

THE
FORTNIGHTLY

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VOL. CXXXVIII NEW SERIES
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1935
(VOL. CXLIV OLD SERIES)

EDITORIAL OFFICE :
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.2

PUBLISHING AGENTS :
LONDON :
HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LTD.
TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4

UNITED STATES :
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW OFFICES
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THOMAS DE LA RUE AND CO., LTD.,
110, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.I.

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THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

By D. W. BROGAN

EVER since the first days of the New Deal, Americans have looked with fear or hope to the possible action of the Supreme Court of the United States, guardian by potent tradition of the constitution and of the rights of states and individuals under that instrument. The bold invasions of private rights or private privileges made by the Roosevelt administration; the denial of the secular right of the American business man to do what he liked with his own and the apparent collapse of the barriers erected by fundamental law against federal aggression on the reserved rights of the sovereign states alarmed the conservative or rejoiced the radical. And all the time, the Supreme Court lay low and said nothing—or nothing of comfort to the constitutional purists and nothing of menace to the experimentalists, in and out of the administration. The rebuilding of America on modernist lines seemed likely to go forward with no opposition from the custodians of the old standards of constitutional architecture. The Epsteins and Spencers were allowed a free hand with chisel and brush, and the old guard looked in vain for rebuke or effective veto to the body which had in the past frowned on the mildest efforts in constitutional impressionism.

It seemed, indeed, that the constitution of the United States had hidden hitherto unsuspected possibilities of elasticity, or that its limitations could be got round by ingenious drafting and by the willingness of the majority of the nine Justices to use the blessed word "emergency" as a Mesopotamia under whose shade federal authority could be extended over all aspects of American life—and that authority be transferred, despite the separation of powers and ingenious "checks and balances", to the President to use more or less as he willed. With the general commission

that he take care that no ill befall the commonwealth, Mr. Roosevelt was enabled to exercise authority which led some rash commentators to compare him to Mussolini, and more sober students to reflect how slight, by comparison, was the authority of Woodrow Wilson at the greatest moment of his power.

Now, at last, the oracle has spoken with an astonishing absence of oracular vagueness and a still more astonishing absence of that division of mind which, in ancient Greece and modern America, shook the authority of the most respected shrines. As far as legal decision can do it, a great part of the New Deal has been slain and the unique American doctrine of "judicial review", of the control of legislation by the courts has been exercised on a scale and with a boldness which has no parallel since the Dred Scott decision helped to make inevitable the American Civil War.

One of the chief impediments to the mutual understanding of their respective political and social problems that afflict the British and American peoples is just this doctrine of judicial review. The difference of historical tradition is nowhere more dramatically illustrated than in the theory and practice of this remarkable American contribution to political science. Confronted by the theory, and still more by the practice, the Englishman, like the rural visitor to the Zoo on seeing the giraffe, is inclined to say: "I don't believe it". What to most Americans is an admirable, and to all Americans a familiar, feature of the institutional background is, to any one brought up in the English political tradition, a monstrosity.

Look at the situation created by the Supreme Court's recent decisions. With practically unanimous approval, Congress enacted, by overwhelming majorities, measures designed to save the country in a crisis whose reality the Court has abundantly recognized. In the recent congressional elections, the verdict of the voters was, if not for more doses of the same medicine, at least for more medicine from the national drug-store and from the same dispenser. Mr. Roosevelt's "doctor's mandate" was renewed—and the General Medical Council, to carry on the metaphor, has decided that the drugs prescribed are not to be found in the national pharmacopœia, and that in any case, for many of the purposes that power was given to the President,

he is no more than an osteopath. The drugs have, it is true, been swallowed; minor and indeed major operations have been performed, and as far as emetics and induced fractures can do the job, the patient has been put back in his old state. It is at first sight an attitude worthy of Molière's doctors, and many Americans must today be wondering how the nation would have survived the crisis of 1933 had the meaning of the constitution and the limitations that it imposes on the national government been as well understood as they now are. Would the patient have died with the comforting consciousness that the strictest limits of constitutional medicine had been observed—or would the patient have lost faith in orthodox medicine?

In the surprise, not to say panic, which must have struck millions of Americans since the Supreme Court handed down its decisions, injustice towards that tribunal was and will remain inevitable. To the layman it may well seem that the court has strained, if not at a gnat, at any rate at a camel no larger than many which it has swallowed with every appearance of appetite. Distrust of the court, contempt for its doctrines, has long been a mark of the American radical, even of the American liberal. That much that had been done under the New Deal was sure to be condemned by some of the Judges was a commonplace of American conversation. The opinions of Justices Sutherland, Butler, Van Devanter, and McReynolds were discounted in advance, and it was not their views, but the suggestion that Justice Roberts was abandoning the "liberal" side and thus giving the majority to the reactionaries, which alarmed the friends of the Administration and led to talk of packing the Court—and to hopeful speculation on the age of some of the reactionary old guard.

But all such speculations have been pointless; the liberal block has been dissolved and the unanimity of condemnation has taken away the last opportunity of dodging the fundamental issue. Not merely the obscurantists, not merely Justice Roberts, not merely Justice Stone and Chief Justice Hughes, but the ally and the successor of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Justice Brandeis and Justice Cardozo, have concurred in putting up on the constitutional road a final "No Thoroughfare". The problem of the compatibility of the constitution and of the court with the

new needs of America has been posed with no possibility of evasion. The President has put the problem in a nutshell: is America to continue to use the political and legal machinery of the "horse and buggy" era in an age of streamlined cars and aeroplanes? Can the United States afford to bind herself to act in even formal accord with the ambiguous and brief document adopted as a constitution almost one hundred and fifty years ago, when a journey from Maine to Georgia took weeks and where the forest clearing, which was the site of Washington, was in the geographical centre of the country instead of being at one extreme corner of it? Can a world of technicians, of engineers, of scientists, with its ideas being profoundly modified from day to day by the experience of a most mutable age, be forced to limit change to those aspects of life for which a group of elderly lawyers can find justification in a document as far divorced in spirit from the modern world as the scythe and its user is from the machine-tender of the Ford assembly line? It is unlikely, yet the Supreme Court has refused the easy compromising way; it has put before the American people the dilemma of changing its life or bracing itself to the arduous and unpleasant task of re-making its political institutions.

One of the fundamental questions that the American people will have to ask and answer concerns the place of the Supreme Court itself. Assuming for the moment that the constitution is amended to give to the federal government the powers denied it by the recent decisions, is the United States to submit the interpretation of the new powers to the lawyers? Is legislation and administration still to be conducted under the sword of Damocles of invalidation by any five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court?

There seems at first sight an inherent plausibility in the American theory and practice. The federal government is, in theory, a government of delegated and enumerated powers. If Congress is to be sole judge of its own limits, if unconstitutional action is to bring no retribution but an uneasy conscience and the possibility of public repudiation of the authors of the usurpation at the next election, the independence and "sovereignty" of the states will be secured by what most Americans will think poor guarantees. If the powers reserved to the states are to be

exercised by them with complete immunity from outside criticism, the strain on the national life might well lead to a formal centralization of authority and the effective destruction of states' rights. Since, in theory, the question resolves itself into the interpretation of a document declaring itself to be the "supreme law of the land", what can be more natural than to let the lawyers, trained to discuss these matters, thrash out the questions involved before a tribunal whose honesty, impartiality, and ability are as high as those of any court in the world? If this picture had more than formal resemblance of the truth, the criticism of rule by lawyers in the guise of the rule of law would not be so intense, nor would the United States find itself in the awkward position it is in today.

Whatever may have been the case a century ago when John Marshall was building up the corpus of American constitutional law, nearly all of the arguments for judicial review involve so high a proportion of fiction to fact as to make acceptance of the common arguments difficult. In the first place, much of the action of the court is not involved in any of the difficulties of federalism. Protecting private rights against both the state and the union, however desirable, neither helps nor hinders the due distribution of power between the two partners. Many of the most debated decisions of the Court have prohibited the doing by a state what no one doubted could only be done, if at all, by the states. Other decisions have denied to the Union powers which no one thought could be exercised by the states. Both classes of decisions have combined to create a "twilight zone" of powers which neither a state nor the federal government can exercise—and which are freely exercised by every other government in the civilized world. An effective child labour law, for instance, may involve the collaboration of the federal government in protecting Massachusetts against the dumping of the products of child labour from another state. Without such collaboration the sovereign and undisputed rights of Massachusetts are barren—and such collaboration is denied by two highly disputable Supreme Court decisions.

The truth here is, of course, that the sovereign rights of the individual and of the states are largely obsolete fictions. We no longer believe that a miserably poor man making a wage con-

tract with a rich man is really "free" and that any attempt of the state to interfere with such a contract is a denial of liberty. Yet this fiction has been upheld by the Supreme Court, and even if the minds of the justices move away from their traditional bias, they move slowly—and sometimes backwards as well as forwards. A whole corpus of social legislation may owe survival to the death of some veteran partisan of *laissez faire*—or may die, after years of life, when the tone of the court is altered by the nomination of a Justice Sutherland by a Warren Harding.

If the freedom of the private citizen is often a fiction, still more is the "sovereignty" of the states. What the economic geographers call the "urban aggregate" of New York is located in three states. If Connecticut and New Jersey chose, they could make the life of New York City intolerable, despite the sovereign power of the State of New York. The Holland Tunnels which bind Manhattan to the Jersey shore are a fact that mocks at states' rights. Conceive Southwark in a different state from Westminster, with no legislative power anywhere to cover all the complications of conflicting laws! Of course, there are ways round and under the legal barriers, and the ingenuity of American statesmen in finding such ways round and under is, in its way, as masterly a display of the appropriate technique as the Holland Tunnels or the George Washington Bridge. But the ingenuity might be devoted to better causes, and the necessity for such ingenuity is felt by some observers to be a highly expensive luxury for the United States. It breeds, for instance, the habit of looking at legislation not from the point of view of the statesman, but of the attorney, strengthening his pleadings against the formal objections of his opponent, content to win an acquittal on a technical flaw in the indictment, preparing to counter and perhaps to practice all kinds of legal body-line bowling. A law desired by the overwhelming majority of the people of the nation or of a state may be invalidated on grounds that have very little to do with its intrinsic merits. A law passed in a moment of panic, under pressure from an energetic lobby, which outrages all decent sentiment, may be perfectly constitutional and so held by the courts. It is natural, inevitable, and disastrous that many Americans should think of statutes invalidated by the Courts as not merely "unconstitutional" but bad, and easily rest content with laws

whose folly or meanness is covered by a certificate of constitutional legitimacy. Important issues of public policy are befogged by legal issues, and if political discussion in America often strikes the European observer as superficial, the fault is in part due to the legalism imposed on politicians by the constitutional system. Sir Henry Maine attributed the barrenness of late Latin literature to the diversion of the most powerful minds to the study of law. So it may be in America, and men of great ability and public spirit be forced to give up to glossing the many and contradictory decisions of what constitutes "due process of law", talents meant for mankind.

So far one fundamental premiss of the system has been taken for granted. The predominantly legal character of the questions involved has been assumed. But "law" in the American constitutional system has a very wide sense indeed. When John Marshall declared that he had to construe the Constitution to determine the validity of action under the Judiciary Act, he may have been reasoning loosely, and he may have been usurping authority (I do not think he was), but he was dealing with legal matters in legal terms. But his successors have been far less modest. Under legal disguises more and more transparent, they have assumed a power of deciding, not whether a statute was valid or not, given the division of powers under the federal system, but whether it was "reasonable" or "just". That the Supreme Court does decide political questions; that it overrules the decision of Congress and of state legislatures on general grounds of public policy, is admitted by all but a dwindling handful of lawyers and political scientists.

In one of the most disputed decisions of the Court in recent years, the invalidation of congressional legislation setting up a minimum wage board for the District of Columbia, Justice Sutherland made a gallant attempt to defend the doctrine that the majority decision was not "the exercise of a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress, for no such substantive power exists", but the arguments he was forced to use in the majority opinion, his evasion of a damaging precedent by arguing that legislation had progressively wiped out the differences between the sexes, were far indeed from being mere legal considerations such as an English court might bring to a con-

sideration of *ultra vires*. Chief Justice Taft was not to be taken in. "It is not the function of this Court to hold congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound." But the majority of the Court, without admitting the Chief Justice's description of what they were doing, disregarded his warning, and the *Adkins* case was added to the long list of holes in the garments which hide the real nature of judicial review from the public gaze. Indeed, so numerous are those holes now that the doctrine is reduced to the state of the young girl from Australia who went to a dance as a dahlia. The more prudent defenders of judicial review are willing to defend it in its naked form and to rely on the Supreme Court to act as a third chamber to check legislation.

There are two objections to judicial review as a check on "rash" and "unreasonable" legislation. One is that the power assumed is usurped, that whatever else the constitution means it does not mean to subject undoubted powers of Congress (over taxation, for instance) to judicial veto on the ground that the Supreme Court knows that Congress is using the power for ends not normally intended in its grant. To pry into congressional motives is no business of the court. "Covert legislation" may be wrong: it is at best a painful necessity, but the Court has swallowed a great deal of it in the past, and in deciding when to pry and when to shut its eyes and take what Congress sends it, the Court is decisively influenced, whether it knows it or not, by the relative importance it attaches to the rights infringed by the limitation of child labour and of illicit sexual intercourse or drug-taking. The national policy in such matters is for the representatives of the nation, not for the Judges, to decide.

But more practically important than the question of usurpation is the question of the fitness of the lawyer to decide, not how law shall be enforced, but what law shall be made. The bias of the lawyer is towards a contractual society. Even if he were disposed to be as learned in the relevant social sciences as he is in the law, the average lawyer and the average judge would bring to the discussion of legislation a bias as powerful as it is concealed. When the late Justice Holmes pointed out to his colleagues in the most famous of his dissents that "the Fourteenth Amend-

ment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*", he was not merely denying an implicit premiss of the majority opinion; he was making it explicit; he was educating the Court by reminding it that more went and must go to the making of their decisions than mere "law". But even when the judge has been so educated, he may still cling to Herbert Spencer with passionate conviction; he may be unable to conceive any "reasonable man" not being a Spencerian.

That there is a general judicial temperament, moulding the whole mind of a judge, is a doctrine for which I see no evidence. The scientist who is painfully scrupulous in his own field may be as credulous in other matters as the most superstitious peasant. The judge who can wield the scales of the law with the most admirable impartiality and dexterity, may be another Colonel Blimp when his turn comes to deal with matters too delicate or too gross for his professional scales. The lives of great English judges are proof enough of this, and American judges are not exempt from the mental ills the flesh is heir to.

But even if we admit that lawyers are no worse legislators or scrutinizers of legislation than laymen of comparable ability and integrity (and the sceptical attitude of the House of Commons to lawyer-politicians is of interest), there is no evidence that they are any better. What justification is there for entrusting the last word on great national issues to men who will be elderly, and who will often be out of touch with great sections of public opinion and public needs? They will, at best, bring painfully to bear the same kind of industry and judgment that is the equipment of any competent legislator. If to this it be replied that the American legislator and administrator is so incompetent, or dishonest, or both, that some outside check is needed, the argument proves too much, as it destroys the basis of the constitution itself. A people that cannot choose competent rulers or, having chosen incompetent ones, get rid of them, cannot be guaranteed either a "republican form of government" or "due process of law". What it needs is a dictator or a League of Nations' mandate!

But, in any case, the Court cannot protect the country from some of the worst follies. It cannot control the spending power which may bankrupt the nation or the war-making power which

may ruin it and the world. These have to be left in the hands of the politicians who cannot be trusted to decide how many hours a woman or a child should work in a factory, or the proper limits of a workmen's compensation law. If American legislators had the final choice on such matters, is it not possible that they would display more sobriety and discretion? As it is, their action is but pious opinion until the Court has ruled on the constitutional validity of the course of action involved.

The recent decisions of the Supreme Court are not to be regretted if they force fundamental thought about their constitution on the American people. It is even to be rejoiced in that the Court has been unanimous. A series of narrow majorities would not only make the pretence that the Court always gives Congress the benefit of every possible doubt highly implausible, but would encourage schemes for packing the Court, for waiting for Nature and the President to overturn the majority. The unanimity of the Court raises the whole question to its proper level. It may be assumed that if no judge of the nine could find reasons for upholding the intra-state aspects of N.R.A., or the blanket delegation of powers to the President, no such reasons exist which are compatible with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. That is to say, many things which the American people want done cannot be done under the present system. The dilemma is fairly posed. Is the attempt to regulate the economic life of the country on national lines to be abandoned and the meagre resources of co-operation between the states and the federal government fallen back upon?

There are many thousands of intelligent and cool-headed Americans who, shedding no tears over the quick killing of the moribund N.R.A., are yet convinced that the twilight zone of marginal power between state and union must be illuminated—and that means some amendment of the constitution limiting states' rights. There are many more of Justice Holmes's opinion that while the Supreme Court may be needed to control state legislation, federal action could be exempted from the more extreme forms of judicial review without any danger to substantial justice. Others will see in the refusal of the Court to sanction the transference (with its own consent) of many of the powers of Congress to the President, the opportunity to raise the question

of the relations between the executive and legislative. For the surrender of its powers by Congress was popular with a public accustomed to think ill of that body—and conscious that the indispensable attribute of democratic government responsibility, as far as it had a home in the constitution, dwelt in the White House and not in the Capitol.

The nationalizing of the federal government was largely the work of the Supreme Court. Whether that task could have been performed as well or at all by Congress is a highly debatable question. As a result, the American people has been accustomed to look for at least a negative lead to the Court. On this occasion it has not looked in vain. Given the existence of judicial review, the grave decisions of last month are less open to criticism than most of the constitutional decisions of the Court. It can have been no easy task for the judges, for a man who has played a great part in active politics like Chief Justice Hughes, for a jurist who has fought for the right of legislators to make their own mistakes like Justice Brandeis, to negative so completely a great national effort. The political dangers not merely to the court but to the nation must have been evident. There was, we may be sure, none of the "Damn the consequences" spirit of the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords. In the most debated of all Supreme Court decisions, the Dred Scott case, Justice Wayne declared that the majority opinion was designed "to settle by judicial decision the peace and harmony of the country". Those hopes were frustrated; the decision was a firebrand. There can have been no such hopes in the minds of the Court on this occasion, yet the results may be good if they force a thorough reconsideration of some fundamental problems of American government on the American people—and high among them a consideration of the place of that great Court which has been the conscience of the American government, doomed, alas, to exercise that role too often in the spirit of a casuist rather than of a moralist. In these last decisions there is at least no mere casuistry, but the challenge to a great debate. How that challenge will be answered it is still too early even to guess.

ARRESTING THE "RIBBON"

BY HOWARD A. GRAY

THE innocent word "ribbon" has suddenly become almost the most sinister of our current metaphors. "Ribbon development" is something that many practise, but none is bold enough to defend. There may be differing views upon the best steps for its suppression, but, on the principle of the matter, the only question of debate is how far public good should be sacrificed to the vested interests of private gain.

The controversy brings accusing memories of a paper contributed to the *FORTNIGHTLY* by Captain Swinton more than a quarter of a century ago, in which it was observed that the motor-car was bringing about "the rediscovery of the back-lands of these islands"; that the recovery of the road implied a new diffusion of economic activity; and that such activity would need central guidance and organization. It predicted the day when "a national wayleave through England not less than two hundred yards wide would be of incalculable worth", both as a channel for the new traction and as a means of controlling, in the national interest, the impending changes in land values and their inevitable reactions. There are some singular touches of correspondence between the forecast and the situation of ripened hugger-mugger with which we are now grappling.

The immediate problem has arisen out of that demand for greater air space which is expanding the area of all cities. When a start was made with the arrears of house-building accumulated in the War, the outskirts of towns were the field most plainly marked by popular taste and general suitability. The convenience of domestic labour in large servantless strata of society told in the same direction. Every woman who has to do her own housework is ready to exchange an old house for a "modern" one, and it is cheaper to build on suburban sites where there are no standing structures first to be cleared away. Still cheaper is it

if land can be obtained alongside an existing highway which is already "made up", so that there are no roadway charges impending against the houseowner on the day when it shall be "taken over" by the local authority. The land-jobber has a quick professional eye for such advantages, and as soon as the pressure of housing expansion set in, he made haste to secure as much "frontage" as possible either upon old roads still unfilled or along the new by-passes provided for the carriage of multiplied motor traffic from the resources of the Road Fund.

The result is seen in the strings of incipient "mean streets" that stretch themselves in depressing monotony along most of the main exits from London and from other cities. It makes a deadening fringe for the road, even while the "ribbon" is still fresh and clean—though the uniformity of the line of small dwellings is decidedly more bearable than the splash of conventional display that proclaims at intervals a "shopping centre". The standardized pattern of suburban shop is the lowest level that we have yet touched in architectural banality.

But it is not difficult to foresee what kind of spectacle these fruits of mass-production will offer after half a generation of wear and tear. They are built for a prompt sale, and not for endurance. The purchasers, who have had to buy in a market where demand exceeded supply, are often ill-equipped, financially and otherwise, for the responsibilities of maintenance. The general run of this property is marked by all the conditions for steady dilapidation and for an increasingly convincing witness that "the Devil made the suburbs".

But it is not necessary to meet such trouble half-way. The present evil is sufficiently serious, and it is not confined to the amenities. The most puzzling feature of the matter to some minds must be the apparent contentment of the residents of these ribbon-rows with their own situation. Upon some of the main by-passes the traffic is interminable by day, and, one would imagine, still more intolerable for its intermittent din during the night watches. But the typical townsman is so habituated to noise as to be perhaps a little uneasy in its absence. He has a more cheerful sense of being close to the hub of life, with lorries and sports cars roaring past his door, than if he were tucked away in a village or garden city with no more overbearing sound

than the bird-notes or the murmur of the evening breeze. The "ribbon", at any rate, finds its occupants as fast as it is unrolled, and it is not from among them that the demand for its restriction arises.

What has forced the hands of Government and produced the legislation now before Parliament is the growing sense of natural beauty and the perception of how it is ruined by a squalid prolongation of urban antennæ. Auxiliary to this is the disclosure of the heavy contribution made by these corridors to the aggregate of traffic slaughter and mutilation, of which we shall speak presently. The impulse of "town-sickness", sending the motorist on his wheels and the hiker on his feet to refresh his eyes with the loveliness of rural England, is one of the most hopeful features of the age. It shows an instinctive revulsion from machine-made and hackneyed pleasures and a spontaneous craving for the wholesome satisfactions of Mother Earth. Like all new tastes, it is occasionally blind and undisciplined in its exercise. A happy day in the country still too often leaves its disfiguring trail of litter and of petty and thoughtless mischief. But motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian are all by degrees acquiring a more intelligent respect for the source of their pleasure, and among all grades of what may be called the week-end classes it is realized that the ribbon-road pursues them with everything that they seek the country to forget. Along certain highways one must travel nearly twenty miles from London before it is possible to feel that the "town" has really been left behind. The tawdry and the commonplace, the newspaper poster and the estate agent's placard, seem inescapable, and make the fugitive "drag at each remove a lengthening chain". There are green fields and woodlands beyond the builder's lines, but their impression is ruined by the shabby foreground. An ill-placed gash of brick-and-mortar can destroy the spiritual unity of a whole landscape. The "ribbon" is not only ugly in itself, but nullifies the charm of its surroundings. Its actual population could be housed and catered for in a compact community not far from the main road, where it would offer no challenge to the associations of meadow and downland, and where it could be furnished with all the communications needful to its livelihood. Merely because the speculator has seen a bargain, he has been

allowed to spoil the aspect of the most beautifully balanced countryside in the world.

But if there are minds—as there doubtless are—to which such considerations make no appeal, their owners can hardly remain indifferent to what the "ribbon" does in another connection. The motor-car is king of the highway today, and a smooth course for its fast passage is obviously a national interest. Our inherited roads, with their varying width and other irregularities, are ill-adapted for its accommodation, and new channels have been cut for it at great expense in the neighbourhood of large cities. But, whether on new roads or old, ribbon-building is the most direct possible means of thwarting the objects of construction and improvement. A row of houses or shops implies a constant clutter of service vehicles, stationary or slow-moving, on both sides of the road—milk-carts, delivery vans, private or business cars and cycles. Along such a "built-up area" the through traffic has constantly to negotiate such local impediments, and must always be ready to avoid them, so that the purpose for which the by-passes were made or the old turnpikes modified is in its essence defeated. Much of the expenditure from the Road Fund is thrown away—into the pocket of the land-jobber. And such a confusion of fast, slow, and stationary vehicles provides the ideal conditions for misleading the pedestrian who wishes to cross and for tempting the impulsive child to destruction.

Of the seven thousand violent deaths per annum upon the road, a large proportion occur upon these stretches which are neither town nor country—where the inhibitions of a really dense traffic are left behind and the undisciplined eagerness of drivers to let themselves go chafes at a circumspect look-out for obstacles and interruptions. Whether even a thirty-mile speed-limit is not too liberal in such quarters remains to be seen. What is very certain is that the death-traps so constituted must no longer be multiplied for the builder's profit and convenience.

It is much more than a year since all intelligent opinion became agreed that ribbon-building was an evil without redeeming features; that the motive of cupidity made its extension rapid and certain unless promptly arrested; and that His Majesty's Ministers had no plainer or more urgent duty than to put a stop to it. Motorists had a peculiarly direct interest in ending the

frustration of their by-passes, and if there was any section of public opinion untouched by the soiling of England's beauty, it was stirred at any rate by the scandal of the road death-roll. Rarely has there been a question on which the consensus was so complete. Everybody was ready for action—except the Government and its advisers.

There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on the singularly unfortunate figure cut by the latter in their handling of the subject, or on the maladroitness of their language. The King's Speech promised a Bill "if time permits"—a plain hint to the speculator that he must hurry up if he was to profit from public mischief before the guardians of public welfare interfered. Month rolled after month, with nothing but an exasperating asseveration of good intentions. It would not have been difficult to carry an immediate "standstill" measure to prevent further encroachments while a permanent policy was being devised. Its administrative inconvenience would have been nothing compared with the similar stoppage imposed at short notice on the working of the Public Assistance scheme. What hidden drama of official cross-purposes had to be screened by a façade of political inconsequence it would be profitless to surmise. But what is utterly perplexing is the apparent disregard of the time factor that attached itself to the Ministerial proposals even when they were disclosed. The foul ribbon uncoils itself all the time that our rulers deliberate or Parliamentary discussion drags along. Its manipulators have had more than fair warning of their situation as public enemies. They would have had no ground for complaint if the Bill's safeguards had been made valid from the date of its introduction instead of from that of its becoming law.

The measure, when it saw the light, bore, to the surprise of some, the *imprimatur*, not of the Ministry of Health, but of the Ministry of Transport. That has doubtless had the effect of limiting its scope, but on the other hand it offered welcome assurance that the hand which had been put to the plough would not be turned aside. The Department that controls public traffic has shown a different mien since Mr. Hore-Belisha went there. He is the first politician to realize the road holocaust for the horror that it is, and to show a determination to alter its

dimensions. He understands that, in face of such a new problem, policy must show a tireless empiricism, and that, the moment one remedy has proved ineffectual, another must be tried. It is peculiarly important to have a mind of such qualities identified with the Restriction of Ribbon Development Bill, for none can tell with what degree of completeness its methods will attain its ends, and any proved gaps in its provisions ought to be promptly made good. Mr. Hore-Belisha will not rest content with the working of a cripple statute in so far as the responsibilities of his own Department are affected.

Sponsored as it is, the Bill naturally tackles the "ribbon" problem mainly from the standpoint of traffic and safety rather than from that of the landscape's harmony. Its first objective is to keep the way open for the accommodation of an ever-growing stream of motor-vehicles and to prevent its being further hemmed in by roadside building. If the country is to have the full benefit of fast traction, the course must be kept for it. It must not be forced into a narrow bed, or compelled to pick its way at every turning through the domestic economy of a populous roadside. Past negligence has imposed handicaps of this kind that cannot now find relief in our generation, but we can at least prevent wanton addition to them. It is too late to restrict the commerce of main roads like that of railways, but a stop can be put to fresh tributaries of minor locomotion.

In the case of "classified" roads—of which there are 44,000 miles—the local authority is to fix a standard width (with a maximum of 160 feet), within which there shall be an absolute veto upon fresh building. This provision will come into force as soon as the Bill is passed, and if the authority shows weakness of judgment in the matter, the Ministry of Transport itself has the power to intervene. The Government spokesman in the House of Lords disclaimed any intention of "laying down extravagant and inappropriate widths on an arbitrary scale", but the liability to error lies, it must be said, in the opposite direction. The service required of our roads is increasing daily; the car census rises by the hundred thousand even in times of depression, and a revival of prosperity would bring far greater augmentations. It is useless to guess at what the next ten or twenty years will see, but the probability is that many

reasonable avenues as they appear today will be sheer bottle-necks by then, and there is greater danger of setting aside too little road-space than too much. The Ministry will confer a saving of money and trouble on posterity by an unflinching championship of the long view.

When a broad road has been secured (and there is provision for seeing that important side-roads are not prematurely choked by the builder), the next thing is to exclude from it, as far as possible, all but "express" traffic. This is done by the sterilizing of a wider strip—220 feet from the middle of the road in each direction. Without the consent of the local authority, it will be illegal to open any fresh "access" upon the road or to erect any building within the prescribed distance. This—providing the measure is faithfully administered—should put a definite stop to the "ribbon" mischief upon what we may call its utility sides, though, from an æsthetic standpoint, it may only be transferred from the neck of the road to its shoulders. The vital question is how far the local authorities can be depended on to absorb the spirit of the Bill and to refrain from consents that are at variance with its objects. We are familiar with the excellent example of the Surrey County Council, whose private Act has supplied the model for some parts of the present legislation. On the other hand, there is an evil tale of how the Oxford City Council frustrated the purpose of the local by-pass by proceeding to sell building frontage upon it. The bigger the authority, probably, the safer it is to be entrusted with this responsibility. And, at the worst, the Minister is empowered to supersede any delinquent minor body in favour of the County Council.

These provisions, together with the further power to acquire adjacent land within a furlong from the centre of the road, might be hailed as a valuable gain for the amenities, but for one thing. In its enforcement of "standard width" the local authority is to have assistance from the Road Fund towards the compensation of property-owners, but when it comes to the application of the wider "amenity line", it must foot the bill out of its own resources. Now that the measure has passed from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, there may be some sharp discussion upon the general question of vested rights in public wrongs. The grounds of compensation, it is true, are carefully

restricted. There is to be no recognition of building values that are merely latent, and not presently marketable. But the outlay is bound to be onerous if, in handling the "sterilized" area, an honest regard is paid, as the Bill prescribes, to "the need for preserving the amenities of the locality and for securing proper development". The local authority must often find its ideals and its finances in acute rivalry. Its consent to any particular building project is not to be "unreasonably withheld or made subject to unreasonable conditions". Will it not be tempted to see "reason" more readily by consideration of the cost of a refusal? The measure, moreover, is loaded in favour of the property-owner and against the friends of amenity. If consent is refused, the former may appeal to the Minister of Transport. But if it is unwarrantably given, the public opinion of a district, however strong and unanimous, has no access to the same tribunal. The most conscientious of County Councils may not be in close touch with every corner of its area, and such bodies share the human liability to error. The Minister of Transport should have the same opportunity of correcting complaisance as of overcoming obstinacy. Lord Rockley's rejected amendment to this effect ought to be revived in "another place". There is ample precedent for it in the hearing accorded to local opinion upon proposed variations of town planning schemes.

While the Bill, in the shape in which it left the Upper House, will undoubtedly prevent "ribbon-building" from going further as an impediment to traffic and as a menace to human life, it remains extremely uncertain how far it will serve to check the spoiling of the countryside. As a backwoodsman Peer most admirably expressed it in his native wood-notes wild, "preservation of the amenities means whatever the person interpreting it likes to put upon them". The local authorities are explicitly directed to "have regard" to those entities, but they will be acutely conscious that the vigilance is to be exerted wholly at their own expense. Where finance is not too elastic and the fear of the ratepayer is potent, the inducement to create a fresh rateable value by consent may be a formidable counterweight to æsthetic scruple. It is not possible to raise the issue by direct amendment, since proposals authorizing expenditure are the prerogative of His Majesty's Ministers. But if the Government

agree with their spokesman in the House of Lords that "it is clearly undesirable, unpleasant, and obnoxious that the appearance of our highways, and the beauty of the country which surrounds them, should be impaired and very often entirely ruined", it seems scarcely consistent to thrust upon localities the whole cost of averting the disaster. It is a national, rather than a local, interest that is at stake. The enjoyment of beauty is a geographically reciprocal affair. It is the townsman who finds the most acute pleasure in scenery, as it is the countryman who revels most deeply in the wonders of London. The imaginations most powerfully kindled by the Lake District are not those of the denizens of that neighbourhood. And this truth never counted for more than today, when motor travel helps everyone to realise his share in the inheritance of English landscape. It is neither fair nor wise to make the protection of amenities entirely a local responsibility, because the local valuation will always be an under-valuation. Kent and Devon are more to the visitor than they are to the Kentishman or the Devonian. It is only in the national consciousness that a true assessment of beauty and its importance can be made, and national trusteeship should be practically, as well as morally, enlisted in its preservation.

The sense of urgency to arrest the grosser evils of the case is so strong that there will be a general disposition to accept the Bill as a workable measure within its own scope and hurry it through rather than spend time on bringing its safeguards nearer to perfection. The less time that is allowed for the concoction of colourable "development schemes", the less heavily clouded with compensation claims will be the atmosphere in which the local authorities enter upon their new field of policy. But its passage will be only an inauguration of the struggle with vandalism. One of its chief benefits will be in helping to define the issues of that contest through the experience of practical administration in all parts of the country.

THE COMING CANADIAN ELECTION

By J. A. STEVENSON

SOME time before the snow falls this year there will be a General Election in Canada and the voters will have an opportunity of delivering their verdict upon the policies and performances of the Conservative Ministry headed by Mr. R. B. Bennett.

At the last General Election held in July, 1930, it secured a very substantial majority and was given a mandate for the policy of high protection, which its leader advocated as the best available cure for the serious unemployment then visible. To its credit the Bennett Ministry lost no time in giving effect to the pledges of its election platform, and within a year of assuming office it had raised the scale of Canadian tariff duties to the highest level in history. Inevitably a number of industries derived great benefit from the additional protection afforded them and were able to capture a larger share of the domestic market; but there were adverse repercussions through tariff reprisals initiated by foreign countries and, to the dismay of Ministers, unemployment, instead of abating, increased until at the nadir of the depression there were nearly one and a half million people, or one seventh of the total population of the Dominion, on some kind or another of public relief. Under such circumstances there soon developed evidence of a steady erosion of the popular support which had brought the Conservatives to power in 1930; and in 1933 and 1934, a series of Federal by-elections and Provincial elections revealed that Conservatism had fallen into popular disrepute, and that the tide of public sentiment was swinging round in favour of the Liberal policies.

By the end of 1934 it was obvious that the fortunes of the Conservative party were in a parlous condition, and that only a remarkable revival of prosperity which would justify their policies, or some new and attractive programme, would regain the good-

will of the voters and give the party a reasonable prospect of a new mandate at the General Election. Now it happens that Mr. Bennett is not only a very forceful and dominating character, but is also an orthodox Conservative. Rated a multi-millionaire, his great wealth has given him a personal independence which few prominent Canadian politicians have ever enjoyed, and the record of his career shows that he has never hesitated to disregard party shibboleths and traditions and blaze new trails when the necessities of a situation seemed to demand it.

He made up his mind, therefore, that the time had come for bold courses and, before the New Year was two days old, he startled both his followers and the country at large by suddenly emerging, in a series of six broadcast addresses, as a vigorous critic of the capitalist system and the sponsor of a "New Deal". His avowed object was the elimination of various evils and abuses revealed in the capitalist system by the depression and thrown into high relief in Canada by a parliamentary investigation of "price spreads", mass buying, wages and correlated problems. Capitalism had enjoyed its great prosperity in the nineteenth century in circumstances completely different from those of today. These conditions—the free interflow of trade and capital between countries and the open market place where the law of supply and demand had unfettered play—had vanished, said Mr. Bennett, "like the snows of yesteryear" under the combined impact of the Great War, economic nationalism, and the depression, and capitalism, therefore, could not hope to produce an adequate measure of well being and happiness for the Canadian people unless it were subjected to drastic reforms and restraints.

This being so, he propounded as a programme for his party a series of measures of social and economic reform which implied a comprehensive reorganization of the whole economic system of Canada on a scale far beyond anything hitherto contemplated by a Canadian political party. A national system of unemployment insurance, health insurance, laws ordaining minimum standards of wages and hours of labour, a better plan of old age pensions, generous relief for agricultural debtors, measures for the curbing of malpractices in the business world, and changes in taxation for the redistribution of wealth were the salient features of this "New Deal". It is true that not a few of his reforms

had long been accepted as integral parts of the economic arrangements of Britain and other units of the British Commonwealth, but they were a marked advance for a country which had hitherto been relatively backward in social legislation, and were not the sort of measures for which a Conservative party was expected to be responsible. It was little wonder, therefore, that old-fashioned Tories found themselves at first in a state of dazed bewilderment, and that the *Montreal Gazette*, which represents with reasonable fidelity the views of St. James Street, Montreal, the Canadian counterpart of Wall Street, turned a barrage of bitter editorial criticism upon the new programme. Mr. Bennett was accused of wantonly embracing the Socialist creed and betraying the fundamental principles of Canadian Conservatism.

The Prime Minister, however, is not the man to be turned from a chosen course by the fulminations of a newspaper, however powerful, and, as soon as Parliament met on January 17th, he proceeded without delay to give effect to his programme in a series of social reform measures. Now, since questions like wages, hours of labour, and industrial conditions generally had always been regarded as coming within the jurisdiction of the provinces under the terms of Canada's constitution, there seemed to be an almost insurmountable obstacle to effective Federal legislation about them. But Mr. Bennett resorted to an ingenious device to overcome this constitutional obstacle. As a preliminary step he invited Parliament to ratify a series of international conventions about industrial conditions drawn up under the auspices of the International Labour Office to which Canada, as a member of the League, had adhered. He then proceeded to develop the thesis that since, under section 122 of the British North America Act, which embodies the Canadian constitution, the Federal Parliament is empowered to carry out all treaty obligations entered into on behalf of the Dominion, it must *ipso facto* be endowed with authority to pass any legislation necessary to discharge such obligations, and that provincial rights must give way to treaty obligations which Canada should have honoured long before.

The Liberal Opposition would not accept this ingenious reasoning, and argued that jurisdiction about wages, hours of labour, and correlated problems had been definitely assigned to

the provinces by the constitution ; that this allocation had been confirmed by the highest Courts and acted upon for generations ; and that therefore the Federal Government could only commit itself to such treaty obligations as it has the authority to implement. They demanded that the constitutional validity of the proposed legislation be tested by a reference to the Supreme Court of Canada. But when the Government would not agree to this course they decided to avoid the risk of being charged with frustrating valuable social reforms in a spirit of constitutional pedantry and, while indulging in considerable criticisms of the actual terms of the Bills introduced, acquiesced in their principle and did not vote against them.

The Government was therefore able in the early part of the session to seize the initiative and put the Liberals on the defensive, while it also enjoyed the sympathetic co-operation of the new radical party known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which welcomed the social legislation as a sign of conversion to its ideals. But about a month after the session opened, when the Government seemed to be on the way to rebuilding its prestige, a dire misfortune befell it through a serious illness which took Mr. Bennett away from Parliament and kept him in bed for two months. Towards the end of April he had recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed to London and represent his country at the Jubilee celebrations. There he consulted eminent medical specialists who (as he admitted to Parliament) advised him not to return to Ottawa and resume his public duties. But he felt that the seriousness of the problems confronting Parliament and the country called him to take risks with his health, and so he took his place in the House of Commons when it resumed its labours on May 20th after a long Easter recess.

Ministers gave as the chief excuse for this long recess, against which the Liberals protested, as it postponed the date of the General Election, the need for adequate time to prepare the legislation necessary to give effect to the recommendations of the Price Spreads Commission, as it was popularly known. Starting originally as a Parliamentary Committee, formed at the instigation of Mr. H. H. Stevens when he was still Minister of Trade and Commerce, it had later been transformed with the same personnel into a Royal Commission, and it had spent more

than a year investigating a wide range of the industrial, commercial, and financial phases of Canada's national economy. The compilation of its report was attended with considerable controversy, but eventually the Commission, of which Mr. Stevens was the dominating figure, produced a massive document of some 300,000 words. Not only did it turn the searchlight upon most of the major business activities of the country, but it made a series of drastic recommendations for the elimination of malpractices and the better organization of Canada's economic and social structure.

The report, however, was not unanimous for, whereas the six Conservative members of the Commission and the solitary C.C.F. representative concurred in a majority report, three of the four Liberal members, while giving their approval to most of its observations and recommendations, felt compelled to file a memorandum of reservations. They questioned the practicability or advisability of certain proposals in the majority report, and expressed their regret at certain omissions; while the fourth Liberal, an unbending western disciple of the Manchester school, proclaimed his total dissent from the conclusions and recommendations of the majority.

By far the most important recommendations of the Price Spreads Commission was a proposal to establish an agency for curbing unethical business practices, sweatshop conditions, starvation wages, the exploitation of consumers and producers, and the accumulation of excessive profits by greedy individuals or corporations. The report likewise dealt at considerable length with the department and chain store organizations. It severely criticized some objectional practices resorted to by them, particularly the employment of their power of mass buying to beat down the prices asked for goods by manufacturers who were consequently compelled to cut wages. A general working week of forty hours was also recommended.

The Price Spreads report had a mixed reception throughout the country. It was applauded by the labour elements, who saw in it the promise of substantial benefits to themselves, but such a comprehensive regimentation of business as was implied by the recommendations found scant favour in the eyes of the business and financial communities. Some of their leading

spokesmen at once gave tongue with adverse criticisms, and the *Montreal Gazette* published biting editorials. But in the main the Conservative press endorsed the report and the C.C.F. organs were decidedly sympathetic to it. The Liberals, on the other hand, either attacked it as proposing a dangerous interference with business and the laws of supply and demand, or mocked at it as hypocritical window dressing for electioneering purposes.

The drastic nature of the report, however, put the Bennett Ministry in a serious quandary, and when Mr. Stevens moved in Parliament for its immediate adoption it took no notice of the motion, and has since contrived to evade any debate upon the report. While a large body of its followers, inside and outside of Parliament, were urging prompt legislative action upon the report as the basis for an attractive election programme, most of its prominent business supporters were either exerting continuous pressure to stop any legislative regulation of business, or counselling prudent caution. Moreover, its difficulties were not lessened when its law officers advised that the courts were unlikely to uphold the validity of the Federal Trade and Industry Commission, which the Report proposed to set up.

So Ministers pondered the report long and carefully, and after the Prime Minister's return from England the Cabinet held almost daily sittings to decide upon its course. Eventually, after long mental travail, it has apparently decided to follow the path of compromise. It has resolved to go ahead with the project of a Trade and Industry Commission, but it is not to be a brand-new body. Its members are to be the three members of the existing Tariff Board, for whom a variety of special powers and duties will be prescribed, and the assistance will be available of a Director of Prosecutions to carry on such legal actions as are deemed necessary for the enforcement of the Commission's decrees. To the Trade and Industry Commission is to be transferred the administration of the Combines Investigations Act after it has been amended to widen the definition of "combines" and give a stricter interpretation to monopolies, trusts, and mergers. Furthermore, the Government has introduced a series of amending measures designed to stiffen the provisions of the Criminal Code against business malpractices, to strengthen the Weights and Measures Act, the Industrial Disputes Investiga-

tion Act and the Fair Wages Act, and to authorize a scheme for the regulation and control of the livestock industry.

But it is quite probable that it will not attempt to drive through Parliament all the Bills which are now before it. It would be hard to induce the Senate to endorse legislation which is of doubtful constitutional validity, and the Ministry may decide to pass only such Bills as are certain to stand challenge in the courts and to abandon the dubious measures. As members of all parties are anxious for an early termination of the session in order that they may escape from Ottawa to their constituencies, where their opponents are busy campaigning against them, these considerations have all the more force.

The expectation, therefore, is that Parliament will be prorogued before this article is printed, and dissolution may follow at any time thereafter. It has been the avowed intention of Mr. Bennett to test his physical capacities with limited labours during the close of the session and then reach a decision about his retention of the Conservative leadership. He has tried to cut down this work and has absented himself from all the evening sittings of the House of Commons, but it is known that he has no great reserves of strength at present and tires easily. Hence it is unlikely that he will be allowed to assume the full responsibilities of leadership during the campaign and range round the country making speeches in every important centre, as Canadian leaders are expected to do. Undoubtedly his own inclination would be to retire and seek a well earned rest, but the difficulty of finding a suitable successor who would be acceptable to all sections of the Conservative party may make it necessary for him to retain the leadership in the campaign for the purpose of holding the party together. He could follow the example of the late President Harding and make what is called in the United States "a front porch" campaign, which would mean that he would remain in Ottawa, direct the general electioneering strategy, and broadcast speeches at intervals over the radio.

Such a course would obviously leave the Conservatives under a serious disability and proportionately strengthen the Opposition. If Mr. Bennett decides to retire, he would probably exert his influence to secure the election, as his successor, of Senator Meighen, who has twice held the Premiership for brief periods. But a

very substantial body of the Conservative members of Parliament and of the rank and file in the country are ardent partisans of Mr. Stevens, and hold that his leadership alone could save them from overwhelming defeat if Mr. Bennett dropped out. Mr. Stevens, who has lately resumed his crusade against big business, is, of course, anathema to the business interests who normally support the Conservative party. Any party which he led would, they hold, cease to merit the title of "Conservative". Mr. Bennett therefore, in order to avert an internecine quarrel over the leadership, might feel it necessary to retain it, at least till the election is over.

Apart from this question of leadership, the stage is practically set for the coming General Election and the issues between the parties are reasonably clear. The Conservatives will contend that the Bennett Ministry has given the country wise and efficient administration, that it has guided it skilfully through the worst depression in its history, and that it has maintained the national credit at a high level; they will defend the high tariff policies of the Government on the ground that they averted a disastrous industrial *débâcle* and enabled Canada to meet her foreign obligations successfully. They will make considerable play with the Ottawa agreements, and contend that they were an excellent bargain both for Canada and the other partners of the Commonwealth. It is true that the programme of drastic reforms which Mr. Bennett promulgated in his January broadcasts has now been considerably whittled down, but the measures passed before the session ends will enable Conservative candidates to argue that their party is imbued with a spirit of progressive reform and is in no sense reactionary. The Conservatives, however, will enter the election under one serious handicap: they will have arrayed against them seven out of the nine provincial administrations with their well oiled political machines, and the experience of the past shows that these have often played a decisive part in Federal elections.

The Liberals on their part will frame a general indictment of the Bennett Ministry for a long list of sins of omission and commission, and on the strength of it employ the ancient battle-cry "Time for a change". They will charge it with aggravating the difficulties of the depression through the imposition of

inordinately high tariffs, which have produced reprisals abroad, and by curtailing export markets have brought agriculture and other basic industries to a deplorable plight. The promise to reduce these tariffs will make a strong appeal to the farming vote. At one time the Liberal party seemed determined to tear up the Ottawa agreements, which they have continually criticized, but a gradual realization of their popularity in certain areas has been responsible for a change in their attitude. Mr. Mackenzie King has declared that, though he will undertake their revision through friendly negotiations with the other contracting parties, he has no intention of destroying them. Apparently the Liberals intend to make one of the chief planks in their election platform the transference of the Bank of Canada, which is now a privately owned institution, to government ownership and control, but the party is not solidly in favour of this change. They will deride the Government's programme of industrial and economic reform as mere electioneering stage play, and contend that what Canada needs is a relaxation of governmental interference with business and trade, and not its intensification.

There remain to be considered the prospects of the new Co-operative Commonwealth party, formed two years ago and committed to a programme which can be fairly described as socialistic. It is handicapped by the lack of a nationwide organization, as it has no serious foothold east of the Ottawa River, and it lacks effective press support. It enjoys very considerable strength, however, in the three most westerly provinces and in the industrial centres of Ontario, and at the last municipal elections was able to elect mayors in the three important cities of Toronto, Winnipeg, and Windsor. Throughout the session, the C.C.F. group in the House of Commons, which is fifteen strong, has given fairly consistent support to the reform programme of the Bennett Ministry, but it is now dissatisfied with the dilution of the original programme and will fight the election as an opposition party. A few months ago it seemed to have justifiable hopes of increasing its strength in the next Parliament, but recent developments in the province of Alberta have reduced its prospects. In that province a certain William Aberhart, a school teacher, who is by common consent an extremely expert propagandist and has a private radio station at his command, has been

preaching for the past three years a brand of social credit doctrines adapted from the theories of Major Douglas. He has now accumulated such a large following, particularly in the rural areas, that he has launched a Social Credit party to challenge the other three parties, the United Farmers who are now in power, the Liberals, and the Conservatives, at a provincial election which is due to be held before winter this year. This new party has nominated candidates in practically every constituency, and impartial political experts aver that it has a chance of sending the largest contingent of members to the next legislature. Mr. Aberhart has now announced that he intends to carry his social credit gospel into the adjacent provinces and to bring his party into the Federal arena. If he carries out this threat the effect will be to split the radical vote in the West and to improve materially the chances of the nominees of the Conservative and Liberal parties, especially the latter.

Many things may occur to affect the fortunes of an election before polling day, but at present the Conservatives seem doomed to lose most of their twenty-three seats in the prairie country through the unpopularity of their tariff policies in that region. In the absence of French-Canadian leaders on their side capable of coping with M. Lapointe and Premier Taschereau, they will also have great trouble to keep many of the two hundred odd seats which they gained in the election of 1930, when they made their first serious inroad on what has been an almost impregnable stronghold of Liberalism since the war. It is hard to see where they can hope for compensating gains in other provinces, and accordingly the Liberals have some justification for their confidence that victory will be with them. Unless, however, their leaders can, before the election, develop a better array of constructive policies than they have so far produced, it will be dissatisfaction with the record of the Conservatives rather than positive enthusiasm for the Liberal programme that will be the deciding factor of the contest.

NATIONAL DEFENCE

THE NEED OF A COMBINED GENERAL STAFF.

BY LORD STRABOLGI

(Formerly Admiralty War Staff, London.)

NATIONAL defence is now in the forefront of public affairs more than it has been at any time since 1910. It was in that year that public opinion in Britain, as distinct from professional opinion, realized the German naval menace for the first time. The aeroplane was then in its infancy.

The public mind is now similarly aroused for the first time to the important new factor of Germany's increasing air power. Professional opinion, and some political opinion, had been acutely aware of the German naval challenge for some years before 1910; just as informed professional opinion, and some political opinion, had been acutely aware of German air plans prior to this year. The result of the swing of opinion this year, as in 1910, is a considerable programme of increase in the particular arm regarded as the most important for national defence. The supposed threat from the air has replaced the threat from the sea in the imagination of the masses of the people. It would be stretching the argument too far to maintain that the Royal Air Force is now of more importance than the Royal Navy for the defence of the British Empire as a whole; but it is in the air arm that we are relatively weak.

We need not assume that the events which followed on 1910 will repeat themselves now; yet if forces are provided for defence, not only will the taxpayers expect them to be as efficient as possible, but they will expect their direction also to be efficient in the case of war. Conditions have so changed, chiefly because of the new air arm, that the older methods of direction are manifestly unsuitable. Three separate Services, each with its own independent General Staff, cannot be used as a co-ordinated whole

unless a co-ordinating Staff exists for this purpose. In practice, no such Staff functions.

The great change in the wide problem of defence today is realized by an increasing weight of professional and other informed opinion. Whereas in pre-war days the Army and the Navy could be prepared to fight a campaign each in its own sphere, today, owing to the development of the aeroplane—and that development has been progressively rapid in a technical sense—there is a new weapon of vast potentialities which can be brought into use as an auxiliary either of the Army or the Navy. This has created a whole series of new problems.

Whenever during our long history England has been engaged in war the Army and the Navy have had to combine operations, to a limited extent at least, for the obvious reason that troops can only be conveyed from this country under escort across the sea; and that was usually the end of their co-operation. But this third arm can fight over the land as well as over the sea. The aeroplane can attack troops, or warships, or merchant ships, or railway trains. The Navy can bombard coastal towns, but the aeroplane can bomb both towns on the coast and towns inland. Bearing in mind the scale of armament in the air which all the leading Powers are trying to maintain, it is no exaggeration to say that if the whole of the Air Forces of a Great Power were thrown into the scale in a land campaign and the Air Forces of its adversary were divided, the tide of battle might be turned by the use of the air weapon alone. Napoleon won his most decisive victories by massing his artillery. The mass attack of aeroplanes might have equally decisive results. On the other hand, in a naval campaign carried out within flying range of air bases, other things being equal, the victory might well go to the adversary who could dispose of overwhelming forces in the air.

Another feature of the air weapon is its extreme mobility. The greatest land campaigns ever waged and won within historical times were the wonderful marches and conquests of the Tartar armies under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. A confederation of nomadic tribes from Mongolia not only conquered all Asia—for it was a branch of those same Tartars who conquered India and established the Mogul dynasty—but swept half across Europe, threatening the whole of Christendom. Their advance guards

appeared in North Africa after over-running what is now Turkey in Asia. The secret of the irresistibility of the Tartars was the extreme mobility of their mounted armies, enabling them to concentrate in overwhelming force on any selected battleground. There was no infantry and no "train"; no baggage and no camp followers; only clouds of horsemen, each with three horses. So it will be with the air weapon; and it is the realization of this that has led to the proposals for the Air Locarno.

So complex are the problems created by this novel three-dimensional weapon that the old distinction between the functions of armies and navies tends to disappear. Hence the revival of the fifty-year-old demand for a combined Ministry of Defence. There are many detailed objections to a Ministry of Defence. At present these appear overwhelming to the hierarchy of the Civil Service and the politicians whom they advise; but the case for a combined General Staff under a supreme political head, in default of a complete Ministry of Defence, appears to me to be so strong as to be irresistible.

What organization have we at present? There is the Committee of Imperial Defence. This august body was established by the late Lord Balfour with the able help of his then Minister for War, the present Earl of Midleton, after the South African War. It is not an executive body, which is one of its weaknesses; it meets spasmodically; and its principal members are overburdened with other duties. The Committee of Imperial Defence is another form of Cabinet. This "consultative and advisory body", to quote the Marquess of Londonderry, speaking as Minister of Air in an important debate on this subject on March 14th in the House of Lords, consists of the following members of the Cabinet:

- The Prime Minister,
- The Lord President of the Council,
- The Chancellor of the Exchequer,
- The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,
- The Secretary of State for India,
- The Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs,
- The Secretary of State for the Colonies,
- The Secretary of State for War,
- The Secretary of State for Air;

The First Lord of the Admiralty.

The following professional experts are regular members :

The Chief of the Naval Staff,

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff,

The Chief of the Air Staff,

The Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

From time to time other Ministers and senior civil servants or members of the naval, air, or military General Staffs are summoned. On occasion, the representatives of the Dominions attend: the Prime Ministers when they are in London, the High Commissioners at other times.

Now this body, apart from its weaknesses described above, is unwieldy. It is surrounded by a great constellation of sub-committees, over fifty in number, dealing with all sorts of questions such as supply, man-power, chemical warfare, anti-chemical warfare, transport, fuel supplies and so on. The most important of these sub-committees consists of the Chiefs of Staff of the three fighting services, who meet under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister. All these four persons who, of course, have their assistants and secretaries, are extremely hard worked and have vast administrative duties. What is lacking is a Thinking Department, divorced from administrative and routine work. There is a Thinking Department in the Admiralty, known as the Planning Division, which is not only absolved from administrative duties of any kind, but in wartime is freed from day-to-day operational work. This is a thoroughly sound principle, and it has been followed, to a certain extent, in the Air Ministry and War Office. What is obviously needed, however, is a combined Planning Division or a combined General Staff to co-ordinate the higher policies of the three Services. Indeed, as I shall presently show, there should not only be a combined Planning Division but a combined Operations Division. At present there is nothing of the kind except the absurdly over-worked Chiefs of Staff. Sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, to give it its full title. In passing, it will be generally agreed by all unbiased persons with knowledge of the working of Government Departments that if such a combined Staff is set up, the last person who should attempt to preside over it on behalf of the Cabinet is the Prime Minister of the day.

With his responsibilities, ranging from the leadership of the House of Commons to the appointment of Bishops and Deans and the distribution of patronage, he cannot possibly give even a substantial portion of his time to such a complex task; and yet it should be a whole-time job, for new problems crowd in on us like clouds heaping up before a gale. Almost every day brings its new difficulties.

The old conception of war is out of date. There are three schools of thought where national defence is concerned. The first need not detain us long, for its policy is outside the scope of this article. I refer to the extreme Christian pacifist policy of non-resistance. It may be that it holds the key to the ultimate solution of the problem of world peace. But the two schools who believe in the necessity of armed defence and of resistance to aggression are divided, with numerous gradings and shadings, between those who hold that our defence system should be on a national basis and those who believe that it should be part of a system of collective security. The policy of relying on our own strength, building up such forces as we can afford, and basing our policy on such power as we possess, is a comparatively simple matter. It involves also the policy of splendid isolation, the avoidance of alliances, and during the fifty years prior to the Entente Cordiale of 1903 was successful enough. But if we are to consider our defence as part of the common defence, either with the other States Members of the League of Nations or with military and naval allies, then we shall still need armed forces, and the preparation and plans for their use will be far more complicated. The moment naval and military plans have to be drawn up with an ally, actual or potential, the whole business becomes more complex; but if they have to be drawn up under a widely-spread system of collective security in which neither allies nor opponents can be designated in advance, then the business becomes more complex still. But whether our plans are to be drawn up in accordance with the policy of one or other of these schools of thought, where defence is concerned, it is perfectly certain that they must be prepared beforehand and that they must be efficiently prepared: we shall be inviting national disaster if we behave in the manner of amateur actors and hope that "everything will be all right on the night".

That there is serious lack of co-ordination even today, despite the lessons of the Great War, will be generally admitted. Because of this lack of co-ordination there is still a tendency for the General Staffs of the three arms to envisage a different enemy; for while the files of any competent Staff contain some plans for any kind of war which could possibly break out, nevertheless it is natural to prepare more fully for the most difficult campaign, and that means, in practice, a campaign against the most powerful adversary whom we might be expected to meet. Thus, in the years of economy that have followed the post-Armistice demobilization, the Army has reverted to its pre-South African War situation. The comparatively small, but highly efficient, Expeditionary Force prepared for the last great war is no longer in being. The Army has returned to its old role of an Imperial Police Force, plus one serious military obligation. This latter is the defence of the North-West Frontier of India; and the potential enemy there, which has existed for a hundred years, is Russia. With the exception of the neutralized Canadian border, this is the only important land frontier in the Empire which could in any conceivable circumstances be threatened by a first-class military Power. Now a war for the defence of the Indian land frontier is not of great importance in the eyes of the Naval Staff. Their part in such a war, supposing Russia were involved, would consist of the convoying of troopships and the blockade of the Baltic. The Naval Staff must think first of all of the most difficult war from the marine point of view in which we might be engaged; and that might be a war with either of the other two first-class naval Powers, the United States of America and Japan. For the whole of this century it has been an *idée fixe* of British Imperial strategy that an Anglo-American war is out of the question. Indeed, no preparations whatsoever have been made for it for generations. A Pacific war against Japan has been regarded as at any rate a possibility for some fifteen years. Hence the Singapore naval base.

In passing, it should be noted that the naval preparations at Singapore were far advanced, including the preparation of a first-class dockyard and naval arsenal, before any steps were taken to provide the corresponding military garrison and air forces. It would be indignantly denied that the Admiralty

embarked on the expansion of the former cruiser base at Singapore into a first-class naval dockyard without consultation with the Military and Air Force authorities, and such a statement would, in any case, be an exaggeration; but Singapore was the Admiralty's child, and for a long time the suckling of this lusty infant was an affair of the north side of Whitehall, and neither the south side nor Adastral House gave much active assistance.

As for the Royal Air Force and its war plans, after a period of neglect during which our magnificent air armies of the Great War were disbanded and the Air Ministry itself was fighting hard for its separate existence, the tendency was to concentrate on Imperial police duties. The main activities were divided, as in the case of the Army, between the defence of the North-West Frontier of India and important police duties in the Middle East. Then the advocates of preparedness in the air began to draw attention to the strong air force of our nearest neighbour, France. Following the well established custom of a fighting service, acting more or less independently, some preparations were made for warding off an air attack from across the English Channel. This was before the arrival of the National Socialist Government in Germany; and now there is a swing round towards preparations for warding off air attack from the other side of the North Sea.

It would therefore be true to say that, during the last fifteen years, most military thought has been directed towards the catastrophe of war with Russia; most naval thought has been given to the possible catastrophe of a war against Japan; and the Air General Staff has been engaged in thinking out how best to defend the country against attack from the nearest Continental nation possessing a strong Air Force. In fact, the official Air Force policy announced in Parliament during Mr. Stanley Baldwin's second premiership, and before one person in a thousand in England had heard of Herr Hitler, was that we must have a one-Power standard in the air, the yardstick being the strength of the strongest Continental nation, in the air sense, within flying distance of our shores.

No doubt the military authorities gave much careful thought, and made such preparations as they could, for a possible war in the Pacific or in Europe. No doubt the Air General Staff had, and have, their plans for giving what assistance they could for

the defence of India against Russia, or of Hong-kong against the Japanese. But the proof of the lack of real co-ordination between the three is to be seen in the patent fact that whereas the Royal Navy is the strongest force of its kind in the world, not even omitting that of the United States, the Army is only a glorified Police Force which would have the greatest difficulty in throwing two fully equipped divisions on to the Continent within a reasonable time ; and the Air Force, at any rate on paper, takes fourth or fifth place amongst the Forces of the heavily armed Powers.

Yet these three arms of our defence forces are in themselves highly efficient, and it is generally admitted that for its size the Royal Air Force is the best equipped and trained in the world. There is much exaggeration about the growth of the German Air Force ; while recent debates in the French Chamber have shown that, despite its numbers and the technical skill of its members, the Air Force of France shows many serious defects. The Royal Navy has learnt the lessons of the Great War, and, except for a shortage of destroyers, is in a very strong position in every class of vessel. It is true the Admiralty say that we are short of cruisers, but we have never had enough cruisers and probably never will. Nelson complained bitterly of the lack of frigates, and so did all the other British Admirals of that time. We were short of cruisers in the last war, and owing to the very extent of the oceans and the volume of our seaborne trade, we shall be short of cruisers should we be engaged in any future war. The Army, for its size, is also efficient, and good progress has been made with mechanization.

What is lacking, however, is a centralized body to direct these three efficient Forces. Let us try to visualise the actual situation, should we be engaged in war with a first-class Power within air-striking distance of these islands. I am not scare-mongering, because I do not believe in the probability of a European War for economic reasons, into which it is not necessary to enter here ; but we are spending £120,000,000 a year on defence, and this is a rising sum. This expenditure is defended because no statesman will take the responsibility of promising a long period of peace. Though we may be short of cruisers, we shall certainly be short of aeroplanes, and a shortage of aeroplanes will be felt more quickly than the shortage of cruisers. The home

defence forces will consist of a flying craft. The actual numbers available for the purposes of this argument do not matter. Some will be machines built for bombing, others to carry torpedoes for nautical operations, others will be fighters and interceptors, others will be designed for reconnaissance purposes with the Fleet, others for co-operation with the Army, and so on ; but all will need pilots and machine-gunners, and there will be a great demand for observers and air mechanics. Whatever the numbers of these aircraft and their *personnel*, there will be immediate and heavy demands from seven different directions.

(1) Machines will be needed for the defence of our cities, including the capital, the harbours, dockyards, aerodromes, munition factories, and the vital centres of communication. Whatever we do in the way of attacking our adversary, there must be a force of fast fighter aeroplanes for the purpose of attacking any invading squadrons which might break through.

(2) There will be a special demand for aircraft for the battle fleet of the Navy. Its tactics are based on the co-operation of aircraft ; to deprive the battle fleet of aircraft would be equivalent to putting out its eyes.

(3) There will be a distinct and separate demand from the Navy for aircraft for the defence of merchant shipping, including convoys, against air attack, and also for use against enemy submarines or surface craft acting as commerce raiders—for which latter purpose modern aircraft are considered highly efficient. This question of the defence of seaborne commerce by means of aircraft is important and will be urgent if ever we engage in war. Just as in the last great war there was natural reluctance on the part of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet to detail destroyers for commerce protection, so in the future there will be resistance to denuding the battle fleet of its aircraft for the defence of convoys.

(4) Whatever expeditionary army is mobilized will demand its quota of aircraft for tactical co-operation with the troops?

(5) There will be a separate and distinct demand for aircraft for coastal defence against naval raids, sporadic bombardments and the like.

(6) The overseas garrisons will require their Air Forces.

Malta and Singapore, to take two examples, could hardly be denuded of aeroplanes.

(7) Perhaps most important of all, there will be the truly strategic demand for as strong an Air Force as can be assembled for the purpose of attacking the enemy's nerve centres, especially his aerodromes, munition factories, railway junctions and the like.

We can be quite certain that there will be a pull-devil pull-baker contest for aeroplanes between the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Air Ministry. At present each Service has its special functions and will, quite naturally, try to be as well armed as possible to perform them. Who will decide between these competing claims? Will it be the Cabinet, or the Committee of Imperial Defence, or the Chiefs of Staff Sub-committee? Not one of these three bodies could possibly do it. Not one of them can be in almost continuous session. The Cabinet and, to a lesser degree, the Committee of Imperial Defence, would not have the knowledge. The professional members of the Chiefs of Staff sub-committee will naturally strive for the strength of their own services.

The ideal arrangement would be a combined Ministry of Defence under one Cabinet Minister. This has been long advocated and, as a policy, is very respectably supported both politically and professionally. It has been examined by a series of committees of distinguished persons from 1918 onwards, and always rejected.

The heads of the Civil Service, a strong body of senior officers of all three fighting Services, and an imposing galaxy of Elder Statesmen, are all opposed to such a merger; but a combined General Staff for working out the strategical plans for combined operations—and with the arrival of the air arm all future war activities will be combined operations—would appear to be necessary, and I believe the case for it is unanswerable. The air arm has altered the whole strategical aspect of defence and has made necessary much closer co-operation than has ever before been attempted. Such closer co-operation can only be brought about by a permanent combined General Staff working to a common doctrine.

A GREAT AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

BY HARRISON BROWN

I HAD arrived, after much travelling, at a city in Kentucky and an excursion was proposed. Somehow that excursion went wrong. I found myself a few hours later disembarking from my friends' automobile on a refuse dump beside the turbid waters of Ohio River. The river was wide and was spanned in the distance by spider-legged iron bridges, an unenchanted prospect. My companions turned their backs upon the view and together the four of us set off down what should have been a sunny lane. The lane, however, had been subdued, and the last forlorn engagement between a riverside copse and the refuse dump was then in progress.

We came at last to a great Power House upon a Dam and I realized what I was in for. As we approached its portals and stood for a moment above the swirling water the most enthusiastic of the company seized my arm. "I go into this place", he whispered, "as others enter a Church". "But I'm not religious", I snapped, and instantly felt ashamed.

There is a great gulf fixed between the technically minded and those born without that quality; it is a gulf which the latter should seek to bridge, since the former are usually incapable of doing so. To the tyro all power stations are alike; I had seen many and did not wish to leave the sunshine for another round of polished floors and gleaming generators. But how was my young friend to know that? He to whom each was as different as a Gothic cathedral from a Saxon village church. He was not puzzled by my rude temper, he was deeply hurt—that perfect example of the Wellsian prophecy of twenty years ago. I offer him this unheard apology in the spirit in which expiatory masses were wont to be bought for the souls of those slain in hot blood.

We have little on which to preen ourselves, we untechnically minded who are not of this generation. To the modern we must

be at least as baffling as they to us. And that, too, was borne in upon me some weeks later by another river in another State.

The Clinch River, like much of the Tennessee of which it is a tributary, winds through the rocky woodlands of the Appalachian wilderness. My first glimpse of it was from the new "Free-way" which runs from Knoxville out to Norris. For some miles we had had on our right the far line of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. Then, as we rounded a bend, the setting sun became framed in the gorge of the river, fast sinking behind another range of wooded hills. I exclaimed at the rugged beauty of it all. It was not my first exclamation, and my companion grunted: it was "miserably poor land", he said, and brought me down to earth more quickly than the car reached river level.

He was entirely right. The land is very poor and he had little time to lose in wonder at its æsthetic beauty. We think of Americans as being without "traditions". That is wrong. Their tradition is one of activity which has had scant place for dreamers. The small leisured class inherited that tradition, which, divorced from its utilitarian basis, became for the most part senseless. Americans travel less to view "scenery" than to see other men and find out how they do things. The wonder is not that their travel should pertain to their tradition, but rather that some twenty-five great "National Parks" should have been set aside chiefly for the enjoyment of future generations.

I make no more apology for my own reactions than I would criticize my guide for his. I have met no more "civilized" man in all my travels than this servant of the Tennessee Valley Authority who was showing me something of that great project. Nor have I ever encountered a more inspiring work than this "experiment in human welfare" which is being conducted there. The United States is a Continent, not a country in the European sense. Rarely are the headlines of one State's capital more than a gossip note of interest for the next. It was the more interesting to find the T.V.A. so widely known. Over thousands of miles of territory almost everybody knew something of this one big feather in the New Deal's cap, and all were anxious to learn more.

The Tennessee Valley Authority, or T.V.A., is vast enough to require almost as many definitions as it has done maps. It may be called an experiment in planned economy; it has been named the most ambitious land-planning project in American history. It has been attacked as "rank Socialism", and defended, by no less a person than President Roosevelt himself, as "a birchrod in the cupboard" for the robber barons of the Power Trusts.

But call it what you will, it is a thrilling experiment and on a scale with which only one other country can compete. There is another parallel between Russian projects and the T.V.A. besides that of size. All travellers who have visited both say that they find in each the same exceptional enthusiasm for the job in hand. Therein lies the chief claim of the T.V.A. to be "revolutionary". It is a challenge to the dearest—and silliest—dogma not only of North America, but of Western Europe, the dogma that the profit motive alone can make the world go round. One may hazard a guess that the bitterness of interested opposition parties is partly due to realization of just how unequal the odds would be against them—if the game were honestly played!

As for the scale of operations, the Tennessee River is 1,200 miles long and its basin comprises 42,000 square miles, or nearly half the area of Great Britain. The elevation in the valley varies from 250 to 6,000 feet and the climate accordingly. The soil will raise anything that can be grown between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico; mineral resources are rich and the rainfall heavy. In its diversity it provides the perfect laboratory for a series of experiments, the results of which it is intended to apply all over the country.

There is a common impression that the only object of the T.V.A. is to generate cheap electricity. That purpose is fundamental to the general scheme and it is the side which has received widest publicity, but it is only the beginning. It may be called the kernel of the project, as it certainly is the rallying point of the fierce opposition with which the whole authority has been confronted. The main objective of the undertaking is to develop unified control of the water resources of the valley with a view to flood control and water transportation. It is the focal point of experimentation in the great campaign against soil erosion:

a menace which is estimated to cost the country \$400,000,000 annually, and to be threatening the livelihood of millions.

The plan includes also reforestation, less wasteful exploitation of mineral wealth, the production of nitrate fertilizer, and, most important of all perhaps, experimentation regarding the production of phosphorus. To these objects must necessarily be added that of agricultural education, the careful weaning of the farmers from their hide-bound habit of ruinous single-crop cultivation. Hygiene and health measures are important, too; disease is prevalent amongst the "hillbillies", for all their good stock and hardy open-air lives. To all these activities, and more besides, the Authority has chosen to add a series of training schemes for their own employees. Not only is the education of their children in the best of hands, but every unskilled labourer has the opportunity for specialized training.

America has been prodigal of all her resources, but of none has she been more wasteful than of the soil itself, at first no doubt from *embarras de richesse*, more recently from sheer economic necessity. In the nick of time the country has awakened to the fate in store for it if present methods continue. The drought of the North West, the appalling dust storms of the Middle West: these are problems calling urgently for temporary measures. Already thousands of families are having to migrate from land from which the top-soil has been literally blown away. In one case communities from Kansas and New Mexico have been shipped to Alaska, which in point of distance is as though the inhabitants of a Somerset village were moved to Archangel or Persia.

Civilization has broken Nature's cycle by which soil, air, and water fed plants, the plants fed animals, which dying, fed the soil again. When crops are reaped and cattle removed for slaughter great quantities of phosphorus go with them and are not replenished. Almost all soil is now deficient in that chemical, and reckless single-crop farming adds destruction to deficiency by increasing soil erosion.

It has been found that certain plants such as clover, peas, beans, alfalfa and others help to fix nitrogen in the soil. But phosphate is needed to make these plants grow to fix the nitrogen. And cheap electric power is needed to make cheap phosphate.

To quote Mr. H. A. Morgan: "electric power means dams, and dams mean reservoirs, and reservoirs, to remain effective, must be protected from the deposit of silt due to soil erosion. We check soil erosion through phosphate and our circle is complete." Thus, not merely man's convenience, but his whole well-being is the object of T.V.A. through the restoration of Nature's cycle.

The Authority is the laboratory in which the permanent solution of all these problems is being sought. That the men in charge of such an undertaking must be experts in their field is obvious. The inspiration of a visit to their camp dawns with the realization that they are more than that. From somewhere in our catch-as-catch-can civilization Roosevelt has dug a team of men who combine high social conscience with that rare quality of leadership which inspires co-operation.

The Directors are three in number, a civil engineer, a teacher and a lawyer. Three targets for the robber barons to shoot at, but hard birds to kill, all three of them. A little more than two years ago President Roosevelt brought these men together for the first time. He offered them a job of drawing up as quickly as possible a plan of operations for the Valley. They had wide authority, the salary of each was to be a modest £2,000 per annum, and they could hire all the expert help they needed, America being full of unemployed technicians. The Authority under their control has been voted \$50,000,000 as a start.

The Chairman, Dr. A. E. Morgan, has had a long career in reclamation work, and has planned and superintended some seventy-five water control projects throughout the Union. His hobby is education and in that field, too, he has long established himself as one of the nation's most enlightened leaders. Mr. Harcourt A. Morgan, the second Director, is Canadian-born and was, until recently, President of the State University of Tennessee. Mr. David E. Lilienthal hails from Chicago; he is the legal adviser, buyer of right-of-way, seller of power, controller of transportation, etc.

It would be interesting to speculate on the feelings of the three men when first they came to view their future domain. They saw a vast territory to which Nature had been kind, but with which Man had almost done his worst. An area inhabited by two

million people, with six million more within its influence; largely agricultural, in which few of the farm families handled more than twenty pounds a year in cash.

Soon the reports of their geologists told them that the mountains were bursting with fuel, coal, petroleum, natural gas, etc., and with iron and nickel and most of the mineral ores. There is a variety of clay for ceramics, of sand for every commercial use, of unmapped zinc, alum, salt, asphalt, magnesium and so on to the tune of £60,000,000, according to an estimate of the U.S. Bureau of Mines. Industry, indeed, has its eyes on the Tennessee Valley for other reasons besides cheap power. The future of this "unshaken commercial Christmas tree", as one commentator called it, lay in the hands of three good men and true, almost beyond the reach of political pressure. It was certainly enough to make the profiteers of the old Spoils System bitter.

They also saw "Muscle Shoals", a name made sinister by politics for years. The Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, four hundred miles below Norris, was built during the war to provide electricity for munition manufacturers. It has a large phosphate plant attached to it. For eight years it had stood idle. The dam is almost a mile long, 137 feet high and its power house can develop 261,000 h.p. This dam was taken over as the first working unit in the plan which will eventually co-ordinate all the resources of the Tennessee River. Today it is supplying current at very low rates to several cities and, in addition, providing most of the power required to build Norris and Wheeler Dams. When these dams are completed and their reservoirs full, more generators will be installed at Muscle Shoals and its capacity raised to over 600,000 h.p., which will more than double its service to the Valley folk.

When the whole scheme is complete there will be no more flood disasters there. When the high water seasons are over and the reservoirs filled, the dams will be opened and the water thus 'stepped' down the valley from dam to dam. With each step power will be generated and cheap electricity provided for the surrounding territory.

Unless one has seen the squalor of the "share cropper" districts, or the dust storm areas, or the sudden devastation of

life and property caused by such floods as recently hit Texas and Nebraska, it is almost impossible to envisage what a change would be made by the application of the T.V.A.'s experience to other areas.

But the start was not easy. Life is primitive in those backwoods, and very hard. Educational facilities for the young are scarce, new ideas come to the adults rarely and filter very slowly. The wretched shacks in which the mountaineers eke out existence can still be seen, not only there, but in dozens of States throughout the Union. Today, though, in the Tennessee Valley there is another kind of home growing up, wooden also for the most part, but well planned, built and equipped throughout for the fullest use of electricity.

Before there was anything to show at all the opposition had an easy time. The T.V.A. were strangers in the hills; before long they were being called "invaders" by the country papers which lived on Power Trust advertising. The chorus grew, long-faced lawyers descended upon the Valley to "warn" the population against the "amateurs" of the T.V.A. Politicians from the State Legislatures, men actually elected on pledges to work for lower power rates, were not afraid to "expose" to the villagers the "Socialists" who sought to provide an emetic for their ill-gotten gains.

More than energy was required to deal with such a situation, an even more important requisite was tact. The buying up of poor land and the eventual flooding of large areas under reservoirs, all this involves the moving of local inhabitants from familiar ground. When Norris Dam is completed the lake behind it will have a shore line of eight hundred miles, and six little villages will lie beneath the water, including the homes of three thousand families, twenty-six schools, dozens of churches. The buying of land is a commercial proposition, fair prices were paid. The moving of graveyards is another matter, there were several score "God's acres" scattered about the area that was to be flooded, over four thousand graves. Here tact came in.

The mountaineers are simple folk, they were not harangued about the matter. All the details were handed over by the T.V.A. to local ministers. The moving of each grave was accompanied by a religious service, tombstones and monuments were provided.

Nothing was hurried. And so, with the moving and rehabilitation of churches and schools, they looked better for the change. The same quiet help was lent the farmers themselves when they had doubts as to where and when to move. Labour for all this work was recruited from the neighbourhood and fair wages paid. Little wonder that the Valley folk soon became immune to the propaganda of their erstwhile masters.

When the first town was linked with Wilson Dam power, success began to succeed. Within a week of consumers receiving their first month's bill for T.V.A. power there were fifty new consumers! The little town of Tupelo is today not the only one "sold" on the T.V.A., but it was the first. Business men and householders found they were asked to pay anything from 30 per cent. to 75 per cent. less than they had previously paid to the private corporation. While rates are reduced, the amount of power consumed and the number of customers served are increasing rapidly. This means more business, less drudgery, better health.

Today in such towns as Tupelo or Dayton householders can use electricity for lighting, vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, irons, radio and other small items at a cost of about ten shillings a month inclusive. For some thirty-five shillings a month generous use can be made in addition of an electric range and water heater.

Yet another agency is directed by the T.V.A. to its purpose of "advancing the general economic welfare of the nation". This is the Electric Home and Farm Authority, which enables the consumer to purchase the best electrical appliances, if necessary on credit. To do this the Government has not entered the retail trade; it has contracted with the principal electric equipment manufacturers for supply of goods of guaranteed quality to be sold through dealers in the area of the T.V.A. The E.H.F.A.'s emblem includes the slogan "Electricity for All", and goods thus marked are only obtainable in areas where the utility company has a rate agreement with T.V.A. low enough to warrant a wider use of house appliances. Here, then, is a government-run instalment purchase scheme designed to stimulate both quantity and quality production and to lower rates.

There are today four counties and six cities located in three different States which are being supplied with T.V.A. power.

Some 350 other cities throughout the area have made application for it. These figures indicate that some millions of consumers no longer identify their interests with those vested in the private utilities. The final effect on the T.V.A. of the Supreme Court's decision respecting the constitutionality of N.R.A. is not known at the time of writing. It is safe to say, however, that if the effect is to cripple the Authority in favour of Mr. Hoover's friends, it will not be with the approval of the inhabitants of the Valley.

The town of Norris dots a wide hilltop, partly hidden in trees. At present it houses the two thousand men at work on the Dam and many of the executives, including Dr. A. E. Morgan. Widely scattered about are houses of varying sizes, none of them large, few of them, to my eye, very beautiful, but all supremely comfortable inside. It is more like an Ideal Home Exhibition than a Construction Camp, and as one walks about it seems still more the ideal community. Rarely indeed can the most assiduous traveller find such an atmosphere of contentment without sloth, and of freedom without its more obvious abuses. It is no exaggeration to say that one would need to probe no further into the T.V.A.'s activities than Norris itself in order to discover the guidance of exceptional men.

There is no place on earth where cheap sentiment would be more out of place than in this neatly planned-for-use little town of Norris. Dams are not built with gangs of archangels, nor do men set to constructive work in ideal conditions become inhumanly angelic. But Norris proves that they do become less inhuman.

Behind this co-operative enthusiasm which keeps on mentioning itself there lies, of course, an enlightened labour policy. On the Dam the men work in four shifts, five-and-a-half hours a day, six days a week. Negroes are employed in the same proportion that the coloured population of the locality bears to the total population. At Norris about four per cent. are coloured, at Wheeler Dam the percentage is nearer twenty. The negro at least should see a new deal in the T.V.A., accustomed as he is to be "last hired, first fired". All may please themselves about joining unions, and the relations of the Authority with union officials should serve as an eye-opener to the more stupid em-

ployers elsewhere, and notably to the textile bosses no farther away than Knoxville.

There is provision made for leisure time, that goes without saying. A large recreation hall is maintained for dances and other amusements, and courses are available for vocational training in agriculture, motor mechanics, carpentry, and many other things. Instruction is given voluntarily by the T.V.A. staff, and a great proportion of the workers are training themselves with a view to other work when the Norris job is finished. The angelic note does almost seem to sound when one finds the entire machine shop force requesting instruction from the training section. They stated that "the unskilled wanted training which would fit them for skilled positions, and the skilled workers wanted instruction so that they might be more useful to the T.V.A. and better all round mechanics". Shades of the South Wales coalfields!

The extent of the activities of the T.V.A. have been only touched upon, its scope barely indicated. Enough should, however, have been said to show that the T.V.A. is an experiment of a nature not merely to fascinate every American, but to provide lessons for other countries. As the National Education Association has said: "Of all the activities of the present administration it is the most constructive and prophetic". And just because of that and of what it implies it is the most venomously attacked of all the New Deal's children.

The majority of the Electric Industry are not looking for what Dr. Morgan calls "a change of outlook and a change of spirit". They are looking for excessive profits, and damn the consequences. "The electric operating utilities seem to be suffering from financial tapeworm", said Mr. Lilienthal on one occasion. "The patient always seems hungry, and the more he gets to eat the thinner he becomes. . . . This is not an elegant figure of speech, but the financial practices we are talking about are not particularly elegant either." The reference was to the "holding" companies which, in many cases, have come to manage the operating concerns. The abuse of privilege is flagrant, as the Insull case showed, and Insull was not alone. Monopoly concerns, supplying an indispensable service, have robbed both investors in the operating companies and consumers as well, in

wholesale fashion, by watering stock for various dishonest purposes.

Not all utility companies are so run, but the "robber baron" type of executive predominates. It is they who provide the most formidable opposition to the T.V.A. and their methods are not too scrupulous. It is not "socialism" they fear, but spoiling of the spoiler's game. Roosevelt is no socialist, he is a liberal making an intelligent effort to save the profit system; intelligent enough at least to see that nothing but violence and chaos can come from a continuation—as he puts it—of "that kind of rugged individualism which allows an individual to do this, that, or the other thing that will hurt his neighbours". The President has talked repeatedly of the T.V.A. as a "yardstick" whereby communities can measure the quality of service they are obtaining from their private utility companies.

There are other adversaries also. The coal industry, for example, is divided between those on the one hand who see that it must adapt itself to the coming of an electric age, and on the other die-hards who adopt the attitude of the hansom cab driver towards the taxi. The T.V.A. seeks always means of co-operation, yet once when Dr. Morgan was invited to attend such a conference he was met by the President of the Appalachian Coal Association with the words: "The coal industry is determined to destroy the T.V.A. It will destroy it by political means, by financial means or by any means in its power". No doubt the first inventor of the flint axe was welcomed in much the same manner by the more conservative members of the cave.

The problems which confront America are many and varied, economic and financial, agricultural and social. The germ of permanent cure for almost all of them seems to lie somewhere in the scheme of the T.V.A.'s activities. All Americans believe that the inherent possibilities of their country are unlimited. They undoubtedly are, but only at the price of stemming the present prodigious waste. And as to that Dr. A. E. Morgan, has wisely said: "Greatest of all wastes is that which comes when people fail to see the great possibilities and opportunities around them, and when, in that failure to see what might be, they resign themselves to things as they are".

W. B. YEATS: EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

BY ERNEST RHYS

IT was at William Morris's house on the Mall in Hammersmith, one Sunday night all but fifty years ago that I met Willie Yeats (as we called him then) for the first time. There had been a Socialist League lecture in the long-hut at the top of Morris's garden, and I was invited to supper afterwards by that hospitable poet—memorable occasion for a young newcomer from the north country. A raw recruit in the London literary campaign, I held the author of *The Earthly Paradise* in some awe, and as he sat there at the top of the long supper-table he looked friendly but formidable. He might have passed for some great Norseman, and the setting with P.R.B. pictures and old tapestry on the walls helped to bear out the effect of the host of this viking feast. The bare oak table was lavishly spread, and the guests were numerous and strangely varied, foreigners like Prince Kropotkin, most urbane of revolutionaries, and opposite him a noticeably alert figure, ginger-bearded, Jaeger-clad—Bernard Shaw to wit (whose acquaintance I had just made in the lecture hut).

But the one figure that took my fancy was a very pale, exceedingly thin, young man with a raven lock over his forehead, his face so narrow that there was hardly room in it for his luminous black eyes. I was introduced to him after supper as an unknown Irish poet called Yeats whose first poems were soon to appear. We left Morris's door together when it was getting late and Yeats missed his train at Hammersmith station. But he did not mind that at all, and seemed to regard trains as things that came and went at random. He talked eagerly, continuously, in a soft Irish voice, quite content, late as it was, to walk on towards Chelsea with me. On the way he regaled me with two Irish stories in which I noticed how he relished the names, putting "a leaf on his tongue" (as the Welsh say) and lengthening out words like *Tir-nan-ogue*. We stood talking until midnight under a

lamp-post at the end of World's End Passage and when we parted he was uncertain which way to go.

A day or two later he turned up with a book of Irish Tales—Crofton Croker's I believe, and we supped sparsely on cold bacon and cider. He ate as if by magic, the viands disappeared before I had taken a mouthful. He talked of Indian mysticism—of a wonderful seer called Mohini, and of "H. P. B." (Madam Blavatsky); or again of Irish folk like Paddy Flynn who had the secret of happiness, cooked mushrooms on a turf fire and smiled in his sleep under a hedge.

In return he asked me to supper at his father's house in Bedford Park—the first genuine Irish house I had ever been to—all the inmates thoroughly in character, and his two sisters delightful. The father, John B. Yeats, was not only a rare portrait-painter, but a vehement eloquent Irishman, hot on politics. That evening he and his son wrangled over Irish Nationalism, which rather spoilt our supper; but of all the household, it was the mother with her strange dark eyes who seemed nearest in mould to her unaccountable eldest son.

His room upstairs had a ceiling crudely painted by himself with signs of the Zodiac, and his writing-table I noticed was even crazier than mine. But he had the art of making any room he lived in "a scene of himself". He produced a copy of Sir Samuel Fergusson's poems, which he dearly prized, and gave me a little brown-paper-covered book *Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland* in which some of his earliest poems appeared. He read out one ballad in a curious sing-song—the *Ballad of Father John O'Hart*—

"There was no human keening;
The birds from Knocknarea
And the woods Round Knocknashee,
Came keening in that day."

He reprinted it afterwards in a volume of Irish folk-lore, but it does not appear in his *Collected Poems*. His voice cast a comether over me, that and his faith in his poet's art. Compared with him I was but a undecided Celtic visionary, trying to adapt myself to the fashions of the moment. As he once said: "I use all my great will power to keep me from reading the newspapers and spoiling my vocabulary".

About this time I had started as "Carnelot" editor, and was very glad to rope in an Irish recruit. We planned together a volume of Irish folk and fairy-tales, which he did for the series—almost his first London commission. That was in 1888. In a letter he said: "Make plain to the mind of Scott (the publisher) that I have taken much trouble about the book, and there is original matter of value which no one else could have got—that is to say Douglas Hyde's stories—one of them the finest thing in the book, and some gathering of my own besides in notes, etc. . . ." It was one of the most original books in that original prose series in which so many young writers made their début. His own book *The Wanderings of Oisín* appeared within a year or two of the Folk Tales, and it convinced me there was the making of a quite rare and unprecedented lyric poet in its writer.

"There was a green branch hung with many a bell,
When her own people ruled in wave-worn Eire;
And from its murmuring greenness calm of Faery,
A Druid kindness on all hearers fell."

In the following winter we set the Rhymers' Club going at the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, whose founders and first members were T. W. Rolleston, Yeats and myself. Other Rhymers soon joined up and when fully constituted, our rule was to sup downstairs then climb to a smoking-room at the top of the house, which we looked upon as the Club sanctum. There we smoked long clays or churchwardens, and cigarettes, and every man had a lyric or piece of verse in his pocket, which he read out, and we criticised afterwards. By far the best reader was Yeats, who intoned his verse with a drawn out haunting cadence. The one Rhymer we thought most of was Ernest Dowson, who usually came along with Lionel Johnson and one night read a poem with a refrain that became famous:

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

We had one formidable Scottish guest, John Davidson, author of *Fleet Street Eclogues* who told me with an angry laugh: "I hate the Irish nation". Yeats was his *bête noire*—perhaps he envied W. B. Y. his black raven's lock, for he had lost his own black hair after an attack of typhoid and wore a wig, which he once switched off his head to startle his fellow-rhymers.

Along with his Irish idealism, Yeats in those early years had

a congenial positive leaning to Theosophy. He was quite ready to draw one into the mystic circle, and his account of the High Priestess, Madame Blavatsky, left one full of curiosity about her and her secret doctrine. She lived then in Lansdowne Road, Kensington, and one evening we set off there together, and found a house not at all like my idea of a temple of mysticism. It was one of those well-to-do Victorian villas with large ugly rooms and an air suggesting a well-to-do bourgeoisie. When we arrived we were shown into a room from which the daylight was shut out by heavy curtains—in its midst a table covered with green baize at which four card players were seated under a powerful shaded lamp such as you see over billiard tables. Three of the players were extremely pale young men whose faces looked as if the ascetic discipline were affecting their health.

The fourth was the High Priestess herself, dressed in a plain loose black gown, with what looked like a black rope round the waist. Her powerful head, and face with Kalmuck features and sallow complexion had, under that staring light, an effect which would have been forbidding except for its gleam of humour. As Yeats presented me she paused in her card-play, held out a left hand, then went on with the game. We sat down and watched silently, but not for long, because suddenly one of the young men cried out: "H. P. B. you're cheating!"

At that she broke into a contemptuous laugh, throwing down her cards: "Did you only find that out now? I've been cheating all along!"

Still at the card-table, she asked if I was a believer in the secret doctrine, meanwhile rolling a cigarette with her tobacco-stained fingers and tendering it to me. I must confess to a qualm; but the personality of the woman was all dominating and when she talked her words were touched with latent humour, or so one fancied. As we walked away, Yeats asked me how "H. P. B." impressed me. But I hesitated. Isis was not yet to be unveiled for me, nor was this strange Sybil to be the predestined seer, while for Yeats Theosophy meant a new revelation, a spiritual deliverance. It was only a phase, however, in his career, while the Mysticism it connoted was an ingrained part of his equipment.

But it was Ireland, not India, gave Yeats his poet's birthright

and mystical bias. He often came to my Chelsea rooftree (two garret's in Cheyne Walk with windows scanning the Thames) and brought with him tales from Galway and County Sligo, or maybe the rough sketch of a play like *Countess Kathleen*. He could picture a character like Shemus Rua to the life. "Willie Yeats and the Abbey Theatre between them", it was once said, "killed the stage Irishman!" But he conjured up a stage illusion just as wild, and in story-telling could be extravagant as the author of *King O'Toole and the Goose*, humour that often served him when helping to coach the Irish players. He loved the surprise motive, whether sprung by a fairy-finder like Paddy O'Flynn, or by the County Sligo Man he once discovered binding corn, "in the merest pocket-handkerchief of a field"! when the topic of ghosts was started. "Ghosts", said he; "there are no such things at all, at all. But the gentry, they stand to reason; for the devil, when he fell out of heaven, took the weak-minded ones with him, and they were put into the waste places, and that's what the gentry are. But they are getting scarce now, because their time's over, ye see, and they're going back. But ghost, no! And I'll tell ye something more I don't believe in—the fire of hell".

Like the Brontës, Yeats had a dual Celtic strain in him, Irish and Cornish, and he was proud of his descent as both earlier and later poems of his (e.g., in *The Tower*) tell:

"Having inherited a vigorous mind
From my old fathers, I must nourish dreams
And leave a woman and a man behind
As vigorous of mind; and yet it seems
Life scarce can cast a fragrance on the wind,
Scarce spread a glory to the morning beams
But the torn petals strew the garden plot
And there's but common greenness after that."

But *The Tower* and its ancestral memories must not blot out the London scene in which I so often tracked him. The other day I went again to the slummy Court behind St. Pancras, Woburn Buildings, where he had for some years his abode, two or three staircases up above a cobbler's shop, to find it much changed and chastened. The cobbler's shop was gone and Liberty curtains hung in the discreet windows that had taken its place. There once a week Yeats held a symposium, where one

met poets and players, and other cranks whom he knew how to set talking on sempiternal and temporal topics. Thither came Florence Farr with her psaltery to which she intoned his poems, Aubrey Beardsley, Æ., Edmund Dulac and Augustus John. One night I went down to the front door to let in a late-comer, and it proved to be a singularly handsome young stranger, Rupert Brooke, then a poet unknown.

The most radiant apparition that visited the Woburn chambers was that of an Irish Princess (for so she looked) who might have come straight from Tara on the evening I saw her—Maud Gonne. No taxis or motor-cars then, and her chariot was an old four-wheeler. It was her first visit to that strange slummy little court behind St. Pancras Church, which reminded one of the purlieu of St. Patrick's Close in Dublin. It was a wretched wet black winter's night, and Yeats had arranged a small party to meet her and darted out of his doorway in the rain to receive his guest at the end of the court. As she dismounted in dismay, a tall stately figure in green gown, a gold torque round her neck, a troop of dirty little urchins had gathered from nowhere attracted by this lovely "lidy" and called out shrilly for half-pennies. Useless to attempt painting the scene within that evening—the low dusky room with its kitchen-grate and bright fire—Blake drawings on the walls and tall silver-candlesticks on the table. The Irish illusion with that superb Irish rebel as mistress of the hour would have been perfect if only her favourite Irish wolfhound could have been lying at her feet.

The last glimpse I had of W. B. Yeats in his Woburn Buildings interior was two or three years later, and that night I found him alone. He had been reading an Irish play sent to the Abbey Theatre—the worse he said he had ever read. But he had found one magnificent phrase in it, only two words which were haunting him: *Dreamy Dish*. When I left to catch a bus to Hampstead he accompanied me along the Euston Road, and as we parted murmured with absolute oblivion of the London hubbub around *Dreamy Dish*!

THE POST-WAR GENERATION

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

NOW that the long awaited changes in the Cabinet have been made many people are wondering why the comparatively youthful Mr. Hore-Belisha has not taken his place alongside Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Oliver Stanley and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. But Mr. Baldwin had a complex problem, and at least youth has not been ignored. Seven or eight years ago Conservative Back-benchers were bitterly criticising the Prime Minister because he limited his choice of colleagues to sexagenarians and septuagenarians. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on his re-entry into Downing Street, displayed the same unfortunate preference, for Lord Parmoor was virtually the contemporary of Lord Balfour. Men of thirty were represented by Sir Oswald Mosley, and by none other. The son-in-law of Curzon, the dashing, aristocratic convert, took the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—an office which an imaginative Labour Prime Minister might have reserved for some able Lancashire miner or cotton-spinner. The convert, moving still further to the Left, made an impatient gesture of resignation, and Mr. MacDonald, preferring the old whose views have hardened to the young whose views retain the feminine quality of change, was glad to close the ranks of the sexagenarians.

The years have since taken their toll. Sir Austen Chamberlain by his own example has reminded a long-lived generation that statesmen should retire at seventy. Mr. Baldwin, however deep his personal attachment to his own generation may be, was bound to turn to younger men in order to form this third administration. The contemporaries of Raymond Asquith and W. G. C. Gladstone are now in their fifties. Some of them, like Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd, have already made their mark, and, indeed, the records established by the survivors of this war-beaten generation are out of all proportion to their numbers. But not enough of

them are left to form a governing generation. Mr. Baldwin must recruit men who, like Lord Eustace Percy, have already passed the age at which the younger Pitt ceased to live. But the men of forty suffered greater casualties than the men of fifty, and it will not be long before they in turn are succeeded by the men of thirty. The Prime Ministers of the next decade must fill the gaps which would have belonged to the "lost generation".

That is why the appointments of Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald are very much more than an experiment in Cabinet-making. Mr. Eden has already acquired a European reputation—"That terrible young man", said a foreigner, "with a passion for peace". Mr. Hore-Belisha is not unsuccessfully attempting to curb the warfare between the motorist and the pedestrian by the means of collective security. Mr. Stanley, a Conservative delegate to the first session of the Round Table Conference, showed a grasp of detail which only Sir Samuel Hoare could have rivalled. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald proved his ability at the Ottawa Conference.

At the moment Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is the sole representative of the post-war generation in the Cabinet. He and Mr. Hore-Belisha were contemporaries at Oxford. Between them, however, a deep gulf was fixed. Mr. MacDonald went straight to Oxford from School: Mr. Hore-Belisha belonged to the generation which had been "over the top". Many of Mr. Hore-Belisha's generation became ex-service students, and within a year of the Armistice they invaded Oxford, giving it a bitterness, a disillusionment and a worldly wisdom which it could ill assimilate. Mr. Hore-Belisha is not, perhaps, a faithful representative of this generation. He has too much *joie de vivre*. In politics his ancestry is Churchillian. As President of the Oxford Union he introduced to the immediate post-war debates an intellectual flippancy which they had not enjoyed since the great days of F. E. Smith. The proctors and their bulldogs, long familiar with the pranks of the adolescent, knew not how to deal with men of many decorations. They were too serious for horseplay and too independent for effective discipline. They left Oxford as soon as they could. Not for them the well-trodden paths to the Church and the Bar, still less the Army. They were

among the first representatives of the old professional classes to enter the City, where they work unknown to the wider public, which likes to discuss its political and social figures. Some of them, unsympathetic towards a peace-time England, sought in India and the Colonies a true arena for their talents. They went out to Kenya, where they suffered acutely from lack of capital. "Lawrence of Arabia" is by no means the only exceptional Englishman who in India found a temporary shelter from the tribulations of the nineteen-twenties.

Despite the invasions from Flanders and Mesopotamia, the Oxford Colleges could not forget that it was their duty also to accommodate young men who had recently bade farewell to the sixth-form room, and soon among them was Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. The older men were for the most part content to leave to the "post-war generation" the offices which are the prizes of undergraduate life, and when Mr. Beverley Nichols and his friends gained their footing in the Union, they attempted to laugh the seriousness of the ex-service student out of existence, and in their endeavours they found a natural, though unexpected, ally in Mr. Hore-Belisha. Their efforts to restore an exuberant tranquility to Oxford met with a partial success, but it was not easy to be youthful in 1920. The ex-schoolboys used to debate who among them was to be the first to attain Cabinet rank. Sometimes it was to be Edward Marjoribanks. At other times it was to be one of those unusually brilliant men of whom Oxford has heard nothing since they ceased to be President of the Union. It is uncertain whether anyone outside the late Prime Minister's family decided that it was to be a quiet and unostentatious undergraduate of Queen's, who devoted very much of his time to promoting the welfare of the Oxford University Labour Club.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been wise in his choice of parents. In democratic days it may not be improper for the son of Scottish fisher-folk to found a political family; but the late Prime Minister should avoid Mr. Lloyd George's example of founding a family party. Otherwise, he may be embarrassed when Scottish Nationalism, like Irish Nationalism, trespasses beyond the boundaries of literature. Once again the youngest representative of Labour in the Cabinet is recruited from a privileged

class, and Ruskin College has still to wait before it can call itself a nursery for statesmen. It may wait for ever. The first Communist Prime Minister will almost certainly be an old Etonian.

In the House of Commons the post-war generation is rather more to the fore. After the last general election, it was found that members under thirty-five actually outnumbered those over forty. Mr. Robert Bernays, himself an Oxford contemporary of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, has described his first impressions of the new House:

"What an extraordinarily young crowd they were. Everybody seemed to have been at school with everybody else. In actual fact over a sixth of the House had been educated at Eton; over forty members had been at Harrow. There had been nothing like it since the election of 1900. The "Governing Class" were once more governing."

But, most emphatically, the "Governing Class" were not governing, for the old Etonians and Harrovians would then be rubbing shoulders with some two hundred Labour members. The House of Commons, like the House of Lords since the infiltration of Mr. Lloyd George's Peers, would be representative of all classes of society. Mr. Bernays has himself admitted that 'a Guy Fawkes dummy, if it had been labelled National Candidate, would have been triumphantly elected'. Not until there has been another general election can we tell whether the facile victories of the last election have permanently weakened the influence and prestige of Parliament—whether, in fact, the "Governing Class" are to govern not in Westminster, but in Whitehall.

The King's Silver Jubilee has helped to "date" the post-war generation, which appears to have swamped the present House of Commons. It has given to the young men born at the beginning of the century an Edwardian character, and young men born a decade later—the "Coronation Babies"—look upon them as pieces from an Edwardian museum. When the Georgian writers of the future discuss the Edwardians, they will possibly refer not to the generation described by Vita Sackville-West, but to the young men born before England had completed her long period of half-mourning for Queen Victoria. We shall cease to speak of the post-war generation. And indeed, a change

of nomenclature is due : the Georgians are in peril of becoming a pre-war generation.

It must not be forgotten that the young men who were with Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. MacDonald at Oxford spent the formative years of childhood in an Edwardian environment. They lived in an atmosphere of comparative wealth, comfort and security. Middle-class unemployment did not exist. The Sabbath restrictions of the nursery were relaxed to an extent which shocked their great-aunts. They became Boy Scouts. They were confirmed at the age of twelve or thirteen. They went to progressive public schools where broadminded headmasters allowed them to hear something about the "social question". Mr. Will Crooks and Mrs. Philip Snowden—"quite a lady"—came down to the school to lecture on a Saturday evening, and when a close friend of their parents "hadn't a penny in the world", they knew that he was making a brave fight with only the present equivalent of six hundred a year.

After the War broke out Mr. Will Crooks could never lecture at the school again because Lord Kitchener was always asking him to address a recruiting meeting. Soon there were memorial services in the chapel for old boys "killed in action". The O.T.C. became more active than ever before, and growing boys of fifteen stood "on guard" throughout the small hours of the night. Distinguished Generals paid hurried visits and followed their inspections of the O.T.C. with stirring addresses. When a Bishop arrived for a confirmation service, he was sometimes in khaki.

It was not long before the boy born at the turn of the century became an adolescent. The gap of time narrowed between him and the old boys, for whom there were the set memorial services. The persistent thunder reverberating from the other side of the Straits of Dover took on a deeper significance. Newspaper reports of German brutality were strangely at variance with the conduct of a German airman who, sweeping over the school waved his greetings to those boys who stood on the terrace, too bewildered to take shelter. A prefect venerated by more than one Edwardian child confessed that he dreaded enlistment. Yet three terms were scarcely ended when his devoted juniors, then prefects themselves, trooped into the Chapel, and

as they listened to the conventional praises of his virtues, they decided that if they survived the War, which was doubtful, they would never preach to the young—a wise precaution, for it is possible that the clergy who supported the last war will also support the next.

