory then known as Nova Scotia, out of which New Brunswick was shortly to be carved. A small British settlement around Halifax, and the remnant of French Acadians left from the famous expulsion (1754) made a total population of about 14,000. Nova Scotia, to be sure, had been made a Province with a Colonial Government at Halifax. As regards occupation, however, this was almost negligible in view of its vast empty territory to the east, almost an island, craning out into the Atlantic for some 300 miles by 50 miles in breadth, and a still larger wilderness tract on the mainland abutting on the wild unoccupied eastern regions of Quebec Province, shortly to become New Brunswick.

Save for the few impinging patches of settlement, and the Port of Halifax on its Atlantic shores, this vast country may be regarded as at that time a forest wilderness. It was into selected portions of it that the British Government now decided to introduce such of the loyalists as chose to accept the offer. They were to be allotted free grants of land varying with a few exceptions from 2,000 to 100 acres, according to their military rank in the case of the soldiers, and to other considerations, irrelevant here, in the case of civilians. In addition to this, stock and implements were to be supplied, together with provisions till such time as sufficient land was cleared and cultivated for them to become self-supporting. A further and like experiment was being prepared for on a rather smaller scale to the westward of

the French occupied country, or in what is now the great and fertile province of Ontario. French civilization at that time ended but a little to the west of Montreal. Everything beyond and along the shores of the Great Lakes, Ontario and Erie, was wrapped in the silence of the primeval forest, threaded only by the trader, the trapper, and the Indian, undreamed of as a land for settlement, and vaguely regarded as a forbidding and semi-Arctic country. An official survey of this unknown wilderness, however, had been recently made by experts, and their reports had been entirely favourable.

So while the Government surveyors were busy, away in Nova Scotia, they were also at work along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to its outlet from Lake Ontario, and from a centre here which grew into the town of Kingston, they pressed on as far again along the shores of the great lake. A further and smaller settlement was prepared around Niagara, of old a famous trading post. This last concession was in deference to the wishes of two loyalist corps which had made it their base for fighting the Americans through the late war, and thus learned its advantages of soil and climate.

Practically all of Carleton's loyalists at New York had applied for either the Nova Scotian or Canadian scheme. Speaking broadly, some 15,000, first and last, took advantage of the Canadian offer, and about 35,000 applied for Nova Scotia. In truth few enough had any alternative, and "Hell or Halifax" became the grim jest of the moment. To Canada, only two or three hundred miles distant by inland waters from New York, the exiles were often able to convey themselves. To Nova Scotia a sea passage (about a week) was to be provided by Government. But Carleton had immense difficulty in collecting enough shipping for this, and it dragged on his occupation of New York beyond all expectation. Congress grew restive, declaring that this transportation of loyalists was not in the agreement. Carleton replied that in this he differed from them, also that continued harrying of such loyalists as still remained at home kept increasing the numbers under his protection; and finally that, though he was quite as anxious as they for his withdrawal from the country, he should not move a soldier till the last loyalist refugee who claimed his protection had been safely removed from it. Nor did he.

So that all through that fateful year of 1782 the little sailing ships, singly or in groups, beat their way towards the hard and shaggy coasts of Nova Scotia. Crowded on the narrow decks, and further cluttered up by such scanty belongings as they had managed to save from the general wreck, buffeted by storms, held up by the frequent fogs of those cold northern seas, the courage of these exiles on their mournful pilgrimage was severely tested. Above all, it fell hardly on the older people heading for a future that seemed to promise nothing but to the young and strong. There were, no doubt, many of the humbler sort who had some cause for hope in this unknown country. But many also were of another type, country gentlemen, lawyers, professors, clergymen, substantial farmers and the like, all to be dumped into the wild woods of a remote and unknown wilderness to make a living as best they could. Here is a pathetic note from the memories of the late Canadian Statesman Sir Leonard Tilley, whose grandmother thus recalled her first landing on the wild shores of the Bay of Fundy: "I climbed to the top of Chapman's hill and watched the sails of the ships that had brought us disappear in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, though I had not shed a tear through the whole war, I now sat down on the damp moss with my baby on my lap and cried bitterly."

The new settlements were principally in the south and west, the latter including large appropriations of land on both sides of the Bay of Fundy. Special attention had been paid to the mouth of the St. John river, both for its fine natural harbour, and the rich valley lands which followed its course far into the heart of what was shortly to be New Brunswick. The disbanded regiments had as a rule held together and been allotted adjoining lands. The civilians, too, had partly fallen into groups arising out of former associations. But that a good deal of confusion and disappointment should arise was inevitable. The existing Government of Nova Scotia, though acting with the authority and assistance of the Crown, was over-weighted by the magnitude and novelty of the task. The Governor, Parr, with his little town of Halifax and its surroundings of, say, 10,000 souls, away on the east shore, was hard enough put to it to provide the surveys and all the urgent needs for two or three years of 35,000

more or less destitute people. But the British Government, with the best of intentions, had no practical experience whatever of such an unprecedented undertaking as this.

Moreover, Atlantic transport and communications were terribly slow in those days. So there was much suffering, only mitigated by the courage with which both men and women confronted it. The forest primeval in the cold belts of North America, is a terrible antagonist to the pioneer. On the prairies he can at least put his plough into the ground at once. On the plains his stock find their living from the first. In the tropics fruits spring prodigally and quickly from the earth. But in Nova Scotia every stick of these heavy tangled forests had to be cut down and burned, the stumps being left to cumber and disfigure the hard-won grain-fields till they rotted. Through the short summer the woods furnished a livelihood of sorts to stock, but for man there was no food to speak of till he had laboriously cleared the ground—unless a few deer, rapidly reduced and scared out of reach, may be considered. On the other hand the beasts of prey, wolves and bears, made the protection of the scanty farm stock a constant anxiety.

The log cabins raised by the settlers became the chief home of one, and often the birthplace of yet another, generation, who were carrying on this work of the new nation. Not a bad house either in its humble way, when built by familiar American methods. But most of these people had long emerged from the log-house period of the pioneer. Thousands had led lives of comfort and even luxury. Even so, however, they were not quite as helpless as a similar mixed company of Europeans. The Colonial aptitude for facing domestic emergencies was common to most of them. The lawyer, professor, or clergyman had been nearer to such practical realities than an Englishman would have been. But such aptitudes, if they lessened the actual toil of starting life again in a wilderness not of their choosing, could not materially soften the rigours of their primitive life.

One piece of good news, however, had come to lighten the gloom, namely that Parliament had voted three millions sterling in compensation for their losses. Delay in its distribution was inevitable. It was soon proved, too, that the long journey to a Court of Claims in England was a serious drawback to

claimants and witnesses, and in 1785 Commissioners were sent out to sit at Halifax, St. John, and Montreal, and settle claims on the spot. It was a complicated business, and took three or four years to wind up. About one-third of the claimed pre-war valuation was ultimately paid in cash—upon the whole a generous settlement, ranging from £50,000 to the de Lancys, the biggest land-owners in New York, down to £100 or less to men who had possessed only small farms or small jobs.

But formidable as was the settlers' task of cutting their way to fresh prosperity out of the Nova Scotian woods, there were compensations. The sea, with its fisheries and trading possibilities, was always close at hand, an alternative to clearing and tilling the soil, of which as time went on numbers took advantage, till the Nova Scotian became what he stands for as a type to this day, a sort of amphibious being who can build and steer a boat, as well as build a house and guide a plough. When these elementary accomplishments are translated into terms of "big business" they may be taken as representing the future of these Maritime Provinces, to which at a later day immigration from Britain poured in, as to a country already prepared for it largely by the labour of these loyalist exiles.

The settlers of 1748 were swamped in the Province at large by this great incursion. They had, in truth, some reason for jealousy, seeing what large numbers of able men, with records behind them, were eligible for office under the expanding provincial governments. Here, indeed, with a population so vastly increased and increasing, and with it the necessity for new posts of all kinds lay one means of escape for the educated from their backwoods prison. For numbers of men who had formerly held responsible positions, sometimes the highest in their old States, found openings for their talents. They developed in time a sort of governing caste, which fifty years later had a prolonged struggle with democratic reformers. For such British immigration as came into this country was not generally of a sort to affect the hold on it acquired by this loyalist stock, being largely composed of Scottish Highlanders and Irish, most useful settlers, but mainly illiterate.

Before leaving these provinces it must be admitted that many of the 35,000 settlers, as was inevitable, lost heart, and by degrees

drifted away, a good many to Upper Canada, a few of the more obscure back to their old States, trusting to time's softening hand, a few even to England. The frequent cry of "mouldy flour" and "rancid pork" as the Government supplies reached the new settlements was, it must be feared, often justified. The job, as I have said, was too big for the means at hand, and numbers beyond a doubt succumbed to their hardships. For years there were no doctors and scarcely any drugs. But a staunch majority of the loyalists stuck it out, to become the most vital factor in populating and developing these Maritime Provinces, which from that day to this have progressed steadily, if slowly. They have not had quite those heated moments in peace and war that illuminate the story of the Canadas. The American invasion of 1812-15 did not reach them, save to provide them with maritime adventures and vastly increase their trade. Even so, however, they contributed two regiments to that gallant little fraction of the British army which, together with the Canadian loyalists, saved Canada for the Empire in that long and bitter struggle.

Nova Scotia with New Brunswick, and the neighbouring little island of Prince Edward (rather superfluously left to this day as a self-governing unit) have been by comparison with the rest of the Dominion rather side-tracked. All the more occasion, one might say for their pride in the past, and in their "United Empire Loyalist" forbears. For this was the title under which the original exiles proudly labelled themselves. It was even seriously proposed by the Crown that the right to affix the letters U.E. should be officially granted to their descendants in perpetuity. This was not carried out for perhaps obvious reasons. But unofficially the honoured label is used and cherished by all members of the U.E.L. Societies that flourish today from Vancouver to Halifax. For wherever in the north-west new provinces have arisen, men from the Maritime Provinces and Ontario who, in every case, have taken their full share in creating them, do not forget that their ancestors laid the foundation of the great British Dominion that now stretches from ocean to ocean.

There is not space here to follow the fortunes of the Upper Canadian groups, among which must be numbered many who had been given lands in the neighbouring unoccupied portions

of Quebec, south-east of Montreal. But the main group of this Western wing of the loyalists suffered, perhaps, even greater hardships than their Nova Scotian brethren, for their only link with the outer world, in this case Montreal, was by the St. Lawrence, with the impediment of its many rapids. These people were literally at the "back of beyond". Assured the same supplies as the Nova Scotians, they had even greater difficulties in transporting them, and on arrival, they were even more often inadequate or unfit for human food. And the winters were harder and longer than in Nova Scotia, the torturing insects of summer at least as bad, the forests even tougher to the axe. For the soil here was generally stronger and richer and, as if in compensation, produced those splendid wheat crops that became the foundation of Ontario's prosperity. But the first decade was terrible. The causes of disaster are too complex for these pages, though natural difficulties played an important part in them. It is enough here that the hard-won clearings had often to be broken for grain by hand with mattocks. For ploughs were scarce and the animals to draw them scarcer still, having been either starved themselves or sacrificed to the needs of their famishing owners.

For a long time there were no grist mills, and the first small grain crops were pounded into flour between stones or cannon balls. Wolves and bears that prowled up to the very edge of the forest-girt clearings were a continual menace to such livestock as could be procured and kept alive. There were thousands of children to whom milch cows were almost a necessity, and the struggle to acquire and maintain these were often pitiful. Clothes wore out and Indian methods of making them from skins and bark were resorted to. Sheep from time to time were imported for their wool, but generally destroyed by wild animals. The management was in charge of the Government officials at remote Quebec and elsewhere, but here again the job was much too big for them; and the long upward navigation of the St. Lawrence with its rapids, floods and snowstorms, constantly thwarted their transport plans, causing infinite want and suffering to the settlers. In 1788, the sixth year of the settlement, their scanty crops, which had just reached the self-supporting stage, failed through drought, and that winter and spring stark famine fell

on Upper Canada. It is known as the "starving year". Children greedily ate the buds of the basswood tree, and tales are told of beef bones that went from house to house to be boiled and re-boiled, while 1,000 acres would be offered for a bushel of potatoes!

But 1788 proved the darkest night before the dawn. The distribution of the compensation funds came most opportunely. Sawmills, grist mills, and machinery were imported by degrees. Stores were gradually opened and rough roads cut. It proved at least a healthy as well as a fertile country, and despite the utter lack of amenities the birth rate was high. Upper Canada was created a province, with a Governor, Council and elective assembly at Niagara (afterwards moved to Toronto). All this created a need for numerous civil appointments which many loyalists with former experience in their respective States were qualified to fill. By 1791, when Upper Canada became a separate province, it contained probably some 20,000 souls. A few thousand more, already settled in Southern Quebec, remained permanently under that Government. Several thousand Americans, too, drifted in from now onward, and were granted lands on taking the oath of allegiance, either distrusting their newly-formed Constitution, or more often merely seeking good land, comparatively near-by and free from the Indian dangers of their own remoter West. A few groups, too, came over from Great Britain.

But the loyalists, naturally enough from the number of capable men among them, kept the administration of the rapidly growing province mostly in their hands. They felt that their sufferings, labour and devotion to the Crown had created it. And when by 1812 the population had reached 80,000 and the Americans made their long and futile attempt to conquer Canada, it was mainly the sons and grandsons of the men they had driven into exile in 1782, who side by side with the handful of British regulars, which were all that the mother country in her deadly struggle with Napoleon could spare, stood in the breach. It was not, indeed, till after the Peace of 1815, that British Canada became a recognized goal of British emigration. Till then it was mainly the home of Americans, above all of those Americans whose religion was a hatred of the Republic which had expelled them.

THE SEAR, THE YELLOW LEAF

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MR. BATES arrived at the public library at exactly ten o'clock. Being punctual made going to the library to see the newspapers seem like a real occupation. When he was a clerk in a shipping office, and before the office went bankrupt and had to discharge all its staff, he had been noted for punctuality. It figured in his thumbled testimonial: "Mr. Wilfred Bates is reliable, industrious and punctual". The newspapers took him about an hour. He went conscientiously through their advertisements, having lost interest for some reason in their news and their leading articles and their special features. Even the most startling events left him indifferent. He turned over amazing disclosures—murder and adultery and sudden death—without even a glance, and hurried on to columns of close print which announced vacancies for smart salesmen and for intelligent ladies skilled in professional corsetry, and openings of all sorts for go-ahead young men. Any of these which might, by any stretch of the imagination, apply to him, he noted down. This, too, was a fiction, since he had long ago given up wasting postage on answering advertisements, and time on copying out in his laboured, precise handwriting the brief tale of his achievement. His qualities as enumerated in his testimonial, though excellent, were too common to have a market value; and his age was against him.

From the library he went to the park, nodding a good morning to the gardeners and attendants. He saw the same faces day after day in both the library and the park, and came to feel a sense of fellowship with them. They lived the same kind of life as he did, and frequented the same places. Whereas busy people in the streets seemed hostile (perhaps only because he envied them), they were friendly and sympathetic—a curious company in different stages of decay; mostly aged; all without

hopes or duties or responsibilities; all, Mr. Bates thought, waiting to die, and meanwhile turning over the back pages of newspapers and airing themselves in the park. He sat on a bench, the collar of his overcoat turned up to protect him from the chill of autumn, and listened to the quarter hours striking until it was time to fetch his grandson from school.

Sitting there and watching with careful attention a man paint a lamp standard green; vaguely noticing passers-by, classifying them, he felt that in a way he was privileged to be so removed from the world's business. It set him apart, and gave him a chance of looking objectively at his own life, and at the mass life to which he had belonged, but felt himself as belonging no longer. Going to and from a shipping office right to the end, he thought, I might never have seen it as I see it now—trams gliding by like dreams, and faces bobbing along streets like sticks and old tins on the surface of a stream, and the noise of traffic like the monotonous wash of the sea on a shore. His face was as grey as the thin irregular moustache which straggled over his upper-lip; his eyes as faded and shabby as his clothes, and his hands, folded in his lap, worn and uneven like a much-scrubbed kitchen table.

An old man with an infirmity; a curious lurch in his walk; stopping every now and again to throw out his arms and jerk upwards his chin, pointed angrily at a tramp asleep on a bench with a sack over his head. "It's a scandal", he muttered. "You don't tell me that nowadays he couldn't get a clean-up. I've heard on the wireless" His voice trailed off into incoherence. The tramp was always there asleep. Stocking'd feet protruded from the sack, occasionally twitching. Otherwise he gave no sign of life until noon, when he awoke, yawned and stretched himself, and then went round the rubbish baskets, making his lunch on what he found in them that was edible. His beard and hair were overgrown, fantastic; his clothes miscellaneous; his whole appearance ribald and defiant. Mr. Bates had a kind of respect for him. The tramp's withdrawal from the world was so much more complete, he thought, than his own. He had the courage to forgo every standard; even cleanliness; even decency. Beside him, Mr. Bates and the others were pitiable figures; timid

old men crouching fearfully inside their shabby overcoats and bowlers. They continued to shave. They brushed their boots and their clothes, and hid their decay under a show of respectability. Even though they had been outcast from society, they continued to observe its rules and proprieties. He spat in its face. Asleep under his sack or limping round from rubbish basket to rubbish basket, the tramp, it seemed to Mr. Bates, put the rest of them to shame.

As he waited with a little group of women, the only man amongst them, outside the infants' department of an elementary school, Mr. Bates was shy and uneasy. He imagined that the women looked curiously at him, wondering how he came to have the leisure to fetch his grandson each day. They were hard-faced, bitter women, conscious of dinners cooking in their ovens and anxious to get back to them. Their attitude towards one another, Mr. Bates fancied, was hard and suspicious, and towards him contemptuous. In their world there was no place for a man—even an elderly man, with nothing to do. They pounced on their children with ferocious tenderness when they came out of school, and went off with them. The scene there—the grey asphalt playground with the red school building rising out of it, and these women waiting impatiently for their children—gusts of warm, musty air coming through the open door from the corridor within, had become a part of Mr. Bates's life. He saw it again and again—sleeping and waking—its colour and smell and sensation—until it was swollen and exaggerated—an obsession.

Fetching his grandson from school was a duty that he undertook in return for board and lodging, and the five shillings a week pocket money that his three children contributed between them; not as their equivalent, but as a trifling service which, as his daughter-in-law put it, was the least he could do. The child dawdled on the way home, and Mr. Bates did his best to coax him along. He had no affection for the child, nor the child for him. It was curious, but he felt more kindly disposed towards any urchin playing in the park than towards his grandchild. There was no blood feeling even. He took no pleasure in the thought of his seed being continued. His own children were strangers to him, and had always been strangers. He had forgotten his wife, her very appearance, all the years he had

spent with her, almost as soon as she was dead. It was as though his life and hers had never really touched, so that when she no longer existed, when he no longer saw her, nothing remained to remind him that she had once been his wife. Though he went on living amongst the same furniture and sleeping on the same bed and seeing around him faces that were partly her and partly himself, her presence never recreated itself. Death obliterated her as far as he was concerned.

Dinner was noisy. His daughter-in-law—an untidy woman with protruding teeth; pretty in a feeble, disorderly way—carried in steaming dishes and served them. The meal was somehow strained and disorderly, like an appointment just kept, a train just caught. Mr. Bates's three sons were there; one of them slightly deformed; his back unduly broad and his arms unduly long. They lived all together because it was cheaper. Mr. Bates ate greedily, his morning in the park having whetted his appetite, and idleness giving to food an extra importance, as though, lacking other occupation, his body took a special delight in being nourished. His body took a special delight in being nourished, but his soul denied the need for food at all. Thus his greed was reluctant and unhappy. He wanted each mouthful, and, when it was finished, regretted it. As he ate he was aware that his daughter-in-law noticed the helpings he took, and stored them up in her mind as one more grievance against him.

In the afternoon, when his three sons had gone back to their work and his grandson been taken back to school, he drowsed over the fire. It was the emptiest part of the day, interminable and aimless, when he could put no barrier between himself and the fact that he had nothing to do; no reason for being alive; no part in anything that was going on in the world. Drowsing over the fire, replete, sometimes dreaming confusedly and sometimes staring round at the little room with its shabby furniture and half-drawn curtains, still faintly flavoured with the meal that had just been eaten, he longed for darkness to come. As it came gradually, dissolving so much that he hated to see; bringing people back from work to laze like himself over fires; transforming the room from being bare and exposed to being snug and secluded, he shook off his melancholy. If

only it would always be dark! he thought, and admired the tramp's sagacity which led him to sleep during the day with a sack over his head, and to prowl the streets at night.

Mist made the darkness more enchanting because more adequate. It rolled over everything, turning people and buildings into vague shadows; their noise into a remote echo; their light into a dull glow. Mr. Bates could live amongst shadows and echoes without suffering. The streets tempted him when they were misty and dark; and he was glad when his daughter-in-law asked him to go to the shops and fetch her four lamb cutlets for supper.

The stream of people was against him. He was setting forth, and they were returning; a day's work behind them; the cosy evening they had earned in front of them. Some were as old as he was. Some even older. Not age has outcast me, he thought; a disease within myself; a lack of vitality; sterile aspiration that became paralysis. He remembered how always, from the very beginning; at school; as an office boy; as a lover, a husband, a father, he had felt himself to be a stranger amongst strangers. It was the same now. Though he knew the street perfectly; each turn and curve; each shop and pillar box and hoarding, he picked his way along it cautiously like a blind man in an unfamiliar place.

The shop where he was to buy his lamb cutlets blazed with light, and resounded with shouts, and was thronged with people. Scarlet meat displayed on white tiles, raw and brazen, glared shamelessly like rouged lips under arc lamps; and women swarmed round it (the same women who waited each day with him outside his grandson's school), prodding and touching, their eyes intent. Mr. Bates got his cutlets and, as he left the shop, noticed a placard—"Another Tube Suicide". After that he saw the placard everywhere. The street was festooned with it—"Another Tube Suicide". Newsboys were shouting it—"Another Tube Suicide". Moving electric letters on the top of a building wrote it—"Another Tube Suicide". People, it seemed to him, whispered it in one another's ears—"Another Tube Suicide". He whispered it to himself—"Another and Another and Another Tube Suicide".

He saw the train whizzing out of its tunnel like a snake out

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SEVERAL forces are at work in Europe, which if they are taken into account should mitigate the prevailing defeatist views that dishonour us. There are positions from which men cannot recede without disgrace. To put it broadly, before the war it was accepted that ethics did not apply as between nations; that each nation had the right to use its strength, and the duty to increase its strength, with hardly any limit. Then the war showed us what humanity, organised as never before, and possessing mechanical resources as never before, could do in the way of destruction: what it would inflict, what it would consent to suffer, in the will to victory. So an honourable attempt was made to apply the rules of ethics between nation and nation; and since the enterprise was planned by the professedly Christian peoples, it may be fairly called an attempt to Christianise international relationships. Not very surprisingly, although welcomed with enthusiasm, the new plan certainly did not work without a hitch. From the beginning, the nation whose spokesman had been its chief promoter, the most powerful, the least exhausted, the most convinced of its own virtue, and incomparably the richest among the nations, decided to forgo all the advantages conferred by membership of the League, and to leave to the less virtuous peoples the task of translating theory into practice. So the United States of North America, disencumbered of embarrassing associations, went on their separate way. It seemed the part of prudence, yet it is well to consider that haven of tranquil prosperity in which their prudence has landed them. Meanwhile the rest of the world weltered in a confusion which was undoubtedly due in great part to shortcomings in virtue and in

Blind Nationalism

wisdom. Especially there was a lack of that virtue which enables a sincere Christian to recognise equal sincerity in another who differs on points of dogma or of practice; and the lack was most notable as between England and France, the two great Powers whose sincerity in renouncing war was least questionable, since neither could hope to gain anything further by it, and had therefore nothing to lose by substituting for that arbitrament some more civilised and Christian method. And so, things going from bad to worse, there was considerable disruption, and all the too quick despairers, as well as all those who never had brains enough to hope, besought the world, and more especially their own country, to quit this chatter of internationalism and let each nation fortify its own brazen wall. They were, and are, for reinforcing those tendencies by which nations are in a fair way to complete the ruin of what we call civilisation, even without recourse to war.

Yet in the south-east of Europe, where nationalisms are most exacerbated, Italy, certainly not the most internationally minded among great Powers, is stretching out a hand to relieve the economic distress of Austria and Hungary by practical concessions. It may be right to construe this gesture cynically, as Mr. Melville has done in the last number of this REVIEW, but it is not certainly right. The test will be, to see whether the Little Entente's action can link up with Italy's; for, if so, good must come; and the fact that French opinion welcomes Italy's step is hopeful. There are blocks in the way to improvement in the south-east. Hungary and Bulgaria, the two losers in this quarter, refuse obstinately to enter into any pact which will imply acceptance of their mutilated boundaries. How long it will be before Greece sees the necessity of giving Bulgaria at least such access to the sea as Italy is now offering to Hungary, nobody can foresee: and no one who knows the rage of irritated nationalism can under-estimate the difficulties. But Italy has pointed a way which, sooner or later, must be followed by other countries—even at a sacrifice.

In Germany, the centre of danger, there is movement of another kind, which affects spiritual values, not economic; for Germany is blatantly in revolt against the whole purpose and

Italy's Helpful Move

of Canada or Australia. Protestant peasants and artisans have a hereditary feeling of superiority to Catholics, which is largely based on a superstitious horror of priestcraft. Nobody could have persuaded the Ulster farmers that the power of the priests would be less in a self-governing Ireland than under the Union: nobody can persuade them of it, now that it is a patent fact. Catholics have much less active dislike of the Protestant religion *per se* than Protestants of the Catholic: but Protestantism is regarded, naturally enough, as anti-national because all its traditions foster a sentiment for maintaining a close connection with the British Commonwealth. Very few indeed among Protestant nationalists do not find these national aspirations fully met by Dominion status. They desire to maintain their rights in an inheritance which to them is nothing alien, and of whose glories they can be proud. Some Catholic Nationalists share this view, and are glad not to be estranged from the honours won by Irish Catholics in service of the Empire. But the majority of those who accept Dominion status (such as Mr. Cosgrave, Mr. Mulcahy and, in a different group, the young Mr. Dillon), accept it on a cold calculation of advantages, without any impulse of solidarity.

Even in Mr. Cosgrave's following one outstanding man, General McKeon, declared with great frankness his personal preference for a Republic, even of twenty-six counties.

**Logic at
a Discount**

He knew, of course, that, setting the other Dominions out of the question, Great Britain offered careers in the civil service, in teaching and in the medical profession, much sought after by the sons and daughters of Catholic Irishmen; and that to close these to his race would inflict a great material injury. Yet, knowing this, his sentimental desire for complete separation was so strong that he would willingly advocate a republic, provided that the Irish people were given full opportunity to decide. The only difference here between him and Mr. de Valera's regular following (who are a majority in the Dáil) is in the insistence for a vote on a straight issue; but in the meanwhile, because he will not support every measure that can be regarded as hostile to England, he passes among full-blown supporters of Mr. de Valera as a traitor to

Ireland, one of a party subservient to England—a "King's Irishman"—and is, at least in theory, much more detested than any Protestant Unionist. For it is recognised that the Protestant always obeys the tradition of his race: fratricidal hatreds are against those who are accounted false to their blood.

Logic, of course, goes by the board. All Nationalists agree that the Six Counties must be brought in; it is practically agreed also that this cannot be done by force; yet those who desire a Republic proclaim for the most part that they will not accept a partitioned Ireland, and ignore the fact that by asking for separation they stiffen tenfold the resistance of Ulster. Again, there is the language question. Nationalists on both sides, perhaps with more insistence on Mr. de Valera's, proclaim in perfectly clear English that Ireland must be made Irish-speaking—though all steps to that end must be advocated in English. This is made part of the Nationalist credo, and it is a corrupting thing to preserve articles of faith in which no one believes. Yet so strong is the emotional appeal that the country not only tolerates the spending of much money but allows its whole teaching system to be knocked to pieces by a study which cannot be justified as an essential part of every education. And so, to provide a justification, a smattering of Irish is made a qualification for every job. In short, an atmosphere of bitter unreasonableness is the distinguishing characteristic of nationalism run mad. It is the corruption of what is best in the soul of the people. If such symptoms are present when, even if the opposition of creeds is marked, racial fusion has gone so far that pure Gael is as rare as pure Saxon, and the language is little more than a ghost walking, what must it be in lands where races and languages are jostling each other in full distinct activity, as in Yugoslavia or in the Hungary of old days?

A book has lately been translated into English which—although that is not its purpose—throws much light on Hungary and the Hungarians. It is called *Black Monastery*; the translator, Mr. Ralph Murray, tells us that its author, Aladar Kuncz, did not long survive the experiences which he suffered during five years of internment

**Prisoners
of War**

in France and which he so poignantly described that an impoverished country bought some twenty thousand copies of the work. Taken by itself, the book is absorbing; but it gains in interest when set beside another book, Mr. W. O'Sullivan Molony's *Prisoners and Captives*; for the two support and set off each other. They begin in the same way: a young man on holiday in a foreign country, to which he is drawn by many sympathies, finds himself trapped by the outbreak of war; and the whole environment, which yesterday was friendly and welcoming, suddenly is charged with violence and hate. Both men are equally full of intellectual curiosity, though the Hungarian at eight-and-twenty is more mature than the Irish candidate for a Foreign Office clerkship.

Paris and Berlin in the early days of war showed equally disagreeable reactions towards enemy aliens. But Mr. Kuncz had a special sense of injustice, because in Hungary no French subject was detained as a prisoner; and his resentment is the deeper because he, with scores of other intellectuals—artists, musicians and the like—had been drawn to France by the love of French culture; yet when it came to war, they found themselves lumped under a general heading of *boches*, and made to suffer for what was inflicted in the name of Germany. In this herding the Hungarians instinctively grouped themselves apart, even from other Austro-Hungarian subjects. The only other group to which they were drawn was that of the Poles, among whom also were artists. But Hungarians of all orders and degrees came together; music was the rallying call, and, to the singing of Hungarian songs, craftsmen who had lived half their lives in France joined the circle and tried to recover their own forgotten language.

The first stage was Périgueux, and here already they met what was to be a constant feature in their captivity—efforts to

French and German War Prisons recruit men among them for the Foreign Legion. These had considerably more success among German Alsations and men from the racial minorities in Austria-Hungary than was achieved by Roger Casement's attempt with the Irish—which Mr. Molony had full chance to observe at Ruhleben. The Hungarians said no word

to stop these recruits but they wished them no goodbye. Périgueux was only a brief sojourn, and soon Mr. Kuncz was among two hundred and forty carried to an unknown destination in Vendée which proved to be Noirmoutiers ("Black Monastery") an island fortress, unoccupied since other prisoners of war were held there in 1870. Ruhleben as compared with this was a city, having its ghetto and its coloured quarter: Mr. Molony's curiosity led him to form friendships with Arabs and with Jews, even before an abortive attempt to escape brought him first to a savage prison in Berlin and then to the vast penal camp at Havelberg which held hordes of Russian peasants. It must be admitted that Havelberg was little worse than the building to which Mr. Kuncz and his comrades found themselves condemned for the crime of having been in France when war broke out. Yet, comparing the two accounts, one feels that the prisoners in France suffered less from a deliberate system than from the French vice of unpreparedness. Nothing had been made ready for their reception: Ruhleben was incomparably more civilised. But Mr. Molony by his attempt to escape increased all the rigours of a German code carried out without question by all its agents. The Austro-Hungarians suffered intolerably because they were in the power of one of the worst creatures in the world, a spiteful Frenchman, put into office by a prefect who also appears to have lacked ordinary humanity.

On balance, one would say that Mr. Molony suffered more; but it has to be remembered that he broke the prison laws and was punished. Mr. Kuncz also attempted escape and with four seamen actually reached a boat by opening one of the old mediæval secret underground passages from the fortress; but he and his comrades, finding that both oars and sails had been removed, were able to get back undetected after this amazing episode—most vividly recounted. But comparisons are futile. What stands out and is meant to stand out from both books is the question, Should such conditions be inflicted on innocent persons in any civilised State? Surely one of the things on which agreement might be reached between nations is that on the outbreak of war aliens should be sent across the frontier. Is any adequate

An Inhuman System

military purpose served by a measure which imposes on both the belligerents a charge which no belligerent state can be trusted to fulfil with humanity? Both these young men, exceptionally gifted, as their work proves, came out broken in health, after living on the very edge of madness. Essentially what both describe is the same—a community of men, some ruffianly, some refined, making shift to build up some semblance of a communal life, and developing in some ways a noble and self-sacrificing solidarity; but also abnormally ridden by sterile passion. Both deal very frankly with the morbid effects of segregation from women—laying stress not so much on the physical craving as on the hysterical growths springing from a need for tenderness and for those elements in sex relationship which are of the imagination. Such testimony raises, of course, the whole question of imprisonment, and its moral justifications. But without going into that, there is the immediate call for a decision whether, even from a military standpoint, any justification can be found for renewing such tortures as are described in these two books—in each of which a man makes us feel that his purpose is to describe not what he suffered himself, but the mass-suffering, whose voice he becomes.

The Hungarian book cannot have the fresh accent of the other; no translation can achieve that, though Mr. Murray has done this work so well that one does not often remember that it is a translation. But at least it should command in a sense the greater sympathy. For Mr. Molony came back from his ordeal to the sight of ruin in the country which had inflicted his suffering: Mr. Kuncz, liberated at last among those who, like himself, survived the captivity and the Spanish influenza which followed, made his way painfully back to Budapest, to find his Transylvanian home cut off from Hungary, and in the streets of Budapest a Bolshevik revolution. It is little wonder that life did not last long with him.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

NIL NISI BONUM

by CLENNELL WILKINSON

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE :
THE PEACE AND THE PROTEST-
ANT SUCCESSION. By G. M. Tre-
velyan. Longmans. 21s.

ANNE OF ENGLAND. By M. R. Hop-
kinson. Constable. 12s. 6d.

WITHOUT seeking to deny the persistent rumour of the death of Queen Anne, it may safely be argued that her late Majesty is only dead in the sense that John Brown is dead. Her soul goes marching on. Within the last few years a succession of impressive historical volumes has emphasized the importance of her short reign and the permanent influence which she has exercised, alive and dead, upon our domestic history. Indeed, the most distinguished of living historians, in the third volume (which now lies before us) of his Queen Anne trilogy, suggests that the expression, "Queen Anne's dead" may have "originated from the excitement caused by her death and the issues that hung on it". In short it was the importance of the news, not its staleness, that has made it part of our language. For it was only stale because it was so oft repeated, and it was only repeated because it meant so much.

Queen Anne died, and she left behind her, as she had always intended, a country rich, powerful, Protestant, under the undisputed rule of a Whig oligarchy—perhaps she had not quite meant that!—which was to control its destinies

for the next hundred years. "The last Stuart to rule the island", says Professor Trevelyan, "and, for all her simplicity, the wisest and most triumphant of her race". That is a fine epitaph, and the only objection to it that might be urged is that Anne was really not a Stuart but a Hyde. She favoured her mother. She lacked the Stuart charm and power of inspiring devotion, as she also lacked their too frequent and unstatesmanlike obstinacy where matters of principle were at stake. She was, as Professor Trevelyan says, very far from "stupid" in her handling of public affairs; but in her dealings with men and women it is hard to deny that she was, at any rate, a little dull; and there was, in particular, "a certain stupidity in her personal relations with anyone against whom she had taken umbrage".

Professor Trevelyan has deliberately emphasized this "simplicity". He mentions it again and again, often linking it up with a resemblance which he finds between the characters of Anne and Victoria. Queen Anne's "simple heart registered the general feeling of her subjects as surely as Queen Victoria's". And again: "In the midst of a more licentious generation, Anne had something of the standards of Queen Victoria". It is a point well taken. What she surely lacked—and what every Stuart possessed—was personality. A

glance at the interesting miniature which Professor Trevelyan uses for his frontispiece supports this view. It is perhaps the explanation—at any rate the kindest explanation—of William III's conduct when, on a certain famous occasion, he ate all the green peas without noticing that Princess Anne had been given none; and it goes far to explain why historians have similarly forgotten her when they were handing out praise.

Yet the reign of this dull little woman was one of the most splendid in our annals. Says Professor Trevelyan: "With sea-power no longer rivalled either by France or Holland, with financial and commercial pre-eminence hardly less remarkable, and endowed for the moment with the martial greatness lent her by Marlborough, Great Britain was relatively more important in the world in 1713 than in 1815 or 1919". That is, at first sight, a startling proposition, but the more one thinks it over the truer it seems to be. It has an arresting quality which is one of the conspicuous features of Professor Trevelyan's new volume and may make it more popular even than its predecessors. It is a mere impertinence in an amateur to praise such a book. But this incisive vigour of statement, coupled with a refreshing readiness to quote familiar modern conditions in support of the argument, are characteristic of the spirit in which the book has been written, and should not be overlooked. One further example may be given. After a stirring and lucid description of the battle of Malplaquet—one of the finest things in the book—the author turns inevitably to the accusation against Marlborough of having callously sacrificed his men to make this "butcher's bill". As a matter of fact the British lost only 600 killed and 1,300 wounded, and as Professor Trevelyan very aptly remarks, "our humane and enlightened generation slaughters ten times as many every year

rather than limit the speed of its road traffic in time of peace".

It is impossible for everyone to agree with every word that Professor Trevelyan writes. But if his opinions are well known, his impartiality as an historian is equally beyond dispute. His gifts as a writer have been less widely acclaimed; but with the appearance of this volume he not only completes a great historical work but gives us a book which can and will be read with delight by the general public.

The intimate life of Queen Anne—her devotion to her husband, her quarrels with Sarah Churchill, and so forth, have not escaped the sudden limelight. Professor Trevelyan touches upon them: Mr. Churchill will presently have something to say, and they are carefully and fully dealt with in *Anne of England*, by M. R. Hopkinson. They are, indeed, the best feature of this book, which is otherwise rather low-pitched and lacking in enthusiasm. But the author can always be trusted to give Anne's point of view and show that the bad temper and the silliness were not all on her side. The book contains many excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits of the great men and women of the time.

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THE CHRISTIAN REALM

by THE DEAN OF DURHAM

CIVITAS DEI, by Lionel Curtis. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

MR. LIONEL CURTIS is a prophet, and if faith and vision be the prophet's most essential qualities he is well equipped for his part. The vision which he sees is one of a world commonwealth whose citizens follow "the instinct, weaker in some, but stronger in others, which enables them to put the public interest before their own"—the vision of "a time when the commonwealth will no longer be limited to the national state, when nations, conscious of their own distinctive histories and structures, will have learned to function as organs of one international commonwealth." He sees again, in other words, what the seer of Patmos beheld, when he saw the new Jerusalem into which the kings of the earth each bring their own peculiar glory.

His faith is that this result can be achieved if mankind, rejecting the principle of authority which, as he thinks, has disastrously dominated both Church and State, will build on the foundations well and truly laid by the nameless statesman who taught Greek villages (a curiously chosen word) to accept the decision of the majority, and Edward I who, by inventing the principle of "representation," made self-government possible for wider areas. It is in the growth of the English Commonwealth that he sees the first beginnings of a process whereby God's Kingdom may be realised on earth, though he would greatly prefer to substitute for the word "Kingdom" the title of his own book *Civitas Dei*.

No man of goodwill can fail to appreciate the profound belief in human nature which inspires such a faith, and no patriotic Englishman will find it hard to believe that, whether England made parliament or parliament made England, we have discovered the best instrument of government. Our faith in it may have been shaken of late by events on the Continent, but Mr. Curtis, who will not allow us to believe that it is only workable by the Anglo-Saxon, does his best to reinforce our courage. It is of more importance to find a theoretical politician so wholeheartedly ready to base his prescriptions on "the system propounded by Jesus, which proceeds from the faith that right and wrong are valid distinctions of infinite importance."

It is precisely for this reason that an ordinary Christian cannot but feel this book, with all its many merits and all its generous enthusiasm, to be profoundly unsatisfactory. The author frankly accepts Jesus as an infallible moral guide: it was he who saw as "the cardinal factor in human nature" that instinct in men to serve each other on which Mr. Curtis so valiantly relies: it was he who felt "the ultimate verity" to be "goodness personified", and so drew the picture of that God to whose allegiance Mr. Curtis so eloquently calls us. But his relationship to that God is never adequately discussed, nor is any attempt made to explain how "a young Galilean", spending his youth in "a furnace of revolution", studying life "in

a crucible white with heat", arrived at conclusions so supremely sane, and of such universal truth.

One reason for this is clear: Mr. Curtis is so firmly convinced that, in the old phrase, "miracles do not happen," that he leaves no room for any Divine initiative. He complains in one place that God ought so to have ordered such events that their actual occurrence would have been beyond question: but as he elsewhere declares that "ultimate verities cannot be proved by manifestations in the world of phenomena" it is not clear what proof he would accept. He suffers unconsciously from the Manichean belief that the world is so essentially evil that a real Incarnation is impossible. It is only possible by a completely arbitrary treatment of the Gospels to maintain that Jesus did not claim a special relationship to God: to give but one instance, when he said "It was said to them of old time . . . but I say unto you" he was claiming, and must have been understood by his hearers to claim, that ultimate right of legislation which belongs to God alone.

And if his treatment of Christ is inadequate, his attitude towards St. Paul is fantastic. There is a very great deal in the history of the Church to support his view that the Christian church soon relapsed into something

very like the "kingdoms of this world" and his criticism of the mediæval papacy is temperate and just, but to see in Paul the villain of the piece, and to suggest that the main purpose of his life was to perpetuate the "Messianic idea in its supernatural form", is a lamentable travesty of his achievement.

There are other criticisms of points of detail which will occur to any instructed Christian: it is only necessary to put on record a deep regret that a book so profoundly Christian in spirit should be vitiated by a conception of the Founder of Christianity so unhistorical and so perverse. To turn Christ into a mere humanitarian reformer requires a treatment of the documents which has nothing to commend it. One instance of the method must suffice. Our Lord quoted from the Old Testament two texts about the duty of love to God and the duty of love to men: he put the two commandments in that order, and added that there was "no other commandment greater than these". Mr. Curtis ignores the first commandment, quotes the second as though it were Christ's original and characteristic contribution to human thought, and misquotes him as saying "no other commandment greater than this." This perversion of evidence is the more surprising in that elsewhere in the book the passage is quoted correctly.

MR. PRIESTLEY SEES IT THROUGH

by JOHN PRIOLEAU

ENGLISH JOURNEY, by J. B. Priestley.

Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

MR. PRIESTLEY has written a book on which it is as difficult to express a judicious opinion as upon any non-fictional travel-book except the early Baedeker and other serious works of reference. Written in places in definitely guide-book mood, more than once in uncompromisingly guide-book style and phraseology, it is not exactly a guide-book, not quite a travel-book. The author wanders about England, between Southampton and the Border, chiefly in the industrial districts, taking train and car and coach as convenience or occasion serve, and makes notes on the way that are sometimes illuminating, sometimes amusing, sometimes, considering the general seriousness of his subject, surprisingly trivial. It is, at times, very irritating. His journey was, in spite of its title, admittedly not an exploration of England proper; nor, since he leaves out or dismisses various places because they bore him or offend his sensibilities, is it a full account of her sources of wealth and centres of poverty and distress. You will perhaps regard it as a kind of episodic diary that may one day serve as the basis of a survey. Both style and treatment suggest haste, but out of that hurry are saved a number of shrewd sayings and conclusions.

'I take it that the author's main pre-occupation was to give a clear account of the ugly situation in English manufacturing towns today. In this he

succeeds at several points, notably the Tyne and Tees valleys, East Durham, which includes the coal mines (a shocking scene, described in lean, tight-lipped prose), Lancashire, the West Riding and Bradford, Mr. Priestley's own county. You get vivid and convincing pictures, without a touch of purple or pathos, of the conditions in which men just do not starve today and, here and there, penetrating comments on the times and individuals supposed to have been responsible for them. For these the book is worth reading and re-reading, as well as for the lighter sketches. I cannot remember any better descriptions of the hideous Victorianism, architectural and social, of the average Midland and Northern town, and the solemn horror of its Sunday relaxations. There are anecdotes and stories that Mr. Priestley must have been delighted to gather, and he re-tells them very well. I liked the tale of the dead weaver of Blackburn whose widow cremated him in order that his ashes, in an egg-timer, might do a job of work—an exercise any form of which he refused in life. The story of the *Venture*, once a liner's life-boat and now, held together by desperate patches, the fortune and the investment of workless Tynesiders who use her as a fishing-boat, is unforgettable. She cost them £4 and "a better name could not be found for her. These men who were once part of our elaborate industrial machinery are starting all over again, at the very beginning, out at sea with a line and hook. They are not simple fishermen. . . . They are the

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skilled children of our industrial system, artisans with trades in their fingers. . . . This *Venture* may be their pride, but it is our shame".

Narrative, opinion, description, irony, humour go to the ambitious mixture that is *English Journey*, but they do not always blend well, and while some of the ingredients are of the first quality, many would have been better left out. The description of Nottingham Goose Fair is perhaps the best thing Mr. Priestley has ever done. A very good reporter has been wasted in him—but how long is it since any sort of reporter was guilty of such a cliché as "the gorgeous East in fee"? You will delight in the story of the Trojan Women in Newcastle, and there is the right flavour in the page on the liners of Southampton: "... things of real beauty, genuine creations of man the artist. . . . Let us ask ourselves what we have built to compare with them in majesty since the mediæval cathedrals". With that in your mind you find it difficult to take an interest in Mr. Priestley's cold, his bad razor, his visit to the works where his car was made, and to the factory that produced his typewriter. He may be the only popular writer who has ever described a typewriter works, as he must be the only one who ends his account of it like this: "I have been all over the Imperial Typewriter Company's Works, have duly admired the enterprise and ingenuity displayed there, and now it is time for lunch".

English Journey suffers from padding, from triviality, from too much of the "personal touch" and from superficiality. None the less, there are many pages in the book that go straight to the meat of the matter in straight English. The chapter on the pitmen of Durham is magnificent. Where his heart is concerned, Mr. Priestley is sincerity itself.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY,
by Alexander Kerensky, Trans. by G. Kerensky. *Arthur Baker*. 15s.

KERENSKY himself frankly admits it: "It is always the same the world over: the defeated political forces thirst for revenge, hating everything new as obviously hostile to their interests". Mr. Kerensky probably does not thirst for revenge because he realizes that his political day is done, but he hates everything new in Russia with a hatred that glows. In his total rejection of the new, he inevitably—by a natural psychological process—begins to see the old in a more favourable light. And so it comes that this volume on the *Crucifixion of Liberty* contains a rather fervent defence of Czarism. Indeed, Kerensky goes so far as to call his own revolution which overthrew the Czar "the national catastrophe of 1917", which Count Witte, if he had been allowed, might have averted. Witte "would have established the politically reformed monarchy". Then the revolution would have been unnecessary. Kerensky even suggests how the monarchy might have prolonged its tenure. If during the war it had had the sense "to unite with the nation in a common patriotic fervour", that would have placed "the House of the Romanovs upon a firm foundation for many years". Kerensky rather regrets the failure of the dynasty to take the wise course, and since there are many socialists of the type of Kerensky who are also convinced monarchists, it is quite likely that the monarchism which, as Kerensky explains, he imbibed in his rich family's home in Simbirsk—the birthplace of Lenin, too—never really left him even when he was Prime Minister of Russia at the age of 36. We know, of course, that several members of the Provisional Government tried to save the dynasty after Nicholas II had abdicated.

Mr. Kerensky, needless to say, has a right to entertain monarchist or any other

kind of views. But it is strange that he does not yet comprehend the two basic reasons for his failure. Kerensky still believes that he solved the Russian agrarian problem by his April decree which "abolished the private property of land". But why if that was the case did the peasants begin in the Spring of 1917 to burn the baronial manors and seize the land for themselves? Why did the peasants overthrow Kerensky? Apparently, he had not solved the peasants' problems. In truth, he could not, for the Provisional Government consisted of big estate owners and industrialists. In it, Kerensky was the "radical".

Kerensky still believes, in the second place, that Russia's heart was in the World War. It is this misconception which contributed most to Kerensky's ruin. It is this which impelled him to send 50,000 to 60,000 Russian soldiers to a certain death in the summer offensive in Galicia. For them, at least, liberty was not born on the battlefield—and for few others. During his term of office Kerensky rushed from one front sector to the other, trying by his oratory to improve morale. He told in another book of the resistance he met. The peasant-soldiers wanted to go home to seize land. He wanted them to fight an enemy they did not know.

Lenin saw these simple truths and made the revolution on them. Kerensky is both personal and bitter about Lenin. He calls him a "sadistically revengeful cynic". Kerensky, in fact, is so violent in his hostility to everything Soviet and Bolshevik that he vitiates the value of what might otherwise have been an interesting volume of reminiscences. We should have liked to hear more, for instance, about the measures which the energetic young Prime Minister took to suppress men, newspapers, and organizations which opposed him.

LOUIS FISCHER.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

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THIS is a collection of first hand accounts of contemporary American life written, for the most part, by non-professional writers who have put down what their ordinary experience has brought them. The editor of *Scribner's Magazine* offered a prize for the best narrative. He seems to have had that perennial obsession of magazine editors; to wit, that professional writers dwelt upon the depressing and brutal, and he was out for "the wholesome and contented". Imagine my surprise to find the first prize given to a narrative entitled "Oklahoma Race Riot", a truly appalling but excellent picture of what happens when Americans shoot up and burn out a negro quarter for no particular reason except that it is a hot afternoon. I agree with the editorial decision, and it is comforting to see that the insidious "wholesome and contented picture" fallacy failed for once to crown for the magazine public the mediocrity it (and the shrewd advertisers) love.

The rest of the collection is of varying but not very high literary merit. That, having regard to the editorial opinion of American fiction, was inevitable. But the collection has a considerable interest. It fills in the dull everyday detail of living; it gives the intimate external picture of a people of immensely varied race and habit. One can read of how the Poles behave when the Social Workers try to "civilize" them. One can contrast the silent courage and endurance of a dull young couple who went to live in complete solitude in the mountains of Montana, with the dash of another family to Florida in the 1925 land boom. The Montana story is impressive in its simple dullness; with-

out any great differentiation of detail, it describes move by move how virgin country is settled. One is left to guess at what cost and what gain to the individual. The stoicism of these modern settlers—they were a school teacher and a printer—is stupendous. The Florida people were very different. They were out to get rich quick.

The collection is very representative, but the stress is on the small town. There are "the poor white", the coloured back-door trader, the railway worker's bride whose home was a carriage towed by trains and shunted from job to job, to the detriment of her crockery. There is the conventional Kentucky "moonshine" story; New Mexico provides, not the Indian, but the attitude of the tourist Americans to him; another writer tells of his time in the marines and the three years imprisonment he got. There is a very entertaining paper entitled "A Radical Childhood" which describes with dry, satirical humour experiences at all kinds of "crank" schools, and the not unsurprising outcome. "The wholesome and contented" are, I should say, the exceptional pieces.

English people have had only two sources of information about the life of people like themselves in the United States—the films and the works of the contemporary novelists and short-story writers. I would not exchange the later for the writers of this book, but I am grateful to these for reducing American life from screen size to life size. Treated as a batch of letters from talented American friends, the book yields strange odds and ends of information and a jog-trotting pleasure.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS, by Roger B. Lloyd. *Longmans*. 5s.

IT is a very remarkable fact, as Mr. Lloyd is at pains to emphasize, that no sooner do the enemies of Christianity proclaim it finally and irrevocably dead, than once again it displays itself not only far from finished and done with, but proceeding serenely unconcerned about its affairs. How lively and how adaptable to changing conditions it is today, the volume under review will prove. For here is a champion of the English Church carrying the war into the enemy's camp, laying about the Humanists—those arch-foes of the Christian faith today—with a will, and having proclaimed the bankruptcy of Humanism, intellectually, socially and spiritually, re-stating the case for Christian belief in the light of contemporary needs with a convincing clarity that proves its vast superiority over its unhelpful and embittered rivals.

Something is needed, certainly, to replace the wan-eyed doubt and disillusionment of those who, discarding "supernaturalism", have gone after this strange god or that and find they can put their faith in none. Egocentricity, we have found, leads nowhere except to a barren Stoicism, and in the apathy that supervenes mankind becomes a prey to powers which are making of freedom a thing of the past, till the world is in danger of falling a victim to unbridled and wholesale despotism.

Christianity, Mr. Lloyd contends, offers the only way out of the *impasse*, the only vital creed and ethic which, if it can imbue mankind, can pull us up on the downward slope and remake and revitalize the world. There is much to be said for his contention. Certainly his analysis of the crisis and his challenging application to it of the ever-fresh resources of Christianity will stimulate many to a renewed consideration of the issues involved. In his

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ferent championship, however, he overlooks one or two vital points: principally that, while the world may have been in error in losing its faith in Christianity, the Church has failed, and still fails today, to succeed in that which it sets out to do; that is, to proclaim its faith and its doctrine so convincingly in word and in deed that the millions looking for leadership will find it unmistakably there, and that those now falling away from the Church shall remain her loyal and unshaken adherents.

His book would perhaps have carried more weight if he had confined himself to the conflict between Christianity and Humanism. As it is, in attempting a wider scope, his argument becomes diffuse and the clear-cut issue of the earlier sections becomes lost and overclouded; while it is difficult to see how the section on the Church of England fits into the general scheme of the book at all, excellent as it would be elsewhere. These points excepted, one has only admiration for his courageous and spirited attack on enemies of acknowledged repute, and for the scholarship and the wholehearted zeal that have gone to the making of his book.

JOHN LINNELL.

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JOHN GALSWORTHY, by Hermon Ould. *Chapman & Hall.* 8s. 6d.

MR. OULD has written neither a complete portrait nor a study of his friend, but something between the two. He knew Galsworthy only in the last decade or so of the latter's life, and he has deliberately refrained from probing backward upon the hearsay of others. Instead he supplements the account of the man he knew with a study of the essential Galsworthian characteristics as revealed in the complete series of the novels and plays. The result is a friendly book, in the best sense, but not perhaps a great deal more; the personal reminiscence is more interesting than the sections, or perhaps one should say is the most interesting part of the sections (for the matter is mixed), which present, on a basis of summary and quotation from the books, the essence of Galsworthy's views on English reserve and hypocrisy, the individual and society, the mob and the Press, war and the post-War spirit, love and sex, music and nature, birds and beasts, life and death. The effect is somewhat of a hotchpotch, for though we may learn on one page that Bach in later years ousted Beethoven as first favourite, and on another that in his last novel he "allows himself a certain license which would have been incongruous in earlier books", no impression emerges of a general development either of soul or intellect.

I do not mean by such a comment to deny such development—though I would, with all admiration, regard Galsworthy as unusually static, deepening on the technical rather than visionary side—only it seems to me that Mr. Ould has scarcely sought to make it clear. He seeks on his very first page, incidentally, to reject the view of Galsworthy as "typically English"—"Galsworthy who, more than any novelist of his generation, attacked the very foundations of English society"!

Perhaps Mr. Ould's most interesting section is that which deals with Galsworthy's work for the P.E.N. As a whole this book will give pleasure to many of its subject's admirers, but it is hardly a vital piece of work.

GEOFFREY WEST.

GERMANY'S THIRD EMPIRE, by Moeller van den Bruck. Translated by E. O. Lorimer. Introduction by Mary Agnes Hamilton. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

THE German National Socialists, long before their triumph, were accustomed to describe their aim as a "Drittes Reich," a "Third Empire," and the question must often have been raised of where they found this watchword. This book gives the answer. In the dark days of 1923, after the Ruhr occupation, a com-

paratively little-known writer, reacting with intensity against the Versailles Treaty, the 1918 Revolution and the Weimar Constitution, set out to describe Germany's future as he thought it should be. He looked back to the "First Empire", the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation", and to Bismarck's "Second Empire", and, with an almost mystical enthusiasm influenced by Dostoevsky and Merezhkovsky, he preached the necessity of a "Third Empire". Less than three years later, in despair at the triumph of what he conceived as weak-kneed liberalism and pacifism, he committed suicide. But his book, with its title, was taken up by the young extreme nationalists—a group of whom adopted the latter for their newspaper—and in the course of time Moeller van den Bruck's main ideas permeated the Hitlerist movement.

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The translator of this English version has made a necessary abridgement of the prolix original, but the essence of the argument remains and is all the more striking for this judicious compression. Moeller van den Bruck's thesis is that before there can be justice for individuals there must be justice for nations. He thus approaches Germany's social and economic problem from the point of view of foreign policy. This leads him to denounce—often with effective argument—the internationalist, Marxist, materialist, conception of history, and the hardly less hated doctrines of liberalism. He advocates a policy of conservative imperialism, not a mere reaction, a return to the Hohenzollerns and Junkers, but an entirely new departure. The tragedy of the Peace, he declares, is that it benefited the under-populated countries at the expense of the over-populated, chiefly Germany. This places her under the necessity first, of transforming the German people, and above all the working-class, into a unified nation which shall be the foundation of the new Empire. It means eventually a "war of liberation led by the proletariat as the oppressed section of an oppressed nation . . . directed not against ourselves, but against the bourgeoisie of the world, to whom we are being sacrificed."

This central idea is elaborated along general rather than detailed lines, but the most superficial study of the development of the Nazi movement cannot fail to reveal striking parallels between the latter and Moeller van den Bruck's principles, which were laid down, it is important to remember, when Hitlerism was in its infancy. To call this book, as the English publishers do, "the Bible of Nazi Germany", may be somewhat rhetorical, but it is certain that no serious study of the German Revolution of 1933 can leave it out of account.

F. R. COLLETT.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. A Study in International Relationships. New Edition. Revised and corrected. By Lord Davies. *Benn.* 21s.

THIS mammoth volume, which as such is generally taken as read, is nevertheless by common consent the standard work on the subject of an international police force. Its author, long derided as a pernicious crank—he has indeed much in common with his eighteenth-century predecessor, the Abbé de St. Pierre—is now recognized as a Triton among the minnows of British peace-workers. Readers of the *Fortnightly Review* will know from Mr. Stephen Gwynn's cogent monthly commentary the general outline of the case for a League of Nations possessing the authority and power to command respect. Here is a detailed scheme for an international armed force operating under present-day conditions as the instrument of international justice. Its exact relationship to the League, conceived as an organ of government, is defined, and powerful arguments are adduced to establish the case, which the feckless Disarmament Conference at Geneva has underlined from the outset, that establishment of such a policing weapon to be exercised on behalf of the international community is a *sine qua non* of reduction of national armaments. The economic and psychological implications of such a bold break with century-old tradition are squarely faced, and there is a large section—too large—devoted to the historical and philosophical antecedents of the idea. At a time when the British public at long last is coming to see that there is method in the madness of their French neighbours' insistence on prompt and sure retribution for an "aggressor", *anglicæ* law-breaker, the publishers have done well to issue this new edition. No college library or institution should be without the book.

W. H. C.

SELECTED FICTION

THE NAKED TRUTH, by Luigi Pirandello. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

GENERAL BUNTOP'S MIRACLE, by Martin Armstrong. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

PIRANDELLO and Mr. Martin Armstrong are both extremely experienced craftsmen in the art of the short story. They might be described as two literary carpenters who, using words instead of woods, have mastered the art of making little boxes in which to keep their ideas and characters. Pirandello has served the longer apprenticeship, and has made a great many more boxes than Mr. Armstrong: in his own country he has published, besides seven volumes of poetry, seven novels and twenty-eight plays, no fewer than thirteen volumes of short stories. *General Buntop's Miracle* is only, by contrast, Mr. Armstrong's fourth volume of tales. The balance, however, is on Mr. Armstrong's side, for *The Naked Truth* is only the second consignment of Pirandellian boxes to reach this country.

These two volumes are very representative of the work of these two literary carpenters. They reveal, almost at a glance, wide and interesting differences—differences in technique, material, intention, design, and above all in content. Thus Mr. Armstrong does not seem to have troubled himself much over his choice of woods: like a settled and experienced carpenter he has found the material which suits him, and what has always been good enough for him no doubt always will. He likes an easy wood: he is a worker, in fact, in literary deal, which is cheap and serviceable, and which, if not as fine and beautiful as elm or oak, can always be varnished over. The varnishing is, of course, an art in itself. As to the boxes themselves, the design of Mr. Armstrong's is for the most part simple and unimaginative: four

sides, a base, and a lid which fits perfectly. There are no cunning joints or drawers or unexpected turns of beauty either in the shaping of the wood or in the revelation of its grain. The wood is rough-planed; there are a great many tiresome splinters. The finishing touches are in the clever varnishing and in the neat nailing-down of the lid. But since a box is made to contain something Mr. Armstrong puts into each one an idea, or a plot, or a little wooden figure, and these things rattle with a hollow and artificial sound whenever the box is moved.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Armstrong, Pirandello is a connoisseur in woods. He chooses the wood for his boxes with extreme care, using not one wood alone,

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but many. His various woods are hard and soft, sweet or dry, coarse or delicate, light or heavy, according to his taste or need. Thus the wood in *The Fly* is funereal, dry and sombre, a kind of literary elm; whereas that in *The Naked Truth* is light and fine and subtly polished, reflecting the most delicate tones of colour and atmosphere. The boxes themselves, as contrasted with Mr. Armstrong's, are finely made, with subtle joints, artful turns and beautiful lines, and Pirandello, a great artist with that most essential short-story writer's tool, the plane, relies on the beauty of the wood's grain alone for his effects. There is sometimes a scent of olive oil about his woods, but never of varnish. Lastly, the supreme difference lies in the contents of the boxes. Whereas Mr. Armstrong's boxes are hollow and empty, the Pirandellian box is filled not only with emotion, but with wit and fantasy, and tragedy and colour and the figures of living characters.

H. E. BATES.

HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert.
Methuen. 7s. 6d.

BUMPHREY'S, by R. H. Mottram.
Murray. 7s. 6d.

SWALLOWS, by Elizabeth Montgomery.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

MR. HERBERT is a giant-killer and a popular comedian; he is also, we are assured by Mr. Gerald Gould, a man of genius. It seems to me a mistake, however, to insist too much on Mr. Herbert's genius; his role, I suggest, is that of the public-spirited giant-killer; make him into a genius and you rather inflate the Jack.

His effectiveness, like Chaplin's, depends on the small figure defying a colossus. In this case, he must be really small, the enemy must be terrific. What are the facts?

Let us take the giant first. It is, of course, the old Britannic ogress, bogey

of watch committees and government departments: hypocrisy. We have exalted our personal hypocrisies into a system which works pretty well and brings home to each of us the devastating hypocrisies of all our neighbours. We whitewash ourselves, and invent a monster, a Grundy or Dora, who oppresses us. So we hit back—in conversation.

Mr. Herbert attacks this Dora from the Press, the wireless, the pages of *Punch* and of novels such as *Holy Deadlock*. Wicked Dora: good old Pewter! The reader has no choice of sides; he must be, he is, Pewter; and he looks up to Mr. Herbert, the original Pewter, to speak for him. Who can doubt that it is a case of right against might, and that all the jokes are on our side?

Put by Mr. Herbert the case may seem unanswerable. What he ignores is the fact that in most people the Pewter and the Dora are evenly matched; they live very amiably side by side; and this is the final triumph of hypocrisy—or compromise, if you prefer—which the Satirist must face. Mr. Herbert's attack stops a good deal short of that, and is to that extent shadow-fighting. As an attempt to make our laws better many of his crusades are, of course, admirable.

Holy Deadlock shows up the squalor and indecency which may be forced on two persons who wish for a divorce.

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One of them must commit adultery; and Mr. Herbert's story is a satire on the red-tape of adultery as it must be faked to satisfy a judge in the Divorce Courts. By bad luck the evidence goes wrong, the case is lost. Another attempt fails for different reasons, and in the end the unlucky husband and wife are more firmly married than ever.

The argument of this book is very strong; and as an illustration of the argument the story is amusing and even moving. All the characters in the book are decent, charming, ordinary people at the mercy of a barbaric Dora (in the form of the Divorce Laws), which overshadows them and like an idol claims its victims. Most people will agree with the argument; but I find this black and white world faintly unreal. The satire is one-sided and directed against institutions but never against persons; the permanent grudge against "the system". A pamphlet would convey the message of Mr. Herbert's novel more forcibly and briefly. The comedy, the romance of the book, I may say, are charming.

Bumphrey's is a novel about the seaside. Mr. Mottram has found before in the holiday that dislocation of routine and emphasis of personal habits which makes it a perfect frame for the brief novel of family life. Here he emphasizes two themes: the conflict between parents and children, and the influence of the past on the present. His treatment of the first is admirable—all the members of this family, briefly sketched, are alive; the second, with its meetings of old friends, provides the book with incidents, but also with a number of boring ruminative passages which spoil one's enjoyment. I could have wished, too, for more of the seaside. Though not one of his best novels, *Bumphrey's* is mildly attractive.

The mannerisms of Miss Elizabeth Montgomery's *Swallows* were perhaps inseparable from the difficulties of writing

a novel of the Victorian period. For Miss Montgomery has tried, not altogether successfully, to infuse a period into her writing as well as into her story. Her style is not indeed Victorian; nor on the other hand is it modern; the brief sentences, primly arranged, have at times a simpleton air. She aims at the small effect, and an acid detachment smoothed in the telling. This makes the book a little odd, as the figures of that period are apt to seem to us now; the theme is the egotistic male (a little red-haired clergyman), the accepted family chieftain of those days, now pilloried in novels and on the stage. Current fashion and private whimsy have had something to do with the writing of this book. The Norfolk vicarage, the family of children, the pretence of position, come to us with the tones, faint but recognizable, of a distant telephone call.

G. W. STONIER.

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| THE LATER WORDSWORTH, by E. C. Batho. (<i>Camb. Press.</i>) | MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Marjorie Bowen. (<i>Chatto.</i>) |
| THE QUEST FOR CORVO, by A. J. A. Symons. (<i>Cassell.</i>) | BEYOND THE MEXICAN BAY, by Aldous Huxley. (<i>Chatto.</i>) |
| GORDON IN CHINA, by Bernard M. Allen. (<i>Macmillan.</i>) | ROSSINI, by Francis Toye. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) |
| CRITIQUE OF POETRY, by Michael Roberts. (<i>Cape.</i>) | THE UNKNOWN GOD, by Alfred Noyes. (<i>Sheed & Ward.</i>) |
| LOUIS XV, by Pierre Gaxotte. (<i>Cape.</i>) | CIVITAS DEI, by Lionel Curtis. (<i>Macmillan.</i>) |
| LOOKING BACK, by Norman Douglas. (<i>Chatto.</i>) | GERMANY'S THIRD REICH, by van den Bruck. (<i>Allen & Unwin.</i>) |
| QUEEN ELIZABETH, by J. E. Neale. (<i>Cape.</i>) | THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY, by Keren-sky. (<i>Arthur Barker.</i>) |

FICTION

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| FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS, by Louis Golding. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | SCANDAL IN SPRING, by Martin Boyd. (<i>Dent.</i>) |
| COMPANY PARADE, by Storm Jameson. (<i>Cassell.</i>) | ALANNA AUTUMNAL, by George Barker. (<i>Wishart.</i>) |
| CRANK OF DOOM, by Hugh Edwards. (<i>Cape.</i>) | WINNER TAKES NOTHING, by Ernest Hemmingway. (<i>Cape.</i>) |
| THE NAKED TRUTH, by Luigi Pirandello. (<i>Bodley Head.</i>) | THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION, by H. E. Bates. (<i>Cape.</i>) |
| TO BE A KING, by Hester Chapman. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | THE DEATH SHIP, by B. Traven. (<i>Chatto.</i>) |
| THE SYCAMORE TREE, by Elizabeth Canbridge. (<i>Cape.</i>) | BREDON & SONS, by Neill Bell. (<i>Collins.</i>) |
| THE RIFFIAN, by Carleton S. Coon. (<i>Cape.</i>) | WORK OF ART, by Sinclair Lewis. (<i>Cape.</i>) |
| MATADOR, by Marguerite Steen. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) | THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN, by Lord Dunsany. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) |
| IT'S A BATTLEFIELD, by Graham Green. (<i>Heinemann.</i>) | BUMPHRIES, by R. H. Mottram. (<i>Murray.</i>) |
| ORCHARDS IN THE SUN, by C. Henry Warren. (<i>Loval Dickson.</i>) | HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert. (<i>Methuen.</i>) |
| | COL. BUNTOP'S MIRACLE, by Martin Armstrong. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |
| | THE QUEEN'S WIGS, by Naomi Royde-Smith. (<i>Gollancz.</i>) |

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JUNE, 1934

TOWARDS A NEW PHILOSOPHY

BY HAROLD STANNARD

IN an article entitled "The Philosophic Vacuum" which I contributed to the January number of this Review, it was contended that the doubts and confusions of our age were due to the absence of a working philosophy. The Victorians were well served in their day by their theory of the universe and of man's place in it, with its two guiding principles that the processes of nature were obedient to ascertainable law and that the human will was entirely free. But neither principle holds nowadays. The physicists have proved that nature is indeterminate, while the psychologists argue that man's will is always conditioned, though not always by his conscious mind. Adjustment to such an utter change in the intellectual environment must needs take time, but with a whole generation separating us from Victorianism it seems pertinent to ask whether we can trace the beginning of the process. Or does the very question, framed as it is in terms of last century's evolutionary idiom, itself do violence to the new doctrine of indeterminacy and indicate a failure to adjust?