Suddenly, the Armistice destroyed the spectre of the trench and the parade ground. The O.T.C. lost its swagger and importance. The food and the teaching improved. Life, it seemed, was about to become Utopian, and the intellectual products of this ill-educated and ill-nurtured generation prepared eagerly for their new careers at Oxford and Cambridge. They were proof against the bitter cynicism of the ex-service students, but they did not emerge from their war-time schooling emotionally unscathed. The vindictiveness of the Press against the beaten foe disgusted them, and they were among the first to establish a personal relationship with the students of Germany. They were all for Lord Robert Cecil and the League of Nations. Yet they were not impervious to the fashionable winds of doctrine. Edward Marjoribanks plied M. Krassin, the first Soviet representative to reach this country, with pertinent questions. Lord Birkenhead could secure a majority in the Union in support of the Black and Tans. Mr. Lloyd George won an even greater victory when he persuaded the Union that the Treaty of Versailles was essentially a sound one : after all, it embodied the imperishable Covenant of the League of Nations. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald pleaded that Labour was actually "fit to govern". Differences between the Liberals and the Socialists at Oxford were not strongly defined, and when an undergraduate of Balliol proclaimed his Communist faith, Dr. Farnell, the indefatigable Vice-Chancellor, ordered his expulsion from the University. Among statesmen, however, the most popular speaker was undoubtedly Mr. Asquith, and the Oxford University Liberal Club quickly assumed a large membership. The Liberal party was in power before the War : it commanded the allegiance of Oxford after the War.

What was true of politics in Oxford was true also of economics. The school of "Modern Greats" was still in its infancy. The greater number who read Modern History attended Mr. Bernard Baker's lectures on the economics of John Stuart Mill and came

away with the impression that the case for Free Trade was unassailable. Post-war Oxford was as Liberal and as Free Trade as pre-war England. Yet the fortunes of the Liberal party were declining sharply. The post-war men distinguished themselves at the Liberal Summer School, but their efforts to enter Parliament met with increasingly disappointing results. A decade later the fortuitous return of Sir John Simon and Sir Herbert Samuel to a Cabinet committed to Protection enabled them for the first time to enter Parliament and so give Mr. Bernays, among others, the impression that "the 'Governing Class' are once more governing". At the next general election, however, they may be among the first to go.

The politicians were by no means the only members of the post-war generation to make a serious miscalculation. Brought up in the Edwardian atmosphere of wealth, many young men conceived it to be their duty to replenish the wealth squandered in the War. Until they had made good, they could not marry, for marriage means children, and children mean expensive school-fees. Maintenance of one's middle-class status is an expensive business, and so young men looked, almost for the first time, with disfavour upon the professions: they involved an exacting period of apprenticeship before there could be a satisfactory financial return. The prizes of the commercial world, however, seemed to be within every educated young man's grasp. Here was no lack of opportunity, though the brief post-war boom was ended. Business houses made a point of enlisting University men. The new and better-paid journalism eagerly embraced those who had vague social and political ambitions or those who, born ten years earlier, might have endured the hardships of a widely proclaimed clerical poverty: and what is Oxford but a school for modern journalism?

Adaptability, diversity, expansion were to dominate the commercial world, as Liberalism, Free Trade and the League of Nations were to dominate the political world. For some years the young men carried all before them. They improvised, threw away one job for another, scorned those who play for safety, travelled extensively abroad and returned to London only to make the sad discovery that the Londoner can retain the mental attitude of the provincial and suspect those who have seen more

of the world than himself. According to the economics which prevailed in post-war Oxford the more able a man proved to be, the more certain was his financial reward. Whenever a slump came, so the Oxonian argued, the least paid workers would be the first to go. Before the decade ended, events destroyed the validity of this doctrine. As the depression advanced, men well-entrenched in their jobs unconsciously combined to expel the improvisators. In war, whether military or economic, the best men may swell the casualty lists.

Mr. Bertrand Russell complains that "after dominating the world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, intellectuals suddenly find themselves in the position of Xenophanes, wanderers without a home or a country". This is particularly the plight of educated men and women of the post-war generation. They have paid dearly for their refusal to follow the well-worn tracks to the Bar and the Church and to other professions which ten to fifteen years ago were open to them. By diffusing their energies in spheres where they are still considered to be intruders they have weakened the influence of educated opinion. The recently formed Oxford Society may help to repair the damage that has been done. Never was it more urgent that we should restore the leadership of educated opinion, and yet never did social and economic conditions so relentlessly conspire to destroy the leisure on which culture depends.

The lot of the post-war generation has been difficult, and its members watch with no little sympathy the progress of their Georgian successors; for at least they themselves were not haunted by the fear of unemployment as they played and read in Oxford or Cambridge. From this fear the Georgian is never free. It haunts him from the moment he has completed his first year. His studies are so directed that he fits himself in advance for an intensified struggle for existence in a world which can embrace the expert, but not the gifted amateur. The effects of this coming struggle upon the freedom and composure of undergraduate life are disastrous, but, at least, the Georgian is at closer grips with reality than his post-war predecessor, the child of the Edwardian period.

Unconsciously, the post-war young man set out to maintain his status as a representative of the middle-classes. He thought

it imperative that he should make good financially and for that reason judged it expedient to postpone marriage. His successor—who cannot remember the War, still less the Edwardian standards—is far less concerned with the middle-classes. He favours a class-less society, and he is shocked with his predecessor's hazy notions of economics. Times are bad, but he has learned to travel lightly. Often he marries young—and the unrepentant Edwardian in turn is shocked—because marriage means companionship, and it is during difficult times that a young man is most in need of companionship. He has thus a far healthier sex-life than his predecessor, and to him the recent obsession with sex is exceedingly distasteful and morbid. For him the “terrible twenties” are as remote as the “naughty ‘nineties”.

The tragedy of the post-war young man is that he anticipated a political solution to the problems of his generation, and his successor knows that the solution will be economic. The Georgian child has studied deeply where the Edwardian had only dabbled. For years the post-war young man expected the Liberal creed to be a passport into Parliament, and those who at last succeeded in entering Parliament nearly four years ago have made the unhappy discovery that momentous changes can occur when Parliament is paralysed by the complacency of a large Government majority. Power has shifted its centre.

It is significant that Mr. Noel Coward, who expresses the emotions of the post-war generation more accurately than any other playwright, should have produced *Cavalcade*, for the men of this generation are but an episode in the fleeting history of England. Already their successors have “dated” them. Their experience has been bitter, and their casualties have been numerous. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that they are defeatist. If it took them time to realize that the world for which they confidently prepared themselves has passed away, their early determination to avoid the ruts and their gift for improvisation have served them well. The majority have already remedied the defects of their early training. Now that one of their members has attained Cabinet rank, we can anticipate the emergence of several more talented and attractive figures in our public life.

Their experience is unique. Unlike their seniors they were not recruited. Unlike their juniors they remember the war only too well. For them war has neither glamour nor romance. Their pacifism is deep and instinctive. In the writings of Mr. Beverley Nichols it has taken the negative form of a refusal to fight. With the majority it takes the form of a demand for collective security. They have thought deeply and, it may be, they see more clearly into the problems of the future than those whose outlook tends to become exclusively economic. Their Liberalism—so little calculated to assure them careers—will help them to safeguard personal and intellectual freedom in a difficult period of economic and social transition; for they believe with Professor R. B. Mowat that “reform is always possible, revolution is never inevitable”. They will confer a great boon upon their successors if they help to bring this mad world nearer to a new age of reason.

INTERLUDE IN SPAIN

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

TRAVELLING third class in Spain one notices one peculiar habit of the Spaniard. He gets into the train, buys his cakes, his peanuts, or his oranges, lights his cigarette, looks out of the window and not until the train has got well away does he walk down the corridor and look for a seat; he is on the train, that is the important thing. The parallel with his political behaviour is striking. If he is a politician he gets into the political game, makes himself at home and takes what opportunity offers later; and politics, like the train, drag on monotonously until at last some dramatic mountain moment comes, all is speed, excitement, and drama, until once more things subside into the torpor of the lower levels. Spain is in one of its torpid periods now.

It is also a wet moment. The severe drought of this spring did not break until well after Holy Week, and when at last the rains came they came violently, turning the rivers of Andalusia and La Mancha into red torrents. In the villages people stood out in the streets and smiled at the sky. Even in Madrid, when you said, "This is awful weather", people replied with astonishment: "Not at all. Good weather", as if they had just come up from their farm. No more pleasing reminder that all Spaniards are provincials and their country agricultural, than a man of the city praising rain.

"And how do you find Spain? Do you find it calm?" they asked eagerly. "Yes. Calm." "Calm", they repeated to themselves thoughtfully. "Things are very bad." I do not know for how many years I have heard these words, but this time there was truth as well as habit in them. Things *are* calm, and they *are* bad. Last year the peasants in Burgos were thanking God and getting drunk because of the superb harvest; but it was so large that they could not sell it at an economic price.

This year the drought has spoiled half the crop. It is a left-handed blessing. Between Cordova and Seville the peasants were standing at the windows of the train looking at the fields, counting the good ones.

The Budget has not been balanced for fifteen months. Then Spanish exports to France are being reduced and unemployment is serious. In Almeria the director of a lunatic asylum announces that in the past few years his institution has taken in five hundred people "suffering from the effects of starvation". One knows the low standard of living in the south and does not suppose the state of Almeria is general; but there are villages of small proprietors in La Mancha reduced to misery. The government is doing something to alleviate unemployment by subsidising small public works—on a country by-road one finds a new and quite unnecessary bridge. But no large programme is to be expected; and obviously no serious attempt to deal with the problem of the big estates—latifundias—in the south will be made, for the enthusiasm of the revolution has gone and government and local power are passing into the hands of the conservative interests. Wages have already fallen to near their old levels in the latifundias; and one has the paradox that one of the richest provinces gives the peasant the lowest standard of life.

How low it is in Andalusia will be seen by these figures. The average wage for an Andalusian labourer is from 1.25 to 1.50 pesetas per day (say, 10d. a day at the present rate of exchange) plus, roughly, another 8d. for food. Food money is paid because the labourers are working many miles from their villages, and indeed cannot return to their families oftener than every few weeks. On land near the villages the wage is twice as high, and everywhere is higher during the harvests. In the intensively cultivated province of Valencia, which is well irrigated and is owned by small proprietors, wages are much higher; but the Andalusian has to reckon on 120 to 150 workless days in the year. Many, though by no means all, of the big estates are owned by absentee landlords, and the land hunger of the peasant is not unnaturally revolutionary. The problem is difficult because some of the land is not easily cultivable wilderness, and nothing could be done without irrigation.

Some effort was made to deal with the latifundias by the first republican governments, but whatever progress was made—and it was not much—has been lost. The government did not act consistently nor very wisely. When land was made available in some parts, every peasant in the villages around put his name down for a piece, and not only for his own village, but for others. "Peasant" came to mean the village barber, the cobbler, bar-tender, who know nothing about the land; and the old and real peasants cunningly sold them twenty-year-old mules and bad gear. Names were duplicated, and some men came into possession of bits of land scattered miles apart and could not cultivate under those conditions. These comedies of peasant greed do not compare in sordidness with the general history of the building up of the estates—a history of the expropriation of the poor, the grabbing of the good lands, the driving of the poor into the poor land of the mountains. But they are enough to show that "to give the peasant the land" is not a simple matter. The property interests were thoroughly frightened and took advantage of social disturbance to call in the aid of the hated Guardia Civil. The temper of the owners and of their town dependents has indeed hardened, and has become ugly. Much is made of the behaviour of those peasants who, with the blind folly of the poor, poisoned wells and destroyed cattle when the disturbances were at their height. And now in this feudal region the moment of higher wages has gone, the owners are in the saddle once more, pretexts are found for sending young men suspected of unpleasing political associations to gaol, and in Cordova the owners are accused of reducing the amount of work available.

There was no rising in the south last October—when the Asturian miners rose—partly because the peasant movement had been crushed. All the Spanish gaols are full of political prisoners, one hundred and thirty alone coming from one small mountain village I know in the South. Many of the men had been in gaol for seven months without trial. One woman told me that her son's crime was that he "had had words" with the foreman and the proprietor. When one sees the miserable cabin villages where some of the peasants live, cabins built of old tins, thatch, and sacking and looking like Berber camps, then

the uniformed and armed keepers—no doubt their arms are intended for game—and later, the obese and genial proprietor dozing half the day in his club in Seville, one is not surprised at any excesses the peasant may commit. One can merely reflect that the sun is good and the revolts unhappily futile.

The immediate problem of the present radical coalition government under the veteran Señor Lerroux, has been to restore order after the terrible events of last October, and this wholesale gaoling has been one of the means. Fifteen Socialist deputies to the Parliament are in prison, Socialist municipal mayors, councillors and officers have been suspended, the Socialist offices and meeting places—the *casa del pueblo*—have been closed, the Socialist daily newspaper is banned, the whole press is censored, and until a few weeks ago all political meetings were forbidden. Juridically the country was living in "a state of emergency". Spanish Socialism has had its Vienna. The party has left the Cortes, its more enlightened leaders profoundly upset by the Asturian violence with which they had nothing to do, the rest in various states between disillusion and defiance. A beginning has at least been made with the trials of the Asturian and Catalan prisoners, which have been shockingly delayed; but it is only fair to point out that the delay has been caused by Señor Lerroux's stand for moderation against the Catholic Right's demand for the death penalty for leaders like Gonzalez Pena and Menendez. Intolerance and fanaticism—swinging to the other extreme of corruption and cynicism—are the essence of Spanish politics, and the Right's demands for vengeance have sometimes been hysterical.

The Socialists' "suicide", a "suicide" of the only closely organized and powerful section of the Left, was regarded with satisfaction and a desire to give the party the *coup de grâce*. The few Socialist utterances show, however, that there is plenty of life in that party and no disposition to admit moral delinquency; and, so far, the influence of Señor Lerroux has saved the leaders from the sentence of death. An argument typical of the human element which bridges the disastrous intransigences of Spanish politics, was that since the Left did not execute the Right rebel leader, General Sanjurjo, in the early months of the Republic, it was a point of honour that the Right should not now demand the

execution of the Asturian leaders. It was Gonzalez Pena who broke with others into an Oviedo bank and removed an immense sum of money to finance his rising—that money is still circulating among sellers of forged passports for political fugitives, for bribes to the police and passage money for the smuggling of the rebels over the mountainous French frontier. The days of the frontier intrigues of the Carlist wars are revived.

The commutation of the sentences on Gonzalez Pena and Menendez to life imprisonment was the occasion of one of those minor political crises, those feats of political legerdemain, so frequent in Spanish affairs when the Government resigns one day, the cafés buzz like flies and, behold, the next day there is much the same government, its Ministers reshuffled. But the parties agreed to postpone the agony of the Cabinet until after May 1st, for they were anxious to see whether labour would strike or riot. The *guardias de asalto* were out in force, joy-riding through the streets of Madrid on their tenders, their sirens whining like the sirens of the American fire engine. Nothing happened. The day passed off peacefully. Days of rumour followed. It was said that the President of the Republic should dissolve the Cortes, but he has already done this once, and it is his prerogative to do so only once again during his tenure of office, and he is known to want to keep that ace up his sleeve. Logically there should be municipal elections before a general election, for large numbers of municipalities are in the hands of temporary nominees, but a new Municipal Act is necessary. Municipal elections are very important in Spain because whoever wins them can "cook" to some extent—but less than in the past—the figures of the parliamentary elections. Madrid discussed these matters cynically. There had in fact been an agreeable descent from the idealism of the early days of the Republic to more cynical levels, for this was the tenth cabinet to resign since the fall of the King.

In the end, what everyone knew would happen did happen. The leader of the CEDA, the Catholic Right, secured a place in the Cabinet. He had so far been content with office for his lieutenants. The dramatically minded asked: If the surrender of two or three seats in the Cabinet cost Spain a revolution in the previous year, what would be the price of a Ministry for Gil

Robles himself, the hated and suspected leader? The answer was, Nothing; the eternal Spanish, Nothing, nothing, nothing. The pendulum had swung back to indifference and Gil Robles became Minister of War in Spain, which has less danger of war than any other country in Europe. That evening among the crowds strolling past the packed cafés of the Calle Alcalá, one saw an occasional Minister surrounded by his friends and hangers on, discoursing like some peripatetic Athenian philosopher—but with hat tipped back and a cigar in his mouth. There is little mystery of office in Spain.

The question is, What will Señor Gil Robles and the CEDA do? Before last October the answer was some kind of Fascism; now it is, Nothing this year. His strength is that he has the rich and powerful backing of the adaptable Jesuits who, freed of the incubus of defending the monarchy, are fighting skilfully for the interests of the Church, which are, of course, identical with those of the propertied class. The Jesuits have already bought up many of the best provincial newspapers, and they are determined to reclaim Spain from anti-clericalism, Socialism, and indeed Liberal policy. The CEDA makes promises as seductive to the workers as Hitler's famous "points", while tempting the salary class and the rich with the assurance that property, the Church, and order are guaranteed. The programme, vigorous and attractive on paper, has all the allurements of a theocratic Fascism without uniforms, and attracts all the reactionary elements in the younger generation. Those people who are concerned with the immense impulse given to education which followed release from the repressions of Primo de Rivera are anxious about the future, for Spanish clericalism will put the clock back if it gets the chance.

It is more useful, however, to leave the paper proposals of Gil Robles and look at practical probabilities. He is young and impetuous and aggressive, of unknown capacities, but thought capable; he is a good orator—which counts for a lot—he has clever advisers and is a firm but subtle politician. His refusal to say during the last election whether he was a monarchist or not, that is to say, whether he intended to overthrow the Republic, was masterly. It drew the red-herring of monarchism across the electoral question, and in the small towns the large monarchist

majority, always conveniently ignored by the Left, followed him. There is no question of a return of the monarchy. He has become Minister of War because he is determined to ensure the future support of the army, if need be ; for although last October showed the unexampled spectacle of the Army remaining loyal and undivided at a time of political upheaval, the loyalty was shaky and the conduct of some officers, notably in Oviedo, was incompetent to the last degree. The next objective of Gil Robles is the reform of the articles applying to the religious orders in the constitution. It was expected that his demands would be moderate, but one notices that if not in this, then in other matters, his general tone has hardened. It is not thought that he will ask yet the rescinding of the dissolution order against the Jesuits—they were not, of course, expelled from Spain, and they still run their schools, but as private companies as in France—but that certain restrictions upon priests will be removed and salaries paid to them as lay teachers. Nothing can be done this year because the CEDA would require a two-thirds majority in the Cortes to set the constitutional machinery in motion. Next year the chance is better ; the required majority then will be reduced to fifty-one per cent.

It has often seemed to those who, trying to solve the riddle of Spanish apathy and progress, without deciding with Lenin that violent social revolution was the only way out, that a genuine reform—not in the Protestant sense, of course—of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain must be one of the steps. Clearly the Church, fighting a defensive battle, is going to be something different from the Aunt Sally, beloved of old-fashioned anti-clericals ; the Church is indeed in many respects stronger than it was before the revolution, but whether this “ reformation ” is taking place is quite another question. How much is its sudden concern with social questions the result of fright ? If social revolution breaks out in Europe during the next war, will Spain be able to resist, or will it lead another counter-reformation ?

“It is unwise in the meantime to suppose that the Socialists have been broken by the events of last October or that office has worn out the influence of the radical parties in the big towns. The revolt was, after all, confined chiefly to the Asturias and Catalonia ; and the Catalanian had the usual nationalist colour.

The gaoling of thousands of people has caused great bitterness, and a great deal of evidence about the ill-treatment of prisoners has been collected, which adds to it. The Socialists are as bitterly opposed to the CEDA as ever. The old leaders evidently fear the rise of new men, less philosophical and not middle class intellectuals, who will take Socialism over to further violence and to Communism. There seems no present likelihood of this. A recent political meeting which gathered in Valencia to listen to the ex-Prime Minister, Azaña, showed that an active Left policy commands great support. People thronged for miles to hear Azaña speak and many who could not come by bus or tram came on foot. There were extraordinary scenes. Valencia is, of course, Republican anti-clerical country—the fanaticism of Castile is not in the Mediterranean blood—but it is not surprising that financial interests, in their search for stability, are inclined to support Azaña as the guarantee against extremism. He can soothe labour where Gil Robles—as October showed—exacerbates it. October had this costly merit : it showed the Right that extreme reaction would not be tolerated.

Of course, the prodigious success of Azaña's Valencia meeting frightened Lerroux's coalition and particularly Gil Robles—whose own meeting that week-end was a tepid affair—and the government, gravely obeying the customs of the Spanish political comedy, have forbidden further meetings.

MEMOIRS OF THE GAMESTERS

BY DONALD CARSWELL

THE *D.N.B.* is not the place where one looks for a mythical personage, but one at least may be found there. He appears as "Theophilus Lucas, biographer", and is said to have flourished about 1714, but of his existence in flesh and blood there is no evidence except the title page and preface to a slim duodecimo published in that year by a London bookseller. The title, in the prospectus convention of the time, is "Memoirs of the Lives, Intrigues and Comical Adventures of the Most Famous Gamesters and Celebrated Sharpers in the Reigns of Charles II, James II, William III and Queen Anne, wherein is contain'd The Secret History of Gaming, discovering all the most Sharping Tricks and Cheats (us'd by Slight of Hand) at Picquet, Gleek, Lanterloo, Bankafalet, Basset, Primero, Cribbage, Verquere, Tick-Tack, Grand Tricktrack; and all the English, Dutch, French, Spanish and Italian Games, play'd with Cards, Dice, Tables, or otherwise. The whole calculated for the meridians of London, Bath, Tunbridge and the Groom-Porters". As is the way of authors of highly unedifying books, the alleged Mr. Lucas assures us that his sole purpose is to serve morality out of his bitter experience. For he has the best of titles to speak, having lost an estate of £2,000 a year by gaming, "and though it is now too late for me to curse my fate, yet having a Son who is the very next heir to 1,500 Pounds *per ann.* by the Death of an Uncle, I have also upon his account publish'd this uncommon Piece of Trickery and Sharping". And so forth.

"One would be more apt to believe in Theophilus Lucas, Esq., his misfortunes and his pious purposes, if his name did not smell so suggestively of the Third Gospel. Everything about the book, indeed, proclaims it to be the work of a Grub Street hack. Not that it is any the worse for that. D'Israeli notes

it as a literary curiosity worthy of much more than the casual mention he gives it, inasmuch as "many of the tales of well-known characters are not to be met with elsewhere"—though that may be because the good Mr. Lucas invented them. The writer of the notice in the *D.N.B.* is putting it mildly when he says that they "must obviously be received with caution"; for I have remarked with regret that, where it is possible to check him *aliunde*, Mr. Lucas often proves to be a powerful liar.

Nevertheless, although an untrustworthy biographer, Lucas is a faithful enough historian of contemporary manners. It would be absurd to say that gambling was never so prevalent as during the later Stuart period. What can be affirmed is that never was it so crude, so reckless, and so fraudulent. Common gaming houses had not yet been declared by Parliament to be public nuisances indictable at law. On the contrary they were licensed, and a licence was easily had. As no games were then illegal, dice and card-games of chance predominated to the virtual exclusion of card-games of skill. Whist was beginning to be played, but it was too austere and intellectual—too much like work, in fact—for the gamester's taste. Further, the ethic of the age did not regard cheating as anything to make a fuss about. Thus, a great Lord Chief Justice laughed heartily when the suggestion was made before him that an indictment might lie for obtaining money by false pretences. "What"! he cried. "Shall we indict a man for making a fool of another?" Cheating at cards was a thing that even an officer and a gentleman might do without a qualm. If he were caught he would be involved in some immediate unpleasantness at the hands of his victims, but not in anything like social ostracism. The worst the cheat had to fear was that he might be tossed in a blanket or get a skinful of sore bones and have to lie low in his lodgings for a week or two, after which he could show himself in his old haunts with complete assurance. Of course his career might be brought to a sudden end as the result of a duel, but that might happen to anybody, and actually the risk was very slight, if Lucas's record is any guide. Only one of his heroes came to that comparatively honourable end. One committed suicide, and Tyburn claimed two, but the majority debauched themselves into the grave in middle-age.

There were notable exceptions; however, some whose ill-gotten gains prospered amazingly. The most scandalous of all, Colonel Francis Charteris, does not figure in Lucas, because he was only at the beginning of his career as a money-getter when the book was written, but three cases are reported that are sufficiently unedifying. There was Jonathan Laud, for example. He was an apothecary's apprentice of Lincoln, who, coming into a little money by his father's death, must needs set up as a gentleman in London. Of course, the money soon went, and Jonathan found himself reduced to being a gaming-house tout. Being, however, a youth of character, and reflecting that experience that has been bought and paid for may as well be used, he resolved to get back all the money he had lost and a little more, and then quit. This he did by means of a dice-box that looked like any other dice-box but wasn't. It answered so well that "having timely left off this destroying Vice, he marry'd a young Woman, with whom he had a Portion of 2,000 Pounds, and liv'd very happily with her at his Country-seat near Henly-upon-Thames in Oxfordshire till he dy'd, which was in June, in the Year 1704".

But Laud was not one of the great gamesters. Apart from hazard, his only first-class game was draughts, not, one would say, a very promising field for cheating, but it is said that he contrived to make it pay. He was not of the calibre of Colonel Thomas Panton, who is described as "an absolute artist" at every kind of card game, "either upon the square or foul play", and also an accomplished player of billiards and chess.

But above all his chief Game was at Hazard, at which he got the most money; for in one Night, at this Play, he won as many thousand Pounds as purchas'd him an Estate of above 1,500*l. per Annum*, insomuch that he built a whole Street, which after his own Name, he called Panton Street. After this good fortune, he had such an Aversion against all manner of Games, that he would never handle Cards or Dice again, but liv'd very handsomely on his Winnings to his Dying Day, which was in the year 1681.

Lucas might have added—though probably in his time the fact was not deemed worth mentioning—that Colonel Panton not only gave his name to a Westminster street, but was buried in Westminster Abbey. But so far—save that the date of his death should be 1685—there is no reason to doubt that the passage quoted is substantially accurate. We may accept also the two

anecdotes that are related of him. One is that Moll Davis, the rival of Nell Gwynn, once challenged him at basset. As a matter of course he let her have the first game, losing £150 to her, whereupon the hussy coolly swept up her winnings and quitted. But Panton got his own back, and more, later, when he induced Moll to play with him again, and managed the affair so that she sat with her back to a mirror. Her failure to notice this circumstance cost her £1,200. The other anecdote it is not possible, even if it were desirable, to relate here at large, but the gist of it is that Panton was a great amorist as well as a great gamester, but not so uniformly lucky at bed as at board. A ludicrous misadventure with a goldsmith's lady made him, it is said, the subject of a street ballad that enjoyed immense popularity for many a day.

On the whole, however, Lucas's account of Panton is scandalously untruthful. So far from being a needy adventurer who, after being jobbed into a commission at the Restoration, bought himself promotion out of his winnings at dice and cards, he had been one of Charles's companions in exile and already held the titular rank of colonel. Charles rewarded him with lucrative commissions in the Horse Guards and the Foot Guards, which he was allowed to hold simultaneously, but afterwards becoming a Roman Catholic, he had to resign them, which suggests that he had some pretensions to a conscience. After quitting the gaming table he speculated profitably in real property—hence Panton Street—and died a very rich man with several large estates in Herefordshire.

Still more scurrilous is the notice of one who was alive when it was published, Major-General George Maccartney. It was an atrocious libel even for the time, but it could be uttered with impunity, because Maccartney had lately had to flee the country, never, it was thought, to return, owing to his part in the mysterious Mohun - Lauderdale duel. He had been Lord Mohun's second, and the popular reconstruction of the affair, in which both principals were slain, was that the Duke, after fatally wounding Lord Mohun, had been treacherously set upon by Maccartney. Taking the view that there is nothing too bad to say about an object of public odium, Lucas invents with an impudence that takes one's breath away. Maccartney is

represented as an Irish Catholic of low birth, who got into the Army and gained promotion by unmentionable practices, a prodigy of depravity who, for example, "being a thorough-pac'd Papist, imputed Incest but a Venial Sin, or rather no Sin at all". The facts are that Maccartney, though born in Belfast, was not a low-born Irishman but a Scotsman of good family, an uncompromising Whig, and one of Marlborough's ablest officers. There is some evidence that he was not a paragon of virtue, and no doubt he played a good deal; but there is nothing to show that he was any worse than his contemporaries of his class, and even Lucas is unable to allege that his gambling exploits were specially distinguished. The best attributed to him is that he once won 1,590 pistoles from the Prince Eugene—not a large sum as gambling went in those days. Lucas expresses the pious hope that, although he is out of the English jurisdiction, "Justice may perhaps overtake him in the end and bring him to condign punishment". Sad to say, the hope was disappointed. After a few years General Maccartney was able to return to England and resume his career in the Army as if nothing had happened.

There was another general with whom Mr. Lucas was on surer ground, Robert Feilding, to wit, commonly called Beau Feilding, a distant kinsman of Henry Fielding on the side of the family that, according to the novelist, never learned to spell. "When Feilding was in the Land of the Living", says Lucas, "one might properly have called him a Volume of Methodical Errata, bound up in a gilt cover; or, rather, he was a Man's Skin full of Prophaneness, a Paradise full of Weeds, and a Heaven full of Devils". This heavy bit of rhetoric seems to mean that the rascal had good looks and engaging manners. That he was a rascal we know from more respectable testimony than Lucas's, and he was nearly as much fool as knave. His title to be described as major-general is dubious, resting on no more than that James II gave him a regimental command. At the Revolution he adhered to James and went into exile with him, but took the first opportunity of sneaking back to England to make a living by such wits as he possessed. He played, of course, but was not smart enough to do really profitable business at cards. His speciality was matrimony.

Becoming a widower for the second time, and having run

through every penny of the fortunes his wives had brought him, he resolved upon a third venture. There was a rich widow, a Mrs. Deleau, whom he fancied would do, but, as he did not know her, he had to employ a go-between, who wrought with such success that a marriage took place; but General Feilding was considerably annoyed when his bride turned out to be, not Mrs. Deleau, but a woman of the town named Mary Wadsworth. At this juncture, however, he was consoled by the elderly Duchess of Cleveland, Charles II's old mistress, conceiving a tenderness for him. He went through a form of marriage with her, and lost no time in treating her as he had treated his other wives, which was very ill. His bigamy being discovered, he was convicted at the Old Bailey, but had interest enough to get a pardon. One good action and one witty remark are recorded of him, though the goodness and the wit were only moderate. When he died at the age of sixty-one, having for some years been reduced to living with his lawful wife, he left her the poor remains of his estate. For the witticism we are indebted to Lucas:

A certain honest Gentleman saying to him, "Considering how much money you owe, Sir, to Tradesmen, I wonder how you can sleep a'Nights for thinking on't", he reply'd, "I can take my Rest very well, Sir; I wonder more how they can sleep to whom I owe anything".

There was one thing to be said for gaming as conducted in those days. It was pre-eminently *la carrière ouverte aux talents* in an age when such careers were few. Big business had not been invented. It was at the gaming table that the enterprising and not too scrupulous young man of the people who wanted to get rich quick found the opportunities which the City offers his modern analogue. Take Richard Bouchier, for instance, a plasterer's son, who began life as a professional (and incidentally crooked) tennis player while in the service of the Duke of Buckingham as a footman. Having acquired a taste for fine clothes and the gay life and a smattering of genteel behaviour, he turned professional gamester and never had cause to regret it. He was one of the best-dressed men in town and passed for a very fine gentleman indeed. Soon he was playing only with the best people, and was particularly lucky with Royalty. In Flanders even the cautious William of Orange once dropped £2,500 to him in a single evening, but he did much better out

of the Elector of Bavaria, from whom he won £15,000. The Elector did not take it well, and even hinted some suspicions about Mr. Bouchier's methods of play. Now if Mr. Bouchier had a virtue it was that which Aristotle calls magnificence, and on this occasion he excelled. It grieved him to the heart that His Serene Highness should have any feeling in the matter, so, to show all was on the square, he was willing to toss double or quits provided His Serene Highness would spin the coin. His Serene Highness spun—and lost. He was obliged to ask Mr. Bouchier for time to pay, which Mr. Bouchier gracefully conceded. Lucas puts the aggregate of Bouchier's winnings at £100,000, which may be an exaggeration. The exact figure is immaterial. The point is that at an early age he was able to retire in affluence.

He purchas'd a very pretty Estate near Pershore in Worcestershire, on which he liv'd very handsomely and genteely till he was afflicted with an Asthma, of which he died at his Lodgings in Tothill Street, in Westminster in 1702, aged 45 years, and was decently interr'd near his Seat in the Country.

But for all his magnificence Bouchier must yield place to the perfect picaro, Patrick Hurley. "This unaccountable Sharper", as Lucas calls him, was the brat of a Cork chambermaid. She had loved a "wild Irishman", who married her, but always disclaimed the honour she tried to attach to him of being Patrick's father. The couple afterwards settled at Athlone, where they kept a public-house, and there one day young Patrick was espied by a great lady from her coach, who swore (having none of her own) that she had never seen so pretty and engaging a child. She adopted him forthwith, and gave him the education proper to a young gentleman, to which he responded as a young gentleman should—that is to say, he evinced a marked dislike for any solid learning such as classics and mathematics, but quickly learned to chatter French and Italian, and was apt for everything in the way of a game or sport. When he was fifteen his patroness died, and her husband, to assuage his grief, went for an extended tour of the Continent, taking Patrick with him, who was thus enabled to perfect his knowledge of the polite languages and the world.

This worthy peer, dying also soon after their return to Ireland,

Patrick found himself flung upon the world while still under twenty, with nothing but his clothes and his gentlemanly education. He made the most of these assets. He began with the Dublin gaming-houses, but needed more scope than Dublin afforded. So after a lucky night that gave him £250, he took shipping for England. It happened that his port of landing was Bristol, which suggested to him (stout sportsman that he was) that he might make a bit out of the Quaker colony. That Patrick Hurley's limited reading had ever included the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel is improbable, but great minds think alike, and his notion for diddling the Quakers recalls the occasion when Eulenspiegel gave himself out as a master of all languages save the Greek. Hurley presented himself to the local Friends as a devout member of their Society who had been favoured by the Holy Ghost with the gift of speaking in tongues; but only, he was careful to premise, Christian tongues. Thus he ruled out Latin (because it was the language of the Beast) and Greek (because it was pagan) and Hebrew (because it was the tongue of those who had rejected and crucified the Saviour) and Arabic (because it was blasphemous, being the language of the Koran). As he could speak several European languages fluently he was much admired until a low-minded Friend from Wales, who harboured the notion that Welsh was a Christian tongue, invited him to read and translate from a Welsh Bible. This unfortunate test decided Hurley to move on to London without delay. He did very well there, clearing £5,000 in eighteen months, and being second to none in the elegance of his clothes and equipage.

But Patrick Hurley was one of those people who can never stay very long in one place. Whether from *Wanderlust* or prudence or a mixture of both, we find him next at Versailles, passing himself off and being accepted as the Earl of Donegal. He had a great time.

He won in less than six months above six Thousand Pistoles (£4,800), besides eleven Hundred Pistoles (£880) from the Pretender, more from the Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Vendosme, the Mareschal Villeroy and the Mareschal Villars. In such Repute was he among the Nobility, that having the Honour once of playing with His Most Christian Majesty, he won of him in One Night Fourteen Thousand Pistoles (£11,200).

It will hardly surprise the reader to learn that "after this Success, not holding it any longer convenient to stay at the Court of

France", Hurley transferred his activities to Italy, and *ex majore cautela* changed his name and title. He is now Viscount Dillon of Costello—always the patriotic Irishman, mark you. At Venice the Doge proved even more profitable than Louis XIV, being worth £1,500 for one evening at ombre. This was the high-water mark in the tide of Hurley's affairs. At Naples, it is true, he is said to have won 3,900 ducatoons (£500) from a Jewish banker in four hours, but the ebb set in very fast. When at length he got back to London, he found to his discomfiture that he had by no means been forgotten. People were so shy of playing with him that he was reduced to common frauds, the profits of which were not on the scale to which he was accustomed. His career ended ingloriously. A little swindle that miscarried having landed him in a year's hard labour in Bridewell, he contrived to escape and was never heard of again.

A generation earlier there had been a compatriot of Hurley's whose career was similar, but more sordid and less fortunate. He called himself "Major" Clancy, but does not appear ever to have held any military appointment. A poor lad of Kilkenny, he was taken on as page by a French nobleman who happened to be in Ireland during the troubles of 1641. Afterwards he accompanied his master to France, and for several years was strictly honest and industrious. But one day he was tempted to dress up in his master's clothes, and the sight of himself in the mirror so pleased him that he resolved to turn gentleman. He accordingly absconded with the clothes and all the cash and portable articles of value he could lay hands on. He was a plausible rogue, who turned his hand to swindling of any kind. He began his operations in Ireland, but soon came to London. Having been thrown into the Marshalsea for debt, he wooed and won the head-jailer's daughter, and got her to help him to escape, rob her father and elope with him to Holland. There Clancy deserted her and went to Italy, where his principal stroke was to swindle the Grand Duke of Tuscany of a thousand dollars by means of coggled dice. A few years later he had the impudence to show himself in London again, and made a great deal of money at hazard. But, like Hurley, he overdid it. He was hanged at Tyburn for seducing a servant girl to rob her master.

By far the most amusing rogue in Lucas's gallery is Justice

Higden, so called because he belonged to that notorious order of licensed thieves, the Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, or "trading justices". Before that he had been an officer in the Army, and before that again a student of the Middle Temple, so that at least he had some *scintilla juris* about him, which was more than most of his gang could say.

But here arises an interesting little question for those who like the byways of literary biography. Is Lucas's Justice Higden the same person as "my ingenious friend, Henry Higden, Esq.", for whose translation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire Dryden wrote commendatory verses? Of this gentleman, Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* (vol. I, 333-4) tells us that he

was a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple during the reigns of James II and King William III. He was a person of great wit, an agreeable and facetious companion, and well known to all the sprightly and conversible part of the town. He was the author of one dramatic piece, entitled *The Wary Widow* (1693) and, indeed, his fondness for the convivial and social delights seemed to show itself very apparent even in the conduct of his play; for he had introduced so many drinking scenes into it that the performers got drunk before the end of the third act, and, being unable to proceed with the representation, were obliged to dismiss the audience.

But the preface which Higden wrote for the play, when presently he published it, is silent on this point. The fiasco is attributed to the ill-will of the partisans of Congreve. Sedley and other friends contributed consolatory verses about the horridness of mob law in art, and one of them observed:

Let men of sense give o'er th' uncertain game
Where wits with fools at hazard play for fame.
Upon the square you may throw out Old Nick,
Therefore wise gamesters have resort to trick.

One may fancy a sly dig at the author here.

Higden was more celebrated as a practical joker than as a gamester, but unfortunately most of his pranks are too indecent for repetition, though one cannot but admire their ingenuity and daring. The end of "this comical Spark" was most pathetic. He fell upon evil days and "afterwards, to make himself as miserable as he could, he turn'd Poet, when, going into Ireland, he writ there a Play or two, and shortly after dy'd there very poor in 1703, aged 44."

NAZIS WITHOUT A JEWISH POLICY

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

AFTER more than two years of National Socialist rule, during which the persecution of the Jews has occupied so prominent a part in the programme of the Third Reich, the Hitler regime still is without a definite Jewish policy. It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that nothing is more vague and uncertain than the Nazi treatment of the Jewish problem. Jew-hatred in itself is no policy. It may dictate policy and permeate action. But it is not a consistent course of action pursuing clear aims and moving in a definite direction. It is one thing to hate the Jews and another to know what to do with them.

It is chiefly this lack of policy that has made the lot of the Jews in Germany so difficult. There is nothing more trying for a group or for an individual than uncertainty; nothing is so conducive to a state of nerves in an intelligent highly-strung community which has been brought up to value method and order above everything else in life. It would seem that almost any condition would be easier to bear for the German Jews than the one existing at present, in which practically every Nazi leader makes his own laws or gives his own interpretation of existing laws pertaining to the Jews. The fact is that in no other field does the Nazi regime reveal so much muddled and chaotic action as in its dealing with the Jews. A few facts drawn from an endless number bearing on the more serious aspects of Jewish life under the Nazi regime will illustrate the position.

The official stand of the German Ministry of Economics as well as of the Government as a whole has been, practically from the beginning of the regime, that Jewish business enterprises, commercial and industrial, should not be boycotted or molested. Officially the anti-Jewish boycott ended with the spectacular

demonstration of April 1, 1933. This stand was taken by the Government not so much out of consideration for the Jews as out of regard for German industry and commerce, which cannot afford the luxury and waste of an internal boycott. Yet there is nothing more real in Nazi social life than the boycott of the Jews. To read the Nazi Press, to hear the Nazi leaders speak, one would get the impression that the several thousand Jewish enterprises still left in Germany form the greatest problem of the Reich. France, Russia, Austria, Poland, the economic depression, unemployment, none receives so much attention in German public life at present as the boycott of Jewish shopkeepers and manufacturers. It is made the acid test of loyalty to the Nazi regime. The Streicher Press goes to the length of stationing camera men in front of Jewish shops and photographing Germans entering them; later these photographs are featured in the newspapers as those of traitors to the German cause. And all this, while the Ministry or the Government is issuing order after order declaring that there is to be no boycott; that any business enterprise in Germany is German irrespective of the race of the owners of its capital, and that the Government is not at war with a portion of its population, at least not in the economic field.

Another illustration of the same glaring contradiction is offered by the operation of the so-called Aryan paragraph. This paragraph is one of the major contributions of Nazism. It stands out with the Brown Houses, the Concentration Camps, the S.A. and the S.S. as a distinctive mark of the Third Reich. Now, the Aryan paragraph as proclaimed in April, 1933, and never altered since, excludes Jews from employment in Government positions and state institutions. It also limits the number of Jews in the professions, particularly those engaged in literature, art, on the stage, and in the press. The measure, cruel and ruthless as it is, was never intended to operate anywhere else than in state institutions and in government bodies. Private enterprises of all kinds were expressly exempted from the application of this paragraph. Moreover, even within the limited framework of operation of the Aryan paragraph, certain definite exemptions were provided in the case of war veterans, who were actively engaged at the front, and their children. And yet nothing is

more flagrantly ignored and contradicted than the orders of the Government in reference to this measure. The Aryan paragraph is applied indiscriminately in private as well as in state institutions, and its exemptions are flagrantly over-ruled by Government bodies themselves. The official Nazi press is full of hysterical denunciations of private people or firms who engage a Jewish lawyer whom the Aryan paragraph has expressly exempted from racial discrimination because of his war services. Private hospitals and clinics are not allowed to engage even those Jewish physicians whom the Aryan paragraph has given permission to practise. The last remnant of Jewish writers, publicists, and journalists who had been allowed to work because of their war records was summarily dismissed on April 1st by the Minister for Propaganda and Culture, himself one of the pillars of the Government which issued orders to the contrary. Even humble Jewish working men and women who have nothing to do either with Government work or with the professions, and against whom the Aryan paragraph was never intended to operate, are daily being dismissed from the shops, factories, and offices where they are earning a poor living. And this is being done in open defiance of the frequent decisions of the Labour Courts (which, as a rule, still retain the old Social-Democratic tradition) that such dismissals are contrary to social morality and to Nazi law.

What is to become of all these people so deprived of their work and means of livelihood? What are they to do and how are they to go on living? Assuming that some of these people have made peace with their new status, difficult as it is, and are willing to adjust themselves to the new mode of life under the regime; how can they fit into the new system? Is there anything that they are permitted to do after all the innumerable injunctions against what they are not to do? What is the positive side of the Nazis' dealings with the Jews?

Soon after the Nazi upheaval a new and interesting movement arose among the German Jews. It was called the *Umschichtung* (change or transfer of occupation). Former professional men, physicians, lawyers, scientists, journalists, artists, all those who have been deprived of their work and means of livelihood, turned hopefully to skilled trades and to manual work. Trade schools

were started; training centres were established and most of the dispossessed people flocked to them in order to learn some new and useful occupation which would enable them to live, no matter how humbly. The movement was popular chiefly among the younger Jewish people, those who previously filled the universities and academies of learning.

For a time it seemed as if a new hope had been born for these unhappy people, a hope for the construction of a new, simple, but healthy life on the basis of plain, useful labour. If the Nazi regime had had the slightest inkling of a positive Jewish policy it could have accomplished a transformation of Jewish economic life in Germany not less revolutionary and constructive than that achieved in Soviet Russia, one which would even have atoned in a measure for all the tragedy and destruction previously wrought.

But the Nazi Government has not only not assisted these people whom it dispossessed and uprooted, it has done everything possible to kill the *Umschichtung* movement. The trade schools have been suspended except in the case of those which are preparing youths for emigration to Palestine; the training centres have been mostly closed, and the entire movement has been given a death blow by the order that Jewish artisans and craftsmen who graduate from these schools may not compete with Germans. The only effective and constructive way out of the tragic Jewish position in Germany has been cut off. The regime which has driven the Jews from their old positions has at the same time deprived them of the only means of escape into new ones. All that remains in the Nazi attitude toward the Jews is hatred and malice without a unifying aim or underlying thought; in a word, a complex, not a policy.

The Hitler regime itself seems to be not unaware of the anomaly of this position. For months Herr Frick, the Minister of the Interior, and Herr Julius Streicher have been heralding the coming of changes in the Constitution to regulate the Jewish position legally and politically. This, according to Herr Frick, will be accomplished by depriving the Jews of their citizenship in the Reich and by establishing their position as that of alien "guests" or as citizens of the second class, in accordance with the principle of citizenship laid down in *Mein Kampf*. It appears that it is

only the present preoccupation of the Government with the bigger problems of foreign affairs that is delaying the introduction of this new measure. But even when it is introduced it obviously will not solve the real problem. In a State where the political rights of all citizens, non-Jewish as well as Jewish, are largely reduced to the raising of the right arm and shouting "Heil Hitler!" a political measure cannot offer a real solution. Jews deprived of the suffrage will not be in a very different position from non-Jews who retain it, but have no choice but to vote Nazi. Second-class citizenship is not very different from first class in a State where citizenship has practically been abolished altogether. Something more radical than political inequality is wanted to regulate the Jewish problem.

It is therefore to economic rather than to political measures that the Nazis are lately turning in search of a radical Jewish policy. A number of official pronouncements and orders lately made public indicate that the Government seem to believe that in this field of economics, too, they have discovered a solution of the Jewish problem. The new anti-Semitic drive, which was started soon after the Saar plebiscite and is increasing in intensity from day to day, seems to be inspired by this new discovery. All the recent anti-Semitic acts in Germany emanate from it and are directed towards a realization of it.

The new policy is simply this: There is no room in the fabric of the Nazi State for the Jews at all. They are an alien element in the Nazi social body, and they cannot remain there even in an inferior, second-class position. They must clear out of the Third Reich altogether. The only remedy for the Jewish problem in Germany is a large Jewish mass emigration until the entire group is liquidated. In a sense, this is of course, not new. A tendency to force Jewish emigration from Germany has existed ever since the establishment of the present regime. It was one of those instinctive acts of hatred which the Nazis have always followed blindly, even without a deliberate policy. But of late this tendency has hardened into an articulate programme, and instinctive hostility is giving way to a considered course of action.

The regime is also taking a more comprehensive view of emigration than is usually taken by Governments with a similar

policy. What the Nazis want and are aiming at is really not emigration, but an exodus of the Jews. What they would prefer and what would have suited best their sense of the dramatic, would be an act of Jewish expulsion such as was accomplished in Middle Ages. But unfortunately for them, expulsions are not practicable in Europe in the twentieth century, and the same end has to be achieved indirectly under the guise of the more civilized name of emigration. Hence the increased anti-Jewish boycott, the extension of the Aryan paragraph, the wholesale dismissal of ordinary wage earners, the scotching of the *Umshichtung* movement, the cutting off of every means of earning a living for the younger generation. All these and the many other acts of oppression which have been increasing lately are now finding an underlying and unifying principle. The screw is purposely being tightened everywhere, and at the same time every avenue of escape except that of emigration is being cut off with a view of fitting mediæval expulsion into a twentieth century dress.

In this latest effort the Nazi regime reaches strange paradoxes. Probably the most extraordinary of all is the fact that the Government actually promotes, encourages, and advances the Zionist movement in Germany. The Zionist Organization is the only political party other than the Nazi which is permitted. Zionist newspapers are not only not suppressed, but are flourishing, while non-Zionist publications are languishing. Zionist meetings are encouraged while meetings of non-Zionist Jews, even of the Jewish ex-soldiers, are suppressed. Zionist training centres which prepare Jewish youths for work in Palestine are permitted to go on with their work, while similar Jewish schools which train pupils for work in Germany are prohibited. The Government even relinquishes its ironclad law against permitting currency to leave Germany, and has entered into a special transfer agreement with the Zionists enabling Jews emigrating to Palestine to take out some cash from Germany. It is a matter of common knowledge, indeed, that Zionism is in a peculiarly privileged position in Germany now. The Nazi Government does not at all hide the fact that it looks upon the Zionist movement as the chief agency through which it hopes to execute its plan of a great exodus of the Jews from Germany. In a series of articles on the "Liquidation of the Jewish Problem", the official *Völkische Beobachter*

recently reached the conclusion that Zionism was the chief aid in such a liquidation.

In fairness to the Zionists it must be said that until recently they did not willingly accept this favouritism. At least the more Liberal Zionists felt ill at ease with the active partnership with the Nazis into which they have been forced. But whether Zionists want it or not, they cannot get away from the fact that they share with the Nazis the underlying principles of National Socialism. The Zionist theory fully accepts and supports the Nazi claim of the "alienism" of the Jews in Germany and in other countries of their birth. Some Zionists frequently speak of Hitler as of a "Messenger of God" sent to further the work of Zionism. All Zionist activity is directed toward the principal aim of the Nazis: that of Jewish emigration from Germany. It was a Zionist scheme that was recently perfected for the mass emigration of all Jews from Germany within twenty-five years. So eager is the Nazi regime to bring about a Jewish exodus of this type that it is ready to lend its full support even to a Jewish social movement so long as it furthers such an object.

But despite all these efforts, emigration as a Jewish policy in Germany is bound to fail. And this not because of the slackness of the Nazis, but for reasons quite outside their control. Economic conditions the world over are now such that no country in Europe can possibly expel half a million of its inhabitants for the simple reason that there are no other countries ready to accept them. In the fifteenth century Spain, confronted with a similar Jewish problem, could solve it quite simply by means of an Edict. Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, Russian Tsarism could force an emigration of over two million Jews within a generation. But industrialism was then at the height of its expansion. The fields of capitalist development seemed unlimited. There was a shortage of man power and of products the world over. Every country overseas had its doors wide open to immigration and states were clamouring for people. The United States alone absorbed millions. If a similar economic situation existed now the Nazis could probably have achieved their aim (if Nazism were in existence at all under such circumstances). But the

situation is altogether different now. Capitalism is contracting instead of expanding. Every country in Europe and overseas has a surfeit of labour and is glutted with products. Every state has its own unemployment problem and keeps its doors closed tightly to immigration. Approximately 65,000 Jews have left Germany during the last two years, and already half-a-dozen countries in Europe have now alien and anti-Semitic problems. Germany can no more force a big Jewish emigration now than she can stage an expulsion of the Jews. She will not be permitted to do so.

Even Zionism will not help. For Palestine is small and it must serve as a place of refuge for millions of Jews from Eastern Europe whose need is even greater than that of the German Jews. Zionism was evolved primarily as a solution of the problems of East European Jews. German Jews as a body do not fit into a scheme of Jewish nationalism. In spite of the fulminations of the Nazis, German Jews are not a "foreign element" in Germany. They are probably more truly German than the Nazis. They embody in themselves the true, middle-class German culture of the pre-war period as does no other group in Germany. They are deeply rooted in German culture, in the German language, and in the German soil upon which they and their ancestors have lived for over ten centuries. They are bound to this home of theirs with ties of love which no other country can ever replace, at least in their own lifetime. Spiritual bonds of this kind are not broken by order of a Hitler, a Goebbels or a Streicher, even if it is accompanied by fierce persecution.

This is not the first time that Jews and other minority groups have suffered persecution, but such persecution has never been known to have changed their allegiance to the country or even their convictions overnight. Four hundred and fifty years after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain most of the descendants of those people still speak Spanish, love Spain, and regard themselves as the long-exiled children of that country. And yet it is expected that German Jews, who have had a still longer association with Germany, will forget their home overnight or in twenty-five years because the Nazis have come into power in Germany. The fact is that with all the inducements of the Nazi regime for emigration to Palestine, less than eighteen thousand German

Jews have emigrated during the last two years, and by most of them will admittedly go back at the first call of their beloved Fatherland.

The problem of the German Jews can no more be solved by emigration than can the problem of the German Socialists, Communists, Pacifists, and other opponents of the regime who are now suffering persecution and exile. Individuals will doubtless emigrate; many will make their homes in other places and will eventually transfer their allegiance there. But no one would suggest that these various German groups must seek a new home, as a group, and that their only hope is in an exodus from Germany. The home of all these people, including the German Jews, is on German soil, and it is there that their problems must be solved in final victory or defeat. German Jews are no exception. They cannot be separated from the rest of Germany, and their problem can no more be placed in a special ghetto than they themselves. The Nazis, no less than the Zionists, are mistaken in believing that emigration can solve the Jewish problem, or that an exodus can serve as a policy in our days as it did in the days of Pharaoh and of Ferdinand and Isabella. The problem is not as simple as all that. In spite of their new discovery and of the new anti-Semitic drive inspired by it, the Nazis still lack a Jewish policy. One fears that they will still lack one for a long time to come.

THE CHILD IN THE STALLS

BY AUDREY LUCAS

MRS. SEDGEWICK sat in the stalls. She clasped her hands very tightly together. Her gloves were new; she had bought them that morning at Marks and Spencer, and she tried, because of them, not to feel uncomfortable and out of place. But the stalls. . . .

When Miss Wallace, the young lady she worked for, had offered her the tickets, Mrs. Sedgewick had put her ugly, red hands behind her back and said, "Not in the stalls, miss. People 'ud think it funny".

"Why on earth", asked Miss Wallace, "should they? It's a *matinée*. And, even if it wasn't, people don't necessarily dress in the stalls any more. One can go in just anything".

Yes, Mrs. Sedgewick had thought, if just anything meant the kind of black suit that Miss Wallace herself was wearing over an expensive blouse of grey satin, one probably could.

The suit had come from a Bond Street tailor; Mrs. Sedgewick had seen the box, wondering at the time how a young lady who lived in such a hand-to-mouth sort of way could afford such beautiful clothes; only there was no need to wonder really, because, as Mrs. Sedgewick had ample opportunity of knowing, Miss Wallace very seldom paid her bills. Bohemian, that's what Miss Wallace was, and that was why Mrs. Sedgewick rather liked her. People like that cheered one up a bit.

"In any case", Miss Wallace had gone on, "it's a pantomime. You certainly needn't worry about your clothes in a place full of children". Which only showed, thought Mrs. Sedgewick, how little some people knew. The very first to take note, if you was looking a guy, were children. But then Miss Wallace, in all those pretty unpaid-for things, never did look a guy.

"If you think it will be all right, miss", Mrs. Sedgewick had said meekly.

"Of course it will", said Miss Wallace. "You'd like to go, wouldn't you?"

A sudden radiance suffused Mrs. Sedgewick's unwholesome face. Miss Wallace thought this odd. After all, she reflected, those sort of people were always going to the pictures, and what could be more utterly crashingly dull than a pantomime? Thank God, her small niece had bronchitis and she need not herself go after all. She gave Mrs. Sedgewick the tickets and also, as a young man was driving her down to Brighton, the rest of the morning off.

Mrs. Sedgewick bought her gloves at Marks and Spencer. Then she went home, wrestling on the way there with the problem of how to make use of the second ticket. Impossible to take Mr. Sedgewick, even if she wanted to. He didn't get back from work until six o'clock. The children? Equally impossible, because there were four of these and, to take one without the others, would properly upset the apple cart.

The neighbours? That Mrs. Hanson wasn't a bad little soul. She looked refined, too, quite all right for the stalls, but would she be able to leave the baby at such short notice? Mrs. Glover? No fear! Not after that remark she had passed about the Sedgewick children the week before to Mrs. Barry. Mrs. Barry then? No. She was artful, always repeating the nasty things other people said, and, more than likely, saying as bad or worse herself. Ethel Bridger? A good-hearted girl, of course, but she got herself up like a tart. Mrs. Merrick, Patsy Smith, old Miss Soames? Gradually, as, one by one, she discarded her neighbours, an immense and daring resolution formed itself in Mrs. Sedgewick's mind. She would go alone. She would sit in one stall, with another, also hers, empty beside her. And this one she would make use of. She would put her programme on it; not, of course, her bag, because that might be snatched. It was her afternoon and, to perfect her pleasure, she would waste something, something for which she had not herself had to pay. It *was* her afternoon, more especially hers, because it was not an ordinary play that she was going to see, but a panto.

Mrs. Sedgewick sat in the stalls. The first act of *Aladdin* was nearly over. On the stage, twelve little girls with thin legs, not very clean about the knees, and thin voices, were doing a song and dance. They were not, to adult eyes, really pretty children and their movements had a horrible precision. To the cultured their accents were painful, and not one of them displayed the slightest gift or inspiration for what they were doing; they might, in fact, just as well have been doing something else. The woman in the nutria coat, who was sitting just in front of Mrs. Sedgewick, closed her eyes in distaste, picturing the grimy ballet school where these anæmic little marionettes went through their jerky paces. Mrs. Sedgewick's eyes gazed avidly at the stage. The woman in the nutria coat opened hers to glance gratefully at her daughter, Clare, aged seven, who sat forward on her seat, her plump, beautifully clothed body taut with excitement. Her mother thought of the weekly class where Clare and other charming, expensive children, romped through dances that were entirely untechnical. Clare, her eyes fixed on the stage, thought, Oh, how lovely to do that! Oh, I wish I was them! Why can't I be?

When the curtain fell on the first act's finale, she put her ambition into words.

"Oh, Mummy, weren't those little girls lovely? They weren't very much bigger than me. Mummy, can't I be on the stage? Mummy, why can't I be?"

Carefully, and with all the self-conscious tact of the modern parent, Clare's mother began to explain to her just how and why this would be unsuitable. Behind them, Mrs. Sedgewick smiled, a smile that was half sour, half wistful, and whispered to herself, "The child in the stalls!"

Mrs. Sedgewick had been a pantomime child. With a troupe of eleven other girls, known as "The Twelve Little Pansy Faces", she, too, in a very short skirt, her thin knees never quite clean, had gone through those same jerky, doll-like movements, had sung in the same piping expressionless voice; and, just for that brief period of her life, Mrs. Sedgewick, Connie, had been a person of importance.

As the safety curtain fell, and the children around clamoured

for ices, Mrs. Sedgewick closed her eyes and remembered things. It was almost the first time in her grown-up life that she had had time to do this.

"Con ought to go on the stage", they used to say in those days that seemed so very far away, although Mrs. Sedgewick was now only thirty-six. How surprised Miss Wallace, who, behind her back, spoke of her as the hag, would have been to know this. Connie Spence, Mrs. Sedgewick remembered, had been quite a pretty little thing. On the skinny side perhaps, but with wideawake blue eyes and long ringlets of goldy brown hair. Connie Spence used to recite, "something lovely", as her grandmother described it; and she could pick up a popular tune in no time and sing it to her elders as they sat round the tea-table. No wireless in those days, and gramophones were a luxury, so Connie's singing was made much of. Her mother thought it sweetly pretty and it made her father cry. She was a neat little dancer, too, and people kept on saying, "Con ought to go on the stage".

After a little her parents thought, why not? It would be a good chance for the child, and her salary would help them along a bit. So they sent her to Miss Hilda Lemarre's School of Theatrical Dancing, and Miss Lemarre, whose real name was Lewis, had thought quite a lot of her. After Connie's second year there, when Miss Lemarre was making up, as she did annually, her troupe of Pansy Faces, she included Connie, who, for the next four years, was regularly engaged for panto.

It hadn't been all jam for those twelve little girls, of course. There were not so many County Council regulations then for the comfort and protection of theatrical children, and the rehearsals, when they were kept hanging about for hours in a draughty theatre, hadn't half been tiring. Some of the stage managers had been proper pigs. Some of the chorus girls, too. But others had been ever so nice, giving the Pansy Faces sweets, or a lend of their scent, telling them lovely tit-bits about young men and life. And one thing had been certain; there had always been a bit of excitement going on. A row, perhaps, between two important members of the company; or a love affair. One of the comedians drunk, and people running round the theatre saying that he really was a bit *too* thick; talk and

gossip all the time, naturally; and pleasant, unexpected snacks of food. Nice, too, the journeys home with Dad; Connie looking contemptuously at ordinary children in the tram, and talking shrilly about the theatre in order to impress them. A lot of petting and a lot of scolding, a lot of drudgery and a lot of fun; that's what the life had been, and seeing it through the haze of time, it seemed to Mrs. Sedgewick that the fun had predominated. She wondered why she and the other Pansy Faces had always envied the children in the stalls; the spoiled darlings, whose parents could afford to pay for such seats, who had boxes of chocolates on their knees and who, after the performance, were led away to be given large, rich teas. These children in the stalls had obsessed the Pansy Faces. "Did you see Miss Stuck-up in the front row?" one would ask.

"Coo, lumme"! would exclaim another; "those kids in the stage box! Smothered in lace they are. Bet you it isn't real".

"And that little cry baby at the end of the row what hollered when the dragon came out", would jeer a third. Thus, the hard-worked Pansy Faces, liable at any minute to be sworn at, united in bitterness and longing against the child in the stalls. "Soppy little things", muttered Mrs. Sedgewick; "we didn't know when we was well off". The orchestra began to play again and she shut her eyes even tighter. Her memories were wonderful and very soon she would not have time to remember any more.

How proud Connie Spence's parents had been of her! How certain that, from a pantomime child, she would be transformed into a front-row chorus girl, then, by easy stages, into a leading lady. How they loved to listen to the pert and airy way she talked about theatrical matters. How they gloated over the signed photographs given her by comedians and principal boys. How Dad boasted about her at his work, and mother to the neighbours. How even her brother Reg, who resented the attention she attracted, liked to impress his friends with her first-hand knowledge of stage affairs. All set for being an actress Connie Spence had been, but somehow it hadn't happened. She grew suddenly too big and gawky to be a Pansy Face any longer. People said, "That's all right. Give the kid a rest. Then she'll be ready for the chorus. A beautiful dancer like

her, too". But Connie Spence didn't somehow grow up looking like a chorus girl; her jerky little dancing steps and her tinny little singing voice didn't develop into anything better. Her mother got ill, and there was nobody but Connie to look after the house and Dad and Reg. Her mother died, and there was still nobody but Connie to look after the house and Dad and Reg. Her hands grew ugly doing the dirty work, and she was generally too tired and discontented to sing while she did it. Dad fretted after mother, and drank too much and lost his job. There was no money to buy the kind of clothes that Connie needed to look like a chorus girl. Then Dad seemed to go a bit queer in the head, and to take against Connie, and, when she talked of returning to the stage, he would look at her unkindly and say: "What, *you*?" Reg married a girl who wore smart frocks and went to the theatre a lot, who would discuss actors and actresses that Connie had never heard of, and who, when Connie, with timid resentment, referred to her own stage career, would smile condescendingly and say, "Oh yes, of course. You was a kid in panto, wasn't you?"

After Dad died, Connie, who had only her wideawake blue eyes to remind people of the Pansy Face she once had been, met Arthur Sedgewick, who was in the building trade and who had huge, damp hands and bad teeth. He wore, on Sundays, gloves and a bowler hat and carried a walking stick, and Connie thought that he looked like a gentleman. So she married him and had four children, and never at any time liked him very much. Even during their courting, Arthur was uninterested in the fact that Connie had been on the stage; indeed, he hardly believed it, and thought, in any case, that it was not a nice thing for a woman to do. Proper actresses, of course, were different.

After they were married, Arthur was quite often out of work, and Connie had to help matters by working herself. She wasn't very strong, her digestion bothered her, and she never troubled about her appearance at all. She had too much to do. The most important and sought-after thing in her life was the chance to have a few minutes to herself, but somehow she never managed to get them, and there had been no time up till now to remember anything. Although she and Arthur went sometimes to a play or a music-hall, and of late, a good deal to the

Pictures, this was the first time since the Pansy Face days that she had been to a pantomime. "Silly", she murmured, as the lights went out. "You didn't go to the panto then. You was in it". She smiled and hugged the dead glamour to her heart.

At the end of the last act, as she moved timidly out of the stalls, always keeping a look out for people who wanted to push past her, Mrs. Sedgewick heard Clare still demanding, "But why can't I go on the stage, Mummy? Mummy, why can't I? Mummy, will you ask Daddy if I can?"

A profound and humorous idea crept into Mrs. Sedgewick's mind; all those kids in the stalls, she thought, what we used to think so lucky. Maybe they were all like this one. Wanting to be in our place. Sappy things we were. Didn't know when we was well off. Very, very reluctantly she left the theatre.

At tea, because Mrs. Sedgewick was not a good liar, she told her family where she had been, explaining with a rather flushed emphasis that there had only been one seat. The children were inclined to take their mother's announcement ill. One of them surely had a better right to that seat than she had. But Arthur Sedgewick, who was in an unusually good humour, ordered them to shut up. "Selfish little beggars"! he said trenchantly; "your mum's got the right to a treat the same's you 'ave, I suppose. I'm glad you went, Con". Mrs. Sedgewick looked at her husband with startled gratitude and he went on, "After all, Mum was in panto 'erself once".

"Mum in panto"? "Mum on the stage"? exclaimed the children; for, so little leisure had Mrs. Sedgewick, who had once been Connie Spence, that she had never yet revealed this romantic fact to any of her children. With a lump of excitement in her throat, she was conscious now of the urge to reminisce, to tell about the good old days, even to boast and draw the long bow a little. But the children were laughing. They were almost uncontrollable with mirth. "Mum on the stage" they gasped. "Sez you"! they gurgled. "Oh yeah"! they shouted. "Boloney"! they yelled.

Mrs. Sedgewick looked at her husband and saw that he was grinning. With her ugly red hand she picked up the teapot. She wanted to throw it at him, and then, quite suddenly, she could not see his face for tears.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King's Jubilee marked not so much the close of a chapter as a new chapter's opening. First and foremost, the public demonstrations—of which the least formal were the most surprising—signified affection for the whole British way of life, which cannot be completely represented by any party leader, and evidently is symbolized to the general public by the Royal Family. No one expects Poplar and West Ham to alter their votes because the King and Queen drove there through shouting streets with children hanging on to the footboard; indeed it is said that a decision has been taken to avoid all suspicion of exploiting such manifestations; even that the King himself expressed his determination that there should be nothing that could be called a Jubilee Election. If this is true, uncalculated expressions of loyalty are getting the answer that they deserve, and the highest statesmanship will be shown by disregard of cheap and nasty vote catching. When the National Government goes to the country, people will vote mainly on what happened after the Jubilee and after the reconstruction under a new Prime Minister.

The Jubilee, of course, marked a stage in attainment. Financial stability is restored. Every currency in Europe, even the most strongly supported, feels the need to regulate itself in relation to the British pound rather than to the price of gold. Money is cheaply available; there is already announcement of large scale expenditure in a field that has been almost shut down for years—that of civil engineering—but is re-opened because government has guaranteed the outlay and can do so because of the stabilization. Again, the Indian Bill has passed through

the House of Commons by such majorities as make clear that it represents the offer to India made by the nation not by a party in the nation. There has been no disruption. And, speaking generally, party rancour is more in abeyance now than at any time for years. Just for that reason, there has been no time when the nation asked more and expected more from the government.

It wants to see England asserting herself and taking the lead. It wants leadership, and by a shrewd instinct it welcomes the replacement of Mr. MacDonald by Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin For the average elector knows that a man whose particular group makes a very small item in the Government forces, though he may consolidate a defensive position, cannot lead forward with the same confidence and authority as one who has a huge party following. Everyone knows also that, although the difference in the men's ages is negligible, Mr. MacDonald has lived incomparably a more exhausting life than his colleagues. From 1906 on, he was leader of his party, a position much the harder because the leadership was often only one of personal ascendancy not of official position; whereas, for ten years after 1906, Mr. Baldwin was merely one of the Unionist rank and file. In other words, ten years more at least of harassing political activity have been taken out of Mr. MacDonald; he is—by ten years—no blame to him, the more tired man of the two. What is more, he lacks the stimulus which a political leader receives from his personal following—no less potent than that which he gives. There is no doubt which of the two men is today physically and emotionally best fitted for leadership.

But public feeling would be quite other than it is if it were sensed that Mr. MacDonald was being pushed out of office by intrigue. The Prime Minister of these years of National Government has had a most difficult position, yet one circumstance tempered it—the disposition of his second in command. When the relation of these two men comes to be written, it will be one of the most honourable in political history. Mr. Baldwin has two great gifts. Generosity is perhaps more common among Englishmen than among any other European stock; and no one

is more English than he ; but understanding bred of sympathy is not common anywhere. Yet, even when the two men were in opposition to each other, Mr. Baldwin showed that he felt the difficulties of a new party, lacking inherited traditions in the work of government, and the special hardship which fell on the leader of such a party. When the time called for a National Government to deal with a situation largely created by the Labour Party's inexperience, he realized that if such a government were to be kept clear of the tradition of party, the appearance of a party triumph could be avoided, if at all, only by continuing the premiership in a Labour representative. Both leaders had to face reproaches at that time ; but Mr. Baldwin knew well where the brunt would fall. He knew then what he has now impressed on the world : how much high courage is needed in the man who makes ready to hear himself called a traitor to his party and, what is graver, to his class. Probably never for an instant has Mr. Baldwin forgotten this. Probably, too, he has never lost his admiration for the Highland crofter's son who by his eloquence, his knowledge, and his personal distinction could more than hold his own in any European gathering.

Under the alliance called a National Government, hard things have been done : Mr. MacDonald, Lord Snowden, and Mr. Thomas had to take the lead in insisting that sacrifices should be exacted even from the very poor. Yet the rich assuredly were not spared by taxation. Recovery has been accomplished. Great Britain has got back its spending power, a new phase begins. There is demand for a drastic assault on the swamp of unemployment : there is demand also for definite action to prevent the risk of war. Either of these enterprises will strain leadership to the utmost.

Mr. Baldwin's dispositions are full of interest. Mr. Oliver Stanley, who had to fight an unpopular battle at the Ministry of Labour, goes to the Education Office and is replaced by Mr. Ernest Brown, an active Liberal nonconformist who has been successful at the Ministry of Mines ; while Mr. Kingsley Wood, whose efficiency in charge of the Post Office was conspicuous, becomes Minister for Health in place of Sir Hilton Young. It may be that this

The New Cabinet

change is likely to increase the Government's appeal to the popular imagination on the side of its social work ; for, as *The Times* phrases it, Sir Hilton Young seemed to the House of Commons " cold, aloof, and disdainful . . . incapable of putting it across ". At the same time the House and the administration lose one of the most powerful and richly equipped brains I ever met in political life, for Sir Hilton becomes a peer and leaves office. It is quite true that he had no gift for captivating a crowd. For this an expansive geniality is a great help, and to have lost an arm at Zeebrugge (there are still people who remember that foray) and then gone on the Murmansk expedition, curtails any man's physical exuberance. Probably, however, other ways may be found for utilising this financial expert, fighting man, thinker, and poet. Lord Sankey, of course, as an ex-Lord Chancellor remains in full exercise of his great legal abilities. Sir John Gilmour, like Sir Hilton Young, is shelved early in a career of merit.

But, briefly, the reconstruction on this side does not lead one to hope for much more than some further gradual reduction of unemployment. Mr. Baldwin, with his usual frankness, admits that the depressed areas still offer an unsolved problem. It is here that Mr. Lloyd George believed himself able to give assistance and many hoped that his help might be enlisted. Yet Mr. Baldwin has evidently had two main objects through these : one to get a truce for party government ; the other, to keep the Tory party together as a live force, and probably, even if the idea of Mr. Lloyd George as a colleague tempted him (a large " if "), he knew that to include him would split the party.

On the other side, reconstruction is more hopeful. Sir John Simon leaves the Foreign Office where, somehow, he has failed to inspire confidence either at home or abroad. Sir Samuel Hoare succeeds, a promotion earned by remarkable achievement in charge of the India Bill. He may win fresh laurels ; but a very widespread hope is disappointed. Only two members of the administration have of late been able to affect the imagination of this country—Mr. Baldwin himself and Mr. Eden. This young man appeals to Great Britain very largely because of

Mr. Eden's Role

his youth. It is among the young that detestation of a possible lapse into war is most passionate, and the mere fact of youth is a passport to the confidence of millions. Not unreasonably : for Mr. Eden, the League of Nations is not a new idea, he has grown up in presence of it, and his attitude towards it differs from that of the elder men. Sir Austen Chamberlain, for instance, says that he is aware of the League's defects, but does not see what we could put instead of it. That is the natural way for us of the pre-war generation to look at it. But Mr. Eden accepts the League as he accepts the British constitution, and every time he speaks one is conscious of his certainty, not that it must be upheld, but that it will be upheld as a matter of course.

Now, British foreign policy so far as Europe is concerned can only mean one thing—support for the League of Nations.

What the logic may be in appointing one man to take charge of foreign affairs and another to look after the affairs of the League is in no way clear. It looks like asking for trouble in the Cabinet. But at least Mr. Baldwin has realized that the public would be ill pleased if Mr. Eden's voice in European policy were lessened ; so he goes into the Cabinet with this new post, and Europe will be glad to see him there.

In some ways he recalls the case of Sir Edward Grey, who also in his early days might have been produced to show the world what charm can be exercised by a well-looking, well-bred young Englishman, and how much resolution can be behind that frank courtesy. Like Grey, he has the talent for carrying an assurance of sincerity in all that he speaks. But unlike Grey he is not insular. He and Sir Samuel Hoare may prove to be a powerful combination. At all events while Mr. Eden is in the Government, British policy will not be half-hearted in support of the League. If further guarantee were needed, it is given by the presence of Lord Halifax at the Ministry for War. Lord Hailsham, who becomes Lord Chancellor, did not impress the public as a man of peace. Nobody doubts that Lord Halifax hates war as much as any Quaker ; at the same time we can all be assured that whatever measures for defence Lord Halifax thinks necessary will be taken with unflinching resolution. If it

becomes necessary to convince this country that further military preparedness is the way to prevent war in Europe, Lord Halifax and Mr. Eden will be listened to, wherever there is care for the League of Nations.

For frankly in the choice to be made between the League and a highly organized barbarism, controlling the latest resources of mechanical science, Civilization has an uphill fight. Yet, after all, it looks as if the League had won in Russia. What the consequences may be in Russia is matter for guesswork ; but they cannot be bad. For the present it is enough that Russia will range her mass behind the leadership of Great Britain and France ; and there will be plenty of other backing in Europe if leadership is given. On the other hand, if it comes to be felt that the only resolute policy in Europe is that of Herr Hitler—if the Nazis seem the only people who really know their own mind—penetration by German influence in the Balkan South-East will be rapid ; and in Italy the Fascists may begin to ask if after all their natural grouping is not with the other state in which all education is a preparation for war, and there is no nonsense about individual freedom. Yet, for a resolute France and Britain, there is no real danger that Italy will break away. France, however, is in no condition to set the example.

M. Laval comes to the head of a Ministry formed after ominous mutterings. He retains the Foreign Office, in which he has worked before harmoniously with Mr. Eden ; and his intellectual gifts are superb. But opinion does not credit him with the personal force of M. Bouisson, that *homme de poing* who failed to form a ministry after Mr. Flandin's defeat. Neither by the strength of his parliamentary support, nor by his own weight, is M. Laval likely to prove a supreme directing force. On the other hand, he may be an admirable collaborator. The immediate problem is to prevent Italy from taking a plunge which would certainly cost her as much money as the South African War cost England : and Italy's credit is very different from that of Great Britain in 1900. This, however, is Italy's affair. But it concerns all Europe that the fabric of the League should be threatened with such a shock as it has not yet felt.

It is plainly a test case. Without prejudicing the issue, one may say that Abyssinia has loyally accepted the idea of a civilized tribunal; and Signor Mussolini has unfortunately made at least one speech which appears to reject in advance any decision that does not go his way. Both France and England have old and friendly relations with this African state which is in a category by itself as being Christian, and which played an important part when the Mahdist fanatical rush threatened to sweep all European civilization out of the Nile valley. Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, as well as M. Laval, have their work cut out for them. One thing, however, has to be remembered. The States where all individual opinion is suppressed, and there is no opposition, present a façade of formidable efficiency. They can move quickly. But they move at a risk of complete collapse. Herr Hitler's difficulties with the Christian churches—or with his neo-pagan followers—might become grave indeed if he were called upon to do more than threaten. Signor Mussolini's control seems even more complete. Yet I cannot feel sure that even Mussolini could carry Italy into a war which might lead to war in Europe.

Europe in these days has to get on without the advantage of advice from the United States. That nation today faces a situation not unlike that which arose in England

The N.R.A. in Jeopardy

when the House of Lords threw out Mr. Lloyd George's budget. There was a great deal to be said against that budget and for the House of Lords; but it is generally agreed now that the Lords neglected other and graver considerations. The Supreme Court are, it must be supposed, obliged to interpret the law without regard for the political consequences of their decision; politically, therefore, they are less blamable than the Lords were; but practically their decision may be infinitely more disastrous. Whether the President can find a way out of his impasse by use of the doctrine of "implied powers" which Hamilton preached, and can bethink himself of some sufficiently drastic expedient that is not actually forbidden by the Constitution, must yet be seen. But to the plain man outside America it seems that if the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court is to uphold the interests of predatory

wealth against a President who wants to limit child labour and to raise wages, there is going to be a floodtide of revolt, which the President must head, if only to prevent leadership from passing into very reckless hands.

Meantime, while America is thus fully occupied with her own concerns, and Europe has enough to do in maintaining the struggle against predatory war within the European area, Japan uses the full freedom of her aggressiveness. All in the East appear to assume that she is determined to push her annexation to the Yellow River, and make Peking the capital of a Manchukuo possessing some score of million new subjects? Many believe that this is only a first stage in the heated imagination of her military party. A very curious and significant symptom is reported. The charm of Japanese courtesy has been praised by generations of foreign observers—and it may still exist among the Japanese, for their own intercourse. But they are said to have been treating the Chinese whom they subjugated with brutal insolence: and, now a deliberate discourtesy marks their bearing to Europeans. Every gesture is one of arrogant defiance. The inference is that Japan has determined to be entirely self-sufficient, and to depend for nothing on the Western world. Manifestly this is only possible if she can take what she wants in territory, markets and money. For the moment she is spending with almost incredible lavishness in Manchukuo; building new cities, which Japanese show no desire to inhabit. They seek a less severe climate. Some observers hold that in search of it they were likely to push westward across Mongolia. It seems now as if their direction was towards China's unresisting mass.

Mr. Hervey Allen, author of the much discussed *Anthony Adverse*, has brought out a revised edition of *Israfel*, his account of the *Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe*. Seven hundred closely printed pages are devoted to the record of forty-one years; so this, which Professor Saintsbury is quoted as calling the best biography of Poe, lacks nothing of completeness. Every ignominious shift by which that unfortunate creature staved off starvation, every folly by which he deepened his difficulties, is here set down by a faithful admirer who says in extenuation all that can be said.

Yet I cannot but wonder at the zeal which leads to choice of such a theme. A biographer must pass long months—in this case it cannot have been less than years—in close companionship with his subject, and to live in contact with a diseased soul cannot be agreeable. If it were a service to the man's memory, then the task might attract; but is any living man or woman going to like Poe the better for reading this book? Or understand better the work by which he survives? Poe's work has no more definite intellectual content than a piece of music. It carries its magic by the association of sounds rather than of thoughts; and the spell will work none the better for seven hundred pages of apology.

Yet many people find more interest in such cases of morbid psychology than in the study of genius bestowed on a robust organism. The world at large likes poets to be neurotic. It would sooner read about Coleridge than about Wordsworth, about Swinburne than about Browning, Baudelaire than Hugo. Possibly, however, Mr. Allen's record may preserve for women readers something of the endless appeal which Poe made to women, as it would seem, by his very weakness. There was nothing in him of the conquering predatory male, whose supreme example among the poets (where indeed the type is rare) was Byron. Poe languished for dozens and they languished back; yet at the same time he was the devoted adorer of his girl wife. All were anxious to protect him from a hard world, in which he perpetually and pathetically declared that he got no fair play.

In one sense Mr. Allen lets us see how true this was, but it was no special hardship. Every man who sought to live by writing in America at that time was the victim of America's determination to pillage European work; and publishers naturally refused to bring out what they had to pay for when piracy could get better wares for the annexing. Nothing but the urgent desire to utter what was in them, or the ambition of fame without reward, could have prompted men and women to write then; and scores of them wrote; the book is full of their photographs—men and women. Undoubtedly Poe was the one of them that mattered most; indeed, is there any other American poet that has mattered to the world outside America? His achievements in the short story have been rivalled by others of his countrymen

from Bret Harte on; and in prose fiction today it would be a bold critic who put England before that other branch of the English-speaking world. But in poetry, what else has America to set beside "Helen, thy beauty is to me"? There is not very much of it, and even that not all equal to itself. But when at last the voice lifts into final thrill, who does not answer to its call?

"Ah, Psyche! from the regions which
Are Holy Land."

At least Mr. Allen helps us to distinguish from Poe's early work and his later. In this, as in the angry sonnet indicting Science—

"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car
And driven the Hamadryad from her wood."

there is a vowel-music clean as Coleridge's, untouched by the smear of opium which lies over the "Raven" and "Ulalume." These came from a time when Poe was young and clean and a valiant swimmer. It did not last long. Such as his life was, he owed its preservation to a woman, acquaintance with whom is our best reward for reading this book—Mrs. Clemm, mother of Poe's wife, mother also to him and a whole batch of incapables. America has preserved all possible relics of Poe, but has not yet set up a statue to this lady who, even in an old daguerrotype, looks as if Rembrandt had painted her.

Let us now praise valiant women. Vivienne de Watteville has claims to be considered in this category along with Mary Kingsley, and more cannot be said for valour. However, Mary Kingsley's object, as she would have insisted, was science; and what she wanted was to observe at close quarters the life of primitive men; Miss de Watteville spent many months in trying to come as near as she could to wild beasts, simply for the pleasure of watching them. In short, hers was an artistic impulse: camera records were a secondary consideration. But she had a camera whose range was only from fifteen to twenty yards, and so equipped she photographed African elephant and rhinoceros—even photographed a rhino charging. She lived for months in a tent round which three rhinos used to graze every night, while five elephants

**A Watcher
in the
Jungle**

lived in a swamp a few hundred yards away. It does not appear that she got on any sort of terms with any rhinoceros, but the elephants tolerated her presence and that of her attendant—who carried a rifle. She saw them at play, she saw fight or wrestle, she saw them push down trees when they wanted particular branches; but all this was only possible so long as the wind did not carry the human scent. Then instantly there was danger which sight did not rouse. And, broadly-speaking, what was true of the elephants was true of all four-footed beasts. She could make friends with the birds, but to the beasts she was in the last resort an enemy. Yet she knew that there had been men to whom the beasts came as to their friends—hermits, in many countries and many ages. At long last, she decided that it was a question of auras. Living as she did, hurting nothing, away in the bush, still she lived with servants, with some apparatus of civilized luxury (such as tinned food), and, as part of her compact with Government authorities, having in the last resort arms to fall back on. Her conclusion was that the man who divests himself of all this, and of the desire for it, makes a change about himself or herself which is manifest to the brute creation. She thinks it is in his visible aura. Would it be indelicate to suggest that it may be in his effluvia? But in any case her conclusion is probably sound that it is only at the price of a strenuous ascetism that the goal which she desired can be reached. Without it, the coolest courage and the longest patience can bring the human to no other intimacy than that of a looker-on unobserved, possibly ignored, possibly even tolerated, but always aloof. Still, a seat in such a watcher's "hide" would be worth paying a great price for; and few books have made that clearer than this one, whose title is *Speak to the Earth*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

TO SEA FOR PLEASURE

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

Of course we all know the yarn of that sailor who insisted that if a man went to sea for pleasure, he would certainly go to hell for fun; but we have to remember that the speaker was a case-hardened, tobacco-chewing, shellback of the old sailing-ship days, when life afloat was not exactly one grand sweet song, and the crew had to endure the vilest conditions of habitation combined with the worst kind of food that human beings can swallow.

Maritime matters have, like all things connected with transport, undergone revolutionary changes during the last hundred years, the last half-century, and even during the last twenty-five years. Nowadays travel is not exceptional but normal; going to sea, whether for passenger or crew, has lost its terrors. Men and women of all ages gladly pay large sums of money for the privilege of voyaging across wide oceans, yet our grandfathers rarely took passage if they could possibly help it; and they were very careful about making their wills ere setting out.

If, however, many of the dangers have been cleared away and banished, so that joy takes the place of fear, this is not to say that the sea has been tamed or subjugated by science. Even liners have still to heave-to during an Atlantic winter gale, and

never a year passes without some cargo steamer suffering trouble. The truth is that in all arguments the sea has the final remark, and is the dominant personality. Treat its laws with respect, and all is well; take liberties, and you will be taught a life-long lesson. For the sea never forgives.

Now in this age of luxury liners, organised on the principles of a large family party, with everything from good food to dancing and swimming-baths for indulging the senses, it is remarkable that the most daring and enterprising voyages aboard quite small boats have been made more frequently, and with greater ambition, than could ever have been credited. On the face of it there is an appearance of lunacy when a man leaves home, the society of his fellows, and all the security of land, to sail across the Atlantic alone without even a dog on board. What's the idea? Is it for a wager? Or just a foolhardy prank?

No: you cannot quite describe or pigeon-hole this kind of activity until you have yourself tried single-handed sailing beyond sight of land.^a It is animated by a divine madness, by an intense longing for open spaces, by a wild yearning for freedom, by the resolve to escape from routine and safety into the romance of uncertainty

and adventure. The man who does this sort of thing is not necessarily out of tune with life and intolerant of his neighbour, but rather otherwise. If he can live for weeks on end with only his ship for company—trimming sails, navigating, steering, cooking, snatching a few hours' sleep when convenient—he becomes no ordinary philosopher after communing with himself, the waves, and the winds, through several thousands of miles. Whatever he may do after coming ashore, wherever he may try to settle down, he can never view life as a town-dweller sees it.

Let us take a survey of the last forty years and watch this remarkable cavalcade of small craft making great voyages in all parts of the world. It is one of the healthiest signs of our civilized times that these trips have ceased to appear wonderful, and are recognised as sane, seamanlike efforts deserving of emulation.

The classic example was set by the American Captain Slocum who started off in April 1895 in the 37-ft. *Spray* and, sailing single-handed round the world, arrived back in New England three years and two months later. The world voyage of the late Captain Voss in his decked dugout *Tilikum*, covering 40,000 miles of all weathers and finally reaching the Thames, is no fiction but nautical fact. I remember Voss telling one of my friends that some of the worst weather his little boat experienced was off Margate; and when my eyes beheld *Tilikum*, even in a new coat of paint, this three-master did certainly seem more suited for the Serpentine than for the deep sea. But each of these men was a first-class sailor, and knew his job. Voss essentially was an adventurer.

Ships, small or big, will do all that

a man has the heart to ask them. When the American journalist, the late Thomas Fleming Day, some years ago sailed with two amateurs from Providence, Rhode Island, making the Azores in less than eighteen days, afterwards carrying on to Gibraltar and Rome, his friends had already said a tender last farewell and thought him worse than mad; for his little yawl, the *Sea Bird*, was only 25 feet long and drew 3 feet 4 inches. "Have these men no homes?" inquired a Moorish merchant, looking down from the Mediterranean quay. "Then why did they come in so small a vessel?" Someone standing by gave the answer, "They came for amusement—because they liked it." But the Moor took another look at *Sea Bird*, shook his head, and sauntered away. "Mad! Mad!" was all he could exclaim.

Just after the war an Englishman came and told me that, before resuming his business activities and getting back to the humdrum of living, he proposed to do that which throughout his existence he had always wanted to do: sail round the world. So he bought the 26-ton yawl *Amaryllis*, picked up a couple of other amateurs, and sailed across to the West Indies. From there he sailed via the Panama Canal to the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and home again by the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, Mediterranean, Bay of Biscay. It was a very fine performance of 31,000 miles carried out between September 1919 and July, 1923. In the last-mentioned year, however, the 20-ton ketch *Saoirse* started from Ireland commanded by another amateur, crossed the Atlantic to Pernambuco, thence to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, but also coming round Cape Horn for his homeward route. She is probably the smallest craft that ever sailed

safely past that notorious South American extremity, yet her owner is still alive cruising.

If you can stand this sort of faring, then the appetite comes whilst eating: the more you wander, the more incessantly the sea goes on summoning to adventure. Sometimes, too, the call is not solely sentimental. The immediate post-war period, instead of turning us into a State subject to Germany, left us still free; but the Central Powers economically weak. So four young Austrians, anxious to reach America and find jobs for themselves, built a 42-ton yawl which they named the *Sowilasgoht*, floated her down the Rhine, called at Southampton, and sailed across to New York. Here she was able to find a keen young purchaser who sailed her even to Greece, and then back to America. She had thus crossed the Atlantic thrice, and always with amateur crews.

One of the most interesting yachtsmen of modern times is Monsieur Alain Gerbault, the famous tennis-player. In a small cutter named the *Firecrest* he sailed entirely alone from the south of France, across to the United States, thence after the Panama Canal to linger in the Pacific Isles, and so encircled the globe till he was back again in France. Not content with all this sea-wandering, he had a bigger and better craft built, set out again, and his friends say that he loves the glamour and simplicity of the tropics too much for Europe ever to lure him northward. One cannot attempt analysing the minds of these enthusiasts, but their numbers are yearly increasing.

Another French yachtsman, M. Marin Marie, following in the Gerbault tradition, sailed his 11-tonner *Wini-belle II*, a few months ago, single-handed, from Brest to New York by

way of the West Indies; and last year a retired British naval officer, Commander R. D. Graham, in a 7-ton cutter named *Emanuel*, made a memorable achievement. With no one aboard, and having no motor, he sailed from Falmouth (calling at Ireland) to Newfoundland. To cross the North Atlantic from east to west, encountering all sorts of weather, sighting icebergs, and then continuing his cruise up the Labrador coast, seems amazingly original. It would assuredly have surprised the old-time shellbacks, as it did the Newfoundland schooner skippers, who received him with that special courtesy which belongs to the Brotherhood of the Sea. At the moment of writing, I find that Commander Graham, having sailed south to the Bermudas, thence to the Azores, is now on his way home towards Poole.

And so the story goes on through the ages. The call of the sea will never fail to be heard so long as there is timber growing in the forest, and canvas to be stitched. Men will go through the rough and tumble of waves, take a spell ashore, and be off again. You cannot cure them of this salt fever any more than you can prevent a boy from playing with boats on the Round Pond.

But let us be heartily glad that, in this age of comforts and manifold invention, there still survives the ancient spirit which has unlocked the world's geography, developed progress, and led to the peopling of new countries.

With all the brilliance of aviation, with all the annihilation of aerial distance, there is nothing so health-giving, so nerve-healing, so mentally satisfying, as travel by sea. And the smaller the ship, the greater the sport.

It is not practicable for most people to make these cruises themselves, however ardently they may

desire; but the pleasure can be indulged vicariously. For modern sea literature is growing yearly—preserving the old time spirit of our forefathers, and handing it down to a new generation. Mention may here be made of the following books among many others: *Deep Water and Shoal*, by W. A. Robinson, perhaps the best little volume yet written on sailing round the world. *The Cruise of the "Teddy"*, by Erling Tambs, is full of adventures, but it suggests a good deal of criticism. Alain Gerbault's *In Quest of the Sun* has long since become a classic in most civilised

countries, and Muhlhauser's voyage in the "Amaryllis" will be read with the same pleasure. Harry Pidgeon's *Around the World Single-Handed* in his 34 ft. "Islander" is a plain record of a splendid achievement; to which category must likewise be added Conor O'Brien's *Across Three Oceans*. *Atlantic Circle*, by Leonard Outhwaite, narrates a 14,000 miles voyage under sail.

All the above refer to essentially deep-water cruises, but for coastal voyaging in various parts of Europe there is equally a reader's list for selection and enjoyment.

AMAZING ADVENTURE

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

MORNING POST: "A biography that is far more than a biography. It is a tale of heroism which by reason of its fidelity to truth is stranger than the wildest fiction. The tale of Herbert's career as a submarine officer and submarine hunter is both thrilling and inspiring. 'Amazing Adventure' is amazing in very truth." (Illustrated, 18/-)

BEHIND the FACE of JAPAN

By UPTON CLOSE

SUNDAY TIMES: "Admirably readable . . . Mr. Close tells his story lucidly and in good proportion."

JOHN O' LONDON: "It is of engrossing interest. He has made a portrait of Japan which truly lives, and as Japan may be turning the world upside down in a year or two the portrait merits study." (Illustrated, 18/-)

HURST & BLACKETT

AN AMBASSADOR'S DIARY

By E. H. CARR

THE TURNING-POINT: THREE CRITICAL YEARS, by Maurice Paléologue, translated by F. Appleby Holt. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE period covered by this selection from the political diaries of M. Paléologue saw three events of first-rate importance in the international field: the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in February 1904; the signature of the Anglo-French Agreement in April of the same year; and the Emperor William II's provocative visit to Morocco in March 1905. These three themes—the weakened position of Russia, the growth of Anglo-French amity, and the increasing arrogance of Germany—are the recurring *leitmotifs* of the book.

M. Paléologue, afterwards famous as French Ambassador at Petersburg during the war, was at this time second in command of the Political Department at the Quai d'Orsay. As such, he was Delcassé's right-hand man; and Delcassé, the principal maker of the Entente Cordiale, whose photograph makes an appropriate frontispiece, is the hero of this volume. It is a fascinating glimpse into the day-to-day working of French diplomacy at one of the most critical periods of modern history.

French opinion had been divided, since the turn of the century, into two camps. The one, obsessed with memories of 1870, believed that France was in no condition to resist Germany in the field, and that there was therefore nothing for it but a policy of peace at any price. The other regarded war between France and Germany as inevitable and since

France could not face Germany single-handed, saw the only chance of salvation in building up new alliances. Rouvier, the President of the Council at the time this volume begins, belonged to the former school. Delcassé was the protagonist of the latter.

Delcassé, abandoning as hopeless the task of improving Franco-German relations, devoted himself wholeheartedly to the double objective of keeping the friendship of Russia and gaining that of England. It may well have seemed at times impossible to reconcile the two aims. Antipathy between Russia and England was of long standing and deep-seated; and in October 1904, when Russian ships on their way to the Far East shelled a British fishing fleet in the North Sea, indignation ran so high in England that a rupture of relations, if not a declaration of war, seemed inevitable. French diplomacy exercised all its skill to efface the impressions of this deplorable incident. Both sides agreed to accept the verdict of an international commission sitting in Paris and, since the verdict could not be in doubt, Russia made such reparation for the blunder as was in her power. The first stone was laid of the Anglo-Russian Entente of three years later.

William II soon recognised in Delcassé a dangerous enemy—the first statesman for many years who had infused into French foreign policy the qualities of coherence and a fixed purpose. The German counter-move was of two kinds: to flatter Russia and to intimidate France. William II had years before

hailed his "dear Nicky" as the "Admiral of the Pacific"; and he now gave him every encouragement to chastise "dirty little Japan which had the impertinence to mock at great and holy Russia." M. Paléologue aptly quotes the guiding principle of Bismarck's Russian policy:

In the Russian barrel there is always an alarming amount of fermentation which may soon cause an explosion. I should prefer that explosion to take place on the Asiatic side, not the European, as in that case we shouldn't get the cork in our stomachs so long as we kept away from the vent.

In William II's hands, Bismarck's policy proved a brilliant success. Japan and the revolutionaries between them reduced Russia to impotence; and in the summer of 1905, on his yacht at Björko, William cajoled the feeble and contemptible "Nicky," now thoroughly conscious of his weakness, into signing a private treaty of alliance with Germany. Only on his return home did the Russian autocrat learn from his Ministers that what he had signed was contrary to his agreements with France, and that he must excuse himself to William as best he could. These remarkable documents were published for the first time after the Soviet revolution. But as M. Paléologue's diaries show, the Quai d'Orsay had a pretty good inkling of what was on foot.

Just before Björko, William II had secured another striking victory. His intimidation of France enjoyed the same success as his cajolery of Russia. His demonstration at Tangier, where he publicly and ostentatiously referred to Morocco as a "free country," and his refusal to recognise the French protectorate, unnerved Europe and terrified France. Rouvier was convinced that war, in which France would be overwhelmed, was imminent and played for compromise. The German Chancellor sent a message of almost unprecedented arrogance that he would have no further

dealings with Delcassé; and in June 1905, at Germany's dictation, Delcassé resigned.

The creator of the Entente Cordiale thus made his exit at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, the policy for which he stood defeated and discredited. Russia had been immobilised by her defeat at the hands of Japan, and detached from her ally by the wiles of William II. England was still doubtful. In France itself the party of compromise and retreat had won the day. Yet, appearances notwithstanding, Delcassé had built too solidly for his work to be overthrown. The treaty of Björko was disowned, and Russia gradually recovered both her strength and her independence. Delcassé's successors found themselves compelled by Germany's growing demands to borrow his policy; and the same cause rapidly cemented the bonds of friendship with England. A combination of foresight, courage and good luck had given Delcassé his place in history.

The main drama which is unfolded in M. Paléologue's pages is so engrossing that incidentals recede into the background. But many episodes of lesser interest find a place. Among them is the story of the embarrassments caused to the French Government by the Russian Baltic Fleet in the journey round the world which carried it to its fate at Tsushima. There are also some strange sidelights on the Russian court life of the time, including the mention of an obscure predecessor of Rasputin:

A nondescript individual, a butcher-boy from Lyons, "Philippe the Magician," has played an unprecedented part in the private lives of the sovereigns during the past few years. Sorcery and incantations have figured in the proceedings. I do not suppose that the sinister women's apartments at the Kremlin in Moscow have ever witnessed weirder scenes or more fantastic liturgies.

Altogether this is a book which provides good reading on almost every page.

NEW VERSE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

UNKNOWN LOVERS, by George Ros-trevor Hamilton. *Heinemann*. 3s. 6d.

THE CHERRY MINDER, by Frank Kendon. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

X AT OBERAMMERGAU, by Humbert Wolfe. *Methuen*. 5s.

LIFE QUEST, by Richard Aldington. *Chatto & Windus*. 3s. 6d.

THE first two authors on this list will not, I hope, misunderstand me if I call them survivors. They are "Georgians"—in the narrow and rather misleading sense in which the term has been used by certain young warriors of the critical Press. Certainly, if Mr. Marsh's "Georgian Poetry" were still appearing at its old two-year intervals, they would be invited to contribute to it. More than that, they are also, in another term which has been used as one of contempt (though I could never quite understand why) "anthology poets".

What this means is, if I rightly grasp it, that their poems are short, and that each is an independent expression of poetic emotion; that some are better than others, and that the poets stand a chance of being represented, to a wider public than will buy their books, by their best work.

What, it seems to me, matters most is whether their best work is good. It is. I must not, however, continue to write of them as though they were poetic twins. In each of these books there is a distinct man. Both deal in personal emotions and personal relations; both choose for their visual background the countryside which has served most of the English lyricists. But the human

figure stands out distincter against Mr. Hamilton's background. It is, he says, when "the fair unconscious Earth":

Is troubled so, and trembles still
With those old storms of heart and will
That we, her sons, have known.

That I, who find excelling grace
Nowhere but in the human face,
Who look for meaning and replies
Only in human lips and eyes,—

That I, sometimes, being possessed
By alien motions of unrest,
Go lonely to the Earth, to share
Voices and visions on the air,

And commune, in her vales, with poets
dead,
And in communion be comforted.

Mr. Kendon's human figure melts more into a richer background, though without ceasing, as sometimes happens in poets of this sort, to be human. As here:

You spread your hands above the grass
Again, and in their little span
Lotus and potentilla flowered,
And thyme among our fingers ran
What cloud, what question touched your
mood,

Evading thought?
Dark on its hill-top slept the wood,
And still we heeded not.
When suddenly my wrist was caught—
We looked—and wonder made us dumb:
Up the valley, alone and afraid,
We saw the white fawn come!

I should add that both poets are among those who are deliberately content to risk saying too little rather than to take the smallest risk of saying too much.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe belongs to a different school in that and in other things.

He has been a good deal more copious in output than either Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Kendon. It goes with that that he should, equally deliberately, prefer precisely the contrary risk. He is also eager, as the "Georgians" rarely have been, to make poetry out of red-hot contemporary themes—which he fears no more than Milton, Wordsworth, or Shelley did. This is an attack, with all Mr. Wolfe's powers of satire and flowing eloquence behind it, on Nazi Germany. We are told that it "is not a criticism of a political system or of any persons connected with that system", but that is only Mr. Wolfe's fun. I cannot at any rate reconcile it with the poem on Reichsbischof Müller, with "Portrait of a Dictator" or with the very name of Hans Kanaleruch:

Gangster by choice, storm-trooper, and
then putscher,
His civic occupation as pork-butcher,
Made it seem more than probable that he
might

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That the Jews had some connection with
the Bible.

Mr. Wolfe has in fact applied his great talents for fluent versification and brilliant rhyming to a vigorous and readable political poem.

Mr. Aldington, too, delivers an attack. It is, however, an indictment of the whole modern world, and the offensive, being too widely spread, mostly lacks force. It would seem that his technique is better suited for witty and deriding comment than for any deep emotion.

I like him best in such passages as:

Let's hitch our waggon to a spiral nebula
And live for ever backward
Faster than Light—
Oh to unsmoke that mathematical cigar!
Let's seek salvation in magnetic fields—
Skool to the deathless proton!

Let's build a New Church
In shape like unto a lucky horseshoe,
And magnify the Lord, the Sacred Magnet,
With clouds of chlorine incense
And reverent muttering of surds.

Following, if perhaps not far enough, a distinguished precedent, Mr. Aldington refers us, for "the historical description of the life quest", to pp. 23-35 of *Human History*, by Sir G. Elliot Smith. I should have thought that the meaning of his poem needed no such aids to understanding. But, since I have no copy of *Human History* at hand, I may have missed some deeper meaning. If it exists, however, it would only add to, not erase, the superficial significance, which any reader may gather, that the human race has taken a wrong turning. What Mr. Aldington wants us to do about it is, unfortunately, not at all clear and I doubt whether Sir G. Elliot Smith himself would give us much help.

EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING, by Walter de la Mare. *Faber & Faber*. 21s.

FROM the outset the writings of Mr. de la Mare have evidenced not only the creative faculty but (if there is a clear distinction) the adventurous appreciation of literature. Of late years, apparently, Mr. de la Mare has grown more inclined to annotate the book of life as it has been written by other hands. His great knowledge of this repository—he will forgive so defunctive a term—has yielded a series of anthologizings, peculiarly his own in selection and style, of which *Early One Morning* is the latest and possibly the most remarkable. The sub-title runs, "Chapters on Children and on Childhood as it is revealed in particular in Early Memories and in Early Writings."