At any rate this last doubt can be resolved. Men's brains are not reeling under the shock of fundamental philosophic change. The will to live is strong, intellectually as well as physically. Indeed, middle-aged folk are inclined to shake their heads over the confidence with which youth is arranging its mental furniture in a house which certainly still lacks its upper stories and, as middle-age sees it, rests on no foundation. Be that as it may, the world about us offers abundant evidence that, in so far as it expresses itself in social action, modern thought is by

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no means content to leave its future to chance—whatever mysterious agency may be covered by that indeterminate word. The strength of the dictatorships which are so characteristic of our time lies in their confident assertion that millennial aspirations can not only be translated into the terms of a programme but that they can be brought to realization within the compass of a leader's life. Thus, if the philosophic theory of our century is still to seek, the practical conclusions to which it points have been emphatically apprehended.

They amount to a fresh assertion of man's power over nature. The whole doctrine of a planned economy now so fashionable proclaims the capacity of human society to determine its environment. This is a position far more advanced than any maintained by the most self-confident Victorian. The nineteenth century abounds, indeed, in records of men's triumphs, exultantly celebrated, over nature. But the essence of these triumphs was that man should ascertain a law by patient investigation and then devise some ingenious application of it to his own needs. We go much further nowadays. Nature is now regarded as a mass of capricious activities which man can arrange and discipline. There is no longer any thought of applying nature's law. Law is become a human concept so devised that it can be applied to nature. The change in mental attitude could not be more complete.

Its effects are specially noticeable in the economic sphere. It was once held that nature dictated the local situation of industry by her offer of the necessary raw materials or of appropriate climatic conditions. For all men's needs to be satisfied in the most economical fashion possible, it was only necessary to follow her guidance. She had indicated that cotton could best be spun under Lancashire's skies, or wheat best grown on American prairies; and man's business was to discover the opportunities provided for him and to turn them to account. The whole doctrine of free trade rested on these principles, and their apparently irresistible cogency accounts for the passion with which it was so long maintained. Yet nowadays the life has unmistakably gone out of it. We look on Cobdenism as an historical episode to which only antiquated or perverse minds would seek to attribute survival value.

Why should motor cars be constructed, or artificial silk manufactured, in one place rather than in another? The location of raw materials has ceased to be of prime importance. Transport is cheap and is becoming cheaper. Besides, no one mineral area can produce all the range of materials required in modern processes of manufacture, and it is true economy to extract each on the site where it is most accessible and to bring them all to a common place of assembly. Any place will serve provided that it possesses transport facilities, supplies of power, and abundance of skilled labour. But these are conditions which man does not look to nature to satisfy. He can meet them himself, and the modern notion of a planned economy is founded upon faith in the self-sufficiency of co-operating wills.

But this faith is the corollary of modern physical discoveries. If, as the Victorians thought, nature functioned according to law, then man must obey that law or be penalised for his disobedience; and even now this principle is so far observed that we do not put up skyscrapers in an earthquake belt. But in the ever widening range of natural activities which are not subject to law, man's will can assert its omnipotence. The assertion is admittedly not yet complete. Pineapples cannot be grown in Scotland as well as in the tropics. Yet even now, maybe, some Highlander with a sweet tooth is experimenting to impose his will on the sub-atomic source of light and heat to the end that the pineapple may luxuriate on Scottish soil as abundantly as the thistle. In all seriousness, it is precisely in agricultural processes that man's new domination over nature is most conspicuously manifest. If temperature is not yet under his control, the breed of plants responds to his direction and the bacteria of the soil obey his will. There is scarcely a vegetable of which he has not produced some new variety suited to the region in which he wishes to grow it; the flowers of our gardens, recruited from all over the world and often trained to glorious development, bear witness to his authority over natural habitat or species; and the original characteristics of tilled soil are of interest only in so far as they indicate the lines of the chemical treatment on which productivity now depends. Where nature once exercised dictatorial power, her sovereignty is effectively disputed, and the modern enthusiast would not shrink from the

conclusion that, if the will to wrest it altogether from her be maintained with sufficient firmness, it can only be a matter of time before she finally yields it up.

This confidence which modern physics has inspired in the natural tendency of external phenomena to submit themselves to human control accounts for what is, at first glance, the strongest paradox of our time—the appeal of Socialist doctrines to aspiring youthful minds. The Marxian conceptions have their roots deep in the texture of nineteenth-century thought. The material interpretation of history is but a special case of the rule of natural law, just as the call for a proletarian revolution expresses a specialised faith in the freedom of man's will. The whole system has collapsed with the philosophic outlook from which it derived, and if thought were wholly logical *Das Kapital* would be stacked away side by side with *Le Contrat Social* on scholars' book-shelves.

But thought is not logical. We too have our roots in the past, and, in spite of rhetorical exuberance about clean slates and a new world built on the ruins of the old, want to make the transition from one order of thought to the next as delicately as dusk passes into dawn. It is one of the little ironies in which history is so rich that an argument banned as revolutionary in its own day should be adopted in ours as a conveniently gentle bridge from one philosophy to another. But there can be no doubt about the usefulness of the Marxian system to our transitional age. The historian who clothed economic developments with the inevitability of natural law is emphatically of the nineteenth century; the prophet who cried to his fellows that they had the world to win and only their chains to lose was no less emphatically of the twentieth. But the chains were intellectual fetters which he himself wore. Realising that the current philosophy resulted ultimately in a contradiction, he advocated vigorous action to resolve it. He failed to see that the root of the trouble lay deeper and that, since any social order is the conscious creation of human beings, a contradiction inherent in it must be the logical consequence of their own erroneous principles.

It is not Marx's conclusions that signify nowadays, though minds anxious to minimise the breach with the past now in progress may take comfort by professing that they do. What

matters is that he undermined his own philosophy, for a system of thought is doomed when it issues in criticism which is at once strictly logical and wholly destructive. Just as the scepticism of Hume was so perfect that it destroyed its own foundations and led straight to the more comprehensive synthesis of Kant, so the negative analysis of Marx directs the mind not to the violent removal of one set of the antagonistic factors which it has revealed but to the rejection of the fundamental incompatibles from which both sides of the contradiction are derived. A presentation of them which points both horns of the inherent dilemma with unmistakable sharpness offers an urgent stimulus to escape; and since escape has now become essential, if thought is to continue at all, the Marxian inducement is both timely and helpful.

Actually modern thought has already transcended Marxian limitations. It declines to recognise economic law at all, or recognises it only as evidence of imperfect achievement and as a challenge to wider endeavour. Nothing was more characteristic of the old economic analysis than its conception of supply and demand as two uncontrollable forces, originating indeed in the unco-ordinated activities of numbers of producers and consumers, but developing potencies of their own which came into conflict until they were finally brought into co-operation by a third agency, equally abstract and uncontrollable, known as the higgling of the market. Making a virtue of necessity, the orthodox economists pointed out that these tremendous impulses, the foundation of all economic activity, were correlated automatically by the mechanism of price adjustments. Prices, in turn, though they might be expressed in different currencies, were correlated by gold, and its control was also automatic, as was demonstrated in the classic theory of foreign exchanges. The whole exposition was a perfect example of the operation of natural laws and of the profit which man could reap by the obedience consequent on apprehension.

Of all this body of doctrine not one element is now maintained. The gold standard is a possible exception, though it too is now widely regarded as something of a nuisance to be tolerated pending the discovery of a more satisfactory substitute. But of the conception of a market as a sort of arena in which those two giants, supply and demand, fought out their battles with the price

weapon conveniently devised by man to prevent each from inflicting serious hurt on the other, not a trace survives. It was realised during the war that under certain conditions supply and demand not only permit but require a control which shall be conscious and not automatic. The stimulus to the assertion of human authority over forces hitherto supposed to be a part of the order of nature was the shortage of supply. When the restoration of peace brought that shortage to an end, the control was removed, only to be resumed, though less generally, within ten years, in order to deal with the opposite disturbance of a glut. Today it is appreciated that shortage and glut are but extreme cases of maladjustment which is always occurring and which the mechanism of price has been devised to correct.

But the price mechanism has always troubled men's consciences. What is a fair price is a question which the mediæval Church unsuccessfully sought to answer. It is presenting itself with greater urgency than ever now, when it is realised that no actual price is altogether fair. On the contrary, the price mechanism operates by the infliction of an unfairness so nicely calculated that it can be borne without serious complaint. If supplies are excessive, the market is quickened by a fall in prices to a level at which the mass of producers still find it worth while to get rid of their stocks, though the least competent are driven out of business. If supplies are deficient, the market is restricted by a rise in prices to a level at which the bulk of consumers can still satisfy their needs, though the weakest among them must go hungry. To the modern mind the whole process appears intolerably clumsy and harsh. The need, as we now see it, is to determine, on the basis of thorough inquiry, a price which shall be just as between producer and consumer, and to maintain that price by the regulation of supply and demand. This is the impulse which lies behind a planned economy—the determination to assess human needs and then to arrange for their satisfaction; and though the impulse sometimes flags under the disappointments incidental to the method of trial and error, the will to give effect to it persistently recurs.

The strength of the impulse is revealed by the general tendency towards economic nationalism. Conscious control implies an authority capable of exercising it, and the obvious

authority is a strong national Government such as either exists already in sovereign states or can be set up in obedience to the trend of thought. But since the authority of a national Government does not extend beyond the national boundaries, it becomes necessary to confine economic activities within political frontiers. Activities which cannot be so treated—rubber, tin, and tea are conspicuous examples—have been more or less successfully subjected to international controls. It is characteristic of the tentative and confused quality of contemporary thought that both the self-sufficing nation and the international cartel are denounced in quarters that claim to be progressive, and denounced not because of their practical imperfections but because of their underlying theory. But idealism in a hurry is always intolerant, and never more outspokenly than now, when no natural obstacle is felt to be interposed between an act of will and its realisation in fact.

Will, as the psychologists tell us, cannot be restrained. It will always come to expression, even if only in dreams, and will avail itself of the most improbable instruments. If a collective will chooses to operate through the agency of a national administration or an international cartel—what matter? The significant and encouraging feature is that a livelier will has stimulated and enlarged the social conscience. Disease, slums, poverty, war itself, all until quite recently regarded as the normal concomitants of social life, are now held to be preventible, given the will to prevent them. Even that inherent tendency of things to change, which has so long disheartened reformers by making them wonder whether success would prove worth while, is accepted as an advantage. For change itself, like everything else in nature, depends on man's will. Since things just happen casually and all the values which give meaning and perspective to events are put into them by man, it is for him to regulate developments by his own standards, arresting change in what he holds good, hastening it in what he holds bad. No ignoble doctrine, this, for a century to promulgate and establish when it has run but a third of its course.

This much, then, can already be put to the credit of a transitional age seeking a motivating principle. But there is also another side to the account. If the modern physical doctrine

of the indeterminacy of nature has quickened the human spirit by convincing it that the bounds which it thought imposed on its activities had no real existence, the new psychology of determinism through the unconscious mind has had much more questionable effect. The ingenious conclusion has been drawn that if the conscious mind is determined by the unconscious, the unconscious can be determined in turn by some external agency, and that such determination is necessary if the collective will is to function with effect. It is assumed that the collective will is the sum of individual wills, so that vigorous collective action only becomes possible when the mass of individual wills have an identical tendency. It follows that the individual will must be conditioned. The experiment is in progress over half Europe, and is responsible for the political haberdashery which is so striking a feature of our time. The shirt, it would seem, has been selected because it is near the skin, so that the influences in which it is steeped can easily irradiate the whole bodily system, and results suggest that there is something in the idea. If it operates, the prospect is seriously overcast. Whatever we gain in capacity of action we shall lose in breadth of view, and when so much is possible only that little will be done which happens to commend itself to a few minds, able indeed but limited as individual minds must be. The philosophy in which this conception will issue will be a philosophy of action, vigorous but narrow.

It would be futile to dispute the strength of these tendencies, and it is perhaps cold comfort to point out that they too contain an ultimate contradiction which must sooner or later become apparent. If a theory of omnipotent will is translated into a conditioned and limited practice, it may well be that when the immediate objectives have been realised and wills begin to chafe for lack of ends to work for, the whole underlying philosophy will be jettisoned and the present phase of thought end in rapid and inglorious collapse.

There is, however, no need to take this despondent view. If, as opinion now inclines to hold, there is no limit to man's competence, if he can value what he will and realise what he values, it is hardly matter for surprise that thought finds something appalling in the infinite perspectives of action thus disclosed.

Disturbed by the simultaneous consciousness of his own insignificance and of the vastness of the field potentially subjected to him, man asks how and when he is to begin, and thankfully accepts a leader prepared to answer both questions. What matter whether the answers be right or wrong? At any rate a beginning will be made; at any rate there will be proof of capacity, even if misdirected, to achieve. With something behind us, we shall be inspired to attempt wider tasks in a more independent spirit. Meanwhile a leader will serve to give the new impulses their first direction; and it is worth noting that the ablest of our present dictators has expressed his belief that, just because he has done his work so well, he will have no successor.

It is possible, too, that the practice of conditioning men's minds by careful regulation of all the influences brought to bear on them will fail through its very success. The agency of conditioning is propaganda, and the master of propaganda knows what responses he seeks to get now to the stimuli which he so sedulously applies. He is satisfied too that they are the responses desirable under present conditions. But the mind once determined will continue to function along the lines laid down for it, and there is not the slightest guarantee that its responses, unchangeable since they have been made automatic, will satisfy the conditions of a generation hence. The presumption is rather that they will be entirely meaningless. What will be the use of an ingrained and aggressive anti-semitism to a Germany which has expelled all her Jews, of a revolutionary socialism to a Russia which has made a clean and final sweep of capitalist institutions, of a fervour for more and more hierarchical organisation to an Italy no longer able to apprehend the bare notion of liberal democracy? Lacking material on which to function, these conditioned and therefore irresistible impulses are likely enough to set up tensions fatal to the social structure they were devised to uphold.

Are we then running round in a circle? Do the policies now so vigorously applied carry with them the promise of self-destruction? Are social hopes loftier than any cherished in recorded history destined, in the very moment of their realisation, to be scorned for their inadequacy? Again there is no need to draw a pessimistic inference. But there is every need to doubt

whether mankind has yet truly grasped the possibilities which are now beginning to lie open to it. Even now it is clear that the social conscience is more than the sum of individual consciences, planning control where the individual was prepared to admit helplessness. Maybe that the social will, of whose impulses conscience is the manifestation, is more than the sum of individual wills. Collective psychology is still largely unexplored ground and it may be that our loose current phrases about the temper of a nation and the spirit of a people hint at a collective unconscious mind of whose existence we are vaguely aware but of whose processes we as yet know nothing, and which we are therefore quite unable to influence by the propaganda which reason devises. It is at least certain that the philosophy of tomorrow will be collectivist, and as such will be impelled to give vitality to that something which the individualist philosophy of yesterday was content to conceive as abstract law ; but it is by no means certain that we have yet apprehended all the elements which will make up the new conception. Meanwhile, it is something to find evidence in current developments that we are not drifting aimlessly in an intellectual void but are striving, even in the first bewildering light of our new knowledge, to make its principles bear fruit in appropriate practice.

MOSCOW REPORTS PROGRESS

BY LOUIS FISCHER

A BEAUTIFUL one hundred per cent. Aryan woman who travelled in my compartment from the Dutch border to Berlin declared that in this modern age we missed many of the homely amenities of the Middle Ages. "We have made a fetish of progress", she said. Her Nazi friends have been fighting the machine ("because it throws men out of employment"). At the recent congress of the German lignite industry, President Heubel warned that this anti-machine tendency would ruin production. Ruhr factories are experiencing difficulty in finding young apprentices who would be ready to go through three or four years of patient training before becoming masters. Why should they when there may be a war before then? Much better to march the streets, sing songs and cry "Heil! Hitler". Germany is buying certain quality steels and aeroplane parts abroad because she can no longer manufacture them herself. Her productive capacity is not developing, and the Government, wisely, does not wish it to develop. For such plant expansion would cause more over-production and thus enhance the economic crisis. Hitler is spending large sums to employ the unemployed, but they are put to work making roads, digging canals, clearing woods—not to building factories. That would be undesirable progress. My Aryan travelling companion's nostalgia for mediæval *mores*, the Nazis' predilection for executions with the axe, and their love of Wotan and Thor (I recently heard a German boy say: "I don't like Christ any more; I like Wotan") are but the cultural expression of economic retrogression. A National-Socialist philosopher writes: "To become more agrarian means to become poorer and more primitive, perhaps to become more uncivilized and barbarous, but, on the other hand, it means to become more German". Oswald Spengler inveighs against the "optimism of progress", and Nazi thinkers

kilogram, sugar 15 roubles a kilogram, tea 80 roubles a kilogram, soap 2½ roubles a cake, etc. But what is a rouble? A paper rouble is worth about one gold cent or one gold halfpenny. Compared to world standards, these Moscow prices, therefore, are not excessive, are perhaps quite moderate.

Prices, however, must always be considered in connection with earnings. Wages, of course, vary, and I know folk who earn anywhere between 100 and 1,500 roubles a month. The average income of a worker is approximately 140 roubles a month, but to know how much he can purchase for this sum one must first ascertain what he receives in his closed factory co-operative at reduced prices, and this is different in each plant. It is possible to assert quite categorically, however, that the standard of living went up in the last semester and is rising faster now. This is obvious in streets, theatres and private homes. It was reflected distinctly in the jolly May-Day parade: both the military and civilian sections of this annual demonstration showed that the country was richer. Factories spent more money on decorations and floats. There were more tanks and aeroplanes; finer uniforms (Red Army soldiers must now wear white collars inside their khaki collars); more singing and dancing among the marchers.

The period of great strain which commenced in 1928 and continued throughout the trying years of the first Five Year Plan is now ended. All individuals feel this. The nation dares to relax. Industry has acquired momentum. Pig iron production, which averaged 17,100 tons a day in April 1932, and 18,600 in April 1933, jumped to 28,700 a day in April 1934. The corresponding figures for steel are 17,300, 17,200 and now 26,100; for coal, 184,600 tons, 197,600 tons and 251,100 tons. This progress in heavy industry is matched by equally remarkable advances in the light industries which yield articles of daily consumption. The fundamental idea of the first Plan was the postponement for four years of the payment for the nation's efforts. Today the state is paying its debts to the population.

The air of prosperity and the sense of satisfaction which this circumstance produces are marred by the sharp struggle to earn more in order to obtain more worldly goods, some of which are today available to the masses for the first time in Russia's history,

and many of which became scarce after 1927. Soviet Russia must still face a number of complicated problems of distribution and production. The basic fact, however, is the present possibility of walking into a store and getting what one needs. The other day in the Mostorg I bought tyre valves for my older boy's bicycle. A year ago I would have sent abroad for them.

The first Five Year Plan gave the U.S.S.R. these material benefits and something else: security from foreign aggression. For the first time in my twelve years in Russia, Bolshevik leaders will assert in private that the country will not be attacked during the next twelve months. The fortification of the Far Eastern frontier with the aid of the products of new industries established between 1928 and 1933 accounts for this unprecedented spirit of national confidence. Hitherto, every Western statesman's speech and every trip of a foreign general staff officer was interpreted in Moscow as a move against the Soviet Union. Greater economic strength and bigger armaments have now dissipated this exaggerated Soviet fear complex. The Kremlin is convinced that Japan is too cautious and too preoccupied with Chinese and home affairs to engage Russia single-handedly, and, moreover, that Tokyo will this year find no allies in Europe. Thanks to the cordial *rapprochement* with France, the Soviet Government's foreign political position is so powerful that it may not have to yield to French suggestions to join the League of Nations, and the abatement of the Japanese menace as well as Russia's favourable gold and foreign currency balance will make a difference in the Soviet attitude towards America and towards Western nations generally. There is probably some warrant for the guess that England will get more Soviet trade, and Germany and the United States less than many observers predicted.

Safety from invasion augments the Red Army's already great popularity. War Commissar Voroshilov is vying with Lazar Kaganovitch for the honour of being second to Stalin. At the party congress in January, the delegates manifested much affection for him. His sun is in the ascendancy. The party congress elected a new Central Committee (the most influential body in the U.S.S.R.) which contains a more than usual number of army leaders among its members and deputy-members. Though its functions are largely civilian, the G.P.U. has military

status. It is also, in part, an army separate from the major national forces. Lately, a delicate rivalry sprang up between the Red Army and the G.P.U., and a desire arose among the military to modify the status of the G.P.U., the Soviets' political police. Several other equally important and more important considerations induced the party congress to decide on the G.P.U.'s abolition; for example, economic improvements have undermined domestic political opposition and the war danger is diminished.

The G.P.U. made many mistakes in dealing with these activities. On account of its officials' ubiquity and efficiency and because of its broad and scarcely controlled prerogatives, the G.P.U. was the only body in the Soviet Union which had sources of power within itself, instead of, as is the case of all other organizations, enjoying influence lent it by the Communist Party. This situation could no longer be tolerated. Moreover, more normal political conditions have stimulated a demand for an administration of justice which might have been called "Western" a few years ago but which some western countries have now abandoned. When the G.P.U. is finally abolished (the date has been postponed several times for unexplained reasons), the public courts will be granted added power and will hear more cases. Akulov, the Soviet Union's Attorney-General, has been urging this change for the last three years, and Stalin has supported him. At a conference of state prosecutors and court officials a few days ago, Akulov declared that "the organ of Soviet justice must not only annihilate and suppress the opposition of the class enemy"—this is what the G.P.U. limits its efforts to—they must also, he added, "exert an educational influence on unstable elements among the labouring population". And that could best be done by the courts.

The thought of tampering with the G.P.U. would never have occurred to anyone had not Russia's domestic and foreign situations undergone a marked change for the better. Soviet citizens today have a highly developed consciousness of their country's strength and potentialities of scientific and economic achievements. The valiant rescue of the "Chelyuskin" crew from the fragile ice floe in the Arctic stirred the entire nation as no industrial triumph in years has done. Millions thrilled to the

idea that Soviet airmen displayed such a tremendous capacity for heroism and daring. The records established by the two Russian stratosphere balloons were likewise interpreted as tributes to Soviet science, the excellence of Soviet equipment, and the fine human qualities of the new Soviet individual. The Bolsheviks are really convinced that their system will enable the nation to reach heights of culture, learning and material well-being never even dreamed of in the West. Some will call this an illusion; others an exaggerated national superiority complex. Communists, however, argue that their unique approach to life taps hitherto unsuspected sources of intellectual and moral strength. Time will tell. But the intensive inculcation of the belief that "there are no fortresses", as Stalin has said, "which the Bolsheviks cannot take", is an important reality.

Meanwhile, the progress already registered becomes a laurel on Stalin's brow. There can be no doubt of his great talents and his superiority over all his associates. The country accepts his leadership and respects his vast wisdom and iron will. But people are tired of having his name mentioned a dozen times on every newspaper page and at every meeting, and of seeing his likeness at every turn. It is surprising that he allows it, for the Bolsheviks have quite finely attuned political instincts, and they ought to know—yet seem not to know—that the glorification of Stalin produces an effect inversely proportionate to the effort put into it.

Moscow, May 6th, 1934

THE TRUTH

BY LUIGI PIRANDELLO

WHEN Saru Argentu, called Tararà, was put into the cage* at the squalid Court of Assize, his first thought was for his suit. Slowly abstracting from his pocket an immense handkerchief in flaming red and yellow cotton, he spread it with meticulous care on the bench, so as not to dirty his trousers when he sat down. Both handkerchief and suit were bran new.

When the prisoner came into view a loud cry rent the court, from a woman in the gallery. But Tararà was unmoved. Having sat down very carefully on his handkerchief he proceeded to look around him, smiling affably, and in fact condescendingly, on the thick wedge of peasants squashed together up there in the gallery, mostly his friends and companions of the fields. Sitting in the cage, with his queer wrinkled face, freshly scraped, he had the look rather of a monkey. Dangling from his ears were two earrings, in heavy gold.

The heat was tropical, and the frightful stench from that throng of peasants was nearly overpowering. It was a mixed odour of stale perspiration, the stink of dirty stables and of goats, the fustiness of greasy animals. Tararà, seated comfortably and to his liking, went on smiling. Craning his neck to right and to left he nodded off-handedly to this or that friend, and at times even waved a huge paw, ingrained with mud and with rust, as a sign of goodwill. His manner and appearance were marked with complacency. He felt really that he was showing up well, washed and shaved like that, and dressed in his Sunday suit of thick blue cloth. After months and months of prison awaiting trial this occasion seemed almost a festival. He was only a peasant, a poor man, too poor, of course, to afford a barrister — he could not help that. But — well, so far as

* The dock in Italy is a cage.

depended on himself he had risen to the occasion: he was washed and brushed and in his best suit.

After the first formalities, the jury formed, the trial began. The President ordered the accused to stand up

"Your name?" he asked.

"Tararà."

"That's a nickname. Your name?"

"Oh, my name? Oh, I see, your Excellency—I see what you mean. My name's Argentu—Saru Argentu. But everyone calls me Tararà."

"Very well. Your age?"

"My age? I don't know it, your Excellency."

"How d'you mean, you don't know your age?"

Tararà shrugged his shoulders; the question seemed really so silly, an emptiness. His age! . . . what next? . . . In a patient voice he answered:

"You see, your Excellency, I live in the country—who bothers about age in the country?"

A burst of laughter from the court. The President bent his head, to examine the papers in front of him:

"You were born in 1894, so are thirty-nine."

"As you wish, your Excellency."

To avoid fresh hilarity the President began answering the questions himself, adding to each, Is that right? Is that right? At last he said:

"Sit down. You will now listen to the Act of Accusation, which the Chancellor will read to you."

The Chancellor began. But half-way through came an interruption. The foreman of the jury was on the point of fainting, from the frightful heat and stench of the court. Proceedings were suspended while the ushers flung open the windows and doors as wide as they would go.

And then it was that appeared so palpably, so utterly beyond dispute or question, the immeasurable superiority of the accused over the men assembled to judge him.

To Tararà, seated so calmly on his flaming handkerchief, that stench was as nothing; his nose was used to it. That frightful heat he simply did not notice, though dressed in a suit of heavy cloth. More marvellous still, those vicious flies that were

driving the jury to frenzy, that were exciting the President, the Chancellor, the lawyers, and even the ushers, to infuriated gestures and smothered blasphemy, did not worry him in the least. They buzzed round his face, stung him voraciously on his forehead, collected in the corners of his mouth, and even of his eyes; Tararà did not feel them, did not chase them away, and could go on smiling.

His mind was at ease. True, he was on trial for murder, having split his wife's head with a hatchet. But the young barrister, briefed by the State for his defence, had assured him that he was safe, would certainly be acquitted, for he had committed the crime under strong provocation, on learning that his wife had a lover.

In the blessed unawareness of the beasts, he had no remorse—not the faintest shadow of it. That they had dragged him into court to answer for his act—an act, that is, that was purely his own affair—was a puzzler. But he accepted it as inevitable, as Fate. In the same way that on the land there were bad years, in life there was a thing called Justice. And Justice, with all its pomp and ceremonial, its solemn apparatus, its majestic presidential chair, its bells, ushers and scratching quill pens, was to Tararà a sort of mystery, like that strange new flour-mill, driven by steam, that had been inaugurated a few years ago with great festivity. People could bring their grist to that mill; but how could they know that the flour they received had been ground from their own grist? They could not. Each must shut his eyes and accept blindly whatever flour was handed to him. Tararà, with the same resignation, but also with the same distrust, had now brought his case to the mill of Justice.

For his own part he knew, of course, what he had done: he had split his wife's head with a hatchet—he didn't deny it. Having arrived home one Saturday night, after working the whole week on a distant hill as a hired labourer, he had found his village in a state of upheaval; a monstrous scandal had broken out at his very door. A few hours previously his wife Feminella had been discovered *in flagrante* with the Cavaliere Agostino Fiorico.

Donna Graziella Fiorico, the said Cavaliere's wife, with her fingers thick with rings, and all bedizened with tassels and

bows (for all the world like one of those mules that carry loads of corn to the church to the beating of drums) had caught them practically in the act, in his own house in the steep alley up there on the hill. She had brought with her the Delegate of Public Safety and two police agents, to establish the fact of adultery, which in Italy is a punishable offence. Impossible for the neighbours to hide it from Tararà, for his wife and the Cavaliere had both been arrested and detained at the police station for the night. On her release next morning, when she was creeping quietly, quietly into the street, Tararà had leapt at her suddenly and had killed her with his hatchet before the neighbours had had time to interfere.

Whatever was the Chancellor reading now? . . . such long words . . . so difficult . . . he really could not listen.

When the Chancellor had finished, the President turned to the accused:

"Stand up," he said. "You have heard the crime you are accused of?"

Tararà made a slight gesture, and answered amiably:

"To tell you the truth, your Excellency, I wasn't listening."

The President looked at him sternly:

"You are accused of having murdered your wife Feminella Rosaria Argentu on the morning of the tenth day of December, 1932, by striking her on the head with a hatchet. Have you anything to say in your defence? Turn towards the gentlemen of the jury and speak distinctly and with proper respect.

Tararà laid a hand on his breast, to convey that never, never could he show disrespect to Justice. But the court by now was disposed to hilarity, and Tararà noticed it. He felt somehow confused, his thread broken, and stood there silent.

"Well?" said the President, "why don't you begin? Tell the gentlemen of the jury what you've got to say in your defence."

Tararà pulled himself together:

"Your Excellency, I'll begin. You see, sir, it's like this. You who are learned and live in a town will understand the writing on those papers in front of you. I, sir, am ignorant and live in the country. But if the writing on those papers says that I killed my wife, then, sir, it's true. There! It's true! And we'll say no more about it."

Explosions of laughter from the whole court, even from the President :

" Say no more about it ? Say no more about it ? Just you wait and *see* whether we'll say no more about it ! "

" I mean, your Excellency ", explained Tararà, again laying a hand on his breast, " I mean that I did it. There ! That's enough. I did it. (Yes, your Excellency, I *am* turning towards the gentlemen of the jury.) I did it, gentlemen of the jury, because I couldn't help it. There ! That's enough. "

Again loud laughter. Furious ringing of the President's bell, and shouts of " Order ! Order ! "

" Where do you think you are ? " yelled the President at the public. " You're here in a Court of Justice, where a man is being tried for murder. If there's any more laughter I'll have the court cleared. "

Frowning severely he said to the accused :

" What d'you mean, you couldn't help it ? "

Tararà, startled, bewildered by the sudden silence, answered downcast :

" I m-mean to s-say, your Excellency, that it w-wasn't my fault. "

" But how wasn't it your fault ? "

Counsel for the defence jumped to his feet :

" Your Excellency, this poor man is bewildered. What he means is this : it wasn't his fault, but the fault of his wife for betraying his honour with the Cavaliere Fiorico. It's perfectly clear, as clear as daylight—— "

The President interrupted him angrily :

" Sit down. Allow the accused to speak. "

Tararà had been shaking his head violently :

" No, Sir ; no, no ! No, your Excellency. It was not that poor woman's fault—my poor unfortunate wife's. No, *no* ! It was all the fault of that lady, the wife of Cavaliere Fiorico—of that lady who wouldn't leave well alone. I ask you, Excellency, what was the sense of it ?—of making that huge scandal at my very door ? a scandal that even the stones must have blushed for ! Oh, the shame of it ! To fish that noble Cavaliere—that fine and worthy gentleman (we all know what a great gentleman he is !) to fish that gentleman, I say, from the hut of a dirty peasant,

dressed only in his shirt and with his trousers in his hand ! With everyone looking on ! . . . Oh, the shame of it ! God alone knows, your Excellency, the things that the poor are forced to do to get a crust of bread ! "

Tararà, at this last sentence, had tears in his eyes ; his voice was shaking, and his clasped hands were tense. But the whole court had exploded into shouts of laughter, many persons being doubled in convulsions. But in spite of the noise the President, as also counsel for the defence, had caught the new situation before the law, raised by Tararà's last words. The young barrister turned towards the cage and made furious signs to the prisoner to stop, to *stop*.

Too late. The President, after ringing his bell furiously, said to the accused :

" You confess, then, that you knew already that your wife had immoral relations with the Cavaliere Fiorico ? "

Again counsel for the defence had sprung to his feet :

" Your Excellency, I protest—— "

" You protest, do you ? " yelled the President in reply. But I intend to get this point clear, and at once. I—— "

" I object to your question—— "

" But considering that the accused has just confessed it—— "

" No, your Excellency ! The accused has confessed to nothing. He merely says that the fault was Donna Graziella's, for provoking a scandal on his doorstep—— "

" Very well. Now tell me : can you prevent me asking the accused this question : did he know already, or did he not, that his wife had immoral relations with the Cavaliere Fiorico ? "

The whole court was making signs to Tararà—violent, imperative signs that he was to say " No. " Again the President flew into a rage, rang his bell, and threatened to have the court cleared. When quiet was restored, he looked sternly at the prisoner :

" Saru Argentu, answer my question. Did you already know, or did you not, that your wife had immoral relations with the Cavaliere Fiorico ? "

Tararà, bewildered, annoyed, looked at his counsel, looked at the court, looked at the public. At last he stammered :

" Ought . . . ought I . . . to say ' No ? ' "

"Ah! Cabbage! Imbecile! . . ." yelled an old peasant from the back of the gallery.

The young barrister with a snort of rage turned his back on his client—the whole fabric of his defence was crumbling before his eyes.

"Tell the truth," said the President. "Tell it in your own interest."

"Well, your Excellency, I'll tell it," said Tararà, this time with both hands on his breast. "The thing, you see, was like this: I did know, and I didn't. I mean, it was *as if* I didn't know. The thing—(yes, your Excellency, I *am* turning to the gentlemen of the jury)—the thing, you see, was on the quiet; no one could tell me to my face that I knew it. You see, sirs, I live in the country. A poor labourer who toils in the fields from Monday morning to Saturday night, what *can* he know? Now if anyone had come to me up there in the fields and had said to me: "Look out, Tararà, your wife's too thick with the Cavaliere," I should have taken my hatchet at once and gone home to split my wife's head. But nobody came to tell me. And I was always careful. Whenever by chance I was forced to go home in the week, I always sent somebody ahead to give warning. Your Excellency, I never wished to do harm—(Yes, your Excellency, I *am* turning to the gentlemen of the jury). Gentlemen, there are certain things that a man can't stand, as my poor unfortunate wife knew well. I was always kind to her, and considerate—never once did I lift my hand to her, as all the village will tell you. But what could I do?—when that blessed lady, without warning. . . Oh, if I had her here, that lady, I'd soon talk to her! Gentlemen of the jury, is there anything worse on earth than a meddling woman? If I had her here, that lady, I'd say to her: "What right had Your Ladyship to come and upset a husband who had always lived quietly and respectably? If your husband had taken up with a spinster, well and good—you could make what fuss you liked. You ought to have remembered that there was another husband in the case." Sirs, I never wished to see anything, nor to harm anyone. I lived on the land, quietly, toiling with my hoe from morning to night. If I had her here, that lady, I'd say to her: "Why didn't Your Ladyship speak to me first? I'd have said to Your

Ladyship, leave it alone. How should a great lady like you be jealous of a dirty peasant-woman? The Cavaliere is a man, and man is a hunter. If the Cavaliere fancies a bit of hard black bread now and then, instead of fine rolls from the baker's, what does it matter? If that lady had only warned me, I'd have spoken to her like that—and nothing might have happened, and my poor unfortunate wife might have been here today. Your Excellency, what happened was no fault of mine, but the fault of that blessed lady —"

The President rang his bell loudly, interrupting him:

"So that is your thesis?" he asked.