Here, without dogmatic invention, uniting the studious and the inspired, Mr. de la Mare considers those stranger than dream children who inhabit this earth. He does not, as some would like to assert he would inevitably do, view the young of *Homo sapiens* only as beautiful apparitions. He observes the child, through his authorities and through his own additions, in aspects which professional humorists have found useful. Some of his pages bear the heading "Sin," a topic which does not disturb the genial tranquillity of his speculation. His characteristic registration of painful experience, again, makes his book anything but a long paraphrase of *Intimations of Immortality*. How unhappy a chance it is for the present reviewer to accompany Mr. de la Mare to old Christ's Hospital, only to be witness of a piece of insensate bullying! That, too, was a part of childhood; and such things, different in appearance and circumstance, may ever be; for nobody quite knows what is in the mind of the child, for better or for worse, except Energy.

In so capacious a volume, Mr. de la

Mare has time to muse of many things. He is not solely engaged in contemplating the very young. He may be found indulging in a panegyric of Francis Galton—not a verbal ceremony but a recital of biographical facts, which instantly illustrate "the moral and the mystery of man." Bookmen abound, undeterred by the plethora of their materials; but Mr. de la Mare could compare with the most curious collector who ever read the books he collected. *Early One Morning* is not a stated attempt at comprehensive research, but during its course Mr. de la Mare leads the way to a variety of authors, ancient and modern, beyond the powers of commonplace diligence to trace or to dispose. Sometimes he produces as valuable contributors to his subject authors of whom one might otherwise have denied that they ever were children. Still, as he says in one of his graver moments, "Every miserable poisoner who has perished on the scaffold or lived on in terror of it was once a child of five. That is a platitude which in such a context as this resembles the decoration of a Christmas tree with midget gibbets, skulls and crossbones. But it is equally true, though not less truistic, concerning that poisoner's judge and jury, and every patriot, man of genius, martyr and saint—of mankind in general."

It naturally occurs that a large number of the children who pass through the book are those known to fame. Mr. de la Mare is not in danger of neglecting those who are not. He is in love with life, not its veils. But to be recorded accessibly is an unusual thing, and implies some share of fame. Some of these children should be better known, Emily Shore for instance. But this is not the place for a rhapsody on Emily Shore. Her select "Journal" is extant, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in 1891; and probably Mr. de la Mare's notice of it will cause many readers to

hunt for it and see for themselves what *that* Emily was. Somehow Mr. de la Mare's track has not found little Malkin, who is the subject of "A Father's Memoir of his Child" (1806)—a book necessary to enthusiasts for William Blake, but liable to make them forget Blake as they read. Shelley comes quite frequently into this Early Morning; and among the illustrations, a capital series, there are two portraits of him by Hoppner—one representing the tiny boy, the other the "young gentleman." Both are delightful; but whence do they come? I imagine they are new to Shelleyans, but there is no accompanying explanation of so unexpected a blessing.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TOYNBEE HALL: Fifty Years of Social Progress, by J. A. R. Pimlott. With a preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Introduction by J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THIS History of Toynbee Hall, published in celebration of its Jubilee, has a special interest for me because it is an Oxford foundation and I was at Oxford, *in statu pupillari*, when it was founded, and sat through a memorable debate at the Union which may be said to have inaugurated the New Oxford Movement, of which it was the outcome.

The Aesthetic Movement, inaugurated by Oscar Wilde, was then dying. It was to receive the *coup de grâce* at Magdalen where, after an exuberant bump supper, a prominent æsthete was seized and put under the pump. After that outbreak the path was clear for the progress of that new Movement, launched by earnest men whom Samuel Barnett, of Saint Jude's, Whitechapel, was persuading to come and live in the East End of London and give the East-enders the advantage of intimate association with men of culture. That was the starting-point of the great experiment of which

Mr. Pimlott has written the history with sufficient sympathy, but also in a light and entertaining manner.

It was an experiment which, at the time, aroused almost unanimous enthusiasm. Lord Milner blessed it. The *Oxford University Magazine* sang its praises. The Union resolution commending it was carried without opposition. It numbered among its supporters the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Hudson Shaw, who was destined to become the Rector of Saint Botolph's, Billingsgate, and Mr. J. A. Spender and the preliminary spadework done to concentrate undergraduate attention on its ideals would have done credit to the skill of the best of our modern publicity agents.

Such were the beginnings. For the story of the subsequent developments readers must be referred to Mr. Pimlott's pages. He writes as a critic as well as a chronicler. He relates with humour the difficulties at first encountered in establishing relations between the settlers and the natives on a free and easy basis of mutual understanding, and he shows us how, as the times changed, Toynbee Hall changed with them—how the cultural advantages offered were grasped at most eagerly by young men and women of a social status somewhat higher than that of those whom Barnett has originally hoped to benefit; how, after he had ceased to be Warden, the tone of the settlement became less religious and more political; and how it brought the actual Labour leaders from the trade unions into touch with the potential Labour leaders of the future from the Universities, no doubt to their mutual advantage, and with important indirect political effects. His chapter on Toynbee Hall during the difficult days of the war, when it had, for a while, a pacifist for its Warden, is of special interest; but the whole book is worthy of high and hearty commendation.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE BRONTËS: Their Lives Recorded by their Contemporaries. Compiled with an introduction by E. M. Delafield. *The Hogarth Press*. 8s. 6d.

To compile a contemporary record of the Brontë sisters is to be faced at once by a dominating source of information. Miss Delafield, not hesitating to parcel out Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte, has found it both an advantage and a handicap. Without its help her compilation must necessarily have lacked all pretensions to a narrative, despite her admirable gleanings from periodicals and forgotten books. The dramas of Emily and Anne, even of Charlotte herself, were played out to a small audience only, and few amongst these were given to taking notes. But Mrs. Gaskell used the figures of Emily and Anne as background to her vision of the greater Charlotte, so that Charlotte is bound to emerge here with her old importance as the successful novelist whose sisters "also wrote".

Miss Delafield has arranged her book in sections, dealing first with the children and early family life, then devoting a section to each of the children who attained maturity. With the Gaskell biography to draw on, Charlotte's share is larger than those of Branwell, Emily and Anne added together. A more serious result for Charlotte, which Miss Delafield deplores in her preface, is that Mrs. Gaskell's "idealistic" or imperfect view of her prevails in the absence of contemporary documents other than Charlotte's own letters to prove her love for M. Héger. "The letters are the Biography", says Miss Delafield; and one may wish she had felt justified in using these particular ones. There is a more direct reference to Charlotte's passion, at one remove from the scope of this biography. Thomas Westwood, writing in 1869, had not met the Brontës, but he did know "M. Paul Emanuel", as he prefers to call him, "grown old and grey-headed, but petulant and

vivacious as of old". "M. Paul" had told Mrs. Westwood's cousin how he "drew out" the friendless Charlotte and won her love, himself content to worship her intellect.

Emily and Anne are portrayed here mainly through Charlotte's letters to W. S. Williams and Ellen Nussey, quoted in Clement Shorter's book on *The Brontës*. These letters show them in two aspects: as the authors of badly-reviewed books, and as brave physical sufferers. Another aspect, curious, childish and most intimate of all, is seen here in the Secret Papers exchanged between the two of them, to be opened after a lapse of years. No turbulent genius bursts the quiet domestic confines of those papers; they give us an Emily indistinguishable from her weaker sister, her vision resting on their birds and animals, bounded by material plans, except where the imagined Gondal Chronicles break through. To construct

A FRENCHMAN WARNS ENGLAND IN BLACK HAND OVER EUROPE

By HENRI POZZI

... under the inspiration of Benes, and the French politicians who share his ideas, they (the ex-Allies) are recommending the encircling of Germany — this encircling which led us to war in 1914 If she (Great Britain) continues her hesitations, unable to choose between a France who cries PEACE, but who harbours war-makers, sadists and oppressors among her followers, and a Germany who has risen strong and defiant from the tomb of Versailles . . . then war will come.
From the preface to the English edition.

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her character from *Wuthering Heights* is to forget this side of her. The untameable moorland lover is pictured in one of Miss Delafield's more adventurous sources—the recollections of the Hawththornton's son, given in 1868. To show what Mrs. Gaskell and the critics did for Charlotte, he may be quoted: "Miss Emily, who is buried here, besides Charlotte, was the strangest of all the family; nobody thought so much of Miss Charlotte herself." It is to be noted, too, that in 1850 Sydney Dobell was already reviewing *Wuthering Heights* as "the masterpiece of a poet".

As to Branwell, that same sexton's son considered him "the cleverest of the family. A wonderful talker he was", and could write two different letters at once with a pen in each hand. Branwell's ambition and degeneracy are well brought out in the extracts from his friend Francis Grundy, who believed him to have written *Wuthering Heights*. Here again it is a pity that Miss Delafield has ruled out the self-revelatory letter as a permissible source. Might we not have heard some echo from Branwell's spirited bombardment of *Blackwood's Magazine* with manuscripts? It was his fate to remain unacknowledged, and all the despairing arrogance of the man is in his letters to that silent editor. "SIR, READ NOW AT LEAST", he begs, sending a poem called *Misery*; "CONDEMN NOT UNHEARD". The next year he promises "something, the design of which . . . would be superior to that of any series of articles which has yet appeared. . . . A journey of three hundred miles shall not deter me from . . . a hope of utterance into the open world".

The biography as a whole should please all Brontë lovers. Yet it is doubtful if this method can ever yield a perfect picture. Incidents must go unrecorded, characters and relationships uninterpreted. The latter need has been supplied briefly in Miss Delafield's preface.

SYLVA NORMAN.

TERROR IN THE BALKANS, by Albert Londres, with an appendix by L. Zarine. Constable. 7s. 6d.

BLACK HAND OVER EUROPE, by Henri Pozzi. Mott. 8s. 6d.

THE background to the bewildering set of problems confronting the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia in his general drive to clean up a corrupt administration is vividly portrayed by MM. Londres and Pozzi.

The former in *Terror in the Balkans* gives, novel-fashion, a graphic and dramatic description of events in Macedonia up to the period when IMRO'S clean-up began a few years ago. The description is apt to be a little misleading through the evident admiration with which M. Londres beholds brigandry and its daring. He also fails to give a true picture of the case for the Yugoslav Government. While it is generally admitted that the treatment meted out to the Macedonian minority is a disgrace to any country which has signed a Minority Treaty, the question which should really be asked is: "Who, precisely, is responsible?" This question is never put by the author, who seems bent only on describing the iniquities of Serbian administration in Macedonia in language which often is dangerously exaggerated.

The chief value of the book, however, lies in the author's able presentation of a background to the serious study of Balkan politics, augmented by a comprehensive and impartial summary of the situation as it has developed in the last two years, written in the form of an appendix by L. Zarine, Secretary to the Russian Legation in Serbia from 1912 to 1916 and a man of wide political experience. M. Londres has gone in search of the sensational—and has indeed found it: M. Zarine brings the reader back to the possibility of impartial judgments upon the Yugoslav-Bulgarian rapprochement and the murder of King Alexander at Marseilles.

M. Pozzi's work, a translation of *La Guerre Revient* is of more serious import. But it is gravely marred by exaggeration. The Preface to the English edition contains a number of statements which, as written, are open to rebuttal. (The author claims, for instance, that at the Brod affair in February as many as 35,000 peasants were involved. But persons whose information M. Pozzi would be bound to respect denied that there were more than 2,000!). Such an exaggeration unfortunately stamps the book. Nevertheless, there are a great number of incidents of torture and terrorism so reported in the book as to bear the mark of truth, though the force of the description would be doubled if M. Pozzi could look at the position impartially. He is writing with his blood at the boil (and, indeed, the incidents in question must make any decent person feel similar disgust) but this only leads to his failure to distinguish those responsible for the outrages. There are large bodies of Serb opinion which are as revolted as M. Pozzi at what takes place.

The value of M. Pozzi's book too is enhanced by its illuminating appendices. They contain a most useful summary of the manuscript of a book on the Black Hand left behind him by the unfortunate W. M. Petrovitch, whose mysterious suicide in Soho soon after the Marseilles outrage aroused everybody's curiosity. Here is an interesting light on the Black Hand, later further illuminated by an appendix containing M. Pozzi's account of its gruesome constitution. Finally, an appendix in another part of the book divulges the Secret Protocols of the Balkan Pact. M. Pozzi's word for this is one of authority. He is News Editor for the Balkans for *Le Temps*.

It is a great pity that *Black Hand over Europe* is so marred by the author's prejudices as to ruin its chance of attracting serious and influential attention, for that is what the book deserves,

especially for its information on the subject of this organisation, which is still active, with its agents in every country.

PATRICK MAITLAND.

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECHES: The Record of the Silver Jubilee, 1935. King George's Jubilee Trust. 2s.

KING AND PEOPLE, 1910-1935. The Times Publishing Co. 7s. 6d.

A CORRESPONDENT in India whose realistic sense was provoked by the mechanical celebrations of the Jubilee organized by officials in his district lately wrote to inquire whether the same artificiality marked the celebrations at home. That such a misconception could exist about the most spontaneous outburst of public feeling known in this country since the Armistice was somewhat surprising to another friend just returned from Spain, where the principal newspapers vied in publishing special numbers on the occasion. Loyalty is a word almost as suspect as patriotism, but there is no doubt that the record issued by King George's Jubilee Trust will be welcomed by many subjects of His Majesty, who will seize the opportunity at the same time to assist a cause that is near his heart. The handsome volume gives the texts of the various speeches made by the King and some pictures of the chief ceremonial events that are well worth preserving. Those who have carefully cherished the Jubilee Supplement to *The Times* of May 10th, and perhaps already begun to wonder what they would do with it, will also be glad to know that they can obtain this interesting record in more durable form. The chapters on the various features of the King's reign are supplemented by a full diary of the reign which has value for reference purposes.

H. R. W.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

July, 1935

Founded almost a hundred years ago by Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in co-operation with Daniel O'Connell, to play a vital part in the Catholic Revival, the *Dublin Review* pursues its original aim in providing a survey of current events and thought by Catholic thinkers and scholars of the highest competence.

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JOBBER SKALD, by John Cowper Powys. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.

THE JURY, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THE SEVEN ARMS, by L. A. G. Strong. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CLEOPATRA, by Mary Butts. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

SOME of us are satisfied with the novel as pure story, private theatre-show to pass an empty hour. Some of us are not, feeling the world to be already overfull of a number of fictions born more of commercial demand than authentic inspiration. The novel above all other literary forms, it has been suggested, has "the potentiality of revealing the whole history of man, his emotions, his passions, his longings, ordered or disordered, tutored or untutored, good or bad," and it cannot rise to its highest possibility, it cannot really demand critical attention, save as it takes upon itself something of the responsibility of that potentiality.

That is why, whether one will or not, one is forced to set Mr. Powys's book before any of the other three. It is not that they are rightly to be dismissed as commercial products. Still less is it that *Jobber Skald* is to be praised as a perfect work. Far from it! The narrative is in fact longwinded (some 600 large pages), disproportionate, sometimes tedious, sometimes quite incredible, sometimes merely fantastic. It wriggles and rambles around a very loosely jointed group of individuals in a seaside town strongly resembling Weymouth, swaying this way and that in a kind of wild dance of its own, creating situations and then wilfully turning its back on their development, and at last coming to an abrupt end—or breaking-off—without

having got anywhere in particular. Its characters are misers, mystics and madmen (or women), most of them open or secret sensualists and some of them sadists or masochists; scarcely one sustains more than momentarily a common human normality. And yet with all its grotesquerie, its perversity, its flim-flam, it has a curious, dynamic, hypnotic power quite lacking in the other works here reviewed. Though the light goes on largely in a fog, one does perceive Mr. Powys to be in some sense wrestling to draw forth vital revelation of dark human mysteries. He succumbs too much to the lure of his own particular psychoses—described in that most interesting of all his books, his *Autobiography*—and to the error of over-universalizing them, nevertheless he does create an elemental world wherein one may encounter at least the shadows of principalities and powers and those urgent indifferent forces which eternally shape universal being. Distorted shadows perhaps, yet of profound realities! And the prose which evokes them, if disconcertingly uneven, can be at times magnificent.

I think I should record my opinion that Mr. Gerald Bullett has at least once written a novel of the same order as Mr. Powys's, though utterly different in texture and content; that was *The Quick and the Dead*, published in 1933. In *The Jury* he does nothing of the sort, presenting rather a straightforward novel (straightforward in one sense, though very involved in another) which walks throughout with its feet on solid earth in the clear sunshine of everyday. In that category—the category of surfaces, which does not of course exclude psychological analysis—he has produced an excellent and at-

tractive story, whose central incident is the trial of a man for the murder of his wife and the deliberations and thoughts of the jury which precede their verdict. But first he shows us the man and his wife in their daily life, and members of the jury too going their varied disparate roads. He has always had a gift for creating and presenting convincing characters, and here he allows himself the utmost opportunity to exercise it. In the wife he gives a portrait of a really quite charming and utterly murderable woman, drawn in fact so well as such that the reader must accept rather than whole-heartedly believe in her last-minute change of feeling. As an example of what Mr. Bullett can do in short space, note the emergence as personality of Elizabeth, the husband's mistress, in her few brief pages in the witness-box. A novel, certainly, of many qualities—failing only perhaps in its final (or is it the primary?) one of vision!

That equally must be the verdict upon Mr. Strong's *The Seven Arms*, a story of West Highland life in the early nineteenth century, its heroine a strong-willed young woman so passionately devoted to her gamekeeper uncle that when he enlisted to go to fight Napoleon she followed him abroad and on to the very battlefields, returning only when he was invalided home minus a leg and

somehow strangely diminished in her regard. Yet it was a lame man she married, though he shared few of her previous idol's other qualities, and she gave her child her uncle's name. Thereafter, having battled in very fact to the death with her despicable husband, she lived on to become the district's most signal character, dying at last and finding burial after a fashion fitting her reputation. It is all done, every detail of it, with an impressive competence, in a prose always sound and sometimes fine, and yet one reader at least could never shake off a feeling of its total irrelevance, as of something seen in the newspaper, recorded because it chanced to have happened. Jeanie McInnes seems a symbol not of any significance in life, but of futility. She remains, like Mr. Bullett's characters, particular, not reaching out to universals.

There are moments in Miss Mary Butt's chronicle of Cleopatra when it does seem reaching toward wider potentialities, but the aspiration never attains really effective fulfilment. The book follows the Mitchison-Lindsay school of ancient-history-in-modern-terms, and, though perhaps Miss Butts will not care for the ascription, takes on at times very tones of its progenitor, Mr. Julian Shaw. (" 'Dear me,' said Julian in his yacht, making brisk time for the anchorage; 'I wonder what they are up to at this time.' ") But it remains a little too much history and too little novel; save for a few pages towards the end, with Cleopatra, she does not get inside her characters as even Shaw, for all her scorn, did with Cæsar. The principal episodes are the murder of Pompey—as effective a scene as any—the meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra, her stay in Rome until his assassination, and her eventual union with Anthony. The story is mainly notable for its relatively novel view of Cleopatra, who was after all, as it insists, Greek not Egyptian.

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

AUGUST, 1935

THE LEAGUE AND ABYSSINIA

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.P.

THERE is a strong feeling in this country that the future of the League will be deeply affected by its handling of the Abyssinian question, and therewith a demand in many quarters for immediate action upon it by our Government at Geneva. So much depends in truth upon the line which we take that it is surely our duty to look at every facet of the question and to weigh the justice no less than the expediency of any course that we may advise the League to follow. Mr. Baldwin is fond of quoting Lord Balfour's dictum about "the many-sidedness of truth" in political controversy. This Abyssinian business is no exception, though it is clear that there are powerful bodies of opinion in England which see only one side of it.

That is not unnatural, for Signor Mussolini has done nothing to smooth our national susceptibilities and much to exacerbate them. He has for some years past been using language about war and the military virtues which is, to us, nothing short of repellant. When he declares, in a speech officially communicated to the Press of the world by the Italian Government, that "the whole life of the nation, political, economic and spiritual, must be systematically directed towards our military requirements", we appreciate afresh the reasons which led the Vatican to refuse the State the complete control which he demanded for it over Italian education. Dictatorships, however, have their own idiom; and if theirs is distasteful to us we should recognize that our democratic and parliamentary idiom may seem a horrid jargon to them. It would not therefore be just to allow ourselves too much indignation over some of the phraseology which has livened the clash of opinion between him and us. The League,

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if it is to be a harmonizing influence, must strive to bridge these gulfs. I do not suggest indeed that they are mere matters of style, but only that their importance may be exaggerated, and that the sulphurous eloquence with which the Italian case is presented cannot absolve us from doing our best to detach the substance of it from the burning gases which envelop it.

The same allowance must, I suggest, be made for the mendacious campaign waged against us by the Italian Press. Press campaigns in south-eastern Europe are characterized by a lack of scruple and a fertility of invention beside which our wildest excesses seem infantile in their simplicity. If, however, there exists a Nobel or ignoble prize for this kind of literature, Signor Gayda must surely be awarded it this season. Let us admit that, in view of our own record, some of the comment passed on Italian ambitions in our Press and even in Parliament must seem to Italians to have an irritatingly Pharisaic character. We need not complain if these have provoked some spirited retaliation. But the manufacturing of downright inventions about our activities in and on the borders of Ethiopia, and the steady repetition of these utterly baseless statements when the British Foreign Secretary himself has taken the trouble to refute them—this stands in a class apart, and has done immeasurable harm to the Italian case in this country, however much it may have stimulated warlike fervour in Italy. The truth probably is that the Italian people are not so set upon the Abyssinian adventure as their Government, and that the latter therefore has reason to counter any influence which our comment might exert upon Italian feeling. Let us then dismiss the anti-English campaign from our minds. Though it certainly weakens the presentation of Italy's case, it does not affect the substance of it any more than the Duce's fulminations. It is our duty, seeing how insufferably rich we are, to exercise ourselves, and to move the League to exercise the widest possible understanding of Italy's grievance in regard to her own lack of rich possessions.

• We should do so all the more readily because it is of vital consequence that Italy, on her side, should appreciate the strength of our feeling upon another most important facet of the controversy. It is barely three months since Signor Mussolini put his signature to the following final declaration of the three

Powers, France, Italy, and Britain, which met in conference at Stresa :

The three Powers, the object of whose policy is the collective maintenance of peace within the framework of the League of Nations, find themselves in complete agreement in opposing by all practical means any unilateral repudiation of treaties which may endanger the peace of the world, and will act in close and cordial collaboration for this purpose.

This declaration was followed up by a resolution of the Council of the League, in which Italy, with the other members, proclaimed that " respect for all treaty obligations is a fundamental principle of international life " and, further, that " it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty nor modify the stipulations thereof unless with the consent of the other contracting parties ". I admit at once that we ourselves have, in a logical sense at any rate, weakened the force of this declaration by our unilateral action in concluding a naval agreement with Germany. Italy can certainly quote that action against us. But there are two considerations which seem to me completely to invalidate any suggestion that our unilateral action in regard to Germany justifies the unilateral action which Italy proposes to take in regard to Abyssinia. In the first place, Germany's breach of the Treaty of Versailles by open re-armament having been denounced as a precedent, with bell, book, and candle, it was generally agreed that the fact of German re-armament must be, for the future, accepted. It is therefore nothing more than a technical case which can be urged in that matter against our Government. But in the second place our action was not directed towards any breach of the peace of Europe ; on the contrary, it was a positive step towards peace and the limitation of re-armament. If Italy now were departing from the Stresa and Geneva resolutions only in order to further peace and reduce the danger of an appeal to force in Abyssinia, we should certainly not disparage her action by pointing out that it was not technically correct in all particulars.

English opinion, then, has every reason for feeling that an Italian invasion of Abyssinia in defiance of the Covenant, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, and the Abyssinian treaties—to all of which Italy surely reaffirmed her faith when she signed the Stresa and Geneva resolutions—would be a blow to the League from which

it could barely recover, and that we are therefore not merely entitled, but bound, to join with other Powers, if they will join with us, in doing what is possible to show that Articles X and XVI of the Covenant are not a dead letter. So strong is opinion on this point—supported as it is by the great authority of Sir Austen Chamberlain—that English opinion would, in all probability, prefer to see our Government making that declaration alone and single-handed at Geneva, and the League itself suffering the defection of Italy, than that the League should stultify and degrade itself by turning a deaf ear to the appeal which will certainly be made, with unanswerable reason, by Abyssinia. If opinion is already roused in Italy on one side of this controversy, it is most assuredly rising upon the other side in England. We shall feel, quite as much as the Italian people, that our honour is at stake, and we shall take our stand accordingly. Inevitable, however, as that attitude will be, if Italy continues to insist on unilateral action it cannot, for all its loyalty to principle, prevent a further loss of faith in collective security under the League of Nations and a further dangerous weakening of the foundations of peace in Europe. That way lies so dark and threatening a horizon that we in this country must still, at the eleventh hour, strive our utmost, despite all provocation, to find a way out of the impasse without sacrifice of principle; and the very heart of our endeavour must be to make of the League no simulacrum solemnly upheld by ourselves alone among the Great Powers while others fail to support or openly desert it, but a reality which deals frankly and fairly with realities.

The only way of doing so is to turn from the ugly facets of the controversy which have hitherto preoccupied our attention to those other facets which preoccupy the Italian Government, and which explain, if they do not entirely justify, its course of action. This Review published in June a challenging article entitled "The 'Haves' and 'Have-nots'", in which Mr. Frank Simonds arraigned the whole output of treaties, pacts, and covenants since 1918 as contrivances "to perpetuate inequality in the name of peace". He was fair enough to admit that this was not their design; but he insisted, with much force, that this was their effect. He is, of course, one of the ablest of those who maintain that the League of Nations is nothing more than a

twentieth-century version of its predecessors, the Holy Alliance and the Concert of Europe, and therefore in the main an organization for the defence of the *status quo* on behalf of those who find it satisfactory. There is real substance in this criticism, and I shall come to it in a minute. But before I do so I feel bound to urge that Mr. Simonds does less than justice to the powerful and tenacious strain of idealism which inspires the greater part of the passionate loyalty felt towards the League by large bodies of opinion throughout the British Empire. The fact that our idealism has borne less fruit than we have hoped and dreamed is due, not solely to the pressure of material interests in Europe, but in some large measure also to the defection of the United States at the very outset of the new adventure. We have no doubt two lobes to our brain, and English policy, like the air we breathe, is composed of two gases—one which sinks by itself and one which rises. But our idealism is none the less an indestructible reality. As a nation we loathe the thought of war, and it seems to us a terrible thing that two great Governments should, after all that has passed in the last twenty-one years, be using the language in regard to it which resounds through Germany and Italy like a sinister and satanic trumpet-blast. The last verse of Shelley's "Hellas", written more than a century ago, expresses exactly our revulsion against that whole cast of thought:

O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
O drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past.
O might it die or rest at last!

So strong is this current of feeling, so strong amongst the young as well as the old, that we will not believe that the past must be incessantly renewed and that history will never have done with repeating itself. So strong is it that this nation can hardly be brought to face the necessity of re-armament, even in defence of its peace and freedom. But Mr. Simonds is right in telling us that there is another side to the picture we have made of international relations in the present century, and that we must seek to understand and satisfy the needs and feelings of other less fortunate peoples through the League of Nations if that rainbow-castle, which was shaped out of the storm, is not to be shattered

by another elemental conflict as terrible as that which brought it into being.

The key to the future of the League lies surely in this—that no world-settlement can maintain peace indefinitely which is incapable of being sufficiently modified from time to time by peaceful means to meet new conditions and changing necessities. We cannot keep the world in irons, because it is a constantly growing and changing organism. To us, no doubt, the *status quo* seems eminently satisfactory; but we are not entitled to use the Covenant as an Act of Indemnity and Oblivion, guaranteeing the British Empire as a lawful achievement and denying all opportunity to other nations with our necessities to follow our example. Change there must be. If every existing frontier is to remain fixed for ever, and every existing sovereignty, whatever its character, guaranteed against modification, then an explosion is inevitable. The League, instead of bringing the nations together, will divide them into two camps, and the Holy Alliance of the twentieth century will, in due course, go the way of all such alliances. I submit, therefore, that the future of the League depends upon its making a reality of Article XIX of the Covenant, which reads as follows:—

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

Let us, in the light of this Article, consider those facets of the Abyssinian question which present themselves most forcibly to the Italian mind at the present moment.

The first is a matter of national psychology, crystallized in the Duce as the embodiment of Italy's second *Risorgimento*. He has done all he can to revive the pride of the Italian people in its Roman origins and to breed again the ancient Roman virtue which was, in essence, a political and corporate quality. No one can tell how far he has succeeded, though he has certainly altered the surface of Italian life beyond recognition, and restored much of their ancient dignity, not only to the city, but to the Public Services. In Rome to-day, the august initials S.P.Q.R., which have never disappeared entirely from the emblems and organs of the Roman State, are something definitely more than a

interesting historical survival. The Italian people suffered terribly in their pride from the disaster of Adowa forty years ago, and they have never forgotten it. The memory of Adowa is to them what the memory of Sedan was to France before the War. I remember a great Frenchman once telling me that England could never properly understand *l'esprit des vaincus*; but he had known it as it was in France, and therefore he added, "I know it as it is in Germany". It is the same amongst Italians, intensified by the deep desire not only to vindicate their arms in Africa, but to prove that they are the equals of other nations, and true descendants of their Roman fathers in the business of colonial administration and development. I was in Italian Somaliland only six years ago, and I was genuinely impressed by the spirit in which they had set to work to make a colony out of that most unpromising territory. The Duc d'Aosta's large irrigation settlement was particularly remarkable. If we cannot well appreciate *l'esprit des vaincus*, we ought certainly to understand the colonizing instinct. Heaven knows, we have never repressed it in ourselves, and although it is just now a little out of fashion, we may be counted on to keep true to our historic form despite momentary aberrations. This Roman spirit, sharpened by the memory of Adowa, is, I am sure, burning in Mussolini. How far the nation has caught it from him it is impossible for a foreigner to say; but Mussolini himself most assuredly feels that he must prove the mettle of his people in the colonial field if his work of moral and spiritual reconstruction is to be permanent. I quoted him earlier in this article as inculcating the spiritual value of military discipline. Here is the explanation. Italy has been deeply marked by a long era of subjugation and disunion. Those marks, he has sworn to himself, are to be effaced for ever.

The second facet, on the Italian side, is a strong conviction in the mind of every Italian that Italy received less than her deserts at the Peace Conference. I do not know enough of the inner history of that period, when all the world hung on whispers of what was passing in Paris, to have any idea as to why Italy came out of the settlement so badly; but I feel personally convinced that if Mussolini had sat with Lloyd George, Wilson, and Clemenceau he would have done better for his country than

Orlando, who, I believe, spent much of his time in indignant absence from the Conference table. What is certain is that Italy got very little. A year or two afterwards we generously carved a piece off Kenya called Jubaland (while leaving Kenya still burdened with a debt incurred partly in defending that territory) and presented that as a consolation to our grieving ally ; but since the Juba River has, I believe, proved to be brackish up to the boundary between Italian and Abyssinian territory, and since irrigation is the sole hope of the scorching land which we ceded, the consolation has not been very material. France, it is understood, has also recently made a gift of some territory in North Africa to Italy ; but I do not know its quality. It may be what the late Lord Salisbury in one of his moments of disturbing outspokenness described as "light soil" ; I am not sure indeed that this is not that very piece of territory. Furthermore, an island in the Gulf of Perim is said to have passed from French to Italian sovereignty—an island which, it is also averred, is tempting Italy to establish a submarine base confronting Aden. These are interesting international gestures and amenities, of which the Zeila episode is another rather painful example ; but Italy remains dissatisfied, and she has long been determined to do better for herself than her allies were prepared to do for her.

So much for the second facet on the Italian side. I can hear some of my readers who have followed me so far indignantly exclaiming: "What of the new dispensation since 1919? Are hungry European Powers to be allowed once more to seize African territory and occupy it? Have small nations no rights, and are not the arguments you have been using a mockery of the League, whose principles are irreconcilable with the old imperialism?" I hear this—and much more to the same effect. What is the answer?

I will come in a moment to the answer from the standpoint of Ethiopia. Let me first, however, deal with it from the standpoint of Italy and the League, thereby reaching the third facet of the Italian side of the question. A very able Italian, who was devoted to Mussolini, told me some years ago that the Duce would ultimately stand or fall by what he did or failed to do for Italy's growing surplus of population. For some years after the War, Italy's annual excess of births over deaths was, I believe, half a

million. It is still in the neighbourhood of four hundred thousand. Italy, moreover, is a poor country, and the gates of Asia Minor, America, Africa, and Australasia are now practically entirely closed against her emigrants. No wonder that my Italian friend (we talked in French, since his English was nearly as bad as my Italian) described this situation as *un problème démographique des plus formidables*. Here is an issue which we, with our record, must in common honesty weigh with scrupulous care. To talk of standing for principle while burking the issue of principle contained in this aspect of Italy's claim would be to delude ourselves and jeopardize the future of the League. Imperialism may be, and indeed is, discredited in its baser forms ; but in its higher and nobler manifestations it is the sheet-anchor of humanity, the one hope of harmonizing the interest of those masses in Europe which are struggling for a higher standard of living with that of the backward races, which are now part of a narrowing and closely interdependent world. Without it Europe would be doomed to such misery that social disruption could not be staved off, and the weaker races of humanity to a new era of unregulated exploitation in which ruthless force would inevitably take the place of law. The processes of growth and change cannot be stayed, and it is for the League to deal with them in this new era so that they may not cause war ; for it most certainly cannot afford to ignore them and to suppose that they will thereby be prevented in some miraculous way from producing their old and unregulated consequences.

Britain and France both own vast Colonial Empires. Britain, with her constellation of sister nations has, with the exception of America, from the Canadian boundary southwards, occupied the greater part of the habitable globe which is still empty of population and capable of colonization by settlement. The British Empire, the United States, France, and Russia command the sources of practically every food and raw material which they require. Other Powers, which consider themselves their equals in character and capacity, and have insistent needs, as conspicuously lack some of these essential things. Hunger need no longer of necessity drive population from one area to another, as it used to do ; but if the world is to accommodate its increasing population at steadily rising standards of living, all its latent

wealth must be brought into the service of humanity and as freely as possible exchanged.

This means the settlement and development of empty but fertile territories and the taking of measures to provide that territories which are populated but backward should produce all they can. To prevent war, the process of expansion and development must become, in every possible way, a co-operative process, designed to promote the good of all. I do not believe that in this process it will be right and proper to transfer backward peoples from one civilized sovereignty to another as though they were counters in a game of cards ; but it does seem to me essential that civilized sovereignties should be established under the League, where no such sovereignty at present exists—that is, in backward regions capable of greater progress and development than they can alone achieve. I also believe that no great colonial system such as ours should be organized in such a way as to defeat and ignore the interests of those who have no such systems under their control. For the *beati possidentes* there are only two broad rules of conduct which can save them and the world from war : first, that they should themselves develop their possessions, not allow them to waste unused ; and second, that they should strive to meet the economic needs of less fortunate Powers. Africa in particular is so vast a responsibility for the civilized Powers which at present divide it among themselves, and its peaceful development so vital to the peace and welfare of the world, that control of its development will have, in my belief, to be regarded more and as an enterprise in which Western civilization is co-operatively engaged.

The subject is, of course, a vast one, beset with bitter controversy and stubborn inherent difficulties, and I cannot pretend to do more than touch on it here. But Mr. Simonds is, I believe, fundamentally right in his main contention, that the division between the “haves” and “have-nots” is the central problem which civilization must solve if it is successfully to outlaw war. I do not indeed agree with him that the League is already no more than a combination of the one against the other. It has hardly faced the issue as yet, but the time for facing it is at hand. We have had it forced upon us by Japan—and Japan, I admit was not wisely handled by the League. Now Italy is following

suit, and in due course it will be Germany which takes up the theme. Let us therefore look squarely at the fact that this Abyssinian question is a test-case for something more than Articles X and XVI of the Covenant. It is still more fundamentally a test-case for Article XIX, and we shall do an ill service both to the League and to the cause of peace if we do not make every possible effort to arrive at a solution of Italy's claims under that Article before we take any stand against her on the other two.

What, then, I shall be asked, of the Ethiopian standpoint ? Has Abyssinia no rights as a member of the League ? I agree at once that she has fundamental rights and that the League must give full weight to them. What, however, those rights may be adjudged to consist in is a matter for very close analysis. The Abyssinian population proper is, I believe, about a million and a half, who govern (and largely misgovern) from five to eight millions of Gallas and other people. I had some practical experience of the character of Abyssinian administration in the southern parts of the country along the northern frontier of Kenya from 1925 to 1930, and I formed a very poor opinion of it. The present Ruler of Abyssinia is, I believe, an enlightened man, who is striving his utmost to abolish the slave-trade and to introduce a less oppressive system of government ; but I doubt if he really controls the outlying parts of his kingdom, or will ever be able to do so. It is at least an open question whether such a sovereignty has an inalienable right to all its nominal realm under the Covenant of the League. Article XXII, which states as a principle that the “well-being and development of backward peoples form a sacred trust of civilization”, somewhat illogically confines that principle to the peoples inhabiting the former German and Turkish colonies. It is rather hard to understand what principle governed that limitation in the scope of the principle, and there seems in any case to be no reason why the principle should not be held to outweigh the limitation, if other backward peoples may benefit by it. Of this, at any rate, I am sure, that there is a considerable part of the territory and population of Abyssinia which would gain immeasurably by having their “well-being and development” entrusted to a civilized Power under the ægis of the League. It is not likely

to be an easy task. We looked at it once, in Lord Napier's days, and decided against undertaking it. But if Italy is prepared to attempt it, under conditions which may be presented for sanction and supervision by the League as fair to the present Ethiopian Government, and advantageous to the less favoured portion of its subjects, that will surely be a solution of the controversy in the spirit of Articles XIX and XXII of the Covenant which the League will have every reason to recommend to the Negus.

If that possibility be accepted, it is for consideration how best it may be explored in the first instance. The three Powers, which by treaty and geographical situation must bear the main responsibility for whatever is the outcome of the controversy, namely, Italy, France, and Britain, are those most likely to carry out the preliminary investigation expeditiously and effectively. They may well, therefore, consider whether they may not be able to agree upon some modification of the Treaty of 1906, which they can jointly submit to the League and to Abyssinia. It is, alas, very late in the day; yet, with so much at stake both for the League and for the peace, not only of Africa, but of Europe, no opening that offers the faintest prospect of a solution, in accordance with the principles of the League, should be neglected. Amid the gathering shadows, there seems to be no glimmer of hope in any other direction.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

BY WICKHAM STEED

TO Mark Twain's shade I make pious acknowledgment. This rite performed, I steal his title and put it to my own uses, pausing only to praise his insight into foreign folk. "The people of those foreign countries are very, very ignorant", he wrote. They never could understand what his Innocents said to them. Nor have they changed since his day—as my Innocents may discover.

My Innocents are those among us who honestly feel that British ways are best and British motives always pure. If only foreigners could understand this, everything would be easy. My Innocents are sure we ought to do what we can to set foreigners right, though without mixing ourselves up too much in their affairs. They know it is our duty, even when we serve our own interests, to work for the good of mankind.

My Innocents love peace and hold it a priceless boon, well worth having if it can be got on the cheap. To them, "love your enemies" seems not a hard saying if it can carry the corollary "and hate your friends". Heartily do they hate the evil which (they have been told) was done by the Peace Treaties. These Treaties they have not read, though they adore the League Covenant enshrined in them. The League of Nations, which the Peace Treaties set up, they extol as the true basis of British foreign policy. Their faith in it is absolute. Only in their works, under its saving ægis, do they honour the theory of relativity.

In their excursions "abroad" my Innocents are inspired by good faith, good will, trustfulness, and forgetfulness. Trust engenders trust—and sometimes brings forth confidence tricks. "What can you do if you do not trust?" asked Mr. Stanley Baldwin on June 29th. He answered: "You revert straight to the law of the jungle and no progress is possible". He was speaking of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement of June 18th, and

profoundly regretted "observations from one or two members in the House of Commons that you cannot trust the Germans to keep their word".

Thus did Mr. Baldwin apply for enrolment among the Honourable Company of Innocents. Misguided foreign countries had, it is true, jumped to the conclusion that, by condoning single-handed the German repudiation of Part V of the Versailles Treaty, Great Britain had stultified herself and had departed from the co-operation with France and Italy to which she was pledged. Mr. Baldwin set them right by declaring that "the present Anglo-German Naval Pact implies no deviation from that whole-hearted co-operation between this country and France and Italy which were so recently affirmed at Stresa. We have been at pains to reassure the French and Italian Governments, through the medium of the Minister for League of Nations Affairs, on that score".

Having returned from Rome and Paris with two large fleas in his ears, the Minister in question, Mr. Anthony Eden, may have felt less cocksure than the Prime Minister. He was perhaps as annoyed as were other of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues when they learned that "the Germans" were treating the Naval Agreement as a political triumph, despite the warnings given to Herr von Ribbentrop in London, and his assurances that nothing of the kind would be done. I do not blame "the Germans" one whit. Our Innocents must have been innocent indeed to think they would do anything else. Herr Hitler and Herr von Ribbentrop had scored a resounding success, and only Innocents could suppose that they would not make the most of it. The Third Reich felt itself hard pressed, and needed something for the shop window. Shortly before the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, on which the "exploratory" Anglo-German naval conversations were fittingly transformed into a "definite and permanent" agreement, influential Nazi leaders were authoritatively told that, in view of the strained position, there would have to be a new *Putsch* in Austria which, this time, the Reich would openly support, unless the naval negotiations in London should "come off".

To carp at Herr Hitler and his colleagues is foolish. They are doing their best for themselves, according to their lights,

and are playing the same by their own rules. Some of those rules, as regards this country, are laid down in Herr Hitler's autobiography, *Mein Kampf*. They prescribe the cultivation of a close understanding between Germany and Great Britain, at all costs, while the Continent is being made safe for the Third Reich and Herr Hitler's Perpetual Political Testament for the German nation is being carried out. This Testament runs:—

Never allow two continental Powers in Europe to arise. Look upon every attempt to organize a second military Power on the frontiers of Germany, even though it be only in the form of a State susceptible of military development, as an attack upon Germany, and think it not alone a right, but a duty, to prevent such a State from arising, or to smash it if it has arisen, by every means, including armed force. Have a care that the strength of our people should be founded not upon colonies, but upon the soil of the European home. Never deem the Reich assured if it cannot give all the offspring of our people a bit of land of their own for centuries to come. Never forget that the holiest right in this world is the right to the soil which one may till for oneself, and that the holiest sacrifice is the blood shed for this soil. — (*Mein Kampf*, 5th edition, pp. 754-755.)

Most of our Innocents have not read *Mein Kampf*, of which nearly two million copies have been sold in Germany. The only English edition of it is an abridged and strictly bowdlerized version—280 pages in large type as compared with the 782 pages of smaller type in the original. Nor have they read and pondered Herr Alfred Rosenberg's *Mythos of the Twentieth Century*, with its doctrine of race and blood. Innocence must eschew naughty books. Yet there are books which even Innocents might read with profit. One of them is the eighth volume of the Austro-Hungarian Diplomatic Documents which shows how "the Germans" construed in 1914 the efforts of Sir Edward Grey and others to reach agreements with Germany. No sooner were those agreements reached—as Sir Edward Grey might have said, like Mr. Baldwin today—"with equally honourable motives" on both sides, than they were interpreted in Berlin as proof that Great Britain would not intervene in any continental struggle, particularly should it arise in the Balkans, and the Austro-Hungarian Government was straightway urged to go ahead against Serbia.

Thus the Great War came. Our Innocents of that day bore no small share of responsibility for its coming. They meant well, as our Innocents mean today. The road to the hell in which a

million of our best and bravest went down was paved with their good intentions. Today their intentions are better than ever—and we shall be lucky if the road to a worse hell is not paved with them.

What was it that prevented Sir Edward Grey and the Asquith Government from doing, in July 1914, the one thing that might have prevented the Great War? It was doubt whether Parliament and the country would approve of a timely declaration that, if Austria-Hungary and Germany should use the Sarajevo assassinations as a pretext for war, they must not count upon British indifference. I sought vainly, on July 22nd, 1914, to get this declaration made. Why did doubt prevail? Because German propaganda in London had persuaded "Society", the City, the greater part of the Press, not a few Cabinet Ministers, and many Members of Parliament that a peace-loving Germany desired nothing more than British friendship which only an Anglo-German agreement or two would be needed to prove.

I returned to England in the autumn of 1913, after more than 21 years of work abroad, persuaded that, unless British policy were very clear and very firm, the outbreak of a European war would not long be postponed. With the atmosphere of German propaganda I had grown familiar in Rome and Vienna; and when I found London full of it, and Anglo-German agreements well under way, my heart sank within me. So strong was its spell in the City, in the precincts of Downing Street and in newspaper offices, that scepticism of German good faith was looked upon as highly improper. Then the crisis came. The City was panic-stricken, the Cabinet divided and Parliament bewildered. If Germany had not come to our rescue by invading Belgium, the chances are that we should not have awakened in time to save ourselves. I have often wondered what our plight would have been had the French, feeling that we had left them in the lurch, accepted a German offer to let them off lightly on condition that they should join Germany against us. We have no right innocently to imagine that others will always think of our safety before their own.

As soon as the War was over we began to "hedge" again. Jointly with the United States we had undertaken to guarantee French security on condition that France should not annex German territory, the guarantee to hold good until the League

of Nations should be able to organize a superior degree of general security. But the United States went back on this undertaking, and on the League. We had subscribed to the League Covenant on the understanding that the United States would help to uphold it. That expectation having been falsified, two courses were open to us. One would have been to wash our hands of the League and of all attempts to organize collective security. The other would have been to make good the guarantee to France, and to stand by the League in such fashion that it would be able to organize the superior degree of general security which would lighten our particular burden.

Neither of these courses did we follow. We, in our turn, went back on the guarantee to France—as we were strictly entitled to do—and forfeited the moderating influence upon French policy in Europe which it would have given us. We helped to found the League of Nations, and whittled down Article 16 of its Covenant which had been put in as the foundation of collective security. When, in January 1922, Mr. Lloyd George offered France a modified British guarantee on certain conditions, the harm was already done. By that time French feeling was estranged and French policy had taken a Nationalist and almost anti-British turn, two consequences of which were the Chanak crisis, in October 1922, and the occupation of the Ruhr early in 1923.

On the part of France the Ruhr occupation was sheer folly. It led to the inflation of the German currency, the ruin of the middle classes and the beginnings of Hitlerism. By repercussion, it hit the French currency hard. But in May, 1924, French Nationalism was overthrown and the chance of Franco-British co-operation restored. In August, 1924, the first British Labour Government and M. Herriot's Government in France accepted the Dawes reparations scheme and, next month, agreed at Geneva upon a League resolution foreshadowing "arbitration, security, and disarmament". On this resolution the famous Geneva Protocol was based. The Protocol "for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes" was a serious effort to promote collective security as a basis for disarmament, and, though needing amendment, it would have ensured the meeting, and probably the success, of a Disarmament Conference in 1925.

Indeed, its validity was expressly dependent upon the success of such a Conference. Yet we rejected it entirely. Six months later we sought to create a limited substitute for it at Locarno, believing (in our innocence) that peace is divisible. We have our reward.

By "hedging" on the price of disarmament at a time when Germany was still disarmed, we put a premium upon her future repudiation of Part V—the military, naval, and air clauses—of the Versailles Treaty. Thereafter no Disarmament Conference could have any chance of succeeding unless we would subscribe to binding provisions for collective security against war. To no such provisions would we subscribe. Our Innocents talked and acted as though they believed that weapons of war could be abolished by incantation. They richly earned for us the stricture which Mr. Frank Simonds presently passed upon the American people—that the mission of John the Baptist cannot be fulfilled by the methods of Pontius Pilate.

Innocent among our Innocents in these respects were Mr. Arthur Henderson, as President of the Disarmament Conference, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Meanwhile our City financiers had poured into Germany hundreds of millions, partly in hope of gain, partly with political malice aforethought, and with total indifference to secret German re-armament. Today the unrecovered, and probably unrecoverable, balance of those "frozen" millions draws them like a magnet, and keeps them running after Hitler's chariot, of which Dr. Schacht holds the financial reins. In the intervals of panting "Heil, Hitler!" and of pulling strings to keep some organs of the British Press subservient to Germany they may be heard to sigh: "If only Schacht would be honest!" Hitler, Göring, and Schacht understand the position perfectly and—small blame to them—keep their British backers on the run. Having spent the British and other millions on war preparations, they boldly ask for more "lest all be lost". In its heart of hearts, the City knows that all is lost; but, were it to confess the truth, more than one of its big "private financial houses" might be in Queer Street.

By these financial "interests" and German propaganda a sort of invisible censorship has been set up over the written and spoken word in this country. Religious organizations with branches in Germany are astutely blackmailed into silence, and

pressure is put upon associations for the promotion of international fellowship and goodwill to avoid all reference to matters political in their gatherings lest "German susceptibilities" be wounded. Why Hitler should have a monopoly of susceptibility I fail to understand. Are the millions of good Germans who groan under his tyranny devoid of susceptibility? Have the tens of thousands of half-starved, flogged, and tortured men in his prisons and concentration camps no claim on our articulate sympathy? Are the Protestant pastors and Roman Catholic priests who stand out against the new paganism, waiting and hoping for some word of encouragement from abroad, to listen for it in vain? All honour to the Bishop of Chichester, who strove to check the nauseating gush with which so many of our Innocents greeted Hitler's cunning Reichstag speech of May 21! "The very people who desire friendship most earnestly", he wrote, "are deeply disturbed by the forces to which Herr Hitler allows such terrible freedom in Germany itself. They are profoundly moved by the internal war within that great country, the war which some of the prominent members of the National-Socialist party are waging against freedom and against Christianity. What is this Germany with which we are asked to make friends? Is it the Germany in which the National-Socialist authorities submit Christian pastors and others to the cruelty of the concentration camps and place every kind of restriction on the liberty of the Christian Church?"

With this courageous protest even the Archbishop of York, ever foremost among our religious Innocents, was fain to associate himself. It moved other Innocents to exclaim—in the hope that Herr Hitler might hear—how nice it would be if the Nazi Leader would amnesty his political opponents and behave as though he had never ordered or helped to carry out the "clean-up", that is, the massacre, of tiresome friends and ancient opponents on June 30th, 1934. There would, indeed, be joy among our Innocents over a repentant Hitler, sincerer joy than they felt when he suddenly embraced Poland early last year and thus cooled their righteous wrath against the "impossible and intolerable" Polish "Corridor". They had long been working up enthusiasm for "Treaty revision" which, being interpreted, meant, in the first place, the return to Germany of Poland's

Maritime Province, misnamed the "Corridor". In March 1933 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon flew to Rome, where they received, with substantial approval, from Signor Mussolini the draft of an Italo-German project for a Four-Power Pact of which, in Mr. MacDonald's words, the "big and almost only detail" was "revision of treaties". Poland understood what was afoot and, in view of German clamour against the "Corridor", spoke soothly to Hitler. Marshal Pilsudski asked him bluntly whether he wanted war at once or in five years or in ten; and Hitler answered that he wanted peace for ten years on condition that Poland would not uphold the independence of Austria, would hold aloof from the Little Entente, and would fall in with German views on other matters. Eager to get the laugh of our—and other—Innocents over the "Corridor", and to show that she is nobody's "satellite", Poland accepted Hitler's terms—and a subtle process of disintegration in Central Europe was begun.

Our Innocents are not alone in admiring Hitler. I admire him too—on other grounds than theirs. He is no Innocent. He has never kept his word an hour longer than it suited him to do so. His shrewdness in fooling others is almost uncanny; and he is steadfastly pursuing the foreign political programme set forth in *Mein Kampf*. That programme means war, soon or late, if Hitler lasts. It may not come until he thinks Germany ready for it. It need not come at all if we and other countries talk to him in the only language he understands, the sort of language Marshal Pilsudski used. Only we must be ready and able to talk it. Otherwise war will come one day or one night without warning, and with what may be a knockout blow. On July 11th, our new Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, said: "Even ten years ago, long before aircraft became as formidable in speed, performance, and destructive power as they are now, it seemed to me that the danger of the knockout blow was so great that only the deterrent of an almost overwhelming air force might save the world from a great catastrophe"; and he believed that those views are now generally shared by the great majority of Members of Parliament. I hope Sir Samuel Hoare is right. But I wonder what he and "the great majority" of members of Parliament feel upon the way in which his colleagues allowed

themselves to be fooled about German air strength up to the moment when Hitler blurted out a part of the truth to Sir John Simon in Berlin.

Only the settled intention of Germany to make war—or to get what she wants by threat of war—explains the speed, the size and the quality of German re-armament on land, in the air and on sea. This intention explains also the intensity of German propaganda in Great Britain. As in 1914, "Society", the City, a large part of the press, not a few Ministers and many members of both Houses of Parliament are under its spell. Some of our "competent" Ministers and Departments of State spurned well-founded warnings that Germany was already stronger than Great Britain in the air; and, as late as last February, Sir Philip Sassoon echoed their ill-founded optimism in Parliament. Herr Hitler's revelations to Sir John Simon put an end to it—and thus gave us some compensation for the detestable practice of allowing British Ministers to wait upon Dictators in their own countries because those Dictators dare not go abroad.

Then came Hitler's crafty speech of May 21 (with its assurance that Germany would be satisfied with 35 per cent. of British naval strength), the "exploratory" naval conversations and the hasty Agreement of June 18th. I hope the B.B.C. has kept a Blattnerphone record of the tone in which the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell, trumpeted to the country on June 19th the glories of this achievement. He spoke like a sea captain laying down the law to a ship's company.

The ratio of 35 to 100 is to be a permanent relationship [he cried]. That is to say, the German fleet will *never* exceed 35 per cent. of our naval forces, whether those forces are limited by treaty or not. The world is thus rid, so far as Germany is concerned, of the fear of a new race in naval armaments . . . The German Chancellor, recognizing the supreme naval responsibilities of this country, has of his own will limited the German navy *for all time*, to 65 per cent. below our own. The Admiralty consider that had this offer been refused, this country would have incurred a very grave responsibility.

My italics reproduce the First Lord's emphasis. "Never", and "for all time"! The list of historical "nevers" which events swiftly belied was already long enough to bid any save Innocents be wary. Nothing that has been said in defence of the Anglo-German Naval Agreement warrants belief that it will be worth the paper it is written on whenever Germany may feel

inclined to depart from it in the spirit or in the letter.

Its letter is bad enough in all conscience. Worse still was the method of its conclusion. It made a mockery of our belief in "the sanctity of treaties", of our protest against Germany's repudiation of the military, naval, and air clauses of the Versailles Treaty, and of our moral obligations towards France and Italy. If, as we maintained, the German repudiation was an international misdemeanour and an offence against the "sanctity of treaties", we hastened to compound the misdemeanour and to condone the offence. We threw international decency to the winds in our eagerness to snap at the naval carrot which Hitler dangled before our innocent noses. And we cannot even plead that the carrot is succulent.

The German 35 per cent. of the aggregate naval tonnage belonging to the entire British Commonwealth gives Germany not less than parity with us in Europe, since our tonnage is necessarily dispersed throughout the world, while German tonnage remains concentrated in the Baltic and the North Sea. We present Germany with the mastery of the Baltic, imperil the Scandinavian and non-German Baltic States and compel them either to yield to German pressure or to league themselves and build against Germany. Hitler has every reason to rub his hands. Having flattered us by suggesting that Germany, too, would like to abolish submarines altogether—when he and we well know that this "gesture" is purely platonic—he secured our assent to an increase of German submarine strength up to 45 per cent. of our own, or even to 100 per cent. in the event of a situation arising which, *in the opinion of the German Government*, makes it necessary.

Taking into account the relative importance of seaborne trade to Germany and to the British Commonwealth, of which Great Britain is the heart and head, these arrangements look like a very odd bargain. Of one thing we may be certain. Whenever Germany thinks the time has come to claim 100 or even 45 per cent. of our submarine tonnage, she will already have built up to or beyond the strength she claims. She will confront us with an accomplished fact as she did when Herr Hitler told the innocent Sir John Simon that her air strength was already equal to ours. At that moment there was talk of a modest German

demand for only twelve small submarines. Now her naval programme for 1935 alone speaks of 28 submarines, varying from 250 to 750 tons each, or nearly half the total tonnage permitted under the Anglo-German Agreement, besides two battleships of 26,000 tons apiece, two more cruisers of 10,000 tons, and some very powerful destroyers. These ships, most of which are completed or nearing completion, were laid down secretly in defiance of the Versailles Treaty. *The Times* is moved to confess that "it is something of a shock to realize the secrecy with which such important naval preparations were being made", though it joins in the innocent chorus that the Anglo-German Agreement has put "a definite, permanent, and moderate limit" to such building.

Where and how? Nothing in the Anglo-German Agreement debars Germany from further building in secret. What will our remedy be if we discover, one fine day, that she has built up to 100 per cent. of our submarine strength, or that our "65 per cent. superiority" has gone west because the quality of her new cruisers and battleships, ton for ton, is vastly higher than that of our obsolescent vessels? It looks as though the Anglo-German Naval Agreement—which, politically, has carried a step farther the disintegration of Europe begun by the Four-Power Pact two years ago—will end by forcing upon us a big naval programme, no matter what the First Lord of the Admiralty may say to the contrary.

On one hypothesis alone could a good word be said for the Anglo-German Naval Agreement. If this hypothesis does more credit to our guile than to our innocence it may not, on that account, be wholly untenable. It is that our Ministers, knowing more of the truth about German armaments than they have dared to tell the country, wished to gain time while they put our defences in the air and on sea into something like adequate order. Such a course would be comprehensible, even if it were lacking in candour and real intelligence.

The really intelligent course would have been to hold firm to the Anglo-French Agreement of February 3rd, with its provision for mutual assistance; to have stuck to the terms of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's White Paper or "Statement on Defence"; not to have condoned the German repudiation of

the Versailles Treaty since by it we put ourselves out of court in dealing with the Italo-Abyssinian dispute ; and to have spoken to Germany the only language she can ever understand. That language is the language Germans use to each other ; it is not the language of under-statement which we habitually speak. Either we stand against war or we do not. If we do, we have to stand against it with other countries whose faces, like ours, are set against war ; and, as Mr. Stanley Baldwin (in his less innocent moments) has often insisted, to be ready and able to act up to the undertakings for collective security into which we may enter. There may still be time for a firm peace front to avert war in Europe. But the sands are running out more swiftly than our Innocents seem to perceive. Fortunate indeed shall we be if we escape unscathed.

CAN SOCIOLOGY BECOME A SCIENCE ?

BY PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY

THERE is a great deal of talk these days about the importance of social science. Nothing but the application of scientific method to social affairs will allow us to control the aforesaid social affairs, which, as all agree, are at the moment distinctly out of hand. So say the upholders of scientific sociology. On the other hand, voices of the contrary party are not lacking. The out-and-out sceptics assert that sociology can never become a true science. Others, less sweeping but more insidious, remind us that in social science we are on different ground from natural science, in that the experimenter cannot help being inside his own experiment, and that even in the observation and analysis of fact the social scientist cannot help being influenced, whether pro or con, by the system which he is observing. No method of fully discounting bias or prejudice exists as it does in the natural sciences ; bias of some kind enters into every social phenomenon, and there is no purely objective standard of preference, no criterion for the scientific validity of an experiment. And there is a third type of criticism which takes the form of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Such critics point to the regrettably large amount of nonsense, hot air, triviality, uplift, etc., generated by so-called social scientists, and proceed to argue that if so much that is unscientific exists in sociology, there can be nothing in it that is scientific.

It is worth while examining the position in some detail. In the first place, it is clear that in the field of the social sciences a great deal is often included which has no claim to be called scientific. It is distinctly unfortunate that the term *science* should be employed, especially in America, in two different senses—one in the field of social, the other in the field of natural knowledge. In the former field it is often used as the equivalent of the German

Wissenschaft, in the sense merely of an organized body of knowledge or ideas. In the second, it is restricted to the equivalent of *Naturwissenschaft*—a body of knowledge and ideas amassed and tested by the true scientific methods. It is in this latter sense that the word *science* has come to be generally used in the English language, and it is a pity that an alternative usage should creep in. Yet we find that the Research Committee on the Social Sciences in the United States includes not only economics, but history, which has always been in the main a humanist as opposed to a scientific subject. It would really be more desirable, when speaking of the field in this broad sense, to use some phrase like Social Knowledge in place of Social Science. For it cannot but be extremely unfortunate, in these days when science is so highly prized, for subjects and doctrines, which by their nature and origin cannot help being un- or rather non-scientific, to enjoy the prestige of science.

Be that as it may, it is clear that the first step is to exclude all such fields from our discussion, and then to ask whether what remains can justify its claim to be scientific. Here again, it is unfortunately true that, especially in the past, a great deal of sociology, or at any rate a great many sociologists, have run to tautological phrases, empty generalizations, unsatisfactory methods of analysis, unscientific modes of approach. It is as a result of this that sociology has acquired an unenviable reputation in certain quarters. Among the upholders of "humane studies" there is a regret that what they regard as vehicles of cultural values should lose their real character in attempting to dress themselves up in scientific disguise; while there are many in the ranks of the natural sciences, especially the more mathematical and experimental of these, who roundly assert that sociology is nothing but a pseudo-science, with which they will have nothing to do.

This, however, is what inevitably happens with every truly new science. When science adventures into a field which has hitherto been given over to non-scientific treatment, it has to find its feet. And a great deal of nonsense is liable to be talked during the process. The most superficial acquaintance with the history of science will show this. The Pythagorean doctrine of numbers; the early theories as to the elements and the humours;

the principle of perfection which, as applied to geometry and to the heavenly bodies, caused the belief that the sun and the planets must move in circular paths, and so gave rise to the strange complications of Ptolemaic astronomy; the fantastic theories of dawning embryology, sometimes mystical, sometimes ultra-logical like Bonnet's theory of *emboîtement*; the mixture of truth and falsehood, science and charlatanism, in early experimental psychology, as exemplified by Mesmer; the survival of alchemical ideas to mingle with the birth of modern chemistry.

We need not multiply examples. The early exploration of the unknown or the mysterious is almost bound to be attended with a phase of pseudo-science, in which mysticism at the one end and true scientific method at the other, are connected by every gradation of *a priori* argument, mere analogy, loose speculation, conclusions based on false clues, and so on.

The problem is thus still further boiled down. After excluding both the non-scientific aspects of social knowledge and also the pseudo-scientific divagations of a new subject, is there a scientific kernel left to sociology?

It is here that the crux of the matter lies. There are still many, both among philosophers and natural scientists, who assert the contrary. The nature of the material, they claim, precludes the application of true scientific method. Some hard thinking is necessary on this point. Personally, I am of the opinion that sociology can become scientific, but that it will have to work out a canon of method which differs in important respects from the canon generally accepted in the non-human sciences. Social Science finds itself, broadly speaking, in the position occupied by Natural Science at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It awaits its Bacon.

Indeed, the history of natural science is illuminating for social science in a number of ways. In that history Bacon, with his formulation of scientific method, was important: but in a sense Bacon was only a symptom. The verbal formulation of the inductive method and of the notion that control of nature would only be arrived at by the use of that method, was one expression of a changed temper. Human mind was becoming emancipated. Men were throwing overboard their traditions and their *a priori* principles: they were becoming adventurous, exploratory, and empirical.

If Bacon's *Novum Organum* was one symptom, the great voyages of geographical exploration and the freeing of trade and commerce from feudal and religious restrictions were others. Still another was the actual practice of scientific discovery by induction and experiment (which in point of fact proceeded largely uninfluenced by Bacon's precepts), and the working out of a technique by science for its own advance in the foundation of learned societies and the launching of the world's first scientific journals. And still another was the rapid advance in technology, in which pure science speedily found application and practical justification.

The moral for social science is clear. The idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling man's social environment and his own nature is now in the air, just as after the Renaissance was the idea of exploring, understanding, and controlling non-human nature and man's external environment. The present interest in sociology is an outcome of this more general tendency. But before it can fully merit the name of science, it needs development in three inter-related ways. It needs to formulate its special methods: it needs able brains working at its fundamental problems and discovering its principles: and, just as natural science needs completion through military, industrial, agricultural, and medical applications, so, too, social science needs practical outlet in application by means of social experiment.

Let me discuss these points in more detail. On the second, there is little more to be said. The great discoveries within any subject do not reveal themselves in advance: they emerge only as the result of intensive work by first-class intellects. Bacon could not prophesy any of the achievements of science, even in the era immediately succeeding his own. He could only prophesy that, if a certain method were followed, great achievements would result. All that can be done in this field is to try to ensure an adequate supply of workers of high standard.

A forcible plea for action along these lines has already been made by Sir Josiah Stamp at the British Association meeting in 1933. The problem can be approached from different angles—that of providing training, and that of providing work for social scientists when trained. In regard to the first point, a reform of the scholarship system at the Universities, giving more scholar-

ships in the biological and social sciences, fewer in physico-chemical sciences and other subjects, should divert some of the present excess of budding, but already over-specialized, chemists and classicists. Reform in the secondary school curriculum, by which human biology and social science are made more prominent and more interesting, is likely to attract a certain proportion of bright boys and girls. The provision of well-planned courses of study, undergraduate and graduate alike, at the colleges and universities will tell in the same direction.

But training is of no avail unless it later finds an outlet. Jobs must be found for the first-class brains when they have become social scientists. As with natural science, such posts will fall in several different categories. With greater representation of social science in the curriculum, teaching in school and university will absorb some. There is room for enormous expansion within Government service. If, for instance, the Bureau of Census were expanded, as it should be, so as to become a real agency for national stocktaking, it alone would find room for large numbers of men trained in the social sciences. Planning, too, and the survey work basic to planning is likely to absorb numbers of men. Already in the United States there is a National Resources Board; it seems inevitable that this will one day be merged in a larger National Planning Board, and we may well envisage a governmental Social Science Research Council. Furthermore, with the increasing regulation of industry which is indubitably on the way, there will be need of many trained civil servants occupied, not merely with economics, but with labour relations and the like. Public Relations, too, will become increasingly important.

What is true for Government is true also, with modifications, in private industry. Human relations, with Labour and with the public, will need more cultivation and supervision; planning and co-operation with other agencies will bulk larger.

But it is of extreme importance that outlets for social science and social scientists be not restricted to Government and to private industry. With the best will in the world, politics and profit cannot help imposing a bias on workers in their employ—even on scientific workers. It is essential that there should be private institutions pursuing pure research in social science. The

teaching departments of Universities are one agency in this field. But experience with the natural sciences shows that this is not enough ; we need also research institutions, with teams of whole-time research workers. The Brookings Institute at Washington is one example of such institutions, the New School of Social Research in New York another. But we need many more such, specializing in different fields of pure and applied human and social science. If possible we need them organized not only on a basis of pure research, but also, like research institutions in applied natural science today, to serve particular aims—the social needs of the consumer, for instance, as opposed to those of the producer, or those of labour as distinct from those of capital or the State. Further, remembering how the growth of the natural sciences was promoted by academies, a National Academy of Social Science, open only to those of the highest distinction, should be organized on the lines of the Royal Society.

Next we may take the point about social experiments, it is often held up against social science that it cannot experiment. This is not true, although it is true that experimentation must be of rather a different type from that employed in the natural sciences. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between mere experiment, and experiment with some sort of a scientific basis. To merit the name scientific, an experiment should be controlled, in the sense used in the laboratory. It should, that is to say, be conducted simultaneously with a similar experiment in which all the factors are the same, except those of which the effects are being tested.

The accuracy of such control will always be less in social than in natural science. But by careful planning a reasonable degree of control may be achieved. Most "experiments in education" that have hitherto been made have been largely vitiated, *qua* experiments, in that the children come from a selected group of parents, and also in that non-school influences may counteract the educational procedure. Most so-called social experiments, such as communities with a special mode of life, are in similar case. The only "control" to the great Russian experiment is the highly uncontrolled (in the non-scientific sense) development of the rest of the world. On the other hand, the experiment being conducted through the Tennessee Valley Authority to determine

the efficiency of public *versus* private generation and distribution of electric power, has been carefully planned so as to have a much higher degree of scientific control.

So far as social experimentation by governments is concerned, the regional method appears to be the best. A region of adequate size is selected, in which one particular social factor or combination of factors is put into effect. The rest of the country serves as the control. Or, of course, two or three components of a combination of factors can be tested out by an experiment involving several regions. In this way, a wide range of social factors could be brought to experimental test—education, diet, traffic regulation, power generation, public ownership or operation of this or that utility; birth-control in relation to health, morality, and population growth, individual organization, family allowance, and so on. Of course a great deal of haphazard experiment has been done in all these fields. The point is that to approach any scientific criterion great pains must be taken both in planning the experiment and in arranging for the critical evaluation of its results.

Meanwhile, the critics of social science are right in pointing out that experiment in this field can never be so rigorous as in natural science. The degree of isolation and control can never be so great ; selection or bias of some sort is almost bound to enter into the conduct of the experiment. But they are wrong in saying that it can never be scientific. There is no sharp qualitative line between scientific and unscientific. Even the best-planned physical experiment shows a margin of experimental error, due to insufficient control or to insufficient understanding of the factors to be isolated. There is every gradation between experiment so haphazard as to be scientifically worthless, and the rigours of an *experimentum crucis* in physics or physiology. Social experiment can become enormously more scientific than it is, and in so doing it can achieve a reasonable degree of scientific validity, quite sufficient to serve as a check on theory or a guide to action.

However, the fact that the scientific validity of social experiment is limited leads us to our last and most important point—the need for social science to formulate its methods.

In the first place we must get accustomed to thinking about the principle of causation in rather a different way from that familiar

in natural science. Leaving aside philosophical difficulties, we are often able to say in physics or chemistry or physiology that something is *the* cause of something else. It is perfectly reasonable to say that the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun is the cause of the tides, or that *Bacillus pestis* is the cause of plague. When we consider the matter carefully, however, we see that we can only do this because we can isolate the reacting system involved, either in thought or by means of experiment, so that we can, for all practical purposes, exclude other factors which might have an effect on it.

With human affairs, however, it is all but impossible to do this. They are alarmingly complex and non-recurrent. Any system which can be isolated for study or control contains a large number of causative variables, all of them capable of exerting a considerable effect. We, therefore, can no longer speak of A being *the* cause of X. It is *a* cause, together with B, C, D, etc. We must, in fact, train ourselves to think in terms of multiple causation. Usually this is not done, and the idea of single causation is dragged into the social sphere. Bad heredity is the cause of crime; bad environment is the cause of crime. Economic nationalism, private armament firms, the ambition of rulers, faulty social psychology—each is *the* cause of war. And so on. We must beware of reasoning thus. Bad heredity is *a* cause of crime; but so is bad environment.

And as well as multiple causation, we must think in terms of multiple effect. A single change introduced into a social system can never be evaluated in terms of a single effect. In discussing Prohibition, it was of negligible value as an argument to confine yourself to the fact that working-class earnings had increased. A measure of such scope was bound to have equally important effects on other aspects of life. A, B, C, are partial causes of X, but also, in varying measure, of Y, Z, etc.

To get full value out of social science, it is essential that the public shall be able to grasp the ideas of multiple causation and multiple effect, and that the sociologists themselves shall develop a technique—by way of partial correlation and the like—for handling such ideas in scientific practice.

Another important reform of principle will be the dropping of abstract terms such as *justice* or *truth* in sociological discussion

or at least seeing to it that they shall never be used without defined content, as if they had any absolute or unchangeable meaning.

Natural Science, on its rebirth after the end of the Middle Ages, had to do something similar. It had to rid itself of abstract principles, such as the principle of perfection (from which you could deduce that the paths of the heavenly bodies *must* be circular!) or the co-existent principles of lightness and heaviness existing in bodies (by which the scholastic philosophers could prove that Galileo must be wrong in saying that a light body fell as fast as a heavy one). Natural Science learnt to use general terms such as mass, energy, evolution, which are condensations from experience and have a definable content. Sociology, too, must (and can) learn to abandon the abstract and *a priori* and to develop terms and general ideas of a scientific type.

In a sense, however, the most difficult bit of methodology confronting Social Science is that of bias. I use the word in the most general sense, without any pejorative flavour, to denote the emotional and intellectual set, often quite unconscious, which no human beings, not even social scientists themselves, can avoid receiving from their personal and social environment. Sociology must perfect methods of discovering the existence and nature of bias, especially when disguised or unconscious: further, of allowing the investigator to discount his own bias, and, finally, of helping the social experimenter to control the bias of others.

The discounting of bias on the part of social investigators is in principle similar to the minimising of experimental error and personal equation in the natural sciences. We should expect to find, in the introduction to a good sociological paper, a statement as to how bias was so far as possible discounted. Further, so far as possible, the social scientist should aim at expressing his results in objectively expressible criteria, on which a reasonable consensus of agreement can be reached; and wherever possible, the criteria should be in terms of multiple effect.

Once this has been attained, sociology can pay attention to the other and practically more important objective of studying bias in others with a view to its control. This obviously means a close linking of deep psychology with social science. But the importance of the study is obvious when we see the kind of social

problems arising out of it—problems that up to the present have received no solution, either theoretical or practical.

For instance, granted that public opinion and enthusiasm is of fundamental importance in social affairs, how is it to be best and most efficiently regulated? When does propaganda defeat its own ends? Is it inevitable that each generation shall, broadly speaking, react against some of the dominant ideas of the generation before? How much can be done by psychological means, and how much must remain to be done by altering the economic and other machinery of society?

However, I can still hear the objections of the purist from the natural science side of the fence, objecting that this is all very well, but that his fundamental objection still remains—namely, that the existence of bias and the lack of agreement as to values will always prevent the attainment by the social sciences of anything that can be called scientific truth, or of any objective criteria that will be generally accepted by all normal men. This is a grave objection, and I think it can be met only in one way. Science inevitably has a dual aspect: under one aspect it is an approach to truth, under another a means to control. In social science we are driven to stress the operational, practical side: the knowledge we gain not only can help us towards control, but can best be judged by the efficiency (in no mere mechanical sense) of the control which its application makes possible. *Solvitur operando* should be the motto of social science. This has been stressed by Marx and Lenin and other Marxist writers who have approached the philosophy of science from the social end; and if they have tended to over-emphasize the principle in regard to the natural sciences, they have done a real service in regard to the social sciences.

We must, unless we are mere defeatists, take the view that it is possible to achieve a control of social destiny, more intelligent in its methods and more desirable in its results than anything we have today. If so, then here, as in other fields, knowledge will help us towards control. This is, to my mind, the foundation on which social science can be justified; in so far as it accumulates social knowledge along scientific lines, it provides the basis for better and more efficient social action.

And this leads me to one final point. The very complexity of

social affairs is a sign-post to an improvement in scientific method. Society is so integrated that we can never get the same simple answers to our questions as we can to those about nature. But this integrated complexity which fills the physicist with hopelessness can be an inspiration to the sociologist. He sees that he can only meet integration without by means of integration within. He needs to devise better methods of co-ordination, both in regard to scientific research and in regard to taking action on the basis of research accomplished.

He can take heart from the biologist, who will tell him that in the course of the evolution of the nervous system, the early steps were in the direction of improving the separate avenues of knowledge via the sense organs, and the separate mechanisms of efficient action via the instincts. But the machinery for integrating knowledge in relation to experience, and for integrating action on the basis of this knowledge, was the last and apparently the most difficult step for evolving life.

Already a movement is on foot for integrating the different branches of scientific research. Sociology can only succeed if it pushes the machinery of scientific integration on to a new level. But if it does this, it will have done a great deal towards converting science from a series of isolated social nerve-centres into what it should and might become—a real brain for society.

THE HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT

BY COLONEL THE RT. HON. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P.

A TREASURY Minute of March 22nd, 1929, set up a Committee to report on the materials available for a record of the *personnel* and politics of past members of the House of Commons from 1264 to 1832, as well as on the cost and desirability of collecting, editing, and publishing the materials. The Report was published in July, 1932, on the centenary of the passing of the great Reform Bill (Command Paper 4130). The Committee judged that the task was possible and should be undertaken, and recorded their opinion in these words :

"The importance of Parliament itself is a measure of the importance of its history. It is not necessary for us to stress that importance either now or for the last 670 years. We were the first people to govern ourselves through responsible representatives. We may be the last. The institution is so peculiarly English, has been so envied by other nations, and has been so widely copied and discarded and fought over, that the world has come to accept parliamentary government as a symbol of freedom. Parliament has acquired a sentimental value altogether distinct from its real utility or power. There is now a pride in it as a visible national emblem.

"Nor is Parliament a cold and remote abstraction. It must always be to us a long series of assemblies of men who were our ancestors. There are histories of the institution. There are also histories of its actions. But of the men who gave the institution life, who shaped it, and in so doing shaped our history and even our minds, no record has ever been attempted. The reason is that the task has been too great for any private historian to attempt. This Report itself will indicate how great the task must be, and show the necessary research as being far beyond one man's powers."

An institution has its foundations in the past, and can only be understood through a knowledge of that past. The causes of its weaknesses, no less than of its strength, can only be diagnosed thereby. The knowledge of the way in which various forces have modified its character and utility in former times will show the operation of forces to-day, to which otherwise we might be blind. As the Judges have framed our law, as ecclesiastics have moulded our Church, so those who were Parliament made our

democracy. Moreover, the prestige of Parliament itself is a thing to be cared for at a time when Parliaments, less established and less fitting, are being broken in other countries. If we give members a sense of their community in a famous inheritance, we do much to restore both the dignity of their service and the respect in which they should be held.

"It would be difficult", said the Committee, "to exaggerate the usefulness of a record of Members of Parliament for the history of our country"; and they thought the cost of preparation might be £30,000—or £36,000 if, as they hoped, the pre-Union Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland were included.

The next three years were spent in collecting the funds for the research and in trying to get the first period or volume ready for publication. Thus one might have a sample to criticize, show what might be done, what should be done, and why funds should be forthcoming. The Treasury have now consented to undertake the costs of publication in the reasonable hope that there may be a profit.

It became, however, increasingly clear that no mere lives of the commoners was enough, especially for mediæval times. What was wanted was a history of our Parliament right down to the collapse of foreign Parliaments, and of all the elements that went to make up Parliament. What had to be studied was the relation between Parliament and Government as well as that between Parliament and people. Our democracy is now the balancing result of endless interactions and communings between Parliament and Executive, between liberty and officialism, between anarchy and order, between two ever-opposing principles. It was for such a history that the money was raised, chiefly from and by those who have themselves been part of the living institution. This is the outline of the work which has seemed appropriate.

So far as England is concerned, the whole history will be divided into periods more or less as follows :—

From the earliest beginnings down to 1327.

1327 to 1377	1509 to 1558
1377 to 1399	1558 to 1603
1399 to 1439	1603 to 1640
1439 to 1509	1640 to 1660

1661 to 1688	1802 to 1832
1688 to 1714	1832 to 1866
1714 to 1760	1866 to 1885
1760 to 1801	1885 to 1918

These periods represent fairly well-marked stages of Parliamentary growth (or decline), and have the advantage of representing each about an equal number of Commons biographies, 2,500 to 3,000. If there are more biographies in each earlier period one must add that little can be discovered of the burgess members before 1400, and that five per cent. of all names are still unidentifiable in 1491.

The Scottish and Irish pre-Union Parliaments were not numerous as compared with some 100 English Parliaments since, and some 300 before 1509. But work equal to at least two more periods will be required if they are to be included. The age of greatest frequency of summons to Parliament was before 1320, and of greatest intervals between Parliaments 1492 to 1529, though the longest interval of all was 1629 to 1640. The numbers in the Commons decreased from, possibly, 500 in 1275 to 264 in 1437. Thereafter a gradual and steady growth brought the number up to 513 just before the Union with Scotland.

The scope of the work for the trial volume is as follows :—

The names of as many Members of Parliament as possible have been recovered—recovered from every source in national, municipal, and private records. Besides the actual returns of the sheriffs, there are now known lists of varying authority, M.P.s crop up in lawsuits and in letters or diaries, they can be recovered from records of the payment or election of members, and from the Journals of the House of Commons. We shall recover practically all, save some 2,000 commoners between 1461 and 1540, and the majority of those of both Houses who sat before 1300.

A.—From this will be prepared the Biographies.

Mere names, unidentified, are valueless ; and the next step—the first volume for each period—must be the biographies of the Members of the Commons, compressed to average 250 words apiece. The authorities used, and much else will be given in the footnotes to each “ life ”. These “ lives ” will pay special attention to the public work and offices, central and local, held

by each Member, to his age, trade or profession and family or political affiliation. Among the many John Suttons, the M.P. will be the “ John Sutton of Blank, Suffolk ; of Lincoln’s Inn ”. This is identification ; the odds against there being two of the same name and place and profession are immense. This volume or volumes will be illustrated with reproductions of brasses, altar tombs, wills, coats of arms in colour, autograph signatures, chart pedigrees, and, if there are such, contemporary portraits or views of residence.

While this volume will be of service to the antiquary or to anyone writing on any subject dealing with that period, the Biography volume will serve also as raw material for the second volume—the Lists.

B.—The Lists.

These will be lists for each Parliament of all those summoned or elected to or present at that Parliament, beginning with the King’s Principal Ministers and their offices at the time the writs were issued, and going on in turn with Bishops, (Abbots), Lay Peers, (Judges), (Receivers of Petitions), and the Commons. The Lists will be fully identified showing, as at that date, party (when known), approximate age, principal residence, occupation, local or national office and experience. In the case of the Peers, reference to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, or to the *Complete Peerage*, or, if previously an M.P., to the Biography volume, will indicate where the whole of the man’s life (not merely the office held at the moment in that Parliament) may be traced. New Peers and, after 1530 when new writs were first made out by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, all by-elections will be given in chronological order at the end of each List. The names and figures for contested elections can be given in footnotes to the Lists, though after 1832 some different method must be adopted.

The List of each Parliament will be prefaced by the dates of the sessions and dissolution, and by a short account of the Acts and actions of that Parliament. There should also be a summary analysis of the composition of the Parliament, concerning age, interests, and so much of party as can be deduced from being “ for ” or “ against ” Government. Hitherto unpublished or critical division lists will be found at the end of the List of Members of either House.

While the biographical volume, being in alphabetical order, will not be indexed, a full index of all those in Parliament during the period in question should complete the Lists volume.

C.—Conclusions.

The Lists volume, providing facts, or what pass as such, should be the raw material of the third volume—deductions from those facts, conclusions as to the movement towards democracy. This is the volume useful to all mankind. Here there should be special studies on such matters as franchise and elections, constituencies, the control of electors, disputed elections, “carpet-baggers”, payment of Members, double returns, multiple elections, experience and continuous sitting, method and origination of legislation, the legislation itself, division of opinion, committee work, relations between public and Parliament, Parliament and Ministers, Ministers or Council and Crown, party and the organization of party, executive action independent of Parliament, finance. The nature and scope of these special articles will vary from one period to another. Some are simple deductions from the new facts; most will have to be specially written articles by those experts whom our Universities are now turning out so well equipped and in considerable numbers. The list of special subjects might be indefinitely extended, save for the limitation of finance. Each historian in charge of a period must use his own judgment as to how to get most out of £2,000.

In the earliest times it should be possible to trace the parallel development and decline from similar beginnings of Parliaments in other lands—in Gascony, in France, in Spain. Scotland and Ireland will be dealt with on their own. Why did our Parliament alone survive the teething stage? In later times the like attention should be given to the new outbreak of “Parliaments”, not only in America and in our Dominions, but elsewhere. It may be considered, too, why and how they have fallen short, why India will fail. If it had been known long ago that democracy must walk before it can run, and how gradual the change here has been from authority to the rule of Parliament—if it had been known how much has depended on the close association of the Executive with Parliament, and on the representation of all those in one area instead of the representation of interests, or party, or caste, or creed, the world might be more free to-day. If, in England,

non-residence had been a bar, and the value of “carpet-baggers” had never been understood—if M.P.s had been delegates of a parish pump instead of becoming equal members of the supreme court of Parliament requiring re-election at the hands of common people—if the Prime Minister (or the Speaker) were not “one of us” subject to all our troubles—then we, too, should long since have sunk into tyranny varied by violent revolution.

Here, then, is the method, scope, and object of the work. To show others, and to take pride ourselves! For that purpose, £17,000 has been raised, enough to start selected periods. One, 1439-1509, is ready for publication, all save that third critical volume of deductions. How can we carry the work out—especially those third volumes of deductions and guidance?

Some co-ordination and supervision there must be; each period may be treated differently, or two may be joined as one, but the essentials as given above must be present in all—biographies potted to pattern, lists of both Houses with identifications, considered deductions by the best qualified persons. It is clear that two alternative methods are available. Historians may specialize in period or in subject. For instance, I myself, having had thirty years’ practice, might do the biographies over 200 years—five periods; someone of Professor Tout’s school might do the Lists over as long a period, for Professor Tout has elucidated the sequence of the King’s Principal Ministers throughout the fourteenth century; Professor Gray has illuminated the processes and origination of legislation over as long a period. On the other hand, other historians specialize in periods—Henry VIII, Elizabeth, William and Mary, George III, etc.—names leap to the tongue. Either method might be adopted, or perhaps a combination of both.

Hitherto the History of Parliament Committee has favoured period specialization; let the period historian select and pay his own subject specialists. He has honours students who will help. So the Committee felt, and if funds were unlimited, that way would probably be best. But the funds are seriously limited to £2,000 a period. To perfect any piece of historical work, however small, might demand all, for there is no end to perfection. If one man finished the money with a perfect dissertation on legislation and committee work but no biographies,

another with perfect biographies but no Lists or Conclusions, there would be no end to anything, except the patience of subscribers. Therefore, save in exceptional cases, there must be supervision and a central control over expenditure. There must be a model, and there must be trained advice.

Of course the Historians of Parliament do not enter virgin ground. Stubbs and Hallam, Gardiner and Erskine May, have been before them. Baldwin and Sir Harris Nicolas have dealt with the King's Council. Then there is *The Evolution of Parliament*, by Professor Pollard, which unfortunately ends when the Journals begin. It was the liberal illumination of this work which started the movement for a national History of Parliament, and it could not be improved upon until the *personnel* of Parliament was known. With *The Evolution of Parliament* as a background, the periods before 1509 are comparatively easy—save the first. For that mediæval time a model will shortly be available for imitation and criticism. But for the period after 1509, or after Pollard ceases with Henry VIII, when change was swift, when power was diversified, when far more is known—for those more modern times a model does not exist, and will be difficult to follow when in existence.

So much for the difficulties of organizing the work of research and production. What, if all works out to plan, should be the new light thrown on English History and through that on the preservation and perfection of democracy?

Pollard has long since shown us that Parliament was the supreme Court of Justice, so high that it occasionally required reinforcing by representatives of the nation; that in France, Parlements remained ever Courts of Law, and that the reinforcing of the supreme will was performed separately by the *Etats Généraux*—less and less necessary as the supreme will became independent of all. An almost accidental uniting of the two elements in England—justice and representation—ensured a different development leading towards democracy. But the occasional reinforcing of the Court would not have become, as it did within 60 years, the permanent automatic reinforcement of the Court of Parliament, had not the reinforcements liked the job. Perhaps this History will show not merely that men always wished to be elected to Parliament, but that most boroughs of any

wealth wished to be represented, and were willing to pay their representatives' wages. The wishes and the wages were two good reasons for the perdurance of the House of Commons. We may see that distant boroughs and counties liked it less—that strange clerks who had never seen Northumberland sat for Northumberland, that Cornishmen would come to Parliament representing two boroughs simultaneously, that "carpet-bagging" began in Carlisle.

The gradual rise in the popularity of a seat in the Commons can be seen in a dozen ways—the change in the character of borough representation, the advent of the lawyer, of the servants of the great, of Exchequer officials—all there for their own good, all there because people who wanted to go to Parliament need *not* be paid. Other indications are the growth of the number of boroughs returning members and the recommendations sought after by prospective candidates. What did they seek to gain? A career, office, the ear of the great, or even an easy way of being helpful to a client. They met the rulers and enjoyed it; the rulers met them and acquired knowledge of the land. So that gradually rulers, too, sought seats in the House.

Then when rulers sought seats in the Commons the next barrier was passed. The mixing of Parliament with High Court of Justice was followed by the mixing of Parliament with Executive—not union, but a mixing—further reinforcement. So knights and burgesses got to meet and mix, so magnate and official got to know each other and humbler folk—needing each other's help; so caste was broken down. Without Parliament, government would have been centralized and Justices of the Peace would never have decentralized justice and administration. Yet without Parliament these Justices would never have formed into a united nation. The struggle between security and freedom is world-wide and age-long. When we see the *personnel* of long dead Parliaments, the interests and relationships and interdependence of the members, we may understand better how we in England have marvellously hit on the continuously redressable though unstable balance between liberty and authority. At least we shall see the ups and downs of the two rival ideals.

Knowledge of the men in Parliament means knowledge of party, knowledge of public opinion, knowledge of principle

and of expediency. In every English Parliament there were always two parties—those who were for and those who were (often secretly) against the Government of the moment. Before religion divided men, Court and Country parties existed in essence in every Parliament. They represent more fundamental differences than Whig or Tory. In England, through Parliament, the Country party was ever vocal, sometimes formidable—an opposition which varied in person, but always found expression when the mixed crowd met together in Parliament. How much to that do we owe our freedom, and toleration, and humanity? What did Scotland lose by separating off the burghs, or Ireland by disfranchising Catholics? Perhaps when the House of Commons could be packed it was too impotent to be worth the trouble; when it became important, it was too numerous to find offices or satisfaction for all. We must know who they were, and what they had, before we can understand.

Again, perhaps, the first rise of the Commons was due to the oncoming of the civil lawyers, to their entry into the Common House. If there was a set back, perhaps the second rise was due to the majority of the Lords being, not the magnates, but ecclesiastics, so that the interests of the lay Peers were more fully represented in the Commons. No one knows yet how full Parliament was at any time of sons and dependents of the Peerage houses. Why did the seventeenth-century fight centre in the commons and not in the Lords? The ten great money-lending cities were not represented in the Lords; and the City of London to this day, the others till modern times, sent their own men, no carpet-baggers, to represent them in the Commons.

Now, in our day, a Prime Minister must sit in the Commons, one of the crowd. But when did it first happily occur to the King's principal Ministers of the Household, Exchequer, or Wardrobe, that if they could not be in or among the Lords *de jure* they had better sit with the Commons by election. One must even still ask who, at any time before 1832, were the twenty most important Ministers, even what the most important posts were styled. Who constituted the Cabinet under Charles II? Who were the all-important Chairmen of Committees under James I? Did they correspond to Ministers? What were the Committees? Had they executive power? If any one man

made Parliament—more than Simon de Montfort or Edward I, or Pym or Pitt or Peel or Gladstone—it was Thomas Cromwell. Who constituted Cromwell's co-executive (if we may not call it Cabinet), and how did he control his Reformation Parliament which lasted seven years and began the new epoch in Parliamentary history?

It is fairly easy to say now how exactly each General Election has gone since 1832; how many Whigs, Tories, Liberal-Conservatives, or Conservative-Liberals secured a return to Parliament. Since 1832 one could draw up something in the nature of a bumping-sheet. We can even gamble on "Majorities". But before 1832 we know merely the general impression of the day. "Fox's Martyrs" lost their seats in 1784. Who they were, even how many, even whether they were not in fact mainly North's Tory martyrs, no man knows save Professor Namier; and Professor Namier's Whigs are Tories, and his Tories Whigs, which alone will involve some rewriting of history.

How many contested elections were there when the great Reform Bill was fought in 1831? When the Exclusion Bill was fought in 1681? When the long Parliament was elected? What sort of numbers voted for Middlesex, or Yorkshire, for London, Bristol, York, and Norwich in the days when there was no registration of voters? How did they contest the election for Kent in 1455? Why was the Septennial Act so unpopular?

All these questions have a direct bearing on the evolution of democracy. None can be answered adequately till we know over the centuries what Parliament was composed of, what they did, what they thought, what electors thought of them, and how they got there. The machine depends on the men, for the men ever change the machine. As much do the men—that is England—depend on the machine, for the machine is ever changing them.

We owe much, perhaps most, to our religion—character. We owe much to those who on sea and land have died for England—our safety, our Empire, and our good pride. To many men of diverse minds we owe a language of unsurpassed utility and a literature unequalled for its beauty. But to those who made Parliament we owe our freedom and our justice, and in that Parliament is our hope. It is time that its history be written and set out in print by a grateful country as a memorial to the dead and a reminder to the living.

GERMANY'S PSYCHOLOGY OF SUCCESS

By C. F. MELVILLE

WHEN Sir Samuel Hoare informed the world last month that Britain intended to maintain solidarity with her friends in Europe, and would make every effort to prevent its being broken up by the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, there was immediately a general relaxing of the tension throughout Europe. Every capital on the Continent, with the exception of Berlin, was relieved.

For the impression had been growing that events were moving rapidly towards a situation in which Germany would be able to exploit the differences between the ex-Allied Powers in such a way as to obtain for herself a dominant position in Europe. The British Foreign Secretary's declaration has done a great deal to calm the worst fears. But for this impression to be entirely removed it will be necessary for deeds to follow words; and for the Western Powers not only to patch up their differences, but also to find a positive, constructive common policy.

This was brought home to me very forcibly in the course of a recent journey through the Danubian regions and the Balkans. Looked at from the East and the South-East, Germany presents an appearance of growing success and great potential strength. She is seen as a country of immense vitality, united in a single will and purpose. The ex-Allies, the "Stresa Powers", on the other hand, are in many instances seen as the victims of their own shifting policies and divergent interests, and therefore as being in danger of becoming weaker as Germany grows stronger.

Everybody I met in these parts was convinced that Germany is preparing for a new move through Austria to Italy's Northern frontier and the Balkans; and that her eventual aim is the domination of Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Opinions differed only as to whether the best way of dealing with German

expansionism was by resistance or by compromise. The one school of thought held that there was still time to throw a barrier across Germany's path. The other was convinced that a new European balance based upon the satisfaction of her aspirations was bound to be established in any case. But both points of view had the same inspiration: the belief in the inevitability of Germany's coming bid for power.

If Herr Hitler should eventually triumph in the Danubian regions, it would therefore be due not to the actual political facts of the situation—for the balance of forces working for and against German expansionism in these parts is by no means entirely in her favour—but to an imponderable which I would call the Nazi "psychology of success". For Germany's principal asset is her amazing capacity for inducing her neighbours to share her own belief in the inevitability of her final victory. There is a great deal of truth in the old adage that "nothing succeeds like success", and this is fully appreciated by the Nazi leaders, who have employed all their genius for propaganda to this end.

That this is the case is borne out, I think, by any objective consideration of the situations obtaining in the different countries of the Danube and the Balkans.

I happened to be in Belgrade when General Göring, the Prussian Premier and German Air Minister, paid his recent visit to the Yugoslav capital. He received an enthusiastic welcome from the populace. There were a number of reasons for this, most of them psychological rather than political. For one thing, the Germans understand better than the French the art of being "good mixers" with a people of the temperament of the Yugoslavs. Göring was heavy footed, and he made, as usual, a few *gaffes*, but on the whole his flamboyant, picturesque manner in the role of the hearty, military "good comrade" went down well enough with a virile, military people like the Yugoslavs.

Among other reasons must be accounted the lingering chagrin on the part of the masses at the memory of Marseilles. Certain commercial and military circles, from their own professional point of view, also incline towards Germany. And among the younger elements of the better educated classes there is a certain responsiveness to the attraction which one virile nation has for

another. What I have called the Nazi "psychology of success" is not without its appeal to Yugoslav youth.

This popular tendency has by no means turned Yugoslav foreign policy into positively pro-German channels. For it is less an actual political factor than a potential influence upon the shaping of events. But if to exaggerate it would be a mistake, to ignore it would be equally foolish. The men responsible for Yugoslav foreign policy are essentially the exponents of *Realpolitik*; cautious, realistic and adverse from political adventures. They are not in any way pro-German. They intend to remain faithful to existing engagements with France. But they decline to shoulder additional commitments in Central Europe in the interests of French foreign policy when that would involve them in the risk of being embroiled in a conflict with Germany without any advantages accruing to Yugoslavia.

Hence, in the discussions on the projected Danubian Pact for the preservation of Austrian independence, Yugoslavia is careful not to "buy a pig in a poke". She is agreeable to treaties of non-aggression. She would accept a pact of non-interference if she could be sure—which she is not at present—that it would preclude the interference of Italy no less than of Germany in Austrian internal affairs. But she flatly refuses to have anything to do with a treaty of mutual assistance, arguing that, boiled down to plain facts, this would mean the use of the Yugoslav army to defend Austria against Germany in the interests of Italy. Furthermore, before she is willing to respond to the friendly advances of Italy—made at the instance of France, with a view to getting the Yugoslavs to adhere to the Danubian Pact—Yugoslavia, whose memory of some ten years or more of Italian hostility not unnaturally dies hard, will require concrete evidence of the sincerity of Italy's newly proffered friendship. This, it is suggested, could be afforded by an equitable settlement of the outstanding Adriatic and Albanian questions.

I had the good fortune to discuss these matters frankly with responsible quarters in Belgrade. Certain definite impressions resulted from these conversations. One was that as Yugoslavia regards the *Anschluss* as a less immediate threat to her interests than would be either a Habsburg restoration or the continued dependence of Vienna upon Rome, she will not participate in

any plans for the preservation of Austrian independence which give to Italy a privileged position in Austria. Another was that in the absence of a united policy on the part of Britain, France, and Italy, Yugoslavia could not be expected to pull the Austrian chestnuts out of the German fire, especially as she would have nothing to gain and much to lose by quarrelling with Germany, with which country she has no immediate differences. On the other hand, it was clear that in the interests of peace and stability she would co-operate willingly enough in any solution of the Austrian problem in which all the countries concerned, including Italy and the Little Entente, were on an equal footing. And underlying all this was the suggestion, indicated rather than actually said, that if Britain, instead of Italy, took the initiative, Yugoslavia would come into line.

The inability of the French to realize this in all its implications has so far rendered it impossible for them to obtain that active collaboration of Yugoslavia, without which any schemes for the preservation of Austrian independence within a general Danubian framework must inevitably come to naught. I have dwelt upon the Yugoslav aspect of the situation at some length because, as the strongest element in the Little Entente and Balkan Bloc groupings, Yugoslavia holds a key position in the matter. The fact that this has been appreciated better in Berlin than in London and Paris has left gaps in the defence of the Danubian *status quo* of which Berlin may not be slow to take advantage.

Indeed, Germany has already tried to drive a wedge between the different members of the Little Entente. When General Göring went to Belgrade he said much less than he had originally intended to say, because the Government of M. Yevtitch made it clear that it was not disposed to discuss any definite proposals. Concrete offers were not made, and discussions were kept on the platonically friendly plane. At the same time everybody knew that the *arrière pensée* of Berlin was to take advantage of Italo-Yugoslav differences and the Hungarian drift away from Rome to Berlin and to offer inducements to Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to come together in a common philo-German policy. This was one of the original inspirations of General Göring's visits to Budapest, Belgrade, and Sofia. Hints were in any case given in Budapest that Hungary should drop her revisionist

claims against Yugoslavia, and, with German support, concentrate on the reclamation of her one-time Slovak and Ruthene Provinces from Czechoslovakia. Such an idea fitted in admirably with Germany's plan to subjugate Austria and reduce Czechoslovakia to a negligible quantity, bring Hungary into the German sphere of influence, and extend the frontiers of a Greater Germany to the borders of Italy and Yugoslavia, and beyond. Happily for the peace of Europe, the atmosphere in Belgrade, although friendly to Germany in a general sort of way, was not conducive to the discussion of this proposal.

This brings me to a consideration of the points of view of Yugoslavia's partners in the Little Entente—Rumania and Czechoslovakia—in regard to the German threat to Austria.

Czechoslovakia shares the views of Yugoslavia as to the undesirability of a Habsburg restoration. She is, moreover, the principal advocate of an Austrian solution within a general Danubian framework. I have often discussed with Dr. Benes, the Foreign Minister, his plan for such a solution. At the same time, although the three partners of the Little Entente are at one in resisting treaty revision, there are shades of differences in their outlook on the question of Austro-German union.

The Yugoslavs, as I have said, while not enamoured of the idea, would regard it as the lesser of two evils. Rumania, although M. Titulesco once said that he "preferred the German sauerkraut to the Italian macaroni", and refrains from opposing the *Anschluss* on nationalist lines, nevertheless regards it as politically inexpedient. To Czechoslovakia, however, the *Anschluss* would constitute a threat to her very existence as an independent State.

The possibility of Austro-German union, whether by the open method of *Anschluss* or the camouflage method of *Gleichschaltung*, always a potential menace to Czechoslovakia, has recently become an even more active menace since the emergence in that country, amongst the Bohemian Germans, of the thinly disguised Nazi Party of Herr Konrad Henlein, known as the *Sudetten Deutsch Heimat Front Partei*. This is probably not at the moment much of a danger to Czechoslovakia, because Herr Henlein is faced with the problem of reconciling the fundamental Nationalist aims of his party with the various and conflicting sectional economic and social interests of which it is composed. In this respect the

very democracy which obtains in Czechoslovakia is a safeguard for the Czechoslovak State. These considerations, together with the determination of the Czechs not to stand any nonsense from Herr Henlein should his loyal words be belied by disloyal deeds, should prevent this latest example of the penetration of *Auslandsdeutschum* by Hitlerism from becoming unduly troublesome to the Republic for some time to come. But in the event of any kind of Austro-German union it is not difficult to conceive the Sudetten Germans in the role of a Germanic wooden horse of Troy inside Czechoslovakia.

Faced with these potential threats to her independence from both within and without, Czechoslovakia has taken the precautionary measure of setting up a defensive counterpoise in the form of mutual assistance treaties with France and Russia. Dr. Benes would like to see the mutual assistance system extended to the Danube. Hence his advocacy of a Danubian Pact of Non-Interference, which should include, or at least have associated with it, a series of pacts of mutual assistance. Dr. Benes believes that the difficulty of defining the exact meaning of non-interference could be surmounted with a little good will and give-and-take all round. He is also of the opinion that if Britain would take a lead, the various Danubian States would compromise on their differences and fall into line in a Danubian Pact.

One has the impression in Prague that in spite of centuries of past struggle and an ingrained resolution to withstand any revival of Habsburgism, the Czechs nevertheless have a specially good understanding of the Austrian problem. It was Czechoslovakia, for instance, which, whilst opposing Habsburg restorationism, advised against any demand being made on the Austrian Government for a formal renunciation of the restoration in advance. Similarly it was Dr. Benes who first put forth the suggestion that the man best qualified to give a definition of non-interference in Austria was Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor. The incidence of a common German menace confronting both States probably accounts for the fact that although there is not an undue amount of love lost between Vienna and Prague, there is an easier mutual understanding of each other's problems than there is between Vienna and the other Danubian capitals.

With regard to Austria, she is the pivot upon which all these questions turn. The situation is an anxious one, because, after having made the initial mistake of leaving the job of defending Austrian independence almost exclusively to Italy, which in itself fundamentally weakened Austria's own internal powers of resistance to Germany, Britain and France have not been able to devise anything constructive to put in its place now that Italy's growing preoccupation with Abyssinia threatens to weaken her interest in Austria. The real danger lies in the possibility that Italy, her hands full in Abyssinia, may be driven to make a compromise with Germany over Austria. It was this possibility which largely accounted for the refusal of France to comply with the British suggestion that the League should be invoked against Italy in regard to Abyssinia. Nevertheless, it is untrue to say, as too many foreign commentators have done, that the battle for Austrian independence is already lost.

Space does not permit of a detailed examination of the Austrian internal situation. It may suffice to say that the Government of Herr von Schuschnigg, although a minority one, has so far succeeded in keeping the situation in hand, and that, in spite of its many present difficulties and its heritage of mistakes from its predecessors, it has already made some considerable headway in the task of educating the people in the "Austrian" idea.

Those observers who seek to over-simplify a complicated situation are apt to talk glibly of "percentages" of political allegiances amongst the Austrian people. They fail to see that the situation is too subtle to permit of any such arithmetical computation. The actual number of radical out-and-out Nazis is smaller than is popularly supposed, and there are shades of difference in point of view even amongst the Nazis themselves as to the extent to which a National-Socialist Austria should be incorporated in Germany. What appears to add to their numbers is that not inconsiderable section of the population which sympathises with the Nazis, not so much out of any positive belief in National-Socialist doctrines as from the negative motive of dislike of the present regime and its Italian background.

If the position at present occupied almost exclusively by Italy could be extended to embrace a wider constellation of Powers, including the active participation of Britain, then there is little

doubt that this indeterminate section of the population, at present inclining for negative reasons towards Nazism, could be won over to "Austrianism". All the more so because it would then be possible to broaden the basis of the Government—a move difficult to envisage under present conditions—and thus group around it a majority internally to combat the Nazi menace.

All things considered, therefore, it is equally true of Austria—although of all the Danubian States she is obviously the most exposed to German pressure—as of any other country in Central Europe, that if the Germans should one day obtain the upper hand it will be due less to the actual facts of the situation than to a psychological condition which presupposes the inevitability of an eventual German success. What is necessary to obviate this—as Chancellor Schuschnigg has himself truly said—is immunity from pressure from Germany so that there may be sufficient time in which to build up a stable Austria.

I have insisted very strongly on the danger which the absorption of Austria by Germany would mean to the peace of Europe, because this would be but the first step in the much bigger German plan to create a German-controlled *Mittleuropa* in the Danube, which in turn would be the beginning of a great German penetration through the Adriatic and the Balkans, to the Mediterranean and the Near and Middle East. If Austria goes, Czechoslovak independence would be reduced from a reality to a shadow, and although the South Slavs might be strong enough for a time to live in normal relationship with a Greater Germany whilst at the same time resisting her penetration, in the long run the enormous weight of the German colossus would break down all resistance.

The eventual aim of such a German domination of the greater part of Eastern, Central, and South-Eastern Europe would be the destruction of British supremacy in Asia.

There is still time, however, in which to bar and bolt the door on German expansionism in Central, Eastern, and South-Eastern Europe. But it will require at once more realism and more imagination, and, above all, more courage than has so far been displayed by either London or Paris.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE LATIN TRADITION

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

I FEAR the title I have chosen is what we should call a priggish title ; that is, a pompous and pedantic title. The world has always rightly rebuked even a scholar when he appeared as a pedant ; and it may well regard with reasonable derision a pedant who is not even a scholar. As will appear only too clearly as I proceed, I make no remote claim to classical scholarship ; and it may well be asked why I should label this essay with the name of classicism.

What I would here advance, very broadly, is this thesis : first, that the English are not barbarians : that the division between England and Europe has been enormously exaggerated. I admit it has sometimes been exaggerated by the English. But that is because, quite lately, England was dominated not only by the English who were ignorant of Europe but rather specially by the English who were ignorant of England. For my main thesis may appear more of a paradox. I want specially to insist that the classical tradition, the Latin and Greek tradition in English history was the popular thing, the common thing ; even the vulgar thing. All those three words, " common " and " popular " and " vulgar," are Latin words. I do not know whether the Anglo-Saxons even had a word for vulgar ; the real modern Anglo-Saxons are much too refined. A culture must never be judged by its cultured people. The Latin culture lives in Britain in the uncultured people. It is not a question of English scholars who know Latin. Kamchatkan scholars know Latin ; and if there are any Esquimaux scholars, of course they know Latin. They know the Latin scientific word for blubber ; and possibly write Latin odes to the walrus, addressing him in the vocative as " walre ".

The point is not concerned with the learned ; they know Latin, and they know it. My point is that the populace, the common

men, know it without knowing it. Even the old yokel who said, " I ain't no scholar ", used a term older than the Schoolmen, as old as the Roman schools. It is not a matter of a Roman pinnacle, but of a Roman pavement. Our populace in every way is such a pavement ; and not least, in being trampled under foot. For, as I shall try to show, it was the popular Roman tradition that was trampled under foot ; and if anything was imposed by aristocrats, it was the pretence of being Anglo-Saxons. Matthew Arnold used the term Barbarian almost as a compliment to an English gentleman ; and there was a time quite recently when it was very genteel to be a Barbarian. But it was never very popular, even then, and it had never been heard of before. I wish chiefly to suggest here that it will never be heard of again. The old influence of the southern civilization had sunk so deep in Britain from the beginning, that it was really almost as impossible to weed out the Latin culture from England as to weed it out from Italy. Suppose somebody tried to persuade Italians that their heritage came only from German mercenaries or English trippers or American globe-trotters. Some professors might say that ; for professors might say anything. But it would not be necessary to find more sane and patriotic professors to answer. If these were silent, the very stones would cry out. Not merely the ruins, but the common stones ; the stones along the Roman road.

Now, in a much less degree, it is true that the very bones of Britain cried out against the myth that she was barbaric. Our country began as a Roman Province. Popular legend connected it with Brutus, proper history, connected it with Cæsar. It was such a Province in all common talk and tradition. Only when it ceased to be a Province did it become provincial. It is found not in judgments but in jokes ; not in odes but in oaths ; in common swear words. I will give one case, because it happens to sum up my thesis. I had a debate with a gentleman who denied all this ; he said the English were descended only from Vikings ; and could therefore despise all others who were only descended from Roman soldiers or Renaissance artists or such riff-raff. He sent me a huge book, refusing all Latin friendship in the title *By Thor, No !* I delicately evaded reading his book, or the whole of his book ; but I said I would prove my whole case

merely from the title of the book. I said to him, in effect, "I will give a hundred pounds to the Home for Decayed Vikings, if you can name to me any kind of Englishman, at any period since there have been any kinds of Englishman, who ever in his life said, or even thought of saying, 'By Thor.' But I, on the other hand, will show you thousands and millions of Englishmen, men in clubs, men in pubs, men in trams and trains, ordinary business men grumbling at City dinners, old colonels cursing and swearing on racecourses, all sorts of perfectly ordinary Englishmen, who have habitually said, and do still sometimes say, 'By Jove'". That is the real story of English literature and life; since Cæsar, before or after his British adventure, must have gone up to the throne of the Thunderer upon the Rock of the Capitol. *De Jove Principium*; the song began from Jove.

Let me give some examples. The point is that the classic may be found even in the comic; in comic songs, and in those patriotic songs that are unfortunately sometimes rather like comic songs. Here is a rude rhyme about St. George and the Dragon, meant to be sung as a drinking-song in the seventeenth century, with a shout for a chorus. Note that it is full of that vagueness about a very remote past, which is the mark of hero-worship by hearsay; the ballad-monger mentions such names as he happens to have heard, Heaven knows where.

Of the deeds done by old kings
Is more than I can tell,
And chiefly of the Romans
Who greatly did excel,
Hannibal and Scipio
Had many a bloody fight,
And Orlando Furioso
Was a very gallant knight.

That is not exactly of marble, in the manner of Racine or Alfieri; but it is classical all right. It comes out of a people living directly or indirectly on the classics. A rowdy and absurd patriotic song was devoted to the British Grenadiers; but in order to praise those island warriors, it began; "Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules." In the loneliest inland hamlets, or the dreariest slums of the modern towns, English children can still be found playing a singing-game, with the chorus; "For we are the Romans". Thus, the great legend of Greece and

Rome, and the glory of antiquity, has soaked through our society also, descending through poets to ballad-mongers and from ballad-mongers to gutter-boys; and even to me. I may be regarded for the purpose here as the dunce of the school; but it was, in the medieval phrase, a grammar-school; and began with the Latin grammar.

Perhaps, however, the greatest name will be the best illustration. It was often said that Shakespeare is the typical Englishman. He is certainly the typical Englishman in the fact that he had "small Latin and less Greek". That is the only quality in which an average Englishman like myself can claim to share. He had "small Latin and less Greek"; but he had plenty of Plutarch, and he was stuffed to bursting with the classical spirit. Consider, for instance, that he was of the Tudor time, which worshipped monarchy and was always saying, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king". And then consider what a revolution the mere reading of Plutarch in a translation could effect, in making the same man write:

There was a Brutus who would have seen the eternal devil keeping state
in Rome
As easily as a king.

But in a much deeper sense, Shakespeare was classical, because he was civilized. Voltaire criticized him as a barbarian. Victor Hugo admired him as a barbarian. But he was not a barbarian. The Germans have even admired him as a German; but by some strange accident of birth, he was not even a German. The point here, however, is that the classical spirit is no matter of names or allusions. I will take only one example to show what I mean by saying that Shakespeare was every bit as classical as Milton. Just before Othello kills his wife, he utters those words:

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me;—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

Let me explain why I find it convenient to my argument to take this phrase as a type of the classical. Every classical phrase means much more than it says; in contrast with the too vivid and violent modern phrase, which says much more than it means.

Whether it be romanticism in the nineteenth century, or realism in the twentieth century, its weakness is that it says so much more than it means. The phrase of Shakespeare, like the phrase of Virgil, is always much greater than its occasion. The cry of Othello goes far beyond the death of Desdemona; it goes far beyond death itself; it is a cry for life and the secret of life. Where is the beginning of that bewildering splendour by which we are; why can we not make life as we can make death? It may be worth remark in passing that even chemists who once claimed to manufacture everything, who could make synthetic leather or linen, have finally agreed that they cannot make synthetic life. They tell us that peculiar conditions must have existed once somewhere; though their laboratories should surely be capable of creating any conditions that could exist anywhere. "I know not where is that Promethean heat"; nor do they. That cry still resounds unanswered in the universe. But the point for the present is that this profound resonance, striking such echoes out of such hollows and abysses, could not be thus achieved without a very deep understanding of classical diction. It could not be done without the word "Promethean"; without the legend of Prometheus; without those rolling polysyllables that are the power of Homer and Virgil. In one practical and prosaic sense, of course, a man might say what Othello says. He might say, "If I kill this woman, how the devil am I to bring her to life again"; but hardly with majesty; hardly with mystery; not precisely with all those meanings and echoes of meanings which belong to a great line of verse. But we need hardly condescend to deal with the realistic critic; the serious gentleman who points out the unquestionable fact that a man just about to smother his wife with a pillow does not talk about Prometheus or speculate on the spiritual origin of life. It is enough to tell him, to his bewilderment, that the soul never speaks until it speaks in poetry; and that in our daily conversation we do not speak; we only talk.

I have dwelt too long on that one example; but it happens to be essential to the end of my argument to insist that Shakespeare did possess a certain great quality that is sometimes denied to him, as well as many other great qualities, which are generally conceded to him. Shakespeare did not merely possess the things

which Victor Hugo magnified and which Voltaire mocked; wild imagination, wonderful lyric outbursts and the power of varying tragedy with the fantastic and the grotesque. His work was more patchy than that of pure classicists like Virgil or Racine, largely owing to the accident of his own personal circumstances, mixed motives and practical necessities. But the patchwork did not consist only of purple patches. I mean it did not consist only of passages that are vivid in the romantic or unrestrained manner. He was also capable of that structural dignity, and even of that structural simplicity, in which we feel that we could rest upon every word, as upon the stones of a stairway or a strong bridge. And it is also important to realize, in relation to the rest of the thesis, that, after all, it was this classical part of Shakespeare, much more than the romantic part of Shakespeare, that was handed on as a heritage to the English poets immediately after him. His triumph was not followed by a riot of fairies; but, on the contrary, by a return to Hellenic gods or Hebraic archangels. By the soliloquies of Satan and the choruses of *Samson Agonistes* Milton in his youth exaggerated the youthful irresponsibility of Shakespeare; describing him merely as Fancy's child, who warbled his native wood-notes wild. But Milton did not continue the work, merely warbling wood-notes or behaving as fancifully as a child of fancy. He set himself to do consistently and consciously what Shakespeare had only done incidentally and unconsciously; to bring English literature into the full inheritance of Latin literature and the classical culture of the Continent.

Dryden, the next great name after Milton, was in some ways even more classical and certainly much more Continental. The whole tendency of his movement, which culminated in Pope, was to make English poetry not only rational enough to suit Boileau, but almost rational enough to soothe Voltaire. The tendency had its deficiencies in other ways; but that is not the point here. The point here is that with the coming of the full eighteenth century, English literature is entirely classical even in the merely scholarly sense of a study of the classics. I summarize these things in a series, because they illustrate the main truth of how long that Latin tradition retained its continuity; how steady was its progression; and, above all, how very late, how very odd, and how very temporary, was its interruption

English-Latin literature and English-French literature are much older than English literature. The Middle Ages were international; and England was completely Continental. But even if we begin with Chaucer, who created English by making it more than half French, the tradition of the classics runs on steadily for fully five hundred years. The last point at which it was undisputed might be represented by Macaulay. And he is an excellent example of my whole thesis. Macaulay had not, perhaps, a first-class mind; but he was completely in contact with the common mind. He was not one of our best writers; but he was emphatically one of our best-sellers. He was, above all, a popular writer; and he was popular because he was classical; in the sense that he took a classical education for granted. He identified England with a classical education; and in one place he quotes a line from one of Milton's Latin poems in threatening an attack on what he would call the new cranks in Germany; "*Frangere Saxonicos Britanno Marte phalanges*": "To break the Saxon ranks with British battle". That phrase is a landmark; because it shows that not only Milton, but also Macaulay, thought of himself simply as British, and Saxon simply as German. England had not yet been taught that Englishmen were all Saxons; but under the name of Anglo-Saxons.

But while Macaulay was girding himself to attack the German cranks, there had already arisen in his own time and country a German crank who was not a German. His name was Thomas Carlyle; and he threw himself enthusiastically into a new racial theory that had come to England from Germany. It must be most carefully understood that it was a theory of race and not of nationality. The nations of Europe are now all under conditions that are recognized. Politically, each is independent of all the others. Culturally, each is connected with all the others. For all inherit the civilization of antiquity and of ancient Christendom. Germany, considered as one of the great European States, would be no proper subject for criticism here; but then Germany, considered as a great European State, is just as much a growth of the old civilization as the other European States. Classic antiquity was stamped all over it, whether we like the symbols or no; its eagle was the Roman eagle; its Kaiser was only the German for Cæsar; even its Iron Cross was said to be of Christian

origin. Its great medieval men were in full touch with the common culture, from Albertus Magnus to Albert Dürer. And it was, if possible, even more true in modern times than in medieval times. Goethe was, perhaps, the most purely classical sort of classicist who ever lived; and his watch was much more on the Mediterranean than on the Rhine. And Schiller called back from Hades the gods of Olympus and not the gods of Asgard.

What appeared in the North in the nineteenth century was an entirely new notion about Race, as distinct from nationality. The new figure that appeared was not the German, but rather the Teuton. And a thing called the Teutonic Race, afterwards called the Nordic Race, and in moments of aberration, the Aryan Race, was supposed to include the English as well as the Germans; at any rate by the Germans and by an increasing number of the English. This Nordic notion changed nineteenth-century England. All the educated English were taught something that none of the English had ever thought of in all their thousand years of history. It was, I repeat, an interpretation of history in general terms of Race; it must not be confounded with the normal idea of nationality, or any sort of patriotism. No people were ever so passionately patriotic, not to say pig-headedly patriotic, as the English of the eighteenth century, whose effective classes wrote, spoke, and almost thought in Latin and Greek, and lived by the culture of the Continent. The English were most English in the time when Johnson wrote all his epitaphs in Latin and Gibbon nearly wrote his great history in French. But this new nineteenth-century theory of race altered everything, at least in the most cultured class. A nation defends its boundaries, or it may want to extend its boundaries; but it is always upon some theory connected with the nature of boundaries. A race has no boundaries; or at least it is impossible to prove that it has any boundaries. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Austria, England, are entirely distinct as nations. But the tribal theory, that arose in Germany and spread to England, invoked Scandinavian as well as Saxon gods; and talked as if the Anglo-Saxon race lived in Saxony. If the Teutonic tribalists of that time had wanted to annex Norfolk and Suffolk instead of Alsace and Lorraine, they would have had a better case on their own theories of language and

ethnology. The very names of the North Folk and the South Folk would have shown that they in the great Teutonic folk's kultur "included were".

This modern or recent English cult of the Barbarian was a bad thing; for it is chiefly responsible for the international impression that the Englishman is a bad European. For by definition the Barbarian is a bad European. Now it is my chief aim here to insist that the Englishman can be, and has now every intention of being, a good European. And for that purpose, I have here insisted on three facts about this racial fad which reacted against the classic tradition of the Mediterranean. First, on how very late it was in our history; belonging to the time of my father, but not of my grandfather; and coming at the end of a thousand years of ever-accumulating classicism. Second, on how very superficial it was; even socially superficial, almost in the sense of snobbish. For, as I have already insisted, the Latin tradition is not a learned thing belonging to learned men; on the contrary it is the common thing and the popular thing. In England, the classical past has penetrated into every cranny of common life, into the conversational speech and the very texture of the society. Greek and Latin, as an influence, are not a luxury of any oligarchy. On the contrary, it was the reaction towards barbarism that was the mere affectation of an aristocracy. It was the tribal Teutonism that was a fashion for the fashionable. Professors who were academic, and often aristocratic, talked about Folklore; and duchesses organized Folk-Dances. But anybody might talk about heroic conduct, about platonic love, about a herculean effort, about a hectoring manner, about working for somebody like a trojan or bearing a toothache like a stoic. Any modern Englishman might speak of a forum for discussion, or a quorum for an ordinary board-meeting of a company. But not many modern Englishmen, going to a committee, ever say to us gaily, "Let us go along to the Folk-moot". Few Anglo-Saxons trouble about whether the purest Anglo-Saxon requires them to talk about a waggon or a wain. But they all talk Latin when they want an omnibus.

It is often said by the very young today, that the Victorian Age, that is, the later nineteenth century in England, was a time of conventional virtue, a time of solid and stolid respectability.

It was exactly the opposite. It was the one and only occasion on which the English went mad in favour of Barbarism. It was the one wild appearance of the Barbarian after a thousand years. From the time when the real Anglo-Saxons prayed in the Litany to be delivered *ab ira Normanorum*, from the fury of the Northmen, to the time when Lord Macaulay desired, as already noted, to break the Saxon ranks with a British attack like that of King Arthur, there had never been one single word said in all English literature in favour of the Barbarians against the grandeur of Rome. And the third thing about the barbaric interlude, on which I would insist most of all, is that it was ephemeral. It appeared in England very late and it disappeared from England very soon. Wild as it was while it lasted in the romances which were called the histories of Carlyle and Freeman and Froude, it never lasted long enough to disturb even the rather dismal externals of traditional life. It was the don walking about in a chimneypot hat with muttonchop whiskers who for a moment imagined himself wearing a winged helmet and wild golden hair. But even then his Victorian love of peace kept him to the hat and forbade him the helmet. In Germany, as we know, the course of events was somewhat different. But that parallel would alone be enough to prove my point. I speak here merely of cultural and literary expression; and everyone knows that in poems and dramas, quite apart from politics, Germany showed in the nineteenth century, and is now showing again in the twentieth century, wider and wilder visions and versions of the conception of Goths as gods.

The point here is not political; indeed, the political rulers of Germany, whatever we may think of them, have disowned some of the wilder forms of this Pagan revival. But the really significant point is that, whatever be the merits of the Germanic revival in Germany, there has been no Germanic revival in England. England has the difficulties, and some of the decadent elements, of all modern States; but there is not the slightest sign of the old Nordic Superman stirring again in his grave. In history, as a whole, the Victorians will be left alone with their Vikings. English culture most certainly will not suffer another Barbarian Invasion. But the barbaric fancy has been shed so rapidly, precisely because it was not even a fancy of genuine barbarians,

but a fad of sophisticated snobs. It has gone quickly out of fashion, for the reason I have emphasized; that it never was anything except a fashion of the few; and the common people are full of the common heritage of Europe. What was once common may often have become vulgar; but in this sense even when it is vulgar it is still classical. The imagery and terminology of it are still classical. The Regius Professor at the University of Oxford wrote letters to *The Times* to prove that his very remote ancestors were moved entirely by the tragedy of Baldur; but meanwhile the grocer's assistant and the errand-boy in the town of Oxford were still sending out vulgar Valentines covered with classical cupids; the last forlorn appearance of the little loves that lamented over the sparrow of Lesbia in the verses of Catullus. The nineteenth-century intellectuals went to the Wagner operas to watch Valkyrs and the Wotans of Nordic myth. But the cabman and the costermonger, who did not know a Valkyr from a Wagnerite, and to whom Götterdämmerung would only sound like a swear word, continued contentedly to go to the music-hall, which is still named after the Muses.

The Nordic Man or, in other words, the Northman, will never again cross the North Sea. We all know that, for good or evil, he has had a great resurrection in Germany; but it seems to me almost as important a fact, and a much more neglected fact, that there has been no sign of his return to England. England will always respect, as Europe will always respect, all that is best in German art, in German music and drama, and even in German philosophy. But this particular sort of German measles will never again be wafted across the German ocean to infect the British Islands. We all know that in Germany itself the old theory is once more all the rage, and even more raging; the word Aryan has been dug up again from among the discarded theories of the early nineteenth century; and the Swastika has been taken from Chinese temples and the wigwags of Red Indians to be the unique symbol of the Aryan Race. Of all that, I am not here to judge; but it does seem to me a matter of some importance to Europe to peace and international problems which now press upon us all, that England shows not the faintest sign of being attracted again to the barbaric fancy of Teutonism. The best, the most responsible and respectable sort of Englishman

will no longer be persuaded that his highest boast is being related to a few Danish pirates. Rather will he stand up, with ten centuries of his civilization behind him, and say those words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of one of the noblest of his characters; "I'm more the antique Roman than the Dane." I have, in a sense, made these suggestions pivot upon the name of Shakespeare, because he is, as I have said, in nothing more obviously the normal Englishman than in the fact that his whole culture was Greek and Latin, and yet he knew hardly any Latin or Greek. But he belonged to a time, and he inherited a history, in which it was never counted conceivable that England should really be separate from Europe. No man has suffered more than Shakespeare from being quoted; and nothing normally is less Shakespearean than a quotation from Shakespeare. Thus the world has been bored with poor Juliet's casual and emotional exclamation: "What's in a name?", as if the poet who used words like "Hercules" and "Hecuba" as he did was ever so silly as to suppose that there was nothing in a name. In the same way, an extraordinary impression has been created that Shakespeare was entirely insular, merely by quoting about a line and a half out of a long passage in which he takes a very natural poetical pleasure in the fact that England is an island. It would be quite enough to quote the rest of the passage, to show that though Shakespeare liked England to be an island, he did not in the least like it to be an insular island. Everyone will know the tag I mean, the first lines about, "This precious gem set in a silver sea, that serves it for the purpose of a wall". He goes on to praise this fortress, but what does he praise it for? In what warfare is that fortress shown as famous and triumphant? Because it was the seat of princes:

Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, Blessed Mary's Son.

Why did Shakespeare think the English had been glorious? Because they had gone on the Crusades. Because they had ridden with Tancred the Italian, and with Godfrey the Frank, to the defence of a common Christian civilization. We have cast in our lot with civilization; and we shall not again forget what was found by Cæsar and refounded by Augustine

ENGLAND AND ITALY

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

“**E**VERY Englishman has two loves: Old England, and Young Italy”. Our poets, from Shelley down to the Brownings, have always been ecstatic about Italy. But those words were uttered, not as one would have guessed, by a sentimental poet, but by a hard-bitten soldier, the late Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. And they are true. The friendship of England and Italy has constituted, for nearly a century, one of the strongest strands in the tangled web of European diplomacy. That friendship is to-day gravely imperilled. It is the purpose of this article to recall the memory of that friendship, and to do all that lies in a publicist's power to avert the disaster that a breach of it would involve.

The friendship of England and Italy dates from the early days of the *Risorgimento*. For thirty years the Italian States had lain in the grip of Austria. But in 1848 came the “Year of Revolution” when all the Habsburg dominions attempted to throw off the yoke of Vienna. The Whig Government in England had always looked upon the Habsburg monarchy as the embodiment of the spirit of reaction, and openly proclaimed their sympathy with the “revolutionary” movement in Italy. Lord Palmerston, who was then at the Foreign Office, favoured the formation of an Italian federation, one unit of which should be a large North Italian kingdom, stretching from the Alps to the Adriatic under the House of Savoy. This would have absorbed, of course, the Italian provinces directly under Habsburg rule—Lombardy and Venetia—as well, probably, as several of her “client” States. Lord Palmerston professed to believe that the Habsburg Empire would be strengthened rather than weakened by the loss of its Italian provinces. “I cannot regret”, he wrote to King Leopold of Belgium, “the expulsion of Austria

from Italy. . . . Her rule was hateful to the Italians, and has long been maintained only by an expenditure of money and an exertion of military effort which left Austria less able to maintain her interests elsewhere. Italy was to her the heel of Achilles, and not the shield of Ajax. The Alps are her natural barrier and her best defence”.

But the Habsburgs came through the troubles of 1848-49 triumphantly. The Italian movement collapsed, and throughout the peninsula, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, the supremacy of Austria was completely re-established.

Yet the Italy of 1849 was not the Italy of 1815. In the minds of Italian patriots there had sprung up a new hope which rested on the House of Savoy. Moreover, Victor Emmanuel had called to his Councils the greatest statesman modern Italy has produced, and in 1854, Cavour and his master came to one of those decisions which make or mar the destinies of a nation. They decided to send a Sardinian contingent to fight side by side with England and France in the Crimea. Cavour was determined that Sardinia should recover—in the only way open to her—the good name lost in the war of 1848-9. “You have the future of Italy in your haversacks”—such was his parting message to the troops as they left for the Crimea. The response came presently from a soldier in the trenches before Sebastopol: “Out of this mud Italy will, we hope, be made”. It was.

Cavour was enabled to take his place among the diplomatists who, in 1856, met in Paris to arrange the terms of peace. That was his opportunity. He seized it. At the bar of European opinion he arraigned the Governments of Naples and the Papal States, but the culprit mainly responsible for the deplorable condition in those States was, he declared, “not a Bomba nor a Pio Nono, but the Habsburg Emperor who sustained them”. So powerfully did he work upon the sympathies of Lord Clarendon, who, as Foreign Secretary, was representing Great Britain at the conference, that the latter, temperamentally the coolest and most restrained of statesmen, broke out in a “volcanic explosion”—the description is that of an American historian. The Papal Government, Clarendon declared to be “the worst in the world, the shame of Europe”.

Cavour was naturally delighted with Lord Clarendon's explosion. "No Italian statesman", he declared next day, "could have drawn up an arraignment more powerful or more true". But a visit to England, directly after the Conference, convinced him that, cordial as were the sentiments of the English Government towards the Italian movement, he could expect from them no more than moral support in a war against Austria. He preferred, therefore, or was constrained, to pin his faith to the ambition of the brilliant adventurer who, though described by Garibaldi as a "vulpine knave", had, at bottom, a genuine sentiment for Italy.

"What can I do for Italy?" The question put to Cavour by Napoleon III, in Paris, was answered in detail when, in July 1858, the two men met at Plombières. Terms were arranged; Austria was to be expelled from the Peninsula, and Northern and Central Italy were to be united under the House of Savoy. In return, Savoy and Nice were to be ceded to France.

England, in her accustomed role of European pacificator, did everything in her power to avert the impending war. On February 4, 1859, Queen Victoria wrote a personal letter to Napoleon, couched in terms unusually direct, even for her. Lord Cowley was sent by Lord Malmesbury, then at the Foreign Office, on a mission of mediation to Vienna; the Queen addressed a personal letter, in a similar sense, to the Emperor Francis Joseph. But Austria was less inclined, even than France or Sardinia, to listen to advice, and put herself "in the wrong" (as the Queen wrote to her Uncle Leopold) by demanding the immediate and unconditional disarmament of Sardinia.

Napoleon could now plead that he was merely helping a friend to resist aggression. But he remained an object of profound suspicion in England, nor was France by any means unanimous in support of his Italian policy.

For nine weeks, however, he was the hero of Italy; he took the field with the Sardinians in May, 1859, and for a month the allies carried all before them. A brilliant victory at Magenta (June 4), was followed three weeks later by that of Solferino and San Martino. Then Napoleon, seemingly in the mid-career of victory, suddenly stopped and, without consulting his ally, concluded with the Emperor Francis Joseph the Armistice of Villa-

franca. Cavour was intensely chagrined. It was at this bitter moment that England, "setting one of the noblest examples of moral support recorded in modern times, . . . came to the rescue of Italy". That testimony comes from an American historian not uniformly friendly to England; nor is it undeserved. The "moral" support of Great Britain proved at least as potent as the suddenly silenced guns of Napoleon III—though the value of those guns to Italy may easily be underrated.

Napoleon was desperately anxious to induce England to extricate him from the dilemma on which he had impaled himself. Palmerston categorically refused. "If the French Emperor is tired of his war and finds the job tougher than he expected, let him make what proposals he pleases, and to whomsoever he pleases; but . . . let him not ask us to father his suggestions and make ourselves answerable for them". To the Duc de Persigny he wrote (July 13), after learning the terms of the Armistice, that England would never be a party to the creation of an Italian Confederation in which Austria would, in virtue of Venetia, have a place. "For *L'Italie rendue à elle-même* we must now read", he bitterly declared, "*L'Italie vendue à l'Autriche*". England, so far from acquiescing in this betrayal, "might well deem it her duty to protest . . . in the face of Europe against such an enslavement of the Italian peoples".

What Napoleon had, from the first, desired for Italy was independence, not unity. Unity must needs involve the absorption of the Papal States, and to that the French Empress and the French clericals were unalterably opposed.

For the moment, however, the keys of the situation were in the keeping of the States of Central Italy. Those States, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, ultimately declared by plebiscite for union with Piedmont, and Napoleon, in return for the cession of Savoy and Nice, was constrained to acquiesce.

Then came the turn of Southern Italy, Naples and Sicily. The rule of the Bourbons in the "Two Sicilies" was a public scandal. Garibaldi and his Thousand, by one of the most romantic exploits in modern history, put an end to that scandal in Sicily (1860).

But what about the continental part of the Bourbon Kingdom? Napoleon was anxious to send the French fleet to prevent Garibaldi from crossing the Straits of Messina. But for England's

refusal to join France, the Garibaldians would have been confined to the island. Thanks to the English Fleet Garibaldi was enabled to cross to Calabria, and within a week was master of the Southern Kingdom, and was proclaimed Dictator in Naples itself. Once again England had, by timely intervention, rendered an incomparable service to the cause of Italian Unification.

North and South were united under Victor Emmanuel. Only Venetia and Rome remained outside the Italian Kingdom. Prussia's victory over Austria, in 1866, compelled the latter to surrender Venice to Napoleon who transferred it to Italy. The German attack on France in 1870 compelled France to withdraw from Rome the troops which had defended the last remnant of the Temporal Dominions of the Papacy. Italy entered Rome in 1870: her territorial unity was at last achieved.

During the next half century, Italy paid England the doubtful compliment of imitation. The Italian kings reigned as "Constitutional" sovereigns, under the forms of a "parliamentary democracy" of the English type. The experiment was a failure. Cavour was not there to conduct it: but even he could hardly have made a success of it. Representative Democracy demands a long apprenticeship and the Italians were entirely untrained in the difficult art.

The European position of United Italy was somewhat ambiguous. The cordial relations established with England in the early days of the *Risorgimento* were never interrupted, but in 1882 Italy, at Bismarck's invitation, took the place of Russia as the third partner in the Triple Alliance. Mainly with the object of alienating Italy from France, and attaching her to Germany, Bismarck had, in 1881, tossed Tunis to France. It was, for Germany, a masterstroke of policy, but the annexation of Tunis by her Mediterranean rival was bitterly resented in Italy.

Italy desired that Great Britain should also have been brought into the "Triple" Alliance. Austrian statesmen would have welcomed her adhesion with enthusiasm. Bismarck, better informed about the Parliamentary Constitution of England, and mistrustful of the continuity of her foreign policy, negatived the suggestion, but he assented to the Italian suggestion that "ministerial" declarations "should be exchanged between the contract-

ing parties" in order to emphasize the fact that the Treaty was not "in any case to be regarded as directed against England". These declarations were, in fact, annexed to the Treaty.

What was to be Italy's attitude when the world war occurred? Three courses were open to her: intervention on the side of the Central Empires with which, for thirty years, she had been in alliance; neutrality; or intervention on behalf of the Entente.

On August 3, 1914, Italy formally declared her neutrality. Germany made desperate efforts to prevent an actual rupture of the Triple Alliance, and to induce Austria-Hungary to make large concessions to Italy. The demands of Italy were such that Austria could hardly be expected to accede to them until she had been beaten to her knees. On her refusal (May 3, 1915), Italy notified the Ballplatz that she resumed from that moment liberty of action and declared "as cancelled and henceforth of no effect, her treaty with Austria-Hungary". A week later she concluded with Great Britain, France and Russia, the Treaty of London, the terms of which remained secret until after the Bolshevik revolution in Russia.

The terms were high. Italy agreed to put all her strength into the war against the Central Empires. In return she was to obtain the Trentino, the Southern Tirol up to the Brenner Pass, Trieste, the Counties of Gorizia and Gradisca, the whole of Istria up to the Quarnero, including Volusce and the Istrian archipelago, the province of Dalmatia, together with most of the islands in the Adriatic, and she was to retain Valona and the Dodecanese. Italy also stipulated for a loan of £50,000,000 on easy terms, and that the Pope should have no say as to the final terms of peace.

It was not affection for France, for Russia, or even for England, that brought Italy into the War on the side of the Entente: it was to realize her ambition to obtain *Italia irredenta*, and to become mistress of the Adriatic. Despite the bitter and obdurate opposition of President Wilson that ambition was, thanks to the loyalty of France and Great Britain, substantially realized at the Peace Conference.

Yet Italy has ever since nursed a grievance against her Allies. To the Treaty of London the United States was not a party, and to that extent President Wilson's hands were free at Paris. But

Italy and the United States had fought side by side in the War, and that Italy should feel aggrieved at the attitude of the American President is not unnatural.

But what of France and England? The Treaty of London was not confined to *Italia irredenta*, and promises made therein to Italy were confirmed and extended by the Treaty of St. Jean de Maurienne concluded between Italy, France and Great Britain on April 17, 1917. Under the latter agreement a large slice of Asia Minor, including Smyrna, was definitely promised to Italy. Moreover, Article IX of the Treaty of London recognized that "Italy is interested in the maintenance of the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and that in the event of a total or partial partition of Turkey-in-Asia she (Italy) ought to obtain a just share of the Mediterranean region adjacent to the province of Adalia". This phrase was understood by Italy to indicate a zone of some 70,000 square miles. That this agreement was ultimately invalidated by the course of events was no fault of the Allies; but that Smyrna was assigned to Greece was a source of legitimate complaint on the part of Italy. Italians might indeed go further and describe it as a distinct breach of faith. That the acquisition of Smyrna brought nothing but disaster to Greece may have been some consolation to Italy, but is nothing to the point.

There remains the question that is most obviously pertinent to the problem confronting Europe to-day—that of colonial territories in Africa. Article 13 of the Treaty of London ran as follows:—

In the event of France and Great Britain increasing their Colonial territories in Africa at the expense of Germany, these two Powers agree in principle that Italy may claim some equitable compensation, particularly as regards the settlement in her favour of the questions relative to the Italian colonies of Eritrea, Somaliland and Libya, and the neighbouring colonies belonging to France and Great Britain.

Can any fair-minded person maintain that that promise was fulfilled? What Great Britain, the Union of South Africa, and France obtained (under mandate), all the world knows. Italy obtained nothing until after some years of tiresome negotiations. But ultimately, on July 15, 1924, a convention was concluded between Great Britain and Italy, under which (in Signor Mussolini's own words) Italy "obtained in Jubaland 94,000 square

miles of territory and one of the greatest equatorial rivers". Italian Somaliland (or Jubaland) is unquestionably a valuable possession. "It is hoped" writes an Anglo-Italian critic "that in time a considerable proportion of Italy's cotton requirements will be supplied by Italian Somaliland, and also a part of her requirements of tropical oleaginous plants. The colony is, of course, by no means so rich in these products as the many vast and wealthy colonies possessed by Great Britain, France and Belgium, but Italy is doing her utmost to put such possessions as she has to the best possible use". (Villari: *The Expansion of Italy*.) The sting of this passage is in the tail. Italy, with a population not much less than that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (43,000,000 as against 44,500,000), counts no more than 2½ millions of colonial subjects against about 450,000,000. The truth is, of course, that by the time a United Italy had come into being, the greater part of the surface of the globe had already passed into the possession of nations which, in respect of political development, were centuries ahead of her.

This is the cardinal truth which all friends of Italy, especially in Great Britain, ought to keep constantly in mind. It is less than seventy years since Italy achieved national unity. Believing (as did many other nations) that the amazing success of England was due to her parliamentary institutions, Italy copied those institutions as closely as she could. But the truth is gradually dawning upon mankind that constitutions are not exportable commodities. The success of any particular form of government is strictly conditioned by local circumstances. Because constitutional monarchy, or presidential democracy, or the referendum, works well in one country, it by no means follows that it will show equally successful results in another. Constitutional monarchy or parliamentary democracy (by whichever title we choose to distinguish our British Constitution) is a plant of tender growth and of prolonged cultivation. Like the college lawns in the well-worn Oxford story, centuries of mowing and rolling have gone to make it what it is.

A Dictatorship may well suit Italy in the twentieth century better than a parliamentary democracy, as it suited England in the sixteenth. If, indeed, we would be truly sympathetic with the Italy of to-day we should think ourselves back into the sixteenth

century, when, under the Tudors, we were ourselves just awakening to the possibilities of maritime adventure and colonial expansion. Drake was not hampered, in his repeated attempts to "sing the King of Spain's beard", by any regard for the decrees of an international tribunal. The only international tribunal of that day was the Papacy, and its jurisdiction had been lately repudiated by England.

Allusion to pending issues between England and Italy has been carefully avoided in preceding paragraphs. The problem of Abyssinia is one for separate treatment. The main purpose that has inspired this article is to remind Englishmen of the ties of an old and valued friendship, and to enter a plea for an attempt to appreciate the position of our Italian friends at this crisis in their history.

But known as I am to many Italians as a life-long friend of Italy, I am, I trust, entitled to add one word more. It is this. I appeal to the Italians to turn a deaf ear to the mischief-makers who are doing their utmost to arouse in Italy suspicion against the motive and good faith of the British people and their government. The British people still retain a warm affection for Italy, but they are passionately attached to the cause of international peace, not merely (as the cynics hold) because they have already got all they want, but because they are on principle opposed to the devilish arbitrament of war. Of that sentiment, Italy, if she would retain our friendship, must take account. Should war unhappily break out between herself and Abyssinia, she must not disdain to prove, to the satisfaction of an impartial tribunal, that she had made every endeavour, short of a sacrifice of national honour, to avoid it, and will make every effort to localize it.

TOO MANY MATERNITY DEATHS

BY HORACE THOROGOOD

A SERIOUS blot on the health services of this country (by which is meant, throughout this article, England and Wales) is the high rate of maternal mortality and its tendency to rise. The deaths of mothers either in childbirth or from causes associated with childbirth were 5.94 per 1,000 living births in 1933 (the last year for which statistics are available) as compared with 4.83 per 1,000 in 1923. It was the highest rate for twenty-two years. The fact that the mortality rates under other principal headings included in the national health figures have nearly all declined during recent years makes the problem all the more interesting. The rate is much lower in Holland, where the statistical and classifying methods closely resemble our own, and thus offer a permissible comparison. The average rate for a recent period of five years was 2.98 per 1,000 living births, as against our own figure of 4.21.

There is evidently something seriously wrong with this part of our health service. All the responsible authorities acknowledge it. Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Parliamentary Secretary of Health, declared in the House of Commons that of the 2,618 mothers who died in 1933, half "should have been kept alive", relying for that grave statement on the final report of the Departmental Committee on the subject, published in 1934, which attributes "at least one-half of the maternal deaths occurring in this country" to preventable causes. There was a tendency shown during the parliamentary debate last March to make of the situation a mystery which the facts do not seem to warrant. One obscure feature, however, may be granted. Medical science has not discovered the sources of puerperal infection. In squalid homes where all the circumstances would lead one to expect infection, successful births and recoveries are the rule rather than the exception. Nor has a reliable means of

combating the infection been found. An antiseptic sufficiently strong to nullify the infection would kill the patient, and no anti-toxin yet tried has proved effective.

But other so-called "mysterious" features appear capable of a reasonable explanation. There is, for example, the fact that many of the poorest areas of population, such as the slum districts of East London, return a substantially lower rate than areas mainly inhabited by the rich. On the surface, it seems very puzzling. Take this group of figures (averages for the period 1928 to 1933) from London, the richer boroughs being on the left and the poorer boroughs on the right. The average for the whole of London during the period was 3.5 per 1,000 births :

Kensington	4.1	St. Pancras	2.9
Fulham	4.1	Shoreditch	2.9
Westminster	6.1	Bethnal Green	2.8
St. Marylebone	5.2	Stepney	2.5
Hampstead	3.6	Poplar	2.6
Stoke Newington	5.8	Southwark	3.1
Wandsworth	4.2	Lambeth	2.6

The same contrasts can be found in the provinces. Thus, the 1933 rate for Bournemouth was 6.03, for Bath, 5.19; for Lincoln, 14.59; and for Hastings, 6.75; whereas among the congested and "depressed" towns, Gateshead showed a rate of only 2.55; Blackburn, 2.60; Bootle, 4.05; Liverpool, 3.41; and Merthyr Tydvil, 3.63. There are, however, a number of factors which, taken in the sum, seem to account very naturally for the better record of the poorer districts.

By far the most satisfactory of the London figures given above come from the East End boroughs. They are all well below the average for the whole of London; and on examination, the fact at once leaps to the eye that this area contains several of the most successful maternity hospitals and midwifery training institutions that we have. There is the famous Plaistow Maternity Hospital; one finds Plaistow-trained district nurses all over the country. Its own record is 1.04 deaths per 1,000 over the past 24 years, and in West Ham, where lies the very poor district covered by the staff and its pupils, the rate for 1933 was only 1.8, which is among the lowest, if not the lowest, of any borough or town of equal size and population in the country. The British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich, also working in

an area that includes a large poor population, lost only 1.62 mothers per 1,000 during the past 13 years. The East End Maternity Hospital has equally good results. The London Hospital's maternity work covers a wide field with incomparable skill, and there are several other training centres of high repute. It should be added that the maternity services provided in London by the municipalities are more thorough than anywhere else in the country.

A large number of the mothers in the East End place themselves in the care of one or other of these institutions. The general procedure is as follows. A woman finding herself pregnant, goes to her centre and is entered on the books. She states whether she wants to have the confinement in her own home or in the hospital. She is told that she must attend regularly at the ante-natal clinic, about once a month, and she does it because she knows that if she does not she will be struck off the books. Thus when her time comes, the hospital knows all about her. At the actual labour, the student-midwife who attends her, if not yet sufficiently experienced to handle the case alone, is supervised by one who is. Should the case develop complications, it is transferred to the hospital and its specialist staff. After the birth of the child, the mother continues to be visited till she is well again.

This practice may be taken as common in the poor quarters of other large cities, and also in many "depressed" areas where the existence of great poverty has stimulated charitable and municipal effort.

Other factors, of course, contribute to the result. The slum mother is astonishingly hardy, being inured to conditions which are often appalling. Any East End midwife or doctor could tell of mothers who are delivered of healthy babies in homes where there is no bed; newspapers are spread on the floor for the woman to lie on. Cleanliness, fresh air, and proper diet are out of the question. Many of these very poor mothers have no midwife, but rely on the "handy woman",—a friendly neighbour who, for her small charge, does the housework as well, looking after the children and getting the husband's meals. Patient and handy woman often share the same bed.

The ante-natal care, given so meticulously to the poor by the

district midwife, is admitted by all authorities to be of prime importance in achieving safe maternity. In the words of the secretary of one of the most successful maternity hospitals, "If every expectant mother all over the country could be compelled to attend an efficient ante-natal clinic, then there would be little danger of losing any but the abnormal cases".

This ideal, however, is very far from being realized. Most women of the well-to-do classes, of course, place themselves under the care of their doctors during pregnancy, submit to proper discipline, and have a trained nurse in attendance. But in the absence of the virtual compulsion which takes the poor woman to her clinic once a month—a welcome compulsion generally, be it said, for she enjoys the attention, likes being made to feel important—many others are careless. Social duties and the attractions of pleasure lead to unwise behaviour. The prospect of maternity is often unwelcome, if not terrifying, and efforts will be made to avoid it. Attempted abortion is an increasing cause of deaths, in all classes of society. Rich women can be operated on at fancy fees by procurers of abortion, and among the poor there are plenty of women who are willing, for five to ten guineas, to run the risk of prison for the same illicit service—a sinister industry guarded with such secrecy that very often the patient herself is not allowed to know the name of the person who is treating her. There is also the married woman friend who gives gratuitous advice that is liable to have disastrous results, as in the case of the woman of whom I heard recently who, at the suggestion of her charwoman, drank a mixture that contained gunpowder!

But even the most conscientious woman of the richer classes is apt to be at a disadvantage as compared with the poor woman. Here comes in another very important factor—the defects of the midwife system, which many consider to be at the root of the whole trouble. There is a glaring difference between the training and status of the midwife in England and in Holland. In England, the minimum period of training required in order to obtain the diploma of the Central Midwives Board is six months if the pupil has general nursing experience, or twelve months if not. In Holland it is three years, during which time the pupil will see about 1,800 cases. Clearly, the Dutch midwife enters upon

her career much better trained. In England, the great majority of women who undergo the training have no intention of practising midwifery: they do it because the diploma is a necessary qualification for the more coveted positions in the nursing world, such as that of the hospital matron. There are 50,000 trained midwives in the country, but only 15,000 are in practice as such. The existence of so large a demand for training has had the natural result of creating an excess of training centres of varying efficiency competing for the fees, and a block of non-serious students hindering the admission and hampering the training of the students who intend to make midwifery their profession.

In Holland, the number of midwives is regulated by the State in accordance with the needs of the community; there are only three training schools, and they are under Government control; and no student is admitted who does not intend to devote her life to the work. In Denmark, a State service of midwives has been in existence since 1714.

The attraction of the profession, it is easy to see, is much less in England than in those countries. In our rural parts the salaried district nurse-midwives who give excellent service to over 80 per cent. of the rural population hold fairly good positions; but in the urban districts and towns where the private midwives work (among people who will often squander £50 on a funeral and grudge 50s. on a birth) they seldom earn more than £50 to £80 a year. To this class the less efficient naturally gravitate.

The next factor in importance is the doctor. Here, again, the system reveals serious defects, of which the doctor himself is, as a rule, acutely aware. There are critics who would put the main blame for the high maternal mortality rate on him. They are unjust. It is well known, and significant, that some doctors have a record of consistent success in maternity, and others a record of consistent failure. But the system, not the individual doctors, is to blame, and although the effect of compelling an inquest on every case of maternal mortality, as some demand, might be to put a powerful pressure of public opinion behind a reform agitation, it would very likely lead to unfair censures of doctors by juries of laymen whose judgments on such matters are liable to be swayed by irrelevant emotions.

The maternity training of a medical student is admittedly meagre, though recently it has been slightly improved. It is supposed to include the personal treatment of a minimum of twenty cases, in the hospital and in the "district". Twenty is not a large number, but sometimes a much smaller number is actually taken, the authorities turning a blind eye, for with midwife pupils competing for instruction at the same time, it is not always convenient to be strict. The medical student is not allowed to "put on" forceps, but must pick up his knowledge of that work from seeing his instructors do it. Consequently he starts his general practice with an insufficient experience of maternity work, unless his training happened to be spent in a prolific breeding area like the Dublin slums; and if his practice is a "good class" one, his knowledge will be slow to extend because maternity cases will be but occasional incidents of his work, especially in these days of small families. The midwife, in normal cases, brings the baby "home" herself. Only in difficult cases does she call him in, and there one perceives a very plain reason for part of the mortality among the middle and upper classes. For his inexperience is called upon to cope with just those cases which require special skill and which, with a "district" patient, would be removed to hospital. Many a death is due to the fact that a young "G.P." was using instruments for the first time.

The suggestion of the Departmental Committee that in all cases of abnormality the midwife should be able to hand her patient over to a specialist would eliminate this risk, to the equal advantage of patients and general practitioners. It could not, at present, be done; the whole maternity service, from top to bottom, would need reorganization first. But the unpleasant contrast which our figures make with those of Holland, where the suggested method has long been established, may force a move in that direction.

The defects that have been indicated hit the better-off classes more than the poor, who are to an ever-increasing extent taken in hand, by legislation, charity or experiment.

Another affliction of the well-to-do expectant mother is her exposure to expensive and inefficient nursing-homes, of which there would seem to be quite a large number, in spite of the fact

that such places have to be registered and are subject to inspection. The exaction of exorbitant fees is, of course, easy, for a man will not as a rule haggle when his wife's safety at such a time is in question, though he may privately marvel at the audacity of the charges. If the services were on a par with the fees it would matter less, but negligent nurses, bad food, unauthorized drug-giving—and drug-taking—have been alleged too frequently, and by witnesses too reputable, to be ignored.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts that have been set forth here would seem to be that the high maternal mortality rate in England and Wales is due to a lack, which is undisputed, of systematic co-ordination of the various services engaged, and of a central authoritative control over them. If we raised our standards of efficiency to the level of the Dutch, the maternal death-rate, instead of increasing, would diminish. But to do that, we should need to make midwifery an exclusive career, not to be mixed up with general nursing; entered upon after a much longer course of training than is now given; and salaried by the local authorities or the State. Under that system, a thoroughly efficient body of midwives would have entire charge of normal cases, being responsible for ante-natal and post-natal care as well. We should need to provide sufficient approved maternity hospitals, or approved nursing-homes (the latter under stricter control than they are now), staffed by specialists, so that abnormal cases could be removed there, thus relieving the overburdened general practitioner of a responsibility he should not be expected to undertake.

These, as I say, are the conclusions to which a layman might reasonably come. They involve apparent threats to some professional interests, medical and commercial. Many general practitioners would object to having a lucrative maternity practice taken away from them. Many general nurses would resent a similar loss. Midwives might fear the effect of a thinning-out of their numbers. The nursing-home industry might become less easy and less profitable. And there is always the dread that prevails in the medical profession of any proposal which would carry with it an increase in official lay control.

But if the maternal mortality rate shows no sign of coming down . . . ?

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

OLD Dan Bride was breaking broсна for the fire when he heard a step up the path. He paused, a bundle of saplings on his knee.

Dan had looked after his mother while the spark of life was in her, and after her death no other woman had crossed the threshold. Signs on it, his house had that look. Almost everything in it he had made with his own hands in his own way. The seats of the chairs were only slices of log, rough and round and thick as the saw had left them, and with the rings still plainly visible through the grime and polish that coarse trouser bottoms had in the course of long years imparted. Into these Dan had rammed stout knotted ash boughs which served alike for legs and back. The deal table, bought in a shop, was an inheritance from his mother, and a great pride and joy to him, though it rocked forward and back whenever he touched it. Over the door hung a gun, old but good and in excellent condition, and before the fire was stretched an old setter who raised his head expectantly whenever Dan rose or even stirred.

He raised it now as the steps came nearer, and when Dan, leaving down the bundle of saplings, cleaned his hands thoughtfully on the seat of his trousers, he gave a loud bark, but this expressed no more than a desire to display his own watchfulness. He was half human and knew that people thought he was old and past his prime.

A man's shadow fell across the oblong of dusty light thrown over the half door before Dan looked round. "Are you alone, Dan?" asked an apologetic voice. "Oh, come in, come in, sergeant, come in and welcome", exclaimed the old man, hurrying on rather uncertain feet to the door, which the tall policeman opened and pushed in. He stood there, half in sunlight, half in shadow, and, seeing him so, you would have

realized how dark was the interior of Dan's house. One side of his red face was turned so as to catch the light, and behind it an ash tree raised its boughs of airy green against the sky. Green fields, broken here and there by clumps of red-brown rock, flowed downhill, and beyond them, stretched all across the horizon, was the sea, flooded and almost transparent with light. The sergeant's face was fat and fresh, the old man's face, emerging from the twilight of the kitchen, had the colour of wind and sun, while the features had been so shaped by the struggle with time and the elements that they might as easily have been found impressed upon the surface of a rock.

"Begor, Dan", said the sergeant, "'tis younger you're getting, 'tis so".

"Middling I am, sergeant, middling", agreed the old man in a voice which seemed to accept the remark as a compliment of which politeness would not allow him to take too much advantage. "No complaints."

"Faix, and 'tis as well. No wan but a born idiot would believe them. And th' ould dog don't look a day older."

The dog gave a low growl as though to show the sergeant that he would remember this unmannerly reference to his age, but indeed he growled every time he was mentioned, under the impression that people could have nothing but ill to say of him.

"And how's yourself, sergeant?"

"Well, now, like that in the story, Dan, neither on the pig's back or at the horse's tail. We have our own little worries, but thanks be to God, we have our compensations."

"And the wife and care?"

"Good, glory and praise be to God, good. They were away from me with a month, the lot of them, at the mother-in-law's place in Clare."

"Ah, do you tell me so?"

"I had a fine, quiet time, let me tell you."

The old man looked about him, and then retired to the nearby bedroom from which he emerged a moment later with an old shirt. With this he solemnly wiped the seat and back of the log chair nearest the fire.

"Take your ease, now, take your ease. 'Tis tired you must be after the journey. How did you come?"

"Teigue Leary it was that gave me a lift. Wisha now, Dan, don't you be putting yourself about. I won't be stopping. I promised them I'd be back inside an hour."

"What hurry is on you?" asked the old man. "Look now, your foot was on the path when I rose from putting kindling on the fire to boil the kettle."

"Now! Now! You're not making tea for me."

"I am not then, but for myself, and very bad I'll take it if you won't join me."

"Dan, Dan, that I mightn't stir, but 'tisn't an hour since I had a cup at the barracks,"

"Ah, *Dhe*, whisht, now! Whisht, will you! I have something that'll put an appetite on you."

The old man swung the heavy kettle on to the chain over the open fire, and the dog sat up, shaking his ears with an expression of the deepest interest. The policeman unbuttoned his tunic, opened his belt, took a pipe and a package of tobacco from his breast pocket, and crossing his legs in an easy posture, began to cut the tobacco slowly and carefully with his pocket knife. The old man went to the dresser, and took down two handsomely decorated cups, the only cups he had, which, though chipped and handleless, were used only on very rare occasions: for himself he preferred tea from a basin. Happening to glance into them, he noticed that they bore the trace of disuse and had collected a substantial share of the fine white turf-dust which was constantly circulating within the little smoky cottage. Again he thought of the shirt, and, rolling up his sleeves with a stately gesture, he wiped them inside and out till they shone. Then he bent and opened the drawer of the dresser. Inside was a quart bottle of pale liquid, obviously untouched. He removed the cork and smelt the contents, pausing for a moment in the act as though to recollect where exactly he had noticed that particular odour before. Then, reassured, he rose and poured out with a liberal hand.

"Try that now, sergeant", he said.

The sergeant, concealing whatever qualms he might have felt at the thought of imbibing illegal whiskey, looked carefully into the cup, sniffed, and glanced up at old Dan.

"It looks good", he commented.

"It should be."

"It tastes good too", he added.

"Ah, sha", said Dan, clearly not wishing to praise his own hospitality in his own house, "'tis of no great excellence".

"You're a good judge, I'd say", said the sergeant without irony.

"Ever since things became what they are", said Dan, carefully guarding himself from a too direct reference to the peculiarities of the law administered by his guest, "liquor is not what it used to be".

"I have heard that remark made before now", said the sergeant thoughtfully. "I have often heard it said by men of wide experience that liquor used to be better in the old days."

"Liquor", said the old man, "is a thing that takes time. There was never a good job done in a hurry".

"'Tis an art in itself".

"Just so."

"And an art takes time".

"And knowledge", added Dan with emphasis. "Every art has its secrets, and the secrets of distilling are being lost the way the old songs were lost. When I was a boy there wasn't a man in the barony but had a hundred songs in his head, but with people running here, there and everywhere, the songs were lost, and in this parish today you couldn't gather a score. . . . Ever since things became what they are", he repeated on the same guarded note, "there's so much running about that the secrets are lost".

"There must have been a power of them."

"There was. Ask any man today that makes liquor do he know how to make it of heather."

"And was it made of heather?" asked the policeman.

"It was."

"Did you ever drink it yourself?"

"I drank gallons of it. And a purer, sweeter, wholesomer drink never tickled a man's gullet. Babies they used to give it to, and growing children."

"Musha, Dan, I think sometimes 'twas a great mistake of the law to set its hand against it."

Dan shook his head. His eyes answered for him, but it was

not in nature that in his own house a man should criticize the occupation of his guest.

"Maybe so, maybe not", he said in a non-committal tone.

"But sure, what else have the poor people?"

"Them that makes the laws have their own good reasons."

"All the same, Dan, all the same. 'Tis a hard law."

The sergeant would not be outdone in generosity. Politeness required him not to yield to the old man's gentle defence of his superiors.

"It is the secrets I would be sorry for", said Dan, summing up. "Men die, and men are born, and where one man drained another will plough, but a secret lost is lost forever."

"True", said the sergeant mournfully. "Lost forever."

Dan took the policeman's cup, rinsed it in a bucket of clear water beside the door and cleaned it anew with the aid of the shirt. Then he placed it carefully at the sergeant's elbow. From the dresser he took a great jug of milk and a blue bag containing sugar: this he followed up with a slab of country butter and—a sign that his visitor was not altogether unexpected—a round cake of home-made bread, fresh and uncut. The kettle sang and spat, and the dog, shaking his ears, barked at it angrily.

"Go 'way, you brute!" growled Dan, kicking him out of his way.

He made the tea and filled the two cups. The sergeant cut himself a large slice of bread and buttered it thickly.

"It is just like medicines", said the old man, resuming his theme with the imperturbability of age. "Every secret there was is lost. And leave no one tell me a doctor is the measure of one that has secrets from old time."

"How could he?" asked the sergeant with his mouth full.

"The proof of that was seen when there were doctors and wise people there together."

"It wasn't to the doctors the people went, I'll engage."

"It was not. And why?" . . . With a sweeping gesture the old man took in the whole world outside his cabin. "Out there on the hillsides is the sure cure for every disease. Because it is written—he tapped the table with his thumb—it is written by the poets: 'Wherever you find the disease you will find

the cure beside it.' But people walk up the hills and down the hills and all they see is flowers. Flowers! As if God Almighty had nothing better to do with his time than be making flowers!"

"Things no doctor could cure the wise people cured."

"Ah, musha, 'tis I know it", said Dan bitterly, "'tis I know it, not in my mind but in my four bones".

"Ah, do you tell me the rheumatics do be at you always?"

"They do. . . . Ah, if you were living, Kitty O'Hara, or you, Nora Malley of the Glen, 'tisn't I would be dreading the mountain wind or the sea wind; 'tisn't I'd be creeping down with me misfortunate red ticket for the blue and pink and yellow dribble-drabble of their ignorant dispensary!"

"Why, then, indeed", said the sergeant with sudden determination, "I'll get you a bottle for that".

"Ah, there's no bottle ever made will cure me!"

"There is, there is. Don't talk now till you try it. My own mother's brother, it cured him when he was that bad he wanted the carpenter to cut the two legs off him with a hand-saw."

"I'd give fifty pounds to be rid of it", said Dan. "I would and five hundred!"

The sergeant finished his tea in a gulp, blessed himself and struck a match which he then allowed to go out as he answered some question of the old man's. He did the same with a second and third, as though titillating his appetite with delay. At last he succeeded in getting it alight, and then the two men pulled round their chairs, placed their toes side by side in the ashes, and in deep puffs, lively bursts of conversation and long, long silences, enjoyed their pipes.

"I hope I'm not keeping you", said the sergeant, as though struck by the length of his visit.

"Erra, what keep?"

"Tell me if I am. The last thing I'd like to do is waste a man's time."

"Och, I'd ask nothing better than to have you here all night."

"I like a little talk myself", admitted the policeman.

And again they became lost in conversation. The light grew thick and coloured, and wheeling about the kitchen before it disappeared, became tinged with gold; the kitchen itself

sank into a cool greyness with cold light upon the cups and the basin and plates upon the dresser. From the ash tree a thrush began to sing. The open hearth gathered brightness till its light was a warm, even splash of crimson in the twilight.

Twilight was also descending without when the sergeant rose to go. He fastened his belt and tunic and carefully brushed his clothes. Then he put on his cap, tilted a little to side and back.

"Well", he said, "that was a great talk".

"It's a pleasure", said Dan, "a real pleasure, that's what it is".

"And I won't forget the bottle."

"Heavy handling from God to you!"

"Good-bye now, Dan."

"Good-bye and good luck."

Dan did not offer to accompany the sergeant beyond the door. Then he sat down in his old place by the fire. He took out his pipe once more, blew through it thoughtfully, and just as he leaned forward for a twig to kindle it he heard steps returning to the house. It was the sergeant. He put his head in a little way over the half door.

"Oh, Dan", he called softly, his eyes turned to the ground.

"Ay, sergeant", replied Dan, looking round, but with one hand still reaching for the twig. He could not see the sergeant's face, only hear his voice.

"I suppose you're not thinking of paying that little fine, Dan?"

There was a brief silence. Dan pulled out the lighted twig, rose slowly and shambled towards the door, stuffing it down into the almost empty bowl of the pipe. He leaned over the half door while the sergeant with hands in the pockets of his trousers gazed rather in the direction of the laneway yet taking in a considerable portion of the sea-line.

"The way it is with me, sergeant", replied Dan unemotionally, "I am not".

"I was thinking that, Dan. I was thinking you wouldn't."

There was a long silence during which the voice of the thrush grew shriller and merrier. The sunken sun lit up islands of purple cloud moored high above the wind.

"In a way", said the sergeant, "that was what brought me".

"I was just thinking so, sergeant."

"If 'twas only the money I'm sure there's many would be glad to oblige you."

"I know that, sergeant. No, 'tisn't the money so much as giving that fellow the satisfaction of paying. Because he angered me, sergeant."

The sergeant made no comment upon this, and another long silence ensued.

"They gave me the warrant", he said at last in a tone which dissociated him from all connection with the document.

"Ay, begod!" said Dan, without interest.

"So whenever 'twould be convenient to you——."

"Well, now, you mention it", said Dan, by way of throwing out a suggestion for debate, "I could go with you now".

"Oh, tut, tut!" protested the sergeant with a wave of his hand, dismissing the idea as the tone required.

"Or I could go tomorrow", added Dan, warming up to the issue.

"Just as you like now", replied the sergeant, scaling up his voice accordingly.

"But as a matter of fact", said the old man emphatically, "the day that would be most convenient to me would be Friday after dinner, seeing that I have some messages to do, and I wouldn't have me jaunt for nothing".

"Friday will do grand", said the sergeant with relief that this delicate matter was now practically disposed of. "You could just walk in yourself and tell them I told you."

"I'd rather have yourself, if 'twould be no inconvenience, sergeant. As it is, I'd feel a bit shy."

"You needn't then. There's a man from my own parish there, a warder; one Whelan. You could say you wanted him."

"I'd like that fine", said Dan with satisfaction.

"Well, good-bye again now, Dan. I'll have to hurry."

"Wait now, wait, till I see you to the road!"

Together the two men strolled slowly down the laneway while Dan explained how it was that he, a respectable old man, had had the grave misfortune to open the head of another old

man in such a way as to necessitate his being removed to hospital, and why it was that he could not give the old man in question the satisfaction of paying in cash for an injury brought about through the victim's own unmannerly method of argument.

On the following Friday he made ready his donkey and butt and set out. On his way he collected a number of neighbours who wished to bid him farewell. At the top of the hill he stopped to send them back. An old man, sitting by the roadside in the sunlight, hastily made his way within doors, and a moment later the door of his cottage was quietly closed.

Having shaken all his friends by the hand, Dan lashed the old donkey, shouted "hup, there!" and set out alone along the road to prison.

CHINESE ART

BY BASIL GRAY

(Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum)

AT the end of November there will open at Burlington House, the most important exhibition of Chinese art that has ever been held. There have been exhibitions within the last few years at Paris and Stockholm, at Berlin and Vienna, but they were either avowedly limited in scope or necessarily partly misrepresentational, especially on the side of painting. They have, moreover, been addressed mainly to the specialist, while next winter's exhibition, following in the tradition of the great national exhibitions of previous winters, will be intended for the general public, and the selection and arrangement of the exhibits aim at artistic rather than archæological representation. Its purpose will be to disclose as much as possible of the civilization of China. This is possible because the art of China is at the centre of her life: it is a formidable task because her civilization is comparable in richness with that of Europe rather than of France or Italy. But the exhibition could not have been attempted if the Chinese Government had not offered to send over a large selection of objects from the Imperial Chinese collection of the Peking palace. This will include about a hundred and seventy paintings and important ceramics and bronzes. Fine bronzes and sculpture, and more famous paintings are promised from America, and from this country the principal contribution will be the Eumorfopoulos collection before its absorption in the national museums. The study of Chinese art is very young in the west, scarcely more than a generation old, and it is an alien art. It will undoubtedly be hard for us to appreciate it with the same eagerness with which the other exhibitions have been greeted. But, more than any of the previous exhibitions, its appreciation should repay us. It will be an opportunity, not merely to enjoy a great many new works of art, but to realize

a whole and singularly complete civilization. When our own civilization is in question, we are the more likely to attempt to understand the worth of others.

Chinese civilization does not rank with the ancient civilizations of Sumeria and Egypt in antiquity; on the contrary, it takes its rise from a period about as remote as is the Hellenic age from us. This is its heroic age, when its area was quite small and its religion animistic. It differs from Europe in that neither invasion from without nor the appearance of new ideas within, have succeeded in breaking the course of its development. China has been several times conquered and constantly threatened from the north-west; she has absorbed all foreigners into her civilization. In about 400 A.D., an alien world religion, Buddhism, established itself, but the Chinese never lost confidence in themselves and the sufficiency of their culture. They have consequently been able to work out ideas thoroughly in a way that Europe has not, owing to its willingness to sacrifice everything to attain a new truth. It is not, in fact, in metaphysics or æsthetics that China has gone far; Chinese culture, though intellectual, through and through has always been practical. As Mr. Waley has put it in his recent brilliant essay on the thought of the third century B.C., which produced the Taoist classic, the *Tao Tê Ching*: "All Chinese philosophy is a study of how man can live together in harmony". So, too, her writers on art have always been concerned with the way in which objects should be represented—with advice to the painter rather than with analysis of the pleasure of the spectator. This springs from an idea of the inadequacy of the intellect to attain truth. Both the Taoist and the Buddhist despise the process of logical thought; and the Confucian ideal of the complete subservience of the individual to the State is equally opposed to metaphysical speculation. Chinese philosophy is therefore nearer to poetry than to science; its mode of apprehension is mystical, and the truth which it seeks to apprehend is not knowledge but reality. It is thus seeking the same end as the painter; there is no divergence of aim or of method to separate them.

Chinese art has, then, enjoyed for many centuries the close relation to life that medieval art had in Europe, coupled with an

intelligent criticism which only began for us in the nineteenth century. It is unique in its sustained life and it also reaches greatness in its particular achievements. It both enlarges our idea of the scope of art and our idea of the capacity of man. It is because of this double excellence that it is supremely worth studying.

To take the extension of human greatness first. The Han period (206 B.C.—220 A.D.) is China's first imperial age, when central government became effective, when Confucianism, with the idea of the State as an extension of the family, was established as State orthodoxy, and when the State first assumed full power. Such power is reflected in the reliefs which are the most striking products of the age. A number of these reliefs have been taken from the tombs of the period and are now in European and American museums and collections, but some of the best are still in China. Some of these will be seen at the London exhibition. They are in different techniques, some incised, some with the design left in intaglio against a hatched ground, others impressed on clay from a mould, but all are in low relief, and all are linear in character, and are evidently closely related to the large wall paintings of the period of which we can read, but of which none now remain. These reliefs, which represent battle and hunting scenes and court receptions, reflect a civilization which is materialistic because it is young, because it has not yet passed the stage of material order. The conception is intensely plastic, horses with thin legs as on Greek geometric vases, but vastly more powerful, men full of pride and authority, occasionally supernatural figures still more powerful—all are treated without the aid of any technical devices to give an effect of three dimensional form. The few Han sculptures in the round show this plastic feeling more completely realized, but they never seem to have done anything in this medium but guardian animals round the imperial tombs. From the same period we have some scanty remains of painting on hollow bricks, also from tombs of which the Eumorfopoulos examples will be publicly exhibited for the first time at Burlington House. They are on quite a small scale, hurried and unfinished in execution, but they convey a sense of speed and movement and of magic which seem unmatched elsewhere.

From the next age we have a supreme work of art in the painting by Ku K'ai Chih in the British Museum. This is a work of the fourth century A.D., when China was conscious of her ideal of political unity, but was actually divided into a number of separate States. Ku K'ai Chih's painting to illustrate a book of advice on court behaviour for ladies in waiting, presents a series of nine figure subjects delicately executed in a sophisticated style. Its aim is limited, but it is perfectly achieved. A contemporary of Ku K'ai Chih, Wang I, who is one of the earliest Chinese writers on the theory of painting speaks of painting, as a means of self-expression. Ku K'ai Chih himself lays great stress on the need for technical skill in order that the artist may be able to express the life of the figures he is painting. He was influenced by the Taoist ideal of conformity with nature in wishing to feel with the figures he painted. At no time have artists combined such singleness of aim with such purity of method.

In 618 starts the T'ang period which is the classic age of Chinese civilization. For three hundred years China was ruled by a great dynasty which carried her frontiers across Asia as far as Persia. The central phase of T'ang civilization is the eighth century which saw a galaxy of poets and painters at the T'ang capital. It is the great period of Buddhist art in China. Buddhism had been introduced into China before 400; in the T'ang period it reached its highest point. Though it was not the State religion it found, especially in its more mystical forms such as that developed by the Zen sect, ready response in the Chinese who were already in sympathy with its principal aim, the attainment of enlightenment by contemplation. The Buddhist art of the T'ang period expresses this mystical idea in the monumental forms natural to such a spacious age. If the sculpture has lost some of the plastic value of Han sculpture, it has gained in magnificence and impressiveness. Already in the sixth century at Lung-men there is the beginning of a great monumental figure art, but it is not till the T'ang period that the style is fully developed and has completely digested all Indian influence. Its aim is to produce a figure art expressive of sublimity, infinite wisdom and strength. Its method is monumental scale, coupled with a realistic treatment of form which together make such sculpture as Mrs. Rockefeller's torso of a Bodhisattva, which

it is hoped to obtain for the exhibition, or the later sculptures of Lung-men masterpieces of religious art. In painting it is traditionally by the great artist, Wu Tao-tzü, who lived in the first half of the eighth century that a style worthy of this great Buddhist period was formed. He is said to have painted as if a divine force was in his hand. No painting by Wu Tao-tzü exists today; they were mostly wall paintings and were destroyed in a religious persecution of the ninth century. But his influence was great and permanent. We find it reflected not only in the wall paintings and banner paintings on silk found at Tun-Huang in Chinese Turkestan, but also in much later frescoes like the great Buddhist trinity presented to the British Museum by Mr. Eumorfopoulos in 1927. From the later paintings and from contemporary descriptions we can divine that Wu's figures were monumental in scale, largely executed with great sweeping brush strokes, rather realistic in effect, but conveying a sense of supernatural presence.

The third great age of Chinese art is the Sung period (960-1279), and its greatest achievement is its school of landscape painting. Here we might expect a field in which we in England might find ourselves on familiar ground. We have all enjoyed the work of the great English water-colour artists and are accustomed to regard landscape as the highest theme of poetic painting. If we turn with such thoughts in our mind to contemplate the work of the great Sung landscapists, we shall find them unsympathetic and monotonous in conception, though we may find things to admire in their execution. Before we can appreciate this school of painting we must understand the different attitude to nature which is expressed in it. Through the romantic school of English poetry we are familiar with a view of nature as worth studying for itself, as no mere background to human life, but as representing a permanent theme whose interest will outlast that of any of the doings of man. But to Wordsworth and to Turner, it is a single view, the moon through a cloud, the setting sun, which seems to reveal a beauty which is more sublime and more permanent than any work of man unless he can borrow something from it. The Chinese attitude is different. The approach is more intellectual and philosophical. As in metaphysics, what is sought is ultimate reality, not some aspect of nature, but some-

thing which discloses nature in a way that we have not hitherto grasped her. There is thus no personal element in the choice of a subject—the subjects for landscape become traditional and stereotyped—the personality of the painter could alone be expressed in the execution and his excellence will be measured by the truth of his conception and by his skill in setting it down without any obtrusion of irrelevant sentiment. The utmost economy of means is thus sought to express the purest thought.

We turn now to a subject very hard of approach for the European—to bronzes. All the great civilizations of the world have passed through a bronze age. In China this began during the second millenium B.C. in the Shang period. What is remarkable in the case of China is that the forms of the bronze vessels developed during this period, became stereotyped, and were repeated for many hundreds of years. Indeed if we count the crude imitations of the Sung period and later, they have never ceased to be made. The explanation is that the forms were developed for ritual use, and a great variety were used for making offerings of corn and wine to the ancestors. No doubt they were made in the shape of vessels of common use for cooking purposes, some of them evidently originally in clay or wood. As ritual objects they acquired great importance, and it was the practice for bronze vessels to be dedicated to the ancestors with an inscription recording the occasion of dedication, as a reminder to the ancestors and also as a record for the family. It is now a generation since these bronzes were recognized in Europe as great works of art. The attention of sinologues and archæologists has been directed very properly mainly to their classification and dating and the elucidation of their forms. But how is it that we know that the best of the bronzes are not mere examples of fine craftsmanship to be classed as objects of applied art? When we look at such examples as the famous double ram *tsun* from the Eumorfopoulos collection, to name but one out of the many fine pieces that will be shown in London this winter, we are aware of the weightiness and compactness of the form and of the satisfactory treatment of the material. But there is more than this. The real key, may we suggest, to these vessels lies in the way in which the animal forms have been embodied in them. The Chinese feared

to lose their corporate existence as members of a family if they failed in the sacrifices. It was through this connection alone that they had any real existence; they would otherwise be nameless. Everything points to their anxiety to grasp at anything which could be a nucleus of reality in a floating world. As links with the ancestors, the bronze vessels were of supreme importance, every effort must be made to give them permanence. It was with this object that they gave to each member of the bronze the form of an animal or of some part of it, the trunk of an elephant, the head of a deer or a ram, and that they covered the surface with the stylised forms of animals, owls, or dragons. They sought to imprison in the bronze the essential form and elemental life of the animal so that it should be for ever endowed with its force.

As they were seeking to give life to the object they were making, and as its excellence, in their eyes, as in ours, must have depended on their success in this, there can be no reason for not calling such art creative. The same is true of the best jades, which possess similar ritual significance and on some of which similar patterns occur. For the most part, however, the jades, inlaid bronzes and mirrors are treated in a somewhat decorative way. Yet even here most of the patterns are animistic; one of the most common is the thunder pattern or *lei-wen*. Other elements are ears of corn and constellations of stars.

Many of the jades are entirely undecorated and owe their high value in Chinese judgment to their form and colour, but above all to their feel. The sense of touch is not catered for in any European art; for us the sensuous in art is purely a matter of the eye. Sensuous painting is unknown in China, perhaps because of the presence of jades, and also of pottery and porcelain, into the appreciation of which also touch enters. This is the branch of Chinese art which is best known and most truly appreciated in Europe. No doubt it will therefore be the most fully represented at Burlington House. But even here it will be possible to show some entirely new types which were only represented in the Imperial collection for which they were made. In this field appreciation is direct and requires no knowledge of Chinese civilization or philosophy. Form and colour and surface, and their relation to one another make up the sum of their appeal.

Is there any common quality in all Chinese art; anything which can be used as a key to its understanding? Having briefly surveyed the greatest and the most typical of her arts are we in a position to answer this question? We should do best to look for it where Chinese art is most removed from us, that is most purely Chinese. In seeking to find an explanation for the evident greatness of Chinese archaic bronzes we were led to put forward the view that the artist was trying to give them a life of their own. Chinese painting is most remote from us in the Literary Man's school; here the important thing is the sensibility of the brushwork. The paintings excel as objects in themselves, not in relation to anything outside. Both these forms of art are hard for us to understand because they are both entirely unhumanistic. But are we right in supposing that European art is at bottom wholly humanistic? If we come to study it closely, can we not see that there is another element, essentially alien, which has warred against humanism in Europe and appeared on the surface from time to time? There is something of this in Gothic art and in the barbarian art of the north. Now, again, where there is so strong a movement in modern art against humanist standards, and towards "abstraction" will it not be easier for us to understand Chinese art? It may turn out that Chinese art is in fact the great abstract art of the world, and next winter's exhibition at Burlington House may have an important, clarifying influence on the art of Europe.

THE CALM MOUNTAIN-VALLEYS

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

In these calm mountain-valleys
where the snows
are benedictions anciently surmised
by one of those
who cried upon these lilies,
hugely emparadised,
"Behold! at last the Lord
by his own light adored,"

I am alone with the weight of my loving.
I am come,
smaller than the shadow of that raven's wing,
not stricken dumb,
but with astonished lips scarce moving,
remembering
how in my heart she speaks
unquestioned as those peaks.

There are a place and time in the heart of lovers,
where the snows
melt not, being above the line of dust.
The eagle knows
as he poises, stoops and recovers
the perfect trust
in the power to ascend
in quiet, world without end.

We are alone in that place and together.
 Each must find it
 unhelped, and, having found it, stops,
 and as the world behind it
 downwards like a falling feather
 quivers and drops,
 knows by exceeding grace
 the loved one face to face.

In the mountain air, candle-clean,
 fear and doubt
 and earthly wonder and the fever
 are out,
 and in their place not by the senses seen,
 but changing never
 behold ! adoring and adored
 with his own splendour love the lord.
 HUMBERT WOLFE

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE question of Abyssinia, or rather of Italy in relation to Abyssinia, is now the most important before Europe, and more especially before Great Britain. The essential purpose for Great Britain is, we may assume, to prevent war ; and the first means is to ensure absolute solidarity with France. These are the only two powers whose territory adjoins the seat of danger ; and both have in essentials a common policy. What is more important, they and they only have effective means to avoid disaster. Both can help to a settlement which would leave both Italy and Abyssinia better off than they were when this trouble rose. What Abyssinia can gain is perhaps no more than an assurance of protection, which will have been established by force. Yet this is no small gain for the only native African power that is still independent. For Italy, the issue cannot be discussed solely in terms of the local dispute. She is entitled to go back to 1881 and urge that when Africa was mapped out by the European powers in Conference, Abyssinia was marked out as her sphere of influence. To-day, under the influence of new conceptions, Europe seeks to deny Italy the right (if it was a right) of annexation which other European powers used elsewhere. But it is worth remembering that, for the peace of Europe, Bismarck, after his triumph in 1871, thought it well to encourage French enterprise in Africa. One result has been that France to-day holds a great deal more of Africa than she needs. Another result is that England, stimulated chiefly by the impulse of French activity, acquired even more. It is true that Bismarck was magnanimously giving away what Germany did not own ; whereas now the question is whether the "Haves" should not

make concession to the "Have-nots"—among whom Italy is certainly to be counted. Even more obviously, Germany has claims that should be met; and it seems at least possible that a way to peace in Europe may be found through a redistribution of European holdings in Africa—in which both France and England must make sacrifices.

A move in this direction was made, we are told, by Mr. Eden at Rome; and presumably Mr. Eden was empowered to make the suggestion. The result has not been encouraging so far. Abyssinia is served by one railway, built at the cost of French money; and French control of it gives France a say in the military munitioning of Abyssinia. But really, as a part of French concessions to Italy's sense of grievance, a half share in this concern was conceded to Italy. What Mr. Eden proposed was to give Abyssinia a port in British territory to which another railway could be built, under Abyssinian control. This line, if it existed, would, of course, break the monopoly of rail service. On that account the proposal was not likely to please either France or Italy. Apart from this, it is not clear who would build the line—a difficult undertaking; nor is there any evidence of need for a second line since the imports and exports are both small. In short, the offer was one by which Abyssinia could probably not profit, and which, if accepted by her, would inflict loss on both French and Italian interests. Moreover, the mere proposal that the British Government should give up anything—even something that it did not want—immediately provoked clamour in England. One may judge what the outcry would be if England or France agreed to give up something that England or France definitely did not want to part with. If party cries and party advantage have to be considered, the problem is far too difficult to tackle.

Yet, looking at the facts, does anyone suppose that there can be peace if the "Haves" make no concessions? How can they stop the "Have-nots" from accumulating power to take? No way, except by the race of armaments; and that way, as we all know, madness lies. Yet in domestic policy the "haves" long ago learnt that wealth must submit to see great slices taken off it for the public

good and public peace. It is not believable that Italy would not, for some moderate consideration, desist from an enterprise which, if she undertakes it, will strain her energies and resources during at least three years; for geography and climate make the occupation of Abyssinia a formidable task, which the seasons will interrupt. The Abyssinians are not marksmen as the Boers were, but they are greatly more numerous, and a guerrilla war there would last long, owing to the nature of the ground. Now, during those three years, Italy, if engaged in Abyssinia, will be negligible in Europe. Is Italy prepared to be negligible during the next three or four years?

France can, it is clear, offer to Italy what is worth much more than could be gained by the most successful Abyssinian campaign. England has nothing seriously available for that purpose. But England holds the German mandated territories. There is not only Italy to be dealt with.

All the "Haves" can, it is true, continue to sit on all the safety valves. In Europe, the most experienced statesmen say that no frontier can be changed without the certainty of war. Is that to apply also in Africa? If not, it may be that in a conference for the redistribution of European holdings in Africa a new direction may be given to European discontents, and one in which satisfaction may be attained—though certainly not without sacrifices.

It is worth while to consider the alternatives. There is first a surrender, letting Abyssinia's plea go unheard and unanswered. Italy would presumably in that case go out of the League, leaving that body in ignominious discredit. Possibly, the League might then review its membership and get rid of those for whom it was not prepared to take risks. It would become thus an organization gradually built up for co-operative defence; since it could serve no other purpose. As no state would be admitted which could not make some serious contribution to the common need, it would be a League in reality—an alliance—and would necessarily be planned for war. This would at least be better than a society which promises protection and cannot give it. But alliances are apt to produce counter-alliances.

Then there is the alternative of using economic sanctions against Italy. If they are tried and fail, at least we should have gained experience. But if they fail, what then? War? That seems unthinkable. And the continuance of "economic sanctions" would add to the already shocking disorganization of trade.

On the other hand, there is the picture to be considered of what results if the League stops this war, either before or after its outbreak. Those principles which according to Mr. Baldwin are "the sheet anchor of British policy" will add incalculably to its authority. If Italy finds it to her interest and her honour to yield to the judgment of the League, isolation will seem even less satisfying and less promising to Germany than it does at present. There is a great victory to be won, which should lead to a lessening of the growing waste on armament. But no man and no nation can win victory without risks, or without sacrifice, and without a clear judgment of what must be discarded for a greater gain.

Frankly, it comes to an issue of war or peace. What is ultimately involved in this Abyssinian dispute is even more urgent than that other question of unemployment for which Mr. Lloyd George demands a

**The Council
of Action**

"Council of Action" outside party barriers. Captain Harold Macmillan, an able Member of Parliament, somewhat detached in attitude, adds very wisely that it should also be a Council of Consultation, and indicates that he does not think Mr. Lloyd George's presentment of the case quite fair. That is not surprising. The surprising thing would be if Mr. Lloyd George were judicially fair to any government of which he was not a member. He himself has been judged with less fairness and less leniency than any statesman of the fifty years that I can recall; and though he may be a Christian he is not a meek one. What matters, however, is that Mr. Lloyd George has vision combined with dæmonic energy; and he sees with more intensity than others the evil of this chronic mass of people, of whom perhaps half a million are not merely unemployed, but cannot in the ordinary course of industry hope for employment. He sees also the possibilities which lie in vast sums seeking

investment and not finding easy outlet. The real urgent motive with him is the desire to get things done; but being what he is, if it comes to doing, he will have more confidence in his own ability to direct and stimulate than in any other man's. He will therefore be a formidable candidate for power, and as such is inevitably held at arm's length—or rather at a forty-foot pole's length—by other politicians. Yet if party action has to be suspended, and there is to be general recruitment of ability, such a man cannot be set aside. When Sir Basil Blackett, one of the financiers most distinguished for public service during the war, appears in support of his movement, we are bound to believe that Mr. Lloyd George's call for action taking the form of very large expenditure seems urgent enough to outweigh the knowledge which such a man must have of Mr. Lloyd George's recklessness in outlay. It does not mean distrust in Mr. Baldwin. It means that, in Sir Basil Blackett's judgment, Mr. Baldwin's shrewdness and breadth of vision need to be allied with an element that will bring more speed.

A new development has taken place in the obscure and unpleasant Irish situation. Since a decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council held that the Irish Free State was legally entitled to abrogate the Treaty of 1921 in one material detail, it appeared to follow that the observance of the Treaty was now a matter of good faith, not of statutory obligation. Mr. de Valera and his followers argue that, because the Treaty was accepted under threat of war as the alternative, there is no moral need to observe it. Mr. Cosgrave's attitude is that since England has acted up to the spirit and letter of the Treaty, Ireland should do the same; and, further, that Ireland's interests are best served by remaining within the Commonwealth. Mr. de Valera, however, has recently declared that it is his purpose, at the appropriate moment, to give Ireland the chance to rid herself of even nominal allegiance to "a foreign King". No phrase could have been better chosen to infuriate Protestant Ulster or, I should think, to alienate sympathy in those other States which worked along with Ireland to enlarge the definition of freedom for the Dominions. But now Mr. Thomas, apparently speaking on behalf of the new adminis-

**Will Ireland
go Out?**

tration, declares that "the Government will take any step it can to prevent Southern Ireland going out of the Commonwealth". This utterance has disquieted those who desire to see pressure of opinion from the other Dominions continually exerted on Ireland. If it is prepared to restrain Ireland by force from rescinding the Treaty, how will that affect Canada, for instance? It is well that Mr. Thomas should speak plainly, but not well that he should seem to threaten what he will not perform. If the Irish Free State chooses to go out, it will certainly perpetuate partition, and Mr. Thomas has every right to say that Great Britain will maintain Ulster's position so long as Ulster desires. He can fairly outline the consequences of secession to Ireland; the denial of professional openings in Great Britain to her educated young men and women, and the limitation of chances of employment to her manual labour. These would follow inevitably unless Great Britain chose to make a special status for citizens of the Irish Republic—which is what Mr. de Valera seems to expect. The Dominions at large would certainly welcome any argument that would maintain the Commonwealth at its full strength. But to suggest that Ireland may be restrained by force from using a right that she possesses because she is a Dominion is a threat to solidarity in the Commonwealth.

In the last number of this Review, Mr. Ernest Rhys wrote recollections of Mr. Yeats going back almost as far as my own.

**Yeats's Poetry
and Work**

Yet I think the celebration of this poet's seventieth birthday in Dublin on June 27th justifies further comment. It was not simply an Irish celebration: the dinner was given by the Irish branch of an international society, the P.E.N. club, and Mr. Masfield, poet laureate of Great Britain, went over to pay homage to "the greatest living poet, who has made in our time not only in literature, but in the thoughts of a nation, an achievement that no other poet of our time can approach". Those who were present—as it was not my good fortune to be—noted that in his reply Mr. Yeats chose to dwell on the public side of his work, the work that he had helped others to do. This concerns not the past but the present and the future. "When I began my organizing

work", he said, "it must be forty years ago, Irish literature was despised". That is perfectly true. Even thirty years back, every publisher looked askance at any book that had to do with Ireland, just because it was about Ireland, whereas at that time—thanks no doubt to Stevenson and Barrie—any book about Scotland had the odds in its favour because it was Scotch. There were exceptions, of course, to the neglect of Irish work; the two cousins who, in their stories of the "Irish R.M." made something in the Lever tradition incomparably better than Lever ever did, delighted the world. Again, Moira O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* were that very rare thing, really good poetry which appealed to everyone. But she, like Violet Martin and Edith Somerville, stood outside the movement which Yeats inspired and helped to "organize". His word is right; there was organization; and an essential person in the work was old Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, in the 'forties, as editor of *The Nation*, had been the chief creator of an earlier literary movement which provided "Young Ireland" with a repertory of moving rhetorical verse. Through him, and through the old Fenian John O'Leary, Yeats was able to make contact with Catholic Nationalist Ireland, into which he was not born. But the association did not last long, and could not. The strength of Yeats has always been that on matters of art he would never depart from his standards by a hair's breadth. Much of the "Young Ireland" literature in verse which had come to rank almost as Scriptures of the Irish people, was rhetoric, and Yeats did not spare to say so. The result was a break in sympathy with the general mass of the country for which it was his purpose to write. In so far as his public was to be Irish, he had to begin by alienating it.

Ireland knew first that Yeats was an honour to Ireland by learning this from English judges of literature. Meanwhile, among the few his influence spread, powerfully
 "A. E." helped by alliance with another who made no appeal to the crowd—the late George Russell,
 "A. E." But while Yeats was, and is, a natural solitary, Russell's has always been a naturally communicative mind. Propaganda among the few spread faster through him. Yet, as it chanced,

Russell was (I believe on the suggestion of Yeats) annexed by Horace Plunkett for another propaganda, that of co-operation; and here came a new clash with orthodox nationalism. Nothing can be more conservative than a long established tradition of revolt, and these two men, in their effort to give Ireland a richer culture in its intellectual and its material life, found themselves regarded as agents of disunion, seeking to distract the nationalist energies.

Meantime, young poets came along in shoals, echoing sometimes A. E.'s mysticism, sometimes the symbolism mixed up with Gaelic legend which was then characteristic of Yeats; and snatches of their verse have found lasting place in the anthologies. They had learnt from him what Mr. F. R. Higgins, one of a quite different and more original school, calls "a fastidious craftsmanship". Yet nothing of his work so far was reaching the many, and nothing reached them till he and his associates bethought them of the theatre. That seemed to me, for instance, a forlorn hope; I could not imagine a man less likely than Yeats to write plays that would "get across"—unless indeed that man was "A. E.". And in fact neither of the two has ever written a play which gained much by being played instead of read—with one notable exception. In *Cathleen ni Houlihan* Yeats gave to the literature of revolt, a voice more poignant and dangerous than it had ever received. Thinking over my feelings when I first saw it in Dublin, they find their best expression in a line of Yeats's own, "A terrible beauty is born". But in that case, and that case only, his work had the dramatic aid of the woman who had been its true inspiration. Maud Gonne, disguising in the likeness of an old withered hag her imperial beauty, was able to put into the strange half-mad chant of her voice a compelling magic; and for one moment before she left the stage, she straightened up her figure, so that the boy's answer came naturally, "Did you meet an old woman and you coming up the path?" "No, but I met a young woman and she had the walk of a queen".

Within two or three years, Yeats had opened the amazing reservoir of talent for acting that Ireland held. W. G. Fay and his brother Frank were, I think, the true beginners of that Irish school of acting whose fame has gone out literally into the ends of the world; a school which for the past thirty years has been continually

The Irish Theatre

losing its best actors, attracted elsewhere by higher rewards, and continually been replacing them by others just as good. But the formation of that school was carried out under the direction of Yeats, a direction which stamped out rhetoric and insisted on vital energy. He taught them to speak verse beautifully, yet none of their successes have been with plays in verse. It was in their speaking of prose that the quality so acquired came through.

Then he found Synge, and found Lady Gregory, and there began to be plays. Talent gathered, but Yeats was the rallying point. Again, the authoritative recognition of talent had to be given in London before Dublin would listen; but this time it was recognition, not of an isolated writer, but of a group and a movement. James Stephens, who, so far as I can judge, owed nothing of inspiration to either Yeats or A. E., and who came forward only after the prestige of the literary theatre was well established, found a hearing far more easily than he could have found it ten years earlier; and, in return, the prestige which he acquired was added to the prestige of Ireland in literature—before the war. Since the war, O'Casey owed to the Abbey Theatre the production of his remarkable work; he owed also to that school what he learnt by attending its performances.

At present the young writers in Dublin are busy discussing whether the Abbey Theatre is dead or alive. The real question is whether a poet at seventy can continue to direct and inspire. Yeats lost his right hand when he lost Lady Gregory. It is possible that the work which he launched forty years ago will go on better if he desists from his work as organizer and confines himself to that of the solitary artist. But about one thing there is agreement: his talent has grown like a tree, and its beauty in autumn is not less, nor less vital, than in spring and summer. In fact, the younger men show a preference for the work of his later years, after the shock of the Irish revolution, coming when he was fifty, had moved him to the depths. Since then, his nature has been in oscillation under it, alternately attracted and repelled. But he has shown no repugnance to the new forms of literary expression; on the contrary, in his speech the other night, recognizing that "the first movement was romantic and poetical", he admitted that a swing towards realism was necessary; and

hat there must be "very vigorous realistic novelists". What with Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Frank O'Connor, Mr. O'Faoláin and Mr. Stuart, Ireland is certainly providing them. All these men are under debt to the movement which had its centre in Yeats, and they know it; though in their growth they have set up new collisions with orthodoxies. But the most potent of all the forces for insurrection, moral and intellectual, which are to be associated with Ireland is James Joyce, and he has no connection that I can see with Yeats and his movement. All the work of that movement might have been written by men who were not Catholics, and in fact most of them were not. But *Ulysses* could only come from a mind reared in Catholicism, and profoundly and passionately affected by it. Everywhere else, the result of Yeats's personality has been to generate an Irish literature detached from all preoccupation with the religion of the country. Joyce's influence, wherever it appears, is a new revolt—the revolt of a Catholic against Catholic religion.

The pre-war indiscrimination—when one said Ha, ha, among the corpses and rejoiced in any garments as long as they were rolled in blood—was a useful quality, for in those days one had to wait months between, say, a *Trent's Last Case* and an *At the Villa Rose*, an *Eye of Osiris* and a *Vicky Van*.

To-day's discrimination is just as useful, and, in fact, quite necessary; for more excellent crime books—excellent, that is, by pre-war standards—are being written and brought out every week, in publishing season and out of publishing season, than any one man could read or sufficiently appreciate in the time.

Not so long ago there was often a touch of jesting condescension in the review of a crime story in a serious paper; but now the cataract of such tales, their variety of kinds and their grades of technical merit, have created

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REVIEWING CRIME BOOKS

By "TORQUEMADA"

FOR the first twenty-four of the last twenty-five years I read crime stories avidly, almost wolfishly; for the last twelve months I have read them with more caution in order to write reviews on them, and have found myself, rather to my surprise, developing and striking certain critical attitudes.

a real and rather heavy critical responsibility. Indeed, the critic who deals with all those novels vaguely classed as "thrillers" has already become a split personality, and I think that very soon he will have to be, in fact, two persons.

An editor will have to find someone with nerves of steel and, in the best sense of the word, long-winded, to deal with all those books jacketed as breathless—secret service, car and 'plane pursuit, gangster idyll, and the like. And he will have to find quite another type of reviewer, one who can sit back and give leisured analytical attention to the detective story proper, to crime in its pure and complicated form.

It is as if two streams had suddenly grown in volume, and yet still ran side by side. Or perhaps it would be better to say that two families, the Teasers and the Terrors, have swiftly increased in number, and yet remained in the same locality; for there has been a good deal of inter-marriage lately, and the reviewer has to be ready to distinguish the results of this at sight—Teasers with a strain of Terror, Terrors with a strain of Teaser, the Teaser-Terrors and the Terror-Teasers, the short-Teasers and

the short-Terrors, and many more beside. Happily he is concerned only with the fact of this abnormal prolificacy, and not with the reasons for it, whatever those may be.

The reviewer who frequents race trains will probably think of the art of the Teaser as the art of the three-card trickster, though very few authors have the skill to use quite such a stark apparatus. Obviously the successfully baffling five-card trick deserves much more praise than the equally successful twenty-five card trick. The horticultural reviewer may think of this major dexterity as a leading up or about the garden (Agatha Christie's peculiar gift) and will recognize that the less the cover, the fewer the gooseberry bushes, or the thinner the walls of the maze, the more credit is due to the successful conductor.

In whatever terms we think of this essential sleight, the ability to conceal by revealing, we have to judge the writer mainly by his failure or success in it. And therefore I think we should be specially grateful to two American authors, otherwise with little in common, who take particular steps to help us to estimate how we have fared in our battle of wits against them. Mr. Ellery Queen always pauses as soon as he has sown all his clues, and issues a challenge in set form to the reader. I have always accepted it and sometimes been worsted; at least, as a reviewer I knew where I was after, of course, I had tested the fairness of the challenge. Mr. Daly King, the psychologist, is even more helpful. At the end of his tales of the "Obelists" he gives a list page by page of all his clues and explains, with tolerant patience, what we ought to have deduced from them.

When we have to deal with Teaser

writers who have not been so obliging, we will do well to ask help from the father of the modern branch of the family. Poe wrote a hundred years ago: "As the strong man exults in his physical abilities, delighting in such exercises as call his muscles into action, so glories the analyst in that moral activity which *dise ntangles*". If the author has taxed the mental thews to their uttermost, taxed them fairly, and let them win in the end, he has done well; if he has fairly taxed them to the uttermost and proved too strong, he has done excellently. The rest is only a matter of "real" reviewing, an estimation of credibility, characterization, style, ingratiation, and the rest.

In considering the Short-Teasers we cannot demand much leading by the nose; if we get a sharp tug one way and a sharp tug back, we have to award full marks on the technical side. After that we may go on to determine how far the author has overcome the psychological difficulty pointed out by Mr. Chesterton, godfather of the most vivid branch of this family. "It is difficult", he says, "to have a shock of bereavement on being introduced to the corpse of a total stranger, and the narrative is so brief that even the living characters may be left in the end looking rather like conventional corpses". If the author has performed a sort of inverted miracle and brought the dead body to life at the beginning of the tale, he deserves all the praise we can give him. Mr. Chesterton himself has succeeded many times; which of us, for instance, does not feel that he has long known, hated, and pitied Sir Aaron Armstrong, the whisky-sustained temperance fanatic, though we only in fact hear of him after his servant, dressed all in black "even to the dreadful detail of black gloves",

has stopped our train to report his master's murder.

In dealing with the Terrors and their near kin, the reviewer is more dependent on his own reactions. If he has finished the book, some marks are due to the author; but if, when he has finished it, his pulse as temperately beats as Queen Gertrude's we should not allot too many.

He will soon find the pet abominations which he wishes to rebuke; I have only space to mention two of mine. One is the hero and/or heroine whose career from first page to last is a series of most unangelic dashings into lions' mouths. This character is common these days and, to me, tedious; unless, of course, he resembles Mr. Hume's Nick Cardby,

a clear-sighted young man with a head like Chaucer's miller, who knows all the time that he will break the lion's teeth. Also I very much dislike, and hope other reviewers will dislike, a trick much used at present to excuse bad story telling, the use of such phrases as: "The writer of fiction would never dare to introduce such a coincidence" or "She felt that her life was becoming sheer Oppenheim". This is to make a virtue of fouling the nest.

Finally, I think that the reviewer will soon realize that many thrillers a little poison the mind, and will discover his own way of throwing off the virus. I find Mallarmé the antidote—or should it be the purge?—which suits me best.

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MY SEVEN SELVES, by Hamilton Fyfe. *Allen & Unwin.*

As no one will suspect Mr. Hamilton Fyfe of straying into the realms of psychology, the autobiographical purpose which lies behind his title will be readily guessed. The division into seven stages of his newspaper life may be somewhat arbitrary, but that is of no great moment. What matters is the intrinsic quality of his narrative, and needless to say, the skilful and experienced journalist is always master of his material. To the interest inherent in all autobiography is added the fact that his profession thrust him constantly into contact with great and exciting events, of which he can write to a certain extent as one behind the scenes. His dispatch from France at the beginning of the war, which was indignantly denounced by Mr. Asquith in Parliament, is an instance which everyone knows. Until a recent correspondence appeared in the press Mr. Fyfe kept silence and refused to defend himself, but certainly the evidence which he now produces leaves the impression that he was scurvily treated by the politicians on this occasion. He was accused of hysteria, exaggeration, but this effect he attributes to the Press Censor, Mr. F. E. Smith, who undoubtedly deliberately sub-edited his dispatch to awaken the nation to

the disaster that had befallen the Expeditionary Force. He seems to complain that afterwards he was hunted out of France by the military authorities, but what Mr. Fyfe overlooks is that the roaming war correspondent of the type of Forbes or Russell is an anachronism in modern war.

Throughout all these years he was fortunate in being the favourite of Lord Northcliffe, who completely trusted him and liked his envoys in foreign countries to be treated as persons of consequence. "Don't you know, my dear Fyfe," he once wrote to his too modest representative on the Riviera, "that all correspondents of the *Daily Mail* are supposed to travel with two valets?" These were the days of success and satisfaction, but Mr. Fyfe has a tale of disillusionment and disappointment to tell when he left Carmelite House. He had then, as he says, become a "reformer," and one of his appointments was that of editor of the Labour paper, where he learned by painful experience how incompetent an unimaginative Labour Party is for the highly technical job of managing a newspaper.

Little idea has been given of the variety of Mr. Fyfe's story and career, and an incident may be added from his early years when he was editor's secretary at *The Times*. Two callers came one day when the possibility was being discussed of allowing M.P.s who succeed to peerages the choice of sitting in either House. They were George N. Curzon and St. John Brodrick. Curzon, surprisingly, was diffident, at a loss for words; the other was eager, combative. Their mission was apparently a failure, but Mr. Fyfe is probably correct in saying that if their movement had succeeded, and if Curzon had remained in the Commons, he would have become Prime Minister in 1923 and the ambition of his life would not have been disappointed. H. R. WESTWOOD.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

By H. E. BATES

SCOTTISH COUNTRY, edited by G. Scott Moncrieff. *Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

ENGLISH EARTH, by Marjorie Hessel Tiltman. *Harvap.* 10s. 6d.

THE BEAUTY OF BRITAIN, by various authors. *Batsford.* 5s.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ENGLAND, by Dorothy Hartley. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND by Ivor Brown. *Batsford.* 7s. 6d.

CLASSIC books in praise of England are rarities; beside the fictional and poetic mountains of English literature the works of Hudson, Jefferies, Thomas, White, Cobbett and company appear like the chance upthrowings of a colony of modest literary moles. This famine in rural classics has in the past been equalled only by a public famine in rural interest. Why then the sudden crop of books in enthusiastic if not classic praise of the countryside, and the fat, if not fine, harvest of public interest and pleasure in country life? The word "country" in each of these cases ought to be qualified by the word "English," for we hear little of Irish country life except in the works of Irish poets and novelists, and it is very rare indeed that a company of Scots writers are induced, as they have been in *Scottish Country*, to gather together and praise their native land from Tweed to Sutherland and even beyond that to the Orkneys and Shetlands and the Outer Isles. From these essays one gathers that the Scottish scene changes very little from year to year, except to decay; and the same reflection is prompted by the work of such a writer as Mr. Sean O'Faoláin, whose stories are set in scenes drenched in a melan-

choly Irish loveliness that even a revolution could not change. Why then this sudden desire on the part of the English to praise their country with such fervour, unless it is that they have suddenly found it changing so quickly that if they do not praise it soon they may never be able to praise it at all?

For the English countryside, as more than one writer in *English Country* pointed out a year ago, is changing, except in favoured and remote parts, with a rapidity that means something far worse than the decay which one Scottish writer sees and laments so bitterly in the Highlands, a rapidity which may mean in fact the wholesale disintegration, except for the acres in National Trust, of all the countryside so fervently and rapturously and even sentimentally praised by Miss Tiltman and Miss Hartley, and Messrs. Brown, Priestley and company, to say nothing of the army of photographers who have supplied the illustrations to their already illustrious text. To two of these volumes Mr. Priestley has contributed a preface, over-praising Mr. Ivor Brown in one and touching on the fringe of this very problem of insidious change in the other. "There can be few parts of the world," he says, "in which commercial greed and public indifference have combined to do more damage than they have done here. We have been hard at it fouling our nest for a long time now. The process continues."