Tararà, panting, exhausted, shook his head:

"No, Sir; no *thesis*—it's the truth."

And thanks to that truth, so candidly expressed, Tararà was sentenced to thirteen years' imprisonment.

(Translated by Joan Redfern)

THE PUBLIC IS ALWAYS RIGHT

(IN THE THEATRE)

BY HUBERT GRIFFITH

I HAVE a strange thesis to put forward about the London theatre after being for twelve years a working, first-night dramatic critic in that theatre.

I say advisedly a "working, first-night" dramatic critic, for there is another class of critic who may be referred to as the idling and second- or third-night critics. These no doubt consider themselves the elect and elite of the profession, and several of them, notably Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, are wonderfully good. They write for the weekly papers and the reviews. But they do not go to anything like the entire number of new productions that London provides. It is useless for a weekly review, or a paper published at a longer interval still, to have a notice of each of the three or four or five new plays and musical comedies that a week brings forth. A proportion of them will always be so desperately bad that they will either "run" only for a week or two, or else stagger for a few nights. There is even one historically recorded play that never got as far as its third act: the audience had left the theatre. In these circumstances the weekly review critic can be a dilettante and a dandy in his profession. He need go to the theatre only when he thinks he would like to go. It is useless for him to do notices of plays that may have expired even before his lines have appeared in print, so he probably limits himself to reviewing only one play a week, choosing the most important or significant play, and very often not even going to the first-night of that. His notice has not to be in print by the next morning, so he can even wait a day or two, reading the other notices that have appeared in the daily papers—I do not say to copy or plagiarise them—but to get a

hint from them as to whether the general line of the play is interesting enough to justify his own visit.

In contradistinction to these exquisites, there are, as I mentioned, the "working, first-night" critics, to which brotherhood I had the honour to belong—the brotherhood that works for the daily and evening papers. These slaves of the theatre go to the theatre early and often. It is their business, as far as it is humanly possible, to see every play that is produced. They are regarded, quite rightly, as part of the "news" side of their papers. If a new play is good, it is news. If a play is bad, it may also be news—as long as it is bad enough. The play that only ran as long as its first two acts must have amused many next-morning breakfast tables. And even if a play is of such drab and doleful mediocrity that the critics can see no reason why he or any living soul should remain in the theatre, remain in the theatre he must, for there is always the chance of the theatre being burnt down before the end of the evening. This trade I plied for twelve years successively for a provincial paper, for a London daily paper with a circulation of more than a million, for a London evening paper, and for a Sunday paper. I have reckoned that on an average I must have been to nearly four plays a week for the whole of this time.

In London theatres there is nearly always a new production on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week. Sometimes there are two on each day (it is here that the "second-string" or assistant critics come in). There are often first-nights also on Thursday and Friday, though on Saturdays only very rarely. The Sunday-night theatre came into its full popularity during the time that I was a critic. Before the War, the Stage Society had been almost London's only outlet for Sunday-night drama. After the War came the Repertory Players, the Arts Theatre Club, the Players Theatre, the "G" Theatre Club, the Charta Theatre and a host of other societies, all producing plays furiously on a Sunday night. At the present time, except in the height of the summer, it is unusual to find a Sunday night when there is not one new play to be seen. Often there are two or three rival attractions. An average of four plays a week gives the appalling total of something like two hundred plays a year—and so strong is habit, especially bad habit, that when abroad on holiday in

Paris or Berlin or Moscow, I used continually to find myself again in a theatre. Multiplied by my twelve years of service, this gives the even more appalling total of 2,400—twenty-four hundred plays seen and criticized! Incidentally, I make no claim that this comes anywhere near to being a record. Several of my colleagues, still in practice, can double and treble it.

One further preliminary before I come to my thesis. It is frequently thought and asked by the lay public: "Does not this incessant theatre-going induce a maddening staleness in the critic? Can he retain any spark of enthusiasm for new work or good acting? Does he not have to exercise all his powers of forbearance to prevent himself from becoming a complete cynic as regards all things pertaining to the theatre?"

Quite untrue. And untrue for this reason: the critic's standard of comparison is so much lower than that of the average member of the public—he has sat at so many more bad plays than the average member of the public—that he is likely to be unduly enthusiastic about even moderately good work. Compare yourself, reader, for a moment with me. If you are an average theatre-goer, you may go to the theatre, say, once a month, or a little more or a little less. But whenever you go to the theatre you go because you have reason to suppose that there will be a genuine attraction when you get there—you have chosen the play because you have seen a good notice of it in the press, or a friend whose judgment you respect has spoken well of it, or it has had a long run and comes up frequently in conversation, or there is a famous or beautiful actress appearing in it. It is quite possible, of course, that you will be disappointed when you get there. The play may have been over-praised. But it did probably represent the cream of the twenty or so other plays of the month, and you were disappointed only because the cream did not seem to you up to standard.

Now compare your situation with mine. I have been, *ex officio*, to all those other plays of the month. I have been to them, not waiting to be told that they were good. Two or three of them may have been good, three or four of them may have been mediocre, and several of them again may have been sheer inanity—farces that fail (and a farce that is not producing laughter is indeed a desperate thing); little revues that have tottered for a

few days before empty houses while losing thousands for their backers; little comedies that have been withdrawn after a week, and whose existence you have not even heard about, for a Test Match or a Murder Trial may have been filling the newspapers, and the few lines of commiseration that constituted the press notice will have been crowded out through lack of space.

I am not exaggerating. A fair proportion of the critic's evenings will be passed at such plays as these. They are in his day's work and he gets acclimatized to them. I was not personally present at the play that did not get as far as its last act, but I have sat at plays—two of them in a single week—of such devastating feebleness that they were withdrawn after two nights each. I have sat at plays where I thought I was in Bedlam itself. And I have sat at them as part of a regular and constantly-recurring job. Now is it apparent why the critic, when he is faced with an entertainment that has any one element of goodness in it—an interesting plot, a theme newly-treated, one actress of brilliance or beauty—becomes excessively enthusiastic about it?

Towards the end of my time as a critic, I began actually to be afraid of recommending plays when asked to do so by personal friends. The friends in question would probably not be regular and hardened theatre-goers. Their standards would be formed by the rare plays that they had from time to time seen—Maugham, Shaw, Chekhov—and by performers such as Edith Evans or Bergner. If I recommended a play that had pleased me, I was apt to forget that it might have pleased me merely because it was immeasurably above the *worst* of the plays that I had seen in my professional career. The infrequent and discriminating theatre-goer is likely to be far more exacting—for he wants all playwrights to be of the quality of Maugham, and all actresses Bergners.

Now to my thesis—drawn from long experience of the post-War theatre. It is a simple one, and it is That The London Public Is Always Right, that it always appreciates (and pays for) fine work when it sees it.

Please observe that I do not say that the converse of this always holds good—that bad or second-rate plays are invariably known

for what they are, and always lose money for their backers. Instances of plays like *Chu Chin Chow*, that can draw audiences for years on end without claiming any single feature of first-rateness, are not uncommon in theatrical history. There have been, are, and ever will be, audiences for mediocrity in all the arts, and this must be taken as a fact of nature and human character. But a far more interesting consideration—seeing that the arts endure by their fine work, and mediocrity is always unimportant—is the existence of this public for fine work, and, in my own submission, its unfailing, accurate, and intelligent support of fine work.

This contention will, no doubt, be thought by many people, on first hearing, to be nonsense. Especially among the "intellectuals" the theatre-public has none too good a reputation. It has become almost a *cliché* in some circles (chiefly those that avoid the theatre at close quarters) that to put up a distinguished play is to court failure, and that to put up a bad play is to make money. Managers who have just had failures have been heard to remark that the play was "above the public's head".

Let us see how this works out, taking a list of the best plays and a list of the most outstandingly successful plays of the last decade. The interesting thing is to find that the two lists are almost identical. I may be allowed for the word "best" to imply, in a general sense, plays that had most appeal to people of sanity, sensitiveness and intelligence.

It will probably be hardly disputed that Mr. Maugham's *Our Betters* was one of the best comedies of the decade—possibly of the generation, and possibly since Congreve. *Our Betters* ran for more than a year, and was certainly one of the most successful plays of the decade. With it may be placed Mr. C. K. Munro's *At Mrs. Beam's*, and (if comedy it can be called) Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*. There are judges who would put these plays in different orders of merit as regards one another, but for the purposes of my argument this is immaterial. All would agree that they are notably fine works—and each and every one of them was seen by a vast public. *At Mrs. Beam's* ran for three hundred performances, *Juno* for two hundred.

Going through very quickly, at random, a list of the plays that most pleased me in my time as critic, and that I am pretty certain

appealed to many people who pride themselves that their intelligence is high, I find such plays as Mr. Shaw's *Apple Cart*, Mr. Sherriff's *Journey's End*, Galsworthy trying to write a thriller, and writing a magnificent one in *Loyalties*, Mr. van Druten's *Young Woodley*, the now hardly remembered *Fata Morgana*, which was nevertheless very beautiful, the subtle *Green Bay Tree*, H. M. Harwood's *The Grain of Mustard Seed*, *The Constant Nymph*, and, for enchanting loveliness of acting, Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never!* And if enquiry is made at that infallible and uncontrovertible index of public approval, the theatre box-office, it will be found that precisely those plays which have drawn most money in the period under review are *Our Betters*, *Journey's End*, *Loyalties*, *Young Woodley*, *Juno*, and the rest of the list that I have given. The average run of the whole lot of them is about a year! At least one part of the case against the assertion that "To put up a distinguished play is to court failure" is proved. The most notable omission from the list is, of course, the master-magician Chekhov. But even Chekhov does not fall far outside its scope. After a few uneasy beginnings, due to the newness of his idiom, and in some cases to errors of production, he too, one of the most subtle and delicate minds in dramatic art, is becoming widely popular. At the Old Vic. this last season he very nearly played our Shakespeare off his own stage.

Now we come to the consideration of a very much more ticklish category of plays—the plays that do give some ground for the accusation that "the public stops away from good plays", or is frightened by plays that are "above its head". There are plays that have had great quality, or qualities, in them, perhaps distinguished acting, any amount of time, trouble, money and elaboration spent on their production—plays where the manager can honestly claim that he has aimed high—and which have nevertheless been failures and lost money.

Now, in every such case within my knowledge, almost without exception, the public has stopped away from the play, not because it was too good for them, not in the least because it was above their heads, but because it contained some clear and obviously-

demonstrable fault. It might have aimed high, but it has not succeeded. Aiming high is not good enough—and can hardly be expected to be good enough—for a clientele that has to pay hard money for admission.

Such plays are the critic's dilemma. Every theatre notice must be, in the last analysis, a recommendation by the critic to the public to go and see the play, or a recommendation to stop away. A critic who does not recognize this fundamental responsibility is not being honest with himself. In the case of a play that has tried to do something high and difficult, and has not brought it off, he can express his opinion that the play is a failure and will almost certainly be reproached both by the author and the manager who has lost money by backing the play. But if, through kindness towards the aspirations of the play, he represents that play as being, in fact, a single small fraction better than it actually is—then he breaks faith with his newspaper, his readers, and his critical judgment, and does ultimate harm to the theatre that he is serving.

May I give concrete instances? A brilliant and established writer of fashionable comedies a few years ago attempted something new. He attempted a poetic fantasy. It turned out in the result abysmally dull; which fact I duly recorded. Though personally unknown to the author, I received a many-page letter (followed up later by others) sorrowfully expostulating with me for the line I had taken. Did I not recognize, the letters ran, that "however bad the play was", it was a genuine attempt to do something outside the ordinary? Of course I had been aware of the fact. But a critic in a daily paper may not always have much space at his command. That fact of "however bad the play was" happened to be a paramount consideration with a critic who felt that members of the public might be taking his recommendation at its face value.

At another time, an established manager who had many successes attempted a more out-of-the-way play than usual—as far as I remember a modern play in blank verse. Again the aspiration, admirable as it was in theory, fell devastatingly short in achievement. The play was a fiasco. I mentioned the fact. The manager wrote lengthily to me. "If critics would not support attempts to do such drama as this . . . what was to be the

future fate of the drama?" Now it was perfectly evident that by the word "support" he meant the word "praise", and as he himself admitted that the play had serious shortcomings, he must also have meant "praise rather more than it strictly deserves". But if a critic is going to begin praising plays rather more than they strictly deserve merely because they have been written with good intentions, he is going to begin doing a very serious harm to the drama indeed. Some of the public at least will start by taking him at his word. It will buy seats at the play that he appears to recommend. It will be bored and disillusioned. And when the next play of the sort comes along—perhaps a genuine poetical achievement—it will say to itself, "No, thank you! We have been caught once by this highbrow stuff—which critics apparently think it their duty to recommend on principle. We have had more than an earful of it; and we propose to stop away in future!"

I mention both these instances, not chiefly to justify the attitude of the critic, but to point out two cases in which it could have been said, and was said, that the public was being sheepishly frightened of a play that was above its head. It was nothing of the sort. The plays were bad ones and dull ones, and failed strictly on their demerits.

It has been borne in on me lately that I am supported in this argument by an impresario of no less experience than the great Mr. C. B. Cochran.

Now Mr. Cochran is so mad an enthusiast for the theatre in general, and his own productions in particular, that it is quite evident to those around him that he thinks each new play, at the time he does it, the finest and most faultless play ever written. He is even convinced of it. His excitement has been described to me as being that "of a *débutante*" on each of his first nights.

Nevertheless, his judgment, in retrospect, is far more dispassionate, and he discoursed to me the other day on this question of the success of first-rateness. He said: "The first-rate thing is *always* liked by the public—and makes its effect instantaneously. Elisabeth Bergner is a recent example. She conquered London on that single first night, and the impact was immediate and

seen only in its effects as they materialize from time to time in various countries and show Hitler's trail over Europe.

Both sides of his policy are kept separate, as they work or are worked in very different ways. There are, in fact, two Foreign Offices in Berlin: the official Ministry of Foreign Affairs, presided over by Baron von Neurath, in the well-known building in the Wilhelmstrasse; and, unpretentiously housed a few doors away, the "Foreign Office of the Nazi Party", with Herr Alfred Rosenberg as its head. Though maintained "underground" as much as possible, the connection between the two offices must be close and intimate; it is said that German foreign policy is in reality inspired and dominated by Rosenberg. In any case, both sides of that policy have one and the same aim, namely, German expansion by the realization territorially of the "Third Reich", which is a revival of the old Pan-Germanism in its most far-reaching form, and means nothing less than the inclusion in one vast imperial State of all Germans in Europe, with "colonies" there and in other quarters of the globe.

That consummation, however, can be achieved only by preponderant force, which Hitler has not yet at his command. On the contrary, if the general reaction in Europe against the triumph of the Nazis in 1933 has in a measure lost its energy, opposition to Hitler has been enormously stiffened by the action of France consequent on the publication of the German Army, Navy, and Air Estimates for 1934-35, with their considerable increases over the previous year, notably as regards air. It scarcely seems too much to say that most States have now resigned themselves to the failure of the Disarmament Conference and regard rearmament, on a greater or less scale, as inevitable. It is an open secret that in some countries the race in armaments began months ago. Doubtless Germany obtained a good, long start, thanks to the weakness last year of French policy and the inept shilly-shallying all along of our own Government. But the others are catching up, even if England is not, and the situation, looked at broadly, is probably not so favourable for any immediate or quick success for Nazi ambitions as it was. Whether Hitler ever intended an immediate war, or one at an early date, is a question; that he prepares war is a certainty, but, as things are, he will wait till he is quite ready.

With France now thoroughly on the alert, the situation *vis-à-vis* Germany is much the same as it was in the spring of last year, but the Nazi programme has not been changed.

In the meantime the other side of Hitler's foreign policy has been developing under the leadership of Rosenberg. Its purpose is easily summed up in a few words, but what extraordinary activities they cover! Rosenberg is doing everything he can to promote and assist revolution *from within* in those parts of Europe that are included in the general Nazi plan for the Third Reich. In all of them there is a German or Germanic element, with Fascist or other organization behind it; and it is his job, or rather that of his agents, to encourage and drive these bodies, by strong appeals to their nationalistic feelings and the expenditure of large sums of money (looted in effect from foreign loans), to bring about such a condition of things in each of their respective States as will enable them to seize the supreme power, destroy the existing Government, and, a Fascist dictatorship having then been proclaimed over the rest of the people, get into touch with Berlin. Officially, Berlin would deny having anything whatever to do with the revolution, which would be represented as a spontaneous "national" movement and, of course, welcomed with suitable action taken thereanent. To some readers all this may suggest that Rosenberg is copying the strategy and tactics of Soviet Russia, at least in its earlier phase of Bolshevik aggressiveness, while others may consider that what has been said of his policy is so wildly fantastic as to be beyond belief.

In England it is rather the way to ridicule and laugh at Herr Rosenberg, and it is true that he did not show to advantage when he visited London last year. For all that, he is one of the most formidable figures in Germany, and stands very near indeed to Hitler, who reposes the greatest confidence in him, as was demonstrated when he recently appointed him Educational Dictator of the Nazi Party. For years Rosenberg has been the editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the chief organ of the party. He is a "Balt", that is, a native of the Baltic States—he was born some forty years ago at Tallinn, Estonia—but of German descent. He studied architecture in Riga, and earned his living by giving lessons in drawing. After the war he drifted to

Munich, where he met Hitler and became one of the first of his followers, taking part in the *putsch* Hitler attempted, with disastrous results, on November 9th, 1923.

Since those days the two men have been devoted to each other; Rosenberg has been called "Hitler's mentor", and his influence on the Leader has been and remains profound. It is not of the least use to sneer at such a man. What should be noted is that during the first half of his life he lived in the capitals of what were then known as the Baltic Provinces of Russia, but now are the States of Estonia and Latvia, and that, as he is well-acquainted with them and with what has taken place in these regions since the War, it is natural enough that his policy and plan should be designed to affect them in particular. Recent occurrences in these States, as well as in Lithuania, have, as a matter of record, shown that this is the case. But his policy and plan have a far wider sweep.

Before the War Pan-Germanism was understood and dreaded in Britain in that aspect of it which directly interested her enormously, because of the implied threat to India expressed in the almost forgotten phrase "Berlin-Baghdad". For years she did little or nothing to check the German *Drang nach Osten*, and France appeared indifferent. President Masaryk, in his book, *The New Europe*, which was published in 1918, said: "I wondered that the English and the French paid so little attention to Pan-Germanism", and added that he had warned his own countrymen of the danger threatening them. In those days the Berlin-Baghdad plan was the most important element in Pan-Germanism, for among other things it covered the great German conception—*Mittleuropa*. But the general scheme also covered the Baltic, and extended into the centre (Poland) and the south (the Ukraine) of the Russian Empire. The great territorial changes brought about by the War have altered the map of Europe and Asia, but not the ideology or aims of Pan-Germanism. For some years it was practically inarticulate; then it was to be heard, though not too audibly, in the growing German demands for treaty revision; when Hitler came into power it suddenly became clamorous in the speeches of Kube and other Nazi leaders; it is incarnate, active, and aggressive in Rosenberg.

It is perhaps well to state in some detail what Pan-Germanism seeks to achieve in its present phase. Of course, it begins with Austria, now almost exclusively German and Fascist after a fashion. There is no need to labour this part of the subject, for everybody knows what has occurred since the Nazis began their campaign for the absorption of that country—a typical Rosenberg campaign based mainly on procuring the subversion of that State by a revolution from within. At the moment Austria, supported by England, France and, more robustly, Italy, holds the Nazis at bay, but the Rosenberg agent, Habicht, who was told to be silent for a while, is once more fulminating from Munich, and it is evident that the campaign has not been abandoned. The Austrian Nazis are numerous, and will scarcely fail to seize any opportunity that looks like serving their turn. And they are not kept short of funds.

West of Austria is Switzerland, and the Rosenberg plan contemplates the separation of German from French Switzerland. Of all countries Switzerland seems, or rather seemed, so well-established as a State, so secure in her age-old independence! It may be recalled how surprised everyone in England was when the news was published of the relatively large sum the Swiss were to expend on enlarging and consolidating their national defences. But open attack is no part of Rosenberg's tactic; he is operating behind a Swiss Nazi organization which calls itself "The National Front", and he hopes to effect, according to plan, revolution from within.

North-east of Austria lie Czechoslovakia and Poland, whose frontiers, taken together, border Germany for about 1,600 miles on the east, a long and, speaking generally, an easily vulnerable line. To take Czechoslovakia first. Of her total population, which is close on fifteen millions, more than one-fifth are German by race, though born in the country; most of them are found inside the frontier on the north-west, west and south-west immediately adjoining Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria. On the German side there exists an elaborate military and training organization, but, though it works in with Rosenberg, it is inside Czechoslovakia that he plays the hidden hand, just as in other countries, through the local Nazi bodies. But the Czechoslovak Government is extremely vigilant and determined to maintain

its power. In October of last year it struck hard at the Nazis, who were led by Jung, a deputy at Prague and an old associate of Hitler ; it dissolved the party, declaring it illegal, and arrested Jung and others of its leaders. Scarcely, however, was this done when a new party stepped into the place of that which had been banned : it called itself the " South German National Front ", and ostentatiously proclaimed its loyalty to the State—and still does so, but is kept under constant observation by the authorities.

Her large German minority has always been a grave problem for Czechoslovakia, notwithstanding the fact that two important German political groups threw in their lot some years ago with the Government and have each a Minister in the Cabinet. Recently, when the fifteenth anniversary of the birth of the State was celebrated, the great majority of the Germans took an enthusiastic part in the proceedings—rather too enthusiastic, for there is no doubt that the Nazi infection is widespread and that Rosenberg is no more inactive there than in Austria. On the other hand, Czechoslovakia is thoroughly organized, which Austria cannot be said to be, and MM. Masaryk and Benesh keep incessant watch over her. But it must be added that Rosenberg could and does find other ways of striking at her, namely, through her non-German National minorities—Magyar, Polish and Ruthenian, particularly the last, for the Ruthenians (in Carpathian Ruthenia, the easternmost province of Czechoslovakia) are Ukrainians, and Rosenberg is deeply interested in Ukraina, whether in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, or Rumania, as a promising area for German intrigue.

Indeed, when the Polish-German Pact was concluded in January, it was thought, quite rightly, in Prague, Moscow, and Bukarest that one of its results would be that Poland, at least for some time, would be free from German pressure in East Galicia, while that pressure would become more intense in Carpathian Ruthenia, the Soviet Ukraine and the Bukovina. Further, Czechoslovakia wished to know whether Poland had disinterested herself respecting the fate of Austria. In fact, there was an impression that Poland had broken away from the alliance with France and had adopted a Hitlerite attitude. The Moscow papers declared that the pact contained secret clauses,

among them being one giving Germany a free hand in the Russian Ukraine. About the same time Teschen, the former small Austrian duchy in the Beskids which in 1920 had been divided between Poland and Czechoslovakia, who had been assigned the larger and more valuable share, again became the scene of bitter strife between the Poles and the Czechs. It will easily be seen what opportunities this whole state of things presented to the unscrupulous, manipulative skill of Rosenberg. That he did not neglect them may be taken as certain, but he did not have it all his own way. The Soviet had blocked it in great measure by the fresh series of non-aggression pacts with her European neighbours, and the real position of Poland became better understood.

The first impression that Poland had been " immobilized " by concluding the pact with Germany was shown to be erroneous from the pact itself, for it specifically stated that Poland stood by all her former commitments, the chief being the alliance with France, and Warsaw denied that there were any secret clauses whatsoever. But the fact remained that before Hitler's triumph and for some months afterwards the tension between Poland and Germany, especially over the " Corridor " and Danzig, had been severe, and besides was well known to all the world. Further, the Customs War between the two countries still raged, with little abatement after seven years. The change, as manifested by the pact, was astonishing ; in a speech our Attorney-General referred to it as a " bolt from the blue ", and Hitler quoted the pact as a notable demonstration of the genuineness of his pacific policy. Undoubtedly France was not pleased. What was the explanation of the Polish action ? It was political, but also economic.

Admittedly there was a certain coolness towards France. The origin of that feeling goes back to 1932 when, after a first instalment had been paid, no more money was forthcoming on a French loan to Poland for the construction of the double-track railway from Katowice, the centre of the Silesian coal mines, to Gdynia, the new port on the Baltic. Mainly an agricultural country, Poland has been hard hit by the general depression, and needs more capital ; the drying up of French money on the loan was inexplicable to the Poles, except on the

supposition that France had become indifferent to their fate. Thus began the rift within the lute. The political explanation generally given is accurate: Poland's decided hostility to the Four-Power Pact, by which she felt she had been let down by France, and her consequent resolve to show her independence by entering on direct negotiations with Germany, which resulted in the pact with that country, and later in practically terminating the Customs War. Paris was distressed, Berlin jubilant; but the significant fact emerged that, though Hitler had undertaken that Rosenberg's propaganda and other activities in Poland should cease, no reduction of the strength of the Polish army, one of the most formidable in Europe, was contemplated or was likely. It was this that made the way easy for the visit of M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, to Warsaw, in April, and led to a strengthening of the alliance, which will probably be reinforced by payment of the remainder of the railway loan.

How far Rosenberg will continue to observe the understanding respecting non-interference in Poland remains to be seen, but what has happened in Danzig is perhaps informative. Last autumn Poland came to an agreement with the Free City—though it had become a Nazi stronghold—which favoured the Danzigers, and the Nazi anti-Polish propaganda, which had been violent, suddenly died away under orders from Berlin. But it has begun again, the position being that while official Danzig frowns on it, the local Nazi leaders encourage it. This is the distinctive Rosenberg touch. It is impossible to believe that he has dropped the Corridor question, seeing that world-opinion is still divided about it, though it ought not to be, as the case for Poland is far stronger than that for Germany. As regards the controversy, now revived, about Teschen (which, of course, is not disagreeable to Germany) it may be said there are faults on both sides, but Poland and Czechoslovakia have many interests in common, and friendly contacts are sure to be re-established before long between the two kindred Slavonic peoples who, on so wide a front, are open to the joint assaults of Pan-Germanism, their implacable enemy.

Rosenberg has been behind Fascist activities in the whole Baltic area—in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, the "Scandinavian" States—but he has simply blazed his trail in the

Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. In February and March dispatches to our papers were insistent on the Nazi threat to the "Security of the Baltic". In the previous October there were signs of his work in a movement in Estonia, led by the "Liberators", a party of war veterans and others imbued with Fascist and National-Socialist ideas, who effected a change in the Constitution and the resignation of the Government. There was no violence, as the country on the whole approved the change, but suspicion was thrown on the Liberators when it was discovered they had plenty of money—a rare thing in Estonia—and the new government, which was not Liberator, kept its eyes open. On December 5th the Diet dissolved the Nazi organizations and suppressed their journals. But the movement, fed by funds from Berlin, grew, and the next stage was the declaration on March 12th of martial law by the Government and the arrest of 400 Liberators, many of whom were subsequently released, while the others were (and are) held for trial on charges of treason against the State. A severe check for Rosenberg, but he is not the man to give up.

Latvia presents a similar if less sensational story. Towards the end of last year her Government expelled several Rosenberg agents, and shortly afterwards dissolved Nazi organizations. In January the police arrested a number of Nazi leaders, and stated that they had uncovered a "great Hitlerite conspiracy". In March a change took place in the Government which marked a reaction against Fascism, with a pronounced swing from the radical Left to the conservative Right, and the Diet voted the discharge of all State employees who belonged to Fascist groups. It may be recalled that in both Estonia and Latvia there is a foundation for Nazi intrigue in their old connection with Germany through the "Baltic Barons" and other Balts. The position in Lithuania is different, but if she has no native Balts, she has in Memel a city as German as Danzig. Memelland has also a little Diet of its own, and there the German element is in command; throughout this small but not unimportant territory the Nazis are strong. During March Lithuania made numerous arrests of Rosenberg's agitators, and has been in constant open conflict with Berlin.

Lithuania is in an exceptionally interesting position. Because

of Vilna she turned for years to Russia and Germany against Poland, but now that the Soviet and Poland are friends, and Hitlerite Germany is opposed to her, it is possible enough that she will regard her ancient ally as no longer *the* enemy. It is known that Marshal Pilsudski, himself of Lithuanian stock, will welcome any advance from her and be glad to terminate the feud. If that takes place, the remarkable result of Rosenberg pressure on Lithuania will be a defeat for Hitler, and a great gain not only to Poland, but to the whole eastern Baltic. Even as things are it is no wonder that under the German menace the Baltic States are coming closer together, and the probability of their forming themselves into a real Baltic League has become greatly enhanced. The obstacle before was the Vilna question; with it out of the way, the road is fairly clear. Personally I have always hoped for this League (which is an interest of England), and worked for it as far as I could, for instance, by articles in this Review; but it seemed to me that Poland was the best basis for it, and I still think so. However, the series of interlocking non-aggression pacts, now including Finland, always rather reserved in this connection, which cover all the eastern Baltic States with the exception of Germany, is a political fact of the utmost significance. When in April the Soviet proposed to Germany that they should subscribe to a pact guaranteeing the independence and territorial inviolability of the Baltic States, Hitler refused.

While Rosenberg has achieved so far little or nothing in the Baltic, he maintains that these States belong logically to the Third Reich, and must be brought into it. He will, therefore, not cease his efforts to gain his end, there as elsewhere, by revolution from within. Lack of space prevents me from discussing his plotting in Holland and Belgium, as well as in south-eastern Europe, notably in Rumania. His tactic is everywhere the same, and it cannot be too much stressed that there seems to be no lack of money in support. It is possible to exaggerate his importance, but it is not possible to consider him as insignificant or easily beaten so long as Hitler is supreme in Germany. I am told that the Special Branch of Scotland Yard keeps the unofficial German Nazis in London under observation—if so, it is a very good thing, for London is a jumping off place to all the world.

PROVIDING THE EVIDENCE

BY STORM JAMESON

THE other day three intelligent people were discussing the imminent divorce of a man known to them. Known to them as well, and to a much wider circle, was the fact that his divorce, in which he appeared in the part of guilty husband, had been arranged entirely for the pleasure and convenience of his wife. It was his wife who was unfaithful, and who wished to re-marry. To the three discussing it, this particular example of a very common subterfuge was sharpened by the fact that the man whom she had involved herself, the actual co-respondent, was carrying on political activities which they considered pernicious to a degree. Their opinion was shared by a large number of persons—with the result that very great pressure had been brought to bear upon the husband to divorce his wife instead of allowing himself to be divorced by her. This would lay the disgrace of divorce upon those actually guilty, and seriously hamper the co-respondent in his (arguably) vicious activities.

None of these aspects of the case was disputed by the three persons discussing it. All three were agreed, moreover, that the co-respondent's career was socially and politically a bad business and ought to be checked. (To complete the picture it should be added that the husband wholly and deeply concurred in this view of his rival's activities.) At this point their opinions diverged violently. For the sake of clearness, their own words are given.

"He [the husband] must be the most pig-headed Quixote in England. Even his own father all but went on his knees begging him to tell the truth and divorce his wife. Friends have talked to him and written to him. He's doing himself a certain amount of harm in his own profession by appearing as the guilty person. Moreover, he's a decent simple creature, and the consistent lying

involved in the unpleasant business is going to be very irksome and difficult for him. What in heaven's name induced him to let his thoroughly worthless wife make use of him in this way?

"If it were only that! But here he had put into his hands the chance to discredit X—— completely, and he deliberately doesn't take it. All for some insane and quite discreditable notion of doing the right thing."

"Perfectly true. All the same, you're wrong and he's right. No good ever comes of using dirty weapons—not even to kill a blackguard. His wife had the right to expect that he would treat her decently and kindly, and he would not be justified in letting her down, for any conceivable reason. As a human being his duty to his wife, to treat her honourably, comes before his duty to society to discredit a scoundrel. No decent man can insist on his wife's adultery in a public place."

Before examining certain very curious implications in the views expressed by these three sufficiently intelligent and ordinary members of society, let us be quite clear about the nature of the act or series of acts that the "decent and honourable" husband in the case commits himself to do. In the first place he sets out, with the assistance and in the knowledge of other well-disposed persons, to evade a law which, with successive modifications, has been part of our social framework for a very long time. It is not an Eighteenth Amendment, cutting suddenly and sharply across our normal social life. On the contrary, it is inextricably involved with it. But, as happened in America with Prohibition, a person who tries to evade this particular law can count on the sympathy, or at least on the understanding, of a great number of his fellow citizens. If he is caught out they are sorry for him. In their eyes he is not a law-breaker, in the usual sense of the term, at all.

It is certain that the number of divorces has swelled enormously with the growth of the feeling, now very strong, that the divorce laws exist to be evaded, can be evaded, and ought to be evaded as often as possible. It becomes almost a sporting event—human ingenuity against what appears legal stupidity and prejudice, the principles on which the law was founded vanishing altogether in the confusion started in the minds of all concerned. So soon as, from any cause, you have begun to lose respect for

a law, the realities involved change their shape and empty themselves of meaning. It is not only because the social consequences of divorce can now be controlled, by laying the guilt on the broadest shoulders, that there are more divorces and ever more divorces.

Further, it is known to every Divorce Court judge that in a number of the cases which come before him the law has been evaded deliberately and in accordance with a consistent social code. One judge will take pains to uncover the evasion. Another as deliberately accepts it—provided that the law-breakers have so arranged their case that it looks water-tight. You can say that the first judge is doing his duty and the second neglecting it. Or that the first is a social reactionary applying a reactionary code in order to satisfy his Victorian notions of morality, or his Puritan and unconscious disapproval of enjoyment, or his arid and slavish love of legality. If that is your view, the second judge becomes in it a humane and enlightened thinker, only too happy to be excused applying a legal and moral code the social consequences of which he dislikes. In either case it probably escapes your notice that you are applying to the judge the same curious and extremely involved standards which affect your attitude to the divorce itself.