The process continues, but Mr. Priestley stops, and these are almost the only

BOOKS—BOOKS

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words of indignation contained in the whole 800 pages of these four books. True, *The Heart of England* contains many photographs of what are scarcely prize beauty-spots, but any bitterness of comment on them is as conspicuous as the merits of the book itself, which is as flabby a piece of writing as ever appeared outside the pages of a small-town newspaper. The characterless nature of Mr. Brown's thought and style is indeed astounding, and this book is very little better than the "churning out of that tenth-rate descriptive stuff, rehashing of old rubbish," against which Mr. Hugh Macdiarmid declaims in his vigorous, thoughtful, indignant essay on the Shetland Isles, a piece of admirable writing only matched in these volumes by Mr. Ian Macpherson's account of his grandfather's life and his own in the central Highlands. "When my grandfather married he had one cow, a bit of ground, a house, a bed, a box for a table, a seat of divots beside the fire for his wife, a bench of divots on which he could stretch his legs for himself. "The times were bitter hard . . . I've seen when there wasn't a boll of meal between all the houses in Craithie in New Year's time. I remember it fine. No early ripening oats then, Ian. And all the men out playing shinty in the snow. There wasn't a doctor in the country either. What did they do when they were sick?"

Do what they do now, get better or die and be damned to them."

"Nevertheless," comments Mr. Macpherson, "the country was gay." Why gay he does not explain, but the parallel clearly exists in England to-day. The countryside, odd though it may seem when we look at the lovely photographs of lovely places in *The Beauty of Britain* and its companion volumes, is suffering a sea-change into ugliness and provincialism and jerry-building that very few, least of all these writers, appear inclined to arrest. In the Highlands times were bitter hard, but the country was gay. In England the country becomes urbanised, but its writers rhapsodise. How is it? Can it be that the country, more accessible than at any time in its history, is at last not only fashionable but also a paying proposition?

It might be possible to answer "Yes" if it were not for the possession of some of the knowledge contained in Miss Tiltman's *English Earth*, a detailed, lively and enthusiastic account of the revolution now taking place in English agriculture and English country life in general, a book in which the reader may find out for himself why he pays half a crown for a bunch of irises in Piccadilly while a man in the Scilly Islands scythes down irises by the thousand in order to cut his losses. The economics of pigs, beef, chickens, eggs, cider, bread, apples and many more agricultural products are dealt with in this book by a writer who, though she loves her country, does not thereby believe it to be above her own or any other criticism. And here, perhaps, is the heart of the trouble. We are surfeited with a worship of beauty. And I for one long for the publication of *This Hideous England*, a work of indignation which, however, appears about as likely to be born as the legislation which might prevent its title becoming history.

IRELAND IN PARTITION

By HUGH E. LAW

PEACE BY ORDEAL, by Frank Packenham. *Cape*. 15s.

WITH HORACE PLUNKETT IN IRELAND, by R. A. Anderson. *Macmillan*. 10s. 6d.

FACING THE IRISH QUESTION, by W. S. Armour. *Duckworth*. 5s.

MR. PACKENHAM has done what I had thought impossible. Having for material the intricate and highly technical details of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, he has made of it a story as exciting as a really good detective novel. Regarded merely as a faithful record of what happened, his book will always have value. But that which chiefly distinguishes it is imaginative sympathy. We are not only reminded of what this or that man did during the fateful weeks preceding the Treaty, but enabled to understand or at least to guess why he did it. Nor does its interest lie chiefly in the past. Four of the protagonists are dead, and of those who took part in the Conference, not one now holds office in either country. Nevertheless the problem these men tried so hard, and for the most part so selflessly to solve, is still with us, its essence unchanged: "how (in the words of the original invitation) the association of Ireland with the Community of Nations known as the British Empire may best be reconciled with Irish national aspirations." Mr. Packenham leaves us in no doubt of his own answer. It can be done, he says in effect, if England will even now leave Ireland free to choose her own form of government, without pressure direct or indirect; agreeing at the same time to substitute for the theoretical bond of common

allegiance the practical bond of reciprocal citizenship. The old symbols of Empire, he argues, have worn thin and no longer correspond with reality. Whatever its advantages, even as defined and augmented in recent years, Dominionism was and must always be a misfit when applied to Ireland, herself a mother country, not a colony. "External association would provide a sensible, a compelling alternative", neither increasing nor diminishing the substance of Irish freedom, but rendering it for the first time a source of strength to the Commonwealth.

In all this I see but one point for adverse criticism. The author seems to me to lay too much stress upon Irish Republicanism (by no means the same thing, either now or formerly, as Irish Nationalism), and too little upon the stranglehold of Ulster. In his brief Chronology one finds two almost successive entries: "January, 1919, Republic Established"; "June, 1921, Ulster Government comes into existence under the Act of 1920". Now it so happens that I was myself in Dublin in January, 1919; and neither then, nor at any later time, did I learn that a Republic had been established in Ireland. That a Republic was declared in 1919, as in 1916, is true enough. But surely the distinction is of some substance. At no General Election either before or after January, 1919, has the issue of a Republic been plainly put to, much less approved by, the people of Ireland. The establishment of a *de facto* government in Belfast belongs to quite another category. It was this solid insurmount-

THE ARYAN PATH

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able fact—combined with a too optimistic view of what might be expected from the Boundary Commission—which drove Griffith and Collins into a last minute acceptance of Dominion Status, and was the excuse, if not the real ground, of Mr. Lloyd George's one great blunder—a blunder, that is, if he desired not merely an immediate but a lasting settlement—the ultimatum of December 5th. To secure the essentials of reunion, even Mr. de Valera was willing to accept much that was repugnant to him. In the event both the supporters and the opponents of the Treaty found themselves cheated of reunion and committed, perhaps inevitably, to civil war.

Does the Ulster veto stand? If the North-East is willing—no matter with what reservations in respect of legislative and administrative powers or inter-commonwealth relations—to acknowledge Irish unity, then we can get on. If not, no settlement anyone can devise will even begin to approach finality. Alas! the answer given, if only by implication, by Mr. Armour, could hardly be more discouraging. An Ulsterman, son to a well-known Presbyterian minister, Armour of Ballymoney, Mr. Armour returned to Belfast a year after the establishment of the Northern Parliament, having spent some twelve years as a Civil servant in India, and having subsequently visited many other parts of the Empire. In Belfast he became first a leader-writer, then editor of one of the two chief Unionist newspapers, the *Northern Whig*. His observations at home and abroad have led him, briefly to these conclusions; first, that Belfast still stands for a conception of Imperial ascendancy abandoned by England, as regards her overseas colonies, in 1783, and as regards Ireland itself in 1921; secondly, that the worst sufferers are not, as one would expect, the Northern Catholics who, though subjected to many social disabilities, "in their minds

are free", but the Northern Protestants, condemned as these are by continuous pressure of regimented opinion to almost complete political inertia. There are, he tells us, only two safe topics for the Ulster journalist, the poverty and lawlessness of the Free State and the virtue and wisdom of the six counties. Thus, if he is to be believed—and his little book bears all the marks of sincerity and sound judgment—Belfast suffers as much from lack of criticism as Dublin from excess. Ulster might yet save all Ireland for the Commonwealth; but so long as good will to the Free State is accounted in Belfast "a dangerous subject," hope must be still deferred.

And yet, as Mr. Anderson's fine tribute to his friends and fellow workers reminds us, good will, if seldom allowed public expression, is not unknown among us. Since 1921, the Irish Agricultural Organization Society has itself suffered a partition; but the spirit of co-operation knows nothing of State boundaries. From first to last, Sir Horace Plunkett's helpers were drawn from every quarter of Ireland, and from every political and religious section; nor would it be easy to say who, among them, did most for the cause, Father Finlay, the Dublin Jesuit, Lord Monteagle the Limerick landowner, or A. E., the Ulster poet. If upon "R. A." himself, first and latest left of Plunkett's earlier disciples in Munster, fell the chief burden of the earlier years, his loyalty, devotion and energy found their match, by his own generous testimony, in the youngest of them all, Harold Barbour of County Antrim. All these and many others served a common ideal and a common country. "Above all," Mr. Anderson writes, summing up the purposes of the movement to which he has given his life, "the founders aimed at the inculcation of charity, the greatest of all the virtues, without which neither State nor people can prosper".

DON FERNANDO, by Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

As one would expect, this book on the figures of the Spanish Golden Age is a skilful, intelligent and marketable blend of story-telling, reminiscence and commentary. There is little that is profound in it—Mr. Maugham, of course, does not believe in the profound—but much that is acute and pleasing; and anyone who is interested in Spanish things will profit by his comments. Their clever suggestiveness has a spell which lulls all protest against their often preposterous inadequacy, until the book is put down and reflection begins. Then one discovers that "Don Fernando" tells a great deal more about Mr. Maugham than about Spain.

In his youth he went romantically to Seville and there conceived the idea of writing a romantic novel about the Spain of the golden century. He read. He went from city to city evoking the past. He stood in taverns, he struggled through the tedious picaresque novels, he pondered the passionate life of Lope de Vega, the terrifying, grotesque conversion of Loyola, the vicissitudes of Cervantes, and gazed at the Grecos. But nothing came of it—nothing until this book, which is certainly no romantic evocation but the work of the Maugham we know; astringent, intelligent, a little vulgar, a little commonplace, well-informed and uncommonly well put together.

Why is one struck by the inadequacy of Mr. Maugham in this book more than in others? The explanation lies in his own excellent definition of the Spanish genius:—

Their pre-eminence was great, but it lay in another direction; it was a pre-eminence of character. In this I think we have been surpassed by none and equalled only by the ancient Romans. It looks as though all the energy, all the originality of this vigorous race had been disposed to one end and one end only, the creation of man. It

is not in art they excelled, they excelled in what is greater than art—in man. But it is thought that has the last word.

He is saying that they are essentially a passionate people. Passion is utterly lacking in Mr. Maugham; they excelled in creating man and Mr. Maugham has never—except, perhaps, in the best Ashenden stories—gone deeper than those conventional anonymities, the man of the world or the man in the street. His disillusion is merely a defensive pose; it is no genuine disillusion; his scepticism, amusing as it is, is the pseudo-scepticism of failure in sympathy; his realism the most elementary if efficient of simplifications; his tolerance, too cool-headed to be a genuine tolerance; his weariness is the grey weariness of one who is tired of staying in hotels.

Such a temper does not prevent a writer who has a sense of the dignity of his trade and a trained intelligence from possessing outstanding powers. It means merely that he will be satisfied with the trick of reversing the conventional view on any subject—for example, Mr. Maugham's plays and novels have been content with the simple reversal of the conventional view of the white man sent out East. In this Spanish book he turns the picture of the mystical, religious El Greco inside out, and so produces an El Greco who must be as close a copy of Mr. Maugham himself as he has ever done! Cervantes is similarly "debunked." Cervantes, Mr. Maugham says, understood the character of Don Quixote so little that he makes him do something which "everybody knows" he could not do: confess on his deathbed that he had invented the account of his adventure in the Cave of Montesinos. But surely "everybody knows" nothing of the sort. The lunacy, the idealism, the mysticism contained in the character of Don Quixote is more subtly de-

lineated than the realistic Mr. Maugham thinks. Superficially detached and ironical, Mr. Maugham here reveals a purely sentimental view of Don Quixote as a kind of Spanish George Washington who could not tell a lie. This kind of view is as ill-considered as is the argument that El Greco had no religious fervour because he painted the same saints over and over again. Mr. Maugham may be right about the fervour, but the reasons will not bear a moment's investigation.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

**MR. AND MRS. CHARLES DICKENS.
HIS LETTERS TO HER.** Edited by
Walter Dexter. *Constable*. 10s.

THE hypersensitiveness of the Dickens family, with regard to the matrimonial differences of their parents, has quite unwittingly done considerable disservice to an illustrious memory. Secrecy has led to suspicion, suspicion to gossip, and a perfectly simple case of temperamental incompatibility has been exaggerated out of all reasonable relation to the truth. The publication of these letters should lay the ghost for ever; and all loyal Dickensians will rejoice that they are now given to the world under the editorship of one of the best-informed and most discriminating authorities upon the life and works of the best-beloved of all Victorian novelists.

Charles Dickens separated from his wife in 1858, and died twelve years later, leaving a will containing references to the mother of his many children which certainly lacked something of chivalry and generosity. Mrs. Dickens survived him by another nine years, having endured in dignified silence such gossip as may have reached her. But she, in her turn, left her testimony to the public, in the shape of a large budget of her husband's letters, which she hoped would some day see the light, and bear witness that "he once loved her."

These letters have been guarded until the last of Dickens's children has died, and, now that they are published, the only wonder is that they should ever have been suppressed. They make no revelations. The man-with-the-muck-rake will find nothing here to titillate his prurient curiosity. But they are letters which ought to be preserved, partly for their biographical details, and more conspicuously for the light they throw upon the character and temperament of the writer. They are now edited with scrupulous care by Mr. Walter Dexter, editor of *The Dickensian*, who out of his exhaustive knowledge of the Dickens Circle has supplied brief but informative notes clearing up every elusive reference. The work could not have been better done, and the volume is an indispensable addition to every bookshelf of Dickensiana.

"The Inimitable Boz" (as he loved to style himself) was not an inimitable correspondent, and these letters will never take their place among the masterpieces of their kind. Dickens was too self-conscious, too much of the showman, the actor, the professional impresario, to lose himself in his letters, and in so losing to reveal himself to his correspondent. It may be that these letters will not be held, by the unsympathetic reader, to increase the general affection for their writer; even in the "little language" of the early love-missives there may be traced an air of patronage and (possibly) of pose. Most certainly, when it comes to a question of arguing or remonstrating, Dickens has an annoying way of mounting his high horse. He writes as though he were writing to a child; and that, perhaps, so far as a mental incapacity to keep pace with his own feverish energy is concerned, was exactly what he was doing.

For, when all is said and done, these letters reveal a very ordinary situation—the difficulty of an adored and spoiled

public favourite to subject himself to the simple give-and-take of private, domestic life. The trouble was nothing but that,—incompatibility of temper and will. Dickens lived upon admiration; it was essential to his work; he could not work without it. He must be "the Inimitable," or nothing. But by his own fireside no man can be "the Inimitable"; and it was just Dickens's inability to throw off the mantle of the public hero that made such havoc of his peace at home. No doubt, his wife's mild and somewhat unintelligent complacency was the worst thing he could have found awaiting him, when he rushed home from a banquet or a reading, where he had been overwhelmed with eulogy, or almost drowned out with tearful sentiment. Home was like a damp sponge. The boyish romance had vanished; the passion was spent; the companionship that remained was flat and inadequate. That is the plain secret of this pitiable little story—a story which is being repeated all the time, all the world over, wherever genius is found "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." And now that the record is signed and sealed, it is to be hoped that gossip will be silenced once and for ever.

ARTHUR WAUGH

**A HISTORY OF GROSVENOR
SQUARE**, by Arthur Irwin Dasent.
Macmillan. 15s.

FORTY years ago Mr. Dasent wrote his *History of St. James's Square*. That work was a standing example of careful documentation and an intensive study of the rate books, by which the author was enabled to trace every successive occupier of each house in the quadrangle that inaugurated the development of the West End. Mr. Dasent has now produced a book which is, as it were, a companion volume to that valuable work—a book which in its way is as valuable, for it is written much on the

same lines as its forerunner, and not only records the topographical and historic annals of every residence in this the outstanding monument of Sir Richard Grosvenor's creation of a still more westerly West End, but contains in an appendix a complete list of every occupant in the square from its formation in 1728 till last year. Only those who are acquainted with the vagaries present in the old rate books and who also remember the confusion created by re-numbering, and here and there the division of a single house into two or its restoration to a single residence, can, I think, realize the difficulty of producing so remarkably accurate a work as Mr. Dasent has achieved; and he is to be congratulated on having added such a book to the already vast number dealing with London's topography and having thus laid us all under a deep obligation.

When one reads through the list of

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those who have lived in the splendid houses which form Grosvenor Square, one seems to be perusing the pages of the peerage. Many of these titled occupiers have not only bulked largely in social annals as great territorial magnates, but have in some cases made names which will survive the personal pages of *Burke* and *Debrett*. But it is a curious fact that, compared with St. James's Square, compared indeed with many less impressive residential centres, the outstanding names connected with Grosvenor Square are in the main those whose possessors were but fortuitously associated with it: Nelson, for instance, who stayed with the Hamiltons at No. 2 when they rented it for a year from William Beckford; and Dr. Johnson, who visited the Thrales at No. 37, but who refused to occupy a room there specially prepared for him by his friendly hosts. In this connection one is glad to see that Mr. Dasent draws attention to the fact, which should be known at least to London topographers, but which is being constantly mis-stated by newspaper writers, that it was not from the doors of Chesterfield House that the great lexicographer was repulsed, as recorded in his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, but from those of No. 45 which the great Earl occupied before he went to the house Isaac Ware erected for him in Park Lane.

Among notable occupants, whose names will survive in the history of the country, one finds those of Lord Lytton, the novelist; Lord North, George III's Prime Minister; the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury; the Marquess of Dufferin, ambassador and pro-consul; and the late Earl of Balfour. There are, of course, many others who have at least been temporarily notable, and among them was certainly that great leader of fashion and once outstanding social personality, Maria, Mar-

chioness of Ailesbury, who was living, in 1857, at No. 46, appropriately next door to the mansion where her male eighteenth-century counterpart, "The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form," resided in the heyday of his social glory.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

COLLECTED POEMS, by C. Day Lewis.
Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

A TIME TO DANCE, by C. Day Lewis.
Hogarth Press. 5s.

READING in these two volumes for some weeks past, I have discovered more and more pleasure. Here indeed is a personality whose native expression is verse, whose mind is not impatient to discipline itself with mastering the technique needed to make that verse an intimate, individual self-expression. It is true that here and there Mr. Day Lewis is infected with the political self-consciousness and anxiety which spoils so much of the work of writers of his generation, but how can that be avoided in these mad days, when the torpid human race seems to be stirring in its sleep and turning over to a new position? Even in the verses where Mr. Day Lewis pays a sort of dutiful deference to communistic principle and practice, he endows the horrid problem with poetic value, making the reader share the bewilderment and terror of the fastidious individual faced with the grim fact that sooner or later he must submit to the ugly, optimistic asceticism of mob-culture. With great courage the artist looks to that future.

"Yet living here,
As one between two massing powers
I live
Whom neutrality cannot save
Nor occupation cheer.
"None such shall be left alive:
The innocent wing is soon shot down,
And private stars fade in the blood-red
dawn
Where two worlds strive."

Reading those two verses, one has a feeling that the poet, caught between Communism and Fascism, is like a gull on the shore, lying with oiled wings, helpless before the advancing tide.

No, it is more pleasant to turn to this poet's joys rather than to his social conscience-searchings. Those joys are perfectly articulated, the beautiful union of wonder and humility at his experience in life, and his rapturous experiment in the workshop of words, finding means to express that experience. For there is no doubt that here is a man completely lost in the joy of his craft. And his joy does not lead him, as G. M. Hopkins was led, to eccentricity. Amongst other things, he has evolved a delightful use of half-rhyme, which combined with subtle assonances and the deft drum-beat of light alliteration, produces orchestral effects entirely satisfactory to the ear of the reader who has been staled both by imitations of the romantics and the reactionary efforts of those moderns whose pseudo-verse is so aptly described by Mr. Richard Aldington as "emotion forgotten in tranquillity."

Listen to this example of Mr. Day Lewis's employment of half-rhyme. Of course, there is more in the verse than that device, which after all is a mechanical contrivance. Note, for instance, the inspired use of the word "serious," and the wry humour with which "obligation" is employed.

"And then, up on High Stoy standing
alone,
We saw the excellence of the serious
down
That shakes the seasons from its back
and bears
No obligation but to wind and stars.
What paroxysm of green can crack
those huge
Ribs grown from Chaos, stamped by
the Deluge?"

In the evaluation by time of this poet's work, I doubt whether his efforts in

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jazz-verse, the prosodic fashion of the moment, will command much interest. Indignation, and especially abstract and whipped-up indignation, breeds topical satire and not poetry. I don't think our grandchildren will be moved by

"The hooters are blowing,
No heed let him take;
When baby is hungry
'Tis best not to wake.
Thy mother is crying,
Thy dad's on the dole:
Two shillings a week is
The price of a soul."

But I believe they will be moved by this sonnet, which has no ulterior motive and serves no political purpose.

"This man was strong, and like a sea-
cape parted
The tides. There were not continents
enough
For all his fledged ambitions. The
hardhearted

Mountains were moved by his explosive love.

Was young: yet between island and island

Laid living cable and whispered across seas:

When he sang, our feathery words fell silent;

His smile put the fidgeting hours at ease.

"See him now, a cliff chalk-faced and crumbling,

Eyes like craters of volcanoes dead;

A miser with the tarnished minutes fumbling,

A queasy traveller from board to bed:

The voice that charmed spirits grown insane

As the barking of dogs at the end of a dark lane."

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE MISTLETOE CHILD, by Herbert Palmer. *Dent*. 10s. 6d.

THERE is a photograph in this autobiographical study showing Mr. Herbert Palmer as a child of five. He wears the usual Highland dress with which Victorian mothers loved to embarrass their children and honour their Queen; the hair on top of his head is lifted into an astonishing curl; and in his hands he grasps a long-lashed whip. Mr. Palmer seems to have carried a whip about with him more or less ever since. He makes a frightening noise with it as he lays about him, and now and then he lashes it to very proper purpose. Occasionally one hears it cracking through these pages, but for the most part they are concerned with a faraway world now charmed into perspective by the years.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Palmer's poetry will know how he stands out from his contemporaries as something of a revivalist, conservative, a minstrel in an age of radio, a palmer in a world of motor-cars. This book in a measure

explains how he comes to be the kind of poet he is. As he himself says: "we are each one a development or perversion of what we were, and all who were born before the year 1900 belong in some measure to the same England and look back upon the dark hills and shining valleys of the same landscape." But childhood is infinitely various and no two children see the same landscape—or anything else—through the same eyes. This is therefore solely Mr. Palmer's book, his memories, his childhood, and his interpretation of it. As such it is interesting and helpful—though it is too long-drawn-out, in places too tedious and diffuse, to take any considerable place beside such consummate studies of childhood as Mr. Frank Kendon's *The Small Years* or Mr. Herbert Read's *The Innocent Eye*. We see the poet born into a Wesleyan household; coddled by his mother (he was always delicate) and left alone by his father; preferring the harsh mystery of snow to the lush greenery of summer; "crazy on shooting weapons and soldiers"; early questioning those fixed ideas of heaven and hell, right and wrong, which were the cornerstones of the solid house of middle-class Victorian life; mainly unhappy and often rebellious, a child to whom was denied that merciful insensitiveness with which nature protects most children thrust into this pitiless world. As an autobiographical picture it is convincing, even at times it indulges in unnecessary flights of fancy. "Wild with delight," he said, "I leaped after (the ball), waist-high among the grasses, my petticoats flouncing in the breeze. Somehow in a brief half-hour I had solved the mystery of existence." And there are occasional hints of that rationalising film which invariably falls over the memories of childhood in later years.

There are hints, also, of a rather perverse determination to prefer the world that was to the world that is.

Mr. Palmer never stoops to the level of "Now in my young days . . ." but he does make it quite clear that he has more sympathy for the England of his youth than for the England of his maturity. He seems to condone the drunkenness of Staffordshire because "the beer was sounder and honester stuff than that served today." But drunkenness is drunkenness whatever the brew. "There was a Sunday post in the morning," he said, "and after that there was wonderful silence." But wasn't it the silence of an awful stagnation? As for the Victorian era itself "the worst that you can say for it is that it was wrong-headed, raw and cindery." But can you say much worse of today? This all savours rather of sentimentalism. The truth is, of course, that it is false to contrast the world as we experienced it in our youth with the world as we experience it today. Mr. Palmer's book, in fact, would have been much more enjoyable to read if he had confined himself entirely to the simple statement of his unadulterated memories. It would also have been a much shorter book—but in the matter of childhood memories a sack of corn is worth a whole stack of straw. And Mr. Palmer can give us the corn all right when he likes.

C. HENRY WARREN.

ODD MAN OUT, by Douglas Goldring. *Chapman and Hall*. 15s.

THE title chosen by Mr. Goldring for his autobiography—memorable though it is as a title—has perhaps a tone of pessimism, but pessimism is notably absent from the book itself. It has indignation, exasperation and disappointment, but in greater measure than these it has a wise tolerance, a sharp sense of humour, a witty tongue and an unquenchable gusto. It is these qualities that make the book so lively and so personal. Some readers of Mr. Wells's fine autobiography were dis-

appointed to discover that, as the second volume progressed, so the author, as a private individual, receded, until at last (to misquote Yeats) he hid his face amid a crowd of politics and sociology. In Mr. Goldring's book there is here and there a good deal of both, but the author and his personal history are not obscured but illuminated by them. The novelist and individual never lapse into the mere social philosopher—the mere Loud Speaker. He remains to the end a student of character and a lover of his kind, with a keen awareness of the world about him. It is, in fact, his novelist's feeling for character—personal and racial—that give his book its special flavour. An example of this and of his penetrating humour occurs in his account of his own origins.

No two people could have been more hopelessly incompatible by temperament, family background, race and upbringing than my parents. As is so often the case when Celt and Saxon mingle, while each could forgive the faults of the other,

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neither could instinctively appreciate or even tolerate the other's virtues. My father . . . was himself the offspring of a "mixed marriage". His children have had to reconcile the instincts of the grasping Celtic Nonconformist with those of rake-helly foxhunting English aristocrats and genial, hospitable, middle-class Londoners. If I had followed my mother's wishes and become a Christian missionary, instead of, to my own undoing, a political one, I feel certain I should have stood the cannibals drinks all round and, perhaps, inaugurated a race meeting for the local zebras. It is the children of mixed marriages, born of opposed and often highly antagonistic blood strains, who find life most difficult to cope with and, like the chameleon on the Highland plaid, come most frequently to grief in their attempts to adjust themselves to it.

No doubt it is his feeling for character that has made him peculiarly sensitive to the special qualities of social periods—the post-ninety decade of his youthful days as journalist, editor, publisher and man-about-town in London; the war years, more especially as they affected Ireland; the hectic twenties which, as he says, ended abruptly with the World Crisis of 1929, and lastly the more sober years that have followed. Each of these periods he brings sharply into focus, with the result that we receive vivid and strongly differentiated impressions of them all.

As assistant to Ford Madox Ford on the *English Review*, he came in contact with many of the best writers, old and young, of the pre-war years. We have glimpses, some brief, others more intimate, of Hardy, Conrad, Cunningham, Graham, Watts-Dunton, Max, Flecker, D. H. Lawrence, and many others. A whole chapter is devoted to Flecker and another to Lawrence, each throwing yet another sidelight on its subject. Part Two of the book, which deals with Ireland, gives, on the one hand, a delightful picture of the pleasant, easy social life in Dublin, and, on the other, a grim account of the horrors of repression which followed the Dublin revolt.

His conviction that he has been heavily handicapped in his ambitions—that he is an Odd Man who has suffered the odd man's fate—is stated without arrogance or querulousness. Throughout the book we find ourselves in contact with a man who enjoys life, hates cruelty and injustice, has a genuine enthusiasm for good literature and an affection for his fellow men, for whose idiosyncrasies he has a broad and humorous tolerance.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT: Principles and Practice, by R. D'Oyly Hemingway (Hafren). Heath Cranton. 6s.

Fly Fishing for Trout is an excellent little handbook and guide for beginners, who will find therein answers to all the little points which it is so often and so irritatingly taken for granted that they know. It should find a place of honour on the expert's bookshelf too, as although it contains nothing that could be called controversial, it will be a very well informed angler who cannot pick up some really useful tips from its pages.

Tackle makers might with advantage study the chapter on "The outfit." For instance, how many first-class rods are fitted with far too small a top ring? And how many tackle shops are prepared to show a customer how properly to test a rod by the very excellent methods suggested by "Hafren"?

The selection of an initial stock of flies is interesting, six wet and ten dry, and every angler will agree that the choice is a good one. One supposes that "Hafren" is too great a purist to add a "Tup" and a "Silver Drake" to the "Wets."

There is only one suggestion of difference with the author in his recipe for cleaning a trout before cooking it. The firmness and flakiness of the flesh will be greatly enhanced if a clean dry towel is used and no water.

L. C. W.

BURMESE DAYS, by George Orwell. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

WIGS ON THE GREEN, by Nancy Mitford. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

POLLY OLIVER, by A. E. Coppard. Cape. 7s. 6d.

SURPRISING RESULTS, by Ronald Fraser. Cape. 7s. 6d.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. George Orwell wrote a vivid and horrifying autobiography called *A Down and Out in Paris and London*. His book was first-hand, surprising and (I seem to remember) ferociously gay. He relished, as a writer, the squalor of the worst paid jobs, the brutality of employers, the comedy, in mean lodgings and even meaner outdoor shifts, of living on the fringe of work. His second book was a novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, which I did not read. *Burmese Days* is another novel, and I recommend it to all those who enjoy a lively hatred in fiction.

The Europeans of Kyauktada, eight in number, met at "the Club" to drink gin, to exchange dirty stories, deplore the fall of the Raj, and sniff round one another with grinning suspicion. It suggests the horrors of a common room in some outlying public school, with the added discomfort of the climate and the pressure of an indolent native population. We see the characters of various people, mostly unamiable, hardening into premature boredom and decay. Frayed nerves and a weather-beaten exterior, moral bankruptcy and the need for keeping a firm hand—it is true, no doubt, of uncongenial lives everywhere; but in the isolation of Burma (conveyed with glaring realism) the false heartiness and idiotic talk of these exiles become hectically squalid; pathetic, too, the attempts at decency or bringing off a love affair, for which drink, *Punch* and *La Vie Parisienne* under the Club punkah have been accepted as substitutes. For, of course, the great thing is to keep going—and the "Bolshevism" of Flory, an English political black

sheep, is as futile as the Conservatism of the others. He tries to get an Indian doctor into the Club, but his nerve fails in face of the "dirty nigger" attitude. By an admirable stroke of irony, Mr. Orwell makes Flory and the Doctor, a pompous plump little Hindu, argue at cross-purposes. Flory sneers at public schools, British rule and the ideal of the gentleman; Dr. Murkhaswami is as contemptuous of his own race, but has a fanatical respect for the English character. Their friendship, the arguments which always take the same course, are excellent comedy; these two, in fact, are the only characters in the book whom one can genuinely like. *Burmese Days* is something of a heat-wave in current English fiction, but if you can stand the glare and the revelation of shabbiness and drooping spirits, it is the most impressive novel of the five.

Wigs on the Green is a delightfully fresh farce by an author who likes England. The book is too nonsensical to be a satire on the upper classes or the English brand of Fascism, but it avoids the fault of most farce by being about something more than the inanities of English conversation. Mr. Wodehouse is a dangerous and compelling model. The humour of *Wigs on the Green* owes nothing at all to him; Miss Mitford has a sharp wit of her own; her scope includes sex and politics, as well as country houses, pub crawling, and the local pageant. She has given a new twist to the comedy of fortune hunting: there is even a touch of criminality in the irresponsible actions of her characters. And she writes extremely well.

After these two novels, one a scorcher, the other as cool as gin and ginger-beer, I found the remaining stories rather flat. Mr. Coppard, I suppose, is an expert in his particular kind of fancy and jocosity; but it is not a kind I admire. *Polly Oliver* contains a dozen stories, some of them, it seemed to me, rather thin,

others winsomely pretentious. I liked best the stories in which Mr. Coppard did not let his style go: those, in fact, which were least characteristic. No doubt I am incapable of distinguishing this particular taste; for, so far as I see, the book is up to Mr. Coppard's standard.

Surprising Results, also, failed to entertain me. It is a specimen of the artificial Mediterranean comedy which has become a sideline of English fiction since the success of *South Wind* and of Ronald Firbank's novels. Douglas and Firbank do the thing perfectly in their very different ways; the first by means of ironic comedy enforced with scholarship, the second by a poetry as light and entrancing as a Diaghiliv ballet. Mr. Ronald Fraser tries to combine the two; the result is sometimes amusing, but more smart, I think, than witty. There is a parade of the top slang; "so flute, so faun," says one character of another; it also describes the book.

G. W. STONIER.

LAND OF WOMEN, by Katharina von Dombrowski. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

BLACK RIVER, by Carleton Beals. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

THE authors of both *Land of Women* and *Black River* have set out to paint a vast panorama of life covering a period in the history of the southern countries of America; Paraguay in the one case, Mexico in the other, and both have loaded their canvases with such an embarrassment of detail that the total effect is kaleidoscopic rather than comprehensive. The theme of both novels is, moreover, played throughout to an unceasing obbligato of violence, bloodshed, and cruelty.

Land of Women relates the story of the Dictator of Paraguay, Francisco Solano Lopez, who, goaded on by his lust for power and his greedy Irish-Parisian mistress Madame Lynch, forces

his country into a suicidal war with Brazil, the Argentine, and Uruguay. Only when the total man-power of Paraguay is exhausted and women and children have been forced into the trenches to take their place does the country admit defeat and turn on its tyrant. All this is history, but Baroness von Dombrowski brilliantly fills in the background with intimate pictures of the native Guarani Indians, and particularly of their women—those women who could withstand with a kind of frightful passivity the tyranny of torture, disease, and death only to rise again and create a new race to suffer a similar fate.

It is this sympathetic understanding of the people of whom she writes that gives her book a quality that is missing in *Black River*. One feels that Mr. Beals has chosen Mexico as the venue for his novel for the sake of its "copy", and certainly he has made a good story out of the oil concession scandal that shocked Europe some twenty years ago and left a smear on the reputation of the United States that took more than a Federal Commission of Inquiry to wipe out.

The secret struggle for wealth, under the protective mantle of the Monroe Doctrine, is epitomized in *Black River* by the machinations of Simon J. Bartlett of the CEMOC concern and his hired bully Tom Guard, a deserter from the United States army and ready to do any dirty work that the interests of CEMOC and Big Business dictates. The story hurries on, carrying in its train a host of subsidiary plots and incidents that help to make the book the length it is. Bartlett and Tom Guard are stock figures of the American gangster film, but some of the lesser figures, such as the wretched Mexican Mico with his cowardice, his cunning, and his hopeless infatuation for the courtesan La Paloma show that Mr. Beals can create real characters when the demands of his plot allow him.

M. M.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

SEPTEMBER, 1935

THE PRICE OF PEACE

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

DEFEATISTS, with ignoble volubility that is special to their clan, have been rapturously foretelling the League's death and burial. Well, the funeral is not yet ready. At the moment when I write, some of the most serviceable heads and hearts in Europe are strenuously at work to prevent relapse into what we now count as the methods of barbarism. Unfortunately the lesson which forced Europe to this final appreciation of war is much too recent to have thoroughly penetrated the consciousness of any European people. Even one generation ago, a highly-trained nation setting out to acquire control of imperfectly developed territory by the use of superior armament and military skill would have claimed to be advancing the progress of civilization, and could justify its claim from examples given by the leaders of civilization in Europe. The English-speaking race has no doubt that it was virtuous to take North America from the redskins or South Africa from the blacks; while France certainly holds—and I think with large measure of justice—that the work of civilization has been greatly forwarded, even since the Great War, by her African conquests. I do not feel able to affirm that an Italian occupation of Abyssinia might not be of as much service to humanity as that of Morocco by France; and it is certain that Italy has more need than France of new territory which her people can exploit. In fact, that need is one of the pressing problems before Europe. Unless it can be met, there is no prospect of bridging the gulf which separates the order to which civilized humanity was accustomed up to 1914 from that which, since 1918, Europe has been seeking to construct.

The first step in that attempt was an inter-locking system of solemn pledges, in several instances renewed or re-affirmed—

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sometimes with a wider extension (the Kellogg Pact)—sometimes with more intensive application—as at Locarno.

Now the peculiarity of this Abyssinian difficulty is that Italy's need cannot be met in Abyssinia without cutting away this whole foundation on which the new order is so far built up. The League of Nations rests on a free Covenant, and that Covenant includes Abyssinia. It is futile to argue that Abyssinia should never have been admitted; admission took place, and Italy was responsible for it as much as other Powers. According to the Covenant, difficulties between Abyssinia and any other member of the League are matter for arbitration. Abyssinia—not unnaturally—has been willing to abide by this condition; Italy, so far as the Duce's speeches tell us, has not been and is not. The question, in his judgment, is one for Italy to decide in her own single right.

It is fair to say that since Signor Mussolini began to speak for Italy, he has made plain by many contemptuous references that the League was not an organization which he took seriously. Nobody, therefore, can be surprised that he should resent being invited to let Italy's plea and Abyssinia's be judged from a standpoint of equality; since in advance he made it disagreeably plain that Italy's continued adherence to the League implied no more than lip-service to its principles.

It was not for him a question of good faith. Commitments as directly made to both Italy and another European Power or Powers belonged to a different order of ideas. These presumably would be observed according to the rule of the old order—subject always to Italy's sovereign right to dispense herself from them in obedience to a paramount national interest. This was the old morality as between nations. A nation's ruler must in the interests of his nation ignore obligations that as a man he could not set aside without dishonour. In the new order, we are trying to get away from that conception; we are trying to establish law between nation and nation, as between citizen and citizen.

No test more critical than this Abyssinian one could easily be imagined; and it is certainly possible for the civilized world (as we understand civilization) to take a great step forward—or fall a long way back. At such a juncture one is forced back on

consideration of the ultimate issues: what the League means, what it means to run away from the League at its testing time.

It was the product of humanity's reactions to four years of war. Those reactions were different in quality from the aftermath of Napoleon's era. Then, indeed, we saw the Concert of Europe, a genuine attempt to preserve peace; but look at the literature of that time, and it is plain that war had not gone home as now to the marrow of mankind. Nothing is more typical of the finest soldier spirit than the writings of the Napiers, and perhaps its most characteristic expression came, not from Sir Charles or Sir William, but from their less brilliant brother, Sir George. His phrase for the adventures of the Peninsular War—and he saw the worst of it—was "fun and glory". That note ran through the literature of that time. Look now at what the young men wrote about this last wallowing in the mud and stench. Even the marvellous adventure of air combat was too grim to be enjoyable: Captain Ball, the fighting man *par excellence*, could not get out of his mind the sight of a defeated opponent whirled down, still living, thousands of feet, to the final crash. But of course, the real difference is that all the populations felt the danger, and the horror. Everybody said: Never again; and most of them meant it. In fact it is probable that outside the Balkans no nation in Europe could be taken into aggressive war within this generation, so long as the nation remained free. This has been so strongly realized that by two great Powers freedom has been entirely suppressed, so that rulers might, if they chose, have recourse effectively to the old methods.

Now the central idea of the League was a joint defence of freedom—not for individuals but for nations. The small Powers very naturally threw themselves into an association which might be made in reality what it was in name: a charter for their continued freedom. England was not less enthusiastic, but the enthusiasm there had a different quality; for until within the last year it did not seem conceivable to England that England might again have to defend her existence. What England could do was to maintain philanthropically the principles of the League and prevent by all means short of armed intervention the recurrence of war in Europe. Nowhere did the detestation of war take a stronger hold; for the consequences of war were nowhere more

oppressively felt in any victorious nation. England had no Alsace-Lorraine; and though the German fleet was sunk, the war which ended in its destruction left England no longer supreme mistress of the seas. Moreover, the deep-seated Quaker strain which makes England continuously unwilling to accept universal military obligations now got the mastery. Preparation for war was held to be the certain cause of war, and the sacrifices which England chose to make were sacrifices of military preparedness. A pressing and unfamiliar sense of money difficulties urged in the same direction; and Great Britain's contribution to the cause of peace chiefly took the form of reduction of British armaments.

An unfortunate consequence was that because France persistently refused to follow suit, England at large tended to regard France as incorrigibly militarist. Yet from the first the French conception had never varied. If there was aggression in Europe, force must be ready to check it, in the name of Europe; and within the first year of the League's existence the new Europe had to meet its gravest danger when Soviet Russia threatened to overrun Poland. Great Britain, war-weary, refused to come to the rescue. France could do little, but what she could she did, and the moral effect of Weygand's coming—if not his military counsel—certainly assisted Poland's amazing recovery. Much later, in another crisis, when Austria's independence was threatened, the decisive movement of Italian troops prevented a new outbreak of war. What added to the decisiveness was that France also was ready if called upon. England signified support; but all the world knew that England's action must come slowly. In that case the price of peace was prompt action.

But also, in that case, decision was easy. The events of June, 1934, when the Nazis disposed by gangster methods of those whom they disapproved, had shocked public feeling throughout Europe. In the next month the same methods were applied in Austria by Nazis acting clearly under German inspiration. Europe at large resented the idea of a gangster *coup d'Etat*. There was no need to call in the League, for the issue was clear; and there was no time to call it in. Italy's action was universally approved.

Yet in this case the principle of protection of the weak against

aggression of strong cannot be said to have been effectively asserted. Both Italy and France acted on the line of their own interest, since both regarded the maintenance of an independent Austria as vital to their national policy.

England, alone of the three, may be said to have given an example of disinterested action, its Government counting on a public opinion which had been strongly moved. One thing, however, was made plain—the power of united action to nip aggression in the bud.

The case which now confronts the League is at every point different. In the first instance, full warning has been given; appeal has been lodged with the League; indeed, Italy has indicated plainly enough that the League will not be allowed to restrain Italian action. Further, it is clear that Italy, if dissatisfied, will follow Japan's and Germany's example and leave the League—which would then have lost three out of the six Great Powers. It is argued that to preserve the League's existence, Italy should get the free hand which she regards as her right. In the third place, the interests of all Europe, with the exception of Germany (and possibly of Hungary), demand that Italy should continue on the friendliest terms with France, and with England. It is argued that in the major interest of European security, France and England should act in accordance with Italy's desires. In order to avoid the possibility of a big war, we are to connive at the outbreak of a little one.

Now, frankly, to sacrifice all the League's principles for the sake of preserving the League is a poor plan. Nothing kills an institution more effectively than contempt. Germany left the League, but Russia joined it; and so far as Europe is concerned, the League has power more than sufficient to control both Germany and Italy, if its members decide to mobilize their resources in the interests of peace. Italy's membership is not essential to the League. The essential is that the League should exact from its members fidelity to the principles for which it stands. If, after all that the League can do towards mediation—if Abyssinia on her part has done all that the League decides to be required of her—if then Italy persists in the appeal to force, Italy's place is not in the League.

What steps should be taken in that deplorable event is matter

for the guiding powers of the League to consider. But for the present, as a simple citizen lacking any information other than what a general study of politics has provided, I hold that there are possibilities of a settlement on the lines indicated by Sir Edward Grigg in the August number of the *FORTNIGHTLY*. "No world-settlement", he wrote, "can maintain peace indefinitely which is incapable of being sufficiently modified for our time by peaceful means to meet new conditions and changing necessities. . . . If every existing frontier is to remain fixed for ever, and every existing sovereignty, whatever its character, guaranteed against modification, then an explosion is inevitable". But I do not think that he has drawn the lines wide enough or far enough. His statement of Italy's needs and of the case for meeting them seems to me excellent, but he appears to leave out the possibility that this may be done otherwise than at the expense of Abyssinia. We come back to the larger issue indicated by Mr. Frank Simonds in his article of June last—the issue between the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots".

Innumerable people in Great Britain have within the past ten or twelve years insisted on the necessity for sacrifices in the interests of peace. But the sacrifice was always to be made by someone else. Either it was the Polish Corridor to be given back to Germany, or some part of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia or Rumania to Hungary. Discussion went so far that one day M. Benes thought it necessary to lay down as an axiom that no frontier in Europe could be changed except at the cost of war. I do not accept this as an axiom, but I certainly agree that sacrifices will only be agreed to by the smaller States when the great are also making them. Meanwhile, assuredly the observation does not extend also to Africa. There certainly, frontiers will admit alteration; and there certainly two great Powers have more than they can reasonably be said to need. There, also, two groups of possessions are held by France and England, the title to which will never be permanently acquiesced in by other great European Powers. One consists of the territories taken from Germany and held under mandate. The other is Tunisia, a settlement conquered by France, some fifty years ago, developed, under French direction, but colonized by Italians far more than by Frenchmen.

I know that what I am suggesting here will appear to many a preposterous idealism, but it is the view to which, personally, I am driven. In regard to Tunisia, it does not seem to me possible in the nature of things that a colony so constituted can remain permanently in French possession—even allowing for the unequalled power which France has shown for making Frenchmen of other races. Or, if I am wrong in this, I still do not hold it possible that there can ever be friendship, loyal and cordial, between France and Italy while this sore remains. And friendship between the two great Latin races is worth more to France than the possession of Tunisia.

But one thing is clear. Whatever France may be willing to give up for the peace of the world, England, the other great "Have", must match to the full with sacrifice. It may well be that what she gives, or gives back, must go to Germany. Simple retrocession of the territories conquered in 1914-18 is, however, a much lesser sacrifice than Tunisia would mean for France.

Such considerations, however, are irrelevant, except that, writing in an English review, it is well to show that international questions are not looked at solely from an English standpoint. Yet even from the standpoint of those who served in British armies, we are today faced with a dispute which threatens to destroy all that in the war countless thousands of us really fought for. I take the case most familiar to me. It was certainly not for the interest of England that Irish Nationalists went into the War. If it was in a sense for Belgium, it was because Belgium at that moment became a symbol as well as a moving reality. If we fought for a motive of our own, and we did, it was in the hope of reconciling old and savage differences by a common effort for a clearly intelligible principle—the defence of the weak in Europe against the strong. The ideal for which we fought was the project sketched by Briand, and filled in later by Wilson—a lasting organization for the defence of right as right, between one State and another. If now we are asked to agree that the right of a weak and undeveloped country shall yield, even to the real needs of a powerful neighbour, what is left of the ideal that our comrades in all the English-speaking armies risked or gave their lives for? Until the League of Nations has become a laughing-stock, we can face the memory of our dead with at

least a hope. That end is not yet! The fight goes on. But while the fight continues, sacrifices are demanded, not the same sacrifices, not payment in blood, yet not easy sacrifices. Men do not easily give up ideas of national pride and national interest which have been cherished as duties. Yet, so long as the *sacro egoismo* of patriotism takes precedence of all other motives in the mind of an honest man, what hope is there for the world?

One must distinguish clearly between what the League can do and what it cannot. To adjudicate on the matters in dispute between Italy and Abyssinia falls clearly within its functions; and this task must be carried through. But to meet the needs of Italy for room in which her population and her energies may expand, is entirely beyond the League's power. The League has nothing to give away. Yet neither, for that matter, has the League any coercive machinery at its disposal; but its existence has throughout presumed that somehow and somewhere such machinery will be found. It has a claim implicit perhaps rather than explicit, yet undeniable, on the resources of its member States. The view which I put forward here is that those nations in the League which hold African territory should agree to confer and consider what can be done in Africa to meet the needs of Italy.

This would mean a Conference in which France, England, and Italy would sit with the representatives of Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and certainly also of the Union of South Africa. But I do not think that if such an attempt were made, it would be possible to avoid considering also the demands and the needs of Germany, or to exclude Germany from the Conference. This no doubt would add to the difficulties. But except on this condition no allotment would be conceivable that could hope to stand. Moreover, on this condition, a much wider appeasement might be achieved. Both of the great "Have-Nots" could be dealt with in the sphere where frontiers and claims, as between European and European, have no ancient history, and no ancient hold on affection.

Any settlement so agreed on would not be made by the League, but made for the League's purposes; it could be recognized and registered by a League which would then in great measure have emerged from the shadow of Versailles. Further, a League

through whose influence such a danger as now threatens had been averted, could be strengthened out of all knowledge. Such a League could afford to do what it has never yet attempted: define its purposes, impose serious conditions of membership, and, if necessary, purge its ranks. It could, for instance, in the present case make it a condition that Abyssinia should effectively put down the traffic in captured slaves, on penalty of forfeiting the protection which membership had afforded. But that is a small detail; the League, once it became effective, would have larger issues to face. It must consider gravely whether it can extend membership where it cannot give full effect to its responsibilities; for example, in South America. Yet here the difficulty, as I see it, is less, because these are states of European, that is to say, of Christian formation. Where they are deficient is in political development, in the power of their statesmen to control the state. There are undoubtedly men in South America as fit to understand the League and its purposes as M. Benes or General Smuts—who could put it higher? But the communities which they represent are much further behind this stage of civilization. In Asia, the problem is much harder; and in Asia beyond yea or nay, the League experienced its worst defeat. Yet, consciously or instinctively, Europe has refused to regard this defeat as capital—I think for good reasons.

China was accepted as a member state when there was in fact no Government that could speak responsibly for China as a whole. Japan had complaint to make of Chinese action which the government of which the League had cognisance could not effectively control. According to the old order, absence of effective rule justified action by the more competent neighbour; no State has provided more precedents than Great Britain for the extension of the stronger influence in such a case. Japan, however, by her membership of the League was committed to the new order; and a clash arose between the instincts of Japanese patriotism and the dictates of a new international morality. Who can wonder at the result? In no State was patriotism so completely identified with honour and with religion as in Japan; in no State was all action so prompted by what F. S. Oliver calls "the instinct of the hive—sagacious, undeliberate and fierce". Where the Christian formation underlies

all morality, voices will be raised, even at personal peril, against this instinct ; voices that answer another call, speaking of justice and humanity. Every Christian state has heard them, and has heard them howled against, often howled down ; yet they have persisted. They have never been anti-national, but opposed to a narrow and unjust conception of the nation's interest. Sometimes events have speedily justified them ; without the pro-Boer movement of 1900, the Campbell-Bannerman settlement of 1907 would not have been possible, and without that settlement South Africa would have been lost to the British Commonwealth early in the war. But in Japan any equivalent for the pro-Boer manifestations would have been as unthinkable as in Hitler's Germany or Mussolini's Italy.

Yet in these two European states, because they are European and of Christian formation, Fascism and Nazism are moods of the moment, artificially fostered—not, as in Japan, an expression of the people's permanent mind and will ; and a conception more truly European may prevail against Fascism and Nazism, provided that proof is given of a will to maintain justice between state and state. And not only of the will. Part of the price of peace is that all members of the League shall hold themselves ready to defend justice, as the independence of Austria was defended, by display of force ; even in the last resort, beyond the display of it. But in a world that knows, as Europe does, the incalculable price of war, and that is ill able to reckon in advance the result even of "economic sanctions", it is wisdom and it is duty to use every resource which may ease over the transition, not from the old vices, but from the old virtues of a limited patriotism to the demands of a wider citizenship.

As among individuals, every civilized state knows that the war left a grossly disproportionate distribution of riches, and civilization has gone far, with the consent of all citizens, to level down those inequalities. Consent was in many cases cordial ; but in all cases, the fear of chaotic revolution was decisive. In the society of nations, "Haves" might possibly defend themselves successfully against the "Have-Nots", but that struggle might bring the whole society to ruin. Peace is a thing that has to be paid for ; but it cannot be bought once for all and put in the pocket or lodged at the bank. It must be maintained by con-

tinuous acts into which a degree of sacrifice enters, since there can be no peace when every member of the community is determined to have his own way. As the community develops, sacrifices of individual interest are regulated and imposed. My contention in what I have written here is that at a transition point from the old to the new it is desirable, and even necessary, that certain States, more amply provided than the others, should consider what voluntary sacrifices they can make in order that, after the vast derangement of war, the world, or at least Europe, may feel that nations start fair, and that force is not the only remedy.

If, in the application of those new principles, by which alone most of us believe that European society can continue to exist, France and England object to Italy's doing for her own advancement what France and England have been proud to do for theirs, then France and England should find a compensation for Italy ; and it is in their interest ; for peace is most in the interest of the most amply developed civilization. When they have made their contribution to the price of peace, it will be justifiable for them to ask others to make theirs. Large changes in the distribution of Africa may render possible small adjustments of European frontiers—at present far more perilous, yet even more necessary in the long run. The justification for such an article as this is that no politician in charge of his country's interests can afford to originate proposals of large sacrifices to be made by his country. Movement in such a direction must begin outside the group of accredited persons. It must be a movement of which practical politicians can take cognisance. But unless much more is openly canvassed and advocated than the practical politicians will even venture to discuss, I, for my own part, see no hope of peace.

RUSSIA'S RED FASCISM

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

(Author of *Russia's Iron Age*)

THE Soviet regime has entered on a new and extremely significant stage of development, the stage of destroying and crushing its own extremists, of trampling under foot many of its more Utopian early ideals. The liquidation of the kulaks, one of the most sweeping acts of revolutionary ruthlessness during the period of the first Five Year Plan, has been followed by the liquidation of many of Lenin's basic ideas, both in foreign and in internal policy.

Viewed from the standpoint of historical comparison, Russia now reveals many points of psychological similarity to France after the Ninth Thermidor, when Robespierre and other extremists went to the guillotine to which they had sentenced so many others, and when the new classes which had risen on the ruins of the old settled down to enjoy the fruits of victory. If one prefers a more modern form of comparison, it may fairly be said that Bolshevism, in its latest manifestation, is evolving into a form of Red Fascism.

Communism and Fascism are usually thought of as complete antipodes. The advocates of Fascism usually justify it as a means of "smashing the Reds". The sentimental sympathiser with Moscow who makes a habit of justifying, or at least condoning arbitrary arrests and executions in Russia in the name of some supposed higher good that is being achieved by the Soviet system, usually professes unbounded horror and indignation when the same brutal but effective methods of administration are applied in the Third Reich.

Yet certain similarities between Communism and Fascism

in practice are so striking and obvious that they should be clear to anyone who is not a blind partisan of either system. An unusually broadminded Russian Communist, returning to his native country after a stay in Italy, observed that in the latter country, as in Russia, enthusiasm for the existing regime was much greater among the youth than among the middle-aged generation. After noting other points of resemblance he remarked, a trifle plaintively: "It's really very much the same in Italy as here, except that in Italy the people have enough to eat".

Bolshevism and Fascism are both based on the dictatorship of a single party, itself under the dictatorship of a leader supposed to be infallible. Both make a clean sweep of civil liberties; and the arguments against freedom of the press which are occasionally uttered by spokesmen of the ruling parties in Moscow, Berlin, and Rome are very similar. Russia, Germany, and Italy today are all governed on the theory that the individual has no rights which the state is obliged to respect. All three dictatorships set great store by highly organized centralized propaganda. For those who do not accept the propaganda there is always a capacious concentration camp.

A few years ago one could have noted striking differences, as well as ironic parallels, between Communism and Fascism in practice. Passionate nationalism was a cardinal principle of Fascism, whereas the Soviet Union abjured patriotism, and its soldiers took a solemn oath "to fight for the world revolution". Something like material equality was supposed to be an ultimate, if not an immediate, aspiration of the Bolshevik Revolution, and this could not be said of Fascism. Bolshevism abolished private ownership of factories and mines, banks and farms, and substituted a vast bureaucratic system of state capitalism and state landlordism. Fascism, while it theoretically placed the interests of the state above those of the individual in the economic sphere, stopped short at the suppression of private economic enterprise, whilst subjecting it to drastic control. This last difference remains. But in its attitude towards nationalism and in its attitude towards equality Soviet practice during the last two years has been gravitating more and more strongly toward Fascism.

Take the recent international policies of the Soviet Union. A small but significant straw which shows the direction from which the wind is blowing was a speech by the Soviet Ambassador to America. Mr. Troyanovsky told an applauding audience at the New York Bond Club that the advice of "broad-minded business men" would be "useful and valuable" in "working out practical plans for the economic rehabilitation of the world, and especially for Europe". This might be considered good Rotarianism, but it was certainly dubious Leninism. It was not in the "advice of broad-minded business men" that Lenin saw the cure for what he regarded as the incurable maladies of the present social and economic system.

Still more important are the implications of the recent Soviet military alliances with France and Czechoslovakia. The previous Soviet entrance into the League of Nations was a bitter enough pill for an orthodox Communist to swallow. Ever since the League had been established it had been the butt of violent attacks by Soviet statesmen; the most fantastic schemes of organising war and intervention against the Soviet Union were habitually imputed to the pacific and well-nigh powerless institution on Lake Geneva. Then the gramophone record of Soviet official propaganda was suddenly changed; the League was abruptly transformed from a capitalist bird of prey into a dove of peace; and the Soviet Government applied for admission into an organization which it had so long denounced.

But the military alliance with France, accompanied as it was by a statement that Stalin approved of France's military preparations, may be described without exaggeration as a complete scrapping of Leninism in the international field. After Stalin's statement no French Communist, without risking expulsion from the Party, can criticize French armaments, much less advocate a general strike in the event of war.

Now it is the very essence of Leninist doctrine that every Communist Party must combat with all the means in its power the "capitalism, imperialism, and militarism" of its own country. Throughout the World War no one could vie with Lenin in scorn for Socialists who took sides with one group of belligerents against the other. "Social patriots", "lackeys of the bourgeoisie" were his constant terms of abuse for them. What

Russia, as the sole country which has carried out a Socialist revolution, should do is prescribed by Lenin in the following terms :-

The victory of Socialism is possible in the beginning in one capitalist country. The victorious proletariat of that country, having expropriated the capitalists and organized Socialist production in its own country, would rise against the remaining capitalist world, attracting to itself the oppressed classes of other countries, arousing them to an uprising against the capitalists, coming out, if necessary even with armed force, against the exploiting classes and their states.

This would sound like strange and incomprehensible language in the Russia of Red Fascism of the Thermidorean stage of Stalin's personal dictatorship. What Stalin has done is to tie Russia closely into the existing system of international relations, a system which every Leninist regards as one of capitalism and imperialism, and to give France, and presumably every other country with which the Soviet Union may conclude an alliance, a guarantee against any revolutionary action by domestic Communists, who must dance to Moscow's tune or be expelled from the Party. Under these circumstances it seems safe to predict an early and inglorious death for the Communist International, which is being strangled by the hands that created it. If there are to be any revolutionary movements in Western Europe during the present century they will come about in spite of Moscow, not because of it.

Side by side with the abandonment of international revolutionary goals one can see in Russia the effort to cultivate a kind of Soviet patriotism which would certainly have been discouraged as "petty bourgeois" and generally undesirable a few years ago. *Pravda*, organ of the Communist Party, prints rhapsodic articles about the glories of our "great proletarian fatherland", indistinguishable in general tone and content from the familiar outbursts of national exaltation which are so characteristic of Fascist regimes.

It is not only in the international sphere that Leninism is undergoing revision and that Bolshevik practice is being greatly changed. Inside Russia there is a positively strident official propaganda for material inequality. Bernard Shaw may freely advocate equality of income to a mildly interested, mildly bored, and altogether tolerant British public opinion. But if he should

preach his doctrine in Russia at its present stage of state-capitalist development he might soon find himself behind the barbed-wire of one of the numerous Soviet concentration camps.

The last vestiges of the "workers control" which was written on the banner of Bolshevism in the revolutionary year, 1917, are being abolished in the factories. The "red director" who manages a Soviet industrial or commercial establishment is acquiring more and more the status of an unchallenged "boss"; the Soviet trade unions, which are entirely dominated by the ruling Communist Party and are thus similar in status to labour organizations in Italy and in Germany, are effectively debarred from "meddling" in matters of industrial administration.

All theoretical phrases about the emergence in Russia of a new "classless" society cannot obscure the fact that a new governing class of high Communist officials and directors of state economic enterprise is concentrating in its hands more and more power, and is becoming differentiated from the masses by a markedly higher standard of living. Lenin proclaimed in 1917, as a distinctive and essential feature of the Soviet state, that the salary of a high official should not exceed that of a workman. A mathematically minded correspondent who attended the elaborate Government entertainment which was given on the seventeenth anniversary of the victory of Lenin's revolutionary movement estimated that the gowns worn by wives of Commissars cost about four times the average monthly wage of a Russian worker of the present time. This, of course, is quite in the line of historical precedent. It is almost a commonplace to point to the contrast between the apostolic poverty of the persecuted Christian Church and the pomp of the triumphant Christian Church; and the French Revolution ran its appointed psychological course from the cruel idealistic fanaticism of the years of Terror to the milder and more corrupt atmosphere of the Directory.

It was Mr. John Maynard Keynes, I think, who characterized the first Parliament that met in England after the conclusion of hostilities as "a lot of hard-faced men who looked as if they had done exceedingly well out of the War". There are plenty of hard-faced men in the Soviet Union who have done exceedingly well out of the Revolution. There are OGPU high officials

who have distinguished themselves in manipulating sabotage trials and in sending batches of wretched recruits to forced labour. There are provincial Soviet chairmen who squeezed out the food requirements of the central authorities, regardless of how many peasants might starve to death as a result. There are hard-boiled Soviet captains of industry who drove new industrial enterprises through to completion with scant regard for the provisions of Soviet labour legislation. It is the bureaucracy, made up of such types, that is the main material beneficiary of the Revolution that was theoretically carried out in the name of the workers and peasants. It is the natural, the inevitable aspiration of this bureaucracy for a larger measure of power and privilege that is pushing the Soviet regime along a road very similar to that which France took after the Ninth Thermidor. The Russian Revolution, to be sure, is in no sense an exact copy of the French; it is not for nothing that a century and a quarter of time, marked by intensive industrial progress and great social changes, lies between these two great upheavals. But the psychology of personal ambition, of personal acquisitiveness can be satisfied, with different methods, under a system of state capitalism just as well as under the individualist system that received such a powerful impetus from the French Revolution.

The swing to the Right in the Soviet Union was strongly documented by the events which followed the assassination of Sergei Kirov, one of Stalin's chief lieutenants, by a Communist named Nikolaev last December. One hundred and seventeen persons, according to Soviet official statements, were put to death at various times after this assassination. In no case was the death sentence preceded by an open trial. These executions quickly demonstrated the hollowness of the pretence that there had been any essential relaxation of terrorism as a Soviet method of administration after the renaming of the OGPU in the summer of 1934 and the withdrawal from its *collegium*, or directing board, of the right to inflict summary death sentences. The 107 executions which followed the death of Kirov were inflicted by Star Chamber military tribunals, which afforded no more security for the accused than the *collegium* of the OGPU would have done.

But the most significant fact about the executions was not the new proof of the continuance of terrorism, but the fact that responsibility for the murder was cast on left wing Communists, followers of Zinoviev and Trotsky. The last batch of fourteen persons who were shot consisted of the actual assassin, Nikolaev, and of his alleged accomplices and associates. All these men were Communists, all were under forty. Wholesale arrests among Communists suspected of dissident views took place at the same time; if previous precedents are any guide the number of arrests far exceeded the number of executions. Stalin took this opportunity to rid himself of two former political opponents, whom he had already broken pretty effectively, Gregory Zinoviev and Leo Kamenev, two of Lenin's oldest disciples and associates. Zinoviev received a sentence of ten years, Kamenev a sentence of five years in prison.

Stalin's "purge" last December was extremely similar in general technique and in some specific details to Hitler's "purge" of June 30 and succeeding days, when Röhm, Heines and a number of other Nazi leaders who were suspected of mutinous designs were shot in summary fashion. This is still another bond of administrative practice between Communism and Fascism. The secret of the method employed in both "purges" was to reverse the process, regarded as normal in the jurisprudence of democratic countries, of first ascertaining and publishing the circumstances and then imposing appropriate penalties. In Russia, as in Germany, the shootings occurred first. Then, with all the victims safely disposed of, it was easy enough to put out official and semi-official statements, accusing the persons who had been executed of every kind of grave offence, from plotting assassination to treasonable correspondence with a foreign power. Verification and disproof in the nature of things were equally impossible.

We do not know, and perhaps shall never know, whether it was a political or a personal grievance that caused the Communist Nikolaev to turn his revolver on the Communist leader Kirov. But it is highly significant of the present-day trend in Russia that the Soviet authorities made every effort to attach the stigma of the assassination to Communists of opposition views. This made it easy for the renamed OGPU to round

up any Communist who might be indulging in indiscreet criticism of the growing inequality within Russia, or of the substitution of a nationalist for an international policy in foreign relations.

How far Russia will be carried by the new trend toward nationalism and inequality remains to be seen. One factor that makes sweeping shifts and striking reversals of policy easy in Russia is the crushing weight of Stalin's personal dictatorship. The last traces of open dissent within the Communist Party ranks have been eliminated; it is no longer possible, as it was in the first years of the Revolution, to thresh out disputed points of theory and practice before an open forum of all the Party members. A Communist who thinks aloud independently is almost automatically qualified for expulsion from the Party. Consequently it is a simple matter for Stalin and his associates in the seats of power to brand as "counter-revolutionaries" Communists who may only be upholding some of Lenin's original ideas, such as the obligation of solidarity with revolutionary workers in other countries or the desirability of limiting a government official to the standard of living of a worker. It is therefore possible that the Russian Thermidor may go quite far. Especially in the event of war, Russia may experience a Brumaire as well as a Thermidor; the Red Army has been gaining in power and prestige as a result of the intensive militarization of the country during recent years, and a Red Bonapartism may be the climax of the present phase of Red Fascism.

What are the broad implications of the new era in Soviet development? In some respects the scrapping of revolutionary extremist dogmatism will undoubtedly be for the benefit of the Russian people. Soviet educational standards have unmistakably risen during recent years, as a result of the abandonment of half-baked experiments, the restoration of marks and examinations, the resumption of teaching by subjects, with emphasis on the imparting of precise knowledge, and the extension of the disciplinary powers of the teachers.

Stalin's present tendency to limit, if not to suppress altogether, Communist propaganda outside of Russia, while bad Leninism, is good common sense and is calculated to diminish the tension that has always existed on this issue between the Soviet Union

and other countries. The discouragement of the "palpably" idiotic efforts to inculcate "Leninism in Medicine" or "Marxism in Mathematics", so fashionable and popular a few years ago, is all to the good, so is the official encouragement of the classics.

There is also promise in the tardy awakening of Stalin and his associates to the realization of the fact that individual personality is of primary importance in the efficient functioning of any social and economic system. An enormous amount of quite needless misery, bungling and incompetence could have been averted in Russia since the Revolution if it had been made a penal offence to ask anyone what his class origin was, and if preferment in the state service had been granted strictly in accordance with training and ability.

One often felt that just the reverse process was being followed, and that the strict dogmatic insistence that children of manual workers should always and under all circumstances be given precedence over children of educated middle-class families led to a most unfortunate kind of inverted caste system, which inevitably, in many cases, repressed ability and placed a premium on mediocrity and incompetence. It would be premature to say that this harmful system has been abandoned. But the repeated references to the importance of the individual in recent speeches by Stalin, Kaganovitch and other Soviet leaders indicates that the very complexity of the new Soviet economic and technical problems is breaking down the original dogma of the dictatorship of the proletariat and that, in time, something like equality of opportunity for Soviet citizens of all classes may be realized.

But not all the omens of the new era in Russia are favourable. The flaming fanatical idealism of the early period of the Revolution is visibly and rapidly evaporating. Communists who have "arrived", who have reached the high posts of the new regime are increasingly concerned about their personal ease and comfort, increasingly disposed to lend a ready ear to Stalin's comforting doctrine that "equalization in the sphere of consumption and personal life is reactionary petty-bourgeois nonsense, worthy of some primitive sect of ascetics, but not of a Socialist society". But the cruel methods which were an integral part of the psychology of fanatical idealism, which were originally justified

as necessary to protect the Revolution against attack from without and corruption from within, still remain.

One sees no gains in the field of personal or civil liberty. The renaming of the Ogpu was quickly discounted by the promulgation of the ferocious law that authorized the punishment of innocent relatives of any Soviet citizen who fled from the country, and by the wholesale executions without open trial that followed the assassination of Kirov. At the time of writing reliable private advices from Moscow indicate that the spring of 1935 was marked by sweeping arbitrary arrests in Moscow, Leningrad, and other large Russian cities. The arrests, as usual, affected people of widely different classes and backgrounds. Two victims with whom I was personally acquainted were a Bulgarian Communist, who had been in more than a score of gaols in the Balkans and in America and whose revolutionary integrity was beyond any question, and a highly skilled dentist who was completely aloof from any kind of political activity. The self-perpetuating nature of arbitrary methods of administration, the impossibility of curbing them after they have become ingrained in the nature of a system is constantly receiving new illustration in Russia.

Besides renaming the Ogpu the Soviet Government made another gesture in the direction of greater liberalization. Early in 1935 Premier Molotov announced that elections to the Soviets would henceforward be carried out on the basis of secret, not open voting; that the method of election to the All-Union Congresses of Soviets would be direct, not indirect, as formerly, and that the system of representation under which the representation of the towns was five times as large, in proportion to the population, as that of the villages would be abolished.

These changes are calculated to impress only persons who are quite unfamiliar with Soviet conditions. It is noteworthy that neither Mussolini nor Hitler has found it necessary to institute open voting, indirect parliamentary elections or unequal suffrage as between different classes of the population, in order to maintain a thorough-going dictatorship. The roots of Soviet absolutism are not in the methods and institutions which have been changed. They are in the complete prohibition of any kind of organized political criticism or opposition, within or

without the ranks of the Communist Party, in the complete governmental control of every printed word, most of all, perhaps, in the right of the OGPU to arrest and banish any Soviet citizen without open trial. There has been no sign of change in any of these fundamental principles of revolutionary despotism.

Just because power is so much concentrated under a regime of state capitalism and state landlordism, the normal agencies of democratic control are even more necessary in order to safeguard the masses against oppression and exploitation. Perhaps there will be no more famines in Russia. But innumerable acts of injustice, great and small, affecting whole communities or individual families, will inevitably take place so long as the elementary protections of civil liberty are absent under the Soviet system.

Communist sympathisers, of course, take pride in the fact that their system has made a clean sweep of private ownership of property in the means of production. It is perhaps questionable whether it is a matter of much concern to the average workman whether he is regimented through a Soviet trade union or through a Fascist syndicate: whether he must deal with a private employer, responsible to a distant board of directors or with a Soviet state manager, equally intent on making profits and responsible to an equally far away board of a state trust, in the selection of which the workman has no voice whatever.

Another original distinction between Fascism and Communism that is likely to become more or less obliterated with time is that the former attracted recruits mainly from the middle class, the latter from the working class. But the second generation of Soviet bureaucrats will most probably reveal a high proportion of children of the first. The sweep into posts of power and authority of the proletariat is not likely to be a continuing process. On the other hand, with the passing of time it seems quite likely that the working class in Italy and in Germany will be more and more integrated into the Fascist systems of those countries.

One difference which sets off the Russian system, which seems to be assuming the contours of Red Fascism, from the German and especially from the Italian is that it has been enormously more destructive. One could wander through the

villages of Italy and Germany without finding that many people had suffered as a result of the changes in government. In Russia, on the other hand, especially in its naturally rich and extensive southern and south-eastern provinces, one could not stop long in a village without hearing of at least a score of tragedies as a result of the violent imposition of collective farming, of families that had been driven from their homes, of others that had been decimated by famine.

A Soviet official communiqué, published in the summer of 1933, to the effect that 71,000 prisoners had received partial or complete amnesty after the completion of the canal between the Baltic and the White Seas, a canal constructed entirely by forced labour, under the supervision of the OGPU, is of interest to students of comparative terrorism. The most severe critics of Hitler's regime would not estimate the number of inmates of German concentration camps at the present time at anywhere near 71,000. And this official Soviet figure referred to only a *part* of the prisoners in *one* of Russia's numerous places of exile and forced labour.

Russia in its era of Red Fascism, like France in the period after the Ninth Thermidor, seems destined to retain some of the more unpleasant features of revolutionary terror and espionage without the gleam of fanatical idealism that lit up the first years of the social upheaval. Still, the change represents a step forward toward realism and sobriety from the Utopian follies and gigantic cruelties of the First Five Year Plan.

Russia's significance as a beacon of hope for the forces of violent discontent in other countries seems likely to diminish to the vanishing point. Moscow seems certain to lose its magnetism as Bolshevism continues to retreat from many of its original ideals, as it becomes evident that foreign Communist Parties are little more than catspaws of Soviet foreign policy, and as the essential features of Soviet domestic and foreign policy assume more and more the characteristics of Fascism, with a veneer of Red phraseology.

LIFE ON THE DOLE

BY HUGH MASSINGHAM

THOSE observers who attended the debate on unemployment before Parliament rose must, I feel, have come away with three distinct and rather disheartening impressions. The first is that no party has any real policy for the distressed areas. The second is that each party seems to derive a curious satisfaction from contemplating the failure of its opponents. And thirdly, that few members of the House seemed to have any idea of the terrible human tragedy that is being played out in South Wales, Tyneside, and the Clyde.

The ignorance of the members of the House of Commons as to what is happening, in terms of human life, in the distressed areas is shared by the general public, and is especially widespread in the South of England. A clerk who works in the city, who lives, say, in the suburbs and who spends his holiday either abroad or at the seaside, has no opportunity of seeing distress at first-hand. Even the physical appearance of the North, its bleakness, its rows of black and impersonal houses, the incredible ugliness of the architecture, may be unknown to him. "This place", said a friend of mine, referring to Hebburn-on-the-Tyne, "wants civilizing". That is literally true, and has to be taken into account in any serious consideration of unemployment. Hebburn, Jarrow, almost any industrial town in the North, was the creation of the Victorian employer, and the workers have been living ever since in an atmosphere of squalor and ugliness. Culturally many towns in the North have been dead for years. Take Hebburn, for instance. Huge profits must have been made there at one time, but the employers who made them never lived in Hebburn, and took themselves and their money elsewhere. The result is that there are no big houses, no fine monuments, no art gallery, nothing, in fact, but mean houses and mean streets. The contrast between Hebburn and Durham,

which is only a few miles away, is startling. Durham has a magnificent cathedral, one of the finest in England, and the whole place seems to have been inspired by it. The people are courteous, the houses are pleasing, the hotels quiet, restful, and furnished in good taste. Hebburn, never having had an aristocracy of any kind, not even a commercial one, has no contact with the past. The difference between the two towns is therefore not merely a question of degree: Hebburn has never been civilized.

Hence the appalling spiritual desolation. The barbaric conditions of life in the industrial North were always a scandal, always a menace, but it is only now that we are beginning to see the full effect of them. While a man was in work, he had his games, his club in the shape of the public-house, a social life of sorts; all that has now gone, and he has nothing spiritual to fall back upon. "Nothing" is no exaggeration, since the church and chapel, the only places which once maintained an artistic, cultural, and spiritual standard have lost a great deal of their influence; indeed in some areas they have virtually ceased to have any influence at all. What is going to take their place? No one knows, and it is a desperately serious question. The chapel, with all its faults, was once the centre of a community, and the people who went to it, who sang there, who subscribed to the same moral code, shared to some extent a common life and outlook. The unemployed who have left the chapel have found nowhere else to go, and are aimlessly drifting. Even sport, which would be a poor substitute in any case, is not bringing people together, helping to fill up the vacuum. While I was on Tyneside, I found very little interest in sport for sport's sake. It seemed to me very significant that when a team began to lose matches its "gate" promptly began to grow smaller: when the club began to go up in the League table, the number of its supporters automatically rose. Loyalties, old and new, were disappearing.

These are generalities, and it is important when talking of the depressed areas not to make sweeping assertions. Towns, even in the same area, differ greatly. South Wales, which always had a strong and distinct cultural and spiritual life of its own has resisted despair more stoutly than has the Tyneside. Indeed there is a sense in which it would be possible to draw a

cheerful picture of the effects of unemployment. In some places it has drawn people together; men who live sharing the same poverty, fighting the same despair, often learn to understand and love one another. I could give many instances of generosity and kindness and self-denial. One man whom I met while I was on Tyneside and who has since become my friend, speaks always of his daughter: all his thoughts are for her; every spare penny is spent on her. "I have nothing to live for now", he has said to me, "except to get her out of all this". That man is only thirty-five, and already he speaks of his life as finished.

Or take the fishermen at Yarmouth. These men are not eligible for the dole, and when they are out of work, they are often too proud to ask for assistance. Their heroism is incredible. I have been shown cases where men have sold practically every stick of furniture rather than face the "disgrace" of making an application to the Public Assistance Committee. One man, when his time came, had no boots to take him there.

But it was their kindness one to another, rather than their heroism, that made the deepest impression on me. These men are bound together by the strongest of ties; they have all shared the same dangers at sea. Even in the days of prosperity there was always the feeling that a man must help his neighbour, and bad times have greatly strengthened it. The fortunate among them give without stint. Employers, knowing how reluctant their hands are to ask for help, have been known to pay periodical visits to their old employees and to insist upon giving them money, clothes, and food. In fact, this is the only area I know where distress has drawn everybody together and not bred hatreds between class and class, or created, as in some other parts of England, a gulf between workers and workless.

There is, too, another good side to unemployment that deserves to be stressed. Many men have gone under, and, so far as I could judge, will never recover. Others have gradually succeeded in building up a new philosophical outlook on life and have at last won through to a fine spirituality. I met frequent instances of this in South Wales. One must remember that when a man in a distressed area becomes unemployed and is round about the forties, he knows that he will never find work again. That is an appalling fact to have to face, and those who have gone through

the experience have been greatly changed in the process. Some go to the wall; others emerge richer and finer personalities. Let me give an instance of a man who was changed for the better. He had taken me through some of the worst parts of South Wales, and on the way back I began to question him as to the effect of unemployment upon himself. He was, he said, sixty years old, and he had been out of work since 1925. "When I first became unemployed", he went on, "I thought I should go mad. I had never been out of work before, and I had always earned very good money. I had rarely had anything to worry me. But now I did not know how to get through my day. I had always got up at six o'clock in the morning and for the first two months or so I continued to do so. Then I began to change my habits. I found that by the time I had cooked my breakfast and made my bed—which took me about an hour—I had nothing else to do. So I began to stay in bed later and later. My whole mind was now concentrated upon delaying my breakfast as late as possible. I dawdled over dressing, doing my hair over and over again. I had, of course, very little money for my breakfast, but I used to take fully an hour to spend it. I used to pay a visit to every shop, look at everything in the windows, and weigh up carefully whether I should buy myself a herring or a sausage.

"You see, I was a very ordinary person, who had never had any life outside the mine and the public-house. I had never read very much, or thought about anything very deeply, and I now found that I had no intellectual pursuits to fill up my time. Then one day I visited the social centre there. I began to attend lectures, read books, learn a craft. The centre has completely changed my life. I have very little money, but I am happy, and I lead a fuller life than ever I did when I was working. I no longer regard unemployment as a curse. I no longer want work for work's sake, only for the extra money it would bring me. As far as I am concerned unemployment has been a blessing".

That man was one of the most serene persons I have ever met, but at the same time he had his share of that intellectual pride which one finds everywhere in South Wales. The men I met on Tyneside were humble, lethargic, devitalized. They were pathetically grateful for anything that was done for them, but they seemed to me to have very little to contribute themselves.

They showed little interest in anything. They had no clear-cut views about society, and very few even about unemployment. The majority of the men I spoke to had never heard of the Douglas credit scheme, took no interest in foreign affairs, and seemed only anxious to be left alone. They were a tired, pathetic lot—the Hollow Men of the North—and seemed to me to have no roots, and therefore no hope in the future. There are, of course, Communists in Tyneside as there are in all the distressed areas, and they were as vocal and specious as they are elsewhere. But as far as I could judge, Communist propaganda has made little headway, and the great mass of the unemployed took no notice of it. The same is even truer of Yarmouth. The fishermen there are not politically minded; they know little about economics, and hold no views about unemployment in general.

There would naturally be exceptions to these generalities, but they would not in any way invalidate the comparison I am making between South Wales and Tyneside and Yarmouth. In South Wales everybody has made an effort to understand the problems of the modern world. Communist propaganda has made real headway; hundreds have become converts, while the rest approach most political problems with a Marxist attitude.

South Wales has been in this state for over a decade, and having called to God and received only the echo of its own opinions, has come to believe that it has discovered the real solution to everything. I was surprised to find that even the most trite Conservative thought came as a revelation to my companions. They were completely nonplussed, ludicrously surprised that anybody could believe that Marx had not said the last word on everything. They had picked up all the Communist jargon, and had a slogan for every question. "The Solidarity of the Working Classes", "The Materialistic Conception of History", "The Economics of Capitalism"—how readily the phrases rolled off the tongue and how difficult they found it to argue when they were forced off these familiar and clear-cut paths of thought!

The South Wales miners are naturally intelligent, so intelligent as compared with other sections of the working class that visitors have often remarked upon it. Before the war they were only interested in one thing, religion; and although the power of the chapel has waned, they still bring a religious passion to life.

They have thought continuously and sincerely about a world that has apparently thrown them on the scrap-heap, and they have come to the conclusion that it is carnal and material. Probably no argument will change their view, and certainly it is no part of my intention to discuss how this attitude could be changed. My concern is with other matters. It seems to me serious that men should live in such a closed intellectual atmosphere, that they should so rarely hear any other view but their own. One result has been the curious intellectual pride that I have already mentioned. Those men who have left the chapel and who now feel that the world can only be cured by political action never doubt that they have found the solution to all our economic troubles, and that all who differ from them either cannot think or have some very good reason for not wishing to think.

What, then, are their solutions? I think the answer to that question is important, partly because it throws an interesting light upon the mentality which the statesman has to deal with, and partly because it shows what a fine type of man there is in South Wales. There is first of all the Communist solution, which is, of course, the same in the Rhondda as anywhere else. Apart from that there are a host of other ideas, which, although of no practical value, illustrate the idealistic passion that these men bring to bear on social problems. It is an idealism that will respond to real leadership, as I found more than once during my stay there. The danger is that it may be diverted into the wrong channels. For years these men have been left to get along as best they could, and very naturally they have come to feel that there is something inherently wrong with a society that cannot provide them with work and appears indifferent to their existence. Soft words, patriotic appeals, vague promises will be treated as a further proof of dishonesty and corruption, and therefore increase revolutionary sentiment. On the other hand, I am convinced that if they were approached in the right way, if they felt sure that they were not going to be exploited, they would give themselves unstintingly, as they did in 1914.

Let me illustrate what I mean by giving the views of a group of men I met shortly after my arrival in South Wales. The meeting took place in one of the clubs that the men have formed

themselves, and I was taken there by its chairman. The place turned out to be a large room, furnished with one long table, a few chairs, and a carpenter's bench at which about a dozen men were working when we entered. I found no difficulty in talking to them. On the Tyne it is hard to open a conversation, hard to keep it going, and well-nigh impossible to thrash out an argument to its conclusion. In South Wales everybody holds strong views on every conceivable subject, has learnt to express them vividly and imaginatively, and is always eager to explain them. Good conversation is an art that these men appreciate.

We wasted no time on pleasant preliminaries, and began at once to discuss the government's training and instructional centres. I was surprised to find that everybody believed they were disguised "concentration camps", and nothing I could say in their defence shook what is evidently a very deep-rooted conviction. Is there some real substance in their charges, or were the men merely echoing Communist propaganda? Any short and dogmatic answer would be misleading. I had seen enough of the Government centres to know that these stories of bad food and brutal treatment were untrue, and that to describe them as "concentration camps" was ludicrous. In the camps I had visited the food was plain but plentiful, the work sensible and useful, while the officials were undoubtedly kind, conscientious, and efficient. Why, then, did the men believe that the camps were disguised "concentration camps"? The question worried me considerably. The men's hostility was not entirely due to Communist propaganda, and it was some time before I began to get at the real reason. It is, I am sure, the strict discipline that they object to, and I came away from South Wales wondering if it would not be possible for the Government to give them a greater share in the management of the camps.

But even more interesting than this attitude to the training and instructional centres was their approach to the various social problems of our time. After we had been talking for half an hour or so, the conversation became general; I ceased to feel like a coconut under fire from a hundred different directions, and turning to the man on my left, I began to ask him some questions about his life. "What has saved me", he said, "is my allotment", and taking me to the window, he showed me where it

was and began to talk enthusiastically about how he had raised his first crop of vegetables. Imagine my surprise then, when, speaking of land settlement, he said that he would feel bound to refuse a smallholding if it were offered to him. "You see", he said, noting my astonishment, "it would be immoral of me to have one. If I were to grow my own potatoes, I should be putting a man out of work in Ireland".

I soon discovered that this remark was by no means Welsh bravado. These men have become so impressed by the fact that their own industry, the coal trade, has declined because of the shrinkage of foreign markets, and they are so convinced that it cannot revive unless there is an increase in world trade, that they now approach almost every problem from an international point of view. The fierce nationalistic spirit on the Continent worried them not a bit, as I soon learnt when I began to talk about modern Germany. Supposing that, by some remote chance, Hitler refused to take off the restrictions on our exports, were they still prepared to sit still and wait for a better future? "You see, this is what we'd do with Hitler", said one man who was obviously speaking for all. "We'd convert him. We'd go over and explain things to him." Convert him! I suddenly had a highly diverting vision of these earnest men, painfully but patiently explaining the gospel to an apoplectic Nazi audience. "And if Herr Hitler refused to be converted?" Their uneasy silence showed that this eventuality had hardly occurred to them.

Their views on home politics were a little more solid. They were highly contemptuous of Mr. Lloyd George's "New Deal", and when I asked for the reason, they replied that "tinkering with the system" was no good; half-hearted measures would only "make things worse in the end". A reference to the recent dole changes roused them to a vigorous and united protest. I confess that I felt far too strongly in agreement with them to argue on this point. The dole means a pitifully low standard of life, and to bring forward new regulations which in many cases meant a drastic reduction in the family income was a grave political blunder; in my view the changes were carried out hurriedly, stupidly, and inhumanly. I am told that they roused South Wales to a man, and even when I was there, the feeling of resentment was still intense.

They had many stories to tell me of men who had fallen out of benefit through concealing petty sums, and still more of men who had concealed something and then gone about in terror lest they should be found out. The obvious answer to these complaints was to point out the folly of not telling the truth. It was a remark I found impossible to make to men who are living on so low a standard of life. However well they may manage, something unexpected invariably turns up—a child falls ill, for instance—and the household begins to get into debt. Who, under these circumstances, would resist the temptation of earning an extra shilling or two?

Continued unemployment in South Wales has, indeed, produced a proud spirit of rebellion and a deep-rooted suspicion of the motives of society, for which society, not the men, are responsible. Useful work, I think, can only be done if we realize that the unemployed have a legitimate grievance and that it is because of our indifference in the past that there is so much sturdy opposition today. If approached in that spirit and by men that they trust, these men are capable of a self-sacrifice, a self-denial that would put the more comfortable sections of society to shame. I remember well going down to a workhouse in the Rhondda and attending a concert given by the local unemployed to the inmates. The choir had spent three months practising in order to give a little pleasure to those even more unfortunate than themselves. The memory of it—of the earnest, quiet, sad faces of the choir singing there in that bare hall to an enraptured audience—moves me still. There are other instances. In this same village a group of unemployed gave up their whole time for six months and worked without pay, pulling down two of the worst slum houses in the place and building new ones.

As I got into the train that night, I could not help thinking that if society fully realized what fine human material was being wasted, what spiritual and physical suffering was going on, it would act at once, no matter what the cost. And society would do well to listen for other reasons. It is political madness to reduce men to the state where they have "nothing to lose but our chains".

A JAPANESE WORKMAN AT HOME

BY GÜNTHER STEIN, TOKYO

I HAD been inspecting a shirt-making factory at Osaka. As usual, the fussy secretiveness of the owner, who was anxious to conceal from the foreign visitor both the pitiful disorder reigning in his commercial departments and the serene efficiency of the workshops, had annoyed me. It was no longer news to me that the Japanese do wonders with their hands and collapse before a row of figures. To any one familiar with the snail's pace at which the wheels of Japanese business are apt to move, it is a constant mystery that they are able to export at all, let alone to beat experienced Western merchants all over the world. Every simple addition or subtraction is done several times over on the little counting rods, often with widely divergent results. At the General Post Office at Tokyo, to say nothing of provincial places, the purchase of stamps is a painful transaction. During the rush hour a long queue of customers collects in front of the counter. A diminutive office-boy is asking for a quantity of stamps of three or four different denominations, and offers a 10-Yen note. The official takes the bank-note, changes it for himself into small coins, and after an exciting struggle with the counting rod, pays varying sums into a number of small drawers, each containing both stamps and coins of one type. If the day is lucky, the sum total will tally with the figure stated on the messenger's slip. If not, the battle begins anew.

It was six o'clock, the end of the ten-hours' shift. The workers, a few men among a little army of young girls, were departing in their thin cotton kimonos and wooden sandals. On my way out into the crowded street I bumped into a hurrying workman. I apologized, and was immediately in for the tortuous ceremony of mutual introduction. In the midst of a throng of people rushing home, we bowed three times from the waist, and I produced my visiting card, which the man raised reverently

to his bowed forehead, drawing in the air between his teeth with the correct sigh of delight. He was full of excuses for having left his own card at home, which in Japan amounts almost to being half-dressed. The omission was fortunate for me, because my new acquaintance insisted that I should come to his house to receive his card.

We walked through a maze of village-like lanes, filled with incredible crowds of playing children, shouting pedlars, and shopping housewives. In the stuffy cul-de-sac where my friend lived, a mass of children and young girls were assembled round the magic box of an ambulant story-teller. He was a picturesque person with an enormous, completely bald head, fiery eyes, and a long, white beard. Chanting his tale with a voice which was now gentle music, now booming thunder, he held up successive illustrations, in the form of old coloured prints mixed with American picture-postcards and newspaper cuttings, for the audience to see. In short, I was looking in at the poor man's cinema, vastly appreciated by the young folk.

My friend's house was distinguished among the rest by having two storeys. The front room had been transformed into a primitive shop simply by removing the sliding door. Here his wife sold cheap cigarettes, writing paper and sweets. While the host went inside to get the all-important visiting card, the pretty mistress, heavily made up under her tower of glossy black hair, made the prescribed apologies, with many bowings and affected bashfulness, for the deficiencies of her poor house and its unworthy occupants. Four small children were gaping in speechless amazement at the uncommon visitor. The eldest girl of about five was carrying the youngest baby on her back, and from time to time jolted him to one side in order to give him a better view of the spectacle.

When we had once more gone through the formalities attached to receiving a name card, and I had deciphered the name of my host as Mr. Ishikawa, we settled down to tea. There were more courtesies when the sister-in-law, Miss Chrysanthemum, appeared with the tray. I was glad to be with people devoted to the old traditions. There is an increasing number of workmen who neglect the ceremonial of Japanese social life; but my new friend, with his little tuck shop, would never agree to branding himself

a mere proletarian by abandoning the symbols of education. In that respect he is typical of the class which produces most of the cheap export manufactures. In one way or the other they are generally more than employees, having some little enterprise of their own beside the job at the factory. The well-kept house shrine for the ancestors, and a second shrine for the sun goddess, showed that traditions meant something to the family.

For a long time Mr. Ishikawa, with his grave, intelligent smile, questioned me about my own country, the purpose of my visit to Japan, and my qualifications for the study of economic matters. Although his features remained unmoved throughout, the inevitable "*so deska?*"—is that so?—became more and more vivid as the talk went on. At last it was my turn to make inquiries. How did they live? Pencil and paper were brought from the shop, and *viribus unitis* we set about the difficult task of calculation.

Mr. Ishikawa, it appeared, earned 1 Yen 20 Sen—1s. 5½d.—a day; making, with one holiday every fortnight, about £2 1s. a month. Miss Chrysanthemum, with a daily wage of sevenpence, brought home about 16s. 6d. a month. The net profit from the shop was approximately 14s. 6d. Thus the family income amounted to £3 12s. per month, or about 16s. 7d. per week, sufficient to maintain three grown-ups and four children without apparent hardship. I was told with some emphasis that the family was by no means one of the poorest, having three breadwinners in employment.

The next point was expenditure. It appeared that rice was the largest single item in the household budget, with 23s. a month. They consumed about two and a quarter pounds a day at twopence a pound, which is the cheapest quality available. All other foodstuffs, of which fish was the chief item, totalled only 8s. 6d. a month. With frequent bursts of laughter, but with visible pride, the hostess described the menus of their daily meals. Breakfast consists of tea and a soup of fermented bean paste (*miso*) with a little rice. For luncheon, the master and Miss Chrysanthemum take baskets of cold rice and pickled vegetable. They make their tea in the factory, and usually put rice into the teapot to make it hot. Wife and children eat the same midday meal at home. The evening dinner consists of

hot rice, again with pickles, such as cabbage, ginger or radishes, with an addition of bean curd or fish spiced with soya sauce.

Clothing is a simple problem. The thin cotton kimonos, the more colourful the younger the wearer, cost little and last long. All the spare garments of the family were hanging openly along the walls: jacket and trousers for the man, one or two quilted winter kimonos, underwear and socks, and the simple wooden sandals. Altogether their clothing costs them about 1s. per head per month.

The next question, the rent of the house, caused excited discussions. They pay 19s. 6d. to the landlord every month, and deeply resent the fact that he can recover the cost of site and building within three or four years. The large profit made out of house property is, in fact, a serious social problem in Japan. The little wooden dwelling of four small rooms for which my friends paid more than a quarter of their income was hardly a satisfactory home. Only a few of the windows were glazed; the rest, with the sliding doors between rooms, were filled in with paper, a constant source of conflict between parents and unruly children who love to pierce holes into them with their fingers. Heating and cooking arrangements consist of a few earthenware bowls filled with glowing charcoal. The only luxury is the electric light. Expenses for heating and lighting come to about 4s. 10d. a month.

There remains something like eight shillings for sundry expenditure. The subscription for the health insurance is 1s. a month. The greater part of the rest is spent on the daily visit of the whole family to the public baths. For the poor of Japan the bath is not only a hygienic duty, but one of the few entertainments in a monotonous life. In the large cities men and women no longer bathe together; but the opportunity for gossip unhampered by the presence of the other sex is usually counted an advantage. The men are standing in the cleaning basins, soaping, brushing, and pouring hot water over themselves out of wooden bowls; they massage each other with birches; they rest sitting in the heated pool. All the time discussion is going on about private and public affairs. The public bath is Japan's debating club. It is often the poor man's only chance of social intercourse outside the family circle.

Visits to the cinema are rare, for the 1½d. entrance fee is not easily spared. Mr. Ishikawa, being a man of sobriety and principles, may be assumed to drink *saké* and to visit the Yoshiwara of the poor less frequently than other workmen. So no real difficulty arises in making both ends meet. The annual bonus for efficiency granted by the employer pays for the obligatory presents and entertainments of New Year's Week, when the factory is closed and men are free. If business in the shop is brisk, or the beloved sweepstake has produced a windfall, the family may even undertake a pilgrimage, less pious than enjoyable, to a distant temple at cherry-blossom time.

Altogether their life seemed to be very different from the picture of sweated labour which Western readers are apt to obtain from the figures of wages paid in Japan. It is not that the cost of living is very much lower than it is in the West. The point is rather that Japanese traditions of social life make it possible to impart some dignity and grace to an existence which lacks what in the West appear to be the bare necessities of human comfort. If Mr. Ishikawa regrets anything, it is his inability to afford a higher education for his children. But he is not discontented with his lot while he and his family have health, religion and work.

WHAT NEXT IN INDIA ?

BY ARTHUR MOORE

NOW that the long contention has ceased and the Government of India Bill is on the Statute Book, people home from India are continually being asked "Will it work?" "What will India be like in a few years' time?" and "Will it be a good place to work in? Would you send a son there?"

Let us, before we get on with the new love, throw a glance backward on the old. The Montagu Constitution, which in a few months will pass away into history, was built to serve for ten years. Actually it has lasted for fifteen. Many have now forgotten the fierceness of the fight over the Montagu Bill during 1919. It was shorter than the storm which has raged since the autumn of 1930, when the Round Table Conference was announced on the heels of the publication of the Simon Report, but it was terrible in its violence. Within the Coalition Government itself most of the Conservatives disliked their colleague, Mr. Montagu, the Minister responsible, and they hated his Bill. Outside it, Parliament and platform rang with denunciation, and the correspondence columns of *The Times* were frequently full of eloquent and logical exposures by experienced administrators of the folly of Mr. Lionel Curtis's abhorred invention, dyarchy. Dyarchy, we were told, was something that in the whole history of the world never had worked, never could work, and never would work. It was indeed the devil; and that the British Parliament should actually pass a Bill admitting and establishing this principle could be explained only by the fact that Mr. Montagu's inspiration was, in Mr. Gandhi's phrase, satanic or that the Cabinet was suffering from dementia.

Dyarchy, it may be recalled, was the name given to the system of divided responsibility set up for the governments of the Indian provinces. One section of each provincial government was to consist of Ministers depending on the support of a majority

in their Legislative Council. The policy of the departments transferred to the control of these Ministers would therefore be in the last resort controlled by a Legislature the majority of which consisted of elected representatives. The other section of Government consisted of "Members" of Government, whose position remained unaffected by a hostile vote of the Legislature, and who could only be removed by the Governor. He in turn was responsible only to the Viceroy and the Government of India, while these again were responsible only to the Secretary of State and the British Cabinet, and through them to Parliament and the electorate of Great Britain. Thus nine Cabinets were set up in India and Burma each consisting of two sets of people. One set was ultimately responsible to the British electorate, six thousand miles away, an electorate fully literate and by democratic standards highly intelligent, but practically completely ignorant of and equally uninterested in provincial issues in India, and swayed as regards its vote by quite other considerations. The other set was ultimately responsible to an Indian electorate elected on a limited franchise.

Looked at through one kind of spectacles, such an arrangement could well be described as fantastic and unworkable. Looked at through different glasses it was seen to be the only possible means of practical transition from a government responsible to British public opinion to a government responsible to Indian opinion. The other choices were, on the one hand, to refuse to admit any element of real self-government into provincial administration and to continue indefinitely to offer the Indian public no more than the right to elect representatives for purely deliberate and consultative functions, or to wash out the British electorate altogether and transfer the whole responsibility to Indian soil, as had been done in the case of Canada first and subsequently of other colonies. The former position could at the best be only temporary; we had for long been committed to abandoning it sooner or later—and Indian opinion certainly expected it sooner. The latter position British opinion was definitely not prepared to sanction. Hence, Mr. Curtis's dyarchy, which, it should be remembered, was introduced into provincial government only. The Government of India under the Montagu Constitution received the addition of a Legislature, in one

Chamber of which the majority of members were elected, not nominated ; but it remained both in whole and in part entirely irremovable by any vote of the Legislature, its responsibility being to the Viceroy and through him to the Secretary of State, Parliament, and the British electorate.

The Montagu Constitution set to sea in heavy weather. It had all the appearance of

" that ill-fated barque,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

The dark curses of the British diehards and the Indian Congress mingled in a fierce blast of denunciation, and dyarchy was their common object of derision. But the Congress boycotted the first elections, and by thus eliminating a large measure of the ill-will made smooth the path for dyarchy for the first three years. There was no crisis anywhere, and although there was also no new heaven or new earth, Ministers did quite a lot. Trouble began in 1924 when the Congress, tacitly admitting the reality of the new era, entered the Councils. In Bengal and in the Central Provinces the Ministers were defeated, and since the Congress party refused to accept office, it proved impossible to replace them. But this, like every other difficulty which has arisen, had been foreseen and provided for by the framers of the Act. In the proceedings of the Muddiman Committee, which enquired into the working of the Act during the first five years, will be found the phrase that in one province it worked " creakily ". But even where it creaked it worked. The Governors of the Central Provinces and Bengal simply re-transferred these " transferred departments " back from responsible Ministers to irremovable Members, and carried on till such time as it was possible to find Ministers whom the Legislatures would support. In both provinces the time came, and dyarchy functioned without further interruption. In the Central Provinces a Congress leader became a Minister, and for a whole summer was Governor of the Province during the absence of Sir Montagu Butler.

It is too early to call India's youthful constitution, which is now closing, a sweet-scented manuscript. The historian is, however, likely to pick it out as one of the most remarkable pieces of British statecraft. It faced the whirlwind of Mr. Gandhi's two

successive civil disobedience campaigns, the first at its launching, the second ten years later. No emergency ever defeated its machinery. Not once did an unforeseen crisis arise. Throughout its Legislatures held the attention of the country, and whether the Congress participated or not, provided a forum for debate which gave the lie to Congress assertions and wore down Congress claims. It has provided a measure of real education in self-government and democratic politics, and has equipped India with a number, still far too small but already by no means inconsiderable, of men fitted to serve their country in public life, and to make representative institutions a means of social betterment.

In two ways the new Act seems to start under fairer auspices than its predecessor. It was a serious drawback to the Montagu Constitution that it was stamped from the start as a transitory ten-year affair. It has indeed lasted longer than it was meant to, but with such a time clause attached to it there was no possibility that the breath of agitation would ever be stilled. From the outset all interests were manœuvring for position in the next phase. The new Constitution can be modified as time passes, but need never be repealed, and is so far-reaching that it may well keep the energy of Indian politicians for years to come fully occupied in working it. A second apparent advantage is that whereas the passing of the Montagu Act was followed by Mr. Gandhi's first great campaign of civil disobedience, in this case his campaign has preceded it. India is at present sick of civil disobedience, far too exhausted by it and too mindful of its folly and waste and ignominious collapse to respond easily in any near future to any urging in that direction.

The British reader must please grasp clearly that, although the new Act provides for autonomous provincial government and for a federal central Government, only one portion of the Act, the provincial portion, will begin to come into operation next year. The federal portion must wait until the rulers of enough Indian States to make it workable have arranged the terms on which their particular state is to federate. That may take several years, and meantime the Central Government will remain as at present, irremovable by the Legislatures. The Central Legislature will also remain as at present. A new Assembly met

last January and its normal term runs till the autumn of 1937.

The actual separation of Burma from India and the accompanying financial adjustments are also likely to take some time. But in the existing Indian provinces the first elections for the Legislatures under the new Act should be held in the autumn of 1936, and the Legislatures meet by the beginning of 1937. As far as one can see at present all parties will seek representation. With the abolition of dyarchy the transfer of power is so real that any party which boycotted the elections would simply commit suicide, and in any case belief in the virtue of boycott has waned. The Congress party is unlikely to have a majority in the Punjab, Bengal, the North-West Frontier, or the new province of Sind, and in some other provinces success is doubtful, but it seems probable that it will have a clear majority in Madras, Bombay, and the Central Provinces. It is therefore not unreasonable to anticipate that Congress may be called to form a Government in these three provinces, at any rate early in 1937.

It may be fairly confidently predicted that in some or all of the provinces where the Congress first assumes office the new Act will work extremely "creakily" for a time. The new Cabinets are likely to start with deep prejudice against and suspicion of the Governors, the Inspectors General of Police and all the higher officers of the I.C.S. They will look for opportunities of asserting themselves and their offices in the eyes of the public, and they will carry a difficult load of past speeches and emotional declarations.

Nevertheless, responsibility produces moderation and difficulty begets caution. Congress difficulties are easy to foresee. The British are an object of bitter attack from racial politicians, but they are generally willing and anxious to be helpful in times of perplexity, and a Congress Minister may discover before many months in office that the Governor or the chief of police is a real friend in need. As internal politics intensify and the play of party develops, it will not be surprising if the creaking of the Constitution itself is drowned in the normal din of democratic institutions. Paradoxically enough, there may be more trouble in provinces where the Congress sees itself condemned to a long period in opposition. Here there is the risk that efforts will be made to keep the constitutional issue alive by preaching racial

nationalism and also to produce friction between the provinces and the Centre. The period between now and the attainment of Federation will in any case have special dangers, for autonomous provincial governments may, particularly in financial matters, prove restive under the budgetary dispositions of an irremovable central government. Some prominent politicians now in the central Legislature may desert this doomed body and enter their provincial Legislatures at the first elections, in the hope of attaining immediate positions of power and responsibility.

Until all responsibility for Government in India is transferred to Indian soil and the British Parliament finally divests itself of authority, as it has done in the case of the other Dominions, it is really a simple axiom that somewhere in the Constitution dyarchy must continue to exist. Those who declaim against it are apt to forget this fact, just as they forget that dyarchy exists in the British Constitution itself, where the inherent power of the Crown is by no means a legal fiction, but on suitable occasions and at critical moments is still exercised, and must always be exercisable so long as the law and custom of the Constitution provide for it and the Crown enjoys its modern prestige and popularity. It is therefore not surprising to find that with the removal of dyarchy from provincial government in India we now find the principle introduced for the first time at the Centre, where although it is intended that there shall be a federal government responsible to the Central Legislature, defence and foreign affairs in particular are reserved subjects.

The difficulties of the federal solution are evident enough. The experiment is bold and hopeful. I am inclined to think that it will work, but it is bound to work in unforeseen ways and to produce new and surprising political combinations and results, indeed a transformation, swift or gradual but anyhow certain and far-reaching, in the Indian scene. The reactions of British India and the federating states upon one another will probably powerfully and possibly beneficially affect the political evolution of both. To the federation the Princes will contribute an intensification of loyalty to the Crown, an appreciation of the large issues of defence and foreign affairs which may well hasten the end of dyarchy, and a valuable stabilizing element at all times. It seems also reasonable to suppose that an Indian state which

possesses no constitutional checks upon the arbitrary power of its Rulers and is unblest even with a Civil List to distinguish the Ruler's personal expenditure from the general yield of the taxes will, on finding itself an integral part of a large constitutional whole of a very different kind, be brought nearer to its time of development into a limited monarchy.

In the main the element of hopefulness for the Federation lies in the fact that there will be a large number of influential men who have the will to work it, and a strong desire to avoid breakdown. In India, once the facts of a situation are sufficiently clear, people are in general reasonable and accommodating, probably more so than in Europe. The clear facts must always include a clear framework for law and order, the existence in the country of a strong and disciplined force guaranteeing society from anarchy, and an authority which it will obey. That is not imperilled by the Act, and therefore the Act can work well if sufficient capable men of good will are forthcoming to work it. Personally, I believe that real patriotism, in the sense of willingness to make sacrifices for the general good, is largely on the increase amongst the younger generation in India. The fierce intensification of communal passion which is accompanying the new transfer of power to Indian hands is inevitable, and unfortunately is likely to continue to manifest itself in terrible forms in the early stages. But in the end it will be overcome by the new generation of emancipated women who have set their faces as brass against it. In any case it should not conceal from us the fact that a real Indian nation is all the time gradually in the making, an achievement which Britons should not deplore, but for which, on the contrary, they are entitled to take credit, for it is largely their work, produced in part consciously by their highest directed efforts; in part unconsciously by their habitual thoughts of India as a single country, and by their very presence, which has been a double stimulant, as an energetic example and as a racial irritant.

But when we reflect upon our achievements in India let us admit that it is an extremely backward land, overdue for vast social reforms which we as Western overlords were unable or fearful to impose. In addition to the fact that what appear to us abuses can sometimes claim religious sanction, we have a

natural aversion from interfering with other people's customs, and a right instinct that reform comes best from within. The Indians for their part, like other peoples claiming national recognition, have concentrated on national politics and tended to make these, with their superficially unifying tendency, an excuse for neglecting those social reforms which always divide society into opposite camps. But the Indian masses are stirring, and with the coming of a large measure of self-government they can no longer be satisfied with Swarajist slogans. Mr. Gandhi, too, whose conscience seems increasingly stirred by the obvious gap between the professions and performance of Congressmen, and to feel that Swaraj is better earned by service than gained—even if that were possible—by disobedience in the field, and shaking orthodox Hinduism to its foundations with his campaign against "untouchability".

In the United Provinces the peasant agitation against the great landowners, to which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru gave his patronage when he was at large, has struck a deep root, and in the Punjab also it is far from negligible. In the towns where there is an industrial population, more particularly Bombay, Calcutta, Cawnpore, Jamshedpur, and wherever there are railway workshops, Bolshevism of the Russian brand, with Russian "ideology" and "technique", are disseminated, and within the Congress party there is a powerful advanced Socialist wing, part of which looks hopefully towards Jawaharlal Nehru, and part of which regards him as a kid-gloved parlour Socialist quite unfitted to lead young India to the necessary orgy of revolutionary destruction.

The new autonomous Governments are therefore likely to find that they must have social programmes. Ministers will come up against vested interests everywhere, against the moneylender, the large landowner with his seigneurial rights, the numerous middlemen rent collectors who benefit from Lord Cornwallis's Permanent Settlement of 1793 in Bengal and Bihar, the employer of sweated labour, and against the orthodox caste Hindus. Ministers, indeed, may go down like ninepins. There will doubtless be at first much cry and little wool. But the evils are too real to be condoned, politicians will be forced forward from behind to make good their words, and the new Governments will begin to carry through genuine reforms.

In the new Constitution the British unofficial community will have quite as many representatives as they can provide both in the Central and provincial Legislatures. There they will form small but compact, and therefore on balance influential, groups in the division lobbies, and one hopes that their moral influence will be even greater. That in the new conditions they will be able to help Indians towards social betterment is evident. What is eminently desirable is a concentrated drive of Indians and Europeans towards economic planning, large new enterprises, and certain outstandingly necessary social reforms.

The first thing necessary is a frank recognition of India's appalling poverty. The majority of its excessive and rapidly-growing population is definitely under-nourished, and lives in houses with insufficient light and air, with no water supply and no sanitation. Clothing we may leave out of account, for in the plains clothing is not a serious item. The agricultural population in the main not only lives miserably, but is also never solvent. As can well be imagined, wasting diseases and deformities of every kind, physical, mental, and moral are terribly common.

India does not consume nearly enough. The world appears to be suffering from over-production and to be looking for new markets, fresh consumers. Here in India is a vast potential market, a hungry army of consumers waiting to enrich those who will supply their needs if only they can somehow be endowed with more purchasing power in return for their labour in the fields. Give the Indian countryman a better return for his industry and miracles will happen.

It is to be hoped that the new provincial Legislatures will shortly tackle the question of slavery. We talk with horror of slavery in Abyssinia and persuade ourselves that none exists under the British flag. This is deception and illusion. Slavery is common in India, "the brightest jewel in the British Crown". Call it serfdom if you like, but what existed in Russia till the days of Alexander, the Tsar Liberator, exists in India today. Infants are born who are the inheritors of the debts of their parents, and from their first breath the labour of their whole lives is mortgaged to creditors or inheritors of creditors on the soil to which they are bound.

The social conscience of India is unfortunately as yet no more

than pricked. The condition of low caste and outcaste Hindus has been the subject of only a few researches by Western enquirers, but it is plain enough that it will hardly bear thinking about.

Under the new Act Indians of vision and resolution will be in a position to deal with these evils themselves. There will be no rush to abolish the evils, but men of vision exist and are to be found. They will need and will welcome the help of the non-official British in India as political allies and supporters.

As regards the British community in India and its interests, there are "safeguards" in the Act, and it is no doubt correct that this should be so. Actually their position never depended and never can depend on statutory safeguards. In the last resort at all critical times it will depend upon themselves, their personal characters and worth. No safeguards will save us if the men we send to India degenerate in type, if the sense of obligation to the land they live in, the desire to serve it, and to help its children disappear. Equally if these continue no statutory transfer of power will destroy British influence or the Indian readiness to turn to the British for sympathy and advice in time of stress.

If, then, this survey has any validity, we may answer the question "Will it work?" with restrained optimism, and reply that the chances are that "it" will. As to the question: "What will India be like in a few years' time?" we may hazard the guess that it will not be very different for some years to come, but that the racial violence of extremist politicians will gradually abate, and that a serious preoccupation with internal social problems will set in. In reply to the third question we may say that India will still be a good place to work in for those Europeans whose thoughts are in the land they live in, and whose eyes and ears are not waiting for the clock to strike the hour of their retirement. The answer to the final question: "Would you send your son there?" can only be that that depends upon the son, his tastes and views and also his capabilities. More than ever India needs the best; less than ever does she need the third-rate. She has, however, always adequately rewarded those who have served her and is likely to continue to do so.

POLAND AND GERMANY TODAY

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

THE riddle of the Polish-German Agreement of January, 1934, has been puzzling western politicians for the last eighteen months. A diplomatic revolution of so startling a kind, not long after Polish troops had been massed on the Westerplatte, could only, it was felt, rest upon some sensational explanation. The Rosenbergian *Drang nach Osten* must have won some recognition; Berlin and Warsaw must be concocting plans at the cost of the small Baltic states and the Russian Ukraine; the soberest conjecturers could but suppose that Germany had bought back the Corridor with promises at other people's expense. As successive reports from the Polish-German frontiers came in, an impression was made in Western Europe as if a very miracle had occurred; the cessation of polemics in the press had put an immediate end, it appeared, to the burning hatreds whose flames had flickered for fifteen years, from Danzig down to Kattowitz. Politically the Polish-German *rapprochement* involved a large-scale re-orientation. Sociologically the experiment was about to be tried as to whether the cessation of propaganda could cause hostility to fade away—whether, indeed, the demon of modern propaganda should be regarded as even more powerful than racial and nationalist impulses. Were they perhaps to be considered as largely the offspring of propaganda?

A journey to Eastern Europe in the summer of 1935 provides illuminating comment upon the anxious ruminations of Paris and London. Several interesting events have been adding to the dimensions of the question-mark placed after any phrase which implies a close alliance between Germany and Poland. In March Germany frankly flouted the Peace Treaty, and she has been rearming in all directions at a tremendous pace ever since. At the beginning of May came the financial collapse of Danzig.

Ten days later Marshal Pilsudski died. And in June came the naval agreement between Great Britain and Germany. How has Warsaw reacted to these events?

Her remarkable position on the map of contemporary Europe makes the policy of Poland something far more decisive than we are accustomed to realize. In the pre-Hitler days she lay at the mercy, as she felt, of the Rapallo partners, Russia and Germany. But when the National-Socialist Revolution irreparably smashed Russo-German friendship, Poland became an area of immense international importance, since she provided a large, very far from demilitarized or internationalized, but rather impartial, zone with its own strong defensive interest, entirely separating Germany from Russia. Polish territory also, incidentally, entirely divides Lithuania from Russia, and since the Corridor cuts off East Prussia, Poland can impede hostilities between Lithuania and Germany.

The Poles are politically realist and diplomatically facile. Though eloquent denouncers of Communism, they had, as a matter of fact, made a non-aggression pact with the Soviet Government in July, 1932, just before Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. In the spring of 1933, outbursts of German chauvinism made the crisis in Polish-German relations so acute that there must either be war or a diplomatic *volte-face*. Poland did not wish to fight Germany alone, and the Western Powers, though their newspapers discussed a preventive war, were obviously unwilling to wage one. By concluding the Agreement with Germany in January, 1934, Poland offset her Agreement with Russia, and became the umpire between Berlin and Moscow. The Poles have been nursing no illusions about the rearmament of Germany which was announced to the world by the admission of the existence of the Air Force and by the Conscription decree. A good many people in Warsaw believe it would have been better to have nipped German rearmament in the bud, but since that was not attempted, Poland has only one policy to pursue, the policy of balance upon which she has embarked. Pilsudski's death could therefore make no difference, except in so far as it slightly weakened the political position of the francophobe Colonel Beck. Beck can no longer, for instance, claim the Marshal's support for his actions, and while

he has never enjoyed much personal popularity, he has become more subject to criticism from powerful army chiefs.

There appears to be no Pan-Slavonic feeling whatever in Poland, and there is a dominant tradition of resentment against the oppression of historic Russia. Yet the Poles seem to feel fairly certain that Germany is a more dangerous, and probably a more aggressive, neighbour than the U.S.S.R. For they know that Russia's strategic railway lines are still very far from completion, they doubt the fidelity of her peasants, and they are unimpressed by what they have seen of her Air Force when Russian pilots have come visiting.

There is a certain Polish school of thought which believes that the ambitions of National-Socialist Germany are in no way dangerous to Poland. It is argued that the Austrian, Hitler, has abolished Prussia, and that the interests of a de-prussianized Germany do not conflict with those of Poland; Hitler's natural inclination is expansion towards, and down, the Danube. It is difficult not to feel that this theory is a little too neat and convenient to be true, and in Warsaw one does not gain the impression that official policy relies upon it. As a matter of fact, it is amusing and also inevitable that all the neighbours of the new Germany should be eager to divert her attention to that side of her upon which they themselves are not placed. In the Danubian countries it is often explained to one that Germany is bound to expand to the East and not to the South. Anyone worthy of the name of a statesman knows, of course, that Germany will expand when and whither she can. For this reason, and because of the deep-rooted fear that history may some day repeat the story of Poland's partition, the Poles are determined to prevent any foreign soldier, be he Russian or German, from setting foot upon Polish territory. "If they once came in, we should never get rid of them", they say. This knocks out the theories of darkly-laid plans for Polish-German military co-operation towards the East.

This intelligible attitude towards foreign troops, nevertheless, provides Poland and Germany with one thing in common, and that is their attitude towards the Eastern Pact desired by Russia and France; they stand together in opposing the principle of mutual assistance, and will only consider non-aggression pacts.

Over one other point Poland and Germany see eye to eye, and that is in their common hostility to Czechoslovakia. While denying all incorrect aspirations, the four million Germans in Czechoslovakia, who nearly all voted Nazi in the elections in May, are implicitly regarded as the rightful subjects of the German Reich; Berlin also resents the permission to her own expelled Socialists to work in Prague. Between Poland and Czechoslovakia the difficulty dates from the post-war settlement when Benes succeeded in incorporating the Teschen district in the Czechoslovak Republic. There is a considerable Polish minority there, and the district is economically valuable. In addition Warsaw resents the pro-Russian policy of Prague, and sympathises with Budapest in her frontier complaints against Benes. In considering the key position held by Poland, as between Germany, Russia, and Lithuania, it should not be forgotten that Poland also separates Czechoslovakia from Russia; this geographical fact emasculates the recent alliance between Moscow and Prague, for Poland could rapidly invade Carpathian Ruthenia with the eager, and perhaps the active, encouragement of Hungary.

Since Germany and Poland have agreed to ten years' non-aggression, the press of each country has ceased to vilify the other, and frontier incidents have come to an end. But it cannot be said that there is a fundamental improvement in the relations of the Poles and Germans who live near the frontiers.

Along the Vistula frontier from Marienwerder to Marienburg, the German local authorities are still doing all the propaganda they can; one is still shown the place where the frontier crosses a peasant's back-garden, and they still point out the iniquity of the frontier demarcation which takes both banks of the river for Poland. The Corridor is still described as an unbearable phenomenon in itself. One is still shown ancient maps with the corridor names in German, as if this should convince one of Germany's claims. On one of these I found Danzig compromising as Dansk, and, when I asked about some villages with Polish names, it was allowed that the country population had been pretty Polish, with bland disregard for the pre-eminent significance of the peasant in the Germany of today.

It is not unimportant, perhaps, that the Poles entertain no

thought of the smallest concessions on the Vistula frontier. And one has only to go to Gdynia to have it made perfectly clear to one that the Poles are not constructing that magnificent port with a view to handing it over to Germany. It is a favourite Polish story that in 1920 Herr Sahm, who is now Lord Mayor of Berlin but was at that time President of the Danzig Senate, when refusing to let the Poles import arms for their Russian war in 1920, derisively told them to build their own port on the quicksands of the fishing village of Gdynia. So they did. By 1926 Gdynia was able to function, and in 1932 its harbour traffic reached and passed the Danzig level. With the help of French capital, a railway was built from the Kattowitz coal-mines up to Gdynia, and the coal traffic easily diverted from Danzig. Gdynia today is a magnificent sight with its brand-new cranes and its modernist warehouses, and with depth for the biggest liners to call. For all its newness, the town already has a faint suggestion of Slav slovenliness, but it is none the worse for that.

Only a few miles to the east, the ancient granaries of Danzig are standing almost bare today. The Free City has undoubtedly suffered in the past from the rise—artificially stimulated by the Polish Government—of Gdynia. But a truce was called in 1933 in the economic war between the two ports, and Poland agreed to “*une participation égale dans le trafic maritime*” for both Danzig and Gdynia. The ruin of Danzig, thus apparently averted by its new Nazi rulers, was subsequently ensured by their fantastic expenditure upon uneconomic public works and by the increasing financial difficulties of Germany. In the spring of this year the Reich cut off the subsidies it had hitherto supplied, and on May 2nd the bankruptcy of Danzig had to be declared in a drastic devaluation of the currency. Since that event the unfortunate Free City has been the victim of a peculiarly acrid battle between the ostensible allies, Poland and Germany. On the one hand the Poles are trying to force Danzig to become economically Polish* by the introduction of the Polish zloty as

* By the Treaty of Versailles the Free City of Danzig became a part of the Polish customs and railway area, but the Poles were dissatisfied with the arrangement, and in the Treaty of Paris (1920) a unification of the two monetary systems was foreshadowed.

currency. In view of the chaotic consequences of the currency restrictions imposed by Danzig since June, the Poles have been raining fresh advantages upon Gdynia. On July 22nd they closed the Danzig-Polish customs frontier and ten days later the Danzigers retaliated by virtually opening their East Prussian frontier. On August 8th these measures were withdrawn, owing, no doubt, to some face-saving pressure from Berlin, but the Poles secured that duties collected in Danzig must now be paid in zlotys; at the moment of writing further negotiations are going on. The history of Prussia has impressed all Germans with the political potentialities of customs unions, and the Danzigers fear the introduction of the zloty as a prelude to more Polish authority and polonization; more people will become the employees of Poles, and their children, it is thought, will be expected to go to Polish schools.

The Nazi Government of Germany is clearly embarrassed by the Danzig question. The satellite Nazi Senate there has made itself thoroughly unpopular, yet it cannot completely be dropped. The Reich, it appears, has decided to consider the Free City of Danzig as nothing but a military outpost. It has ceased to supply money directly, but it obviously encourages the drafting of as many Danzigers as possible into one or other of the more or less military formations which exist in Danzig; in addition to the ordinary and the political police, there are, incidentally, the S.S., the S.A., the *Einwohnerwehr*, the *Hilfsdienst* and the *Landespolizei*. One sees the green uniforms of the *Landespolizei* wherever one goes; its members look exceedingly soldierly, and are commanded by a certain Colonel Bock, who was, until recently, an officer in the Reichswehr—Danzig is, of course, politically totally independent of Berlin. Unemployed youths serve in the *Hilfsdienst* for a year; they are now to serve only three months in Danzig and nine in the Reich. Officials and unemployed workmen, especially those known to hold anti-Nazi views, are now to be employed in the Reich or drastically cut down in what the Free City pays them. Danzig, cleared of its growing political opposition, is to become a German armed camp it seems; already it has its air base and airmen.

The leading Nazi newspaper in Danzig is still headed “Back to the Reich; down with treaty compulsion”, despite the Polish-

German Agreement. Everyone who knows the position of Danzig knows that it would be useless to attach the Free City to East Prussia, while leaving the Corridor frontiers as they are. Thus the implicit war which Poland and Germany are already waging in Danzig only continues the struggle, which has never really ceased, for the Corridor as a whole. When Colonel Beck went to Berlin in July, it is generally believed that he refused to *discuss* the question of Danzig, though it can scarcely have gone unmentioned. It is supposed that Hitler complained about the polonization of the German minorities in Poland without much hope of bringing about a genuine improvement. Beck, on the other hand, probably failed to procure a written confirmation of the suggestion, made in the Chancellor's speech on May 21st, that the 'Ten Years' Non-Aggression Pact between Germany and Poland should be indefinitely prolonged. Some people say that Beck was actually brought to Berlin through the apprehension aroused in Warsaw by the Naval Agreement between Germany and Great Britain.

The impression created on the Continent by this Naval Agreement can scarcely be exaggerated. Apart from the fact that it is very generally misinterpreted into something like an alliance, people seem to forget that Germany would have rebuilt a navy whether Great Britain had agreed to it or not. All the Powers with an interest in the Baltic are agitated because they consider that England has handed over the Baltic to Germany. As a matter of fact, Sweden is the only Baltic country with anything like a navy. If all the Baltic states combined, they would about equal the German fleet, as envisaged by the British Agreement, in ships, while technically Germany would have an undoubted advantage; none of the others, for instance, has a ship so well equipped as the *Deutschland*. Now if Germany be allowed to dominate the Baltic, the whole Polish plan is to some extent punctured. Poland regards the three little states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia as her particular sphere of interest; she may even have had private thoughts of expansion here or into East Prussia. But she has only a couple of destroyers and very little else in the way of ships; and these and what she may now succeed in building can easily be shut in at Gdynia. The isolation of East Prussia from Germany can then be undone,

and with that the Polish fence between Russia and Germany becomes rather rickety.

In no capital can the news of the Anglo-German Agreement have been received with greater consternation than in Kovno. The position of Lithuania is such that the interests of Germany, Russia, and Poland all converge upon her, and particularly upon her semi-German port of Memel at the north of the important Niemen river. No one who has visited Memel at all recently can doubt that Memel-land is largely disloyal to Lithuania, and that this makes Lithuania exceedingly vulnerable. The Statute according autonomy to Memel-land was signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. Hitherto France and Italy have modified protests from England, but the Anglo-German Naval Agreement, from the Lithuanian point of view, seemed to emphasize British inability to comprehend the tremendous menace from Nazi Germany to the integrity of Lithuania. Hitler's intemperate abuse of this weak and diminutive country on May 21st was scarcely reported in the British Press, but there could be no mistaking its tone. The Italians are frankly pro-Lithuanian because, for the moment, they are still anti-German, but that may suddenly change. And if the League cannot prevent Italy from attacking Abyssinia, by how much less, the Lithuanians ask themselves, can Germany be prevented from attacking them when she wishes? Should they sacrifice their Vilna claim to get Poland's support over Memel, or sacrifice Memel to buy the friendship of Germany?

In spite of her tremendous susceptibility on the point, Lithuania probably knows that it will be best to acknowledge the loss of Vilna and come to terms with Poland. For the Poles, though the plan is popular in Germany, have no intention whatever of dividing Lithuania with Germany, so that Germany gets Memel and they are left with a poor agricultural hinterland when their agricultural population is already relatively too large. Provided they can be sure of no more nonsense, so to speak, over Vilna, they would far rather see Lithuania as it is, extending their own zone of neutrality between Germany and Russia, and they would feel the strongest aversion towards the idea of the German Navy at Memel. It should be observed, by the way, in recording

Poland's reactions to the new Germany, that, although Poland is ruled by an ambiguous and largely military dictatorship herself, she has very little sympathy with Nazi ideology. The Poles do not go in for racial enthusiasm; they despise their brother Slavs in Russia and Czechoslovakia, and admire the anti-Slav Hungarians. They have heard a great deal too much about the civilizing mission of the superior Germanic race. Having large non-Polish minorities (German, Ukrainian, Lithuanian), they are not too keen on the pure racial basis for a political entity, especially where so many people are of mixed descent. If the Germans mind about these things so much, the Poles ask with some amusement, why do they struggle so sternly to preserve their hold over so many people with non-German names? There is a favourite story in Danzig, by the way, of a negotiation in which Poland was represented by three Poles with German names and Danzig by three Germans with Polish names. It should be remembered also that Poland is a zealously Catholic country, and dislikes in proportion the persecution of the Catholics which has been intensifying in Germany this year. Lastly, though there is a great deal of anti-Semitic feeling in Poland, her biggest industrialists are Jews whose power and influence no one at present would attempt to challenge.

And now what is the attitude of Germany? We all know that she is rearming at a terrific pace. Prodigious numbers of armed men are springing up where the dragon's teeth were sown. From Berlin one cannot nowadays go sailing on the Havel lakes without driving past endless new barracks; one new training school for flying officers was worked on night and day so that it should be finished as rapidly as General Göring's whim dictated. What is it all for? There is no doubt that German diplomacy wishes to make the Peace Treaties everywhere seem intolerable, and that it will speak more loudly and less legally when backed by the full Army, Navy, and Air Force now under construction. Wherever the *status quo* seems most vulnerable, whether in Austria or Memel or even in Africa, there the opponents of Hitler have reason to be afraid.

How resistance will develop it is impossible to foresee. It would seem true, however, to say that the most powerful German impulse today is the *Drang nach Osten*—the drive to the East

Rosenberg's fall has often been foretold, but Hitler is much closer in spirit to Rosenberg than to the moderates of the Reichswehr and big industry; the new attacks on Jews and Christians are made in the spirit of Rosenberg's writings which also foreshadow the drive towards the East. If one goes to the old headquarters of the German Knights, the fourteenth-century castle of Marienburg, one becomes aware of a tremendous fighting tradition based on a leadership principle, a tradition which has perhaps bequeathed to the Nazis of today that which is best about their movement. The aim of the German Knights was, beneath the merest veil of Christianity, to Germanize eastwards and especially in the territory now held by the three Baltic States.

The majority of Germans feel, indeed, that the efforts of the German Knights around the shores of the Baltic, though curtailed by the great defeat of Tannenberg in 1410, have forever established a German right to the Baltic littoral. The most pacific Germans explain to one that the present state of things there cannot possibly last. But there is a significant tendency in Germany today, and that is, for one reason or another, to think in terms of war against Russia. Hitler's speech last May was violently anti-Russian. The press is constantly filled with suggestions that Soviet Russia is full of aggressive intentions and will soon attack Germany. Where Poland comes into the picture is never made clear; though the position of Poland as a buffer between the two countries, as anyone can see from the map, makes such a clarification very desirable. Just as the ordinary Russian is taught that he may be called upon to defend the social standard of life provided by the Soviet regime, so the average German is filled with stories about the barbarously low level prevailing in Russia, from the menace of which Germany will have to be saved by war. Somehow one gains the impression that German rearmament is chiefly aimed against Russia and against any other enemy encountered *en route*; indeed, if rearmed Germany has her way, Poland may one day pay heavily for her unsympathetic behaviour towards Danzig in 1935.

ECONOMICS OF AIR TRANSPORT

BY SQUADRON-LEADER P. R. BURCHALL

THE various committees of the League of Nations are steadily performing a vast amount of work and accumulating a mountain of data relating to almost every aspect of human activity. Civil aviation in Europe has now been added to the subjects studied, and some remarkable statistics have been published in a report on the Economics of Air Transport in Europe. The average man knows very little about civil aviation, although he is every day getting more interested, but his knowledge usually does not go far beyond the facts that American civil aviation has been developed to a pitch unparalleled elsewhere, that there are British air services to Paris, Egypt, and the Cape, to India and Australia, and that Germany has established a very comprehensive network of air services in Europe. In addition, he knows that none of these services is yet sound enough economically to operate without government subsidies, and that the British Civil Aviation Vote each year amounts to approximately half a million pounds. He wonders, reasonably enough, whether this load on the taxpayer is justifiable, and how long it will continue. Civil aviation, he thinks, is a spectacular and fascinating development, and it may have a considerable value in Imperial cohesion, but when, if ever, is it going to pay for itself?

The League of Nations Report was drafted for the Air Transport Co-operation Committee by M. Henri Bouché, who is not only editor of the well-known French paper, *L'Aéronautique*, but is also a government director on the Board of the great French combine known as "Air France". He is thus well qualified to write the report, and he paints a truly dismal picture of the economics of civil aviation in Europe considered as a whole. Unfortunately there must always be a considerable time-lag between economic happenings, the collection of relevant data, and the publication of the conclusions that may be deduced from the data: This is particularly true with regard to the present

report, for the conclusions are reached long after any serious value can be obtained from them. The report studies the years 1930-1932, and, at that time, with the exception of ourselves and the Dutch, none of the countries of Europe seems to have shown the smallest intention of developing commercial aviation on an economic basis. As a more or less inevitable result, the melancholy fact emerges that, taking an average for all air services in Europe, only about 30 per cent. of the total receipts of the air transport companies in 1931 was derived from users of the services, while about 70 per cent. of the total receipts had to be made up by government subsidy.

But the figures for different countries are very unequal, just as the motives for the operation of commercial aviation were very diverse. The march towards financial stability and independence in various countries may be pictured from the fact that since 1930 the proportion of earned revenue from British services improved from 31 per cent. to over 60 per cent. in 1933. The German Lufthansa Company reports that about half of its revenue is now derived from the users of its services, and the Dutch service is fast approaching a condition of financial independence, only a quarter of its revenue being derived from subsidy in 1933. It needs to be remembered that the introduction of every new subsidised service has usually a temporary adverse financial influence while the new traffic is being built up. Among European countries the Dutch and ourselves show the most striking progress towards the ideal of a self-supporting industry.

During the five years 1929-1933, the total approximate subsidies paid by various governments for regular services (not merely European services) run by civil aviation companies have amounted to :—

Great Britain	£1,900,000
Germany	£4,500,000
France	£7,500,000
U.S.A.	£19,000,000

and the German figure probably does not include municipal subsidies. It is clear that Great Britain has avoided the profligacy of some other countries, and has been content to build slowly and soundly, if perhaps less spectacularly. With this government assistance, each of these countries has established regular

air routes exceeding 20,000 miles in length, and a comparison of the cost of establishing the routes reflects the very great economy with which British development has been engineered. From not strictly comparable published statistics, it is very difficult to arrive at a just comparison of the running costs of the various lines, but it is everywhere acknowledged that, as far as working economy is concerned, British civil aviation compares extremely well with its European and American rivals. The British position indeed is not nearly so mediocre as the general European picture painted by M. Bouché would suggest. In passing, one cannot escape the thought that M. Bouché paints with such a melancholy brush in order to support the French project of internationalizing (= Frenchifying?) all commercial aviation in Europe.

British commercial aviation up to date has been concerned far more with the sound establishment of an Imperial backbone of air communications than with transport experiments on the continent of Europe. But we are inescapably tied geographically to the Continent, and our interests in European aviation must inevitably grow, and indeed are already growing with some vigour. Certain of the remarks that immediately follow are therefore intended to throw a little light on the complexity of the civil aviation situation in Europe. It is sometimes urged that the railways of Europe already provide fairly rapid transport, and that the advantages of air-transport are liable to be overstated. But the facts are that, for continental journeys exceeding 400 miles, on only five important routes does the available speed by rail exceed 25 miles per hour. Of these, only the Paris-Berlin and the Paris-Rome routes manage to maintain speeds between 30 and 40 miles per hour.

There is no need to enlarge here upon the obvious benefit obtainable from the very much higher speeds of air-transport. But it is worth mentioning that the advantage is most pronounced when the normal train journey exceeds twenty-four hours.

Of all European air traffic-routes the Paris-London line carries far and away the greatest density of traffic, amounting in 1932 to over 5,000 ton-kilometres per kilometre of line. This line is operated by British and French companies. The only other important lines showing any considerable traffic density are the London-Amsterdam line, the Paris-Brussels-Amsterdam line,

the Amsterdam-Malmö line, and the London-Brussels-Cologne-Düsseldorf line. It is natural to observe that all these lie to the northward of Paris, in the most economically active quarter of Europe.

Over the whole European network the receipts for passengers and goods carried by air in 1932 averaged 3s. 4d. per ton-mile, but mail, although small in amount, paid relatively much better, for the mail figure was approximately 12s. 6d. per ton-mile. The traffic (ton-miles carried) over the systems was made up of 71 per cent. passengers, 22 per cent. goods, and 7 per cent. mail. Seasonal variation in traffic is one of the difficulties besetting all transport undertakings. M. Bouché publishes a graph showing how on the German Lufthansa system in 1932 the number of passengers carried varied between 18,000 in August and 960 in January, a proportion of 19 to 1, but on the British imperial system, considered as a whole, the seasonal variations are now comparatively negligible, for the variation in the total traffic carried in 1934 was less than 2 to 1. This very valuable stability is no doubt due largely to the enormous geographical area covered by the system.

There cannot be much profit in any transport service unless a fair proportion of the tonnage offered is utilized by customers. Indeed the coefficient of utilization must be mainly responsible for the state of the profit and loss account. In 1932 the five chief European air lines sold between 40 per cent. and 62 per cent. of the carrying capacity that they offered. In this respect Great Britain occupied a leading position, owing either to her selection of routes offering the greatest scope or to high technical efficiency in operating her services, or to both.

While aeroplanes are such expensive toys, and while competition and technical progress continue to insist that their useful life on regular routes is limited to about four years, it is clear that if the machines spend an undue proportion of their life on the ground instead of in the air, the financial results will be very adversely affected. M. Bouché found that only ourselves and the Dutch got 500 hours annual service out of each machine. In the United States the comparable figure was in the region of 800 flying hours per machine per annum. The superior American figure was certainly due in very large measure to the far more

advanced state of the organization for night flying that is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. But rapid progress is being made, and some of the British machines are now being made to yield well over 1,000 hours service per annum.

In reviewing the whole situation of civil aviation in Europe, M. Bouché pays Imperial Airways the high tribute of being possibly second to no other European line as regards economic working, but he also rightly points out that the main justification of the concern lies outside Europe in its system of Imperial communications. The excellent performance of the Dutch, M. Bouché thinks, "is mainly due to the comparatively small size of the system served, and to the fortunate position occupied by the Netherlands at the intersection of the most important trade routes for the whole of Northern and North-western Europe, which is economically the most active".

The years of continuous intensive British pioneering in the air are only now beginning to show beneficial results. In 1928 the traffic amounted to roughly 800,000 ton-miles, and it is growing so rapidly that by 1934 the traffic had quadrupled at over 3,000,000 ton-miles. When this very healthy and enviable rate of growth is considered in conjunction with government expenditure on civil aviation during the same period, there is plenty of justification for believing that normal development will render subsidies progressively less necessary. For, while during the years 1928-1931, £1 of British Government subsidy went side by side with a steady average of 2.3 ton-miles of air traffic, by 1934 more than three times as much traffic was carried for each £1 of subsidy. That is to say, although the annual government expenditure on civil aviation does not yet show any marked decline—for subsidies are still necessary while the pioneering work continues—a great deal more work is being done, and a great deal more value is being obtained in return for the government assistance.

These statistics make dull enough reading, but they are essential to a right appreciation of the situation. They also inevitably make one wonder whether economic air transport is indeed the real objective of many of the other European nations' air services. 1934 was a year of continued development of the Imperial framework of air communications, culminating

in the extension of the Eastern service to Australia; 1935 will continue the good work by providing an African service from Khartum to the West Coast and an Asiatic extension to Hong-kong, while 1936 or 1937 will, it is hoped, see the beginning of the establishment of a trans-Atlantic service to North America. The main arterial framework of Imperial air transport will then be an accomplished fact, and development thereafter will be incidental rather than structural.

Nobody will quarrel with M. Bouché's view that "as there is no prospect in present circumstances in Europe of abolishing subsidies by general consent, the first problem is to make the best use of such subsidies in a manner enabling air transport to establish itself once and for all". The British interpretation of this dictum has been to concentrate attention upon the 20,000 miles of Empire routes; and subsidies have been devoted almost entirely to these routes, while operations in the United Kingdom and on the continent of Europe have derived comparatively little help from government assistance.

The greatest factor in attracting increased traffic is cheapness, but this, in turn, is dominated by the volume of traffic. Frequency of service is probably the next most important advantage that can be offered by a transport undertaking, because it saves loss of traffic to competing organizations. But traffic normally grows slowly, and a loss must always be incurred in the interval between the provision of increased frequency and cheapness and the securing of sufficient additional traffic to cover the increased running costs. M. Bouché justly observes that in the matter of technical improvement and lowering of fares and rates it will often be found that it is impossible in practice to do anything unless the volume of freight (passengers, goods, and mail) offered for air transport increases *considerably*. How is it possible to secure the desired acceleration in this rate of increase?

The Post Office hopes to solve the problem with a plan of carrying all first-class Empire mail by air at a flat rate very much below the rates at present charged for air-mail. Cheap postage has always been a paying proposition, and the Post Office is giving nothing away—indeed the Director of Postal Services has stated that his Department expects to make a profit out of the plan—but the proposal has so much sanity behind it that British

air transport will receive a tremendous impetus. These new air-mail plans are far in advance of anything yet done in any country. It is very surprising that such an enormously important matter has not received far greater appreciation in the Press than it has. For when all first-class mail is carried throughout the Empire by air at something like the present surface rate of 1½d., the public will have everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the whole Empire must receive a practical stimulus, both commercial and political, and become economically stronger and politically stronger.

The present volume of first-class mail between Great Britain and India amounts to about 15 tons per week, of which only about 5 per cent. is carried at present by air. When the whole of this mail is carried by air, the volume may be somewhat less because of the weight limitation of individual letters, but if ten tons of mail is carried by air per week, the additional air-mail traffic between Great Britain and India will amount to nearly a quarter of a million ton-miles per annum. This additional amount of traffic on this one route will be equal in volume to the whole of the traffic of all kinds carried on the whole of the Empire air services in 1933. And if the air-mail carrier is paid only 1d. per letter for India against the present rate of something like 4½d., he will receive nearly £200,000 additional annual revenue on the India route alone. Somewhat similar figures apply to the African and Australian mail routes, and the importance of the plan is self-evident.

There can be no question that such a considerable increase of traffic and revenue must inevitably and immediately bring the financial independence of British civil aviation much nearer. Subsidies may not at once vanish when the new postal arrangements come into force, indeed some additional subsidized help may be needed to bring them into being, but the great point is that the traffic will necessarily undergo great expansion; and nothing but traffic expansion can bring the service to a state of self-support.

It is natural to expect that mail should always employ the speediest available carrier so long as the necessary conditions of reliability and regularity can be secured, and the march of progress insists that as these conditions are now available by air, the steam-

ship must now yield on grounds of speed to the aeroplane. At first sight it would appear that the shipping companies, already hard pressed by the world's economic condition, would be likely to offer strong opposition to the scheme. But actually it is doubtful if they will suffer financially. First-class mail excludes newspapers and parcels, and comprises only about one-tenth of the whole, so the shipping companies will still carry nine-tenths of the bulk of the mail. As it is the first-class mail that imposes heavy obligations and carries heavy penalties for delay, the shippers may even welcome the loss of the first-class mail so long as they retain the carriage of the remaining, less onerous, bulk.

The plan needs the good will and assistance of the Dominions and Colonies, and improved night-flying arrangements must be made. The details are now being worked out locally, and the plan is expected to come into operation by 1937.

The Government attaches very considerable importance to the sound development of civil aviation, and apart from the Department of Civil Aviation three influential bodies are in existence to help the work forward. One of these, the new "Council of Action" under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Maybury, owes its birth to the very recent striking increase in air transport within Great Britain. The development at home has been very patchy, owing largely to the dilatoriness of many municipalities in dealing with the aerodrome question, and the "Council of Action" has been formed primarily to examine all potentially useful internal air lines and to give every necessary guidance and encouragement to municipalities in providing aerodromes.

BRITISH AND JAPANESE IN CHINA

BY EDWIN HAWARD

(Editor, *North-China Daily News*, Shanghai)

DIMLY the sprawling yellow of China glows in the Far Eastern mist. Within that vast bulk, four hundred million peasants balance themselves precariously on the edge of existence. They see nothing surprising in their splendid resistance to the troubles inflicted upon them by nature and man. They have been placidly wrestling with the problem of living for centuries. They vaguely know that, somewhere on the fringe of their world and fitfully in their midst, strange beings from overseas move about and in various ways produce curious changes in the routine. They have sufficient sense of the value of family unity to organize simple means of solving day-to-day problems. For the rest, they tolerate—so far as they can—the bewildering interventions of officials. Yet the state of a country torn by political dissension, burdened by uneven taxation, overrun by reckless unemployed in bandit guise, hamstrung by imperfect communications, and incoherent for want of a uniform system of administration, cannot be described as other than desperate.

But China of to-day is far more stable than that cursory survey suggests. Her peasantry have not lost their backbone. Her Government, painfully overcoming the throes of a revolutionary phase, is, month by month, recording this or that gain in competence, despite frequent checks from without and within. Old evils persist: corruption, personal selfishness, traditional conservatism—notably the “family system” which puts the family before the State—mingling strangely with modern political shibboleths. Yet through the whole darkness there streaks a silver thread of sincere intention which, faltering here and stumbling there, has solid achievements to its credit.

Turning from that abstract survey to the concrete facts of this China to-day, it is appropriate to observe that the Western

impact on this ancient country has been intensified by the sudden assertion of Western dominance by an Oriental nation which has amazingly absorbed Western institutions, especially of a certain kind. Whether Japan was right or wrong in bringing down the mailed fist in Manchuria is beside the point now. The fact remains that since September, 1931, Japan has annexed Manchuria, albeit the annexation is dressed up in the form of a revived Manchu Empire with the real Manchu Emperor on the throne at Changchun (Hsinking). From that starting point she has extended the influence of her soldiers and statesmen to include as much of Northern China as runs north of the Yellow River. The progress is not complete. It is still in active development. To all intents and purposes, Japan rules in Peiping (Peking) and Tientsin, and has earmarked the territory between Jehol and Sinkiang for her eventual supervision, so that a Mongolia attuned to Japanese policy may offer a stout bulwark against possible Russian ambitions to the detriment of the new Manchuria.

In pursuance of this plan, it has seemed right to Tokyo to acquire Chinese friendship. The task, to the outsider, may sound fantastic. How can friendship be formed on the basis of a series of territorial aggressions and high-handed violences at China's expense? In point of fact the task was simple. The Japanese diplomats have been well chosen. They are men of real ability, and genuinely friendly with China. Moreover, they have a deep knowledge of Chinese culture, and have been able successfully to win Chinese confidence. What they think of their own militarists who, ever and anon, feel compelled to play an *obbligato* on the war-drum, their discretion keeps locked within their breasts. To the onlooker it seems that if they were given a breathing space from the flamboyancies of the Kwantung Army which is the spearhead of Japanese War Office aggression in China, the Japanese diplomats would make vastly more headway in China's good graces than they do. Yet, such is the admirable solidarity of the Japanese national mind that the sins of the military are cheerfully shouldered by the diplomats. Cynics, indeed, may perceive in the variation from military to diplomatic action a planned team-work which illustrates the advantage of preventing the right hand of the Tokyo Foreign

Office from knowing what the left hand of the War Office's representative on the spot is occasionally doing. The team-work has achieved much. The North of China has to think what Japan thinks and, so far as possible, to order its goings and comings accordingly.

Nor is this privilege confined to the North. In the last year close touch has been kept by Tokyo, through military and diplomatic representatives, with the Chinese Government as its headquarters. In the beginning of 1934, General Chiang Kai-shek was mopping up a ridiculous rebellion in Fukien. He followed it by dislodging an eight-year-old nest of sovietized Chinese rebels in Southern Kiangsi. They scattered to the west, and were chased or made their way through Kwangsi and Hunan to Kweichow, Yunnan and Szechuan. There they are leading the Chinese Government troops a merry dance, but the indomitable Generalissimo, whose prestige has been greatly enhanced all over the North and Central China in recent months, is determined to call the tune. He may push them over the border into some convenient Alsatia. The Japanese have given him every encouragement in this western China campaign. They have also let it be clearly understood that they do not want any more trouble in Fukien, where they have "special interests"—familiar phrase with sinister import—and where the new Governor, to use the convenient term, is in close touch with the local Japanese officials.

General Chiang Kai-shek has established a remarkable record; he has been the dominant figure in the new Republic for over seven years—the only breaks being due to voluntary retirement for a brief period to prove, as it promptly did, his complete ascendancy over his contemporaries. War lord he may have been once, war lord he still is, but he is more. He has kept the country out of civil war since 1930. He has created something like a national army and, with it, much-needed canons of discipline. He has astutely refused to batter his head against the Japanese brick wall. He has preserved a working independence although going to great lengths to placate Japan. He has actively encouraged the Government to pay heed to the economic reconstruction of the country as the only effective and permanent retort to Communism. He is a strong man.

And what of the economic position? Since 1930 there has been a steady decline in the country's international trade. The adverse balance of payments (excluding Manchurian figures) in millions of Chinese dollars has registered \$779 in 1930, \$1,087 in 1931, \$955 in 1932, \$733 in 1933, and \$495 in 1934. Military expenditure, Communism, Japanese aggression, floods on a titanic scale, even drought, have weakened the country's economic fabric. Last year the climax came when, to this already heavy accumulation of ills, was added a catastrophic drain of silver, the basis of the currency, as the direct result of the silver purchase programme of the United States of America. Until 1932, China had been, on balance, an importer of silver to the extent of a hundred million dollars annually, taking a rough average from 1925 to 1931 inclusive. In 1932 and 1933 she showed a net export of ten million dollars and fourteen million dollars respectively. In 1934, the year of the signing of the London Silver Agreement, but more significantly the year of President Roosevelt's surrender to the silver Senators, the net export figure rose to 257 million dollars—practically all of it before October when, in self-defence, China imposed a virtual embargo on silver exports and took other steps to steady her exchange. Since then, by the wise co-operation of foreign and Chinese banks with the Finance Minister, a rough and ready bulwark has been erected in the hope that the desperate expedient of inflation may be avoided. A managed currency in the full sense of the term would be disastrous to a country so little equipped with the machinery which, in other administrations, provides the necessary safeguards against the recognized dangers of such a device.

Incidentally the depression has hit Shanghai severely, but Shanghai represents only 5 per cent. of China's financial and economic system. Shanghai, to digress slightly, is not so much a victim of currency difficulties as of ill-controlled confidence in its inflated land values. Over-speculation, excessive credit expansion in boom years and reckless investment in real estate, despite warning signals no less than four years ago, have frozen Shanghai's assets at a vital moment. Credit restrictions have come as a heavy blow. Blame cannot be solely imputed to America. Shanghai is suffering the severe headache of the morning after a heavy drinking bout. And the heavy drinker is

more susceptible to disease which a healthy constitution would successfully resist. Shanghai will recover and resume its amazing march to prosperity, but before that happens there will be unpleasant financial experiences, some of which have already shown themselves. Normally Shanghai is a reliable barometer of China—economically and, in a minor degree, politically. Just now the barometer is registering confusedly for, on its own account, it is passing through a series of seismic shocks. Possibly the political function is less inaccurately discharged, for the chief liveliness in Shanghai's present politics is due to a growing assertion of Japanese claims at British expense within the International Settlement. This is being developed by an unofficial body called the Japanese Ratepayers' Association, but it is noteworthy that one of the leading figures in the agitation—ostensibly in his private capacity—is a senior official of the Japanese Consulate-General. It would not be easy to imagine a British consular official being allowed to exploit his personal citizenship of Shanghai in leading a movement against one of the partner-nations in the Settlement.

China's chief need is to redress her adverse balance of payments—and progressive reductions in that balance are a healthy sign—and to achieve that end by improving her economic resources, in better marketing for her crops, speedier communications—rice imported from Rangoon is cheaper than that brought from Wusih to Shanghai—more evenly distributed taxation, removal of arbitrary imposts on internal industries and commerce, greater co-ordination in the government and freedom from external anxieties. The National Economic Council is quietly putting in much spadework. The Chinese Customs Administration, still the country's sheet anchor for administrative sanity and financial equilibrium, has splendidly maintained its integrity, thanks to the wisdom of successive Finance Ministers, Mr. T. V. Soong and Dr. H. H. Kung, who have found in Sir Frederick Maze, the Inspector-General of Customs, a brilliant exponent of the finest traditions of the Civil Service: a man trusted by bankers and the Government alike, whose services have been one of the best contributions ever made by Great Britain to China's advancement.

General Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues, by a sage develop-

ment of the policy of tolerance, expressed in a wide freedom for provincial individuality, have actually acquired for the Government a sense of control unknown to their predecessors. To suggest that this control can be assessed in terms recognizable in the West would be misleading. The very vastness of the country precludes any early attainment of that objective. Yet the aeroplane, the opening up of motor-roads (which, however, still fall far short of the needs of the rural areas for cheap transport) and the quickening of the co-operative spirit in the villages, are all working in the Government's favour, and may continue so to work if the peasant's natural capacity for self-help is allowed to act as the basic motive power, and Government direction assumes more the guise of assistance and advice rather than a dictatorial evangel imposed from above.

How does this fit in with Japan's rapid assumption of the role of the dominant power in China? Theoretically it fits in admirably. Japan can no more do without China than China can do without Japan. China wants to develop her cotton and wool industries. Japan can find a use for the products. Japan can even take a hand in assisting China's industries to find their feet. In the textile trade it is believed that before two years are out Japan will be able to export textile machinery to China, even at the risk of offending Osaka. Japan has already shown a desire to control the Chinese railway system north of the Yellow River in furtherance of plans for keeping Soviet Russia at bay. Japan's organization of Manchuria's railways can be readily extended to the Peiping-Kalgan line. On the Yangtze Japan is already a serious competitor to British trade in a region where that trade has long held sway. Fukien is another of Japan's "special" concerns, as explained above. China does not pretend to an ability to meet Japan in the military sense. General Chiang Kai-shek was not trained in Japan for nothing. On these grounds it would seem that the problem of Sino-Japanese *rapprochement* is simply one for Japanese diplomacy to handle. It would be, were it not for the complication of the military-cum-political ambitions of the Japanese militarists, who use aggression against China at one moment as a definite means of hacking a way through to specific points of control, and at another as a suitable instrument for putting civilian politicians in Tokyo in their proper

place of subserviency for the due preservation of the Army's historical constitutional irresponsibility under the direct patronage of the Emperor.

Nevertheless, the plan proceeds. After each demonstration, whether by diplomats or warriors, it will be seen that yet another consolidation of Japanese overlordship has been effected. Speculation, indeed, is now concerned to decide whether General Chiang Kai-shek will be allowed to enjoy his spectacular success in overcoming the obstacles to China's national unity. It is recalled that when he was last in command of an apparently unified China, the "Young Marshal" having emerged from Manchuria to take stand by his side in the Kuomintang Congress, a sudden breach occurred in Canton and, later, Manchuria evaporated from the Chinese scene. Will history repeat itself? Danger signals fly in the North whence Japanese military spokesmen have bluntly assailed Chiang Kai-shek's "sincerity", and in the South where Japanese influence in Kwangsi is threatening to impede the *rapprochement* between Canton and Nanking.

For China, any setback of this kind means little in the long run. It merely provides her with extended experience in the task of forming her national consciousness. Nor is it easy immediately to gauge the possible effect on the interests of other foreign nationals. Manchuria's "open door" offers poor consolation. It is, as one observer has put it, open enough, but the non-Japanese cannot cross the threshold owing to the press of Japanese bodies in the way. The foreign community in China, particularly the British—partly in sentimental memory of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but partly, too, in petulant impatience with the contrast between Japan's quick salute of Western materialism and China's wayward laggardness—have been markedly favourable to Japanese policy. Japan has been regarded as fighting the foreigner's battle. This freak of mentality has left a vivid and sinister impression on the foreign thought of the last two decades. It is steadfastly resisted by the younger generation of foreigners and by some of the more responsible of their leaders, but prejudices die hard. These prejudices are plainly evident in much of the literature which has purported to expound China to Western readers. The Japanese have known how to minister to this quaint method of establishing trading

relations with an alien people. They have exceptional means of obtaining information. They are only too ready to place it in judicious form at the disposal of the unsophisticated Western writer who desires to call the world to bear witness to the perversity of "things Chinese".

At the same time the Japanese themselves manage far more happily than other nations to get on with the Chinese. They choose their diplomats with care, and they have a special advantage in certain cultural forms which they share in common with the Chinese. It is amazing to some observers how, in spite of all that has happened in Manchuria and China since 1931, an apparently substantial bond of good will has been already established between the two countries. Japanese traders and diplomats, in fact, have only the eccentricities of their militarists to fear in pressing that good will to really effective issues. The Western foreigner has no right to grumble. Japan's search for economic outlets is perfectly legitimate, and its scope in China is obvious. It should not invite hostility so long as China is agreeable. Indeed it may help to solve awkward problems elsewhere.

At the moment the foreigner is less obsessed by the Japanese advance than by the severity of the economic depression, which makes him wonder, not whether the Japanese will supplant him in China's trade, but whether there will be any trade at all. In Shanghai, except for the preliminary skirmishes over political power in the International Settlement, the Japanese are not disposed at the moment to disturb Western complacency. They are, in fact, alert in tendering reassuring explanations of the march of events. They have an easy task; gentle emphasis on Chinese idiosyncrasies, untiringly held up to ridicule in time-honoured fashion, will immediately dispose of a cohort of ugly and inconvenient spectres. Even the bombardment of Shanghai from the air and from the ground, although perhaps deprecated, was airily dismissed by some as the natural visitation of Nanking's sins upon the urban masses of Chapei.

But when the regimen now being instituted for China's benefit has acquired the respectability of permanence and the wheels of Sino-Japanese *rapprochement* are working smoothly, Shanghai's apprehension may quicken. The notion that Japanese efforts will pull Western chestnuts out of the Chinese fire has receded—

a sign of dawning realism in foreign minds. The next step will, or should, be a taking of stock and a reaffirmation of Western ability to stand upon its own legs. Japan must be granted the right to develop her own economic activities in China, and should be treated with friendliness and co-operation where desired. Yet there is no reason why other foreigners should be called upon to view China through Japan's eyes. Japan's military adventures must be left out of the reckoning. How they may proceed depends largely on the internal politics of Japan herself. They constitute an incalculable factor which, at any moment, may transform the whole Far Eastern situation, and not necessarily to Japan's advantage.

The British community in China, standing for important interests of much benefit to both nations concerned, has every right to be confident in its claim to continued partnership in China's progress. In railway developments, for example, British effort has pioneered. The endeavour now being made to treat railways as a serious instrument for China's advancement, and to take them out of the well-meaning, but untechnical hands of political careerists, deserves British attention. Chinese engineers and railwaymen should be encouraged to grapple with this important problem, and British advice can help them. British representation in China sadly needs the galvanizing force of constructive leadership which can give coherence to British policy and thought, and help the community as a whole to acquire a more effective grasp of the principles of Sino-British relations than it has shown in the past. There is a real friendliness afoot between British and Chinese, working together for China's good and—for no such effort can be securely based on pure altruism—to their own practical benefit. Much needs to be done to uproot prejudices which, by the curious tenacity of their kind, consistently hamper such constructive labour. The China of to-day is in no static condition; dynamic influences are to be discerned on all sides. The Japanese are ready to play their part in their own way. The British, from a position of greater detachment, can play theirs. China, simmering, heaving, bubbling, is no placid arena. The task is all the more worthy of British enterprise.

THE ADMIRAL

BY ALBERT JAROSY

THE alarm clock tore him from his sleep at four. Its shrill ringing broke suddenly into the stillness of the house, and was plainly audible as far down as the fifth story. The Admiral yawned, and stopped the alarm. Then he got up from the divan, and went barefoot the few steps to the sloping wall of the attic, to open the dormer-window. A lovely day! It was the middle of March, and there was a smell of spring in the air already. Against the pale blue of the sky the smoke went up straight as candles from the countless chimneys scattered about like flower-pots over the Paris roofs.

The Admiral wriggled his feet into his slippers, lighted the spirit-lamp and put the kettle on. Then he laid the breakfast things, putting aside with care as he did so the many written sheets lying on the low table. They were covered with a fine old-fashioned handwriting, and contained the report of the last monthly meeting of the Imperial Navy. The "Staff" met in the back room of a little tavern in the factory quarter. After the sitting, a certain number of copies were made of the report, and sent "confidentially" to distant comrades. The Admiral's copy, for instance, was intended for the 80-year old Commandant of the Ironclad *Pavlovsk*, who was leading a lonely and miserable life somewhere on the Persian frontier. The latest news, even if it reached him three months late, gave him moral support and filled his heart with confidence.

The kettle began to sing, and little clouds of steam arose. The teacup with the gilt inscription "Grand Hotel Negresco" stood ready. The Admiral had picked it up in the rag-fair when times were bad. With the speed of long habit he rolled the bedclothes together and hid the bundle in the corner behind

the wardrobe. Then he pushed the table up to the divan and began his breakfast.

While slowly drinking his tea and eating his rusks and sausage, he held the Russian newspaper in his left hand, and searched it for weddings or funerals of "former people". He paid particular attention to funerals, for he now restricted his fashionable life to these solemnities. He never missed a funeral service at the Russian Church. He turned up in his old threadbare uniform, his Admiral's hat on his head, and his breast decorated with a number of orders and insignia. The uniform lay in a chest, carefully folded, and strenuously defended against the moth.

When the Admiral had ascertained, with regret, that no occasion for putting on his uniform offered itself for the coming week, he began slowly to dress. At five o'clock he left his "flat". The cooks and housemaids who inhabited the other attics never came up by day to the seventh story. The Admiral had never met his neighbours. It was an entirely respectable house in a conservative quarter.

As a rule the Admiral went for his walk in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel des Invalides. He was particularly fond of the Esplanade, with its fine walks leading the eye to the grey pillars of the Eiffel Tower. It was a friendly and yet military region. Sometimes he extended his walk to the quays of the Seine, and watched the barges gliding forever lazily downstream. Then he would regret that fate had not cast him into some seaport town. Yet he would hardly have found such an excellent job elsewhere, and at sixty-four that was no small consideration.

From six to seven the Admiral paid calls. As the number of his friends was confined to a small group of refugees, it was not difficult for him to get through all his visits in the course of the week. There was the widow of General Kostromsky, the mother of his regimental comrade Grischa. She was ninety, stone deaf, but of an imperturbable temper. She lived with her daughter Natalie in a tiny lodging. Natalie Kostromsky gave lessons in several languages, and conducted a course for "distinguished manners" which was much frequented during the inflation period.

Then there were a few old Generals, and a member of the

Imperial Council, Shumikoff, whom the dealers supplied with antiques for their American customers to "discover". Shumikoff employed his still unimpaired wits in the invention of histories appropriate to each object and designed to stimulate the cupidity of the "discoverers". That each one had been "prized by the family for hundreds of years" was a foregone conclusion. But thinking out on what historical occasion his father, grandfather, or faraway ancestor had received this or that antique as a present from this or the other Tsar, demanded an inexhaustible imagination which was far from adequately remunerated by a ten per cent commission. At the moment Shumikoff envied the Admiral his "fixed pay", for now that the Americans were not coming over, business was going from bad to worse.

Among the Admiral's intimate friends was the Secretary of Embassy, Jablonoff. He dealt in German transfer prints, came into contact with a great many people, heard all sorts of news, and was particularly well-informed in political matters. As he was still young—hardly above fifty-three—he thought nothing of going round the Faubourg St. Antoine every day, offering his transfers to the furniture shops. They could be stuck on to common factory-made goods, and when pulled off left behind the handsome coloured pattern of a Louis XVI inlay, "pure 18th century", washable and lasting.

One could talk confidentially to Jablonoff, although he had only belonged to the Civil Service. He was intelligent enough to appreciate the importance of the Meetings at which the officers of the glorious Imperial Navy discussed the "political situation" and settled the "Programme of the Fleet" for a future that was as dark as the situation. Jablonoff could realize the danger implied if officers who had been knocking about for years in every imaginable profession were to lose the "warlike spirit". Thanks to the Monthly Meetings, this precious attribute was maintained, ready to unfold in full splendour in the hour of rebirth of Imperial Russia.

It was wonderful to see them—taxi-drivers, paperhangers, house-painters, dental mechanics—listening with serious expressions and irreproachable bearing to the lectures of their superior officers. "Your Excellency", it would be said, "First Lieutenant Galkin begs permission to give a few details of his new

torpedo screw XY436". So well was the military tone preserved!

The Admiral decided to call on Jablonoff. He lodged in the same quarter, with a Petersburg countess who stitched pyjamas. But the Secretary of Embassy was not at home. So there was nothing left to do but to dine a little earlier. There was a place not far from where he worked where, for five francs, one got a whole menu of three courses, with bread *ad libitum*. The portions were generous and nicely served, and the service attentive. The waitresses, decent creatures in every sense, knew their guests, and as the Admiral always occupied the same place he was not merely favoured but literally spoilt by Number Nine. His portions were better garnished than those of ordinary clients, and Number Nine had even been known to advise him against a dish that was "not a success".

In the last two years a confidential relationship had sprung up between the Admiral and Number Nine, though the waitress always kept a respectful distance. And when on a certain evening she told him her son was doing his military service on the *Suffren*, the Admiral had been unable to resist asking her a few personal questions which betrayed his nautical knowledge.

If there were only a few guests in the place, Number Nine would venture to sit down not far from the Admiral's table. She never began the conversation, but waited, with her napkin in her lap, till the old gentleman looked up and asked her how the sailor was getting on. Then Number Nine would go red with pride and take a crumpled letter out of her blouse, and read out from it about manœuvres and gun practice. The Admiral would say something about "ordnance" and "calibre", that she did not understand, and about the "warlike spirit", that frightened her. For she was a widow, and her husband lay in Argonne. But perhaps at sea there was not the same danger.

At five minutes to eight the Admiral left the restaurant. He crossed over the boulevard and went round to the back of the massive block of the *Grand Bazar*. The porter was waiting for him at the entrance; he opened the grating, gave the Admiral the keys, the electric torch and the old army revolver. The Admiral glanced mechanically at the clock. His day was at an end—duty had begun.

It had not been easy the first year. It was months before he could cure himself of falling asleep in his chair. He used to take a bottle of strong coffee with him, and try to keep awake by reading. With time his organism adapted itself to his changed mode of life. He no longer needed coffee, and he left the books at home. In the semi-darkness of the rooms there were things enough to look at and think about. He had never had time for leisurely thinking. The true soldier obeys; thinking is the privilege of his superiors. And no matter to what rank one attains, one always has a superior, be it His Majesty the Tsar himself.

Now as night watchman of the *Grand Bazar* he had forty minutes out of every hour for meditation. The remaining twenty were spent on the round through the showrooms. At first he had needed more time, for he had gone conscientiously through the upper stories where house and garden furniture were displayed. But in time it had occurred to him that the theft of pieces of furniture was hardly likely to be attempted. On the stroke of each hour he went across the ground-floor sales hall, mounted the winding staircase to the ladies' costumes, millinery and silk underclothing, went round the jumpers, blouses and children's outfitting, crossed the stockings and shoes, went up another flight to the perfumery, soaps and brushes, glanced into the bargain department, lost little time in the cutlery, china, tea, coffee and other services, came downstairs again and made his way back by the stationery, wallpapers, paper flowers, gramophones and photography, to land at last, after a careful inspection of the silversmiths' and clock department, a little out of breath beside his high leather chair, which stood in the corner by cash-desk B.

Now he had once more half-an-hour in which to commune with himself. Not a few subjects had he discussed with himself during all those years. His youth, marriage, widowhood; his career as an officer; war and revolution had passed in procession through his mind. But all that was now so infinitely far away. The Admiral had discovered himself one night to be so completely occupied with the present, that his thoughts were returning ever less and less to the past. The past had been complicated and toilsome, in spite of wealth, splendour, and honours. The present was simple, clear, and distinct. He was

alone, without either inferiors or superiors, and, on the first of every month, he had 700 francs paid out to him. A hundred and fifty for the room, 200 for his food, 100 for other expenses, that left 250 that he could set aside. His health was excellent. What more could he desire? He was one of those rare exceptions among the refugees: he had a "permanent" post.

The big clock in the hall was striking again. The Admiral picked up the torch and went his rounds. Then he came back to his armchair. He regretted not having found Jablonoff at home. He would have liked to discuss "the situation" with him. Important things were happening in the East. The Japanese were out for war, there was no doubt of it. What about China? Suppose Japan were victorious, the Red regime was certain to fall. If some Power then—let us call it X—were to fall upon Russia by sea, and a group of volunteer naval officers were to put themselves at the disposal of this X Power—experienced soldiers, whose warlike spirit. . . .

Above, in the gallery that ran round the hall, a sudden noise made itself heard, like a glass falling. The Admiral was about to spring up, but a paralyzing sensation pressed him down to his chair. Silence. Then he heard faint footsteps. He ventured to look round. Two men were coming cautiously down the stairs. One carried a dark lantern, the other a sack and some chisels. They stole noiselessly over the thick carpet, making straight for the silversmiths, clocks, and jewellery department. The Admiral felt his heart stop beating. No doubt the thieves had hidden themselves in the building and waited for a late hour at night. How was it they had not fallen upon him during his rounds? Did they suppose so old a man as he was not to be feared?

The Admiral felt deeply offended, and the blood rushed to his head. He slipped softly behind the back of the chair, turned quickly round, dropped on his knees and peered over at the show-cases in the silver department. The two burglars were engaged, with the utmost calmness, in stowing the goods into their sack. This was too much! The Navy was being derided! The Admiral slipped the safety catch of the revolver, mounted the chair, and drawing himself up shouted:

"Entire Battery—Fire!"

The revolver clicked, but did not go off. The Admiral lost his balance, staggered, and fell headlong, together with the chair, against the glass side-panel of cash-desk B, the panes of which burst into a thousand fragments. There was a tremendous detonation.

A single word escaped the terrified thieves. They ran in panic fear up the stairs and disappeared through the window by which they had made their way in. It overlooked a dark side street. There in the shadow of the wall stood two stalwart policemen, who laid hold of them, and whom they followed without parley to the police-station.

"He died like a hero", said the newspapers, recounting the last hours of the old officer's life. He did not recover consciousness. As the two thieves strenuously denied having entered into bloody conflict with the night watchman, the police declared that a third burglar must have managed to escape after the bitter struggle to which the Admiral had fallen a victim.

"Like a true officer of the old Imperial Navy, he fell at his post", said the Russian weekly paper, "an example of stern devotion to duty even to death. The directors of the *Grand Bazar* have taken upon themselves to give the deceased a worthy funeral. The mourners will assemble in the Russian Church, where His Eminence the Metropolitan Sergei will pronounce the blessing".

Now he lay there in his uniform, with all his orders and badges of honour. His sword and his Admiral's hat rested on a black velvet cushion. The coffin decorations had been lavishly furnished by the management of the *Grand Bazar* from the Artificial Flowers and Wreaths department. The members of the "Naval Staff", too, had made a collection among themselves, and sent a great laurel wreath, with a broad silk ribbon in the Imperial colours, on which was stamped in gold letters:

"TO THE HEROIC LEADER, FROM HIS OFFICERS."

The church was packed. Old soldiers, privy councillors, even a minister, were present. The choir sang the *Gospodi pomilui* in heartrending fashion. Three priests walked with solemn ceremony round the bier. The funeral guests held lighted tapers in their hands.

After the Benediction, His Eminence inquired in whispers

for the relations. With an insight sharpened by long service, the sacristan picked out from among the nearest group a woman dressed in deep black, who sobbed unceasingly, and begged her to come forward.

Waitress Number Nine received the sympathy of the Metropolitan, and experienced the great honour of having her hand pressed in wordless emotion by several old Generals.

(Translated by Violet M. Macdonald)

A SONG

Down our street when I was a boy I met with a friendly man
Who took me to the stone-cross steps and said to me, See Japan.

I stared at the East he pointed ; never have I seen a sky so fine,
A shining height of clouds sun-bright, and loftier hyaline.

And, See the Mountain, said my friend, and I traced the region
cloud
With intense wish to shape that peak, which made him smile so
proud.

I nearly saw, not that alone, but as it felt to me,
Cities and domes and lakes and falls and even doorway and tree.

But just the final lineaments came not, and I told him so,
I only knew that the man was right, and that I was stupid and
slow.

He smiled, and said I should find all out, and the words he left
me were these :
I come from my shop to see Japan, and the Mountain, when I
please.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

LACHISH : A ROMANCE OF PALESTINE EXPLORATION

BY NORMAN BENTWICH

THERE is a peculiar romance about archæological exploration in Palestine. It is not only that Palestine is the land of the Bible and a large part of humanity are interested, and even excited, by any discovery which throws new light on the Bible story, most of all when it fortifies the accuracy of the Biblical narrative, but also that the least of lands is the most historical of lands. Archæology in Egypt has revealed finds intrinsically far more splendid and valuable ; but the finds in Palestine are historically more illuminating. The sites of Palestine for the most part are " tells ", that is, hills wholly or partly artificial, caused by the piling of ruins and debris of successive towns by successive conquerors. An excavation conducted with the thoroughness of modern science removes the hill in successive layers, and discloses beneath the surface the ruins of cities, temples, and shrines superimposed on one another like a palimpsest in ancient manuscripts ; and usually below the ruins there are cave habitations and the cave burials of primitive man.

It is striking that in our time the revolution in the knowledge of the past is not less complete than the revolution in our knowledge of the physical world. New ages of history are revealed to us ; and our knowledge of human effort now goes back to five thousand years before the Christian era, and becomes clearer and clearer each year. Recent excavations in Palestine have amazingly enlarged our vision of pre-history and the most ancient history, in periods of which our fathers hardly had any notion. New names have to be invented to mark the newly-found civilizations, e.g., Natufian for the period of primitive man, called after caves in the Plain of Sharon which gave the first agricultural implements ; and " Calcolithic ", to mark the age of

mixed stone and bronze. The excavations at Baisan, the Bethshan of the Bible, and Megiddo—the Armageddon of the New Testament—where tells some hundreds of feet high are being systematically examined down to the bedrock, have shown us, as in a mirror, the march of peoples and civilizations along what is the oldest highway of armies and conquerors, the Via Maris. It was the road which led from Egypt to Syria, Assyria and Mesopotamia—the way by which the British Army under Allenby went up in 1917 and 1918—passing along the coast of the Sinai Peninsula, then by Gaza and the land of the Philistines up the Plain of Sharon till it crossed the Carmel range by a low pass, and then by the Plain of Jezreel to the Jordan Valley, and crossing the Jordan by a ford on to Damascus. Megiddo and Baisan were two of the guardian fortresses ; and the spade of the excavator and the skill of the interpreter have disclosed in their ruins the successive civilizations, Babylonian, Canaanite, Egyptian, Hebrew. They have disclosed, too, the beginnings of arts and crafts, and the international interchange of goods ; and at Megiddo they have displayed the stables of King Solomon, where he kept his hundreds of horses and chariots and carried on a lucrative trade with Egypt and Syria in horse-coping. South of Gaza the veteran of archæologists, Sir Flinders Petrie, uncovered a few years ago beneath the sand-dunes a city of the Hyksos, the shepherd kings and Semitic conquerors of Egypt, who brought the horse to the lands of the Eastern Mediterranean. The life in their buried city is displayed with a vividness comparable with that of Pompeii.

All these discoveries, however, are put into the shade by the brilliant light which has come this year from a Palestine tell that was hardly known a few years ago, even to the esoteric circles. It is called the Tell Duweir, meaning probably the Hill of the Little Convent or Palace. The name has no Biblical association ; but the place, with scarce a doubt, is the site of the Biblical Lachish. It stands on one of the foothills in the Shefela of Judea which rise gradually from the coastal plain ; and it commanded the road that ran from the Via Maris eastwards to Hebron and the Judean Plateau. In the Bible story it is an important fortress of the Amorites, taken by Joshua and fortified again by Rehoboam, and conquered in turn by the

Assyrians under Sennacherib and the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar. Here Sennacherib received the deputation from King Hezekiah in Jerusalem, offering tribute and praying him not to advance upon Jerusalem. In 1859, Sir Henry Layard discovered in the Palace of Sennacherib at Nineveh a relief, now in the British Museum, which portrayed the Siege of Lachish. It shows the spearmen with their crested helmets, the Assyrian slingers and bowmen storming the city, and it shows the Jewish Chiefs with their curled hair humiliated before the King. The city was again fortified by the Jewish Kings, but Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 597 B.C., destroyed it by fire ; and in the next century it passed out of history. It is not mentioned in the Apocryphal books or in the New Testament.

The finding of the relief stimulated the desire of the archæologists to find the ruins of the city itself. Some thirty years ago Flinders Petrie, carrying out one of the earliest scientific excavations in Palestine, dug away the Hill of Tell-el-Hesi, and believed he had uncovered the town of Lachish. The very name Hesi, different though it seems, was supposed to derive from the Hebrew Lachish ; and the discovery of a cuneiform tablet, of the same character as the Tell-el-Amarna correspondence (which mentions Lachish) was believed to strengthen the identification. But an element of doubt remained. And some few years ago, Mr. Starkey, one of Flinders Petrie's assistants in the work at Gaza, was struck, in the setting sun, by the appearance of an obvious Bronze Age occupation of the Tell Duweir. When later he was enabled to dig a site independently, he persuaded his backers, Sir Charles Marston and the Wellcome Institute, to let him explore this new tell. Sir Charles has been a munificent patron of Palestine research. He has given the funds for the excavation of the old City of David in Jerusalem, for the re-excavation by Professor Garstang of the old City of Jericho, and lastly for the more speculative exploration of the new site Duweir. His passion is to help to throw light on the Bible story, and he has been richly rewarded. The Duweir Expedition in particular has thrown, as it were, a floodlight both on the period of the fall of the Kingdom of Judah and on the whole science of Hebrew epigraphy and philology.

The finds of the first two years were interesting, but not

sensational. They sufficed, however, to show that the tell covered a historic city, or rather cities, with successive civilizations stretching from before 2000 B.C. to 500 B.C. They revealed a complete system of fortifications, outer and inner walls and outer and inner gates. They laid bare the walls and altars of Egyptian temples, a Persian solar shrine, and a Persian Residency.

One of the surprising features of recent archæology has been the abundant proof that writing was a common accomplishment from the middle of the second millennium B.C. A few years ago the learned world was startled by the discovery of a whole library in pottery tablets, with epic poems, dictionaries, and other forms of books in Babylonian, Phœnician, Sinaitic and unknown scripts, and dating from a period before the entry of the Israelites into Canaan. They were found by the most fortunate chance in a buried Temple of a forgotten Phœnician port, north of the present City of Latakia. We know now that different scripts were practised in Palestine during the period of the Hebrew Kingdoms, the Sinaitic, as it is called, because it was first noted in the mine-workings of the Peninsula of Sinai, and the Phœnician. Amongst the first finds at Duweir was a bowl of about 1300 B.C. inscribed with Sinaitic characters in white paint, and giving the names of Canaanite gods. But this year the digging of Duweir gave a more exciting—an epoch-making—discovery, when Arab boys employed in the dig, washing some potsherds in the debris, noticed something like writing upon a broken piece. And writing it certainly was, not the early Phœnician, nor Sinaitic, but an ancient Hebrew script such as was found on the famous tablet in Hezekiah's water-tunnel below the old City of David in Jerusalem, and such as was and is still in use by the Samaritans at Nablus in the writing of their most ancient Scroll of the Law, and their most modern begging-letters and curios for the tourist.

Some fifty years ago one of the pioneers of Palestine Archæology, M. Clermont-Ganneau, the French Consul in Jerusalem, learned from a schoolboy of the underground water channel that had been thought to be impassable, and recovered the tablet which, in a Hebrew inscription, records its making. The writing on the Duweir sherds is in the same script, but better executed, perhaps because the material was easier. Every piece of pottery

has been carefully washed, cleaned and examined, and so far, eighteen inscribed sherds have been found. They were pieces of red or yellow jars, the common water-jars; and the writing was in black ink on both sides of the fragment. Some of the inscriptions, indeed, have proved hitherto undecipherable, because the sherds had been buried under soot and dirt; others were as clear as if they had been written in recent years. All were found in a guardroom of the Persian period. They had been used to level the face of the side-walls of the room before it was plastered, and they lay in the burnt debris left after the soldiers had worked their destruction of the Fortress.

A few of the sherds were quickly read and interpreted. Scarcely any detectives of fiction are as skilled in the art of deduction as the working archæologist of today, who, it has been said, if not exactly a forger, is very good at reconstruction. Professor Torczyner of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, one of the exiled professors from Germany who have found a new home in Palestine, and one of the most distinguished Hebrew philologists living, was available to interpret. One of the first letters deciphered proved to be a list of names. The layman might think that such a list could give little historical knowledge; yet in fact these dozen names are as informing as if we had a *Who's Who* of Judah in the sixth century B.C. In the first place every name has the same ending, "Yahu", the name of God, which appears in the anglicized form of "iah" at the end of our Isaiah and Jeremiah. That feature not only gives the approximate date, but it seems to indicate that the monotheistic worship of Yahwe, or Yahu, was established at the time. We find the same indication in the change of the name of the King Eliakim to Jehoiakim, which is recorded in 2. Chronicles (36.4). And Jehoiakim was the last king but one of the Kingdom of Judah. Nearly all the names, too, are those mentioned in the Book of Jeremiah and other records of the end of the Kingdom of Judah. Two of them occurred in the Papyri of Elephantine—the Island now submerged because of the Aswan Dam—which have given a dramatic glimpse of a Jewish Colony in Egypt in the early Persian period. Moreover, the writing was instructive in itself. It was written flowingly and clearly with a pen; and a clay seal unearthed in the same excavation indicated unmistakably that

it had been used on papyrus. The inference is that papyrus was the common material for writing in Palestine, as in Egypt, but owing to the rain and dampness of Palestine has not been preserved there as in Egypt. Sherds were used only exceptionally because of the exhaustion of the ordinary writing material in some time of emergency. The supply of papyrus must have run out in the state of siege. We can now justify the saying: "My tongue is the pen of a ready writer". For the sherds have already revealed half a score of different hands, some very good, some good, some indifferent. It is incontestable now that writing was a common accomplishment of the people in the small towns as well as the capital of the Kingdom of Judah. The "baleful signs", as they are called in Homer, were no longer regarded as magical.

More exciting records were traced in the other sherds, which furnish something like a connected story. Several of the pottery letters are addressed to one person, Yaush, captain of the guard at the Fortress. Four of the letters are on pieces of one jar which can be fitted together. They were written to him by subordinate officers in neighbouring places, and written in the servile language of the Orient, of long ago and today. The writer is "My Lord's Servant, and his dog". A conventional form of greeting, too, is found in several of the letters. "May Yahweh let my Lord hear tidings of peace."

The clay seal mentioned above has also its great historical interest. It bears the legend: "Geddaliah, Master of the house". Now Gedaliah was appointed as the Governor of the remnant of the Jewish people who were left in Judah after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar. His murder was deemed another terrible blow to the nation, and it is still celebrated among orthodox Jews by a fast-day. It is not certain, but it seems very likely, that the Master of the Palace at Lachish whose seal we now have is one and the same with the Governor of the conquered country.

The story which is being unravelled from the sherds is not yet complete. But there are certain references to a Prophet who sends messages that are "not good and weaken the hands of the country". The correspondent tells his master that one of the messages contains the single word "Beware". "Why, lord", he asks, "will you not write to him asking him why he is doing

this"? Then comes a break; and the words "Bring him to the King". Another letter reports that the prophet had disappeared when the officer comes to seize him. The reference brings to mind a passage in Jeremiah (Ch. 26. vs. 20-23), where it is written:

"And there was also a man that prophesied in the name of the Lord, Urijah the son of Shemajah of Kirjath-jearim, who prophesied against this city and against this land according to all the words of Jeremiah:

"And when Jehoiakim the king, with all his mighty men and all the princes, heard his words, the king sought to put him to death: but when Urijah heard it, he was afraid, and fled, and went into Egypt.

"And Jehoiakim the king sent men into Egypt, namely, Elnathan the son of Achbor, and certain men with him into Egypt.

"And they fetched forth Urijah out of Egypt, and brought him unto Jehoiakim the king: who slew him with the sword, and cast his dead body into the graves of the common people."

The names of the King's officers are on the sherds: only the name of the prophet is missing. It can scarcely be doubted that this correspondence of the sherds brings before us the orders of the King's Officers for the arrest of this Prophet of the doom. It was an early case of extradition. And another vivid flash in the correspondence tells how the officer watched in vain for the signals of Azika (a neighbouring fortress) and so sent his message to the town of Lachish. There, in clear Hebrew letters, is the name of the place for which the archæologists have searched so patiently; and that word on the sherd may be taken as a signboard. We have a picture, or at least the tattered scrap of a picture, of the last throes of the struggle between Judah and Babylon. The invader was advancing with his irresistible force to the destruction of Jerusalem. The other fortresses around were falling; the fall of Lachish was imminent. It came, and the city passed almost out of knowledge until our day. But we may believe that Tell Duweir, or Lachish, has more to give than it has already given. It was the second city of Judah; and unlike Jerusalem, it has not been built over time and again since the Babylonian destruction. And the diggers have barely come to the surface of the Hebrew city. That will be their quarry in the next season, and it may render undreamed of treasure of Biblical history.

LANGUAGE PROBLEMS IN EUROPE

BY DR. R. HERCOT

ATACHMENT to one's mother tongue is as deep-rooted in the heart of man as the love of one's native country, of which it is indeed an expression. Take a man of culture who, apart from his own language, speaks and writes perfectly, without the slightest effort, one or two foreign tongues. When he resumes the speech of his childhood he is like a traveller returned from abroad who views with delight his native hills. And the masses who are unacquainted with any language but their own often regard foreign idioms with surprise not unmixed with disdain. The English rustic who hears a conversation in French wonders how people speaking such a jargon can understand one another : he is still today like the inhabitants of ancient Greece to whom all peoples who spoke another tongue than their own were " barbarians ".

But the love of the mother tongue, comprehensible and admirable in itself, leads at times to intolerance of any other. Next to religious differences language conflicts are those which most readily arouse the passions of the masses. At the present time Finland, a country usually so calm, is stirred to the depths by the struggle between the Finnish- and the Swedish-speaking populations ; in other countries also similar conflicts are not unknown. We do not refer here to the linguistic minorities in the countries issued from the war, the Successor States like Czechoslovakia and Rumania, where the population includes a more or less important element of foreign origin. We have in mind rather the states of more ancient constitution, inhabited by populations of different language but equal rights, where language is not the criterion of nationality and the linguistic minorities are as firmly attached to the state as the majority. In Europe we think quite especially of Switzerland, Belgium, Finland, adding perhaps Norway, where the language question possesses peculiar aspects of its own.

In Switzerland this question has never given rise to discord ; her 2,700,000 German-speaking people, 780,000 French-speaking, 150,000 Italian-speaking, and 43,000 who speak the Romansch dialect, live together in perfect harmony. This, it must be acknowledged, is due to the tolerant attitude of the German majority, which has never sought to abuse its supremacy. Even when the region which is now the canton of Vaud, exclusively French-speaking, was subject by right of conquest, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, to the canton of Berne, the victors never attempted to impose their language. Further, the fact that Switzerland is a confederation of states diminishes the possibilities of conflict. Of the twenty-two Swiss cantons only four are not linguistically homogeneous—Berne, Fribourg, Valais, with a population partly German, and partly French, and Grisons, where three languages—German, Italian, and the Romansch dialect—are commonly employed.

In the Federal Parliament members as well as Ministers speak German, French or, more rarely, Italian, whichever they prefer, and their speeches are not translated. Every Swiss subject has the right to address the authorities in his own language and to receive a reply in the same. In the army the units are separated as far as possible from the linguistic point of view : French-speaking troops are commanded by officers of the same language, and so on.

Of course the machine cannot always be said to run upon oiled wheels ; now and then a protest will appear in a French-Swiss paper against the high-handed behaviour of the German-Swiss, or German Switzerland will complain that the " Welches ", as they call them, are not sufficiently conscious of their inferior numbers. But these are storms in a tea-cup which soon blow over. It is true that the language frontiers in Switzerland are not rigidly immutable : under the influence of economic circumstances, such as the construction of a railway line, they may be modified slightly, but no attempt is ever made to impose a movement in one direction or another.

In Belgium about four millions of the inhabitants speak Flemish and three and a-half millions French. But though the proportion of the two languages is now about the same, French had for long a preponderating influence. It could hardly have

been otherwise. The French-speaking Belgians, the Walloons as they are called, have at their command one of the world languages, spoken at their doors by the forty million inhabitants of a great country, a language rich in literary treasures, known to the whole cultivated world. The Flemings can lean only on their Dutch neighbours whose language very nearly resembles theirs, a language infinitely less refined than French and which has given few masterpieces to the world of letters. Further, in the nineteenth century the wealth of the country was in great measure concentrated in the hands of the Walloons. It is no wonder that in the Flemish-Walloon organization the Flemings should have occupied an inferior place. The country certainly was bilingual and the constitution granted equal rights to the two languages; but in reality French was dominant in the administration, in the teaching profession, in the army, in social life, and among persons of culture.

The Flemings, however, did not remain content with the inferior position allotted to them, and soon began to assert themselves and their strength. Since the closing years of the nineteenth century there has been a growing struggle between the two languages, marked by the constant progress of the Flemish element. The Flemings have obtained the elimination of French from the university of Ghent and an ever-increasing consideration of their claims. The linguistic dispute has frequently assumed a political character. For the present unified Belgian State a part of the Flemish population would like to substitute a system of wide autonomy for Flanders. Some, a small minority it is true, have dreams of an independent Flanders; we can recall the sensation created during the war by a small group of Flemish agitators who demanded a Flemish state under the protectorate of Germany. Holland wisely holds aloof from the Flemish language disputes, and notwithstanding affinities of language and blood, never encourages the people of Flanders to separate themselves from Belgium and become attached to the Nassau crown; otherwise the language quarrel in Belgium might well become a thorny international question.

The language question in Norway has certain aspects which present some analogy with the efforts made in the Irish Free State to substitute Erse for English. When in 1450 Norway

was attached to Denmark as a subject country, she had no written language, for the glorious literary period of the sagas had come to an end a century earlier. The country had not even any uniform spoken language. Each province spoke a dialect, which often differed greatly from that of its nearest neighbour. The ruling administration was therefore obliged to employ Danish as the written language in its relations with its subjects, and gradually Danish, which has a good deal in common with the Norwegian dialects, became the official and literary language of Norway; it was also widely adopted in the towns and among all who had any connection, administrative, commercial, or cultural, with the Danes. It is true that the Danish spoken in Norway differs considerably, by various grammatical peculiarities, by terms borrowed from the local dialects, and above all by the pronunciation, from the Danish spoken in Denmark.

When, in 1814, Norway recovered her independence, though continuing to be united with Sweden until 1905, the population preserved Danish as the literary language, and the great Norwegian writers, Ibsen and Björnson, not to mention others, wrote in Danish. But, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, a movement set in tending to advance Norway's claim for a national language of her own. Some writers, studying the local dialects with loving assiduity, discovered therein treasures of homely and picturesque idioms, and, declaring that they were capable of rendering every shade of thought, sought to raise them to the dignity of a national language. But which of the dialects was to be thus honoured? Why one rather than another? In order to solve this difficulty, Jivar Aasen, an enthusiastic protagonist of a national Norwegian language, decided to create a Norwegian literary tongue by taking as basis one of the existing dialects, whilst drawing upon the others for its completion. Aasen thus sought to accomplish artificially what had happened naturally in France, where the dialect of the Ile de France has become the language of the whole country, and in Italy, where Tuscan is now spoken by all the Italian people.

The new language was called *Landsmaal* (language of the country, national language). The instrument forged, it remained to bring it into use. Thenceforward the struggle has gone on unceasingly between the innovators who demand the adoption

of *Landsmaal* as national language and the conservators who would preserve Danish.

From year to year the new language has made progress. Not only does it possess its own literature and its newspapers, but it has gradually gained a footing in the administration and in the scholastic system. *Landsmaal* is now taught in the schools as well as the official language, candidates for matriculation must pass a written examination in both languages, and many of the pastors preach in *Landsmaal*. The State radio broadcasts must give a place to each language. The strife between partisans and adversaries of the national language has often been very acrimonious; when it seems to have been appeased it breaks out afresh. It assumes at times a political character, for the parties of the Left, representing the peasant and working classes, are more strongly in favour of the national language than those of the Right. For the moment there is great confusion, for *Landsmaal* is still in a state of fluctuation, discussions continue concerning changes of construction, substitution of certain words for others, and orthographical modifications. The Norwegian language, as it exists now, has been compared with English of the fourteenth century when it was still in a state of formation.

We come now to Finland, where during the last few months the language disputes have become particularly acute, dividing the population into two opposite camps, endangering Finland's position as a member of the commonwealth of Scandinavian peoples and threatening to embroil her with her neighbour Sweden. In Finland's history will be found the explanation of this conflict.

As far back as the times of the raids of the vikings bands of Swedes crossed the Baltic and settled on the coasts of Finland. Colonization gradually became conquest, and up till 1809 Finland was a Swedish province, the bastion behind which Sweden endeavoured to check the advance of the Russians towards the open sea. The Swedish colonists had found a land inhabited by a population of another race, of a less advanced civilization, speaking a language difficult to understand, belonging to the Ugro-Finnish family, and which did not seem capable of expressing any but the simplest facts and shades of meaning. It was not surprising, therefore, that Swedish should have become the official

language, the language of culture also, a knowledge of which was incumbent on all Finns who hoped to rise to any position in the administration of the country. Swedish was the medium employed in every branch of instruction. The national university of Turku, founded in 1640 and transferred at the beginning of the nineteenth century to Helsingfors, was an entirely Swedish institution. Not until the nineteenth century were any Finnish secondary schools opened, and in the Swedish schools Finnish was barely recognized. Finnish remained the obscure peasant tongue, Swedish continued to be the language of the upper classes, whatever their origin, and of those who entered into contact with them.

The situation changed when, from 1809, Finland became a Grand Duchy of the Russian Empire. The Finns, separated henceforth from Sweden and determined with all their might to resist the Russification which threatened them, were aroused to consciousness of their own identity. Being no longer Swedes and refusing to become Russians, they realized that they were a nation, and they felt that the mother tongue of the majority of their compatriots was a fitting instrument for the expression of their nationality.

This national movement to which rallied even many of the Swedish-speaking Finns—Runenberg, the national poet of Finland, wrote only in Swedish—developed slowly but steadily. In 1835 the publication by Lönnrot of the Finnish popular songs, handed down through the centuries by oral tradition, gave a fresh impulse to the national revival of the country. In the verses of the *Kalevala* the Finns became acquainted with their past, rich in legends of a naïve or bellicose character. Their forefathers, without knowing it, had composed a great literary work, the *Odyssey* of the Finnish people. Their language, therefore, was not to be considered merely as a dialect of peasants.

From that time we note the Finnish writers abandoning more and more the Swedish language in favour of Finnish. Thanks to their efforts the language so long slighted, but of an incomparable flexibility in the formation of its words, was enriched and refined, and became capable of rendering the most delicate shades of expression. Towards 1860 a writer of genius, Alexis Kivi, deliberately forsaking Swedish, gave to his country some

masterpieces of Finnish literature, amongst them his humorous novel of peasant life, *The Seven Brothers*, which recalls *Don Quixote*.

By the end of the nineteenth century the Finnish language had definitely acquired its place in the sun, and the language spoken by ninety per cent of the population no longer played the part of a poor relation. All resistance has not yet, however, been overcome, for century-old prejudices die hard. The university of Helsingfors in particular, up to the year 1917, could with difficulty accept the idea that the most important chairs might be entrusted to Finnish-speaking professors without lowering the standard of the teaching.

When Finland, having acquired her independence, adopted a constitution, it put the two languages on a basis of equality; both were to be considered as national languages, and the Finnish State was bound to give the same attention to the economic and cultural interests of the Swedish-speaking as to those of the Finnish-speaking population.

The articles of the constitution dealing with the situation of the two languages have generally been applied in a satisfactory manner. It was more difficult to make an equitable settlement at the university of Helsingfors, for the state of matters there was unjust to the Finnish element; since the country possesses but one State university it was only right that the Finnish language should predominate as the medium of instruction, whereas by a sort of anachronism it was Swedish which occupied the most important place.

The solution adopted after the declaration of Finland's independence was regarded as unsatisfactory, not only by those who are called "pure" Finns, but by the mass of the population. Demands for a modification of the actual state of affairs came from many quarters, and the question might have been settled peaceably if it had not become a political issue. In 1930 the wave of nationalism which was sweeping over our continent submerged Finland in her turn.

The so-called Lappo agitation, starting in the country districts, assumed extraordinary proportions. The masses were fanatical and the government and parliament were threatened with revolutionary action which was only with great difficulty averted.

The Lappo movement was directed chiefly against the Communists. Another group, very influential in university and army circles, the Carelia Academic Union, is purely and simply nationalist, and has many points of resemblance with German National Socialism. Its adherents exalt the Finnish soul, Finnish blood, and Finnish spirit; they cherish the hope of a complete intellectual autarchy, disdain the contribution brought by Swedish civilization, and look upon their Swedish-speaking fellow citizens, however patriotic they may be, as undesirable aliens.

It will be readily understood that the language question at the University would greatly excite these nationalist elements. They clamour for a completely Finnish university where the pure well of Finnish culture shall not be defiled by the intrusion of the Swedish language. To calm the agitation the present government thought it advisable to propose to Parliament a modification of the University regulations acceding in part to the claims of the "pure Finns". The number of permanent chairs allotted to Swedish-speaking professors was to be reduced to thirteen, and Finnish students could no longer be called upon to pass their examinations before Swedish-speaking examiners.

The draft regulations did not please either party. Swedish partisans demanded the maintenance of the *status quo* and were supported by the university circles of the other Scandinavian countries. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Iceland, most of the university professors signed an address to the parliament of Finland begging that the part given to Swedish, that is to say Scandinavian, culture at the national university should not be reduced. As was to be expected, this intervention from abroad, however friendly and courteous its expression, was coldly received, even by the moderate elements. As for the nationalists, the Scandinavian address set a spark to the tinder-box.

The Government having convoked an extraordinary session of parliament last January to discuss its draft proposals, they decided to resort to obstruction. For some days the Parliament sat in permanence listening to interminable speeches, for the most part prepared by the nationalist committees. Mistakes even occurred in their distribution, to the confusion on one occasion of a peasant deputy who, having received all his education at his parish school, solemnly began his speech with the

words: "At the time when I was pursuing my university studies". The "obstructionists" carried the day, for Parliament was obliged to break up without having voted the Bill.

But it was at the University, where the nationalist students have the upper hand, that the agitation was the most intense. The students proclaimed a strike. They stationed pickets around the University buildings and hooted professors whose attitude they judged to be too lukewarm.

Thus the matter stands. Helsingfors has resumed its classes, and the Government is reconsidering its proposals and examining the possibility of opening an annexe to the University for Swedish-speaking students, whilst the main establishment would be purely Finnish. Such a solution would doubtless be accepted by the majority of the Finnish people who are only anxious for peace;¹ it will hardly satisfy the extremists who, to judge from certain fiery utterances reported later, seem to be fighting not only for the rights of the Finnish majority, but for the complete extirpation of the Swedish language, thus compelling a large section of their fellow countrymen to abandon their mother tongue, and this in a country whose courageous resistance to Russification has been admired by the whole world.

A speedy and equitable solution of the problem is greatly to be desired. For the quarrel has already done much harm. It has embittered the patriotic Swedish-speaking Finlanders who, whatever may have been the faults of their ancestors, do not deserve to be treated as citizens of second rank. It is estranging Sweden. Doubtless the Swedish government and parliament have carefully abstained from any intervention in the matter. But the press is free in Sweden, and certain papers have not failed to protest against the treatment meted out to their brothers on the other side of the Gulf of Bothnia. Finally, it has compromised the cohesion of what is called the Nordic block: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, whose economic and political action may have considerable weight in the European balance of power. If Finland querulously rejects all Scandinavian influence, how will she be able to collaborate with the Scandinavian peoples? Will she be left alone to face the Russian colossus?

¹ As proof of this conciliatory state of mind we would mention the Finnish Prof. Laurile's fine pamphlet on the language question at the University.

HOLIDAY IN SPAIN

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

NOW that great aircraft cross the world in a handful of days, it is no longer wonderful to pass from winter to spring in a morning: no longer fantastic to eat one's breakfast egg with the dismal grey blanket of London hung against the window and then fly, say, to Tunis, in time to eat oranges, still warm from the same day's sun. Some time, perhaps, when the promised age of equality comes, all Britons will leave England at the end of October and migrate to the warm and gaudy countries with the swallows. England's machines will be silenced and her sullen winter earth deserted until spring comes again and the homeward migration from Spain and Africa and Arabia begins. There seems little reason why economics and machines should put a bondage upon us and keep us in this island during the wet, sunless months, when our bones are cold and our eyes crazy from searching upon the twigs for the first buds of forsythia.

I felt like an emperor brought back from exile as I walked down the garden slope of Algeciras. A few days before, I had been piling logs upon my fire and drawing the curtains against the sight of a lifeless Essex field. Now I walked in a lordly way, among roses, anemones and irises; my path was edged by violets, white upon one side and purple upon the other. They blossomed in thousands and their smell was excellent enough to make an emperor feel pleased that his banishment was over. The trees and the gardens were gay with the ornaments of spring: the sunlight burned upon my face and hands. The chill left the innermost bone of my body, and my blood felt like good brandy, coursing through my veins. At the end of the garden, where the sea curled between the big, sun-hot rocks, a street pianoforte was playing. A cheeky rascal was turning the handle, ogling and grinning, while his father danced to the giddy tune.

his hair flying and one olive hand extended for our centimos. The emperor lacked only one detail in his grandeur: he had sun, flowers and music, but his brown shoes were stained and dull, and it is an offence for a man to cross the frontier of a new country on a sunny day with dirty shoes.

I found a boot-boy outside the café, on the edge of the water. He squatted in the dust and caressed and cajoled my shoes until they were shining again: rich in colour as a veteran meerschaum pipe. I paid the brat with a peseta dated 1901, showing Alfonso XIII as a tousle-haired boy. It seemed to be an incongruous coin to change hands at the threshold of republican Spain.

My shoes were now worthy of my enterprise. I glanced at them and then I looked up, towards Gibraltar, with its solid, British outline. I recalled the last Duke of Kent, climbing the slopes of the rock on the day when a gypsy waylaid him and told his fortune: that he would marry and that his daughter would become ruler of a great country. The recollection, too, was British, so I discarded it. I turned my back upon the rock and walked away from the sea, deeper into Spain. We climbed to the mountain town of Ronda and the valleys through which we passed might have been Jezreel or Sharon: the same orange trees, heavy with fruit, and the same low mud houses, telling of Arabs rather than Europeans: telling of fleas and indolence and lies. It was still Napoleon's Africa, south of the Pyrenees. It was not until I arrived in Ronda that I was told of the change: that Spain was a republic now. As we drove under the arch, into the hotel gardens, we saw that the first word had been removed from the name overhead. It had been the *Reine Victoria Hotel*. This little protest was the first to remind us that we were in a country without a king. There had been no apparent signs of the overthrow: no marching or stamping, nor prying police upon the trains: no flags and no thunder. My companion observed a swarthy loungeur on a station and said, "Well, after Rome, it's nice to see a *black* man in a *white* shirt for a change".

We came to Ronda in the evening. It was so late that we could do no more than peer out into the darkness beyond our windows and imagine the great ravine and the stream which was first bridged when the Romans came here. There were

hundreds of dwarfed daffodils, narcissi and big, rich violets on the tables of the hotel, to suggest that out in the night there were fields and valleys of flowers. We found them in the morning, warm and lovely beneath the rays of the sun. But the illusion of an Arab country was still upon us, and the little wizened people, lounging in their shops: the coffee braziers and the latticed windows and screens brought the air of Damascus, with its bazaars and harems, with no hint that we were in Europe. We crossed the bridge and found an antique shop. Indeed, we were driven into it by a persistent tout who assured us that he would sell us the embroidered robes and copes of the Jesuits for a song. It was true, for, in the muddle of wrought-iron lamps, majolica bowls, painted trays and effigies of saints, there was a chest full of precious stuffs which had been sold by the United Jesuits, so that they could have enough money to allow them to hurry over the border. There was something horrible in the sight of the gorgeous copes, embroidered in scarlet and tuffron, marked at the neck by the sweat of the priests who had worn them . . . like the worn and marked dresses of little princesses which you find in the museums of Germany. "And here the robe of a Cardinal, very magnificent, which the Americans found very nice for putting over the grand piano . . . only seven pounds in your money. We take a cheque. We know the English are always honest". One felt that it would be a delight to throw the little man into the ravine.

When we told the driver of the crazy, jumping motor-car that we wished to go to Seville, he was delighted. He spat incessantly as we hurtled over the higgledy-piggledy road and promised us that, en route, we would pass the wonderful bulls in a field: the great bulls of the arena. We saw them, in a low-lying declivity between hills, but they seemed to be docile and benign pampered cows.

It was not until we came to Seville that the full tide of the changes swept over us. There was no gaiety. I saw none of the laughing señoritas or the prettily dressed people to which one is accustomed as a child, in story books or upon the music-hall stage. It was a drab and humourless procession that moved between the lovely houses or sat in the cafés, talking politics. The rich men in the smart hotel were farmers, I was told. They

are the plutocrats of the new order, who have grown fat on the demand for food. Their olives and their crops have sold well, so they are now able to drink imported wine and, occasionally, an English whisky and soda which costs more than three shillings. They drive in English cars and their chief delight is to refurnish their houses with English furniture. The monstrosities that will pass under this label would break the hearts of Chippendale and Thomas Sheraton. Near to my hotel was a shop full of English china, stuffs, lamps and chairs. The assistant to whom I spoke was an Englishman, a graduate of Tottenham Court Road, who showed me a bedroom suite which could be described only by a photograph. The wardrobe was as big as a pantechicon—a pantechicon with elephantiasis, for it bulged with carving.

"This is the fashionable English furniture, all designed on old English styles" I was told. I protested and the good man saw that I was not to be deceived. He confessed that these suites were made for the rich Spanish farmers who felt that their way to æsthetic emancipation was through adopting English fashions. They pay hundreds of pounds for the suites, which are designed by Englishmen, specially imported to cope with the new fashion. Noble old Spanish chests are discarded to make room for the horrors. Cards bearing the device *Ingles modo* were shown in the windows of the shops. Seven of the thirteen motor-cars which I counted in the little square, to which we went in the evening, were English. There was no escape from English merchandise, and I began to think that Napoleon's old gibe was merited, for we seem to be shopkeepers still, but by the way of silent penetration rather than bombast and blowing of trumpets. Seville seemed to be too agitated by political talk for us to enjoy the quiet streets, and even the vast, dim space of the cathedral was disturbed by the discontent outside. The awful beauty of the great golden gates before the altar and the cool shadows beneath the high arches are silent still.

But the alarms of the life in the street were far too insistent for us to stay. The little cabdriver mourned for the old days of prosperity. The theatres were closed and the opera was impoverished. The only amusements in the cool evening were cinemas, in which the English performers we already knew were

acting, and speaking in English. Besides these, there were the cabarets in which drab old harridans, escaped from a Rubens canvas, ogled and danced and sang of the lovely old Spain of which I had dreamed when I was a boy. But their voices were cracked and the illusions of the balconies, the moons and the wine in their songs did not ring true. I found a wild young Irishman in one of the cabarets. He was no more than twenty-five, but he had lived a life which was what he described as "full as an egg". He had been to school in Madrid and he had danced a few steps of a jig in the blue and silver room at Amalienborg. He had seen Tara's caves and he had played dice with a café proprietor on the heights of Lebanon. He was a fellow to be considered and cajoled with cognac, for he had been in Spain long enough to have stored up his own opinions. He was a wild and ragged traveller, but the glint of knowledge was in his Irish eyes. He had not gathered facts, being an Irishman and assuring me that there was no such thing as an Irish fact. But he had his own shafts of wisdom, gathered on the way. "And what do you think of Spain as it is today?" I asked. He was kind to the foolish and ambiguous question.

"It's the *great* failure, the *grrreat* failure", he said. "A bit like Ireland herself, with too much feelin' and not enough calm thinkin'. Yes, and they're needin' a king same as Ireland needs one, because all these politicians are as corrupt as you like. Not when they begin, mind you, they're as full of ideals as an egg's full of meat when they begin. Dreams and fancies, you know. Just the same as me own crazy people. But when they get into power, it's a different story. Yes, they say there isn't one of them you cannot buy for a song. And it's only human, because it's easy to do your dreaming at the bottom of the ladder, but it's a different story when you get on top. Yes, they turned the king out because of some shilly-shallyin' tricks over finances, and now the men they've put in his place are as full of tricks as an egg's full of meat. It's the way I suppose, of human nature. They begin with fine and high-falutin notions of serving the state, but they change overnight when they find that the state can serve them."

The curtain at the end of the room rose upon a garden scene. A big Spanish woman came in and clicked her castanets. We

were silent and the Irishman turned his eyes from us to the stage.