Just what are these standards? Their implied morality is very odd. We begin with the assumption that a woman is more heavily disgraced than a man by the act of adultery. The roots of this assumption are old and twisted. It would seem that, in spite of our well-advertized change of heart—the equality of the sexes, the right to happiness, and all the rest of our modern philosophy—there remains an unconfessed feeling that an unchaste wife is less forgivable than an unchaste husband. The very words I have been compelled to use in order to express the feeling are proof of its existence. If every individual has a natural human right to happiness, the term "unchaste", applied to the woman taken in adultery, has no meaning. Nevertheless, it springs into my mind as a term that will be accepted immediately by the reader.

In the actual conversation with which we began, this assumption was very clearly working in the minds of all three speakers. Two of them would have preferred that the husband should

ignore it, the one because the woman was not worth trouble, the other in hope to damage a man whom he regarded as socially and politically odious. The third was so sharply conscious of it that he would not allow any reason to be sufficiently powerful to excuse a husband for compelling his wife publicly to confess herself as adulteress. It will take, perhaps, another generation—or longer—to eradicate this old root.

In some cases it happens that a husband will take on himself the guilt of the divorce for the very reason that the man for whom his wife wishes to leave him would be ruined in his profession if he were cited as a co-respondent. Here it is not necessary to suppose that magnanimity towards a successful rival is the impulse at work. It is again the feeling, so powerful as to assume all the force of a moral injunction, that a man cannot in decency allow his wife to suffer by the provisions of a law offensive to a humane mind, or to incur the odium attaching to the guilty person. It is his duty, as an honourable man, to help her and to draw the odium on himself. To do this he must invent, with or without legal assistance, a number of lies, which he will afterwards swear on his oath to be no lie, but the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. From all of which it appears that in the minds of a great many persons, deliberate perjury is a lesser sin than the refusal to allow your wife to take advantage of you to evade the divorce laws.

This is a very odd result to find. The man who will stoutly swear to a lie in the Divorce Court would be shocked and angry if you hesitated to take his word in the matter of a bet. It means that a line has been drawn round the whole business of divorce and once over that line not only may you perjure yourself without losing your self-respect and forfeiting that of your friends, but, merely in order not to forfeit it, you *must* perjure yourself. An intelligent and decent-minded woman, your wife, will accept your perjury as evidence that you have the right attitude towards human relationships, where she would be distressed to find you out in a trivial lie about the price paid for a gift. Any divorce is either polite or exciting. A polite divorce is one in which the husband is stated to have committed the necessary adultery. This curious social attitude is adopted naturally by people who would reject as unpleasantly sentimental and unreal a novel in

which the hero goes out into the night with only his passport (or into the Foreign Legion) rather than clear himself of a charge of stealing the spoons by pointing out that they are in fact up the heroine's sleeve.

So complex and distorted are the emotions involved in any thought of divorce that it is possible for a woman holding strong feminist views about the equality of the sexes to maintain vehemently—as a simple condition of that equality—a wife's right to require her husband to perjure himself on her behalf! I find this attitude wholly untenable. There is no meaning in the word "equality" applied to men and women unless it means "equally responsible in thought and act". Used in any other sense, it is either redundant (as when a vast deal of argument boils down to the statement that some women are socially very valuable and biologically very fine), or propaganda (that is, intellectually suspect). If I, a woman, claim, as in theory I do, the full right to decide for myself the form my life shall take—in practice this ideal form is squeezed flat by the compromises and curtailments involved in living together with other persons—I am either a fool or a cad if I refuse to accept full responsibility for any deliberately planned act of mine. I can conceive circumstances in which it would be necessary for me to behave like one or the other. But no circumstances would excuse me for covering up my bad behaviour with nonsense about woman's "right to be given her freedom". If, for any reason, a wife demands that her husband shall perjure himself to save her from the unpleasantness, or from the financial disaster, of appearing on the wrong side of their divorce case, she puts herself much in his debt. And if there is to be any striking of moral balances between them—between requiring and committing perjury—there should be a small sum in his favour. Observe that in the case discussed earlier, it occurred to none of the three disputants that any moral or spiritual disgrace attached to any of the persons conspiring to lie their way through a court of law.

This is the moment to bring out another actual case—in which the errant wife was advised by her friends to beg her husband to adopt "the usual course" of taking the blame on himself. At the time he would have agreed. As it happened, she held serious opinions on the equality of the sexes, and, taking a high

line, refused to avail herself of any chivalrous lie. "Since I am leaving my husband to please myself, it is proper that I should take the blame." She had a child, to whom she was devoted, and her husband had promised her that under no circumstances would he separate her from this child. The case came on, with the wife as the guilty person. Truthful evidence of her adultery was provided, and in the usual way the husband was given custody of the child, who was at a boarding-school. All should now have been well. The case had gone through with the minimum of trouble, and the wife was able to congratulate herself on the civilized honesty of her relations with her husband. But during the six months before the decree was made absolute, his mother persuaded him that he would be doing a wicked thing if he left his innocent child in the hands of an immoral woman. There is no need to imagine what more primitive emotions urged him to fall in with this reasoning. When his wife went to the school, intending to take her boy away with her for his holidays, she found that the headmaster had received instructions not to let her see him. She had no possible appeal against this sentence, except to throw herself on her husband's mercy. She learned then that mercy is a virtue which is rarely found growing alone. So long as her husband felt for her love, desire, or interest, he added kindness to them. The kindness vanished with them. He pointed out that he had been given the custody of their child by law, and on mature consideration had decided to obey the law.

It seemed to his wife that she had paid too dearly for indulging her prejudice in favour of honesty. Had she chosen to behave in what seemed to her a caddish fashion, she could have had her freedom and her child. In the event, she had lost her child—a disaster which so spoiled her freedom for her that she would be willing to give it back in exchange for her son. The moral of this story will be drawn differently by those persons to whom the desire to make a fresh marriage is evidence of loose depravity, and those to whom it seems fairly natural that human beings should come to an end of one emotional and spiritual relationship and wish to form another. The first will agree that she got her deserts. The second will observe that she behaved like a fool in circumstances where—the divorce law being what it is—she would have done better to behave caddishly. The divorce

law being what it is: primarily an instrument for enforcing a moral judgment; not admitted as such by its defenders, to whom it appears as a method by which the social implications of marriage are regulated and controlled. This attitude ignores the possibility that there may be a simpler or more direct method of seeing that society is not injured by the marital relations existing among its members than the method of dividing them before the opening of the case into sheep (non-adulterers) and goats.

If it is supposed that the existing divorce law was designed to protect society, it should be possible to compare its actual social effects with its good intention and decide whether and how far the two agree. The law provides that an injured husband can rid himself of his errant wife (or injured wife of errant husband) by explaining in sufficient detail, with the eye-witness reports of chambermaids and so forth, that she has had sexual relations with another man. Various penalties—loss of rights over child of marriage, risk of damages—hang over the guilty. It does not provide any simpler method by which a husband and wife, neither of whom has committed adultery, can decently and properly terminate their marriage contract (1) for no other reason than having grown heartily tired of each other, (2) in order to marry again with fairer hopes of success.

In effect the law is evaded, in innumerable cases every year, by a friendly arrangement between the persons concerned. The polite subterfuge by which the husband pretends to commit adultery in order to spare his wife is only one of them. But it can scarcely be argued that a desirable social end has been reached when a number of decent and well-disposed persons have committed perjury in order to avert what seems to them an offensive state of affairs. It is not desirable that standards of conduct should be turned upside down—so that the swearing of false oaths appears as an honourable act—for the purpose of evading the law. The confusion of moral and intellectual values involved in it is likely to infect a wider area than that inhabited by the King's Proctor. The subterfuge itself is ridiculously unpleasant in practice. An eminent scientist once related to me his experiences in providing evidence on which his wife could divorce him. (The actual grounds for the divorce were no more—and

no less!—than his incurable habit of forgetting her existence for months at a time. In other ways he was a kindly husband, as his story proves.) Employing for the purpose a professional intervener of repellent aspect, he spent a wretched night in her company in one of those inhuman hotels modelled on the plan of an ant-heap, but without its amiable simplicity. Unfortunately for him, no one in this vast place was able to remember him afterwards to identify him. He is shy and nervous. The whole unsavoury business had to be gone through again in another hotel, this time with care to make himself as noticeable as possible.

The retort that all these undesirable social consequences can be avoided by merely obeying the law is a retort, but no answer. The problem raised by the existence of law-evasion as a settled habit, practised in the case of a particular law by otherwise obedient citizens, cannot be answered in nursery fashion by telling them not to. It is not simply that you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament. No law, and no rule of living, can impose itself indefinitely on a deep human need, or maintain itself against a strong current of change in human needs. The precise intention of our divorce laws is to make it difficult to end marriages; to allow, not the greatest possible freedom, but the least that will satisfy. But it is offered as a sop to the ineradicable desire of human beings to break their chains, oftenest in order to forge new ones—at bottom, this is the desire to be young again, in order to be able to repeat one's mistakes.

And so this law, designed to make divorce difficult, is used and will be used by men and women with a precisely opposite intention. They will use also any means by which they can turn a blunt instrument into one sharpened to their needs. A moment comes in which two persons desire to be free of each other (and the more passionately since any measure of relative freedom will always appear absolute to the slaves of time). The available means is in many respects offensive to decent people. It offends some—to call it an instinct ignores the fact that it is a product of civilization—let us say, some impulse in an ordinary well-meaning man to see his wife exposed to public curiosity as an adulteress. He would rather expose himself in the part. No doubt some vanity mixes in here, as it mixes in the motive

force of most of our actions. Or a wife, who wishes to be free in order to marry again, is not willing to submit to the law which insists that she has thus proved her unfitness to look after her child. She will have both—her freedom and her child. To get them she is prepared to allow or persuade her husband to swear on oath to a lie.

By such dubious means, men and women try to adapt to their needs and desires a law designed to curb the second and meet the first as grudgingly as possible. In effect, they dishonour themselves in order to evade a law which they find humanly intolerable. The remedy is not to continue trying to break the human beings to fit the law, but to humanize the law. This calls for what in the first instance is a spiritual revolution—or re-valuation of ideas. The truth is that this re-valuation is overdue in every phase of our lives—economic and intellectual. In a final analysis it implies the need to humanize society, so that every activity in which men and women must engage in order to live has as its goal the satisfaction of the needs and desires of a human being. One glance at the world reveals that this is not the end for which society is organized now. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, neither materially nor spiritually. At different moments in different countries a sop is flung to them—here a vote, there a banner and a marching song. The task of making a society fit for human beings remains everywhere unachieved.

This problem of making a divorce law fit for human beings is part of the wider problem. As it stands the law is more an offensive insult to decent people than a deterrent to the light-minded. The latter may even enjoy making impudent gestures at the majesty of the law. The others, handkerchief to the nose, take the best way they can over an unpleasant piece of ground. Rather than avail themselves of the opportunities the law provides for exposing the guilty they will commit perjury. More than pride, vanity, and kindness is at work in this impulse. Ultimately it is the attempt of ordinary men and women to practise those principles of brotherly respect by which, and only by which, a society maintains itself in health. It seems a pity that they should be forced to practise these by stealth, and at the risk of severe penalties if they should be observed.

A PROGRAMME FOR THE PACIFIC

BY DR. GEORGE W. KEETON

ALTHOUGH the programme for the limitation of naval armaments agreed upon at Washington in 1922 does not expire until 1936, the chief Powers with interests in the Pacific are already taking stock of the situation, and are reaching conclusions concerning the principal issues which will require discussion when they reassemble to consider what system is to replace that which has governed conditions in the Pacific since 1922. A great deal, and in all probability the question of world peace, depends upon the result of such deliberations. The chief Pacific Powers are very considerably further apart than they were in 1922. Whatever may have been the defects of the system established in the Far East by the Washington Conference, it must not be forgotten that the Conference did at least elaborate the most considerable measure of disarmament which has yet been regarded as practicable. He would be a bold prophet, however, who ventured to predict that the results of forthcoming deliberations would be as notable.

The Washington Conference considered two principal issues : (1) naval rivalry and (2) the future of China. Both were exceedingly complex, but what was in the circumstances a reasonably satisfactory agreement was reached on both. The forthcoming negotiations will range over a wider area. It will be impossible to exclude from the field of discussion the questions of Japan's mandates and of the prohibition of the Asiatic immigration in the United States and in Australia. There is every indication also that the question of Japan's commercial offensive will add to the complexity of the problem, for all present information suggests that this problem will not be quickly or easily solved.

It is important to appreciate exactly why the Washington Conference produced such notable results. In twenty-five years

Japan had successfully participated in three wars, had acquired a Far Eastern empire, and had become a World Power. She was also sending immigrants to the west coast of America in steadily increasing numbers. Her possessions, however, were not nearly so extensive as they might have been, since before 1914 Western Powers and the United States had stood between her and her defeated rivals. Great Britain alone had been sympathetic towards her ambitions, partly because of a certain similarity in the situation and temperament of the two island peoples, partly as a counter to Russo-German designs upon the integrity of China, but more because our European commitments in the Triple Entente after 1907 required the concentration of British naval forces in the Atlantic, so that we were compelled to rely somewhat extensively upon our Asiatic ally to protect our interests in the Far East. During the War, however, Japan was not greatly committed, and for a time enjoyed exactly that free hand in Eastern Asia for which she had always looked. The fall of Tsingtau to Anglo-Japanese forces was followed by the occupation of Shantung, and then, in 1915, by the famous 'Twenty-One Demands, designed to reduce China to a condition of perpetual servitude, and to ensure Japan's control of the vital raw materials yielded by Manchuria. Moreover, Japan had also embarked upon a programme of naval building which would have given her a tonnage of 627,000 in battleships and battle cruisers alone by 1923.

Whilst Japan's position in 1922 was therefore a strong one, more especially in view of the continuing chaos in China, there were certain factors provocative of considerable anxiety. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance expired in 1920 and was not renewed. More and more it became evident that Great Britain and the United States had common interests and a common policy on the main Pacific problems. That made the Singapore base and the extension of fortifications in the Philippines exceedingly significant in the circumstances. Still more important was the fact that the United States had adopted a programme which would have brought her tonnage in battleships and battle cruisers to 1,172,300 in 1923. That would have been an immense armada which would have constituted the United States the dominating naval power in the Pacific ; and it was a programme

with which Great Britain certainly could not have competed. It was Japan, however, who felt the threat, exemplified as it was by the return of British and American naval forces to the Pacific. Japan therefore recognized the impossibility of competing with a programme of these dimensions, and accepted, although with reluctance, the 5:5:3 ratio. For this country, it was an exceedingly welcome respite. On the other hand, although Japan could not secure the abandonment of the Singapore base, she was successful in obtaining a guarantee that there should be no further fortification of Hong Kong and the Philippines, and the threat of encirclement receded, for Singapore is obviously defensive, and not offensive. Geographical situation alone is sufficient proof of that.

On the naval side, therefore, there were very tangible reasons why the Conference was successful. The United States required a stabilisation of the position in the Pacific, together with an assurance of continued British support in achieving it. She obtained it and, in doing so, relinquished the expensive luxury of the most formidable navy yet created. It was a position this country could accept with equanimity, since a war with the United States had become unthinkable, and there was no serious naval competitor left in Europe after the destruction of the German fleet. In 1918, our battleships and battle cruisers amounted to 1,143,000 tons, although a number of these were virtually obsolete. France came next with 165,000 tons, and Italy next with 110,400 tons, and neither Power contemplated building which would substantially modify this position, notwithstanding the fact that the proportion of their smaller craft to those of this country was much more considerable. At the same time, the Washington Conference extended only to capital ships, and efforts for a supplementary treaty in 1927 to cover cruisers broke down owing to the insistence of this country upon priority in respect of cruisers of the 6,000 to 8,000 tons class for the protection of our long lines of sea communication in the event of war. This difficulty was not solved in the London Naval Agreement of 1930, which preserved the Washington ratio until 1936, permitted France and Italy to undertake certain additional building, and gave extensive consideration to submarine building and conditions of warfare.

By 1932, however, a new problem had arisen for this country. In that year our total naval tonnage (including small craft) amounted to 1,213,000 tons. That of the United States was 1,120,823 tons, and that of Japan 781,660 tons. France's naval strength, however, had increased to 641,732, and whilst that of Italy was 325,290 tons only, Italy was claiming parity with France, thereby threatening the two-European-Power standard, which this country had, by implication, adopted since the War. When it is remembered that France's tonnage included 110 submarines against our own 66, the validity of the statement that we have disarmed to the very brink of danger becomes apparent, more especially as the certainty of renewed German building in the near future must now be reckoned with.

The naval problem, from the standpoint of ships, may therefore be put in this way: Japan is claiming the replacement of the 5:5:3 ratio by equality between the three leading naval Powers as far as capital ships are concerned. Neither Great Britain nor the United States desires to bring about another race in the competitive building of capital ships, but the United States demands complete security in the Pacific, and this country must preserve the two-European-Power standard. Moreover, no naval agreement can cover cruisers unless there is embodied in it the recognition of our peculiar dependence upon seaborne traffic in foodstuffs and the necessity for protecting it.

Naval building is only one part of the question of sea power in the Pacific. There is also the question of fortifications. The price which Japan paid for the removal of the threat of encirclement was an undertaking not to fortify the Kurile and Bonin Islands, Liu-Kiu, Formosa, and the Pescadores. It was a heavy price, and the present indications are that she does not wish to pay it again. Some time ago, there was a suggestion that Japan was preparing to fortify the Bonin Islands, but it was authoritatively denied. Extensions to existing fortifications are prohibited as a result of the Washington agreements, but the desire is present, and something tangible would necessarily have to be offered for its relinquishment for a further period.

There is still a further factor in the situation which requires consideration. In 1922, Russian power in the Far East was negligible from a military or naval point of view, and the non-

inclusion of Russia in the Washington Conference did not seriously disturb any participant. Russia in the Far East is now a factor requiring very careful consideration, and Japan feels considerable nervousness over the possibilities of Vladivostok as a base for Russian aircraft. The achievement of general security would necessarily involve a consideration of this point, and that therefore makes the participation of Russia in any resettlement of the Pacific problem essential.

Naval policies are, after all, only a means to an end: the preservation of security, either generally or in certain specific areas. It has already been pointed out that there was no naval problem for us in Europe in 1922, and therefore the participating Powers were contemplating their position principally with reference to the Far East. The European question is now not so simple as it was in 1922, but the Pacific still remains the primary centre of interest. Continued limitation of naval armaments, therefore, depends largely upon the attitude with which the principal Powers regard the activities of potential rivals in that area, and more particularly in China. To quote from a distinguished American authority: "If China can develop strength to defend her own integrity, the peace of the Orient may be preserved. If the partition of China once seriously begins, nothing will save the Far East for the next several decades from being a theatre of aggression, conflict, and political redistribution." *

If the capacity of China to protect herself was provoking anxiety in 1916, it is doing so much more today. It would seem that every possible expedient to promote a strong and stable government in China has been tried and failed. Too much blame cannot be laid upon the Chinese themselves. They have contended with obstacles surpassing in magnitude any which other nations have been called upon to face, and when the Nationalist Government a year or two ago at last seemed to be making appreciable headway, the disastrous floods from which the Yangtse Valley has not yet recovered seemed to mock their efforts. Sympathy, however, does not solve the Chinese question, and the efforts of foreign experts make no great impression upon the fundamental problem of China's defencelessness and internal

disunion. It is universally appreciated that a prosperous China is a vast potential market, and national rivalry to control it or participate in it is therefore entirely explicable, although that does not make it a less serious problem.

For practical purposes, there are three possible solutions of the Chinese problem, all of which have been tried at various times. There is the policy of the "Open Door", the policy of partition, political or economic; and the policy of international co-operation.

The "Open-Door" policy is the policy of equal opportunity for all nations in China. It is opposed to the Closed-Door policy of exploitation of particular areas by one Power alone, and consequent differential tariffs. The "Open-Door" policy is at least a century old, for Palmerston, whilst promoting the interests of British merchants, consistently declared that in doing so he sought no exclusive privileges, and the first Anglo-Chinese War was fought on that assumption. Tangible proof of this is afforded by the fact that the British Treaty of Nanking in 1842 was followed in the next two years by French and American treaties conceding identical privileges. Moreover, the International Settlement at Shanghai has been built up by Anglo-American co-operation on the basis of equal opportunities and rights for all foreigners. However, at the end of the nineteenth century, the policy was challenged by Russia's evident determination to turn Manchuria, and possibly also Korea, into Russian provinces, economically, if not politically, and in this she was abetted by Germany, who cherished similar designs in respect of Shantung. This brought China to the very brink of partition at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and from this she was only rescued by the combined efforts of America and Great Britain, assisted by France and Japan; and Senator Hay's definition of the "Open-Door" Policy in his Notes of 1899 to the other Powers with interests in China has become the classic enunciation of an already well-established doctrine. There was a special appropriateness in this. The United States was traditionally disinclined to enter into political commitments outside the American continent, but her considerable trade with China was imperilled unless she continued to enjoy the advantages she had previously secured.

Accordingly, the "Open-Door" Policy survived, until it

* Dr. Stanley Hornbeck: *Contemporary Politics in the Far East*.

received a severe set-back in Japan's Twenty-One Demands, which evoked from the United States a prompt protest that she could not "recognize any agreement or understanding which has been entered into or which may be entered into between the governments of Japan and China impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy relative to China, commonly known as the 'Open-Door' Policy."

Afterwards, there were negotiations between Japan and the United States, which resulted in the Lansing-Ishii Agreement of 1917, which, whilst recognizing the Open-Door policy, also acknowledged the special interests of Japan in China, particularly in Manchuria. Although this agreement was declared void after the Washington Conference, the decisive step forward had been taken. The United States had recognized Japan's special claims, thereby providing the basis, on at least the pretext, for the new Empire of Manchukuo, which in fact, if not in theory, has given Japan a special position in that area, so that the principle of equality of opportunity, which is implicit in the policy of the Open Door, has ceased to exist in Manchukuo.

Largely for the reason that she regards the establishment of a new political regime under Japanese control a violation of China's political integrity and of the policy of the Open Door, the United States has consistently declined to recognize any of the developments in Manchukuo since 1931, and so far Great Britain has also withheld recognition. It is suggested, however, that the question of recognition of the new Empire will play a not inconsiderable part in forthcoming negotiations, and this country will have to decide whether a purely passive policy can be retained in perpetuity. If the new Empire continues, and with the active support of Japan it is difficult to see why it should not, the maintenance of a policy of non-recognition will become increasingly difficult with the passage of time.

There is, however, a second reason for adopting a more positive attitude towards Japan's policy in Manchukuo, and that is, that Japan's interests there definitely are vital to her. It is necessary for her to have assured access to China's raw materials, for she herself suffers from a scarcity of them, and

her progressive industrialization has emphasised her dependence upon external sources. The proportion of Japan's population which is maintained upon homegrown foodstuffs has decreased since the War from over 50 to 40 per cent. The supply of land suitable for cultivation is limited, and there is a steady drift from country to town. The bulk of her imported food comes from Manchuria, as well as from her possessions, Korea and Formosa. As far as raw materials for industry are concerned, before the War Japan was a considerable customer of European Powers, but the War cut off this source of supply.

Surveyed as a whole over the period from 1914, Japan's imports of raw materials and foodstuffs exhibit very pronounced features. The War compelled her to turn to China, and she has continued the connection since, the main raw materials for commerce being drawn from Manchuria and Shantung. Internal chaos in China threatened these supplies, and Japan's imports declined somewhat in consequence. Now Japan has taken measures to preserve the principal source, and the supply has increased. Regarded in this light, the crisis in Manchuria, in consequence of threatened Chinese Nationalist interference, was one of extreme seriousness. A spread of the civil war outside the Great Wall, or an increase in brigandage, would have been a difficult problem to solve, and she took her own steps to avert the danger.

Japan's recent activities in Manchukuo therefore do not necessarily imply a reversion to the policy of partition which has, upon several occasions, and more particularly at the time of the Boxer rebellion, threatened China's political integrity. On the other hand, a problem which has troubled diplomatists a good deal in the past few weeks is whether Japan does not now consider herself sufficiently strongly established to dictate the terms on which other Powers shall trade with China. In the recent Japanese statement of policy with regard to China (which, though eventually declared to be unofficial, was also stated to embody the essential principles of the official policy), very considerable emphasis was placed upon Japan's claims to special responsibilities in the Far East, and the divergence in policy between Japan and other Powers in respect of China. The obvious inference to draw from this was that Japan contemplated relinquishing her adherence to the policy of the Open

Door, but this was denied by the Japanese Foreign Minister, and from the very careful statement of Sir John Simon in the House of Commons on April 23rd last, it would appear that the Japanese pronouncement was intended to convey no more than that Japan would regard with unfriendly eyes any attempt by another Power either to stir up internal discord in China, or to equip the Chinese as a whole for hostile operations which might conceivably be directed against Japan. Sir John Simon further pointed out that if this was all the pronouncement implied, it did not conflict with British policy, nor could it be regarded as a threat to the principle of equal opportunity in China.

It would appear, however, that the United States regards the recent pronouncement with rather more anxiety than the British Foreign Office, and it may well be that the discussions between Japan and the United States concerning the drift of Japanese policy in China will be linked closely to the question of America's naval disarmament. At any rate there are indications that the cruiser strength of the United States will be appreciably increased in the near future.

The recent Japanese statement may perhaps be regarded as an expression of anxiety. Japan exists in a state of international isolation, which tends to give her diplomatic pronouncements a hint of brusqueness. At the same time, it cannot be denied that considerable divergence in point of view in relation to China exists between Japan on the one hand and the United States, Great Britain and France on the other. The three Western Powers feel that Japan's affection for the Open Door policy, never very strong, is now somewhat less than it was several years ago. Japan, on the other hand, openly admits that she would regard a renascent and strongly armed China with extreme anxiety, especially in view of the fact that Russia is steadily strengthening her military position in the Far East. It would appear, therefore, that unless the principal Powers with interests in the Pacific can dispel this atmosphere of suspicion, there is little hope of agreement in a fresh programme of naval disarmament, and probably less for a stable and prosperous China. Indeed, the whole incident of the new revelation of Japanese claims in China has left behind an uneasy feeling. The correctness of Sir John Simon's careful statement

enabled an escape to be made from an awkward diplomatic position but it has not removed the disturbing impression left behind by the unofficial Tokyo spokesman's indication of the ultimate aims of Japan—an impression since strengthened by Japanese hostility to the League of Nation's efforts to assist the internal reconstruction of China.

What is now required is co-operation on a wider scale in an atmosphere clear of mutual suspicion. Japan's position in the Far East is very strong, but it is far from impregnable. Her attitude towards Russia and the United States may perhaps be described in the phrase of Captain Macheath: "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." She fears encirclement, but demands recognition of her rightful position. The United States requires security and a proper share of commercial enterprise in the Far East. Our own problems are a solution of Anglo-Japanese competition and security for British possessions in the Far East. No power wishes to undertake competitive naval building. There is also the question of the prohibition of Asiatic immigration in the United States and Australia. Finally, there is one Power, Russia, whose attitude until recently has been equivocal in the extreme, but at the conclusion of a stimulating examination of the Far Eastern problem in relation to Russia, M. Yakhoutov wrote recently: "Co-operation of Soviet Russia with others in the Far East seems to be feasible, but only a co-operation for the benefit of China and not for her detriment."*

General acceptance of that proposition would bring the principal Pacific Powers a good deal nearer the solution of their difficulties.

* *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East*, p. 348.

JAPAN'S NAVAL PREPARATION

BY H. VERE REDMAN

THE almost universal dissemination of literacy which has made the world safe for some sort of democracy, every dictatorial regime in despite, demands that any sort of national preparation must begin with the mob. The mob must be prepared. So the people of Japan are now being prepared well in advance for the Naval Conference to be held in 1935. The importance to the British of understanding the nature of that preparation lies in the fact that to-day's professional assertions will, by the time the conference is held, have attained the status of national convictions.

The word with which the Japanese public is being sedulously hypnotized is "emergency." "Japan faces an emergency" is the text of daily exhortation. The Japanese word has the same implications of relative brevity as the English, so that occasionally it has been asked when the emergency will end. The answer given is: "In 1935, when the next Naval Conference is held." Until then the national emergency will remain and all the moral forces of the nation must be mobilized to meet it.

The proclamation of emergency was issued shortly after the Manchurian outbreak in 1931, but the Navy and Army had, as it were, "gone to the country" immediately after the ratification of the London Treaty. This treaty represented for the Navy unexpected defeat, the nature of which must be understood if that of the present preparation campaign is to be accurately appraised. The ideas of important naval men about the importance of big navies vary little from place to place. To a Pratt, a Beatty, a Jellicoe or an Osumi the ideal navy is obviously that which is bigger and better than the best. But the methods employed in attaining that ideal vary according to the circumstances in the respective countries. Both in Britain and America, the pursuit of the naval ideal is directly departmental and in-

directly political. Admirals ask for as much as possible, and the Government, preoccupied with national finance and international diplomacy, decide to what extent such demands are practical politics. After that, the Navy as such can do no more for national armament than supply the argumentative ammunition to a Mr. Churchill, or others of his kind, willing to battle for the Lords of the Admiralty.

In Japan, the situation was different. The admirals, like the generals, took it for granted that national defence was their province. They decided what was necessary, and the Government decided how to pay for it both in money and diplomatic negotiation. That was the position up to the time of the London Naval Treaty. The treaty was negotiated in the face of naval opposition, an unprecedented occurrence in Japan. Why the Navy was defeated is a long story which can be boiled down to the simple statement that Mr. Hamaguchi (the then Prime Minister) and his civilian colleagues had put the mob in a suitable mood. The naval men made the best fight they could with the weapons provided by constitutional prerogatives, but they realized quickly that such weapons could not be decisive. The decisive factor was the mob.

The obvious next step would have been to look for a Mr. Churchill. But Japanese admirals, in addition to sharing the contempt of their kind everywhere for the professional politician, have no great faith in his capacity with the mob. Moreover, the consolidation of their position seemed to depend on arousing in the public less a political championship of their cause than a conviction that national defence was above politics. In short, they wished to make more explicit, because supported by a popular hullabaloo, the transcendental nature of their position, which was implicit before the era of decadence ending in 1930.

They started in their own ranks and the job was done well, as was proved by the complicity of young naval officers in the assassinations of May 15th, 1932. They were getting along quite well with the public, too, when their progress was suddenly given a tremendous stimulus by the Manchurian outbreak. The emergency song began and with it the clamour for revision of the London Treaty. Taken up by thousands before, it was taken up by tens of thousands then. Under the ægis of Admiral Saito the

campaign goes on, with some help from the Pacific concentration and the Swanson programme. There thus remains no doubt in the public mind that the admirals are right; the only outstanding question is what they really want.

This they are careful not to say with any too crystalline clarity. It is obviously better propaganda to say what is "unthinkable" than what is thinkable, for the sheer mental relief that such a policy affords to the propagandees. So, officially, the 5—5—3 ratio is unthinkable, while what ratio, if any, is to take its place is left to unofficial claimants. Such claimants are only unofficial in the sense that the authorities disclaim responsibility for their views. They are active members of the service, many of them holding important administrative posts, but since they speak only for themselves, there is some variety in their claims. Some bid for parity outright, others for removal of the restrictions on auxiliary craft fixed by the London Treaty, yet others for a re-classification of "defensive" and "offensive" weapons along the lines of the Japanese proposals at Geneva.

It cannot be said that the public follows with any particular interest these more technical expositions. It is much more impressed by another argument put forward by the writers in question, to the effect that if the Conference in 1935 fails and the armament race begins, Japan will not necessarily be the loser thereby. Economically she can stand the strain, first because she will be spiritually uplifted and secondly because she will provide herself with tactical armament, exactly calculated to meet her needs and not necessarily involving heavy expenditure.

Such is the nature of the preparation of the Japanese mind that is now going on. It is unquestionably effective preparation, and up to the present no counter-preparation has appeared. It can therefore be confidently stated that the delegates who go to the 1935 Conference will be supported by a well-nigh united nation in demands which, whatever they are, will be immeasurably in excess of those made at London. Britain must be prepared to yield to those demands, or to face the possibility of the naval armament situation resembling that of military armament. There does not seem to be very much that can be done about it, except to avoid being surprised when the time comes.

ROAD ACCIDENTS

A Plea for Scientific Inquiry

BY MERVYN O'GORMAN, C.B., D.Sc., M.INST.C.E.

"*L'ANGLETERRE a beau faire, elle est énormément riche!*" Thus spoke a French financier when England went off gold. The remark is true and indeed comforting—but what does it mean? Does this consideration influence our road traffic accidents?

It does *not* mean that our budget was balanced (that also happens to poor countries)—nor that our taxes were light. It means that England, a small area on the map, and densely populated, enjoys, consumes, has control of, and produces an enormous share of the delectable, useful and desirable services and things of the world.

As no such consumption and production can be achieved save by the movement of things to people, or people to the things—(the choice depending on convenience) and as the completion of none of this movement is possible without its passing over the roads, we must fully face the consequence, viz. the great road traffic necessary not only to the intermediate and final stages of our "enormous" wealth production, but also to its widely distributed consumption. It is more than a reproach, it is a disaster, that we should have to do all this road movement upon only from a quarter to a seventh of the amount of road space per vehicle of any of the other great countries, albeit of far less wealth, all of them.* Now all this road transit and transportation (whether on wheels or on feet) constitutes an industry under any economic definition of that word. Not only so, but unlike many other industries it is one indispensable to the very life of the

* Even the U.S.A., though in a different category, has double the amount of road mileage per motor vehicle that England has—yet is planning huge arterial developments, at the time when we decide to cut down our Road Fund by four millions a year!

State—and indeed to the survival of the individual. Let there be no ambiguity. There is, substantially, no travel by road that is not in effect *industry*, and no wealth-making or wealth-consumption within the country that can be completed without this road transport industry. It is, as it were, the fertilizing *sine qua non* of all manufacture and trade. Such remarks as these may be obvious, but the obvious is often like spectacles on the nose of a man who is looking for them—they escape his notice, and useful work halts till their presence is recognized.

Whatever hurts this essential to all our industries hurts the whole community. Road safety must be sought without traffic strangulation. Stop road traffic and we die. The road accidents are not only grave impediments to road traffic itself, they are not only serious evils to all road users as such, but they damage economically everyone, including, for example, even the bed-ridden—or our sailors on the seas, etc. Reciprocally whatever benefits, cheapens, assists, and renders innocuous our transport by road, advantages every man, woman and child in the State.

Yet this acutely vital nerve of all our activities is exposed to be drilled into, bled, overtaxed, and stabbed at, without counting the injury or the cost, by anyone whose pen is embittered by a just sense of wrong. He brandishes his emphasis, although he necessarily has no knowledge and no data as to the good or bad effect of the operation he enthusiastically advocates. The justification of the sense of wrong is not to be denied by men of good will—hence there must be in some corners of our Government Offices many who desire earnestly the guidance necessary to save us from the 7,000 fatal accidents which yearly disgrace our roads. All these our well-wishers are stultified unless they try first to inform themselves dispassionately as to the real causes of these disasters. Since, however, no data on prime causes exist anywhere, those who so try will simply fail. Yet we *must* have the data, and to get the data we must have the research to establish and sift them. To prescribe for a disease on symptoms only and without diagnosis is merely to guess a cause—and to doctor that.