We went to Valencia by way of Cordoba, and in the evening of a warm Saturday we came to the shores of the Mediterranean again. On Sunday we found an open carriage, a dozing old driver and an ancient horse. They carried us through the most beautiful farmland I have ever seen: the famous *Huerta*, which spreads between Valencia and the sea. Here we drove slowly, passing the little white farm houses, with their roofs of rice straw and their flat fields of wheat and barley, carrots, rice and chicory. The farmers who nodded to us were happy men, it seemed, with none of the moroseness of the south nor the political clap-trap of the cities. They directed us to a beach, upon which we stretched and slept in the sun. Next day we came to Barcelona, where we were to stay. It seemed that we could meet no Spaniards in Barcelona. The manager of the hotel was Swiss and the man who sold me a book was German. The proprietor of the Turkish baths was a Canadian and the masseur was from Gibraltar. The cafés were full of foreigners and the stalls in the street were covered by English magazines. In desperation, I begged the hotel porter to suggest a café where I might see some of the people of the country. We found a big, low room, gay with tinsel and pungent from the accumulation of breath and smoke. The music was American and the jokes of the comedian were French. As I struggled to order my drinks, in Spanish, a tall, blond German leaned over from the next table and helped me. He was a Marco Polo, pausing in Barcelona with his yacht, on the way to the Greek islands: the son of a noble German family and himself out of sympathy with the new regime. He had thrown his inheritance away when the Hitler party came into power and, with no more than his yacht and a personality before which Hitler himself might be startled, he had set out to make his own conquest of the world. He had found his contentment among the Greek islands, where he trades when he needs to and lazes when he feels inclined.

When we left the café, at his heels, we found ourselves in the stream of a festival procession. At last, the Spain of my young dreams had come to life! Boys in paper caps climbed the trees in the Rambla de Cataluna, like apes, and one with a guitar sat astride a branch and played for us. Crocodiles of youngsters,

in mad and pretty costumes, ran down the street and we walked under a continual rain of confetti. Spaces were cleared for dancers, windows opened and streamers were thrown down. Barcelona had very graciously gone mad for us and we soon felt our northern coldness slipping away. The big German went before us, like a juggernaut, clearing the way with his elbows. The tide of little Spaniards fell back before him and we followed. For an hour we stayed with the giddy crowd, pausing in wine shops to drink, lounging in cafés to see the sweating dancers, dancing more madly still as the musicians worked with frenzy upon their instruments. And then the big German grunted, "Enough!" He dragged us free of the bedlam and led us down a labyrinth of quiet streets to the waterside.

Here, in the alternate channels of moonlight and shadow, a hundred little boats rubbed their noses against the wharves. "You will drink wine with me", grunted the German as he handed us across the gap of dark water, between the jetty and his yacht. So we sat in a little cabin and we listened to a dance tune from Rome. When it was over, we sat back with our glasses of good Oppenheimer wine and we talked.

It was good talk, for we knew also how to listen. It was talk of kings and of dictators, of poetry and of cooking. We agreed upon the charm of Mozart and disagreed over the power of Wagner. We talked of bathing in the little lake before the Marble Palace at Potsdam and of the future of Christianity. When the Oppenheimer bottle was empty, and as the first moonstone shafts of morning light were creeping over the Mediterranean, we went back to our hotel, having adjusted all the problems of the world to our complete satisfaction.

JAMES I AS AN AUTHOR

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

AUTHORSHIP is not an activity prominently associated with English monarchs, even though the first Henry is remembered as a *beau cleric* and the "Fid : Def" on the coinage is a constant reminder of Henry VIII's excursions into theological writing. More recently, Queen Victoria's *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* inspired Tennyson, even before reading it, with the certainty "of finding the lofty and tender sentiments and the hearty enjoyment of Nature, expressed in pure English, which cannot fail to make a book interesting", and added the phrase "We authors, Ma'am", to Disraeli's repertoire of flattery. But the only sovereign whose indulgence in literary composition was sufficiently consistent to entitle him to rank as a professional writer was James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England.

From the publication of *Essays of a Prentice* in 1585, when he was nineteen, to the appearance of his *Meditations* on the Crown of Thorns in 1620, five years before his death, he enriched contemporary literature with poems, polemics, political treatises, and theological arguments. He wrote about witchcraft, tobacco, the principles of prosody, the rights of princes and the duties of subjects; he experimented with literary forms from the sonnet to the dialogue; and he understood the uses of plagiarism and anonymity. He celebrated in verse subjects as widely diverse as the defeat of the Armada, the genius of the astronomer Tycho Brahe and the severity of a winter which interfered with his hunting; in prose, he castigated with vigour and impartiality both Puritans and Papists, so that the Bishop who edited his *Collected Works* in 1616 could, with some show of reason, remark in the preface that the King's opponents might indeed "live securely from bleeding by his Majesty's sword, but they are not safe from being blasted by the breath of his Majesty's books".

His own ambition to be remembered as an author has been sadly unfulfilled, since even the titles of his neglected works are forgotten by all but scholars, yet the curious may still derive some amusement and edification from the literary remains of the "wisest fool in Christendom". His scholastic wisdom, in spite of his singular stupidities, was genuine enough. His education in Scotland, by the learned Buchanan, had ensured that. His course of studies, about the age of twelve, has been preserved by another of his tutors: "After prayers, a period was devoted to Greek, with reading from the New Testament, Isocrates or Plutarch's Apothegms, and practice in Greek grammar. The rest of the forenoon was given to Livy, Justin, Cicero, or Scottish and other history, and the afternoon to exercises in composition, or, if time permitted, to the study of arithmetic, geography, and astronomy, dialectic or rhetoric". After this training he could and did, all his life, converse fluently in Latin (though Ben Jonson once had the temerity to criticize his accent), but he preferred to write in the vernacular—possibly for the reason which caused him to advise his son Henry: "Write in your own language, for there is nothing left to be said in Greek and Latin".

The erudition he inevitably acquired accounted not only for his continual references to Biblical and classical themes—in which he only followed the prevailing fashion—but also for his passion for cataloguing, and for such argumentative ingenuities as:

Our Puritans will say no set prayers, forsooth, that is prescribed by their mother the Church, but every Brother must conceive one upon the sudden. I justly call it monstrous since they will have a thing both conceived and born at once, contrary to Nature, which will have everything to lie in the belly of the mother a certain time after the conception. . . . And this is the universal course of Nature, as well in animal as vegetable things; yea, even in minerals in the bowels of the earth, though the Alchemists in that point agree with the Puritans; and indeed our Puritans may justly be called Chemical Doctors of Divinity.

The major part of James's first attempt at authorship, *Essays of a Prentice*, consisted of sonnets addressed to various classical deities beseeching them to aid him in his writing; it was supplemented by a guide to poetical composition, entitled, "The Reulis and Cautchis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie", which was, in fact, a disingenuous plagiarism, with certain minor changes, of Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction*,

published in England ten years previously. Here he warned the intending versifier that, to achieve a good style, he must beware that his " words appear to have come out willingly and by nature and not to have been thrown out constrainedly by compulsion " ; he expounded the principles of scansion, gave advice on the choice of words proper to certain subjects, made a plea for a liberal use of alliteration and explained his predilection for the sonnet as lending itself to the " compendious praising of any books or the authors thereof or any arguments of other histories " .

Three years later, in " the King's own sonnet " on the defeat of the Spanish Armada, he forsook classical exercises for topical patriotism, in the manner which still, owing to the exertions of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Alfred Noyes, happily flourishes in these islands :

The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
Prepar'd a force and set them to the way :
Mars dressed himself in such an awful plight,
The like whereof was never seen, they say.
They forward came in monstrous array,
Both sea and land beset us everywhere :
Braggs threatened us a ruinous decay.
What came of that ? The issue did declare !
The winds began to toss them here and there,
The seas begun in foaming waves to swell ;
The number that escaped, it fell them fair ;
The rest were swallowed up in gulfs of Hell.
But how were all these things miraculous done ?
God laughed at them from out His Heavenly Throne.

In the years that followed the English victory, however, he was too much occupied in maintaining himself on his own throne in the face of his powerful and rebellious nobles, to devote much time to the practice of poetry, though his visit to Denmark to fetch home his bride gave him a short respite, in which he composed some conventional love-poetry and the sonnets to Tycho Brahe, whom he met during his stay at the Danish Court. He also wrote a sonnet, full of the usual classical allusions, lamenting the storm which delayed his departure. It was later discovered, however, that this storm, as well as one which nearly wrecked the ship in which he and the Queen returned, was due not to the vagaries of Æolus, but to the machinations of witches, and his subsequent attendance at their trials

made so deep an impression on his mind that it inspired his first considerable prose work, *Demonology*.

Its publication in 1597 was, as he explained, altruistic enough : " The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanter, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post this following treatise of mine not in any wise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only (moved of conscience) to press thereby, so far as I can, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished " .

There was, nevertheless, a definite show of the Royal learning. James explained in detail the eight different kinds of witches ; the differences between the black witches and the white ; the latter's sub-divisions into " arted " and " pacted " witches ; the three classes of demons (the lowest of which were composed of " the damned souls of departed conjurors ") with whom their pacts were made ; the mischievous work of this Satanic hierarchy and the best methods of detecting its members. But throughout the treatise (written in dialogue form) he never lost sight of his main objective, which was to rouse the nation to a lively sense of the peril in its midst. Who, indeed, was safe ? The only safe person, concluded the King, was the magistrate actively employed in bringing witches to justice. On the other hand, according to Reginald Scott, a Kentish hop-grower (whom James referred to as " an Englishman of damnable opinions "), the only safe person was the King himself, as his sex prevented his being taken for a witch, and the whole kingdom was satisfied that he was no conjuror.

It was not only witches who troubled James at this period. His subjects, inspired by the stormy preachers of the Kirk, were proving increasingly disinclined to accept his authority. The following year, therefore, he made an essay in propaganda by publishing anonymously " The True Law of Free Monarchies ; or the Reciprocal and Mutual Duty betwixt a Free King and his Natural Subjects " .

" Accept, I pray you, my dear countrymen ", he wrote, " as thankfully this pamphlet that I offer unto you as lovingly as it is written for your weal. If it be not sententious, at least it is short.

For my intention is to instruct and not irritate, if I may eschew it". The purpose of it was, he explained, "to make you honest and obedient subjects to your King in all times coming" and, should any malcontents be inclined to praise the spirit of insurrection, "ye shall herewith be armed against their siren-songs".

In the praise of Kingship, James was at his best. It was the subject which lay nearest to his heart. To it he returned continually in his writings, his speeches, and his letters. And it inspired him to the Marlovian line

God gives not Kings the style of Gods in vain

which opened the prefatory sonnet to the *Basilikon Doron*, a book of instruction in the art of Kingship, which he wrote for his son, Henry, in 1599.

As became a work of a semi-private nature, only seven copies were at first printed, but one of the seven found its way into the hands of the great Kirk preacher, Andrew Melville. The seed of James's wisdom could have fallen on no stonier ground, for it was Melville who, impervious to the divinity of James's royalty, had actually shaken him by the arm and called him "God's silly vassal". And the tone of the *Basilikon Doron*, with its "Anglopiscopapistical" conclusions, so horrified Melville and his colleagues and gave rise to so much criticism that the King, in angry defiance, ordered its formal publication. This event was the signal for the whole body of pious Presbyterianism (which was the vast majority of the Scottish nation) to go into a two days' rigorous fast to avert the righteous judgments of God on the Court and country.

It might have been thought that such Protestant detestation would ensure Catholic approval, but when James presented to the Pope a copy translated into French, with certain words and phrases omitted on the ground that it was difficult to render them adequately in a foreign language, he fared no better. For the Pope, suspicious, had the original translated and, discovering that the omissions were such phrases as "papistical errors", promptly put it on the Index.

Thus James, diplomatically pursuing the *via media* found, as he was so often to find, that he merely fell between two stools. The interest of the *Basilikon Doron* today, however, lies neither

in its monarchial theories nor in its ecclesiastical excursions, but in the personal admonitions contained in the section on a prince's behaviour in "indifferent things". The King was only thirty-three when he wrote it, but there is about it the accent of Polonius :

Beware of using excess of meat and drink ; and chiefly beware of drunkenness, which is a beastly vice, namely in a King ; but specially beware with it, because it is one of those vices which increaseth with age.

It was, indeed, as he himself was to prove, when no more than seven years later he was carried off to bed at a State reception, too drunk to stand.

In 1604, the year after his accession to the crown of England, James deserted for a moment his defence of Kingship to indulge in an attack on pipe-smoking. Yet even *A Counterblast against Tobacco* was elevated by his accustomed didacticism. For he found that his subjects' passion for the weed which Sir Walter Raleigh had recently discovered for them was a symptom of national degeneracy :

Our peace hath bread wealth ; and peace and wealth hath brought forth a general sluggishness, which makes us wallow in all sorts of idle delights. . . . And surely, in my opinion, there cannot be a more base and yet hurtful corruption in a country than in the vile use (or rather abuse) of taking Tobacco in this kingdom.

Finding men "lusting after it as the Children of Israel did in the wilderness after quails", he was seriously disturbed at the spread of "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking smoke thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless". And, if in his more particular detestation of smoking at meals, he has had many followers, he has had few superiors in invective :

Is it not both great vanity and uncleanness that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanliness, of modesty, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing off tobacco pipes and puffing off the smoke of tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infect the air, when very often men that abhor it are at their repast ?

It was not long, however, before James was recalled to the sterner paths of authorship. The Gunpowder Plot had resulted in a stricter enforcement of the penal laws against the Catholics and the tightening of the Oath of Allegiance. Cardinal Bellarmine

had launched an attack on these measures, and the King himself accepted the challenge in his last political work, *The Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*, which is perhaps the most careful and least interesting of all his books.

As King of England he also indulged spasmodically in poetry, though on the whole he was content in this particular to rest on his Scottish laurels and confine himself (as one critic has so aptly described it) to "pottering with the Psalms". In 1611 the new translation of the Bible which he had authorized had been presented to him, and it is an illuminating indication of his critical taste that he should endeavour to improve on that rendering of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods.

by his own version:

The Earth belongs unto the Lord and all that it contains;
The World that is inhabited and all that there remains.
For the foundation of the same, He on the seas did lay
And also hath established it upon the Floods to stay.

There were times, however, when he seems to have had doubts whether the dignity of Kingship was quite compatible with the craft of authorship. At least, in the preface to the *Collected Works*, Bishop Montague—presumably with his approval—spent a considerable space in demonstrating that it was. David and Solomon, for instance, were literary monarchs; and there was an even more august example, for did not the Almighty Himself write the Commandments on the Tables of Stone?

But, even had he not been a King, James would certainly have been an author. Writing was a natural outlet for his active, enquiring, dogmatic mind. And though, in his own day, his office ensured that his works were received with an exaggerated respect, posterity may, after all, have redressed the balance somewhat too drastically.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

IRISH LETTERS: TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

BETWEEN Joyce and Yeats, whose seventieth birthday occurred on June 13th, there are seventeen years. Enough to keep the young Joyce near enough to Yeats to be influenced by him and far enough not to be influenced by what influenced Yeats. Between Joyce and the younger Irish writers of the day—and those who have not yet appeared in print, but who are doubtless about to—there must be another seventeen or twenty years. Enough to be influenced by Joyce, but not to be influenced by what influenced him. Romance, in other words, fades into the background. The steps are clear already—Yeats and romantic poetry, Joyce and the bitter literature of regret, O'Casey, O'Flaherty, O'Connor, O'Donnell, and the brutal literature of despair. That is an exaggeration, a rough caricature. But it is, at bottom, true enough as an outline.

Why did this development occur? With Yeats Ireland was stable in its set ways. The hurly-burly of politics, even, was part of the fixed routine of life. They were constitutional politics and could be taken with humour. Dublin was still a capital of many attractions. One could find a movement—people could still cohere. There was a steady social life, there were companies of wits, salons, cafés open late at night,

patrons. Life was light and even gay. *Dubliners* is not a light or gay book, but it depicts—admittedly on the drab side—something of the Dublin; so does *Ulysses* or the *Portrait of the Artist*. But then came Sinn Féin and the War, and the young men who should have been writing *sans gêne* wrote under the shadow of their devotion to death. Nineteen-sixteen blew the old Ireland to little bits and solemnity came in with its cropped head. When Joyce wrote the *Portrait* he was writing of something that was gone and would never return.

Last of all came the Treaty and the Civil War. What these have done to Ireland it is not easy to describe, but what is really important is that those writers, like O'Flaherty and O'Casey, who lived through both phases of the Revolution, find themselves, to-day, mentally uprooted. The change in Ireland which Joyce may regret is nothing to the change in Ireland which these later arrivals have seen.

For the world of our youth, with all its symbols is utterly gone. There is no longer any meaning to our memories of political faction-fights, or of the atmosphere of an English-ruled Ireland; those photographs on the walls, of Paddy in the Munster Fusiliers, or Jacky of H.M.S. *Invulnerable*, symbols like R.M., or

Clerk of the Crown and Peace, or "Grand Military Tattoo", or the Viceregal Lodge, have now, being removed by the rise of the new Ireland, no echo in reality. A new Catholic Irish democracy is risen up to take the places of the old leisured, retired, cultivated class of civil servant or landed gentleman. A whole new set of symbols are in the air. On the walls are now photographs of Liam in Volunteer Uniform—he was "bumped-off" by the Tans in twenty-one, or of Michael Collins as Commander-in-Chief of the Free State Army. The Resident Magistrate who had been to Sandhurst is replaced by the District Justice who was educated by the Christian Brothers and who talks Gaelic. The "bobbies" are Civic Guards, and we know them by their Christian names. On our pennies are pigs and horses and hens. The whole social picture is upside down and we do not know where we are or what is real or unreal, what clashes are arising in it, what values are really being followed in the lives of the people. Every Irish writer of to-day over thirty is a spiritual *déraciné*.

Is it any wonder that the Celtic Twilight is become an annoyance? That Joyce reads like Isaiah? That O'Flaherty has taken to writing his reminiscences or, so rumour has it, a novel about the Famine of 1847? That Mr. Yeats should have to bewail that no Irish plays are being sent to the Abbey now, and that we all feel the Abbey is moribund—for the drama is, of all arts, the most communal and where the commune is a puzzle how can the dramatist depict it? Is it surprising that O'Casey should have turned from realism to a form of expressionism, and have exchanged the Dublin slums for Hyde Park? (He probably knows that world, by now, even better than he

could possibly know his own world with all the changes it has undergone since his exile.) The Ireland of to-day is a muddy sea, and few would care to dive into it.

It was once a matter of small import where an Irish writer lived. Dublin and the country was always there, living to a pattern, and one run across from Paris or London revived it all. The *déraciné* always had his aerial roots in his memories. Now, difficult as it is to feel rooted while in Ireland, it is impossible to feel or be rooted when one is outside Ireland.

What follows must be obvious. Realism is doomed, and the swing back to romance, fantasy, poetry, is inevitable. The modern Irish writer is reorientated into himself, for there alone in his own dark cave of self can he hope to find certainty of reality. And being, perforce, divided by his interest in life and his retirement into self, he must be forever seeking—like Yeats who has lived long enough to see all those changes one by one—a solution to the antinomies within him, a possession of his ego, a Unity of Being. In that search I feel that Irish literature will deepen considerably, and no English critic can any longer say, as they have been saying, "We are growing rather weary of the Irish scene"—for the exploration of the Irish scene is done with for the time being, certain to be replaced by a subjective, intellectual art, possibly of formal beauty, possibly of fantastic colour, possibly of a fiery quality in which reality will become melted into strange shapes. The work of Frank O'Connor is, perhaps, the best example to date of the kind of thing I mean. He is, I suppose, about thirty-two or three, a one-time revolutionary, loving his people and writing of them with

affection. The interesting thing to be looked for in his work is the manner in which he has blended reality and fantasy; he has said farewell to naturalism, yet everything he writes is of the most natural; he has found a middle position where his art has become fluid to match this dazzling interweaving of a perpetually elusive Irish life. Peadar O'Donnell, another revolutionary, sympathetic to Communism, illustrates with O'Flaherty the older type of writer who clings to realism, who attempts to seize the reality of the moment—unaware that, as I have been suggesting, there is no reality in the juggling moment. Teresa Deevy, at the Abbey, is another writer who meets mobile life with a romantic technique. Poetry, with Higgins, Clarke, Geoffrey Taylor, Kavanagh, plays for safety in following the earlier Yeatsian romanticism. But even already the younger poets are coming up—too soon to say whether they are mushrooms or puffballs—Donagh MacDonagh, Denis Devlin, Samuel Beckett, Niall Sheridan, who seem to be asking for a more stern note, a poetry woven more out of inward experience.

If these younger writers over thirty have the talent to seize on their own solitariness and exploit it they may produce some of the finest Irish literature yet seen.

But time is not with them. For soon a new tribe will arise and the old business of exploring the superficial scene—the new social world of the new Ireland—may well begin again. It rests with these younger men and women to be an influence that will keep their successors from imitating those early Abbey plays whose superficiality has already killed them and whose pictures of passing time has already made them *vieux jeu*.

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RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE,
by Christopher Dawson. *Sheed & Ward.* 6s.

THIS is a remarkable book. We have become so accustomed to analyses of the totalitarian state based on the present political situation in Western Europe that it is with a certain sense of weariness that we open yet another book of which this is the theme. Mr. Dawson therefore starts with the initial disadvantage that we feel sure he is about to batter once more at doors which already are worn with the marks of many knuckles. But it does not take him more than a page of two to dispel any such feeling on the part of his reader, for not only is his writing good, but, what is more important, and much rarer, his poise is so steady, that we quickly perceive that his analysis is really an interpretation and a prophecy. Most books of this kind are, of course, written by secular humanists whose feet are on sand. They are content to abuse the totalitarian state in the name of a very vague and inchoate liberty. But Mr. Dawson stands firmly on a rock, and it gives him a perfectly definite point of view. Knowing that in the end the rock is unshakable, he is able to be fair to the believers in omniscience in government, and we are not treated to the tiresome exhibition of the too easy annihilation of an opponent who is represented only by the more hysterical remarks and acts of a General Göring or a Dr. Goebbels.

An analysis undertaken from this standpoint leads Mr. Dawson to make certain very interesting prophecies. He believes that the future of totalitarianism lies in the hands of Mustafa Kemal and his Turkish experiment. In that, rather than in the German or Italian form, it is most likely to spread. He believes also that "the way is open for a reconciliation between Russia and the West, between Communism and bourgeois civilization". The news from Russia of the last two or three weeks

seems already to be supporting him. He thinks that England is in no danger of either Communism or Fascism, but that we shall quite probably follow a parallel "line of development which . . . though less arbitrary and inhumane . . . will make just as large a claim on the life of the individual". Not by castor oil and concentration camps, but by secular education and compulsory clinics of different kinds will totalitarianism come here.

He is quite clear that totalitarianism in any form is the enemy of religion, and he therefore turns finally to discuss what religion should do about it. What disturbs him about the present tactics of Christianity is that they fall in with the very social emphasis which is most likely to produce totalitarianism—the desire to build the new Jerusalem at once and on the spot, without a sufficient consideration of the values which any Jerusalem that is going to be any good to a Christian must enshrine.

"There are, it is true, quite a number of different Jerusalems: there is the Muscovite Jerusalem which has no Temple: there is Herr Hitler's Jerusalem which has no Jews, and there is the Jerusalem of the social reformers which is all suburbs: but none of these is Blake's Jerusalem."

Nor are any of them the Jerusalem which is above, the mother of us all, which is free, and which alone the Christian cares twopence about. There is truth in that indictment of a mere Christian reformism. It can never save the world from the idolatry of state-worship. The only Christianity which can prevail is that which is a message about God and not about man. This is a book which should be deeply pondered and taken to heart by all Christians who are disturbed by the present situation. It shows to them the conditions on which they can help, and to the world the way by which it can escape from its most pressing danger. ROGER B. LLOYD.

T. E. LAWRENCE: FACT AND LEGEND

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, by
T. E. Lawrence. *Cape.* 30s.

To many of those who knew the late T. E. Lawrence intimately it is almost an impiety to criticize him, even by his known works to appreciate him. "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?"—they have only to ask this question, and, receiving a negative answer, may dismiss abruptly and like Olympians any delving into the legend which, not without help from Lawrence himself, was woven in the West about his name, and into the legacy which he bequeathed in the form of literature and in the map of Arabia. Such an attitude, it may be recalled, was cultivated about another, lesser man, Rupert Brooke, who to the eyes of his friends seemed almost godlike. But, as time passes, such poses are ignored: the achievement of the artist alone matters.

How, then, in the face of and after reading *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, assuredly a grand if uneven book, are we to judge T. E. Lawrence? That he was no "uncrowned king of Arabia" need scarcely be repeated to anyone familiar with post-war Arabia, even though it is evident that Lawrence himself toyed with the idea—only wisely to dismiss it, with the capture of Damascus in October, 1918—of asserting authority over the Arabs in times of peace and without the gold by which to complete their "spiritual conversion". By the Arabs themselves he is, but for those who have since become acquainted with the West, quite unremembered. The reviewer was recently in all the country lying between Aqaba, which Lawrence brilliantly took in 1917, and Damascus, which fell the following year, not as a result of escapades in the desert, but because of Allenby's advance through Palestine and

Syria; he asked frequently about Lawrence. None of the Bedouin remember him, except as "one of those Englishmen in the War": the "legend" never had any existence in the land of its origin, but became a living thing only when imported (after Lawrence had given to Lowell Thomas, the American travelogueur, some specially posed photographs and had read every word of his book before it was printed) into Europe and America. Sooner or later it must wholly die. But we shall know more of his accomplishment and authority among the rebelling Arabs when the accounts by his Arab fellow-combatants are published.

Nor is it seriously arguable that, but for his efforts, the Turks would not have been beaten in the Great War. The "Revolt in the Desert" was in truth, to use Lawrence's own phrase, "a side-show of a side-show", and, although the daring and endurance displayed in it have bemused some observers into thinking Lawrence one of the world's military geniuses and the Arabs with him a noble people struggling with heroic unity towards freedom, the truth is that nothing which happened in the desert east of the Hejaz Railway had any vital effect on the issue of the World War, and that the fissiparous tendency of the Arab character has been as much seen since the collapse of the Ottoman Empire as before. Comparisons of Lawrence with such commanders as Marlborough have provoked one of his friends with him in the desert to remark: "You might as well compare an undergraduate who makes a nice century in the Varsity match with W. G. Grace". That verdict is, I think, just and final.

The fact is that to few of those Arabs

outside the shower of golden sovereigns did this "revolt" appeal. And, in a little while, Lawrence's Arab world was to be swept away by the disapproving ranks of Ibn Saud. In Iraq alone (which Lawrence visited during the War to offer the Turks an ill-conceived bribe for the Kut besieged and in which he found an eventual kingdom for his friend, Faisal, ejected from Syria) is there such Arab independence as he dreamed of. His Arab plan has gone awry.

Yet of *Seven Pillars* itself who shall speak but with awe and humility? It is magnificent, superb even in its patent imperfections, the proud and frank confession of a man tortured in mind and in body, a descriptive narrative unsurpassed in contemporary literature. Artificial, yes; but only shallow people repeat the foolish assertion that the desert of itself can give to its inhabitants the gift of great prose. Uneven, yes; for Lawrence had not so informed his pen as to make it a lucid mirror of his thoughts, which are apt to appear tangled and diffuse. But his descriptive passages are superlatively, immortally good—why should one not risk the prophecy? Take, for instance, his writing upon the two places which above all struck his imagination and evoked his highest powers, and in which at times he fain would have spent the remainder of his days—Wadi Rum and Qasr al Azraq. The first is still little known, the second now freely seen. But no traveller will ever excel his reactions to the serene beauty inhabiting these "magically haunted" outposts: Rum, "the processional way greater than imagination", Azraq, whose "unfathomable silence was steeped in knowledge of wandering poets, lost kingdoms, all the crime and chivalry and dead magnificence of Hira and Ghassan". In these two marvels of Nature I have stood, steeped in admiration, yet not unconscious of pride in the fact that to an Englishman had fallen the lot of describing them in unforgettable words.

About the name of Lawrence the sands of Arabia are likely to blow with disintegrating effect, until the statue which exists in many minds is unrecognizable; but against *Seven Pillars* the winds from north, south, east and west will blow in vain. For, whether of wisdom or not, they are made of honest granite.

A DICTIONARY OF FRENCH SLANG. By Olivier Leroy. Harv. 6s.

It is hard enough to keep up with our own slang, without attending to the slang of our neighbours. Professor Leroy's dictionary is therefore a blessing. It is as good a guide to the French lingual underworld as the English reader is likely to require. I have tried all the French slang I know without finding anything serious missing; and the book stands up to closer investigation under the pressure of Céline's *Voyage Au Bout de la Nuit* and other slang-studded books. To compile a useful dictionary of this kind is a most difficult task. So much slang is specialized. Some dies quickly after a few brilliant years; some becomes absorbed via racy idiom into respectability. There is an intermediate list which neither sinks nor rises. Meanings vary with locality and are many. For example, Professor Leroy defines "*scie*" (literally "saw") as a "bore, worry or nuisance". Also as "a so-called comic song with the same idiotic refrain". One of its other meanings, "mother-in-law" has escaped him. He gives "*casse-patte*" as "raw spirit" with the interesting U.S. parallel of "tanglefoot"; but down among the sailors of Toulon "*casse-patte*" means nothing more than white wine; and red wine is "*pousse au crime*", which he does not give. This is not criticism. To make a dictionary of slang is like attempting to catalogue an ocean.

V. S. P.

DESIGN FOR XXth CENTURY LIVING

BY W. HORSFALL CARTER.

THE NEXT FIVE YEARS. An Essay in Political Agreement—by many influential signatories, representative of all shades of thought. Macmillan. 5s.

IN DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY, by J. S. Fulton and C. R. Morris. Methuen. 5s.

LABOUR'S WAY TO CONTROL FINANCE. ("Labour shows the Way" Series), by John Wilmot, M.P. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

FOR those of us who have for some time taken the view that the dry-rot of party allegiance is the greatest danger to the democratic ship of State today this Essay in Political Agreement is significant and heartening. Its signatories include Conservative and Liberal M.P.s, two ex-Chairmen of the T.U.C. and a wealth of writers on public affairs who, though consumed with reforming zeal, for one reason or another remain outside the Labour-Socialist conventicle. The one bond uniting them is a conviction that English democracy is ripe for leadership into new country as different from the nineteenth century flats as Mr. Elliot's "new deal" for agriculture is from the economics of the text-books.

The two Balliol dons, who have subjected the present condition of democracy to a most penetrating analysis, reach the conclusion that the age of the positive State has arrived, and that "the plain man, whatever his party or social class, has seen the point for many years. The old *laissez-faire* State has gone for good, and no one thinks it can be restored". Lord Allen, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and the 150 other signatories of this five-year plan make the assumption that there is a sufficient basis of consent for a progressive policy at home and abroad,

to be prosecuted by a national government worthy of the name.

What are, then, the essential features of the new liberalism, of this design for twentieth-century living? At the apex of the new structure stands a Government Planning Committee composed of Cabinet Ministers freed from daily departmental responsibility. It will be served by an Economic General Staff, a standing body responsible to the executive, and thus subject to parliamentary control, composed partly of whole-time civil servants and partly of public men with special experience: in no sense an "economic parliament" but a functional body capable of taking the strain under which, in modern economic circumstances, the representative regime in so many countries has broken. Other statutory bodies are to be a National Development Board, a National Housing Commission, and a National Investment Board. Wide latitude is to be given under an Enabling Act for industries to work out for themselves the appropriate form of re-organization, so that the final picture will show:

(1) integrated private enterprise where industries—like the cotton trade—will possess powers to compel their recalcitrant minorities to come into line on such matters as wages, hours, standards, research, with a safeguard of public control;

(2) public concerns, i.e., giant combines whose virtual monopoly powers require a measure of public control because of their bearing on the rights of large sections of the community;

(3) public utility organizations—to include the joint stock banks;

(4) fully socialized industries, e.g., transport, electricity, some forms of insurance, mining royalties etc.

By contrast with the Lloyd George plan, *The Next Five Years* assumes a revival of British export trade, in virtue of Britain's strong position as a buyer. The old Liberal yeast is still working, and the authors betray a simple faith in "world recovery", in the resumption of lending by the British money market, of the return to normal of agricultural conditions and prices, etc., which suggests that they have not probed very deeply into the reasons for the present world economic crisis. Their proposals on monetary policy, too, are absurdly inadequate. They perceive the need for remedying the unsatisfactory working of the capital market and for reform of the status of the Bank of England, but the prescription stops there. Of the need for consumer credit or some means of developing purchasing power to keep pace with production there is not a hint. Financial policy is made to depend upon the speed with which international economic collaboration can be re-organized.

Mr. John Wilmot, on the other hand, clearly sees that there is a two-fold problem: (1) to reorganize the existing financial and industrial system and remove its patent abuses, and (2) to create a new monetary system which will ensure that as productive capacity increases the ability to consume what is produced shall also increase. Like other Labour reformers, with the exception of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his latest treatise on *Principles of Economic Planning*, Mr. Wilmot gives no indication of how this is to be done, but at least he recognizes that "we have to look at the financial system from an entirely new angle". His little book is an admirable piece of work and should lay many of the bogeys that have been raised by party cat-calls about the "nationalization of the banks".

The programme advanced in *The Next Five Years* is, of course, at once too comprehensive and too timid to warrant

the contributors being co-opted *en masse* as the thinking General Staff for the next Government. A composite work of this kind is bound to suffer from such a handicap. But as a blue-print for the English revolution, it will repay careful study.

DIAGHILEFF, by Arnold Haskell.
Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

It is seldom in a lifetime that we are shocked and made breathless by a sudden and overwhelming beauty. This, however, was the experience of Londoners when, two or three years before the Great War, Diaghileff brought "the Russian Ballet" to amaze us. Indeed, I would say that this first revelation of the company's marvellous *ensemble*, of Nijinsky's unique genius, and of Bakst's bold and barbaric design and colour probably made up the greatest æsthetic surprise and influence of our age.

Mr. Haskell, England's most eminent ballet-lover, has written a life of Diaghileff which will please anyone of intelligence and will enthrall anyone for whom there is magic in the names of Nijinsky, Karsavina, Bolm, Fokine, Cecchetti and Bakst. The story of Diaghileff's career has also the glamour which always surrounds the life-story of a man who has succeeded in a large-scale enterprise. It is clear that he was much more than a financial manager. He was in fact, an aristocrat who had little interest in acquiring money and little capacity for using it with economy. It seems, rather, that he was an artist without an art. His ambition in youth was to become a composer, and it was Rimsky-Korsakov who nipped that ambition in the bud. Nevertheless, Diaghileff's technical knowledge of music (Nijinsky, we learn, had almost none), together with his consuming passion for visual beauty and his flair for discerning creative genius in others, made of him an impresario of a kind unknown in this

country, a man at once critical and inspiring.

Most people know already that he was homosexual, and Mr. Haskell deserves credit for speaking clearly about the matter—not exploiting it nor yet failing to realize that this peculiarity had a considerable effect upon Diaghileff's productions. It may even explain the prevalence in the Russian company of feminine dancers who, though boyishly beautiful, were notably lacking in sex allure. Again, Mr. Haskell gives us an account of Diaghileff's association with the ill-starred Nijinsky which is obviously just and is a necessary corrective to Madame Nijinsky's account.

Many readers may find the first half of the book somewhat indigestible, filled as it is with the difficult names of Russian painters and musicians who are not known to most of us: but even here we may capture the sense of a group of men who cared passionately about the arts, discussing movements and technical problems with the zeal which many people reserve for political questions. It is interesting, too, to find that Diaghileff and his early friends were much influenced by the work of Aubrey Beardsley, and that the world-famous impresario began by editing an art-magazine and sponsoring exhibitions of pictures.

Like many who share his sexual abnormality Diaghileff had (as we learn from Mr. Haskell) a morbid terror of becoming old. He clung frantically to youth. He was terrified of ceasing to be up to date. He gave his support, in consequence, to many styles and crazes with which he may well have been not truly in sympathy; and it is probably for this reason that, at least in my judgment, the Russian ballet became poorer each time that it visited London. A newcomer to it could never believe that it had ever been more beautiful, and it was useless for a pre-war ballet-goer to

praise past times. At this distance, however, many people would agree that the post-war ballets, aiming at modernity, very often expressed no more than the fad of the moment.

Diaghileff died six years ago, in the middle fifties—fortunately, in view of his temperament, not knowing that death had come to him. Had this man not been so completely in love with beauty we should never have seen, presumably, the miracles of movement, grace and colour which the Russian ballet revealed to Western Europe. The influence of that ballet has now, no doubt, been absorbed, but it would be difficult to measure the extent to which Diaghileff's fine taste has affected the æsthetic taste of millions of people in Paris, London and Berlin. We soon lose track of such influences. The world, however, would be a perceptibly poorer place if Diaghileff had not lived in it.

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JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS CIRCLE.
by Jessie Conrad. *Jarrols*. 18s.

THE LETTERS OF JACOB WASSERMANN TO FRAU JULIE WASSERMANN, edited by V. Grubwieser. *Allen & Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

THE best book about a great man is not usually written until many years after his death; and then, favourable or not, the portrait will be idealized. There is this interest, at least, in the precipitate memoir or revelation (how many we were given about D. H. Lawrence!), that it is *terre-à-terre*, that despite itself it often communicates the idiosyncracies, the physical presence of the man as the more distant biographer can never do. Mrs. Conrad's description of her husband has this interest. It is, by any standards of biography or memoir-writing, a bad book, badly and cheaply written; but the memory of Conrad, his heaving gesture of despair, his habit of flinging away a freshly-lit cigarette, or lifting one drooping eyelid with a finger when he was agitated, does emerge, almost accidentally, from her pages. I felt after reading the book that I had seen Conrad for a moment in the flesh—one of those glimpses of a great man which one foolishly cherishes—and had heard him give some order to a servant in a brusque, foreign voice. Such impressions are superficial, and yet they sometimes reveal a trick of the body so characteristic that, for want of better

acquaintance, we accept them as an important disclosure.

Perhaps one reason why Mrs. Conrad's book imparts only this glimpse is that from beginning to end it presents Conrad as a complete stranger, a stranger to his family as well as to us. How odd he is, Mrs. Conrad seems to exclaim on every page, this husband of mine! All his sentences end with a muttered "damn"; the illness of others affects him so that he sympathetically retires to his bed with an attack of gout; he changes house on a moment's inspiration, and dallies at the last moment looking at his books and pictures; he marries with the intention of having no children and is surprised and mildly reproachful when his wife informs him that she is pregnant. "I sometimes wonder," says Mrs. Conrad, "what divides the genius from the person who is only a bit queer." Only her "sense of humour," apparently, pulled her through. The reader will find this state of affairs naively recorded in great detail, and at the end may be left wondering how it was possible for such a husband and such a wife, understanding so little of one another, to live together in comparative harmony.

The Letters of Jacob Wassermann to His Wife is a better book, but too slight to interest those for whom Wassermann is only a distant and rather pretentious literary figure. If you admire Wassermann as Arnold Bennett did (he considered him another Tolstoy), you will enjoy this small tribute by his wife. In printing his letters to her and explaining the circumstances, she has done her work admirably. There is no trace of personal irritation, hardly a shadow of the divorce which separated them when she was forty-seven years of age. It is a book of love-letters, playful, affectionate, and as simple as Wassermann's novels are tortured and complicated. G. W. STONIER.

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Other announcements to follow.

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GASTRONOMIC ITALY. THE WINES OF ITALY. MAPS. Published free by the *Italian State Tourist Department*, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.

GOOD FOOD FROM SWEDEN, by Inga Norberg. *Chatto & Windus*, 5s.

IN the last twenty years there has been an increasing flood of books about food and wines. The pleasures of the table seem to have been recognized since the War to a degree never known before it, as one of the legitimate preoccupations of the human mind. It is curious to note that the food books, whether chatty or practical or both, have been increasingly read at a time when the vagaries of the digestion and the kinks of the mind have simultaneously produced a thousand special diets, a thousand inconvenient whims, and a thousand ways of supporting the vanity which wishes to keep the body slim, to pamper the digestion with half-work, by means which, if not unnatural, are at any rate affected.

Interesting foreign forms of food have been much stimulated by the coming of the small car. People have been carried into districts never known to them before, and, if they have any common sense at all, they have brought back with them not only snapshots, but recipes. This has been thoroughly realized by such a go-ahead body as the Italian State Tourist Department. In 1931 it first brought out a *Guide to Gastronomic Italy*. That is a compact volume, of a good size either for the pocket of a car or for propping against the dresser, and full of interesting information about the gastronomic aspects of the different provinces of Italy, and of recipes for reproducing those specialities. This is now followed up by the new production of two maps, admirably slim and travelable, showing the tourist exactly where to go for such and such a delicacy or such and such a wine. The maps are coloured, amusing, and instructive; on their backs appears in English an excellent

summary of the delights to be found in any particular portion of Italy.

From Italy to Sweden. Mrs. Norberg's book is filled with the most attractive recipes, written in plain and concise English, for every kind of food. It is in many cases so prolific in fattening products that the people who only know Sweden by its hard bread, ordained for them by their beauty doctor, will be horrified by the list of ingredients. Nevertheless, would it not be well to stop and consider that the reputation of the Swedes among us is that of a tall, honey-coloured and slim race, who invented hard bread, not for slimming purposes, but because a thinly populated country, a thousand miles long, could not possibly expect a baker to call every morning? They had to produce a kind of bread which would keep.

But why should the noble native cookery of provincial England be hiding behind a bushel, or any other measure? Miss Florence White's book on *Good Things in England* represents the admirable work that she is doing in the English Folk Cookery Society — though its dinners have hitherto concentrated too much on out-of-the-way dishes, rather than on showing how good plain English cookery can be, without referring to more or less obsolete dishes. Her Association produces a good food register, which tells one where to find certain specialities. The register is growing with its several editions, but there is still excellent reason for suggesting that foreign visitors are not sufficiently acquainted with the pleasures of English cookery. One may also add that English hotel-keepers are not yet acquainted with the attractions that their local gastronomic productions would have for the tourist. The Italian gastronomic guide is a pioneer whose methods might be followed. Neither the tourist nor the hotel-keeper will be lacking if either is given any encouragement.

There is already an inn in Hertfordshire which undertakes to produce any particular dish if it is ordered by telephone. That is a step in the right direction. Have you ever been to the Three Hammers, where they give you a black-currant pie with cream which is no mere sweet, but an ode to the great? Honour to Italy, honour to Sweden, heartfelt thanks for their gifts to our table; but let us also do honour to what must be the apex of the triangle to any Briton, and a hope that it will be given an even start in the race. H. PEARL ADAM.

DESOLATE MARCHES, by L. M. Nesbitt. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

ONE of the attractions of Mr. Nesbitt as a traveller is that, when he travelled to such appalling places as Abyssinia or the swamps of the Orinoco basin, it was in the course of his work, and not solely with the romantic aim of making himself suffer. In consequence his work has an undertone of seriousness, whereas in many excellent books on the more heroic plane of travel or exploration one detects the nonchalant, gentlemanly voice of the amateur. What matters most, of course, is the quality of any traveller's capacity for experience and his power to convey it; and here Mr. Nesbitt has obviously original gifts. The llanos of Venezuela, which are the scene of the present book, provided less spectacular material than Abyssinia, but these gifts transform what might have been dull into something deeply interesting and quietly stamped with the traveller's character.

It is the wise rule of the Venezuelan Government to require the foreign oil concessionaires in this desolate region to survey the country adjacent to their territory; and Mr. Nesbitt was called in on such a job. The foreigners are to some extent redeeming a country which for the last hundred years has been receding from the relatively high level of Spanish colonial civilization into misery.

The race of cattlemen, who made the superb guerrilla fighters of Paez and Bolivar, has almost died out. The cattle are vanishing. Towns and villages are dwindling and every year one or two more fall to the encroaching swamp and forest. Dysentery and fever are driving the people to the coasts; and only those too infirm to escape or who are fugitives from justice remain. Here and there a fine Spanish house and its surviving owners bear witness to the richer past; they stand out tragic, wasted and grotesque. The llanos of Venezuela are a blasting illustration of what happens to a country whose politics have become faction-ridden, and whose factions take to civil war. Mr. Nesbitt, in the course of his journeys and in the huge task of cutting thirty-mile avenues through the forest, was continually coming across the human wreckage. He had passed chained convict gangs on the "roads"; but there was an even more tragic population of escaped convicts. These had come chiefly from Devil's Island, for semi-slavery in the docks of Venezuela or misery in the llanos is what freedom means to them. The boon of the survey is that it brings work and some recovery of self-respect for an apparently excellent people. The only man Mr. Nesbitt had any real trouble with was a continuously drunk Englishman.

His portrait of this man is extraordinarily good. Mr. Nesbitt was a patient believer in the eventual appearance of virtue in the least likely characters. This English whimperer and incompetent, the last word in maudlin unreliability, had a taste for flowers. There are more striking people. It is incredible that commercial travellers should penetrate this region, but Mr. Nesbitt found one in the ubiquitous, and naturally thriving, patent medicine industry. The job, he discovered, involved exposure not only to banditry,

but to the chances of revolt. Many a time the poor man had been carried through the forest, half dead with fear, by men who, he knew, were calculating whether it would pay them better to finish him off there and then and rob him. Only by making their reward depend upon the delivery of his body at the coast, *alive or dead*, did he escape. They could not deliver an obviously murdered man.

If a man dies in this country all the people in the neighbourhood gather to fell one of the large mahogany trees which stand marked and, with the ground cleared round them, prepared like this against likely deaths. The lid, the only separate part—for the carrying poles are part of the coffin—is pegged down and not nailed. Then all help carry the enormous load, everybody gets drunk, while the candles in their hands melt in the heat of the sun. Once or twice a year the priest comes round to give a general mass for the dead. He also conducts marriage ceremonies and christenings by the score, to catch up with nature's unions and fruitfulness.

Mr. Nesbitt did not escape from this desolate and bizarre place without sickness or dangerous adventure. There was a terrible episode in which he was lost in the forest, described with remarkable objectivity. The whole is done in a quiet, plain style of unemphatic vividness, with none of that South American forest hyperbole which has ruined so many travel books of the kind. V. S. PRITCHETT.

POEMS OF TOMORROW. AN ANTHOLOGY, by Janet Adam Smith. *Chatto & Windus*. 5s.

FOR some time now we have been observing (willy-nilly, as you can't help observing a bungalow going up in front of your sitting-room window) the making public of a kind of verse to which England has not hitherto been used. It is, is it not,

the skilful shaping of things ordinarily considered ugly, into verse, that distinguishes this new group from any previous poets? Shaping not humorously, as Burns treats of the louse (which Miss Adam Smith, the editor of this Anthology, mentions), but in all seriousness. It is, so to speak, a case of letting the words speak for themselves; and if they convey nothing, why, we listen all the same, and tell ourselves how up-to-date they are!

The Editor writes in her introduction:

I do not claim that each of the poems in this book is a work of genius, but I believe that as a whole these poems are the work of men in sympathy with the spirit of our age, and that two or three of these men, "invigorating and inspiriting" the others, are introducing that new element into our time which will seem, in due course, to have been their age's natural and necessary contribution to English Poetry.

We may add that there are ninety-two poems by thirty-nine writers in this anthology.

The voices:

A creation insulate
From the corrosive breath
Of death; prohibiting the
Collision of internecine states
As two elements conflagrate
End in ashes, we emulate.
(George Barker: *Fistral Bay*).

and:

By day
the cat on the mat
the moon at night
the light in the eye,
the house and home,
to ghosts gone.
(K. J. Raine: *Outlaw*).

send us back to Arnold's citation of Keats's lines:

The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores. . . .

and, thinking then of:

the cat on the mat. . . .

we wonder whether great or good lines (fashionably so) are not, after all, as much a case of association with the hour

that sees them written and printed, as anything else. At any rate, we might hesitate long enough before offering Arnold (if we could) as even respectable successors to Keats's great lines, or to those of Shakespeare or Wordsworth, Mr. Raine's line or Mr. Barker's:

Collision of internecine states. . . .

There is one beautiful and fascinating prose passage in *Poems of Tomorrow*; our thanks are due to the Editor for providing it from the long-dead, yet ever-fresh, Wordsworth. True, it would be a poser to find what Wordsworth has in common with this new verse—save, indeed, that the new green oak-leaf shares *newness* with the new manufactured pin!

If poetry *must* fade out today, we must accept the fact. But for the sake of our integrity do not let us call by the sacred name of poetry what gets no further than lines and stanzas that make a caricature of it: stanzas which, on examination, raise wonder and astonishment in us that young men should care to trifle so with the language that produced our Bible, *Hamlet*, and the *Ode to a Nightingale*. ARTHUR BALL.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE OF THE BAUHAUS, by Walter Gropius, with an introduction by Frank Pick. *Faber and Faber*. 6s.

THIS book is rightly called a plea for considering afresh the problems of building in terms of current materials, technical and economic conditions. But its claim involves more than the superficial adoption of a new architectural form to replace the arbitrary reproduction of historic styles. It is rather, as Mr. Frank Pick suggests in his introductory remarks, a reconsideration of art as a vital human activity, the basis of which is a new approach to life. Thus a deep significance underlies the new architectural expression which we find springing up around us. It is, Dr. Gropius says, "a bridge uniting

opposite poles of thought"—realism and idealism.

The root of the evil is found in the specialization of various departments of industry. The artist is separated from the craftsman or technical worker, and design is "applied" rather than organic. Likewise the architect and the builder are divided by complex situations in which the building realized as a complete entity throughout is practically impossible. This need for grasping a fundamental unity and a new basis of co-operation becomes more urgent by the very factors created by industry itself. The manufacture of synthetic materials—steel, concrete, and glass—and the fact that these materials are produced by mechanical means for mass production in factories independent of the vagaries of climatic and local conditions, demand an entirely new formulation of the architectural conception. This, we find, was the inspiration behind the *Bauhaus* (a workshop-school established by Dr. Gropius in 1919 from a combination of the Weimar School of Arts and Crafts and the Academy of Fine Art). The real problem was the perfect combination of the aesthetic and the practical end in the evolution of the new architecture.

Dr. Gropius has very wisely realized the possible dangers of the too-easily-resolved effects made possible by the utilization of standardized units or *norms* embodying a sort of structural common denominator. But, as Mr. Pick has indicated, the tendency nowadays is against this stark and formal phase, which began as a reaction from the welter of superimposed decoration in the past, and individual imagination will more and more take possession of the new technical resources. Moreover, the architectural function necessitates the recognition of the particular solution demanded by a particular situation. "Building is a matter of methods and materials, but architecture implies the mastery of space." GRACE ROGERS.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF AN UPPER CLASS, by H. de Montherlant.
John Miles, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY? by Horace McCoy. *Barker. 6s.*

ILLYRIAN SPRING, by Ann Bridge.
Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Lament for the Death of an Upper Class tells of an astonishing group of French aristocrats who are trying, in 1924, to flee from their ancestry. Léon de Coantré, with his craving to get as near as possible to the humble worker, is a very definite creation, drawn with insight and pity. He is employed in a ceaseless search for money and for a job. At the same time he manages to be preoccupied with light women who scorn his poverty.

He tries to lure his uncle, Baron Octave, into securing him a job or presenting him with money. But the Baron—a cute fox—packs him off to the country. The Baron has his own obsession, that of “Americanising” himself to the point of caricature.

And so, lack of means breaks up the extraordinary household at Arago. Léon goes to the country and his death, giving the author scope for a passage of descriptive writing seldom equalled in contemporary fiction. At Arago, Léon's second uncle, M. Elie, shared the house with his nephew. This old man nearly steals pride of place in the book. His childishness, his slyness, his passion for having his own way, are shown so realistically that he rises to life from the pages. He may be tiresome to Léon, but to us he is richly amusing. For instance, he creeps downstairs at night to steal jam like a thieving child, rolls bread into a pellet with his fingers and becomes distraught when he loses the pellet under the furniture.

The book contains memorable scenes of beauty, tenderness, and power. It is full of witty wisdom, a scholarly limning of the post-war years.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? is an unusual little novel from America.

Robert Syverten, on trial for the murder of Gloria Beatty, relates his story. He meets Gloria casually, and she persuades him to enter a marathon dance which lasts for weeks. The dancers keep to the floor “for an hour and fifty minutes, then you had a ten minute rest period in which you could sleep if you wanted to.”

The promoters “stunt” a wedding. Famous screen stars start “derbies”. Couples collapse. An announcer tells the audience of the management's policy “to give you nothing but high-class amusement”. At the end Gloria begs Syverten to end her useless life, and he shoots her. This does not convince, because Syverten has little interest in Gloria and is represented as a man ambitious to become a film director.

Mr. McCoy must hate words. Only once does he relent by describing the ocean, “It was lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely”. This sticks up like a rock in a swift stream. The relation of the book to literary art is that of a photograph to a painting. But it has its value as a harsh comment on “civilization”.

Illyrian Spring proves that Miss Bridge's brand of freshness can become stale when she tells an old, old, story. She has powers of description, but the writing is too complacent. The pity of it that she should squander her talents in the furrow which so many women novelists plough with gusto!

Lady Kilmichael leaves home because her husband and her grown children do not take her art seriously. She goes to Dalmatia, meets a young man with “blue eyes, curly straw-coloured hair”. She is forty-two, he twenty-two years old. He falls in love with her. A doctor even hints that she should become the boy's mistress. But no. She is reconciled to her husband, and “curly head” links up with her daughter. Could anything be nicer?

REARDEN CONNER.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

OCTOBER, 1935

THE EMPIRE AND THE LEAGUE

BY SIR EDWARD GRIGG, M.P.

THE Abyssinian crisis has become a European one and threatens this country with possibilities to which, at this moment, the majority of our people are certainly not alive. The issue, as our Government sees it, has been put to the Assembly of the League in unmistakable terms by Sir Samuel Hoare:

“In conformity with its precise and explicit obligations the League stands, and my country stands with it, for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety, and particularly for steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression.”

M. Laval, speaking for France, ranged himself beside this country in loyalty to the principles of the League, though he hedged his declaration with some interpretative phrases and reservations, on which the last word has not yet been said. All other members of the Assembly who mounted the tribune supported the British view of the case. The Italian Government, however, has issued a statement “reaffirming in the most explicit manner that the Italo-Abyssinian problem does not admit of a compromise solution after the huge efforts and sacrifices made by Italy and the irrefutable documents contained in the Italian memorandum presented at Geneva”. That is the situation as I sit down to write this article, and it is obviously one in which writing is possible only with great reserve.

Whatever the outcome may be, it is plain that we are on the eve of further declarations and events which will shape the policy of this country and colour the destinies of Europe for years to come. There is reason, therefore, for reviewing the relations of the Empire and the League and trying to elucidate

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the main principles of policy by which we ought to stand. Not the least important point is to decide what we mean by "the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety"—to quote the Foreign Secretary's words—and in what way we can best assist the League to pursue its central object: peace and the building of a better world. The conception which inspired the Covenant at its making no longer holds. It is certain, for instance, that we should never have accepted the obligation contained in Article XVI if the representative of the United States at the Paris Conference had not accepted it as well. If we are to pledge ourselves anew to "the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety", it is essential that we should bear that particular article in mind, since (in the absence of the United States) it imposes a far greater responsibility upon the British Empire than on any other member of the League.

The undertakings of Article XVI are tremendous obligations, and there can be no question that since, in 1920, the Senate of the United States refused to commit that country to them, the tendency of opinion throughout the Empire has been to hold that they are not to be accepted literally in view of the weakened membership of the League. It is, indeed, manifest that the "collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety" must place an immensely greater risk and responsibility upon the shoulders of the Empire in the absence of the United States—to say nothing of a Japan armed to the teeth, a Germany already stronger by air than ourselves, and an Italy which may, if the full Covenant be implemented against her, join those other three Great Powers in their repudiation of the League. The adhesion of Russia, menaced East and West by two of those Powers and possessed of no fleet, is not much compensation, whatever her intentions, for what the Foreign Secretary called the "empty chairs" at the Geneva council-table. The fidelity of smaller nations to the Covenant, while by no means to be despised, suffers from the same lack of substance as material support. There is therefore no avoiding the conclusion that the "collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety" depends not on the overwhelming combination of great nations which the authors of the Covenant had in view, but on two alone out of seven Great Powers.

This progressive diminution of the material forces upholding the Covenant is manifestly a matter to which no statesman worthy of the name can be indifferent. If the Covenant could be guaranteed merely by the number of nations sincerely devoted to it and by the speeches which they made in its support, the outlawry of war as an instrument of national policy would be an accomplished fact. The reality, however, is different, and it has for some time past tended to divide those in this country who ponder the future of the League into two schools of thought. The older school has clung to the older vision. The newer school, led by one of the original authors of the Covenant, General Smuts, has come to disbelieve more and more completely in the virtue of any more "wars to end war", or, in other words, of attempting to enthrone the principles of the League by appeals to force. Speaking in London only ten months ago, General Smuts dealt with critics of the League who used the crucial case of Manchukuo to declare that, unless the League were armed with force to carry out its policies, it was doomed to collapse. His answer, he said, was twofold:

"In the first place, I cannot visualize the League as a military machine. It was not conceived or built for that purpose, it is not equipped for such functions. And if the attempt were now made to transform it into a military machine, into a system to carry on war for the purpose of preventing or ending war, I think its fate is sealed. I cannot conceive the Dominions remaining in such a League and pledging themselves to fight the wars of the Old World, and if the Dominions leave it, Great Britain is bound to follow.

"I cannot conceive anything more calculated to keep the U.S.A. forever out of the League than its transformation into a fighting machine, pledged to carry out its decisions by force of arms, if necessary. And remember, the U.S.A. has still to join the League before it will ever be its real self. Membership of the U.S.A. was the assumption on which the League was founded; defection of the U.S.A. has largely defeated its main objects. And the joining up of the U.S.A. must continue to be the ultimate goal of all true friends of the League and of the cause of peace."

In this context it is interesting to note that the Congress of the United States has within the past fortnight ostentatiously bound the American Government to show no partiality, even in the form of benevolent neutrality, for those who may be called upon to support the League by sanctions in the Abyssinian dispute. There has been much moral reprobation of Italy from the other side of the Atlantic, but that is all. I mention the fact, not in

order to discount the importance of American feeling on issues of this kind—far from it—but because the form which that feeling has taken, namely, reprobation combined with a reassertion of neutrality, plainly emphasizes the truth of General Smuts's argument.

Coming to his second point, General Smuts said that "experience since the inception of the League has in fact taught us the way out". This was to establish "the principle of limited sanctions, of smaller groups within the League entering into mutual defensive arrangements under the ægis, and subject to the control, of the League". He pointed to the Treaty of Locarno as an example of what he meant, and concluded :

"If the fear-obsession in Europe can be removed only by sanctions, then let it be on some such limited basis, and within the circumscribed area of those interested, and not by a departure from the principles of universality and conciliation enshrined for ever in the Covenant. To endeavour to cast out the Satan of fear by calling in the Beelzebub of militarism, and militarizing the League itself, would be a senseless, and indeed fatal, proceeding. Whatever forces are used to support peace must be national, and not League, forces, and must be assembled and employed by mutual defence arrangements of those concerned, made under the general supervision and sanction of the League."

This is clearly a considerable modification of Article XVI.

The Union of South Africa has recently declared through the mouth of its representative in the Assembly of the League its readiness to participate in collective sanctions against Italy, should Italy attack Abyssinia in defiance of the League. It is to be assumed that the Union Government has taken this decision because the Abyssinian question is an African question, and therefore of direct concern to itself. It is clearly not to be assumed that it would undertake any wider, not to say universal, obligation. Not only General Smuts's speech, from which I have quoted, but other declarations by the Prime Minister and other South African Ministers put this beyond doubt.* As for

* Since the above was written, Mr. Pirow, the Minister of Defence in the Union, who is generally regarded as the Prime Minister's most likely successor, has made the following declaration, as reported in *The Times* of September 17: "I want to make it clear that while we are ready to do our duty by the League of Nations no nation will fire a shot. I am in any case certain that South Africa has no intention of firing a shot. Personally, I believe the war clouds will soon blow over, but whatever happens we will not shoot. We will shoot if attacked, but only if we are attacked."

the other Dominions, there is much to support General Smuts's statement that he "could not conceive of their remaining in a League" which bound its members to apply force against a breach of the Covenant in all parts of the world. I do not think it can be questioned that participation in sanctions would be construed as an "active obligation" by those who framed the Report of the 1930 Imperial Conference. To isolate a country by an economic boycott covering all its external trade is an act of war; the trade of the Dominions would be necessarily involved in it and would be exposed to retaliation as much as our own. General Smuts, no doubt, had this declaration of the Imperial Conference in mind when he pronounced himself against any universal and automatic liability to resort to sanctions in defence of the Covenant. It goes, I think, without saying that action taken in emergency to defend some vital interest against attack would not be construed as a breach of this understanding or of the Covenant. The Treaty of Locarno makes specific provision for cases of that sort, and the Dominions, though not parties to the Treaty, expressed their satisfaction with it as "a successful contribution to the promotion of the peace of the world". No one, moreover, who knows the Empire doubts that if this country were endangered by hostile action—in such contingencies, for instance, as the Treaty of Locarno was framed to meet—the Dominions would endorse without hesitation any action found necessary for its defence. But, subject to that limitation, there is no question that we have pledged ourselves to the Imperial Conference not to commit the Dominions without their consent to any action involving an active breach of normal relations with other Powers, and that a pledge to our sister-nations in the Commonwealth is not less binding than our pledge to the League.

To summarize, the newer school of thought upon the League regards it as the repository and guardian of a code of international conduct and as a standing conference of the nations to which all differences between them should be brought. Its duty, this school conceives, is to adjudicate impartially upon such differences in the light of its own code and to use all the resources of peaceful persuasion to prevent any resort to force. But the newer school emphatically rejects the view that the League

should itself impose any obligation upon its members to resort to force, or should indeed do more than sanction the use of force against a breach of its code, should any of its members be called upon to use it by treaties registered with the League or in self-defence against attack. It believes, furthermore, that members of the League should regard themselves as bound not to resort to force as an instrument of national ambition or for any purpose inconsistent with the principles of the Covenant; should use their influence to establish these principles in international relations of every sort; and should thus steadily build up the authority of the League, not as a super-State seeking to put down force with force, but as a centre and focus for all that thought and feeling throughout the world which yearns for a higher code in international life and the outlawry of war. In pursuance of this aim, such local and limited obligations to resort to force as any of its members might undertake between themselves would be registered with the League, governed by its principles, and designed, within the area to which they applied, to make those principles prevail.

I am well aware that many of my friends in the League of Nations Union, and foremost among them Lord Cecil, himself one of the authors of the Covenant, do not accept the doctrine of the newer school. They are for the letter of the Covenant, however much the conditions envisaged at its making may have changed; and they are supported by many influential leaders of opinion, including the Archbishop of York, several prominent Free Churchmen, most (though not all) of the Socialist and Liberal protagonists, and a host of lesser men and women who fill the correspondence columns of the newspapers and claim that national opinion is overwhelmingly on their side. The main contention of this school of thought is that, having put our signature to the Covenant, we shall bring lasting dishonour on ourselves and the League if we fail to implement it in every case. I cannot escape the feeling that those who use this argument are moved by sentiment rather than sense. No one has yet suggested that we are still bound by the Guarantee Pact to France, in view of the fact that it was a joint guarantee signed by ourselves and the United States, and that our co-signatory repudiated it. We have tried to live up to the spirit of that

undertaking by signing the Treaty of Locarno; but Locarno is a considerable modification of the original Pact. If such a revision of our guarantee to France is justified by the defection of the United States, how can it be otherwise with the much wider guarantees contained in the Covenant, also signed on the understanding that the United States were partners in the undertaking? General Smuts's whole argument, which I have quoted, is based upon the profound change in the character of the League and of our obligations to it brought about by the American refusal to endorse President Wilson's undertakings, and General Smuts will surely not be accused of infidelity to the spirit of the Covenant. Nor is the view that altered circumstances necessarily and rightly qualify treaty guarantees an upstart doctrine unsupported by precedent. Sir Francis Lindley, a distinguished ambassador, has recently pointed out in *The Times* that it was laid down in precise terms many years ago by Mr. Gladstone and repeated with general acceptance by Sir Edward Grey in the speech, a classic on the subject, which he made to the House of Commons on August 3rd, 1914. If that doctrine be not sound, then we have already grossly failed more than once to honour our obligations under the Covenant—and at no time more conspicuously than in the case of Manchukuo. It can be argued, of course, that we should have done wisely on that occasion to advocate stronger action than we did, but to suggest that by failing to do so we violated our signature to the Covenant is surely an indefensible and irresponsible travesty of the truth. It makes one feel that the only war-mongers alive in this country are those who seek, in General Smuts's words, "to cast out the Satan of fear by the Beelzebub of militarism". There was never a thing less English than the absolutism of doctrine which these militarists inculcate.

Strangely enough they believe themselves entitled to claim that English opinion is with them by a large majority; the results of the Peace Ballot carried out by the League of Nations Union are quoted in vindication of that view. This is a very vital matter, for a mistaken reading of public opinion might bring the good faith of our country into shameful disrepute. For myself I do not regard the results of the Ballot as giving any adequate support to the claim that the country is prepared to

accept a universal military obligation to defend the Covenants of the League, because I am convinced that a very large proportion of the answers to Question 5 on sanctions were given without adequate appreciation of what the answers entailed. The subject is, after all, one of very great complexity. To understand all that is involved implies a considerable knowledge of international affairs. My impression is that many voters, when they came to the second part of Question 5, which dealt with sanctions imposed by force of arms, felt themselves out of their depth and incapable of making any definite reply. It is true that 87 per cent. of those who voted answered "yes" to economic sanctions, and that 74 per cent. of those who gave a clear answer said "yes" to military sanctions as well. But I understand that, if abstentions and doubtful answers are reckoned amongst the negatives (a course which is surely prudent in estimating public opinion upon a subject in which our national honour and security may be so deeply involved), the affirmative replies to military sanctions fall to 59 per cent. If to these are added some large proportion (as is certainly proper) of those who did not answer the ballot at all, can we assume from its results that any national majority whatever exists for the principle of more wars to end war or for any universal obligation on those lines? I do not believe it does, and all the more because a very large proportion of those who answered the ballot are certainly members of organizations which have opposed the rearmament of this country on any terms. The country is deeply pacifist. It will, nevertheless, I believe, support rearmament, because the elementary instincts of self-defence which have hitherto always led to rearmament in the nick of time are making themselves felt again. But I do not believe that it is prepared to commit itself to war against war in any and every part of the earth, and I am quite certain that it has no conception that such obligations can be regarded as inherent in its fervent and instinctive support of the principles of the League.

It would be strange indeed if the English mind had been so transformed in half a generation as to commit itself to any logical and universal formulæ, however high the cause. As a people we like to feel our way and to deal with emergencies when and as they occur. The country will, I think, accept

definite obligations to go to war (though most unwillingly) in circumstances that touch it as nearly as those envisaged in the Treaty of Locarno. Those, in any case, have been accepted for it, and the *casus fœderis* is not one in which it is at all likely to fail to respond. But the wider obligations entailed in a strict reading of the Covenant present a whole range of possibilities in which the instinct of the country might at the testing-point turn decisively away. Statesmen who seek to pledge the word of this great democracy further than it is certain to go are playing with the honour of their country; and there is need to beg for caution when its wonted tenderness for all weaklings with bullies at their throats is apparently to be mistaken for readiness to fight in everyone's quarrels all over the world.

The French Government has already very naturally enquired whether Sir Samuel Hoare's declaration at Geneva means that we will join in collective action against aggression in Central and Eastern Europe, should that occur. Are we to interpret the "interest" which is all that we have yet proclaimed in Austrian independence as involving that definite guarantee? No answer has yet been given by the Government; but Mr. Lloyd George has hastened to warn it against any fresh commitments of that kind. Whatever, therefore, the answer, the enquiry is pertinent. If France is to join us in threatening sanctions against Italy, the Duce may very well respond by coming to terms with his fellow-dictator in Germany. Germany's power in Europe must in any case be greatly enhanced, and the League may find itself in substance an alliance of only three Great Powers out of seven, with three others definitely hostile to it and the seventh obstinately neutral, whatever may befall. I do not know what the Government's answer will be; but whether it be definite or indefinite, the Abyssinian crisis has brought in sight a realignment of European Powers which makes it more imperative than ever that we should have strength to discharge our Locarno obligations with decisive effect.

Whatever else may be the moral of the present emergency, that stands written in letters of fire. The Abyssinian crisis would never have swelled to its present dangerous proportions if we had been strong. There would have been no such truculence in Italy and no such cruel embarrassment for France.

The dilemma in which we now find ourselves—on the one side, humiliation; on the other, an imminent risk of weakening the foundations of European peace and even of immediate war—would never have occurred. All parties are to blame for the persistent optimism, amounting to indolence and folly, which has plunged us into this predicament. Surely all may now agree to re-establish Britain's position without a moment's avoidable delay. If immediate peace hangs on anything, it hangs on that; and if the peace of Europe is broken in present conditions, the League, with much else, will sink into the abyss.

If, on the other hand, we rearm to the level of our obligations at the high speed which our financial and other resources put easily within our reach, the League will survive any temporary setback which it may suffer from the Abyssinian *impasse*. What matters is that the Powers which believe in League principles should be strong amongst the nations, not that the League itself should be armed with material force. The English people are still as far as all other peoples from giving their allegiance to a super-State with power to impose its decrees by ordering its members to war. The yearning of European civilization for a moral centre, a tribunal above the clouds of national jealousy and distrust, to which it can carry its griefs, has persisted ever since the fall of the Roman Empire. The League is its latest embodiment, and there is greater moral power behind it than ever before. But we shall shatter the Kingdom of Heaven if we set out to take it by violence; we shall destroy the League if we seek to enthrone its authority by force. It is better to be strong ourselves and to act up to its principles despite our strength than to lean upon it and to look to it to make good our lack of strength. It is better, moreover, to spread its principles by example, by removing grievances which we can help to remove, by making sacrifices which we can afford to make, than by seeking to force those principles by superior strength down unwilling throats. General Smuts is, I am convinced, profoundly right in urging the League to beware of setting force against force. History lends itself to morals of many sorts; but I suggest that the League has something to learn from the history of the Papacy under Innocent III. The Vatican at the outset of that pontificate had a moral hold upon Europe which

might have been developed with beneficent results. Under it St. Francis founded his Order and preached a universal change of heart. Under it St. Dominic sent his begging friars from town to town through the length and breadth of Europe to preach submission to the Holy See. Even so today our religious leaders are urging the nations to a change of heart. Even so today the League of Nations Union is sending its friars to every city and hamlet within its reach to spread submission to the Geneva law.

"The men of the thirteenth century" (writes the Warden of New College in his *History of Europe*) "were agreed on the principles of a seat of authority in religion, a supreme spiritual arbiter in temporal affairs, an institution professing the rule of sanctity and justice, an ultimate tribunal before which they might lay their causes. The great multiplication of appeals in the Papal Curia under Innocent III is proof that the Roman Court met the needs of the time. Against all manner of local tyrannies and oppressions there was in the last resort an appeal to Rome."

The dream of a central conscience, a supreme moral arbiter for Christendom, was, however, shattered within Pope Innocent's time, and shattered, I believe, mainly because he grasped at the shadow of temporal power. All Christendom was to be united in the Fourth Crusade and the power of Islam finally overthrown; but the organization of that Crusade only turned Christendom against itself, and the high adventure ended in the sack of Byzantium, the intensification of schism, and the weakening of faith in the only authority which could furnish the nations with moral leadership at that date. Europe was not prepared for a political theocracy claiming temporal in addition to spiritual power. History can, I know, be quoted to support any theme; but I am convinced that there is a lesson for modern Christendom in that tragedy of six centuries ago. If the parallel be true in any sense, the moral to be drawn from it is clear. Let the League, it warns us, judge the causes which are brought to it without fear or favour, but let it not seek other than moral authority to further its principles and aims. Above all, let it not organize crusades against its enemies, or bind the nations to ensue peace and justice by making war. It will never by such means defeat its enemies; it will only defeat itself.

ITALY'S ECONOMIC PROBLEM

BY C. J. S. SPRIGGE

Financial Editor of THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

A PART from any embarrassments that may be occasioned by economic sanctions, or by a boycott on the part of other trading countries, Italy's projected Abyssinian war raises for her the problem of how to pay, in foreign markets, for the indispensable imports necessary both for peace and for war purposes; and also that of remunerating those on military service, and engaged in the production of war supplies, who are accordingly not contributing to the output of the food, clothing and other necessities which they are consuming. For even a relatively circumscribed Italo-Abyssinian war must require the maintenance under arms, in colonies some thousand miles from the home country, of hundreds of thousands of men for whom food, clothing and such shelter as military life allows of must be provided. Meanwhile, assuming the war to be successfully circumscribed, the home country is likely to be maintained none the less in a high state of military preparedness, with large garrisons in frontier regions and concentration of troops around the great ports.

A nation which resolves or is induced to undertake a war as a transcendent aim reveals unsuspected strengths—and weaknesses—and emerges with traditions and habits modified in a manner entirely unforeseen. The late C. E. Montague, in his classic *Disenchantment*, described how a brilliant journalist, who had been watching this country's affairs from a vantage-point for the quarter century up to 1914, learned in the next four years that what the well-informed had always regarded as impossible was possible; old-established trades could be taken over and run by Government clerks, while the heads of businesses were learning to form fours, or dying in France.

Professor Pigou, in a classic of a different sort (*The Political Economy of War*) has tracked down the multiple sources of the additional factors of production that can be brought into the working system when it is co-ordinated for the supreme purpose of war. Since 1914 it has been rash to put forward as the measure of a country's economic capacity for war that of its economic capacity in peace-time.

Yet, while a Government undertaking a war assumes a large share in the control of all the property of its citizens or subjects, and can override their protests against its exposure to risk, no Government can make any change in the property rights of those beyond its sway—except by defaulting on debts; and even that it cannot do more than once—until the injured creditor has accorded a further credit. The belligerent Government is unable to obtain additional wealth from abroad without paying for it with cash or trustworthy promises to pay—unless, indeed, it can elicit gifts or credits on special terms from allies or supporters. Italy, at the present juncture, can look for no such assistance, but must reckon to have to pay on commercial terms for all foreign supplies, even assuming that markets are not closed against her by political decisions.

Italy's war preparations are, for that matter, too far advanced for these things to be regarded as mere possible future developments. The political economy of war is already in working order. The Duce has lately referred to 200,000 Italian rifles in East Africa, ready to fire on a word of command. According to the able and privileged correspondent of *Le Temps* with the Italian forces, more than 120,000 soldiers and workmen were disembarked at Massawa between February and August, while General Graziani's force in Somaliland has been estimated at 60,000. The *Temps* correspondent, writing in mid-August, thus describes the arrival at Massawa:

One hundred and twenty thousand men with all the artillery, engineering equipment, air and motor transport, and defence apparatus that a modern army carries with it: guns, aeroplanes, tanks, lorries, motors, horses, mules, harness, munitions, petrol, oil, barbed wire—and that is not all. Such an army cannot be sustained on local produce. Indeed, except for a certain amount of meat, everything else required must be brought from Italy: corn, rice, cereals, vegetables, fruit, oil, cheese, wine, tents, bedding, timber, and even straw and hay for the beasts of burden. Rome has determined that the army should lack absolutely nothing.

One may suppose that the smaller army in Somaliland is being similarly cared for.* But perhaps the *Temps* correspondent has slipped in making the whole of these requirements arrive from Italy. Large direct shipments to the Italian colonies are signalled from countries east and south of Suez.

Not only do the Italian colonies afford no local sustenance to these armies: the port equipment and the roads for their reception and their distribution had to be improvised. Ten thousand workmen, through the torrid summer, have worked on the enlargement and organization of the port of Massawa, and its nearer communications; another fifteen thousand on the roadways and railway up from the low coast to the plateau of Asmara. Two thousand of these have, for reasons of ill-health or distress, been returned to Italy. Those working in the hottest regions are paid nearly £1 a day (50 lire), and the normal is about 10s. a day. On these figures, for which the authority is once again M. Gentizon of the *Temps*, the pay-roll for the special workers in Eritrea alone must have totalled £500,000 monthly. The pay of the ordinary soldier on service in the colony is 5 lire, or 1s. 8d. a day. The victualling is not (following M. Gentizon) skimpy: two substantial meals a day are provided. The medical and hospital arrangements are abundant and elaborate—despite which 150 of the special workers have died during the summer.

The equipment and provisioning of the Eritrea and Somaliland armies and the accelerated consumption of raw materials by the Italian factories has required the purchase of special supplies in many parts of the world. Thus in New York purchases have been effected of fresh and canned foodstuffs, cotton, machine tools, special steels, and of scrap iron in far more than normal quantities (reported in *Temps*, September 9th). In Turkey, 4,000,000 lbs. of cheap tobacco were lately taken for the expeditionary force, and large quantities of vegetables and fodder (*Frankfurter Zeitung*, September 5th). In Southern Spain there were orders for canned fish to a value of millions of pesetas (*Temps*, September 5th); in Poland orders are being

* A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* (Sept. 16th) reveals that the rations of the Somaliland army are better; he gives some details for both the expeditionary forces.

discussed for some 300,000 or more blankets (*The Times*, September 6th), and have been actually given for 300,000 packages of meat preserves (United Press message). In Czechoslovakia canned foods have been ordered to a value of 50 million crowns, or sufficient to keep the industry at work till the end of the year (*Temps*, September 9th). From Rumania, in the first six months of the year, Italy purchased 711,000 tons of oil products against 440,000 tons a year previously. German exports of coal to Italy in July 1935 were for 601,000 tons, against 453,000 and 223,000 in July 1934 and 1933 respectively. Czechoslovakia is for the first time beginning to ship coal to Italy. Austrian exports to Italy in the first half of 1935 were equivalent to two-thirds of the previous total year's exports.

Already, then, Italy has had to cope with extraordinary expenditure in foreign markets, where goods are to be procured only for cash or on freely accorded credits. If the authorities quoted above are reliable, Italy has obtained a small part of the special supplies in the U.S.A. on credit, against promise of trading concessions, and has also obtained long credit terms for the purchase of coal from Germany. In the early part of the year some £2,000,000 of credit was, if not formally granted, yet willy-nilly conceded by British merchants who are now by that much short of due payment for their supplies. However, for the great bulk of foreign purchases Italy must expect to have to pay cash, meaning the currency of the selling country, or gold, or some internationally acceptable currency like sterling or dollars. Now, where are the authorities of the Bank of Italy and the Finance Ministry going to obtain these currencies to make them available to the actual purchasers of foreign goods? (And here it may be remarked that the individual Italian merchant has long been disappearing to make way for governmental offices as the purchasers in foreign markets. In the grain markets all Italian purchasing orders are from a single buyer: and soon for coal, metals, and other commodities it will be the same.)

Can Italy earn foreign currencies to finance special war purchases out of the proceeds of Italian exports of merchandize, and the sale of services to foreigners (such as shipping and hospitality to tourists)? A hard task indeed if out of

such ordinary income receipts, Italy has lately been unable to finance ordinary peace-time purchases of foreign goods. Italy has, in peace time, month by month (without any exception since 1932), imported up to more than the value of the simultaneous exports. In the six months January to June 1935 the excess value of imports was 1,368 million lire (£23,000,000 approximately at the official exchange rate), and in the first half of the previous four years it was 1,432 millions, 811 millions, and 1,254 millions respectively. For the whole year 1934 the value of imports exceeded that of exports by over 2,400 millions, or £40,000,000; the excess in 1933, 1932 and 1931 had been about 1,400 millions in each year.

"Visible" exports are not, of course, the only means of a country acquiring foreign currency. There are also net gains to be earned from shipping and from tourist traffic, and there may be net receipts from foreign investments, or from the remittances of emigrants to their families.

In fairly recent years Italy's annual earnings of foreign currency were thought to include about 1,000 millions from shipping, 2,000 millions from tourist expenditure, and 2,000 millions from emigrants' remittances, or 5,000 million lire in all—a figure amply outweighing an excess import at the present rate of some 2,700 millions a year. But this estimate of 5,000 millions, representing the rate of annual earnings from 1928 to 1930, was already written down by its author to 2,400 millions for 1932, and must almost certainly be further sharply reduced for 1935. In war conditions tourists' expenditure in Italy will be a minimum; and while emigrants might possibly under a patriotic impulse, especially in view of the improved business conditions in North and South America, remit larger sums to the home country, the earnings of Italian shipping services to foreigners must be reduced to very little. (Perhaps it is a sign that while Italian purchases from Turkey have lately been exceptionally large, Italian shipping in Turkish ports has been exceptionally small.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*, September 5th.)

Thus Italy seems to have no prospect of earning, from export trade at the present rate and from the other sources of foreign currency earnings, the wherewithal to pay for extraordinary imports in the course of the next year or two, in addition to

ordinary imports at the recent rate. Evidently either total imports must be compressed to the equivalent value of exports, (including "invisible" items) or credits must be raised, or the additional expenditure in foreign markets be met out of reserves.

The available reserves are the gold and foreign exchange holdings of the Bank of Italy, stocks of silver, and foreign securities and bank balances taken over by the Italian authorities from Italian owners under recent decrees.

Under the normal regulations of the Bank of Italy a 40 per cent reserve of gold and of foreign currency exchangeable into gold must be held against the note circulation and short liabilities. But on July 21st last this regulation was suspended, and the reserve, which is now considerably less than this minimum, is thus at the Government's disposal for making foreign payments. It amounts to 4,704 million lire of gold (£51,000,000 sovereigns or £77,000,000 at present exchange) and 438 millions of exchange (£7,000,000 at present exchange), that is some £85,000,000 in all. In June the Government replaced the silver coinage with paper money, acquiring stocks of silver worth some £6,000,000. At the end of 1934 a census was ordered of foreign exchange and securities held by Italians, and these have since been commandeered to constitute a further reserve. The authorities are said to have discovered that the full equivalent of the diminution of the Bank of Italy's reserves between 1933 and 1935, that is about 2,000 million lire, had been invested by Italians in foreign securities, so that the authorities should have regained control of some £33,000,000 of foreign resources. But, to a very great extent, these "foreign" securities were Italian bonds purchased at a discount on the foreign, and notably on the New York market, where some \$350 millions of Italian bonds had been issued since 1927. The value of these bonds is undoubtedly much less than at the time of investment. For example, the dollar bond issue of the Fiat Motor Co. was quoted \$100 at the beginning of 1934, \$84 last April, \$60 on September 10th, 1934; Montecatini \$98, \$89, \$70 respectively, and so on. Foreign loans in foreign currency subscribed in Italy from 1923 to 1932 amounted to some £4,000,000 in all—an indication that Italian "foreign" investment in other than Italian dollar bonds is very small. The Italian reserve of

spending power for excess imports can hardly, one concludes, amount to very much more than £100,000,000 in all, in so far as it is made up of the Bank of Italy's reserves, the silver coinage and the commandeered foreign securities. The Italian State and other Italian debtors are meanwhile indebted to foreign creditors for a sum, not large in comparison with other countries' foreign debts, but large in comparison with these reserves. However the great bulk of this debt is due only some years hence, and the annual service is no very great addition to the import Bill.

At what rate, now, must the Italian authorities expect to have to draw on these reserves? Given the present published import and export values, which leave an import excess of 2,700 million lire, and allowing, conjecturally, an annual Italian income of 1,500 million lire from tourism, shipping, and remittances, drawings must be at the rate of 1,200 million lire or £20,000,000 a year. But can the published import excess be accepted as the effective total? Apparently not, since (as is pointed out by the conscientious Rome correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, August 20th) the published exports include Italian exports to Eritrea and Somaliland, and the imports do not include the direct imports of those colonies abroad. In other words the net imports of these colonies directly from abroad and indirectly, through Italy, from abroad, are apparently an unregistered addition to the liabilities being incurred by Italy in present trade relations. And such imports (as was suggested earlier in this article) have been of great importance.

The drain on the reserves must, then, be very rapid—enough, perhaps, to annihilate them in two to three years—unless Italian export and import values can be more evenly balanced. To achieve this is the purpose of various measures of import control, and of propaganda against superfluous imports, and in favour of the replacement of hitherto necessary imports by new lines of domestic production. Early in 1935 imports from each foreign country were in principle limited to about one-third of the imports in the corresponding weeks of 1934. Admission of further imports has been by concession, established in a new series of trade treaties. The control has been further tightened in the summer months, and the Italian importer now requires

a licence for every shipment (or series of shipments) from abroad.

What are the possibilities of import restriction? It may be a fairly easy matter to cut off one or two luxury imports, such as furs, against which a propaganda was let loose early this year. But half of the total Italian imports in 1934 were of raw materials, among which the national requirement of cotton, coal, fuel oils, and the chief metals had to be covered almost entirely from foreign supplies. Attempts are being made, attempts certainly strenuous and to a limited extent successful, to develop local coal resources, and to replace mineral with vegetable oils, and foreign fibres with local hemp and artificial threads. Large traction vehicles are being converted to running on gasogene (wood alcohol), and a recent announcement of a Government organ held out the promise of "complete self-sufficiency in liquid fuel in the case of war, by utilization of domestic and agricultural and mining wealth" (*Corriere della Sera*, February 24th). These and similar predictions regarding textile self-sufficiency are to be judged in relation to both the difficulty of rapid transformations of technique, and, as an offsetting consideration, the unexampled powers of a modern Government taking over and centralizing the work of whole industries.

Foodstuffs are a much smaller class of Italian import, since the wheat output, in the last ten years, was stimulated with the deliberate, and by now very largely achieved, aim of growing the whole of Italy's breadstuffs on Italian soil. The authors of a recent memorandum published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs (*The Economic and Financial Position of Italy*, 2nd Ed., August, 1935) suggest that "Italy could feed herself at a pinch". But it would, indeed, be a pinch. In a recent year rather more than half of the beef and veal consumed in Italy was imported, and even so, consumption per head is little more than a quarter of the British, and less than half of the French. The *Journal of the Italian Commission on Nutrition* has lately insisted upon the inadequacy of meat in the Italian dietary. Finally, Italy imports manufactures for about the same value as the imports of raw materials, and to about the same value, also, as the exports of manufactures. Here, no doubt, a great effort to restrain purchasers is being made: but how is it to be avoided that other countries, unable to sell

the customary manufactures to Italy, should take measures against the admission of Italian goods?

Even in the present world trade conditions the achievement might be possible, and Italy might thus succeed in earning a net income of foreign exchange from a surplus export of manufactures, if the Italian exporter could offer goods at advantageous prices. But with the single exception of chemical products, all classes of products in the Bachi wholesale price index list were, by June 1935, substantially dearer than earlier in the year. The general index was 308 (June) against 277 (January) and 272 (January 1934). And this is not surprising, seeing that the index for industrial production was more than 25 per cent. above that of a year earlier, with activity in the shipyards and in the engineering works some 45 per cent. over the previous year. The Duce himself has not concealed, but has publicly advertised the fact, that the factories were working night and day for purposes of war preparation. The Government has come in, as it does always in wartime, to be a powerful and privileged competitor for raw materials and labour power, leaving other consumers to get themselves served as best they can. Cheap production is possible only by the enlistment of relatively underpaid labour. Nobody who has studied Prof. Pigou on the Political Economy of War will doubt but that a really powerful Government can discover for the industries female and juvenile labour, and overtime workers, to replace the adult workers called away: but at the cost of a change, if not of an acute degeneration, of social and educational standards. But this examination must now conclude with the opinion that in fact the difficulty of paying for essential imports will, in case of war, be very great, and that the Italian people will have to revise their already modest views of what is or is not essential. Or else their rulers will have to change their view of world affairs. For Italy enters the war, perhaps, with great moral reserves, but singularly small economic reserves.

War without some inflation, some diminution in the real value of money is hardly thinkable, and already in the rise in prices, the expansion of the note circulation, the depreciation of Government securities, this process can easily be detected. After all, a country which could suddenly call one fifth of its

male population to arms and hundreds of thousands more to armaments, and yet maintain its previous standard of living unimpaired, would be demonstrating that, up to then, it had been taking life exceedingly easily, and not doing nearly all that it could to increase its wealth and welfare. No doubt the intelligent Italian people well know that war must mean much harder times: the question is whether the Duce can call out new efforts, and redistribute property rights and privileges, so as to set off against the inevitable loss of aggregate wealth, some measure of better economic balance, and of credible promises for a more prosperous future. That is what his followers hope to see.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE

BY CHARLES MORGAN

GEORGE MOORE was born on February 24th, 1852 and died in Ebury Street on January 21st, 1933. He was old and aloof; he belonged to no clique; his habit of publishing his work in limited editions had for many years restricted public knowledge of him. When he was taken to Golders Green on his way to burial in Ireland, a few great painters followed him; the Prime Minister, a Nonconformist and a Socialist, found it in his heart and in his honour to do this last duty to a pagan aristocrat who was dead; but English literature abstained. That neglect is surprising, for Moore wrote an autobiography that is entitled to rank with the *Confessions* of Rousseau, and, in his version of *Daphnis and Chloë*, a modern translation from an ancient writer which stands with Pater's and with Adlington's translation of *The Golden Ass*. His *Avowals*, however sharply one may dissent from his judgment of such men as Tolstoy, to whom he was temperamentally opposed, is a landmark in the history of criticism, even what we may consider its errors having a vitality and an independence more valuable than the safer compromises of other men. All this is but a small part of his achievement. Twice George Moore recreated the English novel—first in 1894, when *Esther Waters* gave us our liberty, and again ten years later when there began that series of tales, extending from *The Lake* through *The Brook Kerith* to *Aphrodite in Aulis*, in which we may discover, if we will, a new cadence and discipline, a new reconciliation between the written and the spoken word.

II

These are the attainments of the artist. The man was not less remarkable. Several years before his death he invited me to study with him to be his biographer, and so appointed me in

his will. Among his reasons for this was his desire that his biography should be, not a "tombstone in two volumes", but, as he said, "a true novel"—a story of his life based, as far as was humanly possible, upon a novelist's complete knowledge and intuitive understanding of his subject, and told with that indifference to all but æsthetic consequence by which a storyteller is fortified. To write such a book it would be necessary for me to see him as he had seen himself at different times of his life, "for", he said, "the story you have to tell is not of a man who wrote this book or that; anyone can criticize my work, and better in a hundred years than now. Your story is of a man who made himself because he imagined himself, and you must discover—just as we discover when we are telling a story—when his imagination went with his nature and when against it. For it is that which, in the end, determines a narrative's shape. The man you will tell of imagined himself as an artist; he went to Paris to become an artist; but when he imagined himself as a painter, the imagination was sterile, like a man mated with the wrong woman, and it was not until he threw away his brushes that his imagination paired with his nature".

He told me that the most valuable existing source, outside his own memory and his autobiographical writings, was a certain series of letters addressed by him to a single correspondent. It would not be necessary to publish them; indeed, better not, for his letters were bad, he said; nothing that he wrote was of value unless it was revised; but without knowledge of these letters it would not be possible for me to have complete knowledge of my subject. He made me known to this correspondent, and asked that access to all the letters should be permitted to me. It was refused. I at once offered to resign my task as biographer, thinking that the refusal might be personal to me, and that by my withdrawal the project itself might be saved. Moore would not permit me to resign; he asked if I was prepared to take the risk of labour wasted—a risk that he did not believe to be great. If we were patient, the decision of his correspondent would, he thought, be changed by time and by a request to be made in his will. "But if it does not change?" I asked. "Then the book you and I have imagined", he answered, "cannot be written".

After his death and the publication of his will I renewed my request. It was again refused. In these circumstances I had no alternative but to abandon the biography. Another Life of Moore is to be written, with the consent of his literary executor, by Mr. Joseph Hone, who is not bound by my special and personal pledges. It was necessary that the French and Irish sources should be investigated without delay, and Mr. Hone's work has all my good will. It is, indeed, one of the purposes of this essay to make available to him a distillation of such part of my material as is not left dangerously incomplete by my ignorance of the correspondence withheld from me. I am saddened by the death of my own work, but I do not complain of the action that has caused it. Private letters are private letters, even though they be written by great men; as long as they are not destroyed against posterity, their owner's present right to withhold them is not, I think, to be questioned.

I have ventured to make this digression that none may suppose me to have lightly regarded or willingly laid aside the honour that George Moore granted to me. Several years of work have been forfeited—a forfeit that no writer pays without a struggle. I took my decision in what I believe to be fidelity to his charge, preferring to write no book than a tentative or doubtful one. Release of the correspondence may, if it is complete, prove me to have been unduly cautious; if incomplete, it will prove nothing. Meanwhile I had no other guide than George Moore's own estimate of its biographical importance, and by this I have felt myself to be bound. These circumstances will explain why, in writing now of Moore, I shall use sometimes language more personal than would be appropriate to an essay in criticism. His work must be spoken of, for his final claim lies there; but though I shall attempt to indicate its general significance and to tell something of how it was written, I shall make no ordered and particular analysis of it. Others may do that; the endurance of his art will assuredly give them time enough. The value of my testimony is that I knew him, day in, day out, during his last years, and in a relationship which, because I was less than half his age and so was detached from his former controversies, enabled him to speak to me sometimes "out of his part", as he might not have been able to speak even to his oldest friends.

III

What first created a bond between us was, I think, my reply to a question of his, put to me one evening as we walked up South Eaton Place. We had been discussing Balzac and his saying (which, I see, has been restored to a different original in the latest edition of his correspondence) that he had but two desires—*être célèbre et être aimé*. Moore asked me what in life interested me most. "Once", he said, "I asked a woman that question, and she answered 'Geology'. She had seemed a pretty woman, but after that answer our story ended before it was well begun. All husbands would be safe if they persuaded their wives to answer, 'Geology'. But tell me", he added, "what is your answer to the question"?

I replied that three things interested me above all others: art, love, and death. "Ah", he said, "that should provide us with subjects for conversation! I should ask you first why they interest you more than—shall we say flowers and horses, which are both interesting subjects".

"Because", I said, "I think of them always as three aspects of the same impulse".

"Of what impulse?"

"The impulse to re-create oneself."

"Is death that?" he said. "It would be pleasant to wake up and find that, after all, death was only art and love in a different form. You must be a very happy man, my dear friend, or a very sad one. But why do you say: 'art, love, and death'? Why not: 'art, women, and religion'?"

"Because", I said, "they are not the same".

"No", he answered, "they are not the same, but one must make a phrase. 'Art, love, and death', sounds like a picture by Watts; one cannot go through life being interested in a picture by Watts", and, as we entered Sloane Square, he began to describe the picture that Watts would have painted.

We had this conversation before he invited me to be his biographer. I did not make my note of it while he was speaking or even the same night, as my later habit was; I made it some time afterwards, but I do not doubt its verbal accuracy, for, while I wrote, an image of Moore's long face, the face of a fiery sheep, turned to me under his bowler hat while he exclaimed: "Is

death that?" was fresh in my mind, and is as fresh today. I have often wondered since whether my speaking of man's everlasting desire to re-create himself, to die in the old self and be born again, was the cause of his having chosen me to write his Life. Like a fool, I did not ask him. Certainly I have never known a man in whom the impulse to renew himself was so strong and continuous.

IV

This passion of George Moore's for self-renewal would have been the theme of the biography that I might have written. It is, I think, a universal impulse, influencing all our lives, but it took in him a peculiar form and had peculiar consequences. In men of even temperament who are fortunate enough to have found a natural outlet for their powers, it appears as a continuous growth of their character and craftsmanship. When they become men, they put away childish things—at any rate from their active consciousness. Their advance may be likened to the ascent of a ladder; the rungs they have passed are not encountered again. A painter paints in one manner when he is twenty, in another at forty, in a third at sixty-five. The latest manner may or may not be better than the earliest—that is not the point. The point is that the change, when made, is complete and final. When the mature painter approaches a fresh canvas, he does not find that the young man of twenty is standing before it, and that, even while he is painting a mature masterpiece, this young man continually snatches his brush from him and must be disciplined anew before maturity can have its effect. This is what happened to George Moore.

The plainest and most concrete example of it is to be found in his method of composition. In his later years he worked by dictating to shorthand. The passage was typed, read by him, and, to some extent, revised with the pen. Then he would go to his secretary again and, with the typed draft on his knee, re-dictate, not only elaborating and expanding as Balzac did in proof, but often using the draft for no more than a sentence or two and giving to his secretary, who was sometimes distracted by his drifting to and fro, what was in effect a new draft unconnected with the old. The process was then repeated, and

repeated again and again, the structure of the story itself as well as the forms of expression being built up as the revisions continued. If we heard that this method was used by another writer, we should be tempted to say that his purpose was infirm, that he was garrulous merely, and that only chaos could result. It is, in fact, responsible for certain long digressions which I cannot but think were structural flaws in George Moore's later work and which gave to *Aphrodite in Aulis* an unmistakable air of having been written by a very old man. In brief, the method had its defects even under his stern control; but to say that infirmity of purpose was responsible for it is completely to misunderstand his special difficulties and his method of overcoming them.

Sometimes I was able to see his very early drafts. They were a revelation of the writer and the man. They were not the imperfect beginnings of work that was recognizably a master's. A passage would open with excellent quietness and dignity. Here, in the rough, one exclaimed, is prose as memorable as any in *The Brook Kerith*! Then, suddenly, a sentence would appear that seemed to have been interpolated by some flashy writer of novelettes for the lesser magazines of the 'eighties. These drafts could be bad with a virulent badness, with a pretentiousness, a snobbery, a sentimentality, a seemingly hopeless incompetence which, if one had not known that the genius of Moore was waiting to redeem them, would have tempted one to say that they and their writer were beyond redemption. Who wrote them? Not Homer, however disastrously he might nod. Their authorship is to be discovered in a collection of stories, one signed "George Moore", which, under the general title of *Wine, Women and Nuts*, is on the shelves of the British Museum. It is probably to be detected likewise in his contributions, which I have not investigated, to his brother, Augustus Moore's magazine, *The Hawk*. It is certainly to be perceived again and again in certain passages of *A Modern Lover*, his first novel dated 1883, which afterwards became *Lewis Seymour and Some Women*. The astonishing and significant thing is the persistence of the unregenerate Moore. To the very end of that long life, he had to be tutored and whipped and expurgated. He was for ever popping up, seizing the pen and writing non-

sense. In every book he wrote George Moore went through the whole process of self-renewal; he went back to the beginning and taught himself to write all over again. If for a moment his watchfulness slackened, something clearly written not by him, but by that awkward youth, his predecessor, would reach the printer—perhaps even the public. Then the book had to be re-written, and, if all re-writing failed, to be excluded from the canon.

In a preface to a final edition of *The Lake*, Moore himself speaks of this besetting adolescence:

"I will confess", he says, "to very little admiration for *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa*. The writing of *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa* was useful to me inasmuch as that if I had not written them I could not have written *The Lake* or *The Brook Kerith*. It seems ungrateful, therefore, to refuse to allow two of my most successful books into the canon merely because they do not correspond with my æstheticism. But a writer's æstheticism is his all; he cannot surrender it, for his art is dependent upon it, and the single concession he can make is that if an overwhelming demand should arise for these books when he is among the gone—a storm before which the reed must bend—the publisher shall be permitted to print *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa* from the original editions, it being, however, clearly understood that they are offered to the public only as apocrypha. But this permission must not be understood to extend to certain books on which my name appears—viz., *Mike Fletcher*, *Vain Fortune*, *Parnell* and *His Island*; to some plays, *Martin Luther*, *The Strike at Arlingford*, *The Bending of the Bough*; to a couple of volumes of verse entitled *Pagan Poems* and *Flowers of Passion*—all these books, if they are ever reprinted again, should be issued as the work of a disciple—Amico Moorini I put forward as a suggestion".

Amico Moorini, then, shall be his name, but he was very far from being George Moore's disciple or his friend. He was his enemy who, though beaten down a thousand times, always rose up from under his feet; and it was this struggle which gave to his character the stress of an extreme complexity.

V

In some respects, George Moore was still an adolescent even in his old age; in some, a figure of comedy that swung continually towards farce; but in his devotion to his art, and his readiness to sacrifice all else to it, he was saint or devil, according to your prejudice. To study him and his work was to be instructed in the innermost meaning and penalties of

self-discipline and self-creation. Self-creation was the end, self-discipline the means, and the penalty he had to pay for this everlasting labour of the spirit, compelling the man he had been to bring forth the man he would become, was an exhaustion of the vital energy given by others to the joy, the ease, the warmth, the natural humanity of living. It was precisely this that caused so many acquaintances to feel that there was in him something chill and snakelike; they knew him only when he was on his guard, when Amico Moorini was at his elbow. The limp hand, the sloping shoulders, the pale, almost creaseless face; the eyes that were sometimes vacant and sometimes the eyes of a hawk, filled many observers with profound unease. There were times in which they felt that he was naturally cruel; they experienced a physical repulsion; and, as though they were engaged with a creature not of their own kind, were reluctant that his hand should touch theirs. It needed more than superficial knowledge of him to understand that his cruelty was for himself.

Impressions of this sort always have their date in his middle or later life, never in his youth. They appear in contemporary accounts of him after his writing of *Esther Waters* and generally later still, when he had passed his fiftieth year and had written *The Lake* and that volume so significantly named: *Memoirs of My Dead Life*. Amico Moorini himself appears to have been by no means a repulsive young man. One who knew Moore when he was young and remained his friend until her death a few years ago, said that, though ugly, he was always "exciting and amusing". Mr. Shaw, who knew him in his very early days in London, described him to me in a conversation, of which I have a note, containing this illuminating passage:

Shaw said he knew Moore when he lived in Cecil Street, Strand. He seldom, if ever, saw George and Augustus together. "There was always a certain delicacy about George, and he knew how to be a gentleman when he wanted to. He was always telling stories about himself and women. In every story there was a room full of mirrors and chandeliers, and the story usually ended with some woman throwing a lamp at George and driving him out of the house. Everybody used to laugh at George and no one believed him, but he had an imperturbable good humour, and if you said: 'But, George, don't talk such nonsense, you are making it all up', he was not in the least put out or angry, but just said: 'Don't interrupt me', and went on as before".

Shaw added that, after this early knowledge of Moore, he lost sight of him for a time, "until one day Archer came to me and said he had been reading a most wonderful naturalistic book by a new writer. It was called *A Mummer's Wife*. 'But who is the writer?' I asked. 'Well', said Archer, 'his name is George Moore'. 'Nonsense!' I said. 'But I *know* George Moore. He couldn't possibly write a real book. He couldn't possibly do anything.' But there it was. He had written it, and then I began to understand the incredible industry of the man".

This was in 1884, ten years before the publication of *Esther Waters*, Moore being then thirty-two. Mr. Shaw speaks of his "imperturbable good humour". The general impression is of a foolish, rather flashy man about town, an affable and outwardly ineffectual creature who only in solitude was beginning to lay the foundations of his artistic life. There is no hint here of anything abnormally cold or aloof, still less of a cultivated inhumanity; and I do not doubt that the contemporary impression is just.

Contrast with it an account, by Mr. Ford Madox Ford, of a meeting with George Moore in his maturity. It appeared in an essay on Moore and Galsworthy, contributed by Mr. Ford to *The Atlantic Monthly* soon after their deaths.

I have that early image of him (Mr. Ford writes) standing rather rigid and grim, chilled and monachal in his long dressing-gown. He was dismissing me with one hand on the door-knob of his dim, overheated room. I had at the moment for the first time the impression of his extreme pallor. That was owing, possibly, to a shaft of light coming from the passage. And he seemed as aloof as if he had been a denizen of another world where there was neither sun nor wind. The impression was so strong that I was relieved that he did not remove his hand from the door knob and offer it to me.

Mr. Ford hazards the opinion that it was, perhaps, George Moore's aloofness from life that led to his being so often omitted from critical discussion, although there was not a critic "with any pretensions to knowledge of letters who would not acknowledge when challenged that Moore was infinitely the most skilful man of letters of his day—the most skilful in the whole world". Then Mr. Ford describes how a friend of his, speaking of Galsworthy, said:

"He wasn't, at least, wicked like George Moore . . ." Then he checked and exclaimed almost in mental distress: "I don't know why I say that George Moore was wicked. I know nothing against him personally. I have never heard anything against him, and *The Brook Kerith* is one of the most beautiful books in the world. But you know what I mean . . ."