Hence it needs no ghost to explain the abject failure, outstanding beyond all denial, of all prescriptions so far applied to the road malady in England. The guessed causes were not the

true causes, that is the full and sufficient explanation. The disease remains doing monstrous damage, and ill-judged doctoring without basic data has superadded no mean quota of injury to the State. There is not and there never has been any valid reason why the data as to the ultimate prime causes of accidents should not have been collected and collated during the thirty-six years of the motor era. An industry which delivers to the State in taxation sixty-four million pounds a year today (of which only one-third goes to the roads), is not one which a wise management would stint for the infinitesimal cost of research upon the gravest scientific problem that confronts it—the safe flow of traffic. Yet so it is. Meanwhile every aspect of life—agriculture, industry, trade, amenity, and the rest continue to suffer.

The British citizen's mode and style of life, his rate of production and consumption (which imply his wealth) have required, as they augmented, a corresponding increase of arteries and roads. As he struggles more strenuously at his industries, as wealth becomes more widely distributed among the population, as his railways return to prosperity, so his movements by road must become greater, as indeed they have become greater.

The citizen relies (mistakenly it seems) on the faith that it is a function of Government to make the supply of roads fit the needs of the vehicles, and not the converse, viz. to restrict the use of vehicles till they fit existing roads, however ill-adapted and insufficient. Our roads *are* insufficient! In the matter of vehicle restrictions we have the most intense motor taxation in the world operating to discourage, so far as it can, road use, and we have also the most restrictive and punitive legislation against motor users (with none against other road users proved to be the more numerous responsible causers of fatalities). The continuance in the face of this of the heavy accident incidence is proof that our policy has failed. To try to make our roads suffice we have smoothed them, we have traffic police, mobile police, road scouts and guides, light signals and roundabouts galore, and plenty of punishments, all designed and imposed on the inspiration of some guess at the cause of our trouble.

Thirty-three years ago a mistaken sense of urgency might have been an excuse for using guess work as the inspiration for earlier Road Traffic Acts. Today, when the method of guessing has

proved futile by ample trial resulting in a sequence of holocausts ever swelling with the ensuing thirty years, we are still proposing to return to guess work in 1934 like the dog of scripture to his vomit.

Moreover, in 1934, we are still not researching into the data.* Today no one (the Transport Minister no more than the rest) can propound a cure save as relevant to whatever guess he chances to favour at the moment.† If the Ministerial guess be irrelevant to the true causes, it fails in practice, if not in politics, where the absence of data operates to protect him from effective criticism. Accordingly he not unnaturally proceeds with a light heart to gratify the kindly people who vaguely want "something done", and the unconstructive or the resentful who want some insults to be hurled or implied. In the absence of facts let us all guess. Here are some published samples—*Quot homines tot sententiæ*. Some would yearly inspect the two million vehicles, some think no progress possible till we have psychological tests before licensing drivers, some think they would induce universal caution by prohibiting all hooting, some would substitute mechanical for "hand signals" and make them compulsory on all sides of all vehicles, some would colour red every vehicle twice involved in an accident, some set their hopes on speed limits, some think it can all be done by the propaganda of "take care", some would dragoon pedestrians to walk left on footways, some would lay down optional safety paths for pedal cyclists, or would keep control of cyclists' irregularities by registration or would oblige them to carry lights. Others would enforce the existing law against those (mostly cyclists) who overtake on the wrong side—others would alter the existing laws which allow pedal cycles to circulate without being fitted with any brake. Yet others

* The so-called Road Research Board (unpaid) is chiefly concerned with road materials, subsoils, surfacing, etc. The really vital questions of traffic control, speed, noise, dazzle, pedestrian movement, lay-out of roads and footways, congestion, traffic density, hooting, driver's psychology, ribbon development, name plating, safety signs, traffic increment in its relation to accident increment, and the like are not the affair of that body or of any other scientific organization in England.

† The Minister's guess was lately quoted by the Warden of New College, Oxford (*The Times*, March 1934). It is that the main cause of "the road fatalities that have shocked the conscience of the whole country" is the ribbon development of buildings along arterial roads.

would increase the efficiency of road signs by making them all of the standard shapes and insist that the "inverted triangle" (internationally agreed) should be put up in any minor road near a junction with a major road.* There are those who want a "dead stop" at every such junction. Some want more road police and more pointsmen. Some want longitudinal lines to keep vehicles to the left—some claim they could achieve this more cheaply and better by drastic orders to all to keep to the extreme left always. Some would forbid drivers to smoke, to talk, to sneeze, or to drive after taking wine, beer or spirits. There are those who want special courts to try road offences so that punishments shall be made severer. Some want the Road Code to be instilled into the ninety-five per cent. of the population who have never heard of it. Some want it to be mandatory; some demand much sterner laws against carelessness and against the "moral turpitude" which descends on every Englishman from the time he steers a car! Some accent the need for legal uniformity, e.g. that all vehicles be under the same rules as motor vehicles. Others would invert our British ideas of justice and adjudge a driver (provided he be a motor driver) guilty till he proves his innocence.

Some would dose the State with all these medicines simultaneously—to make sure! Which of the guess-work prescriptions is likely to produce an improved accident ratio and to what extent for each dose is utterly unknown, and no one tries to find out.† What alone we are sure of is that no measure of

* The zest of the disputants has reached such a pitch that there is even one who is at pains to impress on pedestrians by publicity that "the law of England gives them all rights, and no duties on the highway". Such propaganda, ostensibly in the interest of safety, has fostered the well-known road hog, who dawdles across the carriage way and dares the drivers by his demeanour. All mercy should be shown to this misguided pedestrian who certainly has great provocation, but the conscience of the inciter should be heavy with responsibility. It is as if a teacher were to impress on a nursery of little boys that there is no law of England against stepping off a third story balcony.

† The accident ratio for any danger spot is the ratio of the number of accidents there to the amount of traffic flow past that spot, whether expressed in numbers of traffic units—or rate of flow or tonnage, etc. The Transport Minister declared on May 9th, 1934, to the Safety First Conference that he had no concern with any accident ratio! (adding, fantastically, that his concern was with accidents!).

their relative efficacy exists, nor any measure of the relation between the good result achievable, if any, and the burden of the sacrifice that may be involved on the community in getting it.

In addition to the long list of panaceas there have latterly appeared some cautious persons who ask pertinent questions. Thus, is it a duty of highway authorities to direct their lay-out of roads with a view to diminishing the accident ratio? or is that optional? If not optional, who permits them to tolerate or construct new instances of well-proved dangers, such as building new blind corners, allowing new erections on safe road junctions which turn them into blind ones? Why do the authorities allow their own or other vehicles to disregard the "white line" rules (as by remaining stationary between the white line and the near kerb)? Ought the authorities, or ought they not, to provide footwalks to existing roads, and to which ones? Are they really unaware of the glaring inadequacy of England's supply of arteries and roads? Has no one any duty to remedy it? Has Parliament the power to make any one do so? or is the inadequacy denied? Can highway authorities commit no offence of negligence? If so, does no means exist of obliging them to correct the excessive and slippery camber, the lack of super-elevation at existing bends, existing blind junctions, and the puddly, irregular, stony and ill-kept road sides? Do not all these influences conspire together to educate and induce all drivers and cyclists to keep near the road crown always? Does not riding near, or on, the road crown involve traffic in the "head-on" crashes and cutting-in which occur on plain straight highways?

If the citizen or the Crown had some right of action against local authorities for sins of omission (analogous to the existing rights against them for sins of commission) would not all these ills be remedied pretty promptly? Would not a few court cases on these matters cause the local authorities to hasten to make safe and keep clean those roads the character of whose surfacing (or whose surface dirt) is well known to produce sudden slipperiness? Today when local authorities cannot be ordered or educated to do these things is it wise to reduce by one-quarter the Road Fund? * Is not this fund the one inducement which

* At the moment of writing the U.S.A. House of Representatives is reported (*The Times*, May 16th, 1934) to have "passed a Bill authorizing 460 million dollars additional expenditure on highways . . ."

the Transport Minister can use to "bribe" them to pay heed to the local accident ratio? Or has he no concern with the accident ratio? Are certain roundabouts of such cheapness and bad design that they have resulted in a new kind of crash? Who can oblige the responsible persons to remedy this? Is it worthy of a sane legislature to allow danger points to be multiplied, arterial roads to be turned into elongated villages—and when they have thus been created to hit down the vital industry of transport with restrictions and taxes till the danger of these places is masked by a reduction of traffic which yet leaves the accident ratio unimproved? Have highway authorities been told repeatedly that the difficulty to drivers of finding street name-plates, concentrates vehicles in the more obvious streets, causes blocks, distracts drivers' attention from the road; and is a root cause of many accidents such as may thereafter be scheduled as due to "inattention or carelessness" of walker or driver? Who is it that allows shops and public-houses to obliterate or remove street name-plates, and omit their own house numbers? Who permits the G.P.O. to continue to locate the junction boxes for their wires under the corners of the pavements at road junctions? Does not this make it impossible to flare street corners save at great expense? Do not the sharp corners which are left make "keeping to the left" impossible for the vehicles that turn that corner? Do local authorities allow electricity suppliers the same privileges for their junction boxes and lamps with the same detriment to the possibility of making roads safe? Who can order them not to do this? Is it, or is it not, notorious that the vehicle circulation on "non-stop roundabouts" involves "weaving", and that it is exceptionally dangerous for pedestrians to cross weaving traffic? Is not the frequent escape of such pedestrians proof of extreme care in drivers? Is it fair to drivers or conducive to the public good to locate flower sellers, public conveniences, telephone boxes, etc., in the central hub of roundabouts? Who allows this? and why? Did the Transport Minister declare in March 1934 that a main cause of "the road fatalities that have shocked the conscience of the whole country" is ribbon building along roads that were built for traffic arteries? Since he asks for no powers to stop this, does it mean he has not the will—or not the courage? Is the local authority who presses

forward ribbon building by wide advertisement of arterial sites for sale entitled to keep the blood money derived from the enhanced price of arterial frontage sites bought for the declared purpose of ribbon development?

I am aware of the difficulty of the task I have undertaken in this short article. It is to persuade the plain man (who thinks he knows by an inward light the cause of the road disasters) that he must press with all the urgency he can command for an elaborate and scientific research and analysis to verify whether or not his inward light has deceived him. He knows it has not. He knows that the cause is "the motorist". He knows it is the brutal carelessness of the road hogs, the drunks, or the inexperienced. He knows it is lust of speed. He claims no *expertise*, and if the danger-inducing conditions indicated in this article do in fact exist, he decides with bluff honesty and with full kindness of purpose that "the motorists must adapt themselves to the present imperfect conditions pending their remedy". He does not see that that phrase is merely a guess that motorists are the cause in chief. His inward light tells him that he himself would motor more carefully if the deterrents to carelessness were greater. So he requires that they be made greater.

Now let us make the supposition that the majority of the persons who have been the responsible causers of road fatalities were pedestrians and pedal bicyclists: his severe deterrents against motorists would not then be so useful as he thinks. Or again let us suppose that the road hogs (defined, let us say, as persons with previous summonses for dangerous driving) and the "drunks", and the inexperienced (defining the latter as persons with less than six months' driving) were, when all taken together, the responsible causers of an infinitesimal fraction of the fatalities. The plain man's plain rules against such motoring offenders would only work an infinitesimal cure.

Now what I have above styled suppositions are not suppositions, but facts (beloved of the plain man), derived from the 1933 official inquiry into the causation of road fatalities in England (see 88-29).

There remain the minority of road fatalities of which the motor cyclists and motor vehicle drivers together were the

"responsible causers", according to the 1933 inquiry. How will the new deterrents work on them? The failure to get safe roads by means of the existing deterrents to carelessness and ill-behaviour is admitted, and if anyone will trouble to look these up he will find that their character is so terrific that no additional stiffening of the law that the plain man's good sense would allow could give them any additional effectiveness. Their addition would be as if one were to put an apple on the top of Mont Blanc to increase its altitude.

The average driver today is either instinctively so careful or so strongly discouraged from dangerous driving by the existing law that the normal motorist is involved on the average in a fatal accident only once in each three hundred years of driving—or in a non-fatal casualty only once in each twelve years of driving. Moreover, as has already been said on the basis of the 1933 inquiry, he is not, even so, the responsible party in the majority of these road fatalities. His active responsibility—that is the occasion when punishments and deterrents could have been operative to prevent an accident—occurs only once in over twenty-four years of driving for a non-fatal casualty, or once in over six hundred years for a fatal case.

What do the existing deterrents feel like to a motorist accused of negligence, who is not a criminal, but who is involved in, say, an accident that may be fatal? Guilty or not he is stopped on his journey (which in the great majority of cases all the year round is a journey of business) for an indefinite period and at a most inconvenient time. He is either arrested on the spot or summoned for trial at a subsequent date to the dislocation of his affairs. He is liable to a charge of manslaughter. His ability to drive may be taken from him for years or for life, and he has to fight for it. In either case this withdrawal of his licence not infrequently deprives him of his means of subsistence or disorganizes every arrangement on which his home and family depend, and is additional to a heavy fine and law costs. If his car is not new it will only sell at scrap price. He is liable to imprisonment. He suffers obloquy. He has the deterrent against carelessness of the considerable risk of being maimed or killed himself—and far above and beyond all these deterrents is the universal and intense horror of killing a fellow man.

It may well be that this dismal picture is not kept in mind by the drivers—but if it is not, why should the additional and comparatively puny deterrents which are to be suggested be likely to be kept in mind any more effectively? Quite certainly their good effect will be nil, and most assuredly their bad effects may be many.

Do these considerations not suggest that the real causes, which we all want to get at, of the road accidents are in truth and in fact not known to anybody? and are urgently in need of being discovered? Like many others I have made and published my guess as to what is the dominant cause of the disorderly and unforeseeable movements at times made by all road users. But this article is devoted to decrying the whole fatuous business of guessing. For pity's sake let us seek out at once the real, underlying prime causes on an indisputable and scientific basis. Thereafter the remedy will almost certainly suggest itself, and then it will be backed and supported by the good sense of every man alive, most of all by motorists and cyclists themselves.

When that consensus is reached the cure will certainly be near at hand.

WAS CURZON MISUNDERSTOOD?

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

GEORGE NATHANIEL MARQUESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON, K.G., was undoubtedly a very noteworthy individual. Some more cautious observers said he was not really a great man, but merely a very great spectacle. The distinction raises historical and psychological problems which cannot be solved hastily. On the first glance there is much evidence that the life of Lord Curzon should be taken as a splendid pageant, rather than a subject for intellectual investigation. He seemed to belong to an earlier Georgian, or perhaps Stuart, period, when costume and ceremony were almost as important as mental accomplishments. The eighteenth century was a time of formal display; even its battles began as stately military evolutions, although (as in the case of all warfare) they had to end in the wasteful confusion of victory and defeat. Rightly or wrongly we have got it into our heads that the gorgeously dressed nobleman was the most obvious figure of the European governing classes of the century that came before the French Revolution.

Of this spectacular age, Lord Curzon appeared to be a survival. Indeed, so well did he perform this role that it sometimes seemed more a revival than a survival. The nineteenth century may have been a pleasant time for manufacturers and bankers, but for their victims there had been so much smoke and drab suburbs and dirty slums that such a splash of eighteenth-century colour attracted attention, and even approval, in many quarters.

When Lord Curzon died in 1925 the correct etiquette was followed. Just as the fine gentlemen of the eighteenth century were honoured by magnificent tombs in their parish churches, so the older fashioned stately three-volume obituary notice was revived as a monument to the memory of this departed peer. Still more, it was no mere literary hack who was entrusted with

the task of writing this "authorised biography" (as the title page announced it); a brother peer, the Earl of Ronaldshay, performed the last offices. It was accomplished in a way worthy of its subject and of literature; its style of dignified clarity suited the lines of its hero. One of the first principles of art is to find the suitable material in which to express one's ideas, which may be the reason why the silks of the eighteenth century gentlemen have always looked so ridiculous in marble statues. Lord Ronaldshay's final words are a masterpiece of monumental epitaph:

"... the controlling force that enabled George Curzon to rise superior to the disabilities of constant physical suffering and of vivid and capricious temperament; that moved him to dedicate his life and talents to the service of the State; even to set duty before convenience or inclination 'to pursue high ambition' in the telling words of Lord Oxford, 'by none but worthy means'; to take—by the general assent of his fellow countrymen—an assured place in the long line of those who have enriched by their gifts and dignified by their character, the annals of English public life."

The inscription on a tomb rarely tells the whole truth, so Lord Ronaldshay himself supplied three alluring volumes of valuable information, most gracefully presented; and of course Lord Curzon is continually cropping up in political histories and memoirs, all adding to the information and the confusion; for the contradictory nature of the evidence concerning this man is one of the most interesting and embarrassing circumstances of his case. Now, Mr. Harold Nicolson's book*, has opened up a new line of vision—which is the usual result of his writings. Mr. Nicolson combines in very happy proportions the artist and the intellectual, a balance which is rare, and peculiarly necessary in handling this spectacular statesman; for so much of his career seemed an appeal to the emotions by the methods of dramatic art, rather than a reasoned attempt to obtain the intellectual consent of his audience.

But there is one fundamental historical fact which none of the biographers would seem to have considered. The Curzon family, at Kedleston in Derbyshire, had been a permanent fact in the English ruling classes for eight hundred years. That is, they had long been in a position to assert themselves had they possessed the desire and the ability. Now it is a noteworthy fact that only two of them in all these centuries have been considered worthy

of a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*: a Robert de Curzon, who had a considerable career in France as a Cardinal of the Roman Church about the year 1200—while England was worrying over Magna Charta; and another very modest Robert Curzon (1810-1873), who came into a peerage through his mother and (strangely enough) went into the diplomatic service and worked chiefly in Turkey and Persia. There was also a Curzon-Howe, who became an admiral, whose memorial tablet announced: "Few flag officers who have held such important appointments have ever been so little in the public eye as he."

So that the great Marquess, with whom we are now concerned, was an unexpected blossoming on a stem that seemed incapable of bearing any remarkable fruit. He was clearly not the spontaneous result of an irresistible family genius. He may even have been right when he said of himself that he was a self-made man. Ambition has its vulgar side, and owes its success to a ruthlessly pushing pugnacity as often as to genius. It may be that the Curzons for centuries remained perfect gentlemen. Then was it a lapse on the part of their descendant that brought him fame?

This raises the two most essential problems concerning our present subject. Was he a man of deep, or even sufficient intellect? Was he not sometimes a great deal too florid in his tastes, and even occasionally a pompous person with rude manners, rather than an English nobleman?

The latter, the more superficial, problem will be considered first. There is no doubt that Curzon had moments when he seemed to have very newly "arrived" in his lordly sphere. The present writer remembers another peer commenting on this fact; he was a man who rarely spoke an unkind word of anyone, but his opinion that night was emphatic: "I'm afraid George Curzon is a snob", he said. Now one may be a snob and yet a capable player in the local cricket team; but one cannot so easily be at once a snob and a first-class ruler of men. For a really great ruler must have a wide human vision, in which the distinctions of classes and the pettiness of ceremonial trappings would be entirely unnoticed in his vast national and international outlook. The epithet "snob" (in whichever of its many ambiguous meanings) was therefore a serious charge.

* *Curzon, the Last Phase, 1919-1925*, Constable, 18s.

The possible reason for this outburst by a most kindly and reasonable fellow peer may explain in large degree why Lord Curzon was not a complete success in public life. One can recall this same critical peer on another occasion: "You know I am not a rude man", he said, "but yesterday I had the pleasure of turning my back on ———"; and he mentioned the name of another peer whose family had made a vast fortune by financial transactions which could scarcely be considered as a devoted service to the good of mankind. Putting those two remarks together they may be more than a clue to explain why Lord Curzon did not always win favour in the eyes of the governing classes of Britain—whether its nobles or its democrats. He flaunted before their eyes the immense spoils of a marriage with an alien plutocracy. Had he not married wealth there is a considerable suspicion that Curzon would not have been able to go to India as its Viceroy. At the back of the British governing-class mind there was, perhaps, a resentful feeling that it was not good form to snatch prizes by the aid of what was even worse than a foreign lottery ticket!

This financial luck might have been forgiven him; but there was yet another still graver fault in the eyes and ears of the British nobility and gentry. This man, who got his money out of Chicago instead of from English ground-rents and agricultural products, was (horrible to state) a man of very florid eloquence and highly-strung emotions. He allowed his intellectual passions to be expressed with an ardour that was not considered "good form" in the public life of his social class. He had on several occasions even been known to shed tears. This, simply, was not done. Mr. Harold Nicolson tells, in his effective language, of the scene in Paris in September, 1922, when Curzon told M. Poincaré to his face what he thought of the selfish policy of France; and when the Frenchman replied ("his insults were lancets of steel"), the Englishman's anger overcame him. Being bound by the etiquette of diplomacy, he could not knock him down or invite him to settle it with the rapier, so our Foreign Secretary staggered into a room behind the conference chamber. "He collapsed upon a scarlet settee. He grasped Lord Hardinge by the arm: 'Charley', he panted, 'I can't bear that horrid little man. I can't bear him. I can't bear him'." No, this is

"not done" by English noblemen, particularly when they are Secretaries of State. Nevertheless, it would not be a bad thing for the peoples of the earth if their rulers forgot their manners when they saw unbalanced men pulling down the pillars of international society to please the distorted passions of national fear or greed or vanity. For it is largely to M. Poincaré's earlier extravagances that we owe the still more gravely distorted passions of Herr Hitler and his Nordic social insanity.

There were almost sufficient excuses why Lord Curzon should have developed these abnormal psychological symptoms. For example, his early poverty. There have been many vague public references to this; but it needed the statement of a family of his most intimate early friends to convince one how serious a factor it was. The young man would be grateful for being allowed to stay with them for weeks at a time, until a cheque for an article in one of the journals would give him once more a wider freedom. The world to such a man was a place of striving; and it is the climber who is apt to become a ruthless egotist and a snob, because he is so conscious of the distinctions above and below in his ascent. There is another and still better reason why it is unfair to judge this man by normal standards. Early in life he developed a serious and agonizing spinal complaint. No man can behave quite normally with a twisted backbone; just as no one could go through life quite normally with a perpetual toothache.

Then again, both in his immense ambition to become a great ruler of men and in his enormous mental and physical energy, Curzon was quite an abnormal specimen of his social class. It was no vulgar ambition. He had a very noble passion to do good in the world. In his school and college days he had founded his political faith on the principles of Tory democracy described by Disraeli in his political novels. Throughout his career, whether a snob or a nobleman, a man of bombastic pomp or a careful administrator, Curzon was quite certainly always a tremendous worker and an honest servant of the State before all else. If all its servants were as self-sacrificing and as conscientious as he was, then the world of politics would be a sweeter place. Why did he, comparatively, fail?

With all this desire to serve his nation, paradoxical though it

may sound, the widely-travelled, brilliant Curzon never intimately understood the subject which he tried to handle. He only saw such a limited side of life. In this he was like the Younger Pitt, who had set out, when only a youth, to govern an England of which he scarcely knew any other inhabitant than the politicians and officials who had surrounded his father, and were to surround himself until his death; he tried to rule England and Europe—but he only knew a few facts about Westminster and Whitehall. Of course Curzon went out into the world far more than William Pitt. He even roughed it in Asia. For a man who was to rule India, it was an admirable training. But that training might easily make its pupil abnormal in British and European political life. That is, indeed, exactly what it did.

If one goes rapidly through the many illustrations in Lord Ronaldshay's three volumes, one begins to wonder whether Curzon ever met any quite simple people without any official significance whatsoever. One of the early pictures is of its hero as the presidential figure of the Oxford Union; in the next plate he is the presiding centre of the Canning Club. One cannot be continually the central figure without seeing facts in a wrong proportion. As the volumes continue, the ceremonial gets grander and grander. Curzon was always with the "right" people, or at least the powerful ones. His story almost reaches the standard of a Hollywood film for gorgeousness. There is the "Taj Mahal as restored by Lord Curzon". Then the ruler of India standing behind a huge tiger which he has just shot, with admiring and beautiful ladies around to decorate the triumph. One realizes that this was not a professional film because the sportsman has not planted his foot on the tiger's dead body: even at this supreme moment Lord Curzon remembered that he was an English nobleman. Then there are endless pictures of Lord Curzon at great ceremonies, Durbars, and so on and so on; he is being installed in gorgeous robes as Chancellor of Oxford University or attending Supreme Councils.

Life was to him one long succession of abnormal events. Of course this is one of the extreme dangers of most official lives. But it so happened that the isolation from normal life was earlier and worse in Curzon's case than in most official careers. And there was the added danger that life was not an amusing, cynical

joke to George Curzon; he took his position so desperately seriously; or at least, he certainly made other people think he did. There was that delightful cartoon in a *Punch* number of that period, in which the Cabinet Ministers were depicted as vastly enjoying a Whitsun recess at the seaside. Secretaries of State were riding donkeys and nigger minstrelling all over the happy beach. But in a corner, under a breakwater, a tent was erected, which bore this notice pinned over its closed door: "Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Unless absolute silence is maintained in this part of the beach I cannot guarantee the peace of Europe.—Signed, G. N. Curzon."

If to-day a life appeared of the Prince of Wales, there would probably be numerous pictures of His Royal Highness visiting slums, or talking to unemployed men, or shaking hands with football players. One suspects that the Prince meets a more varied kind of people in a month than Lord Curzon met in his whole life. It would be almost superhuman not to become rather pompous and snobbish in habits when meeting only the "right" people. But, on the other hand, it may well be that the "pomp" was only sheer nervousness in the presence of the unknown. He may not have known what to say to undistinguished persons; just as quiet citizens from the suburbs are not sure of themselves when unexpectedly thrust into the society of dukes. Lord Curzon had such an evident fund of humour and zest for good company that one suspects that his "pomp" was often simple nervous *gaucherie*.

But the really essential problem of Lord Curzon is whether he possessed a first-class brain; whether he was really a great man, or only a very decorative and highly-coloured smaller variety of the political species.

There is no doubt whatever that Lord Curzon had a remarkable brain. Produce as many blunders and failures in his career as one pleases—and they may be discovered without exceeding trouble—yet there remains evidence of an intellect that would adequately fit out a dozen ordinary men if distributed among them. At school at Eton, he won seventeen first prizes; those for French and Italian being pugnaciously swept off just because the two respective masters of those languages had expressed disapproval of him. He took the prize for the Latin oration. Indeed,

he was so clever that he had to try to prove in various schoolboyish ways that he was careless and stupid. But that was a hollow pretence when he was president of the Eton Literary Society. He called on Mr. Gladstone himself to request the pleasure of a lecture from him; whereupon Mr. Gladstone came, and Curzon treated him as an equal, and Mr. Gladstone invited him to Hawarden. When Ruskin recovered from a dangerous illness, Curzon wrote a letter expressing the pleasure of himself and his boy friends at the recovery. He was editor of *The Etonian*; and when he could not get contributions he occasionally wrote the whole number himself.

Such was the boy; and the grown man kept up these intellectual efforts with persistent energy. He certainly just missed a "first" at Oxford, but then he had so many more important interests than the comparatively small details to which examiners pay probably undue attention. In any case he won the two big historical prizes at his university. Mr. Nicolson repeatedly tells us of "his superb memory", his marvellous knowledge of detail. He was a prodigious worker. To all this mass of what may fairly be termed an all-round scholarship, or, still more truly, a wide culture, Curzon added (what is essential for real greatness) a sense of the æsthetics of life. It is common knowledge how he appreciated the arts and crafts of India; and he had a vivid sense of the charm of the English country and its best architecture. His appreciation of the beauty of the spoken language made him an orator of the first rank. When Mr. Nicolson writes of "his supreme mastery of lucid diction, the perfect symmetry of his every phrase", those two words "lucid" and "symmetry" are well-chosen; for it was the greatest strength of this man that he possessed this proper balance of intellect and emotion, or of science and art, to put it in another way.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the world of practical affairs Curzon was not the complete success that one might have expected from such an excellent record, and it is necessary to seek some adequate reason for the failure. It is difficult and dangerous to generalize in the midst of such a multitude of facts. The trouble is that the facts of Curzon's life so continually contradict each other; and generalization so often makes confusion

worse confounded, instead of clarifying, as it claims to do. So it will be safer and more illuminating to consider some of the simple facts themselves.

First, it is not a paradox, but the truth that the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston did indeed live in the seventeenth or eighteenth century and not in the second half of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century. He imagined that the great problems of political life were of an imperial kind. Therefore India was the ever insistent note in Curzon's mind, as it had been in the minds of the Pitts and Foxes before the French Revolution brought our ancestors with a violent jerk back to the still more imperative need of remedying the domestic affairs of our European home. Curzon was in no small degree drugged by the exciting spices, and a little overweighted by the gorgeous draperies, of the Orient. His most intensive study of the world was during his early days of travel in Asia. He taught himself more about that side of human affairs than of any other. Like Clive and Hastings, he knew more about India than he did of England. Hence, when he came back to Europe and later became Foreign Secretary, it was to questions relating to the East that he gave the most convincing answers. For example, if we are to believe Mr. Nicolson, it was at the Conference of Lausanne in 1923 that Curzon salvaged the prestige of Britain from the depths into which it had fallen after the Peace of Versailles. The subject discussed at Lausanne was the treaty with Turkey, which was so intimately bound up with our position in India.

It is more than possible that the magnitude of this triumph is over-estimated—for the first Lausanne conference broke down, and the final treaty (which was signed without Lord Curzon's personal presence and persuasion) was not altogether lacking in considerable Turkish triumphs also! But even admitting Curzon's diplomatic skill in impressing the councils at Lausanne, the much more important fact is that at this time the vital centre of world diplomacy was in Paris, where Mr. Bonar Law was struggling to reach a settlement of the chaos which had followed the ridiculous Reparations clauses of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Racial spite and economic childishness had combined in inflicting financial punishments on Germany which could not work, and

must, in the future, inevitably reduce international currencies to unworkable confusion. It was the most critical moment of the whole war settlement. It meant that the Versailles Treaty must be reconsidered. Surely it was an ignominious position that the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain should have been pushed into a back room to attend to the smaller affairs of Asia Minor, while his colleagues were struggling to prevent an international earthquake.

There is a short explanation of this embarrassing situation. Curzon's brilliant though limited brain had never taken much interest in European affairs. Napoleon is reported to have said "*Cette vieille Europe m'ennuie*", and Lord Curzon had once expressed his appreciation of this imperial cynicism. As Mr. Nicolson tells us, Curzon knew nothing about political economy and nothing of finance except his own domestic accounts. Unhappily Europe, and most of the world beyond it, now pivots round banking and industrialism. We are the heirs of the blundering, thoughtless, unbalanced finance and industrialism of the nineteenth century which Lord Curzon appears to have contemptuously ignored in his survey of life. The late Viceroy of India was therefore as helpless in this scene of economic warfare as his feudal mail-armoured ancestors would have been if asked to lead an attack against modern artillery and gas. His Oriental expert knowledge was as useless as a spear against a machine-gun. He put it himself: "As I could not take part in the Reparation talks, I have preferred not to interfere at all, but to leave it entirely to Bonar."

Nevertheless, it is almost certain that it would have been much to the advantage of the world if this honest eighteenth-century survival had interfered. It is interesting to guess what Lord Curzon would have said when he discovered that so many of the woes of mankind are caused by bankers whose profession it is to lend money to embarrassed nations, and armament manufacturers whose business it is to make profits out of a quarrelsome world. But there is no indication that Lord Curzon had taken such modern international factors into consideration. There are many reasons for believing that the returned autocrat of India, had he been equipped with the necessary knowledge, might have handled financial agents and war-profiteers with the

severity he would have thought proper in repelling brigands and raiders on the North-West frontier.

It is possible that Lord Curzon was indeed as misunderstood as he so persistently declared. He was held up by his opponents, and accepted by the world at large, as the last word in imperial autocracy. Such was the public picture; yet he confided to one of his oldest friends (from whom the story is directly repeated here) that when in India his great object had been to teach the Indians how to get ready to govern themselves.

If George Curzon failed to reach the highest position, perchance it was because fate placed him in an age that had no comfortable pedestal for a statesman who knew little of the roguish ways of the intriguers who so often manipulate public affairs for their own convenience. If Curzon had been a worse man he would have succeeded far better. Had he been self-seeking and moderately corrupt there would have been plenty of the shadier persons who would have found it convenient to put him—and keep him—in power, probably, without his knowing why or how! But Lord Curzon was an artist at heart; and it was possibly his sensitive dislike of a very mechanical age which made him half contemptuous and half afraid of it. So the world put him down as a snob and full of pomp and pride. It would have taken him too long to expound his big views of life to popular audiences. Perhaps he was not far wrong if he dreaded that even his colleagues of the governing class would not have understood, for he was so utterly detached from the usual environment of the current political scene. George Curzon was, on the whole, too much of a gentleman to succeed in a modern world which is, for the moment, consumed by a passion for material wealth; and so empty of morals and intellect that it regards brute force as still a legitimate weapon in international affairs. A man with a crippled spine and a keen sense of the refinements of the intellectual and moral world, was clearly unsuited for such an arena; just as a professor of mediæval philosophy would be embarrassed if he were asked to rule a city of gunmen.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE BENCH

BY CLAUD MULLINS

WHEN the Act of Settlement provided that "judges' commissions be made *quamdiu se bene gesserint* and their salaries ascertained and established", a principle was finally accepted that has since permeated our whole judicial system and constitutes one of the fundamental guarantees of the liberty of the subject. Today all those on the judicial Bench, whether judges of the "Supreme" Court, Records, County Court judges or magistrates, stipendiary or lay, are in effect independent of executive authority. For this the public has every reason to be grateful and, in fact, nobody suggests any criticism of this principle. If, for instance, in a criminal trial in any court anyone, whether in an official position or not, attempted to interfere with the court in its trial of the defendant, such interference would be as unpopular as it would be ineffective. Even any attempt to prevent anyone from being tried is strongly criticized. Our public has learned by long experience to be jealous of the principles of an independent Bench and a public trial.

Though a convinced believer in the independence and security of tenure of the Bench, I would put forward the suggestion that, when a criminal court has found a defendant guilty of the crime charged against him, the same principles of independence in the Bench do not necessarily apply. In other words, I believe that in performing its duty of sentencing offenders, our Bench needs assistance from those who have the best opportunities for studying the offender, his past, his character, and his probable reactions to his sentence, and that they should have a statutory right to report and make suggestions, whether invited by the Bench to do so or not.

In his most valuable comparison between judicial methods in this country and in France and Germany,* Mr. R. C. K. Ensor has recently written :

"The High Court judges . . . are usually admirable at conducting fair trials . . . But for the task of passing sentences they have seldom any proper equipment, and as seldom do it really well. Much might, indeed, be said for taking it away from them altogether and transferring it to a new section of the Home Office, by which, after the judge and jury had found the facts (as now) and recorded a conviction, an expert decision would be reached in the light of the fullest knowledge and scientific experience as to what should be done with the prisoner."

Mr. Ensor limits his proposal to the judges of the High Court, and is content to leave with magistrates, and presumably with Records also, the duty of fixing sentences.

I cannot agree with Mr. Ensor in his constructive proposal. I think that public opinion would be rightly suspicious of a system under which sentences would be passed by "a new section of the Home Office" composed of experts and scientists, and I believe that all criminal courts must continue to have the final responsibility of deciding the fate of those whom they find guilty. But I am equally convinced that all our criminal courts in plenty of cases need advice and suggestions from those who have the best opportunity for understanding the offender. At present information can be obtained from prison governors, prison medical officers, probation officers, and so on if the Bench asks for it, and if there is time; but unless such request is made, no information is forthcoming, and so deep is the idea of the independence of the Bench that, even when a Bench asks advice how best to deal with a difficult case, candid opinions are not always given.

It must not be forgotten that our system does not demand of the Bench any training in, or expert knowledge of, penology. I hope that the day may come when the following words of Mr. Ensor's will be applied to all on the Bench who conduct criminal trials :

"It would be a gain if after appointment systematic steps were taken to secure that all . . . acquired (what so many of them to their credit acquire voluntarily) a really close knowledge of the prison systems in force and of the practical working effect of the different sentences which they

* *Courts and Judges in France, Germany and England*, pp. 89-90.

may impose; as well as some scientific grounding in criminal psychology and a current familiarity with the progress of penological ideas and institutions in this and other countries."

But the time for this is not yet. A valuable first step would be to give a statutory right to prison authorities and probation officers to report and advise, the final decision remaining with the Bench.

More and more we are realizing that we have to study the offender as well as the offence, but this is impossible if an offender has to be sentenced within a short time of his being found guilty, as must at present happen at most Assizes and Quarter Sessions.

The suggestion that authorities, like prison governors and medical officers, probation officers, etc., should have a statutory right to report to the Bench is not entirely novel. Acts of Parliament of 1914 and 1925 require that before High Court judges, Recorders, or magistrates decide to send a person under 21 to Borstal, they "shall consider any report or representations which may be made to it by or on behalf of the Prison Commissioners as to the suitability of the offender for such detention". Unfortunately, this wise legislative innovation has in practice been restricted owing to criticism from the Bench, such criticism being prompted by exaggerated conceptions about the independence of the Bench. All that I receive when I ask for such a report is the bald statement: "This youth is mentally and physically fit for training in a Borstal Institution", whereas what I really want to know is whether the authorities agree with the view I have formed. If the prison authorities are of opinion that the extreme severity of a Borstal sentence is unnecessary and that training for a short period in a non-penal hostel would be adequate, I believe that they are in theory allowed to say so, but I have never known this happen. On the other hand, Parliament has not yet gone so far as to enable the authorities to recommend Borstal training if the Court has not thought of it. It would be a great improvement if they could.

Seeing that 21 per cent. of all persons found guilty of indictable crimes are between the ages of 16 and 21, the Borstal ages, the importance of this question seems obvious. Yet in the last statistical year 2,653 youths and 128 girls under 21 were sent

to ordinary terms of imprisonment, an increase of 800 over the previous year. Forty-six per cent. of the youths and 40 per cent. of the girls had no previous proved offences, and it looks, therefore, as if many of these cases might well have been dealt with by one of the many methods open under the Probation Acts. The current Report of the Prison Commission quotes a report by a prison governor to this effect: "It is worth notice that probation was never tried with 32.5 per cent. of lads received during the year . . . 12 per cent. of lads were sentenced to imprisonment before a sensible attempt at training was made. . . . It is quite incredible that the circumstances justified the imposition of short sentences of imprisonment in 12 per cent. of cases." On the other hand, 447 of the 2,653 youths and 16 of the 128 girls had three or more proved offences; 87 youths had six or more. The conclusion seems irresistible that if the prison authorities had been allowed to volunteer a suggestion of Borstal training, a considerable proportion of these young offenders would have been sent to Borstal, where they would have been subject to prolonged training and to supervision on release, and not to prison. This is openly stated in the last Prison Commissioners' Report. To send young people to prison is possibly to make life-long criminals of them.

Similarly with many other types of law-breakers, the advice of the prison authorities would be invaluable. What offence can be more bewildering to an inexperienced Bench than indecent exposure? There were well over 1,000 such convictions in Police Courts in the last statistical year, and 565 persons were sent to ordinary terms of imprisonment; some 700 were dealt with by fine without any subsequent supervision or assistance. The Prison Commissioners' Report shows that 217 men and 57 women imprisoned for this offence were "known to have previous sentences". The public is ill-protected against these unpleasant people by the present methods of dealing with them.

A simple illustration of the value of prison reports between verdict and sentence can be given. A man appeared before me, and so dull did he seem that I remanded him for a week for a medical report about his mental condition. The report was to the effect that the man was not mentally abnormal but was seriously deaf. No one in court, not magistrate, police or

missionary, had noticed it because the man was fairly good at lip-reading.

Another example of the need for investigation and for the right to report and suggest was given not long ago in the Press. The following (in which I had no concern) is re-printed from the *Justice of the Peace* for March 17 last, and is all the more valuable because that journal, in an editorial, itself pointed the moral :

"A case was heard by the Court of Criminal Appeal a few days ago in which a girl . . . was sentenced to six months in the second division for shoplifting. Upon the hearing of the appeal counsel stated that . . . the court which passed sentence had not been in possession of facts which he now laid before the Court of Criminal Appeal. The girl had seen her father killed in Ireland and it was generally admitted that this shock had affected her development. Medical evidence was given on this point and the girl's mother also gave evidence. In the result the court ordered the girl and her mother to enter into recognizances.

"The Court of Quarter Sessions could not have guessed at this state of affairs and the sentence it passed was due to the fact that no one appears to have spoken for the girl, who was evidently incapable of putting forward for herself the facts to be pleaded in mitigation. . . .

"Perhaps some people will see in this case an additional reason for medical and psychological investigation in all sessions cases before sentence is passed."

The prison authorities have recently appointed a medico-psychologist to their staff in the London prisons, and are becoming more and more ready to assist the Bench in arriving at wise decisions. But there will be no great progress until they, and probation officers, have a right to report and suggest wherever they deem it advisable. The following facts will be further proof of this : At the Boys' Prison at Wormwood Scrubs a band of lady workers has existed for many years. As soon as lads between 17 and 21 are remanded, one of these workers visits his home, obtains his educational record, etc., and on this information the Governor is prepared to write detailed reports to the Bench. I have found these reports extremely valuable in my task of deciding whether the case is one for Probation, whether a period of residence in a hostel is desirable, and so on. No official statistics exist to my knowledge, but I believe it to be the fact that three out of five of these reports are never sent to the Bench because the Bench has not asked for them.

In March last a lad of 20 was convicted by me for larceny.

It was a bad case, and the original charge had been burglary. There seemed to be nothing in his favour. Two years previously he had been placed on probation for "possessing housebreaking implements by night". He later joined the Army, but deserted and the regiment refused to have him back. He was sullen and rather defiant in court. In fact, he seemed to be asking for a six months' sentence. But the following emerged from one of these "general reports" from the Prison Governor :

"His home is in . . . but he has only spent a few nights there since the age of 14. His mother died when he was a baby, and his father re-married when he was three. His stepmother has apparently ill-treated the children to such an extent that several times the R.S.P.C.C. have interfered. One brother and one sister ran away soon after they left school, being very unhappy at home. There are several step-brothers and step-sisters at home who, together with the step-mother and the father's indifference towards the treatment of his children, make the home quite intolerable. . . . He had several casual jobs. In 1932 he made his way to . . . with the intention of obtaining work pea-picking in Kent. . . . He is self-willed and owing to his unfortunate upbringing, there is no marked incentive to follow a straight course. He is in need of strict discipline."

Such facts cannot be ascertained in court ; probably even a probation officer could not obtain them during talks in the court cell. But such facts being available after a week's remand, what court could think of prison ? A short sentence in prison might have made a life-long criminal. A long probation order under firm guidance with directions to live for at least six months in a hostel may well shake that lad out of his sorry past.

The suggestion made here that prison authorities and probation officers should have the right to report and recommend would introduce a new spirit into the work of our criminal courts and bring them more into line with the new spirit now prevailing in our prisons. More scientific treatment in prison must be gravely handicapped unless accompanied by more scientific sentencing. All the praiseworthy efforts of the Prison Commission to humanize the prison system and prevent recidivism must fail unless those on the Bench work hand in hand with them.

Readers of Mr. L. W. Fox's recent book, *The Modern English Prison*, cannot fail to notice how the late secretary of the Prison Commission (tactfully as befits one in an official post) shows that Parliament and Executive have sometimes failed to improve

the treatment of law-breakers simply because the Bench has worked on old-time methods. Our Bench from the manner of its appointment will always be a conservative force. All the more necessary is it, therefore, that while retaining its fundamental independence, it is freely given information and counsel from those whose lives are spent in studying the wrong-doer. Police reports of past records must, of course, continue to be given—and for what they purport to be they are really excellent—but investigations from other points of view are essential if we wish to do all that is possible to prevent the existence of the hardened and hopeless criminal.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SINCE the introduction of the British budget we have gradually been made aware of the international effects of that surprising example. In a world so crazy and unbalanced, the spectacle of a great country recovering by the steady acceptance of sacrifices is of untold benefit. Prosperity begins to seem a possible end in view, and even if it comes slowly, the essential thing is to create a belief that it can come. Moreover, there has been no waving of a wizard's wand, no whooping incantations, no heroic gestures; nothing but a determined resistance to all electoral pressure, a fair distribution of the burden, and when lightening it became a possibility, then a readjustment first in favour of the weak. The result has been a new establishment of British prestige in Europe—and probably in America—created by admiration and sympathy without envy. For the world can see how steep that hill is against which this good-humoured people still strains and must strain, though with a renewed confidence.

Such prestige carries the authority which is most persuasive because it is least dictatorial. This authority, looking at it from outside, is much heightened because it is vested in a national government. I take an example which has been the subject of much discussion during the past month. The Japanese are a proud and stiff people, and their recent declaration of a Monroe doctrine for the Far East had all the appearance of being official. Yet, on a courteous but weighty expression from Great Britain it was virtually withdrawn. This does not mean that any student of affairs can afford to forget such a revelation of Japan's outlook and intentions; but it does mean

that England's just claims are at once recognized, and even that the just claims of Europe gain strength when England is their spokesman. It means also that in the more concrete and more easily embittered economic controversy with Japan, there is more hope of avoiding bitterness. Because England stands high in the opinion of the world today, nobody wants to quarrel with England. And it is of advantage to England that in such a matter Mr. Runciman should be in charge. Everybody in England who knows anything of politics knows that into such a course as he now outlines he is forced unwillingly; whereas, it is one into which other members of the National Government would go with some exultation.

There has been of late in the House of Commons open allusion to the two strains of economic policy which exist within the

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at Home**

Government; there has been even open avowal that an important section of the Government lacks confidence in Mr. Runciman—certainly not because they doubt his ability. It is because he is not willing to go fast enough or far enough in the protectionist line. These gentlemen omit to consider how much weight is added to action when it is taken by a man of known prepossessions against it.

The action in question, which amounts to limiting Japan's freedom of import into British possessions, is one certainly against the general interest of a country whose well-grounded desire is for removal of barriers. War also is against the general interest of any country, but may be unavoidable; and if war has to be faced, the best chance for a useful ending is that it should have the whole people behind it. The reason for the existence of a national government in times like these, when everything seems unstable and dangerous, is to secure stability in internal matters, and for those that have an international bearing, to ensure solidarity.

There are two ways of getting a national government. One is to eliminate from the power of political action all possible opponents; and as the machine develops, the least disagreement even on details tends to exclude. The other way is to get men of good will to work together, modifying so far as they

can their divergences, which under strict party government it would be their purpose to emphasize. The first gives a machine much more swiftly and easily acting—because indeed it becomes a machine. The second has the advantage of being compatible with freedom, which is not only more agreeable to our feelings, but is of the two much the more durable. Neither the modern Russia nor the modern Italy nor the modern Germany, is built to last. Logic of the hive is good for bees, but applied to human society it works inevitably its own confusion.

Germany with characteristic thoroughness is establishing a justice of the hive. The courts of law have not given entire satisfaction; the laws enshrine principles which carry a cosmopolitan taint; they are interpreted by men trained to look beyond the order issued under the impulse of a mood or a moment; and so Hitlerian Germany is to have Hitlerian courts which will give full expression to the hive's instinct. Law will be revised, to get it separate and distinct from justice. Hitherto among civilized peoples, progress has been towards correcting law's national idiom into harmony with the larger speech of humanity. But Germany now wants a tribal justice which will banish from the hive any who cannot be counted on for the uttermost and narrowest loyalty. These things cannot stand. No civilized people will allow itself to be so clipped and pruned of its finest growths. Miss Bergner today is over here, driven to express her amazing charm in a clever play through a foreign tongue. At Burlington House, the bust of Einstein sculptured by Epstein, becomes with general applause a possession of this country. Which is more durable—the country that must purge itself of such Jews, or the one that welcomes them, homeborn or guests? And which is likely to have more authority among the nations of a world to which justice speaks in a common language?

It is a question for many who recognize the authority which England at present enjoys whether the utmost is made of that authority in international affairs. Up to a point, it is true that England took a definite line. Responding to a strong public feeling, successive governments set the example of disarmament. It is recognized now that the example has not

been operative, and further that the danger-point has been reached; that it may be necessary to rearm. How is that necessity best to be limited? How is competitive rearmament to be avoided? Many of us answer: By a positive guarantee of action against the aggressor in Europe. But there is a view of international affairs, of which Lord Lothian has become the exponent, which holds that Europe is settling down to a balance, that competition will then cease; meanwhile, England had best stand aloof and watch. One reason given for this course is that it will avoid difficulties with the United States and with the Dominions; and behind it is the old touching faith that some day the English-speaking world will unitedly distribute justice to the rest of creation. British action is to wait upon a forecast of America's reactions. Well, it is worth asking whether the United States shows less regard for Great Britain, even since Great Britain refused to continue war payments. The Dominions have their unhampered freedom. Australia decides at once that her relations with Japan should be unaffected by any measures which the mother country may take in an economic dispute; and nobody says a word against Australia. England is entitled to the same freedom, and England is, as the Dominions are not (except the Irish Free State) part of Europe. England has held and has exercised continuously since the war a full share in the leadership of Europe.

Lord Lothian says that we are emerging from a period of the hegemony of France. If that means anything it means that since the war France has imposed her will on Europe. In fact, again and again, France has given up her will under pressure from England, and to the advantage of Germany. The one thing she has persistently refused to abandon has been her security. Her partner in leadership (for Italy's intervention has been spasmodic) refused for years to enquire whether indeed Germany was rearming, and when the enquiry was at last forced, found that the process had already gone very far. Danger is admitted. A great part of the danger lies in the Germans' habitual defect in psychology. They have good grounds for holding that England has throughout shown a disposition to accept accom-

plished facts when confronted with them. They will never allow for the curious tendency of the English people, finding themselves on a really ugly slope, to dig in their toes and do later what they should have done much earlier—but to do it obdurately. Again, they are aware like all the world of French dissensions; they know that an old man is at the helm; and the Nazi movement has a contempt for old age. What they are likely to forget is that Clemenceau was four years older than M. Doumergue when he took control of the war. It appears that this other veteran also not only has authority but is using it; and, as to the country at large—public washing of dirty linen is not pleasant, but if clean linen be the result, it is far from a disaster. In fact, the more virile elements in the country appear to be asserting themselves, but reconstruction, not wrecking, is their object. They are in no humour for waiting.

Here is roughly the situation. Frenchmen hold that the youth of Germany is in a neurotic condition, and is guided by men who, if they are not under impulses of frenzy, pretend to be (which is worse); and that such a people may suddenly be driven by internal difficulties to the old expedient of an external quarrel. It is not possible to ignore the warning publicly given by the League's Commissioner in the Saar—an Englishman—that a *coup de main* there is talked of. Decisive public declaration that England would resist by all means such an attempt would almost certainly end even the discussion of it. In the absence of such an indication there is a different danger: that France, overrating the importance of popular organs in the British press, and feeling herself likely to be deserted in a crisis, may act alone, and for the first time feel obliged to turn her share of leadership into such a hegemony as the German idealism contemplates for Germany.

It would be well if English people who at least know what Hitler stands for, should attempt to understand also what M. Doumergue stands for, and instead of talking temperamentally about the French, ask themselves on which side is freedom.

In this year's Royal Academy, interest centres perhaps on two exhibits which are not pictures—the Epstein bust of Einstein and Sir Edwin Lutyens's huge model of Liverpool's second cathedral that is to be. It is singular how in the bust benevolence as well as genius seems to emanate from this danger to the Aryan race; seldom has there been an expression of energy that was so *gemütlich*. The cathedral, if it is placed as I should hope—and Roman Catholics have an instinct for commanding sites—will combine with its rival and forerunner to glorify the approach to Liverpool from the Mersey. (At least it will on days when the visibility is even moderate.) Where the money that is to build it has come from, I know not; but the worshippers will be in great measure Irish, like the much loved little archbishop under whose auspices the work has been planned and begun. Strange outposts these colonies of Irish are, of which Liverpool is one of the greatest in the north of England. I have known poor men who never saw Ireland, yet gave of time and money far beyond their means, and even sometimes lost their job in a quarrel for the sake of Ireland. In Liverpool itself I have seen an old man with tears streaming down his face at a meeting because someone spoke Gaelic. It is good that a gifted architect is giving them a noble shrine for the faith that is linked with their nationality.

Among the pictures which stand out in my memory is the portrait of Sir James Dunne. Mr. Sickert is (at least for moderns), the painters' painter, and no doubt it is by his technical brushwork and use of colour that the whole so radiates vitality. According to my feeling, that mass of blue is rather overpowering; but it may somehow, in ways unknown to me, help to the dramatic presentment of a personality, emphasized as if an actor played it on the stage. The picture is one of good humoured yet aggressive (not to call it insolent) challenge; as if it were saying: "Well, here I am; I've arrived; what I have I hold, as I hold this very good cigar: and can you knock a feather out of me, or a penny that I do not choose to part with?" Specially a post-war type. Mr. Stanley Spencer commands attention (not infrequently a bewildered attention), and the question arises: What is going to be done with pictures

like that? The first answer is that probably Mr. Spencer does not consider this; he is evidently painting what he wants to paint and as he wants to paint it. Another answer occurs if one has the chance to see his picture, "In Switzerland", at the end of the vista, for then its decorative value in any large apartment grows clearer. The pattern runs with an elaborate rhythm from side to side; stuck on to it are little figure-groups, just as the middle ages stuck little groups of sculpture into the large lines of a building. Mr. Spencer goes back to a time that did not trouble about perspective (after all, a modern convention), and, like the mediæval craftsmen, he lets his humour, his fancy, and his observation have free play. I do not know whether this impression of Switzerland (bits from a caricaturist's sketch-book grouped together into one composition) would be quite suitable in Mr. Cook's head office; but it would certainly bring colour and gaiety and lasting amusement into some great hall.

There is a good deal of Dame Laura Knight; the most characteristic piece, a study of a girl nude to the waist, combing her hair before a mirror; the attention of the eyes is admirable, but essentially one is concerned with the harmonious flowing slenderness, outlined in light, and displayed in two complementary visions of the same body. She has also a great jolly picture of Mr. Lamorna Birch, happily be-tweeded, with one small daughter caught up under his arm, another astride the bough of a big hazel that stretches over a little stream. Paintings of artists by artists generally give a pleasant sense that they were done with enjoyment—witness also Mr. Gunn's picture of Mr. James Pryde. Among other portraits I remember specially the late Mr. Spencer Watson's of Miss Marguerite Battle—so distinguished in its dark tones, the face and figure so admirably quiet, restrained and shut in; and that of Miss E. R. Conway, a lady Justice of the Peace, by Mr. Frank T. Copnall. His name is unknown to me; but the quality attained here, especially in the portraiture of the eyes and mouth is remarkable. That lady on the bench should be compassion sitting in Justice. Mr. Elwell's picture of the Ring Horse Tent in Sanger's Circus will charm anyone by the skill with which it not only

portrays horses, but suggests the flickering unquiet movement of feet and quarters down the long line. Near by it is Mr. Gerald Goodman's "Blue Door". Whoever buys this, is buying sunlight; just as whoever buys Mr. Bishop's study from the Blacksmith's quarter in Kairouan is buying shade on a hot day, brought into relief by shafts of sunlight through rafters. But among all the small and covetable pictures, my choice would go to Mr. Terrick Williams's "Sun and Mist, Mousehole"—boats in a little harbour and the stillness of sheltered water, all steeped in sunlight sifted through a mist.

Of the more authoritative works, nothing is more masterly than Sir William Rothenstein's group, "Two Students", or (in how different a way!) than Sir George Clausen's, "The Avenue", with trees slightly conventionalized, that seem to bend under the weight of sunshine. It is curious how all that clothes earth or timber seems to present itself to this artist as a kind of fur.

Mr. Gerald Brockhurst's *Jeunesse Dorée* is a disquieting study from contrast between the provocatively reddened lips and the cool air of spring that emanates from the person of this girl. She is *aigrette* like April, and the touch of rouge seems a perverse attempt to deny her youthfulness. The grey dress has the grey of a bursting sheath on willow buds. Another girl study by this artist, this time in chalk, "Kara", has more than accomplishment: it has emanation.

The central sculpture room is dominated by Mr. Jagers' herculean bust of a steel puddler; not the antique Hercules,

but a fellow from the furnace, used to handling powers that could shrivel him in an instant; hardened to the blast of their presence, before which the ordinary strong man would wilt; everything melted off him that could melt, nothing left but residual fibre; stiff with strength, yet strung up to hair-trigger reactions, to save his own life or the life of others. In short, a man living among vast forces, at once their servant and their master; labour incarnate, up to date.

A very different image of the modern world is Mr. Benno Elkan's bronze mask of the elder Rockefeller; it might pass for

the face of some old monk of the ascetic orders, or some Irish "votteen", ecstatic in its possession by an idea; a human creature almost disembodied. The world knows to its great profit that there has been more in Mr. Rockefeller's life than the pursuit of riches; but is it by the spirit behind such faces as this that riches are heaped up?

Opposite this, in sharp contrast, is the bust of a young man in all the splendour of his strength—Lady Hilton Young's conception of Adam Lindsay Gordon; a replica of the memorial bust by which the Australian rider-poet is now represented in Poets' Corner. The ceremony of its reception was notable for an address by the Archbishop of Canterbury—whom I had last heard speak at the Oxford Union some fifty years ago. He said, with excellent brevity, all that was appropriate and nothing that was not appropriate; he shirked nothing—leaving the suicide which ended this "reckless and fiery spirit" to "God's compassion"; and in naming the poet's attributes, bush-rider, horse-breaker and steeplechaser, he surely used words that the Abbey never heard before. Above all, he did not hesitate to say that Adam Lindsay Gordon would have found it strange indeed to think of his bust set beside Tennyson's, but far stranger that it should be welcomed by an archbishop. The true reason for the welcome was given: it was that the people of Australia had chosen for their laureate this singer of "swift and eager action".

The bust itself marks something new in that gallery of statues, bringing in the rough-hewn method of modern times. It recalls, probably more than the artist knew, the head of Watts's young rider in the group of physical energy; and it definitely suggests not only the fire of wild blood, but the Scot's special wildness. And indeed the true filiation of Gordon's poetic gift goes back to "Bonny Dundee" and "Young Lochinvar" rather than to Swinburne, whose accent he caught.

Australia is first of England's oversea off-shoots to have a poet in the Abbey; first at least of those that are not severed—for Longfellow is there. Australia should be gratified. So far as recent testimony can enlighten me, Australia's attitude to England is one of contempt and dislike for the Englishman

when he comes to Australia as a competitor, but one of respect for the Englishman at home. I rely on two books: *Cobbers*, by Dr. Thomas Wood, and *Marriage at 6 a.m.*, by Tom Clarke. Mr. Clarke, one of Lord Northcliffe's young lions, went to Australia after Northcliffe's death and worked there as a journalist for three years. He cannot help seeing things with a journalist's quick, selective eye and setting them down with a journalist's emphasis. Dr. Wood is a more sensitive observer, though on occasions he feels it his duty to be snappy. He in a long stay (upon some non-competitive business) experienced only Australia's hospitality, and how great that is both men agree; Mr. Clarke met some opposition. But both these highly accomplished and most friendly observers agree also in holding that Australians are apt to feel themselves regarded by Englishmen as deficient in a culture which, in fact, they do not often trouble to preserve. Well, that ceremony in the abbey, so dignified, so gracious and so rich in historic associations, which welcomed Gordon to Poets' Corner, may surely be taken by Australia as some proof that culture, when it is a reality, is neither priggish nor exclusive, and accepts the bush-rider's muse as ungrudgingly as it accepted the Scottish ploughman's.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A COMMENTATOR ON NEW SPAIN

by V. S. PRITCHETT

BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY, by
Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.
12s. 6d.

THE originality of Mr. Huxley is that he is the only contemporary writer of any quality who has been completely inoculated by scientific training and tastes. His "local Pavlov"—a being to whom he constantly refers as the arbiter of all destinies and explanation of all mysteries—has so conditioned him that he takes the world, not as his oyster, but as an experiment with reflexes. The resulting conflict between science and the artist is the successor to the older conflict between religion and the artist, and his puritanism is prepared for the surrender to extremes:

"When man became an intellectual and spiritual being, he paid for his new privileges with a treasure of intuitions, of emotional spontaneity, of sensuality still innocent of all self-consciousness."

The price of progress, he points out, is fixed. *Tout se paye*. From such a point of view springs the illusion of detachment, for naturally Mr. Huxley as an artist resists surrender. And detachment, also, has its price. It is a dubious half-way house. Superficiality is the payment; the scientific traveller, he points out in self-criticism, becomes a mere "voyeur"—a kind of Peeping Tom—and, one may add, a voyeur who extends his field by generalizations from

a few new facts without deepening it. No doubt Mr. Huxley would reply that there is a great deal of mystical nonsense talked in the name of profundity nowadays; but I think the foregoing explains why he is the most exasperating and stimulating of writers. A man who can write a prose as crystalline and of such sustained beauty as his ought not, one protests, to pack the account of his Mexican travels with ultimately futile generalizations. True, his object is apparently to write a commentary and not a narrative: for a full exposition of Mayan art we can go to the authorities, the incidental pictures of the people and country are all that an intelligent European who is not going native needs to know, and the intelligent man is he who, having asked What is truth? like "jesting Pilate", does not stay for an answer. Yet these small descriptions of people and landscape, renderings of the sensation and the climate of a place and its culture are the things one values and wishes to be amplified and not annotated into bits and pieces.

In consequence the Chichicastenango chapters were to me the most absorbing, for Mr. Huxley is at his best in them: Science is put aside for æsthetic curiosity, and his descriptions of Mayan sculpture and Indian art, religious ceremonies and customs are luminous and fascinating. No other writer can approach his sense

of proportion or his discriminating fervour. The stelae lead him to speculate upon the time obsession of the Mayas and its origin. Accident, he concludes, was the deciding factor; it is always the deciding factor at the source of all differentiations in culture. There is no such thing as "feeling in one's bones" that this characteristic or the other is inevitable in a race. Accident provides a dominant mind, which is propitiously placed in its society, with a time-obsession; disciples happen to be available, and thus the nature of a culture is determined. But it is odd to find traces of this disposition to reckon in time-cycles among the nomad Mongols who are, I suppose, racially the progenitors of the Indians who crossed over the Bering Straits into America. Their calculations are not carried to the immense periods which the Mayans conceived, but their imagination has required sixty-year periods of which 15 have now passed. Is the element of racial predisposition needed before accident can be effective?

Mr. Huxley's travels took him to the West Indies, British Honduras, Guatemala, and Mexico. I have already quoted him at the beginning of this review, on D. H. Lawrence's dilemma. He discusses at length Mr. Stuart Chase's view that certain "modern improvements" could be introduced into Mexico without disturbing its culture, and demurs. But those who consider the machine and standardization constantly assume a future completely broken off from the past. The effect of the expulsion of priests by the Mexican rationalist revolutionaries has not been to create a nation of freethinkers, but has left the Indian to fall back upon his earlier gods. The weakness of the scientific mind is that the imponderables escape its catalogues.

This immensely readable book is superbly illustrated.

MEDIEVAL ENGLAND, by Martin R. Holmes. Methuen. 6s.

THIS little book appears in a series entitled "London the Treasure House", which is estimated to "give prominence to the fact that in the London museums, picture galleries, and even streets there are unparalleled opportunities for studying the sculpture, painting, and applied arts of almost every period in history". The quotation from the publisher's announcement gives a pretty accurate idea of the scope of this book. It begins by tracing the objective history of medieval London and its monarchs from the Normans to Henry VIII, with special reference to the still extant traces of the era; and then various museum pieces set the author on his journey through the monasteries and churches and streets, and introduce him, and us, to the very conventional array of Ladies and Gentlemen in the Dress of the Period, the soldiers carrying their weapons, and, dimly intruding from time to time, the crowding mass of the citizens themselves. Mr. Holmes certainly contrives to impart a varied wealth of information, and he is at his best when he makes buildings, like Westminster Abbey, rather than ornaments or weapons, the vehicle of his tale. But because his terms of reference point him to the museums and galleries rather than to people, his book never quite comes to life. After all, we already know a good deal about the exterior objects of the medieval civilization, and what we now want more than anything else are authentic pictures of the actual and individual people who used them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Holmes will write another book with the clearness of style which distinguishes this, and tell us not about buildings and ornaments, but about the actual people who lived in and used them.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

MR. NOYES AND THE UNIVERSE

by EDWARD SHANKS

THE UNKNOWN GOD, by Alfred Noyes. Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.

THERE was once a schoolboy, aged between fourteen and fifteen, who spent some of his Christmas tips on two books of verse which he had seen enthusiastically reviewed in various papers. He showed them, perhaps not without a certain priggish pride, to a master at his school who expressed a desire to borrow them. One book contained the lines:

I heard them calling in the streets
That the ship I serve upon—
The great ship Immortality—
Was gone down, like the sun . . .

When that master returned the two books, he said of this one, "I daresay your Herbert Trench is the better poet of the two—in fact, I'm sure he is." He was an honest man, though he could not help speaking in a grudging voice. "But I like the other better. Look at this." And he pointed to a poem of which the boy does not now remember one line, but only that it was called "Credo".

Herbert Trench is dead and, if his own uncompromising philosophy is justified, has wholly ceased to exist. The other poet, Mr. Alfred Noyes, has written a volume justifying his acceptance of a contrary philosophy.

Mr. Noyes has spent some years in studying the achievements of the great scientists in order to write poetry about them. Here he tells us, from the stand-

point of what must be described as primarily a poetic faith, where their testimony confirms his own attitude or where, not confirming it, their testimony must be rejected. This book is not a chronological record of spiritual wanderings. It is the description of a position attained, but it bears marks of an intellectual and spiritual effort made. It contains, clearly, the answers which Mr. Noyes has honestly made to all the questions he felt obliged honestly to ask himself.

The first objection which will be made to it by the unsympathetic reader is that too often a fine mist of sentimentality is allowed to rise and blur the landscape which the author is endeavouring to display. I will give one example. Mr. Noyes, conceding the possibility of the argument of the Bishop of Birmingham and others (he is quoting the Bishop) that the universe may contain many inhabited worlds beside ours, falls foul of the suggestion that life there may take forms which we should not recognize:

If [he says] we could visit Hesperus on a fine summer evening, we might very well find flowers—unknown, but still flowers—and trees, unknown, but still trees—spreading their well-proportioned petals and boughs in the familiar sunlight, watered by dews, and swayed by breathing airs.

It is a pretty sentence, and puts forward a quite tenable argument, but the prettiness interposes an annoying film

between the argument and the reader. We are talking, are we not? about the probability that the forms of life on all inhabited worlds are similar. If that view is correct, the similarity would manifest itself to the visitor from this world as well on a foggy morning in January as on "a fine summer evening".

Mr. Noyes is far too honest to put in such phrases as butter to make his doctrine slide down the throat of an otherwise unwilling dog. They are rather evidences of a natural secretion which has made the way easier down his own throat.

He tends to take a "poetic" view of the riddle of the universe—in saying which I am not giving the word a complimentary sense. I mean that he desires to find a solution interpretable in terms of the poetry with which he is familiar, he desires to impose that poetry on the facts, instead of deriving from the facts a solution which shall impose a new poetry on him. He cannot even forbear from remarking that "I am the Resurrection and the Life" is the finest line of blank verse in the English language. That may or may not be true, but to say so in this context is an almost shocking irrelevance.

Mr. Noyes has made a sincere and sometimes a touching attempt to describe his own position as a believer and the mental and spiritual processes which have led him to it. Much of what he says, by the way, is highly suggestive. The conclusions of science ought more often to be subjected to the questions of the intelligent and interested layman.

But, whether the position he has reached be the right one or not, it is not easy to feel that his account of how he comes to be there is of much intellectual or spiritual value to anyone else. It will no doubt be very comforting to some who are there already, for whatever reasons, and to some who would like to be there. They will be

glad to hear that all the great English poets thought, or should have thought, as they do or would like to do.

This last sentence, let it be confessed, is impatient and unfair. But it represents pretty accurately both the first and the last reactions to this book of one who believes that if literature stands in any relation to religion, it should be that of handmaid, not of amiable and reassuring sponsor.

PIRATE JUNK: FIVE MONTHS' CAPTIVITY WITH MANCHURIAN BANDITS, by Clifford Johnson; with a Foreword by Peter Fleming. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

If ever there was an unvarnished tale of hardships and misery long drawn out, here it is in this diary—the brief, sometimes seemingly inconsequent jottings, secretly made from day to day, as three captive ship's officers who were carried from hiding to hiding in fugitive junks, or, later, from village to village, while the long-protracted negotiations for their release dragged out their weary length.

It speaks volumes for the determination of Mr. Johnson that this journal was ever kept, let alone published. To have allowed their captors to know that such a journal was being kept would have been to arouse immediate suspicion, and the entries, over considerable periods at least, were made on any paper procurable (cigarette paper, even, was used). One part was written with a pencil stolen from a sleeping bandit, while his fellow-captives screened the writer from the watchful eyes of the suspicious bandits.

Apart, however, from its interest as a narrative of a terrible and more or less unique experience, the book is valuable as giving an insight hitherto lacking in this country into the conditions of banditry in Manchukuo, its causes, and the methods being taken to combat it.

J. L.

VARIED VIEWS ON RUSSIA

by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MOSCOW EXCURSION, by P. T. Gerald Howe. 5s.

RUSSIA REPORTED, by Walter Duranty. *Gollancz*. 5s.

RUSSIA TODAY: WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM IT? by Sherwood Eddy. *Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

MR. DURANTY has spent the greater part of thirteen years in the Soviet Union, Dr. Eddy has visited it a number of times, and P. T. went on an "Intour." Yet of these three books, unquestionably P. T.'s is the most accurate, the most sound, and generally the best. She did what so few tourists do, what no journalist resident in the Soviet Union who wishes to stay there can do—she brought her everyday intelligence to bear on what she saw going on around her. Not, notice, on what was supposed to be going on around her. But on what was really going on—people passing up and down streets and waiting in queues, shops, trams, the actual life of the inhabitants of Leningrad and Moscow.

There are two things—Russia and the Great Experiment. They have little or no connection. The former is a hundred and sixty million people, the latter a pretentious, a dreary fraud. The curious thing is that once you accept the fraud, there is no seeing Russia. Then, Russia ceases to exist. Then, only the fraud exists, its emptiness filled with pretentious statistics and formulæ, with the patter of socialist salesmanship.

P. T.'s achievement was to see through the fraud from the very beginning, and resolutely to remain outside it. From this vantage point, she could be critical where others shut their eyes in reverent adoration, could question what others

meekly accepted. They took her to a collective farm, and, while her fellow tourists were scribbling notes, she observed that it was only an inferior sort of vegetable garden. All the well-worn Intourist pranks were played on her. She saw the whole Intourist Circus—divorce-marriage variety turn, children's hour at a crèche, with Uncle Decent round the Courts—and knew that it was only a circus, with no bearing on the lives of the grey, unhappy people with whom she rubbed shoulders in the streets. When I think of what has been written about Russia by other tourists, when I consider how the Great Experiment has been swallowed whole and then regurgitated by the most unlikely persons, I cannot but be grateful for P. T.

It would be an impertinence to say that Mr. Duranty wrote from within the Great Experiment; as great an impertinence as saying that President Roosevelt spoke from within the New Deal. Mr. Duranty is one of the Great Experiment's authentic voices. He has watched over it as an attentive hairdresser watches over a customer, catching its mood, sensing its hopes and opinions. Not *Pravda* itself has more faithfully recorded the official version of the course of events, of the ups and downs of personalities, than he has. Files of *Pravda* (the word, amusingly enough, means "truth") are difficult to come by, expensive, troublesome to read and uncommonly dull; *Russia Reported* can be bought at any bookstall, costs only five shillings, is easy to read and vivaciously written. The Great Experiment's indigestible substance has been dished up by Mr. Duranty in a form suited to

the palate of the American newspaper-reading public. They looked up and were fed. For thirteen years he tossed them fish-balls and rissoles from Moscow; each one manufactured with some care, done to a turn; each one flavoured to the taste of the wholesaler—the Soviet Foreign Office—and of the consumer—the American newspaper-reading public. On occasion even, he, the middleman, dropped in an ingredient or two of his own. And the result?—have not the Brain Trust and the Great Experiment mutually recognized one another? Are they not marching together, one on one side of Mr. Duranty and one on the other, towards a new and better social order? It is a privilege to be able to buy a collection of these fish-balls and rissoles in, considering their age, a remarkable state of preservation for the trifling sum of five shillings.

I cannot pretend to have read Dr. Eddy's book. It is not the sort of book I can read. I made several attempts to read it, starting at different places, but always came up against some obstacle that prevented me from making further progress. For instance, I'd read: "One of the most brilliant achievements of the Soviet Union is in the sphere of childhood. . . . Indeed, it is as if the Revolution had taken a little child and set him in the midst of the whole system", and stop, my heart unaccountably heavy, my mind paralysed.

Russia Today: What Can We Learn from It? reminded me of an American clergyman with whom I once spent an afternoon in Moscow. We strolled through the Park of Culture and Rest, and idly looked over a bookstall, translating the names of the books. Most of them were anti-religious propaganda. As we spelt out their blasphemous titles, the clergyman's face grew more and more radiant. "What a wonderful experiment!" he kept murmuring. "What a wonderful experiment!"

KARL MARX: A Study in Fanaticism,
by Edward Hallett Carr. Dent. 12s. 6d.

THE appearance of this biography is an interesting symptom of the ever-increasing interest in Marx. It is probably the most competent bourgeois biography, as Marx would have described it, which has appeared in English.

Mr. Carr has been on the whole a careful, and in so far as he understood the documents with which he was dealing, a conscientious, research worker. He has been anxious to avoid painting an unconvincing caricature of his subject. He has striven to avoid adding one more to what he calls "the highly coloured modern indictments of Marxism".

The results of these efforts by an author who, as he makes perfectly clear, sees no merit or logical validity whatever in the main theorems of Marxism, are peculiar. Out of Mr. Carr's sixteen chapters only two are devoted to an exposition of Marxism. The rest consist of a straightforward and chronological account of the activities of the man. These biographical chapters conscientiously attempt to be unprejudiced, but they are quietly uncomprehending of what Marx was and what he was trying to do. This is inevitable since the two chapters which Mr. Carr does devote to Marxism show that, like so many other bourgeois readers of Marx, he has not only failed to understand Marx's answers, but has failed to understand what questions it was that Marx was asking.

There is only space to give one instance of this primary misapprehension. Let us instance the Labour theory of Value. Mr. Carr correctly describes this theorem as the central and indispensable foundation of Marxism. (Incidentally, he is thus enabled, quite legitimately, to make Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Professor Sydney Hook, Mr. R. W. Postgate, and Professor MacMurray, whom he clubs together as "the pseudo-Marxists", look somewhat

foolish, since all these writers reject the Labour theory of Value and yet adhere to Marx's conclusions. Thus Mr. Carr is easily able to cut off and destroy the straggling camp-followers of the Marxist army.)

On page 260, Mr. Carr tells us that "The purpose of *Capital* is to demonstrate that the class-hatred of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie is explained and justified by the 'exploitation' of the former by the latter". Marx, on the other hand, said, "The final purpose of my book is to reveal the economic law of motion of modern society" (Preface to first German edition). Mr. Carr does not seem to have noticed this crucially important statement. (It was, of course, open to him to maintain that Marx was wrong about his own purpose; but, instead, he blandly ignores Marx's declared intention.) Yet this point, the question of what problem it is that Marx sets out to solve in *Capital*, is of paramount importance. It is Mr. Carr's error on this point which puts him wrong for the rest of the argument. Mr. Carr, following Professor Lindsay, believes that the Labour theory of Value, like all the concepts of present-day Capitalist economics, is intended to give us an insight into the competitive conditions of the market. He is able to show that, for this purpose, it is useless. But then this is not the purpose for which Marx uses this concept, nor for which he devised the various economic categories, viz., Surplus Value, Constant Capital, Variable Capital, Price of Production, Average Rate of Profit, and the like, which he employed throughout *Capital*.

The purpose for which Marx uses these categories is not to tell us what measures will maintain and what disturb the "equilibrium" of the economic system. What Marx is out to discover is what will happen to the system as a system; what are its essential "Laws of motion",

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on the assumption that, on the whole, it is kept in equilibrium. Marx, that is to say, is interested in what the result of the Capitalist game will be if it is played according to all the rules. Modern "equilibrium" economics are interested in demonstrating the consequences of breaking the rules.

Once this is realized, it becomes possible to devise practical tests for the validity and utility of Marx's categories and, above all, of course, for his fundamental, though not original, concept, the Labour theory of Value. In discussing Volume III of *Capital*, Mr. Carr repeats the well-known arguments of Böhm-Bawerk. Marx, he says, had been obliged "to hedge so far as to empty his theory of all concrete meaning. . . . The whole Marxist theory becomes, once more, defensible only on the hypothesis that 'value' and 'surplus value' are pure abstractions of thought unrelated to any values which are normally the object of economic investigation". Here we have a clear issue: we can test the question of whether Marx's concepts have been emptied of all concrete meaning by a test which should appeal to Mr. Carr. Let us take the practical and pragmatic test of Prediction Value. Did or did not the Labour theory of Value and the concepts based upon it, viz., Constant and Variable Capital, and, above all, the law of the tendency to a declining rate of profit, enable Marx to predict the future course of the system? Who can possibly deny that they did? Mr. Carr does not deny it. "Few men", he says, "have, on the whole, proved more far-seeing in their prophecies than Marx".

Is it not somewhat strange that a man, whose entire theoretical system was, Mr. Carr says, a "tissue of economic fallacy", should alone have been able to prophecy the epoch of ever-deepening Capitalist crisis, of Imperialism, of War, and of Social Revolution in which we

now live? To read Volume III, in particular, of *Capital* today, written though it was sixty or seventy years ago, is to experience a positively eerie sense that its author must have been familiar with the events of the last ten years.

Mr. Carr's views create other difficulties for him. He tells us that Marx was not a great philosopher, that he was a very bad economist, that he was not a statesman, or an orator, or a leader of men. Yet on the next page we find that Mr. Carr considers that Marx was the first man since Luther "whose life has constituted a turning-point in human thought". It is all very peculiar. The only conclusion we can come to is that all the reasoning contained in modern economics is sound, yet somehow all its conclusions are false. On the other hand, all the reasoning of Marx's economics is, it seems, false; Yet, somehow or other, his conclusions have proved correct; his predictions have all been fulfilled.

This is the strange position to which Mr. Carr's argument leads him. There is no possibility of entering here into the somewhat complicated question of the validity of Marx's concepts; but perhaps Mr. Carr will forgive us if we give him a hint. Let him look at the sub-title of Volume III of *Capital*. It reads: "Capitalist Production as a Whole". The words "as a Whole" are the key to the riddle. If Mr. Carr will re-read the crucial chapters of Volume III, he will see that when Capitalism as a whole, the total of Social Capital that is to say, is in question, Marx has to do no "hedging" at all on his fundamental concepts. So far as the total Social Capital is concerned, Surplus Value does equal Profit; the Rate of Profit does vary with the ratio of Constant and Variable Capital, and, therefore, the tendency to the falling rate of profit does make itself felt in practice.

JOHN STRACHEY.

THE NEW POLITICS

by W. HORSEFALL CARTER.

PREFACE TO ACTION, by George E. G. Catlin. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

THE generation which has experienced in its own flesh and bones the ravages of nineteenth-century individualism, i.e. egotism of the personal and of the national self, clamours for the appropriate corrective. Some find it in an abstract, cosmopolitan cult of human brotherhood, which may or may not be identified with a political theory such as Communism. Others, manifestly closer to reality, pin their faith to the nation as an ultimate and offer us the Fascist apotheosis of sacrifice, that service of the household gods which Mr. Walter Elliot once, in his profession of Tory faith, so well defined as "nostroism." In both cases a craving for community-identification which can only be described as religious. Professor Catlin is entirely right, therefore, when he says that "twentieth-century politics is becoming a conflict of religions." And the purpose of his book "to re-discover the community and to ascertain its natural form to-day" is one that meets a very present need. It is unexpected enough in a professor of political science, particularly one who has in the past given us typical *ex cathedra* treatises on the methodology of politics. But Professor Catlin is out of patience with the young-old Fabians who would restrict the province of politics to administration—to "drains" and "mains", such as was the cry not so many years ago. While fully endorsing the definition of politics as "the art or science of adjusting institutions to the changing needs of mankind" he is human being enough to recognize, thereby typical of his genera-

tion, that such a definition is only half the truth. The other and the better half has to do with the constants of human behaviour, the impulses which must indeed be "placed in the context of community obligation" but which alone impart life to the dry-bones of political architectonics.

What we seek is, in the Platonic phrase, a "true and intimate community"; some impersonal object of devotion with the compulsive power to command self-dedication which people found, centuries ago, and do not find to-day, in organized religion. It is obviously not to be discerned in the "sovereign" State, which is not a community but an instrument, an instrument forged at a particular time for a particular purpose, namely, when the supreme need was for a single fount of authority to institute the reign of law and end the practice of private war among independent self-assertive barons. Nor is the State emotionalized as "the nation", for the very practical reason that without some supra-national controls, the nation, of Fascist calibre, must, sooner or later, explode of its own combustion.

Professor Catlin's conclusions seem to be that what is wanted is Plato's Communism brought up to date. To that end we have to take from "democracy" the healthful principle "no power without accountability," but not any nonsense about popular government ("rule from the barber's chair," as Sir Norman Angell once called it); from "Socialism" we have to take the fundamental purpose "production for needs, not for profits," while deliberately rejecting the notion

that "the workers" are fitted for the function of political direction; from Fascism we take, unreservedly, the conception that "the nation is the desired cultural association, and nationalism, as Young Germany proclaims, a pre-condition of Socialist advance, but as surely we demand that the nation as community be "placed in a universal context."

The chief merit of Professor Catlin's book is to have stressed the dual nature of the political problem we are faced with today. They are right, who insist on an effective "League of Nations," who hold that the paramount problem of the twentieth century is to engineer an international polity appropriate to the achievements of scientific invention, specifically to destroy the institution of private war between States (the exact equivalent of the mediæval barons) by establishment of an international authority, "armed unrestrictedly," as Professor Catlin says, "with every weapon known to men (if it is effective it need never use these arms). But this revival, so to speak, on a modern and federal model, of the Pax Romana, is, after all, only the mechanical, external task of the new politics. The other, proceeding from sentiment and spiritual values, is to fertilize the regions of common life, by freely given communal activity.

"International organization must override 'the nation' in matters of law and order and of State function." But the community thus safeguarded, thus shaped by reason, will be built and cemented by emotion." This recognition of the part played by the irrational in politics, *within the rational*, is the distinguishing mark of contemporary political thought which is alive. Professor Catlin has rendered a very special service in determining the precise relations here and now of the things of Martha and the things of Mary.

SHAME THE DEVIL, by Liam O'Flaherty. Grayson. 10s. 6d.
MR. O'FLAHERTY'S particular devil takes the shape of "those who by their flattery would shackle me with the traits of their mediocrity." He has set out to "tear the veil of sanctity from my face," and in order to do so he retails for the reader the physical and spiritual adventures of three months during which he fled from himself and the world to face the truth about himself. During it he passes through every variety of despair and exaltation about himself, each one recalling occasions on which he has been possessed with similar emotions. He also holds various conversations and enjoys one or two adventures in the company of odd and picturesque ruffians and others. He writes a short story, which is reproduced. He concludes with the declaration "I have said good-bye to my despair, since it cannot stay the swooping of the carrion crows."

His writing about himself is, as I have hinted by means of the above quotations, childish grandiloquent, and it would be possible without great difficulty to belittle the whole book as a piece of naïve self-glorification. And the accusation would have a good deal of truth in it, for the weaknesses to which the author confesses are those which it is fashionable today to admire. Violence, carelessness about money, an apparent treachery justified by inner necessity, uncontrolled passions, are envied if they are accompanied, as Mr. O'Flaherty is careful to point out that they are accompanied in his case, by physical recklessness and the (unanalysed) vision of an artist.

To treat the book altogether in this manner would not, however, be quite fair. As an attempt to tell the truth it is hardly worth consideration. As a confession it is a transparent fake. As an exhibition of the emotions of a brilliant writer who feels his imaginative purpose endangered by the indiscipline of his passions, it is an absorbing human document.

ALAN M. WELLS.

ROSSINI, by F. Toye. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

ROSSINI, by Lord Derwent. Duckworth. 15s.

MME. CONCHITA SUPERVIA'S disagreement with the Covent Garden Management has called attention to an opera which is little known in this country, Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. It will be remembered that Mme. Supervia objected to the arrangement by which she was expected to sing in Rossini's work and in the title-role of *Carmen* in the same short season, especially as she was required to rehearse for the one opera while the other was still in the bill. Technical and temperamental reasons can be advanced in her support. In any case it has been notoriously difficult to find present-day singers who can undertake the mezzo soprano part of Cinderella in *La Cenerentola*. In his book on Rossini, Mr. Toye suggests some possible reasons for the neglect of this opera; the commonplace quality of the recitatives, for example; the frequent changes of scene (which, surely, would be an advantage in Italy, where the public likes a leisurely evening at the opera, with plenty of long intervals), and a lack of the kind of direct appeal which characterised *The Barber of Seville*. But more cogent than any of these reasons, is the problem of finding "a cast of singers adequate to deal with it. Doubtless, the elaborate vocal ornamentation must become a trifle monotonous in any case, though there are several passages in the opera, notably where Cinderella makes her brilliant entry to the ball, where it can be justified on strictly æsthetic grounds. Whether justifiable or unjustifiable, however, the fact remains that singers of sufficient competence have, during the last fifty years, become increasingly rare."

An English reader turning to learn something of the career of Gioacchino Rossini will be chiefly curious as to the true reason for the composer's early

retirement; for the current notion that it was due to laziness is obviously unsatisfactory. At least, it is difficult to reconcile with the first part of his life, during which he broke all speed records in the field of opera composition. Here was Mr. Toye's opportunity to give us that profound psychological study for which Rossini is nearly as apt a subject as Mozart. The opportunity has not been taken. Those in this country who would be satisfied on the question of Rossini's inner mind and nature must wait for a translation of Giulio Fara's *Genio ed Ingegno Musicale*. Only on such lines can we arrive at the fundamental reason for Rossini's "great renunciation." Except for a few differences of opinion (which, incidentally, are unduly laboured), Mr. Toye's book is based upon Radiciotti's three-volume biography. Nevertheless, it is a superficial study, weak in psychological interest. That the popular idea of Rossini as a buffoon is a complete misunderstanding, has long been recognised. Verdi corrected public opinion on that point. Nor is it convincing to write of Rossini's brilliant genius, if no more substantial support is offered than a curt, adjectival summary of this or that episode in a composition. "Agreeable" and its equivalents do so much duty for this author that the effect is sometimes to damn Rossini's music with the faintest echo of praise. "In short, the *Stabat Mater*, if uneven, is a very characteristic and agreeable work." No more than that? We need not be tempted, as Heine was, to compare Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, or as another critic was, to set it up by the side of Haydn's *Creation*, or to make Pergolesi and Rossini rivals in their settings of these words. The fresh, spontaneous appeal of Rossini's setting is apparent without calling in comparisons. Why need we be apologetic when we recall the "Eja, Mater," or the

splendid "Inflammatum," or the "Pro Peccatis," or even the "Cujus Animam," the unbuttoned mood of which is, apparently, blush-making to Mr. Toye.

Neither the style nor the plan of this book is commendable. There are too many overworked words, too many obscurities of expression, too many clichés. An instance of the loose construction of the work is the chapter called "Mainly for Musicians," which reads like a bundle of newspaper articles. And if the construction is loose, so, too, are some of the statements. This, for instance, of the second act of *William Tell*: "It is, with the possible exception of two choruses, a masterpiece from beginning to end. Nobody, not even Wagner or Verdi, has written anything more effective for the stage." Writing so bald and uncritical as this will do more to injure than to strengthen Rossini's case. And how illogical is the sentence which follows!—"Indeed, both those great masters owe much to this magnificent music, witness the Verdian vigour and the Wagnerian contours of Tell's address." Would it not have been more convincing to indicate Rossini-like qualities in Verdi and Wagner than to read their attributes into Rossini?

Just as I was finishing this review, there arrived another book on Rossini, by Lord Derwent; and although I have not had time to finish it, I have during the past three hours read enough to assure me that this is by far the best book in English on the subject in relation to his period and environment. Lord Derwent has managed to capture something of Rossini's sparkling spirit in his writing, perhaps because he has so frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to Stendhal's enthusiasm. In a foreword the author confesses: "I would give all his (Stendhal's) inexactnesses for one ounce of the vitality exuded by the merest of his footnotes." How refreshing to read that!

BASIL MAINE.

THE LAWS OF PLATO. Translated by A. E. Taylor. Dent. 10s. 6d.

Perhaps because Utopias are more popular than practical constitutions, Plato's last work is much less generally known than *The Republic*. For the ordinary reader a translation is not very easy to come by, and so the careful (and attractively printed) version produced by Professor Taylor is very welcome.

Unquestionably the whole book will prove too long for many; the numerous details in the constitution could be spared for the sake of those still entrancing Books in it—VII, on secondary education; VIII, on morality; X, on natural theology with Plato's proof of the existence of God; the end of Book XII, and the preambles which introduce the proposals. The principles expounded have often lain at the base of very much later legislation; the balance of powers, and what we now know as natural theology, were created by Plato himself. The Spartan discipline that Plato criticized severely often irresistibly reminds us of the tribal worship of the State now barbarously revived in Prussia, and the whole work is a wholesome reminder that the nature of any society is determined by its metaphysics (that is religion), and that where these, as nowadays, are materialistic, the result is anarchy, however developed merely material ties, bonds, commerce, and communications may be. Until a people, or a ruler, has decided what the end of a society really is, it or he has decided nothing vital, for all organization tends to some end and (when this is not explicit), the nature of that end can be discerned from the organization actually in being.

To Plato, of course, the end was virtue or goodness, and when a society has fallen into a hideous mess, we learn from him that tinkering is no use, but

that it has been pursuing a false end, and consequently that reconstruction depends once more upon thinking out first principles. Today two forms of state-planning exist: one in Italy and one in Russia. Their principles are diametrically opposed, and consequently their two policies are incompatible. Outside these, the nations of Europe are drifting because they have abandoned the principle on which they were founded, namely Christianity, and have drifted into a morass of materialism that they have still not the honesty to admit. In the resulting confusion intelligence has abdicated, and the fascination of the *Laws* is to understand afresh that thought determines human society, and to escape the confusion of tongues ourselves by inferring from the facts and anarchy about us what the immaterial causes of our material troubles really are.

OSBERT BURDETT.

MEMOIRS OF A CAMP FOLLOWER, by Philip Gosse. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

IRONY is a wonderful antiseptic to the wounds of life, and the particular vein of it which runs in the Gosse temperament is infused with geniality and wit. It overflows in every chapter of this most companionable book, which is utterly unlike all the other war-books in existence. It is the brand of irony which helps a man to laugh away the disagreeables, and to find beauty in the ugliest corner. It stimulates the imagination and warms the heart.

Mr. Philip Gosse, when the war broke out, was a doctor by profession, and a naturalist by choice. He at once placed his professional services at the disposal of the War Office, and he carried in his kit bag the consolations of his hobby. His duty took him straight into the trenches, clearing the sick and wounded of the whole area occupied by the 23rd Division, and bringing them down to

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the main dressing-station. He was in the thick of the fighting; but he had his hours of respite, and during them he turned his back upon the guns, and concentrated upon the animal life around him. Swallows returned to the ruined masonry; wood-mice, voles, and shrews ran in and out of the herbage. He trapped and skinned them, sending the rarer specimens back to England. One discovery was so rare as to be hitherto uncatalogued, and now bears his name in the records of the British Museum. But he never killed needlessly; he was too true a naturalist for that. Presently the authorities heard of him, and he was summoned to headquarters. "You know all about rats?" said the staff-officer in command. "That's excellent. You are appointed Rat Officer to the Second Army." There were as many rats in the trenches as in Hamelin Town; and Mr. Gosse was set to exterminate them. He had to make his own routine, and contrive his own equipment; and his pleasant irony plays lightly over the record of a genuine and valuable achievement. It is a most entertaining story, concealing the merit of notable military service.

Mr. Gosse has inherited also his father's keen sense of character. He can paint a portrait in a few deft touches, and here again his quiet irony adds zest to the spirit of his narrative. The brass-hats and the junior officers alike, the French bourgeois hosts and the peasant hand-maids, all the odds and ends of camp personality and camp following come to life in his lively pages. And in the background there are always the roar of the guns, the whistle of the shells, the wanton waste and sacrifice of war. Only the most insensitive of readers could imagine that Mr. Gosse's wise philosophy makes light of the horrors of his experience. His sense of irony preserved his sanity; that, and his love of nature.

ARTHUR WAUGH

THE WALLS OF GLASS, by A. S. J. Tessimond. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

VARIATIONS ON A TIME THEME, by Edwin Muir. Dent. 2s. 6d.

OF these two books, Mr. Tessimond's is the more exciting, and Mr. Muir the more satisfying, though the excitement of the one is that of discovery and not of fever, and the satisfaction given by Mr. Muir's work has in it no tinge of complacency. It would be hard to find two poets whose styles contrast so completely without giving the reader the impression that either is the victim of false values, but it is a test from which they emerge unscathed. Changing over immediately from one to the other there is no sense of loss, of vacant space, of higher and lower. The poetic operations carried on by them have other standards than those of space and time, and their sole measure is the integrity of the individual mind, which reaches in both a very high order. Which is to say that though the circumference of Mr. Muir's work is somewhat wider than Mr. Tessimond's, it is co-axial and questions of degree are therefore irrelevant.

Space and Time—the latter particularly—are indeed the villains of Mr. Muir's loosely knit lyrical sequence. He faces with unflinching courage the implications of the passage of time and the way in which it vapourises, and finally dissipates, the most solid earthly achievements. Being, before all else, a true poet he gets his reward in a heightened beauty of phrase and measure which is almost painful at times, and attains a powerful, internal rhythm of revolt which is the best prophylactic against the doom he would foresee. If effective protest is to be found against the very transitoriness he mourns it is surely here: the enemy is beaten on his own ground. Mr. Muir's metaphysic tempts to discussion and, even more strongly, his poetry to quotation. But it is enough to say that there

is nothing cheap or facile in either. Standing among the flints and hot sand of a desert, he fills it, by the act of a creator, with glowing images: and the delicacy of balance between the imagination and the word which incarnates it harks back to the great precursor of all such revolutionary laments. It recalls to mind the Book of Job.

Mr. Tessimond is one of the new romantics who have set their teeth and undertaken the task of returning back along the road on which their brethren of old set out so gaily. That is to say, his pilgrimage is not from Here to There, but from There (or Somewhere) to Here. His theme is the dissociation of self from universal consciousness, resulting in the building of "walls of glass" through which we can see and motion to one another, but never come to any real exchange of knowledge. "The pulse," he says in a typical line, "is insulated." He would have restored the primary, organic flux between individual and individual, spreading at last through all society. Like Mr. Muir, he writes poetry which itself, though deploring (as it were) its own necessity, or at least the necessity of its subject-matter, contains the seed of regeneration. To put it in another way, it is not his consciousness of our essential failure as human beings which is the element of highest value in his work, though it gives it form; but rather, the peculiar beauty of his apprehension of the impasse, the vivid intuition which communicates itself through a technique of such compression that the reader is called to make a real auxiliary effort before understanding can be reached. Mr. Tessimond is difficult, but he is not obscure, and the difficulty acts as a spur to a more actual perception of the truths that the poet himself is aware of than would any amount of "writing down" to the level of average intelligence. If the reader will but make the effort, he will not be

cheated, for such poetry is tonic and not relaxing.

Significantly enough Mr. Tessimond draws all his imagery from the city, where the problems he deals with are intensified by the existence of masses of individuals working in close co-operation yet fundamentally as far apart as star from star. Though his work as yet lacks qualities of strength, sureness and easy (because confident) continuity which marks that of Mr. Muir, for a first book of poetry it is of excellent promise. Also, it possesses an indefinable air of modesty, partly, no doubt, because Mr. Tessimond is fully aware of the depths of the problems whose nature he seeks to fathom creatively.

JOHN MANN.

HILAIRE BELLOC wrote in
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JANUARY, 1934

THE RISEN SUN OF JAPAN

BY E. M. GULL

THE rapidity with which the rising has become the risen sun of Japan is difficult to parallel in the history of nations. Indeed, when all the circumstances are taken into account, it appears to be without parallel. The difference between the United States of 1820 and 1920—the eve of the Washington Conference—constitutes a remarkable contrast, but America's efflorescence owed much to the generous part played by Nature. Quite exceptional political opportunities have helped Japan to win the position she now occupies, but natural handicaps have been greater than natural advantages. Moreover, America's growth was the self-assertion, practically unopposed, of a civilization common to the great majority of her citizens. Japan's had to be preceded by a wholesale adaptation of her own ideas to conceptions which were entirely new to her.

Forty years ago she was hardly thought of as a Power. Her defeat of China in the war of 1894-5 came as a surprise to several "recognized authorities" on Far Eastern affairs, while her attempt to get control of South Manchuria seemed of no great importance. Thus *The Times* of April 6th, 1895, said:

If Japan were to endeavour to occupy a large part of the mainland of China difficulties would probably arise with several European Powers. . . . But the proposition of the Japanese seems to be reduced, on this point, to the demand for the occupation of the Liaotung Peninsula. It does not appear that there is any reason why this country, at any rate, should interfere to prevent the cession of this small corner of outlying Chinese territory to Japan. British interests are not in any way threatened by this stipulation.

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THESE HURRYING YEARS: An Historical Outline, 1900-1933, by Gerald Heard. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

MR. GERALD HEARD is an extremely uneven and so at times irritating and disappointing writer. He succumbs too easily to the temptations of a turgid rhetoric, and there are occasional pages so clumsy and superficial that one is ready to swear that he writes with a barge-pole and thinks with a feather! Yet let the worst be said, and still the fact remains that he has at his best an insight, a power in particular of penetrative generalization that makes him one of the (really very few) commentators on current events and ideas whose books are always worth study in that they do genuinely clarify and not merely annotate our own experience.

The present volume is a little unfortunately constituted. It presents, as its sub-title indicates, a history of the last thirty-three years. This period is divided into four, roughly, Pre-War, War, War to first Crisis (1929), and finally the last four years of Depression. But each of these four sections is again divided into three parts, detailing first "The Outward Scene", then "The Forces Behind", and last "The Trend". And of these three the first is the least well done—it tends to be scrappy, unbalanced, even a little cheap in some of its judgments and dicta. The second is

better, though still rather casual, and the third—of necessity the briefest—the best. Presumably the machinery of exposition was necessary, and one does not wish to deny that it does provide a convenient survey, or even quite often an interesting one, but it is as interpreter that Mr. Heard comes into his own.

His theme is, in a phrase, that men are entering a new extension of consciousness, and that from and through this change arise many if not all of the more pressing conflicts and other distressing phenomena of our day. Self-consciousness spreads wider and wider, sinks deeper and deeper. But that is only the beginning. "The climax of self-consciousness has been reached, and having fully explored that province, we are now beginning to penetrate into a larger being, a new continent of consciousness." It is one which looks outward from the self to knowledge of the self in its total environment, of which the most immediate factor is, of course, Society. Self-consciousness leads only to sterility; the new development is a release into a true liberty. It offers synthesis for, on one hand, the Realist view which declares environment the decisive factor, and, on the other, what Mr. Heard calls the Humanitarian view which "will defy any reality which challenges its right to set aside circumstance". For it will admit that environment must rule so long as it is not known to the deepest possible degree; on the other side it will allow the power of the fully conscious organism—whether individual or collective—to dominate its destiny.

Mr. Heard shows how these issues pervade every level of experience, the inner conflict of the individual-in-mass throwing itself in large upon the screen of our day-by-day history. The book is extraordinarily convincing.

GEOFFREY WEST.

SELECTED FICTION

FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS, by Louis Golding. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.
AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON, by Mikhail Sholokov. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
NEWS FROM HAVRE, by Georges Duhamel. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE long novel is still in favour. Why? In every other form of art and entertainment brevity obtains; compression is the aim of the poet, the musician and the revue-writer; the dogs at the White City go by very quickly; the parson's address (no longer a sermon) rarely exceeds ten minutes; only the novelist persists in going the longest way round.

Five Silver Daughters contains 608 pages, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, 755 pages. These two books, by the way, have been reported for some weeks as "heading the lists" of novels in demand at the circulating libraries. So that length of story, bulk of volume, evidently have their value in the world of novel readers. I am not concerned, however, with the public's capacity for boredom. The authors of these books obviously have some other reason than fashion for writing as they do. How can one excuse their prolixity?

The only excuse that I can see is that the subject chosen by the novelist cannot possibly be treated in less space. Needless to add, there are very few subjects of which that can truly be said. Neither *Five Silver Daughters* nor *And Quiet Flows the Don* is justified by this first test. One may, however, put a second and easier test: Does a particular novel by its very length gain effects which would be lost in compression; and are those effects worth having?

By this second test *And Quiet Flows the Don* is to some extent justified; it belongs to the class of *War and Peace*, though it is near the bottom of that class. *Five Silver Daughters* seems to me long for the sake of length and

nothing else. Mr. Golding has certainly an exuberance (more evident in *Magnolia Street* than here) which enables him to deploy a large number of characters through various evolutions in the course of his story. But mere fecundity in a novelist is no substitute for intensity; and there Mr. Golding fails. Few parts of his novel, taken by themselves, show more than ordinary clever observation. To any reader who is at all sensitive to the finer qualities of prose *Five Silver Daughters* is flat and wearisome stuff. Yet I believe that Mr. Golding would be incapable of making it a better novel by pruning. To that extent, at any rate, he is justified in taking 600 pages to say what a better novelist could put into half the space.

It is one of those Baedeker novels of all the sights: wealth, poverty; war,

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revolution; English Jewry, Berlin, the Riviera, Russia. In short paragraphs we tour Europe. How much of this is irrelevant? Most of it, I should say. For in all this wallowing of the *big novel* there is a backbone of melodrama which we can see in Mr. Golding's occasional attempt at an important scene.

And yet it makes an effect of solidity because it is lively, boring, realistic, and melodramatic, good, bad and indifferent.

And Quiet Flows the Don is a better novel because it keeps consistently on one plane: realistic, shifting, the life of Cossacks beside the Don, in battle, revolution, and civil war. Many of the incidents—Gregor's love for Aksinia, the scenes at the front, the Cossack village during the War—are admirable in themselves and take their place in the story. The sections are headed "Peace", "War", "Revolution" and "Civil War"; and like a round of the

seasons they impress the reader with a large sense of change, the cycle of many years, in which the characters are small in their landscape. There is not sufficient illumination of any individual to make the book a fine novel, but it is a distinct achievement.

News from Havre, also, is a big novel, or rather the first part of one. But it can and does stand by itself. The characters are few: a middle-class family living in a Paris apartment and their neighbours. When certain formalities have been cleared away they are coming into money: they await the letter from a lawyer at Havre. For days, weeks, years they wait for the letter, and it is in this stage of suspense that we see the members of the family, heightened by excitement and faintly caricatured by the novelist. The father is a Micawber with a gift for rages; he has long moustaches and a grand air; he is all grandness, weakness, and charming in the futility of his pose as a man of the world. The mother and her children adore him, alternately delighted and thunderstruck by his moods.

This is a novel of small figures, admirably coloured, in a meticulously set interior.

G. W. STONIER.

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