I knew what he meant (Mr. Ford continues). It was that something wicked seemed to distil itself from the pages of Moore's books so that whilst you read them you felt, precisely, mental distress. You felt even mentally distressed at merely remembering the writings of George Moore—as if you were making acquaintance of what goes on in the mind behind the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the Enemy of Man.

Mr. Ford's choice of words is, perhaps, over-spectacular. Certainly I was never aware in George Moore of anything that could be appropriately described as "the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the Enemy of Man"; he was too often pathetic and too often ridiculous for that. Nor can anyone who knew Moore intimately do anything but smile at the use of the word "wicked" in connection with him. He could be as wilful as a child and as impatient as a shrew. I have seen him march into a chemist's shop where he was unknown, and, regardless of five customers waiting to be served, cry out from the door: "I want something to make me sleep". Everyone yielded place to him; he took his bottle and marched out as if this were a shop in Ballyglass and he still owner of Moore Hall. What other people's feelings might be he did not consider when he wanted something; it was not cruelty or vanity or even selfishness; it was a kind of imperial oblivion. He could be, on occasions, so absorbed by his own interests that for the sake of a phrase or a whim he could wound his oldest friends to the heart. To be his biographer and thus to be brought into contact with many whose friendship he had destroyed was to realize how terrible a desert he had made of his personal life. He had a few loyal friends of long standing, but even to them there was no assurance of friendship's natural peace. At any moment he might say or do something so unreasonable, so fiercely intolerant, that only a fixed determination to treat such outbursts as if they had not been could preserve a friendship of forty or fifty years. I myself was so much younger than he that what a man of his own generation was bound in self-respect to challenge I could conveniently disregard; but I have heard him so belabour an old friend for no worse crime than a defence of Keats, that the whole friendship was imperilled and might have been broken irreparably if that friend, himself an artist, had not leaned back in his chair at dinner and said: "Well, Morgan, you continue the conversation, and, when Moore has finished talking about

Keats, I will rejoin you". The effect was magical. As always when Moore perceived that he had been at his worst, he bestirred himself to be at his best. He would not apologize, but he had a miraculous gift for the prolongation of sentences, and the sentence which had been begun in rage against Keats was led on, with a forced smile and a slow waving of the hand, by a painful and devious route until at last, emerging from the tunnel of unreason, it found itself in the eager sunlight of the French Impressionists. What a sentence! What skill, what swift and iron self-discipline had made it possible! The younger man whom Shaw knew long ago, wilful, flashy, wrong-headed, vulgar, the unregenerate Moore who never outgrew the tantrums of adolescence, had looked up over the edge of the dinner table, had behaved like a fool and, in the course of a single sentence, been crushed by a genius.

This invasion of his new by his dead life was perpetual in George Moore, for the truth is that his dead life would not stay in the grave. He was engaged in everlasting conflict with it, not as man only, but as writer. The history of this battle is to be read throughout his works, and, above all, in his re-writing of them. Those who imagine that these re-writings were governed by a desire to give a new twist to an anecdote or to fiddle with the turn of a sentence mistake their man. Nothing is more wearisome to an imaginative writer than to take up again old work written in a mood long since passed away; and nothing is more dangerous. It is better to let the work stand or to suppress it. Moore did suppress a great part of his work. *Mike Fletcher* and *Vain Fortune*, by no means *juvenilia*, for they were written after the *Confessions of a Young Man* and appeared between his thirty-third and thirty-fifth years, have vanished utterly. *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa*, though in print, were for him under a cloud; they were a subject repugnant to him, for here, he felt, even revision had failed; and these two books were written not in his thirties, but in his late forties, long after *Esther Waters*. They mark, as it were, a relapse between that masterpiece and the final struggle to re-create himself which began in his going to Ireland at the time of the Boer War and resulted instantly in *The Untilled Field* and *The Lake*.

Look back over his literary history from that date. Twenty

years earlier he had written one very good book, *A Mummer's Wife*, being then thirty-two. At thirty-six, he had produced his first immature but original essay in autobiography, a hint, so to speak, of the life to come, but not in itself of much value as a work of art. Then, for six years, he had done pale, tentative work with no greater merit than is to be found in the charm of *Spring Days*, until suddenly real boldness, real genius emerged in *Esther Waters*. Then came another period of stumbling until, at the age of fifty-one, he published *The Untilled Field* and stumbled no more. There is more in this than the customary ups-and-downs of a literary life. The ebb and flow of his powers represent the failure and the success of a process of exorcism. His re-writings will all be found upon examination to have had one dominating purpose: to silence the voice and eliminate the follies of the young man whom Shaw knew and who was still lively enough, when George Moore was in his eightieth year, to appear at the dinner table on the evening I have described.

There are several other indications that Moore was, in a special sense, haunted by this embarrassing spectre of his own youth, and that, in face of it, the battle of self-creation had to be fought anew each day he lived. Not only did he continually re-write his old books, but he had an abiding desire to re-write his former life, to re-write it in his mind and soul. Perhaps it was for this reason that he could break so callously with his old friends and that, when one of them came to visit him, he could refuse her admittance, crying out to his servant so that the visitor herself could not but hear: "No! No! She is too old! She is too old!" He had, perhaps, been engaged that day in a more than usually fierce battle with Amico Moorini, whose ally, because she was his contemporary, that visitor seemed to be.

(To be concluded.)

THIS AGE OF BROADCASTING

BY PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER

THE British Broadcasting Corporation, in its present form and with its present functions, depends on a Royal Charter granted for a term of ten years and expiring at the end of 1936. That Charter, in view of "the great value of the Broadcasting Service as a means of education and entertainment", and in order that "the Service should be developed and exploited to the best advantage and in the national interest", vested it in a public corporation of five persons "acting as Trustees for the national interest". This corporation thereupon entered into an agreement with the Postmaster-General (formally termed a "licence and agreement"), under which it received from him a ten years' licence to establish stations and to broadcast matter, along with a percentage of the fees paid by listeners, and by which it was also subjected to certain restrictions in the operation of its service. Two of these restrictions are important. One of them relates to the current working of the service; it provides that the corporation shall broadcast any matter which a Department of the Government shall require to be broadcast, and shall refrain from sending any broadcast matter which the Postmaster-General by notice in writing shall require it not to send. The other restriction relates to a period of emergency; it provides that the Postmaster-General may, if he thinks an emergency has arisen, take possession of the stations of the corporation and cause them to be used for His Majesty's service. The system thus inaugurated on January 1st, 1927, under the Royal Charter of Incorporation and the simultaneous "licence and agreement", is now being reconsidered, in view of the approaching expiration of the Charter and the licence, by a Government Committee of which Lord Ullswater is the chairman. A number of serious questions arise. Is the percentage of the fees of listeners received by the B.B.C. sufficient for the

adequate operation of its service? Are the restrictions to which it is subject really in the national interest, or do they impinge on that freedom of the expression of thought which is an integral element of our national liberty? What is the proper relation of the State to the service of broadcasting, and who is the proper Minister of State to answer in Parliament any question affecting the operation of that service? These questions are still *sub judice*, and they must be left in the mystery to which they belong. But they suggest further and wider questions on which thought may run freely and speech is not only permissible but even desirable. What is the general significance of this new instrument of the human mind? What is its true utility, and what are the limits to its utility? Who is the sovereign that it must serve ("under which King, Bezonian?")—the State, or the free nation of free men?

We are naturally prone to exalt the majesty of new inventions. The writer of the *Odyssey* lamented, long ago, that "men extol higher the song which comes newest to the ears of listeners". In this spirit the zealot of listening may compare the invention of broadcasting to the invention of printing, and claim that it is even a greater thing. The invention of printing multiplied books—but only for those who could read; the invention of broadcasting has multiplied the spoken word—and lo, it has carried it to millions, and tens of millions, who readily lend their ears. Such an argument is only numerical; but we think "in numbers", because numbers are obvious things which easily enter the mind. If we obey their potent suggestion, we shall expect great things from broadcasting. The invention of printing was accompanied by the Renaissance and the Reformation: may not a similar but far more widely diffused invention have similar but vastly more far-reaching consequences? A moment of cool reflection will serve to abate such hot and swollen hopes. The invention of printing meant a far greater change in human life than the invention of broadcasting. It came to a world poorly equipped with the means and methods of mental communication, and it wrought a revolution which showed itself equally in culture, religion and politics. Before the invention of printing men could communicate their thoughts to one another only by the circulation of manuscripts or by oral

speech to gatherings which, in the conditions of contemporary transport, were necessarily sparse and infrequent. Rumour might run from town to town, and from market to market ; but the dissemination of rumour is never the same as the communication of thought. Printing armed the minds of men with a new and unparalleled instrument of the expression of thought ; broadcasting has merely added a new tool to a workshop which was already stocked. When it came to us, some fifteen years ago, we had already newspapers widely read, and claiming an even wider circulation ; we had already a developed system of transport, which enabled men to meet face to face, in large numbers and at regular intervals, for the purpose of communicating and discussing ideas. Compared with the resources which we already had, broadcasting—considered in itself, and merely as a new instrument of mental communication, apart from the use made of it and the nature and aims of its users—was only the addition of a feather-weight.

It is true that broadcasting has disseminated news and views to a far wider circle ; but it is also true that it has disseminated them more superficially and with less incision. The printed word can be read and re-read and pondered : the eye can recapture and renew its impressions, and give the brain material for a considered and reflective judgment. The spoken word, transmitted through the ether, may fly in at one ear and out at the other ; there is no recapturing—at any rate until the message be subsequently printed, or unless (which must be a very rare thing) it is copied down by the listener in the moment and act of reception. Of course there is broadcasting of sounds other than the spoken word : in Great Britain, for example, some seventy per cent. of the time of the broadcasting stations is allocated to the broadcasting of music (mainly of the type which is classified as “light”). The use of broadcasting for the purpose of musical entertainment is an important thing ; it may serve to improve the national taste and deepen the national culture ; it may leave lingering echoes of beauty which ring in the memory. But it is not part of the process of the communication of thought ; and as regards the twenty per cent. (or less) of the time of broadcasting stations which is really allocated to that process, it may safely be said that not only does

it represent a mere fraction of the whole effort of broadcasting, but it is also spent, as a rule, in creating impressions which, by the very nature of their reception, are fugitive and transitory. The broadcast message, necessarily brief, and necessarily couched in terms which appeal to the masses, may indeed suggest and produce emotion—emotion which, if the same stimulus is continuously and permanently applied, may become a continuous and permanent habit of the mind. This is its power, and this is its danger. But the power and the danger do not reside in “the thing in itself”. They are not part of the inherent nature of broadcasting. They belong to its application, and they proceed from the nature and aims of its users.

The real change, and the true revolution, which has been introduced into the world by broadcasting is a change and a revolution arising from the peculiarities of ownership, or at any rate control, to which the new instrument lends itself. Those peculiarities may be roughly expressed in the one word “monopoly”. To establish broadcasting stations, and to furnish them with all the accessories of technical apparatus and the stuff of broadcast material which they require, is a large and onerous undertaking. There is perhaps only one country in which private enterprise has shouldered the weight of that undertaking. The United States of America, with its great resources, its large population and its tradition of free private enterprise, is the home of private or commercial broadcasting, conducted on much the same lines as any other form of business. The broadcasting stations work for profit : they sell their time, with all its facilities of publicity, to advertisers, who proceed to broadcast material which they think is likely to attract the attention of listeners to their wares. Excellent material may be broadcast by this method. Advertising is a subtle affair ; and a programme of fine music, if it is announced to the listening world as “sponsored” by some manufacturing concern, may redound to the credit and the profit of its “sponsor”. Even here, however, the tendency runs to monopoly. There are indeed a number of independent stations, of no great importance ; but the great bulk of broadcasting in the United States is done by two great systems, or federations, through “associated” stations which participate in one or other of the two groups. In Europe monopoly has

gone further, and private enterprise, willy-nilly, has quitted the field. Linked to a system of telephony, which is generally a prerogative of the State, and wielding powers of publicity which seem to affect the very foundations of the State, broadcasting has been drawn into the orbit of government, and has become in one form or another a government monopoly.

There are two main systems which have been followed in Europe. On one of these systems the government either owns and operates all the broadcasting stations, or, if it leaves some form of company vested with their ownership and charged with their operation, it controls and determines their sending of broadcast messages by one of its ministries. The Russian State, pledged to a general communism, naturally includes the machinery of broadcasting in its communist scheme; the new German National Socialist State, resolved on creating "unanimity of mind and will" in the nation, as naturally seeks to control and determine every message broadcast to the nation by means of its Ministry of Propaganda. The other main system, which is followed in Great Britain and some of the smaller European States, is a system of monopoly which is neither a matter of pure private enterprise nor of absolute State-control, but rather a half-way house. Under this system there is a single broadcasting company or corporation, chartered by the State and subject, in the last resort, to control by the State, but normally exercising its free discretion in the sending of broadcast messages and the general arrangement of programmes. The British form of this system, as we have already had reason to notice, nominally vests a large measure of control over broadcast messages in government departments, and more especially in the Postmaster-General's department. In practice this control is not exercised; and in its relations to the Executive government the B.B.C. may be fairly described as an autonomous corporation, except for the fact that its members, at any rate in form, are government nominees. The real control which is exercised over the B.B.C. is the general control of the House of Commons, acting in its great capacity of the source of national supplies and the grand inquest of the nation. The funds which the Postmaster-General pays to the Corporation, in the form of a percentage of listeners' fees, are paid "out of such aids and supplies as may from time

to time be appropriated by Parliament for that purpose"; and since it is financed by Parliament, the Corporation is naturally subject to constant review by Parliament, either through questions addressed to the responsible minister or in connection with the annual estimates. It is this power of parliamentary review which is the proper and salubrious safeguard of the monopoly enjoyed by the B.B.C. The power of executive control is, in comparison, a little thing. But it is a little thing which might become dangerous if it were actually applied; and it may well be suggested that this power, even if it is only a nominal power, should be dropped. Even in time of emergency it would seem best that the government should only take possession of broadcasting stations, and substitute itself for the B.B.C., when it has been specifically authorized by Parliament to do so.

The general principle of freedom of the expression of thought is a principle which applies to broadcasting no less than to other manifestations of thought. There may, indeed, be special peculiarities of broadcasting, as it actually operates, which properly subject it to special restrictions. In England, for example, it is a peculiarity of broadcasting that it is conducted by a State-chartered monopoly, armed with funds from parliamentary aids and supplies; and this peculiarity properly entails the special restriction of a regular parliamentary review of its operations. But on the whole and in the main the general principle of freedom of the expression of thought is the dominant principle in the world of broadcasting as much as in other worlds. It is a principle which needs constant assertion and constant defence in the present conjuncture of the affairs of Europe. The appearance of broadcasting has synchronized with the appearance of the totalitarian State—the State which seeks, with an avid zest, not only to regulate the body, from birth and even before, but also to regiment and tune the mind, from the days of school to the days of maturity and manhood. The new instrument has made a peculiar appeal to the new form of State. It has seemed to be a heaven-sent instrument for the tuning of the mind. It has appeared to be the authentic voice of the very State, trumpeting abroad whatever the State desires to be heard, and silent whenever silence is enjoined by State-policy. The very rebel against the State, as was shown in Vienna during

the rising in the midsummer of 1934, when Dr. Dollfuss met with his death, directs his first efforts to the capture of the wireless. He feels that he is seizing in it the ganglion and nerve-centre of the State.

Even when the State is not totalitarian, the fact that broadcasting is a monopoly, and a monopoly closely connected with the State, is apt to breed exaggerated ideas both of the uses to which it can be put and the abuses to which it is subject. The Press is a murmur of many voices, confusing, contradicting, cancelling; broadcasting is one and indivisible. The ordinary man, listening to the one voice which

. . . nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story . . .

may come to the conclusion that it is *the* voice; that here Truth herself is speaking—or if not Truth herself, at any rate the State, which it is perilously easy in these days to mistake for the Truth and the Way. Similarly the broadcasting authority, which controls and emits the voice, may feel that it is the custodian—the grave and responsible custodian—of a sort of magical power, which must be gravely and responsibly used in the cause of sound politics, sober virtue and true religion. It is true that in moments of crisis the use of the wireless may be a matter of profound significance to the listener, and of solemn responsibility for the transmitter. The “general strike” of 1926 was such a moment: the election of 1931 was perhaps another. It is possible that the messages broadcast during that election, and particularly those broadcast by Lord Snowden, had a crucial importance. But it would be a grave error to think that in normal times the agency of broadcasting has the power to mould or shape public opinion; and it would be a still graver error to think that it has the right. Any power which that agency has hitherto wielded is likely to decrease, as the new instrument becomes less novel and more familiar—less romantic, and more a matter of the ordinary prose of daily life. But the question of right is far more important than the question of power. On that question it may safely be said that a broadcasting authority has no right to act as a maker or smithy of *opinion*: it has the right, and the duty, to act as a transmitter and a conduit of *opinions*. In other words, it is the forum of all views rather

than the trumpet of one. In a country such as ours, which governs itself on the principle of democracy, broadcasting, like every other means of communication, must necessarily be adjusted to that principle. The essence of democracy is discussion—free discussion of competing views and different opinions, in order that the best may prevail, or any rate some compromise may be attained which is the practicable best for a human community where men differ about what is to be done but must agree on doing something. As Milton wrote, translating Euripides, at the beginning of the *Areopagitica*,

This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free.

Broadcasting is simply one of the ways in which free-born men, speaking freely, can advise the public.

This is not, indeed, the whole of the matter. An unregulated forum of discussion would be a pandemonium rather than a forum. Every public meeting has rules of procedure, enforced by a chairman; and the forum of the B.B.C. has its rules, enforced by the Corporation through its Director General. It is a just subject of congratulation, to them and to ourselves, that fair rules have been instituted, fairly and impartially enforced, and generally and tolerantly accepted. There is still some dissatisfaction. The rationalist complains that he cannot find a hearing—or rather, a chance of speaking. Gay spirits complain that they are over-edified by serious talks—not to speak of “serious music”. But on the whole it is bare justice to say that a standard of decency and good taste has been combined with a practice of the open forum and an even-handed impartiality. The B.B.C. can be—at any rate it has been—equally accused of supporting vested interests and fogginess, and of being radical, “neo-everything”, and even communistic. This cross-fire of accusations is in effect a high laudation. It is indeed a remarkable thing that a spirit of constant inquiry and progressive experimentation has been combined with a steady caution and the keeping of an even keel through new and uncharted waters.

Broadcasting has naturally had its difficulties with the Press. It seemed in its early days—perhaps it still seems—to be a rival. When the B.B.C. itself launched out into journalism, and began to publish *The Listener*, the complaints of the Press were loud.

They are still to be heard today. There are three subjects that seem to be "news", and to excite the attention of the daily Press. One is woman, in all her manifestations; another is Oxford (all the more as Oxford is supposed to be connected with woman); the third is the B.B.C. and its programmes and personnel. But the Press is finding, more and more, that the B.B.C. is rather a complement, and indeed an auxiliary, than a rival. Nobody who listens to the broadcast news in the evening is ever less hungry for his newspaper next morning. And even if it were a rival, broadcasting is something different in kind from the Press. It belongs to another sphere. It is a separate *genre*. Just because the Press is multitudinous, each paper can adopt and press its policy, assume a particular hue, and follow a particular line. Broadcasting suffers from the disabilities of Cæsar's wife. It has to be above suspicion. On political and social and economic questions it can only follow one of two lines, with no *sors tertia*. Either the broadcasting authority allows or invites others to speak—and then it must maintain a white and colourless impartiality; or it speaks itself, through the cultured but unknown voice of one of its "announcers"—and then, once more, it must wear the same white flower of blamelessness. It may claim that it has "a white radiance". But there is more excitement in belonging to that "dome of many-coloured glass" under which the Press lives and moves.

The Press always tempts to digression. Democracy, and the relation of broadcasting to its principle and its practice, was the theme from which we digressed. Some have felt that broadcasting has already contributed, and may contribute more, to the levelling and fusion of classes. There are seven million listening sets in the Kingdom, and all of His Majesty's subjects can listen to his voice together, as a single family. "This is a great thing, and nobody who remembers May the Sixth will fail to recognize its greatness. We may also say, in a paradox, that the music which it broadcasts is the greatest service which the B.B.C. has rendered to the cause of democracy. At any rate it is certain—or as certain as most things are—that joy has been spread "in widest commonalty" by the quality of broadcast music. On the other hand there are some who feel that broadcasting may tend to demagoguery as well as to genuine democracy.

They have in their minds the United States, and they are thinking of the eloquent priest and the late Mr. Huey Long. But the use of the wireless by the demagogue seems to belong to the area of commercial broadcasting. It is one of the aspects, or shadows, of the conduct of broadcasting on the business lines of private enterprise. That which pays pays; and if demagoguery pays it will be allowed, and asked, to frequent the commercial microphone.

Broadcasting transcends the sphere of domestic and national politics. It is an international—we may almost say an œcumenical—force. Nowhere has it shown more plainly, and more purely, what it can do to bind nations together than in the British Empire. The Statute of Westminster, passed in 1931, left the Dominions as autonomous States, bound together mainly, if not entirely, by common allegiance to the same King. The Imperial broadcasting service, developed in recent years, and offered by the B.B.C. as a free gift to the Dominions, has helped the King signally in his great task of cementing the Empire, and it has helped him to do so by enabling him to speak directly and immediately to all his subjects in every clime. In the sphere of international as distinct from that of imperial relations, and more particularly in the troubled domain of European affairs, broadcasting offers a field at once full of possibilities and bristling with problems. "Nation shall speak unto nation" is a motto of our own B.B.C. The motto suggests a golden harvest of opportunities, with broadcasting allied to the League of Nations and the International Labour Office, and with international broadcasts growing in volume and frequency to bring nation closer to nation. Something has actually been done to garner some of the harvest. The Institute of Intellectual Co-operation has suggested modes of co-operation between the different national broadcasting systems: the International Broadcasting Union, in which the broadcasting authorities of different countries have been voluntarily federated for the last ten years, has sought to ease friction and to promote fraternity. But in the present restive and sensitive condition of Europe broadcasting may as easily be a cause of offence as a link of amity. Nation may speak unto nation not in the tones of amity, but in the language of asperity. A State may set one of its broadcasting stations to broadcast at another State, as happened lately on the borders of

Austria. Short of that, a State may seek to spread its tendencies and its general philosophy of politics or economics by arranging broadcasts to other countries delivered in their own language, and calculated to affect their internal opinion and policy. Even without any deliberate intention the broadcasting authority of one country, in sending messages to its own nationals, may fall into language about another country which may offend that country's government. It will be remembered that Poland, not very long ago, felt itself grieved by the language of a British broadcast. In one way or another the problems of international broadcasting are as great as the possibilities. Much has been done, and more may still be done, to solve those problems by the action of the International Broadcasting Union, as it gradually establishes a code of honour and of good professional conduct among its members in different countries. But some of the issues raised by international broadcasting transcend the scope of the broadcasting profession, and involve the governments of States. So long as States face one another "in the state and posture of gladiators", there will be gladiatorial challenges and provocations in the ether; and broadcasting will be swept, like every other human invention, into the cause and arena of war.

Enough—perhaps more than enough—has been said about the connection between broadcasting and politics. Some final words—too few to do justice to the theme—must be given to the connection between broadcasting and general culture. Here too there are dangers to be avoided as well as opportunities to be seized. There is the danger of what may be called *Ersatz*-culture—the danger of some facile and peptonized substitute for the real substance. Plato ranked lowest among the faculties of the mind that which he termed by the name of "perception of shadows". There is a sense in which broadcasting reduces the mind to a perception of shadows of shadows—to imitations of music in lieu of true music: imitations of lectures in place of true lectures; imitations of the drama in place of true drama. There are musicians who fear that "substitute" music may oust genuine music, just as there are lecturers and speakers who expect their lectures or speeches to be ousted by broadcast talks. The fear and the expectation are ungrounded. Broadcasting is undimensional: it acts, and it can only act, in the one

dimension of sound. Man is only happy, and only exercising his full human faculty, when he moves in more than one dimension—when he sees as well as hears, and sees and hears in close touch and proximity to others who are seeing and hearing at his side.

Here we touch the true function of broadcasting in the sphere of culture. It cannot give culture itself. It is too pale a shadow: too much of a ghost; too tenuous an abstraction, living in the one isolated dimension of sound. Like Cœlus in Keats' *Hyperion*, it is bound to confess

I am but a voice;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail.

But while broadcasting is thus confined and limited, and while, in the realm of culture, it can only provide the mind with the representation of shadows, it can select fine shadows for representation, and thus move and induce the hearer to an appetite for fine substance.

The B.B.C. has done a great work in maintaining a standard of taste and keeping that standard before the millions of its listeners. True it exists, as the preamble of its charter declares; for entertainment as well as for education; but there is no real gulf between them, and entertainment itself can be, and at its best actually is, a part or an aspect of man's education. We may sometimes feel that our broadcast programmes entertain us too loftily, and that a young and advanced æsthetic *élite*, encamped in the Parnassus of Broadcasting House, is seizing us by the hair of our heads to draw us into a modernist Paradise in which our feeble spirits faint. But piquancy and stimulus are necessary to broadcasting. They are the sauce which seasons and redeems its abstraction. It is "but a voice": let it be a new voice, and let it sing something new. No harm is done to English broadcasting if youth sits on the prow and its idea of pleasure stands at the helm. Youth is more serious than age; and its idea of pleasure is high and austere—at any rate in music and poetry. Perhaps it is a good thing that a young intelligentsia should sting us, like a gadfly, into a readiness to hear always some new thing. It stops us from settling down on the lees of our national love of custom—custom good, bad or indifferent, provided only that it be custom.

EYES LEFT IN FRANCE

BY D. W. BROGAN

TO return to France this summer, after ten months absence, was to note a curious change of atmosphere. Last autumn the smoke was beginning to clear away from the Stavisky affair and its aftermath, and it was easy to see, especially in the provinces, that no irreparable damage has been done to "republican institutions". This summer, in Paris and in the provinces, the rise of a Fascist danger is more apparent than the collapse of M. Doumergue's attempts to reform the parliamentary system. The rapid growth of Colonel de la Rocque's "Croix de Feu" and of other more or less openly Fascist bodies, the *Jeunesses Patriotes*, the *Solidarité Française*, even of the serio-comic *Francistes* with their emblem of the double-headed Frankish axe, the "francisque", have all contributed to disturb public opinion and to alarm the parties of the Left. It is possible that these parties have not been guiltless of exaggerating a Fascist menace which enables them to retreat from previous positions under good cover, but, whatever the degree of the Fascist danger, the more militant sections of the Left have resolved to take it seriously. No one with the German *débâcle* in mind can blame them for that. They have resolved that mere party quarrels will not stand in the way of unity, that all enemies of Fascism must unite in defence of "republican liberties". Their resolution was made manifest to the world by united processions on July 14th, processions in which Radicals and Socialists and Communists all marched together, in which the red flag and the tricolour were borne aloft, and the Marseillaise, "recaptured from the Right", was sung, along with the "Internationale". The demonstrations were held; they were impressive, in the main, if not in the details, and prudent politicians became convinced that the reaction had shot its bolt and that the general election of 1936 would give a Left majority, as usual.

If not, as yet, among the rank and file, among the men at the top, the feeling has begun to spread, that an electoral victory for the old "cartel des gauches" is not enough. After all, as a Fascist leaflet points out, there *is* a Left majority as it is! There was a Left majority in 1924—and within two years Poincaré had to be called in to bail out the sinking ship. There was a Left majority in 1932, and M. Laval is trying, in more difficult circumstances, to repeat the success of M. Poincaré. The causes of the doubts and dubieties are not far to seek.

The core of any Left-majority has been in the past and may well be in the future, the Radical-Socialist party. Intellectuals, infuriated by the low level of party thinking which satisfies that body, have long predicted its demise, bled of its most active members, as it was bound to be, by the Socialists. But the party has refused to die and to the surprise of others, if not of itself, it passed its Socialist allies in the election of 1932 with some ease. Bound by their doctrinal purity, the Socialists refused to enter the Radical government and finally brought, M. Daladier down at the end of 1933. Whether M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, wished merely to demonstrate his fidelity to the party programme, or whether he hoped to do better does not much matter, for it was during the parliamentary confusion that followed this homage to party programmes that the Stavisky case blew up.

The general lines of that entertaining if painful affair are probably well remembered; its apparently endless ramifications were complicated by the detective story charms of the Prince "murder", to which only Mr. Freeman Wills Croft or, in view of the setting in Dijon, Mr. A. E. W. Mason could do justice. In the plentiful throwing of mud, the Radical-Socialist party got at least its share and, for a moment, it seemed as if there might be a swing to the Right. But the Right overplayed its hand (Mr. Gladstone once declared the French conservatives to be the stupidest in the world): the Chamber sat tight, let the storm more or less blow over and, leaving the dirty work to MM. Doumergue, Flandin and Laval, reserved its strength for its real job, the general election of 1936.

That policy has been successful, i.e., it is certain, barring dramatic accidents, that the Left will win the election of 1936

as, in anything like normal circumstances, the Left has won every election in this century. But the circumstances are not normal, and although the abnormality may not affect the election profoundly, it will affect the aftermath. Questions have been piling up for a generation which will have to be attended to questions which few veteran politicians want to hear asked or answered.

What are the questions thus ignored? There is, of course, the extraordinary administrative anarchy revealed by the Stavisky affair. There was a time when the French could talk, without too much absurdity, of "our administration which all the world envies us". That time is long past and, to do them justice, few French people talk that way now. Instead they complain of "*paperasserie*". Anyone who has drawn money from a French bank or dealt with the French post office may, at first sight, be inclined to agree with this criticism, but the most startling aspect of the Stavisky affair was the *absence* of *paperasserie*—at the top. We laugh at our Civil Service's passion for initialling minutes and respectfully homologating suggestions, but it has this advantage that one can, at a pinch, find someone who is responsible for a decision. There is a limit to the possibilities of passing the buck; even the longest game of "Button, button, who's got the button?" has to end. They order these matters better in France, from the point of view of the official, that is. In French (administrative) cricket, the easy catches are always dropped or given by Mr. A. N. Other. Even if the "Maffia" did murder M. Prince to get at the "documents", were there no copies? It would need more than the murder of a High Court judge to stifle a really important scandal with us—if only, as a cynical Frenchman might point out, because care would be taken to see that it never got out in the first place!

What is true of Justice is true of other branches of the administration. "*La République*," said M. Bergeret, forty years ago, "*c'est la facilité*." Favours past and to come play a great part in the Chamber—and all through French political life; they are the oil that makes the governmental machine go and, to squirt the oil in, it is frequently necessary to dismantle the machine.

This habit was expensive, but its psychological results seemed to the average Frenchman worth the price—anyway the price was not immediately apparent; it was chalked up to that long account marked "*aux frais de la princesse*". In the meantime the rigours of administration and the law were made more tolerable. At one end of the scale, great magnates got concessions or adjustments of taxes; at the other a boy got a scholarship which enabled him to get the education that later enabled him, in turn, to justify the system that had made him what he was. It was a very poor or disreputable Frenchman that could not do some kind of wangling; that could not travel on the railways at reduced fares or become a Knight of Agricultural Merit or a Member of the French Academy. The pleasures of having influence or, as the Americans coarsely put it, "pull" were, in democratic France as in democratic America, joys in widest commonalty spread, not reserved for really nice people, as is the healthy English custom. On the spreading of such joys, political success largely depended, if not for individuals, at least for groups, and the most skilful of all the agencies for this type of work was the French Radical-Socialist party.

As long as government was a slow affair, as long as fundamental reforms were things promised at elections and then "*mis à l'étude*" after them, all went well, or fairly well. The system was expensive in money; it had the drawbacks of recurring scandals, but, as the Second Empire and Third Republic discovered, outside Paris scandals evoke only a languid interest. It was necessary to have talking-points, and so anti-clericalism, served as well as the bloody shirt in American politics after the Civil War. In short, *mutatis mutandis*, the Radical-Socialists got on in much the same way as the Republicans in America, with the slogans of the great revolution and hostility to clericalism as emotional background to neat combinations of interests, great and small. No other French party had such intellectually feeble apologists, so few stars, if we except "Alain", who has erected the practice of favours for all into a system of government.

But it is increasingly uncertain whether the country can afford or endure this system much longer. In a world in which, for good or ill, there are so many governments which can make

decisions and carry them out overnight, the French system of voting for a project "in principle" and then leaving it to sleep for twenty years or so seems less admirable than it did in the good old days. More serious is the impact of current economic problems. Having been spared the earlier ravages of the crisis, the French might have been intellectually prepared for it when at last it came. They were not. In no civilized country is fundamental contempt for economics so profound as in France, a contempt not bred by familiarity. This weakness is evident in the making of laws and in their discussion. The project for keeping wheat up by a legal price, when there was an export surplus, was an example of legislation in the good faith of whose authors it was hard to believe. The law did not work well, for reasons too obvious to note, but if the price of wheat did not stay at the legal level, the fault, the peasant was convinced, was due to corruption, to the admission of foreign wheat under various pretences. Deputies, officials, millers were all doing well out of the scandal. Obviously, for was there not a legal price for wheat, and was it not notorious that when you had wheat to sell, you could not get the legal price? The peasant's diagnosis may have been wrong and probably was wrong. Even if it was right, it was only part of the explanation. But from another point of view, the peasant had put his finger on a sore spot. In the *République des Camarades* any complicated economic measure is sure to be suspect of manipulation by persons with pull, the long trail of scandals is there to weaken simple faith—and more important than scandals is the old habit of adjusting the administration to individuals. At the top, it may be a case of the Senate's taking a kindly view of the indiscretion of a colleague who has been involved in an ugly company scandal; lower down the scale it may be the tactful failure of an official to enforce the regulations against the Colorado beetle when the offender is an important elector—and the senatorial elections are at hand. All this is very human, but it is quite incompatible with serious economic "planning" or even regulation. If the system is not changed, no political majority in the Chamber, whatever its programme, is going to get very far with profound economic changes.

But why talk of profound economic changes? Fairly vague

generalizations about justice, progress, equality, etc., have done very well—from the electoral point of view—in the past. With them has gone a slow but regular dosing of the existing system with reforms, none of them very profound, but in the mass not negligible. In the Radical-Socialist party there are many who do not see why the old methods have to be given up. Yet they will have to be given up for two reasons. The first is economic and not perhaps permanent. But, as long as the crisis lasts, as long as the divergencies of price levels set the urban producer against the *rentier* and the peasant against both, the need for an economic decision will grow more and more acute and an economic decision can only be made at the cost of alienating at least one important section of the party.

The political reasons are even more compelling. The old union of the Left parties was based on a tacit agreement not to raise fundamental questions. That union got more and more difficult, as was seen when, in the name of party orthodoxy, M. Blum overthrew M. Daladier. If it was difficult in 1932-1933, it is far more difficult now. As the crisis has become more acute, the Socialists have had to stress, more and more, their economic policy, have had to make promises to their supporters or possible supporters which, with all the good will in the world, cannot be easily squared with the principles and practice of the Radicals. If it were only a question of different programmes that would not matter, but in the present temper of the French people it will be necessary to provide more than parliamentary manoeuvres to satisfy the voters, even after they have elected the Chamber. There is no chance that the electorate will go to sleep for the next four years—as it ought to do, in the view of the orthodox legitimists of parliamentary government. The Socialists are quite aware of this, and, if they were not, they have new-found friends to tell them.

The new friends are the Communists. It is no longer possible to say that the Third International is unteachable. It has earned the lesson of its German folly and (of course without any public confession of error), has changed course. To defend democratic liberties in France (and incidentally the power of a military ally of the Soviet Government), all the old slogans have been hastily discarded. It must have been hard for the

old hands who had such a fine vocabulary of carefully acquired abuse to have to call former "Social-Fascists" and "Social-Flics" "comrades". It must have been hard to soft-pedal denunciations of the French army, as not only an oppressor of the workers but an agent of war against Soviet Russia, but with a commendable discipline the job was done. A candid friend of the Left has expressed scepticism about the willingness of the French people to take seriously a party suddenly ready to defend France on orders from Moscow, but the most hardened militarist must admire the discipline displayed. Needless to say, there have been heart-burnings. There are those who point out that it has taken Moscow years to see the obvious. There are others who hate to abandon the old ways and others whose ability to swallow their words without gagging is not as strong as their willingness to toe the party line. However, the word has gone out, 'hide the Russian face of the Third International, play up Dimitrov, soft-pedal Stalin. Hide behind the door those old posters showing Léon Blum as a more dangerous enemy of the workers than Poincaré. Keep your face straight when you go to protest to the capitalist government about the illegal and revolutionary designs of the Fascists, grow righteously indignant when any such designs are attributed to you'. Such are the instructions from Moscow and, as far as the leaders can manage it, they are being obeyed. Of course, the rank and file of the party are inclined to forget themselves. Despite orders they will *not* sing the "Marseillaise" as well as that dreary ditty, the "Internationale". Even on July 14th, when it was important to show union, they would hiss "*assassins*" at the police, despite the courting of those defenders of democratic liberties which has been going on. They would greet that eminent Radical *Bonze*, Jammy Schmidt, with cries of "*les Soviets partout*" to which sentiment, M. Schmidt doffed his hat, without, it is probable, giving inward assent.

More serious is the activity of "left-wing deviationists". Trotskyism was only extirpated from the French Communist Party with considerable difficulty and the Trotskyist attitude is widespread. Revolt against Russian orders has not notably hurt M. Doriot, Mayor of Saint Denis. It has given point to dissenters who now abuse the regular party as it used to abuse

the Socialists. All the rich vocabulary of abuse usual among comrades is at the disposal of the extreme left in their attack on "Communo-patriotism." Thus the Communist pressure on the Socialist must take the form of a demand for actual not verbal satisfactions for the minimum programme, especially in the matter of taxation, lest the Communists be outbid by the dissenters on *their* left, that danger which French politicians have always to fear.

But is there any minimum programme that the three sections of the Left front can combine on? It is very hard to say, for the Communists must necessarily play a double game. Hitherto their strength has been in the Red industrial suburbs of Paris; to the proletariat of Villejuif or Gennevilliers it was simple to promise a new heaven. For an industrial area the goods are already in stock. It is harder in the rural areas—and it is in the rural areas that the recent progress of the party has been most striking. In districts where the peasants do not own their land it is, of course, easy to promise to renters or share-farmers the abolition of landlordism. But there are areas where Communism is strong, where it must appeal to peasant proprietors. It can do a little by discriminating between big and small holders, but it dare not, as yet, attack private property or preach the delights of collectivized farming. In this it is prudent; even after the revolution, I should not like to be the zealous young Communist sent down from Paris to collectivize some areas which are at the moment strong for the Party. The French peasant is no ex-serf used to orders from above, even if they come from a government of workers and peasants! What the Communists *can* safely promise is severer taxation of the rich and better prices; they can also promise an administration which will sympathize with the Left and not with the Right.

So far the Socialists can meet the Communist demands. They can back a programme of effective income tax, of general tax reform and of going off gold. Of course, the latter object is not openly aimed at, but it seems to be necessarily involved in the present attack on the Laval economy measures, not as being unfair in their details, but as being fundamentally misconceived. Instead of cutting down expenditure, give people

more money to spend. That way "reflation" lies.

There should be, in theory, little opposition to this minimum programme by the Radicals. The nationalizing of the Bank of France or of "credit", what could be more attractive to a party which, with a happy sense of the power of mere words, began to denounce "*les congrégations économiques*", when it noted that attacks on "*les congrégations* (the religious orders) no longer roused enthusiasm. But the leaders of the party know that the Bank of France is rather a more formidable opponent than the Jesuits, the Crédit Lyonnais capable of greater resistance than the Augustinians! The "interests" have not been unduly alarmed, and it has been possible to be a good Radical-Socialist without doing more than paying lip-service to the duty of war on capital. Moreover, any such war must mean currency troubles, and, combined with the present uneasy state of the public mind, that might well be enough to drive the franc off gold—and down where? Even if there were not enough *rentiers* in the party to remind its leaders of the awkwardness of this, the memory of 1925-26 is probably quite clear in the minds of M. Herriot and some of his senior colleagues! A financial panic destroyed the electoral victory of 1924, what would another do to the future victory of 1936?

Thus, while it has been easy for Communist and Socialist to unite in denunciation of the economy decrees of M. Laval, it has been impossible for all Radical-Socialists to imitate them. An important section of the party leaders are actually in the Laval Government, and many of the elder statesmen who are out of it have no liking for the company some of the younger men have been keeping. These elder statesmen may think, with some show of reason, that common-front rallies to the cry of "Daladier in power" may come very well from official revolutionary parties looking for a Kerensky, but that, from the point of view of the old party which has so often saved the Republic, the thing to remember is that the disasters of last year were incurred under the leadership of MM. Chautemps and Daladier, with the effective, if unintentional, aid of M. Blum. The split in the party has been made more obvious by the by-election in the first district of Clermont-Ferrand where, on the Radical candidate's being beaten by the Socialist on the

first ballot, the Radical machine refused to abide by "republican discipline", and put up another candidate with the support of the Right to oppose M. Villedieu. This breach of faith was made more annoying by not being successful, as the Socialist won on the second ballot—though narrowly. It is obvious that before a general election this sort of thing will have to stop, or the old union of the Left parties be abandoned—which would be a political revolution.

It is going to be very difficult for the Radical-Socialists to meet the emergency with which the reassembly of the Chamber will present them. Vigorous denunciation of the Laval economies is going to look very silly, if the Chamber fails to overthrow M. Laval and repeal the obnoxious decrees! Yet it is very doubtful if the present Chamber will do this. If it does not, the crack in the Radical ranks will be revealed, the supporters of M. Herriot will be ranged against those of M. Daladier, "right" against "left". If the Chamber does overthrow M. Laval, a mere stop-gap Left government will give plenty of time before the elections for both the Communists and the Fascists to win recruits. With this danger in mind, some Socialists wish to insist on dissolving the Chamber at once, thus adopting a measure hitherto anathema to the Radicals since it was last tried by Marshal MacMahon nearly sixty years ago. On this issue, too, the Radicals will have to make up their minds—and they can hardly do that and remain united.

The Radical party and the old governmental system of the Third Republic have passed through so many crises, their doom has been so often announced, that it is dangerous even to hint probabilities, much less prophesy with certainty. But it seems probable that, if the economic crisis continues, if peasants and workers continue to be as discontented as they are now, some drastic measures, either in the direction of real liberation of commerce and industry from legal shackles (and not merely as much relaxation as suits the more unpopular sections of French "big business") or of regulation and planning of a more serious kind than is at present possible, will have to be tried. A new Chamber in which the last word lies with the Radical-Socialists, profoundly divided as they are as to means and ends, can only discredit parliamentary government still further. On

that discredit extremists of both Left and Right are counting. A feeble and irresponsible majority is what the more prudent leaders of the Left fear. A strong government, based on a coherent and loyal majority in the Chamber, means a dissolution of the present Radical party or a profound change in its methods and ideals. Such a recasting of the party is feared, by some; the *Dépêche de Toulouse* is full of warnings of the dangers on that side. The failure to recast the party is full of dangers too—as is pointed out by the younger leaders. If the split does not come now, it will come later, perhaps too late. In the great Paris procession on July 14th, the red flag and the tricolour were carried side by side. Both flags were very large. A bad tear developed in the tricolour and, before the procession of the “*front populaire*” was well under way, the national flag seemed in danger of splitting. It may have been an omen!

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE DISTRESSED AREAS

BY HUGH MOLSON, M.P.

UNEMPLOYMENT is an issue that challenges the reason and arouses the emotions of the elector, and there is a real danger that in the excitement of a general election, unless it is fought upon a question of foreign affairs, unreasoning emotion will prevail. Thirteen years of painful familiarity with this problem ought to have taught us that it is neither an ailment capable of speedy cure nor the last illness of a nation. Even a Committee of the Trade Union Congress can see “no economic readjustments in the near future, whether introduced by a Conservative or Socialist Government, which will absorb the majority of workers who are at present deprived of their livelihood”, and no one who has read Mr. Malcolm Stewart’s report on the Special Areas imagines they will regain their old prosperity. On the other hand, the employed population is larger than ever before and has a higher standard of living. These facts forbid both facile optimism and despairing pessimism.

The great exporting industries, whose prosperity in the nineteenth century called our great population into existence, were probably fated in the twentieth to decline in any case. The war left intensified foreign competition, and during the years till 1929 there were few signs of real revival. The great depression will probably have consequences as grave and as permanent as the war itself.

All these industries—coal, iron and steel, heavy engineering, cotton, shipping and shipbuilding—are concentrated in certain localities which are now known as the Distressed or, euphemistically, the Special Areas.

There is, however, another and hopeful aspect of the situation. The new, “light” and luxury industries have expanded since

the war in a way that could not have been foreseen. The manufacture of motor cars, radio sets, gramophones, artificial silk and electrical apparatus of all kinds has made new industrial areas in great districts in the South, East and Midlands of England, and has given employment to rapidly increasing numbers of people; that is at once the effect and the cause of the general rise in the standard of living. The tariff system introduced by the National Government has done neither the good that the Protectionists nor the harm that the Free Traders anticipated, but it has undoubtedly contributed to that expansion of the home market which far exceeds what most economists believed possible, and which has offset to some extent the decline in the export trades.

The fact is that adjustments which should have taken fifty years have been telescoped into the seventeen years since the war. Such sudden changes were bound to be painful, but our economy has shown a surprising flexibility. So great, indeed, has that flexibility been that we should have experienced no serious unemployment problem but for the increase of the employable population and the virtual cessation of all emigration. Between 1923 and 1933 the number of persons employed in the coal mines declined by 572,263, but simultaneously the number of persons employed in the distributive trades increased by 586,401. Between 1923 and 1933 the expanding industries provided additional employment for a number equal to all those displaced by labour-saving devices and those displaced by the decline in other industries, and in addition for 500,000 of the increase in the population. If, then, British industry showed that remarkable expansion during ten years of unrelieved depression followed by crisis, may we not reasonably anticipate a similar and much greater expansion during the next ten years?

Unfortunately we started the second decade, 1933 to 1943, in a far worse position than we started the preceding one. Our exports, which in 1934 were less than 78 per cent. of their volume in 1929, are unlikely to return to anything like their old level. It is this apparently permanent decline which leaves the expanding industries the formidable task of absorbing whatever proportion of the 2,000,000 on the live register are

wholly unemployed and fit for work—perhaps rather more than 1,000,000. But that is not all. Despite the incipient decline in the total population, the number of persons of 16 to 64 (and therefore seeking work) will be about 1,000,000 greater in 1943 than in 1933. If, therefore, unemployment is to be reduced to a minimum by that time, industry would have to afford over 2,000,000 more jobs, or an expansion over the present total of employment of nearly 20 per cent.; if unemployment is not to become any worse, industry must offer 1,000,000 more jobs or an expansion of nearly 10 per cent.—an expansion not impossible, but highly improbable.

It is surely clear that acute and prolonged unemployment is at the moment an insoluble problem, bound to last, say, another fifteen years, and due to the fact that certain natural adjustments are taking place too slowly; the elderly miner cannot learn to make gramophones, the inhabitants of Jarrow cannot be moved to the new industrial areas of the South, and the employable population which grew with the rise, will not immediately decline with the fall, in our export trade. Equally clearly the necessary adjustments are producing themselves naturally. In 1976 the population will have declined to 33,000,000, a level at which it stood in 1890. The number of persons between the ages of 15 and 65 which will be 31,921,900 in 1941, will have fallen by 641,200 by 1951 and the decline will continue. Wise policy will, therefore, concentrate on facilitating these natural developments, on reducing the suffering to individuals that they entail, and above all on making the social arrangements needed by the very different Britain which will have emerged by 1950. We must accept as inevitable that the majority of men over forty who have found themselves stranded for a year or more will never work again, and that the populations of the Special Areas will rapidly dwindle or die out. But we may equally confidently expect that the younger men will find increasing employment in the developing areas.

It is sometimes suggested that there are two alternative ways of dealing with the Depressed Areas—either to transfer the population elsewhere or to induce new industries to go there. Both methods ought to be followed simultaneously. Some

parts of the Depressed Areas, especially those where coal mines have been closed or dismantled, are not suitable for any kind of industrial activity. In these districts the population should be encouraged to die out by facilitating the transfer of the young, and, it may be added, by the provision of birth control clinics. Other parts of the Depressed Areas—Mr. Malcolm Stewart instances the banks of the Tyne—are eminently suitable on economic grounds for new enterprises, and the boldest effort should be made to bring these into use.

I may claim to have been the first Member of this Parliament to suggest this policy. On April 14th, 1932, I emphasised the evil effects of the transfer of industry from old to new areas, the disruption of communities and families, the abandonment of much economic and social capital in the North simultaneously with the desecration of rural amenities in the South; I pointed out that the cost of urbanising "a green field", including the cost of housing, schools, roads, sewers, etc., but not the factory or its equipment, was estimated at between £433 and £495 per worker transferred. The evils are now generally recognised, but no method has so far been devised effectively to encourage the location of new industries in the Depressed Areas without discouraging the efficient organisation of industry or even preventing its development. The tendency for example of the iron and allied industries to put up great plants in Northamptonshire and Lincolnshire will probably accentuate the social problem, especially in South Wales. That new location is due, however, to the existence in those counties of large deposits of iron ore and to the need for continuous processes which will enable a series of different products to be produced from a single heating. The efficiency of the industry perhaps necessarily involves in this case a painful transfer of plant and population.

These difficulties do not, however, justify an attitude of supine resignation. An opportunity was surely missed when the Depressed Areas Act was passed. It was amended to substitute for the word "Depressed" the innocuous euphemism "Special". What was needed was the courageous word "Reconstruction", and the Commissioners should have been empowered to try out in those areas some of the many suggestions that have been made to the Government. The

Act concedes the principle that such localised distress warrants special assistance which other parts of the country do not receive. Why not then have favoured their demand for work instead of their demand for increased amenities? Why not then have tried the effect of relieving new industries coming there of all rates for ten years, of paying out of the Exchequer the employer's contributions to the insurance schemes, or even of contributing by way of subsidy some portion of the cost price of industrial sites? Such experiments would be hazardous and might fail, they would no doubt be resented as unjust to employers in other areas, but I believe that the desperate problem justifies bold measures. As Mr. Stewart says: "The problem of the Special Areas cannot be successfully solved without the application of some unconventional principles."

Mr. Lloyd George's "New Deal" has caused a useful stir in the world of politics, because he has challenged the view that the revival of trade which is now proceeding, and for which the Government can fairly claim great credit, is in itself sufficient. The "New Deal" suffers, however, from the opposite defect of supposing that heroic measures can remedy what can be cured only by time. In order to maintain this thesis it exaggerates the effect of a large programme of public works and assumes that a great increase in agricultural production at home will not injuriously affect our exports. As a matter of fact, far more is being done at the moment in the way of public works than Mr. Lloyd George seems to realise, and a large programme on the scale he advocates would only be possible if it were undertaken for the purpose of giving employment and not because the works were intrinsically useful. That relief works are really in his mind was shown by his remark to the Council of Action saying that the Government guarantee of £35,000,000 to the railways for electrification would be more valuable if the work were to be done in the Distressed Areas instead of near London. The "Next Five Years" Group, on the other hand, state plainly that "no informed person ever supposed that public works alone" "could solve the unemployment problem", and that "a substantial reduction of food imports would have the effect of preventing the desired increase in exports". That group nowhere adopt an attitude of great optimism about un-

employment, and this is the more impressive a criticism of Mr. Lloyd George's anticipations because they give guarded support to many of his proposals.

About 40 per cent. of the unemployed are in receipt of standard benefit. In any conceivable system there would be men unemployed for short periods, and they are adequately provided for by the Unemployment Insurance Fund. It is this category of men which has benefited most from the improvement in trade. The problem of the Distressed Areas arises from the concentration there of a large proportion of the 453,776 persons whose unemployment has lasted more than a year. No normal revival of trade is likely to give them regular employment again, nor would any programme of public works, confined to what is economically productive or socially necessary, provide them with work. We must accept as a fact that until the population has greatly declined, all those who seek it will not be able to find work.

This, however, is no cause for despair. We have all become so accustomed to regarding unemployment as an evil, because of the poverty it entails, that we have come to regard work as an end in itself. But work is not a good, it is an evil, dating only from the expulsion from the Garden of Eden. It is fantastic that we should regret our ability to maintain and improve our present standard of living without compelling the whole population to toil. The advance of science has been so rapid as to present us with blessings which we do not yet know how to use, but do not let us regard what is a blessing as if it were a curse. Instead of puzzling how to find unnecessary work for the unemployed, let us seek so to allocate idleness as to convert the noonday blight of unemployment into the eventide of earlier retirement.

The proposal for earlier old age pensions has frequently been made before, but has not survived scrutiny for two reasons. In the first place it has been designed to absorb immediately a large number of the unemployed, and consequently and in the second place it has involved an impossible burden on the Exchequer. It is the main thesis of this article that nothing will *immediately* cure unemployment, and that steps even in the right direction *must* be slow. The modest proposals here

made for earlier pensions will, therefore, appear disappointing to many people.

It may be worth while first to indicate some of the difficulties. A pension for every adult at 60 of 20s. per week and of 35s. for a married couple would cost a fantastic sum, and even if restricted to insurable persons would cost the prohibitive sum of £279,000,000. It is obviously necessary, therefore, to think of a much lower figure such as 12s. 6d., and to make the payment of this pension below 65 conditional upon retirement from industry. There is here still a dilemma. If everyone accepted it, the cost would still be intolerable, in the region of £36,875,000; if the smallness of the pension would make it unattractive to all except perhaps the unemployed and to people with some savings, the vacancies created in industry would be comparatively few. A moment's thought will also show that the offer of a retirement pension of 12s. 6d. under 65 would necessitate the raising of all contributory pensions and probably of non-contributory pensions to that level. It would, therefore, be necessary to pay an increased pension to a very large number of persons, and a number increasing annually, in the hope of persuading a few elderly unemployed to go out of the labour market. The following is an estimate of the cost:—

Contributory pensions of 12s. 6d. to persons	£
of 60 to 65	36,875,000
Extra cost of 2s. 6d. increase to pensioners	
of 65 to 70	4,800,000
Extra cost of 2s. 6d. increase to persons	
over 70	10,000,000
	£51,675,000

This figure, formidable in itself, would increase annually by £1,333,000 on account of the increase in the aged population. When the existing cost, also annually increasing, of the various pensions scheme is remembered, it will be seen that the Exchequer could not possibly bear this burden.

Surely it is possible to approach the matter from another angle. What is needed is machinery so flexible that it will be able to proceed step by step as money is available and not

attempt to deal with *all* men over 60, will deal with individual cases and not merely with age categories, separately with different industries and districts, and can derive funds from other sources than the Exchequer. A man should be pensioned under 65 solely on the ground that he is redundant to industry. Whether he is or not will depend partly on his age, partly on his health, partly on the industry to which he belongs, partly upon the district where he lives. His suitability for a pension should be a matter of administrative discretion within certain wide limits. If once this is conceded, it is obvious that the Unemployment Insurance Fund is interested when men are taken off its hands directly or indirectly, and it can fairly be called upon to contribute towards the cost of doing so. A more difficult problem arises where a man is the responsibility of the Unemployment Assistance Board. If he has no means and is in receipt of assistance, his allowance will be more than 12s. 6d., and he will naturally not wish to take the pension. (Incidentally it may be observed that a system which provides grants sufficient for maintenance up to 65 and a pension on a far lower scale thereafter is an anomaly which cannot last permanently.) In cases, however, where a man or the household in which he lives comes under the Means Test, it may suit him to take the retirement pension not subject to the test, and the Unemployment Assistance Board should contribute towards the pension whatever it had been allowing for his maintenance.

These considerations suggest that a statutory authority might be set up to administer the Contributory Pensions Fund in close co-operation with the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee and the Unemployment Assistance Board. Like the Committee just mentioned, its first obligation should be to maintain the solvency of its finances; subject to that overriding obligation, it should aim at withdrawing from industry on retirement pensions as many redundant workers as possible. It might, for example, begin by issuing an order that it was prepared to consider applications for retirement pensions from all men of 64, and in the Distressed Areas and the coal industry from all men of 63, and it would then proceed to adjudicate upon the claims in the light of the applicant's National Health and Unemployment records, of the proportion of aged worker

in his industry and the industrial prospects of his district. It may be argued that this would involve an enormous administrative problem, yet the same kind of task has been undertaken for centuries by the Poor Law Authorities and has now been centralised under the Unemployment Assistance Board. It may be argued that pensions should be a matter of right and not of discretion; but the very purpose of this suggestion is to substitute a realistic consideration of whether a man is redundant to industry for the political controversy as to the age at which every man should become an old age pensioner.

A scheme of this kind prepares the way for allocating leisure without running any risk of financial disaster. There is a strong case for the Exchequer accepting the additional burden of £10,000,000 to increase the maximum old age pension at 70 to 12s. 6d. per week. At present the 10s. pension is often supplemented by Public Assistance Committees by 2s. or 2s. 6d. per week; an increase of that amount would not therefore increase in those cases the charge on public funds, and it would put upon the shoulders of the country a burden that now presses hardly on poor areas. It would help to check the increase in the number of persons in receipt of out-relief which is largely due to the increasing proportion of our population which is over 65.

An increase in contributions to the Unemployment Insurance Fund of 3d. per man and 1½d. per woman would bring in a further £6,000,000 per year. Of this, £4,800,000 would be needed for increasing by 2s. 6d. the pensions to persons of 65 to 70, leaving £1,200,000 available for pensions under 65, in addition to whatever is made available from the Unemployment Insurance Fund, the Unemployment Assistance Board and any grant the Exchequer may be able to make. Any fall below an unemployment figure of 14½ per cent. of the population would, of course, make these figures more favourable.

At the same time some limitation upon the flow of juveniles into the labour market is desirable. It was right to keep the school-leaving age at 14 until the number of children in the schools has begun to decline, but now that there are vacant places and the number of vacancies will increase annually, it is desirable that during the next ten years, when juvenile

unemployment is likely to be of increasing gravity, the schools should keep some of the children not wanted by industry indoors and off the streets. The demand for juvenile labour will vary greatly in different parts of the country, small in the declining, great in the developing areas. Strangely enough, there is danger of a shortage of young skilled labour in certain trades during the years that juvenile unemployment is likely to be at its worst. The necessary flexibility could be given by adopting the proposal made in both Lord Eustace Percy's and Sir Percy Harris's Bills to allow any child who had a firm offer of employment or of apprenticeship to leave school at 14. By making this flexibility provision apply only till 1950, the educationists who demand the raising of the school-leaving age for all children on educational grounds would be assured of the introduction of their reform at a definite date.

Much has been said of shortening the working day in order to absorb more labour. There would obviously be little theoretical objection to this if individual weekly earnings were reduced so as to prevent an increase in the cost of production. While organised labour on the Continent is apparently willing to consider this, British labour is not. It would appear that reductions in working hours will have to be introduced industry by industry, step by step, and this tendency will probably so intensify the use of labour-saving machinery that its effect upon employment will be negligible. The steady reduction in working hours which has been taking place for nearly a century will continue, and indeed if it were otherwise scientific progress would hardly be worth while. The shorter working day is desirable on broad social grounds, but it will not greatly help in solving the unemployment problem.

The National Government should not claim to have any programme which will solve unemployment. That solution will only come about when population has adjusted itself to new conditions of trade and new locations of industry. It must, however, show itself to be aware of what the future offers to Britain both of good and ill. A policy of complete *laissez faire* would no doubt bring about the necessary adjustments in the long run, but slowly, wastefully and with much suffering. The wise policy would seem to be one that hastens, guides and tempers these natural adjustments.

A NEW DEAL FOR IRELAND ?

BY HUGH A. LAW

WRITING in this Review some two years ago, I gave to my article the title : " Ireland in the Doldrums ". In the doldrums she has since remained, our little ship drifting slowly along through an uncharted sea, its crew listless, its provisions running perilously short. Almost the only event to break the monotony of these last few months was the Coal and Cattle Agreement concluded last January between H.M. Ministers in Great Britain and the Irish Free State ; and this chiefly because it was then believed to be the forerunner of other agreements of a more comprehensive sort, and also for the light it shed upon the economic interdependence of the two islands and upon the extraordinary consequences resulting from interference with the normal course of trade. Here were two key industries, each peculiarly sensitive to world-wide depression and each accustomed to find a ready market for its products in the neighbouring country. Suddenly a political quarrel arises. The Government of the Free State refuses to hand over the Land Annuities. The British Government claps an all but prohibitive duty on Irish livestock. Mr. de Valera retorts by placing five shillings a ton on British coal. Thereupon the respective exports drop approximately 50 per cent. Five thousand miners are deprived of wages ; a much larger number of farmers—notwithstanding the grant of bounties at the expense of the Irish taxpayer—are left with unsaleable cattle on their hands. The miners go on the dole ; the farmers are at their wits' end to meet their obligations for annuities, rates, wages and other current expenditure. After nearly two years' suffering all round, the Free State agrees to purchase a million tons of British coal half-yearly ; Britain to permit the importation of another 150,000 head of Irish cattle. But, the political quarrel continuing, the penal duties are still

maintained on either side. Consequently although the British coal exporter now enjoys a virtual monopoly of the Irish market—of the 1,200,000 tons imported between February and July all but 1,000 tons being certified as of British origin—the Irish consumer is still obliged to pay a tax originally imposed in order to exclude British coal altogether.

When we consider the other half of the bargain, the whole affair looks still more like a very bad practical joke. For not only do the duties on Irish livestock remain in force—which means in effect that the Irish farmer is paying his land annuity twice over, indirectly to the British Exchequer and directly to his own—but for each additional head exported by him the Irish taxpayers as a whole must find an additional sum by way of subsidy, a sum estimated as between a quarter and half a million pounds annually. Thus John Bull has undoubtedly got the best of this particular bargain. Nevertheless, like the shrewd man of business he is, he might perhaps be well advised to consider whether the impoverishment of his neighbour is likely in the long run to be to his own advantage. Even today, in spite of hostile political sentiment and ever multiplying tariffs, the Free State is, per head of population, among the largest importers of British goods; while the market potentialities of a friendly and prosperous Ireland are incalculably great. On the other hand, the danger of a complete breakdown, financial and economic, is real.

There are many signs that, to use a country phrase, we are getting very near the toe of the stocking. Already six months ago the chairman of the Bank of Ireland drew the attention of his shareholders to the “gradual encroachment on savings to meet current expenditure which has become noticeable in recent years”; while other bankers used almost identical words in dealing with the reports of their branch managers. It is, indeed, only too clear that hundreds of the most substantial and industrious farmers are at their last gasp. Though organized resistance to payment of land annuities has ceased, the sum of uncollectable arrears, which on March 31st, 1934, stood at £300,000, had risen a year later to £800,000, and is now probably well over £1,000,000. Forced sales at ruinous prices are sadly common. Only the other day I had word of the sale of the

sixty head of cattle belonging to one unfortunate, at an average price of twelve shillings and sixpence a head. Thus the resources from which future payments of any sort can be made are becoming hopelessly mortgaged. Already it is more than doubtful if the present annuities can ever again be collected in full, whatever government be in power in the Free State; so that we may soon find—as happens so often when two parties begin to fight over a piece of property—that the property itself has disappeared before the quarrel comes to an end.

It would be natural to infer that growing realization of the disasters attendant upon Mr. de Valera's policy must have led to a revulsion in popular opinion. But that would be to forget how completely the old balance of parties in this country has been upset by the adoption of universal suffrage and by the growth of a semi-communism among the less responsible sections of the people. For electoral purposes Mr. de Valera can afford to neglect the more substantial farmers and land owners. His strength lies among the uneconomic holders of the West, the agricultural labourers in South and East and the poorer town-folk; and these for the time being find themselves in many instances quite as well off as before. Himself a strange blend of idealist and wire-puller, he has contrived to appeal simultaneously to two contradictory passions: self-sacrifice and self-interest. Under his leadership great numbers of people can plume themselves on their readiness to sacrifice everything for their country, whilst comfortably assured that sacrifice will, in fact, only be required of those whom they have been taught to despise as Imperialists and to envy as better off than themselves. If the price of store cattle has been halved, the smallholder finds compensation in the moneys earned on relief works or received by his sons as unemployment pay (under Mr. Cosgrave's régime, it may be remembered, there was no “dole” to be had in the Free State). Similarly, if agricultural wages have fallen, the aggregate receipts of a labouring family are not necessarily diminished; since the odds are that at least one of its members is receiving public assistance in one form or another. What with grants and subsidies, free or cheap beef distributed at the public expense, unemployment pay, widows' and orphans' pensions and a vigorous housing policy

—by far the most creditable achievement of the Government—a quite considerable proportion of the population probably thinks its own relative well-being to be bound up with the continuance of Mr. de Valera's ministry. Nor can one leave out of the account the interest of a small but influential group of highly protected industrialists or of the numerous officials appointed to administer the new social services—or the ex-“irregulars”. Mr. de Valera has succeeded, if not in spreading wealth, at least in bringing all classes nearer to an equality of poverty; and, God knows, many have hitherto been so poor that one has not the heart to grudge them their advance towards a higher standard of living. Only it remains to be seen how long a system based upon lavish grants from a not inexhaustible Treasury can continue, and what will happen if and when the leprechaun's crock of gold is at last exhausted.

Meanwhile, the existing Government appears to be more securely established than when it assumed office. The municipal elections of 1934, though fought upon a register generally regarded as unfavourable to Mr. de Valera's followers, reproduced in local bodies almost exactly the balance of parties then existing in the Dail; while in the Dail itself the net result of the two Parliamentary by-elections of June last was to give Fianna Fail, for the first time in its career, an absolute, if tiny, majority independent of Labour. In other directions Mr. de Valera's success has been at least as remarkable. General O'Duffy's secession and the consequent schism among the Blue Shirts has inevitably discouraged the Opposition. The Senate, which has hitherto acted as a brake upon Mr. de Valera's more extravagant proposals, is soon to disappear. The very existence of the Governor-General, peacefully marooned in a Dublin suburb, is all but forgotten. The Irish Citizenship Act has in the eyes of Irish, though happily not of British, law deprived Irishmen resident in the Free State of their status as British subjects; while, even more remarkably, the Aliens Act defines an alien as “a person who is not a citizen of Saorstát Éireann”. Henceforth, so far as the wisdom of our rulers can compass it, we are to regard as aliens not only Englishmen and Scots and inhabitants of the other Dominions of the Crown, but even those of our own kith and kin who live outside our

borders. So St. Patrick himself, were he now resident in his own Primatial see of Armagh, would be liable to challenge at the Free State frontier and might, at the pleasure of the Minister for Justice, be subjected to the pains, penalties and restrictions on entry, residence or departure duly provided under clause 5 of the Act “for the control of aliens”! Thus Mr. de Valera has now all but reached his proclaimed objective: the removal of every institution and every symbol inconsistent with Independence and a Republican form of government.

From these facts I draw two conclusions: first, that if the progressive impoverishment of Ireland and deterioration in Anglo-Irish relations are to be checked, a “new deal” is essential; and, secondly, that if the attempt is to be made at all, it had better be sooner rather than later. The time is full of peril; and I see no reason to expect that the next Free State General Election will have such results as to deprive Mr. de Valera of further capacity for mischief.

Moreover, though some whose judgment I respect think otherwise, I do not myself believe it possible now—if it ever was—to isolate the economic part of the problem. No doubt some further fraction of the lost trade of each country may be recovered by agreements resembling the Coal-Cattle Pact; but we shall be little nearer to that reconciliation of Irish with British sentiment, without which there can be no assurance of prosperity in Ireland or of peace within the Commonwealth. Many of us fondly hoped that such a reconciliation would be effected by the Treaty of 1921. We were mistaken. Mr. Pakenham's recently published *Peace by Ordeal** has enabled us to see more clearly than before just how the arrangements then made were vitiated from the first, partly by the preceding partition of Ireland in 1920, partly by Mr. Lloyd George's disastrous last-minute ultimatum. Mr. de Valera himself has since said frankly that Dominion status had proved itself in practice much more favourable to Irish liberty than he had believed it to be. But he and his followers are as far as ever from accepting it as the free choice of the Irish people. Next time then—if the gods grant us a “next time”—there must be no plausible ground for talk of a dictated settlement. Nevertheless

* Noticed in the July issue of this Review.

—we have to realize this also—the path is beset with difficulties. Simply to recognize a Republic in Southern Ireland (as rumour says the English Labour Party is inclined to do) would be to betray thousands of His Majesty's loyal subjects in this country, and this without any assurance of permanent peace. For Mr. de Valera—to do him justice—has never denied that his real objective is the creation of an All-Ireland Republic.

Again, I cannot think that schemes for the federation of Ireland with wide powers allotted to the component states—ingenious and attractive as these schemes are—have any immediate future. Twenty, even fifteen, years ago something of the kind may have been practicable; fifty years hence, if all goes well, it may be practicable again. Today, even if the South were willing, as it once was, and may perhaps still be, to forego theoretical Independence for the sake of a United Ireland, the North is in no humour to relinquish her present place as an integral part of the United Kingdom. Ancient political and sectarian feuds apart, Belfast is hardly likely, in these days of world-wide quotas and tariffs, willingly to exchange a free market of forty million people for one of three and a half.

These things being so, I can see no way of escape, unless it be through some such scheme of the “external association” of the Free State with the other peoples of the Commonwealth as Mr. de Valera has more than once hinted at, as offering a means of reconciling the sovereign independence of Ireland with the larger purposes of the British League of Nations. It is plain that this idea was never seriously considered in the negotiations of 1921; nor is it likely that the Imperial Parliament could at that time have been brought to accept any further loosening of the theoretical bonds of Empire. But much has happened in the interval. Since the passing of the Act of Westminster the gap between Dominion Status and External Association has narrowed to vanishing-point, and the substitution of “reciprocal” for “common” citizenship would do little more than bring constitutional terminology into greater accordance with constitutional practice. I do not forget Mr. de Valera's references to a “foreign king” or his ungracious abstention (so shocking to loyal feeling here as in Great Britain) from the Jubilee celebrations. But it is to be remembered

also that in first putting forward his plan of External Association, he proposed that Ireland should recognize the Crown as “the symbol and freely accepted head of the Associated States”. We are here in the realm of such abstractions as are dear to his mind—a mind at once subtle and sincere, crudely passionate and apt for fine distinctions. He would die rather than acknowledge the duty of “allegiance” to a “foreign king”; yet, once his own peculiar view of things is accepted, may well be found ready to give far more than has been asked of him. Did he not in 1921 even suggest that Ireland should contribute an annual sum towards the civil debt? Nor do I believe that Republicanism, except as a symbol of national freedom, has any hold on the Irish people. All their older traditions, all their hereditary instincts, are opposed to it. In the Civil Wars of the 17th century, during the whole period associated with the story of the Wild Geese, their ancestors fought and suffered for the idea of personal monarchy embodied in the House of Stuart. Only among the Presbyterians of Ulster was the Rising of 1798 inspired by the new-fangled doctrines of Republican France. Irishmen have still in their bones the old spirit of the clan. That bloodless Whig abstraction “the Crown” makes small appeal to us; and loyalty in the only sense we can understand it—devotion to the person of a monarch—is very sick for lack of sustenance. How often in her private letters did the late Lady Augusta Stanley deplore with remarkable insight Queen Victoria's aversion from either visiting Ireland herself or allowing any member of her family to do so! Were it even now possible for the King or the Prince of Wales to be seen and known among us as they are seen and known in Great Britain, I would wager that Republicanism would soon be as dead as the Heptarchy.

Alas! the day for such thoughts is past. We must not look for this year's birds in last year's nests. The best we can now hope is that, under new symbols, the spirit of Commonwealth unity may be saved and healing time strengthen it. The substance of Irish freedom is no longer in question. What is in question is the mode of its expression. If the Free State were tomorrow to secede from the Commonwealth, nobody supposes that one British soldier would cross the northern

border or one British ship blockade an Irish port. Nor is it in the least probable, despite the light-hearted threats of Mr. Thomas, that Irish-born subjects of His Majesty resident in Great Britain would be deported wholesale. But inevitably the ancient enmity between English and Irish would take on a greater bitterness, Anglo-American friendship would again be jeopardized and in Ireland itself those who are most friendly to Britain have to choose between a life of exile and one in which they would find themselves regarded as outcasts by their own countrymen. It is for these, above all, I am concerned. I think of those thousands, both gentle and simple, whose most cherished possessions are the medal ribbons which recall Irish valour in the Peninsula and the Crimea, in Flanders and Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia and the Frontiers of India; and I ask that their past deeds and present loyalties may not be altogether forgotten in the final casting up of accounts between the countries they have equally sought to serve.

Perhaps it is already too late. Perhaps Mr. de Valera, having got so far on the road to an isolated Republic, may be unwilling or, even for domestic reasons, unable to call a halt. Perhaps British statesmen, conscious how tenuous already are the links of Empire, will shrink from establishing a precedent which may well appear of perilous consequence. Yet so great an authority on Commonwealth Law and Practice as Professor Berriedale Keith appears (if I do not misread some of his later writings) to favour the idea of external association, if, like myself, only as an alternative to acquiescence in the establishment of an isolated and inevitably hostile Republic. That at least is how it appears to me, a Nationalist Irishman, who desires neither to renounce my allegiance nor to remove from my country.

ENGLISH LECTURERS IN AMERICA

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

I.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, writing in 1896 to Major James B. Pond, the monopolist lecture agent of New York, made this surprising statement: "America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in". "You forget", Mr. Kipling explained, "that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with". Forty years ago these reasons were cogent enough; they would seem absurd today. But the interesting point about Mr. Kipling's declaration is that it came at a time when English authors and travellers, preachers and politicians, were learning from the experience of some of their number and with the aid of Major Pond that America was wonderfully made for lecturing in. The later years of the nineteenth century were the heyday of the English author-lecturer in the United States. He and his fellows were enjoying remarkable opportunities, and they provided much material for discussion and satire. In course of time they came, Rebecca West has said, to be treated as "a standing joke—rather like mothers-in-law, or kippers, or the Albert Memorial". And, like those, they persist.

English lecturers continue to cross the Atlantic, and when they happen to be authors they have one reason above all others for doing so. American publishers urge them. Westward the course of literary empire takes its way, notwithstanding the ominous spread of autarchy. The American market for books becomes ever more important, while the temptation of the films is unremitting. The English novelist with a large public tends to make his second home in California, and on the way out or home he does some lecturing. Further, there is a continuous, though varying, demand for European speakers

on current affairs. The platform is not a declining force throughout the wider English-speaking world. We may, therefore, usefully devote some little attention to its character and influence, under the older conditions and the new.

The English lecturer has been touring America for rather more than 100 years. I believe the actual pioneer was James Silk Buckingham, a missionary of several causes, who went over soon after he had founded the *Athenæum* and failed to make it go. Buckingham was untiring. He visited all the States; he had attractive subjects and, unlike the majority of the literary men who followed him, he was an orator, both natural and trained. There is an interesting letter from Emerson to Carlyle, written when Carlyle was harassed by the thought of his own poor prospects in London. Emerson gave some particulars of his own modest earnings as an itinerant lecturer. We need not be surprised that the figures he cited did not tempt his friend away from Chelsea. Among Victorian writers it was Thackeray who set the transatlantic fashion. He made two lecturing tours in the United States (1852 and 1855). The first, soon after the publication of *Esmond*, yielded about £2,500. Dickens, in 1842, did not go to lecture and, not unnaturally, he avoided making plans for America so long as the memories of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes* were fresh. But in 1867 he went across to give the famous series of dramatic readings from his own books. He was a startling apparition, not typically English in dress or style. He was accorded a triumph such as no European man of letters has since approached. He performed in a dozen cities, cleared nearly £20,000 and fatally undermined his health. No contemporary author could have rivalled Dickens as a public attraction, but there were a good many English writers who would have been warmly welcomed and comfortably rewarded when peace came after the Civil War, if any organization for booking their lectures or readings had then existed. For this they had to wait until the 1880's.

The field was curiously interesting. It was dominated by the American Lyceum, an institution which had no exact counterpart on our side of the Atlantic, although the provincial cities of England would not have found it strange. The Lyceum

has aroused a good deal more than its proper share of ridicule, for, after all, it was a natural development in a pioneer continent with scattered communities and a relatively high standard of living. These communities, of course, were the nurseries of the vast reading public of today. English authors in the nineteenth century had an enormous vogue in the United States. The absence of international copyright was a source of constant irritation, since in the case of the writers of universal popularity (Dickens, again, being the most conspicuous example) the American sales yielded no result to the authors. Pirated editions, none the less, meant a vast audience, and that among a nation which wanted to know its favourites as actual persons. It was noted that portraits of the Victorian poets and novelists were far more common in American houses than in English. Puritan America, moreover, was particular in the matter of entertainment, and a people that took knowledge seriously could hardly do other than develop an educational lecture system. The Lyceum, whether in small town or larger centre, was not satisfied with merely local or makeshift speakers. The times were big with change; the people were eager for almost every kind of mental stimulus. Tickets for the lecture course came regularly into the budget of the family, and it was a noteworthy feature of America, with its tradition of democratic culture, that the most prominent men in the country were ready to play their part. The Lyceum offered a platform to nearly all the intellectual leaders, as also, in the age of Reform, to many public characters who combined picturesque oratory with the advocacy of moral causes.

It was suggested by some English wit, after the invasion of America by the first contingent of English lecturers, that a bust of James B. Pond should be set up in Westminster Abbey with the inscription: "It is he that hath made us and not we ourselves!" Pond was a Middle Westerner who had honestly earned his military title in the Civil War. A man of characteristic American energy, he had the smartness and pleasing impudence of a Mark Twain character, and there was no man in the world whom he would not attack with a business proposition. The lecture bureau that he made famous and international was taken over by him from James Redpath,

an Englishman from Berwick-on-Tweed, who had been the first to organize Lyceum lecturers and is said to have been the inventor of the newspaper interview. Pond had been in the game a few years when he made his two-fold discovery: first, that the demand for speakers and good entertainers was increasing just when the established favourites were fading out, and, secondly, that the colleges and lyceums were ready to pay for lecturers and musicians from Europe. Pond was a churchgoer and a connoisseur of sermons. The popular American preachers of the time were nearly all lecturers. It was therefore natural enough that he should turn his attention first to the English church. He arranged successful tours for Dean Farrar and several other fashionable churchmen of the time. But, although he thought highly of pulpit oratory, Pond's serious ambitions lay in other directions—among men of action and men of letters. And it was through him that the second noteworthy period of transatlantic lecturing began with one eminent Victorian who might well have been regarded as the last possible recruit.

Matthew Arnold went to America in 1883 and—amazing though it sounds—he delivered one hundred lectures under Pond's management. "Nobody ever heard them, not even those sitting in the front row", the Major wrote. This statement was demonstrably untrue, for on the next page we have a description of Matthew Arnold's taking lessons in elocution and thereafter reading his manuscript "in a loud monotonous voice". He made a considerable sum of money. Pond was sure that he must have been seriously in need of it, "or he would never have allowed himself to be subjected to so ridiculous a spectacle". The need was there, as we know, for Arnold's family burdens were heavy. His letters show that he was resolved to look on the brighter aspects of an experience that was not only arduous but humiliating, for the author of *Culture and Anarchy* could not reconcile himself to labels on train reservations for the "Matt Arnold Lyceum Troupe". It was a distressing episode, and stories about Matthew Arnold are still told in America.

Pond was an honest as well as a capable manager. His failures received their rightful share under the contracts, and

it is pleasant to note that the Major recorded a good number of English successes, with a few resounding triumphs. He had a thorough liking for the English novelists of the 1890's. Marion Crawford, Anthony Hope, and Conan Doyle were for him a very satisfactory trio. They were not only accomplished lecturers, but were scrupulous in business matters, good companions, and—a most essential point—contented railway travellers. Pond said that he would have given higher terms to Conan Doyle for a hundred nights than to any Englishman he knew. Israel Zangwill he found brilliant but difficult. Sir Edwin Arnold, of *The Light of Asia*, was the first English versifier to capture American audiences with readings from his own stuff. The two men who stood highest in Pond's esteem for combined platform success and financial profit were H. M. Stanley, after the Congo journey and the expedition to Emir Pasha, and Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), the kailyard novelist. The Major had no fault to find with either; he thought them first-rate. And yet he died a disappointed impresario. He aimed at the highest. He knew that Americans would have paid anything to hear the English orators who were deemed by pious Victorians to be supreme. But Gladstone and John Bright were alike beyond his reach, and he was snubbed by the one preacher whom he put almost in their class—C. H. Spurgeon.

Pond and his celebrities belong to a time far away from ours.* But it would be true to say that the conditions of American lecturing, and especially the relations between lecturer and agent, remain substantially as the Major left them thirty years ago—except that the contract bearing romantic sums of money is now extremely rare. The agents keep their scouts in England and on the Continent. The American platform is offered to almost every public man who, as they say, has made the front page. A prominent statesman in any country is fair game. As a matter of course invitations are sent to every conspicuous explorer and discoverer, to the flyer, the mountain-climber, the man-at-arms. The successful novelist or dramatist is given his chance as soon as the reviewers and

* His reminiscences make an entertaining volume, *Eccentricities of Genius*, London, 1901.

columnists have made him known. The platform tends to follow the head-lines. The chairman of a programme committee gets tips from the interviewers. American political opinion is jumpy, and yet societies of the most conservative tint are ready to invite the revolutionary and to pay handsomely for the thrill he brings. If Trotsky could get past the Commissioner of Immigration he would command high fees and address enormous audiences. Legal ostracism may be an asset, as Mr. John Strachey found last winter, and a touch of scandal might have its uses—as when Dr. Maude Royden was banned by certain Methodist ladies in Chicago because of the rumour that she smoked an occasional cigarette.

During the past twenty years the scope of the American platform has been immensely broadened, in relation especially to international affairs, and to political and economic issues. The colleges and clubs, the business-men's associations and popular forums, the churches which increasingly devote Sunday afternoon or evening to addresses on public questions, invite a speaker in the first place because of his special knowledge of the subject chosen. If that subject is controversial, so much the better; the committee and the audience take for granted that it will be presented as to an adult gathering. The curious old warning, traditional among lecture societies in England, as to keeping off religion and politics, would sound ludicrous in America. Roughly speaking, the whole field of knowledge and current thought and nearly all the great movements of civilization are open for statement and discussion; and the custom nowadays is for the lecture to be followed by a question period. It may not be longer than fifteen minutes, but is not unlikely to be fifty, and I do not see that an audience is asking too much when it expects a visiting speaker to stand the barrage with patience, readiness and good humour. It is a pleasure to record that in my experience the representatives of Britain frequently come out of the ordeal with high credit. Many times during the winters since the War I have enjoyed a busman's holiday in New York, Boston, or Chicago, and have watched with admiration the intellectual play of an English speaker under fire—Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Norman Angell, for example, Mr. Bertrand Russell, Sir Frederick Whyte, Professor Zimmern,

Dame Rachel Crowdy, Mrs. Mary Hamilton—to name a few of those who have done the round again and again.

There are countless small differences between England and America in relation to lecturing, and at least two larger differences worth particular note—first, the American practice of paying a speaker from a distance on an economic, and occasionally on a lavish, scale; secondly, the very large number of towns and cities in the United States which are able to invite foreign lecturers, and the relative fewness of those that are obliged to assume that men and women of renown are beyond their reach. A small-town society will as a rule get the speaker it wants and will cheerfully put up the money. The lecture list of a modest town in the Middle West would seem ambitious to the Literary and Philosophical Society in a great British city; the subjects chosen would probably lead an English secretary to say that a similar venture by his committee would mean a heavy deficit. I have before me a winter list from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and one of the Town Hall series in Detroit, Michigan. Either would do credit to a metropolitan centre. A balance is kept between American and European names, and the organizer of lectures in any remote town will tell you that the audience demands in every course a majority of lecturers from the great world. A few seasons ago, for instance, I was going through Texas. In every place on my itinerary, down to Galveston on the Gulf of Mexico, I had been immediately preceded by Bertrand Russell and the Abbé Dimnet. The largest halls were needed for both of them.

I come now to an aspect of this business which to many participants, or victims, is highly important—to some few of them so important that when talking of lecturing in America they seem unable to think of anything else connected with the enterprise. I mean the journeys, the hospitality, and fatigues. Long and frequent journeys, of course, are common to all itinerant speakers who undertake to cover any large section of the American Continent. It is foolishness for anyone to venture into the American lecture-field if he cannot face three or four spells of 500 or 1,000 miles without an interval, or if he is broken down by, say, five successive nights in the Pullman sleeper. Hospitality, however, is not so simple a matter. It

may involve complexities more or less serious ; but the main thing to be said about it is that not two lecturers in North America will have similar experiences in respect of the balance between staying in hotels and being welcomed in private houses. The daughter of an eminent statesman, for instance, confessed, on her return from a first visit to America with her father, that her greatest disappointment had been over this very point—she had seen almost nothing of American homes. It depends upon all kinds of things—upon the speaker himself and his associations, upon the States and cities he goes to, whether he is travelling alone, what sort of arrangement he makes with his agent, and I think also not a little upon his status and the nature of his lecture subjects. The novelist or dramatist, for example, should expect almost everywhere a different reception from that accorded to a member of Parliament. If I am not mistaken, the literary lecturer, more than any other, is likely to be embarrassed by the invitations showered upon him in the great centres. They may be rather exacting. He must nerve himself for the afternoon affairs that are oddly labelled literary teas. His fountain-pen will be continually in his hand. The public-affairs speaker, on the other hand, finds himself at public or group luncheons and dinners where, when not announced to speak, he will probably be expected to answer questions on his special subjects or in some other fashion to make his contribution. And quite right, too ; indeed, altogether fair and civilized and, for the friendly and interested traveller, thoroughly enjoyable. There are, one knows, speakers who wish to be treated as lecturers and nothing else. Their notion is that they have made a contract to perform a certain task, the fees not having been fixed with any reference to works of supererogation. That, of course, is a point of view, and in some cases personal reasons make it necessary for strict conditions to be laid down and respected. But I should say, and with some little emphasis, that the lecturer who finds it irksome to adjust himself to a constantly changing scene and to meet numbers of people, and so is obliged to conserve his energies, may know in advance that he was not intended by Nature to travel the American circuit.

But, it may be objected, journeys, lecturing and social en-

agements cannot be other than an oppressive burden, and the demands of audiences, of interviewers, and casual acquaintances, are merciless ; the upshot must be an insupportable fatigue. How about that ? Well, these things are undeniably so ; they have been enlarged upon by many sufferers, and for several well-known writers of this generation they have provided a deal of picturesque copy. Sir Philip Gibbs in one of his post-war novels, Mr. Cecil Roberts in his half-way autobiography, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the anonymous though unmistakable author of *The Golden Falcon*—these and others have painted the ardours and endurances of the English lecturer in America rather as though they stood for purgatory. And one other writer I will mention here, because, in a recent article, she has stated a serious case—Miss Vera Brittain.* Some of the

people responsible, Miss Brittain says, regard the lecture itself as fulfilling the obligation altogether :

Others apparently consider themselves entitled to purchase the lecturer—body, soul and spirit—from the time that he enters the city until the moment that he leaves it—usually by a midnight train, after lecturing for one hour, answering questions for another, and autographing his books for a third.

Add “ the reporters everywhere demanding a story, which might be anything but the right kind of publicity ”, the orgy of handshaking, the disposing of a vast correspondence, and we have a picture of the lecturer’s trials, needing only one detail of the woman’s special burden to make it complete—the constant packing and unpacking of suit-cases, in an effort “ to modify in her listeners the excusable American belief that all English women are homely and dowdy, addicted to heavy tweeds, large brogues, and thick woollen stockings.” This last point must, I think, be serious, for it stirred Miss E. M. Delafield last year to more than one moving if comical plaint.

From Sir Philip Gibbs to Miss Brittain, I confess, the record of hardships and perplexities passes right over my own head. I have observed many men of distinguished endowments doing the round with contentment and sometimes with gusto. Mr. G. K. Chesterton on his second tour wrote joyously of the American small town, its people and ways. Mr. John

* “ Listeners, English and American”, by Vera Brittain. *The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1935.

Masefield, in the last year of the War, went through a tremendous "skedyule" of one-night stands. The lamented George Russell (A. E.) carried himself easily through two long tours—happily reading detective stories in the Pullman and pouring out his rich talk between engagements. Mr. Bruce Lockhart, of the *British Agent*, writes to me :

I found that by regarding my tour as a job for which I was being well paid, and by trying to do that job as well and as graciously as possible, I had no difficulty at all. American audiences are very responsive and very indulgent to anyone who is trying to give his best.

That is a good word. I write as one having a long and regular connection with the lecture platform in North America. I believe, indeed, that among living Englishmen there is only one with a more extensive experience of the work, season by season, than mine—Mr. John Cowper Powys, who did twenty-five years' service before turning his extraordinary energy to the writing of *Glastonbury* and other romances. The journeys, of course, are impossible for people of other than tough physique; but American railroads, and particularly the transcontinental trains, are excellent, while the modern American hotel has attained a standard of comfort and convenience which appeals to the hardened traveller because he knows it is to be relied upon. (The "standard", I am aware, is precisely what not a few Europeans object to!). Nor can I, after more than twenty winters, look upon a day as unduly exacting if it happens to contain a night journey of 300 or 400 miles, a morning or afternoon lecture, a press interview, a club or college luncheon, a drive round the city, and an evening with friends or new acquaintances eager for the discussion of European and American doings. That strikes me as, on the whole, a capital day for a man who in his own country is accustomed to the rigours of the journalistic craft.

HISTORIC HOMES

BY PHILIP CARR

THERE are signs that the public conscience is at last being gradually awakened to the importance of preserving the ancient private houses which contribute so much to the beauty of the English country and are the setting of so much of the tradition of its fast disappearing social amenities. The National Trust is doing excellent work in keeping this sense of responsibility alive and also in practically organizing the necessary activities connected with the saving of historically and artistically valuable properties from deterioration and even disappearance. But, as the Secretary of the Fund wrote on August 15th to *The Times* in reference to the additional powers of action which the Trust is now seeking from Parliament, powers are of little use without the means to use them.

How are these means to be obtained? No doubt they can be furnished to some extent by the subscriptions consequent upon that increase of membership of the Trust for which the Secretary appealed in the letter above-mentioned. But it will at once be realized that the amount which even a considerable afflux of new members would produce would not go very far in providing for the acquisition of old houses, whose present owners can no longer afford to keep them under changed economic conditions and may be forced to consent to a sale which will be followed by the destruction of the buildings. That such important architectural treasures as Montacute House and the Bath Assembly Rooms should now be under the protection of the Trust is a great thing; but the burden upon the funds which the administration of these two properties alone is admitted in the last report to constitute shows what resources are needed even to nibble at the edge of the problem.

Moreover, the objects of the National Trust are not confined to the preservation of buildings and still less to the preservation of private houses; and its report shows that 168 of the properties

owned or controlled by the Trust are "places of natural beauty", as against only 69, which are "places of historic or antiquarian interest", which latter, in turn, include such monuments as Stonehenge and the Roman baths at Wall, and, even after deducting these, comprise very few private houses still in private occupation.

For here, it seems to me, is the essence of the matter. Valuable as it may be to save buildings from destruction for the sake of their architectural interest, what would be most valuable of all would be to preserve fine old houses, not as dead shells, from which all life has departed, but as living things, which continue some at least of the purpose for which they were built.

How is this to be done?

In so far as it is already done today, it is achieved through the individual sacrifice of those who spend, upon the upkeep of the ancient houses which they own, moneys which no longer come to them from the rentals of the lands attached to these properties, but from other sources, whether these be urban ground rents, general investments or professional and business earnings. This individual sacrifice is sometimes made from motives of fidelity to family tradition and honour, sometimes arises from a sense of solidarity with the life of a little community which would otherwise break down, and is sometimes inspired entirely by the enthusiasm which a new owner who has acquired possession of an old house feels for its architectural beauties and historical associations. Such is the case of a lady to whom a certain Tudor manor hall in East Anglia belongs. She has bought it, she has saved it from destruction, she lives in it and allows many friends to share its graces with her; and she has decided that after her death it shall pass to the National Trust, in order that there may be some guarantee that the house and gardens shall remain intact for the enjoyment of other generations.

Not every owner can be expected to show such public spirit; nor, if it were universal, would it serve the special purpose to which I am drawing attention; for, although the National Trust do in fact leave some of the properties which they own in private occupation, universal public ownership is not the ideal. But perhaps the hope can be permitted that a means of equitably

distributing the burden may be devised. This might be a system of triple co-operation between the community, as a public duty; the wealthy owners, as ransom for the privilege of holding so rich a heritage from the past and for the good fortune of being able to afford to keep it without loss; and the many individual visitors, as tribute in return for the pleasure which the survival of these houses as living things can give. And this co-operation might result in the creation of a fund from which subsidies to less wealthy and less fortunate owners might enable them to stand out against heavy loss and might save them not only from handing over places of architectural interest to destruction or abandoning them to decay, but from breaking up what yet survives of a social organization which has been part of England's history.

It will be seen that the essence of the suggestion which I am trying to make is something more than the preservation of buildings and the handing of them over to some form of public ownership, although to attain that in itself would be much. It is the preservation of something at least of the life of what, since their creation, have not been public buildings but private homes. And the suggestion is made, not in the interest of those to whom the homes belong, but in that of those who will visit them, and who, unless they still exist as homes, will learn or understand hardly anything of their beauty, their function or their meaning. It is not vulgar curiosity alone which makes a passing glance at the private apartments, where today's morning paper can be seen dropped across the arm of a chair, far more interesting to the tourist in a great house than the leisured contemplation of the furniture massed behind the silken cord in the ballroom. It is that the places in which people live are alive. Even the un-lived-in rooms of a castle where the family is living have a reflected life, and are more interesting than those in a castle which is deserted.

Any scheme which involved the giving of assistance to a small body of owners of private property would be in danger in a democratic country, if it demanded that the assistance should come from public funds alone. There is no reason, however, why private owners who at their own expense perform a public duty in keeping in existence and in repair something of historic

and artistic interest to the public should not have some claim to assistance from the State, or at least—which comes to the same thing—to a remission of some of their public burdens. This claim should be considered quite apart from the general plea of landowners that the heavy burden of Death Duties is making it impossible to keep country estates together ; for it may well justify its title to stand even if the general plea is disallowed on grounds of public interest, and its standing would not prejudice the general plea in one direction or in the other. The special exoneration would be granted, not to the owner of a country estate as such or of a country house as such, however ancient the tradition of the one or the building of the other. It would be granted only to the owner of a house which would be declared by a competent authority to possess an interest both architectural and historic, and in cases where that interest had not been or was not being destroyed by the owner or his predecessors ; and its proceeds would have to be applied exclusively to the maintenance of such interest. It is within these limits alone that the claim is made here, and within these limits I submit that it can be defended upon public grounds. At the same time, the demand is the more likely to find favour if it can be shown that the limited number of people who care for these things—the owners of them and those who go and look at them—are contributing directly to the support of what they admire.

Hence the suggestion for the triple co-operation—the State for one part, the wealthier owners for another part and a small payment by every visitor to every place of historic interest for the third part, this payment to go, not to the owner of the place visited, but to a central fund, from which would be distributed assistance towards the upkeep and repair of historic places whose owners are not wealthy.

The thing would naturally involve a certain sacrifice of privacy. In a federation of all the owners of historic homes, some, who never throw their houses open to the public now, would have to do so, at least occasionally, for the good of the cause and the benefit of the fund. But would not the sacrifice be worth while ? Not only would it provide resources which would perhaps make it possible to save much that would otherwise be lost and could not be replaced, but in removing the

reproach that treasures of art and architecture are jealously guarded behind private doors and gates and withheld from the eyes of those who morally have a common right to the nation's artistic inheritance, it would create the impression that the owners of these treasures consider, after all, that to some extent they hold them in trust for the community.

It may be objected that the field has already been occupied, that the claim has already been pegged by charitable funds ; and the list in *The Times* every Saturday of the private gardens all over the country, which are opened for a small fee and the proceeds handed to the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, shows indeed that advantage has already been taken of the natural desire of ordinary people to see what beauty can be created by those who have time and money. But that need not prevent the existence of a co-operative organization among owners of historic houses for the purposes of what they must surely see has become a very urgent need of common self-defence.

It may also be objected that there are insuperable practical difficulties in the way of the creation of such a body.

There, however, I can show proof to the contrary. For if it has not yet come into being in England, the thing has been founded and is rapidly becoming established in France, although much of its declared purpose remains yet to be fulfilled.

The problem is not quite the same as in England. In some respects ancient buildings are more effectively protected there than here ; for very many houses, and even simple architectural features—such as a fireplace or a doorway—in houses, are scheduled or *classés* as *Monuments Historiques*, after which these buildings or these individual features may not be altered, even by a private owner, while their maintenance in repair is undertaken by the State, within the limits of the public funds allotted for the purpose, which, however, in many cases are notoriously insufficient. In other respects the private owner of an historic house is worse off than in England. First, the Napoleonic laws of inheritance oblige a property to be equally divided among the direct heirs, and it is sometimes difficult to keep it together, unless families are deliberately limited to one child, as they so often are, for this very purpose, in the upper classes. Secondly,

the owner of a *château*—the word in French covers what we should call a manor house—has rarely inherited, at the same time, extensive urban properties, whose revenues may help him to keep it up, as he sometimes has in England. He may possess buildings in towns; but he will not possess town lands which are leased to those who have erected buildings upon them and will eventually return to him increased not only in their general urban value, but by that of the buildings which stand upon them; for in France almost every owner of a building is also the owner of the land on which it stands. Thirdly, the owner of or heir to an old house has at least as heavy a burden of special taxation upon that house and estate to bear as in England and at least as little relief in consideration of any outlay which he may have made from his private means towards keeping the architectural and historic character of the place in existence.

So there has been formed an association whose title, *La Demeure Historique*—the historic home—aptly expresses its purpose, which is the one that I have already indicated of keeping ancient houses in existence as normally inhabited places. It aims at the triple co-operation of public authorities, of private owners and of the crowd of individual visitors which I have suggested; and a certain measure of that triple co-operation has already been achieved.

Owners of ancient châteaux all over the country have become members of the Association, and have subscribed, many of them liberally, to its funds. This membership has resulted in many famous private houses, which have never yet been accessible to visitors, being thrown open—most of them every day at certain hours and others on certain days of the week—and if the small fee charged for these visits is not always handed over, in its entirety, to the Association's funds, this is always done with that portion of it which is represented by the fifty-centime (roughly 1½d.) stamp of the *Demeure Historique*, which is stuck on to the entrance cards. Consent to add this stamp and its value to the entrance fee has also been obtained in certain cases from local authorities in regard to monuments which they own. This has been done, for example, at Tours, Amboise, Loches, Chinon and Blois in the famous château district of the Loire; and it is hoped that a similar step and a similar contribution to

the funds of the Association will be made in the case of buildings owned by the State when the repeal of the present law, which makes an addition to the entrance fee impossible, has been secured.

Funds which have been obtained from these various sources have enabled the *Demeure Historique* to make contributions in money towards the urgent restoration of architectural treasures such as the Tour de l'Horloge at Amboise, for which 10,000 francs were given, and towards the public purchase of others, such as the château of Plessis-les-Tours, for which the sum contributed was 40,000 francs, and by these examples to stimulate municipal and individual subscriptions.

The tourist activity promoted by the opening up of private châteaux has shown railway companies and other organizations directly interested in this traffic that it is worth while to support the *Demeure Historique*, which in its turn has assisted in the organization and local federation of various bodies—archæological societies, automobile clubs, chambers of commerce and so forth—which in various ways would welcome or could assist the visits of tourists.

As regards government action, the *Demeure Historique* claims—though as yet without success—that the work which it is doing is of sufficient public interest to entitle it to the official recognition and to the subsidy which, even when it is only nominal in amount, is given to so many organizations of an artistic character in France. On the other hand, it hopes by persistent agitation to obtain a revision of the inheritance laws and a relief from taxation for those who spend money on the upkeep of the ancient houses which they own, while it already takes credit for having secured the removal of the entertainment tax from the entrance fees charged for visiting such houses.

To give a list of the châteaux which have already been made available for visitors by the *Demeure Historique* would be merely to supply a long catalogue of names which would be meaningless unless a guide-book description were added to each. It may be said, however, that this list includes at least twenty places which are easily accessible from Paris, fifteen more which may now be included in a tour of the already well-known châteaux of the Loire and at least another eighty which are spread over twenty

different Departments of France ; and additions are being made to it every day. In it are to be found such famous names as Courances, Grosbois, Maintenon, La Palisse, Sully-sur-Loire, Montbazou, Tanlay and Ancy-le-Franc. The complete roll, with particulars as to the days and hours at which each château is open, may be obtained from the enthusiastic and indefatigable moving spirit of the *Demeure Historique*, Dr. Carvallo, from its office in Paris, which is at 33, Faubourg Saint-Honoré. A careful study of this roll, with the assistance of a Michelin road map, should enable any motorist to add enormously to the interest of a tour.

This is what has already been done and is in course of being done in France, where the problem of saving the many beautiful old châteaux which still survive is recognized to be so urgent that it was said the other day, when the Château de Champs, once the residence of the Marquise de Pompadour, was presented to the State, to be used as a French Chequers, that there were probably three thousand château-owners who would be glad to make a similar gift for the sake of honourably relieving themselves of the burden of upkeep and taxation.

Can nothing of the same kind be done in England, where the problem is hardly less urgent ?

YOU CAN'T STEAL MY THUNDER

BY JANE LESSING

MRS. SMITH laid her shopping bag on the kitchen table with relief. It was heavy with her week's supply of provisions and she was beginning to feel the strain of carrying now. It was only another week, and she did not think she would go beyond her day this time. With her first child—born when she was scarcely twenty, within a year of her marriage to George—she had been a fortnight overdue, but her last three had arrived right up to time. This would be the thirteenth. She was forty-three now, and Maggie—her eldest—already twenty-three.

Twenty-three and not married yet—nor likely to be, her mother sometimes thought. Things were different these days, girls earned too much money. Maggie was smart enough, no one could deny, and clever with her fingers. She could copy the fashions she saw at the pictures so that you could hardly tell the difference. She earned good money, £2 10s. a week, at one of the big furnishing firms. She had learnt upholstering at the trade school and they had soon promoted her to manageress of the workroom, so that even after she had given her mother a pound for her food and board, there was plenty left for bargains of remnants picked up on the stalls at the open-air market on Friday nights at the Roman Road. And she certainly made the best of herself and enjoyed life. There was never a Saturday night when she had to pay for her own seat at the cinema.

But sometimes lately her mother had been a little anxious. Times may change in many ways, but at bottom life was much the same, and it was time she settled down—though God knew what they'd do without her pound. Two of the boys had left home, but that still left twelve mouths to feed with George and herself.

There was her own money—22s. a week as a rule, representing

six mornings of charring at 10d. an hour. Sometimes she would do an odd afternoon's work, too, and it would be a little more, but there was enough to do at home—what with the cleaning and cooking and washing and mending—so that it could not be often. The last month or two she had put in quite a number of extra hours trying to make up for the fortnight she would earn nothing and to help pay for all the extra expense. It took a lot of thinking to make it all go round. There was George's money, of course, but somehow since George had ceased regular work he seemed to look on what he received from the dole as a kind of present to himself. He no longer handed her the whole amount as he used to do in the old days with his wages, but kept back seven or eight shillings for his own use. Still, there was Fred earning 10s. a week now as errand boy, and somehow she contrived to manage. And now there was only another week at most.

She began to open the parcel she had laid beside the shopping bag and took out a pair of coarse cotton sheets. She spread them out on the table and sniffed with pleasure at the smell of the dressing that had an agreeable assurance of "newness". Going to the old deal chest of drawers in the corner beyond the range, she opened the bottom drawer. It was so full she had to take out the things and rearrange them before the sheets would go in. There was another pair at the bottom and four pillow-cases, all brand new. Four nightgowns—white cotton with embroidery round the neck and no sleeves. She looked at them with a little smile of excitement and a pleasurable sense of guilt. She'd never had short sleeves before, but she had seen them on the stall and they had been such a bargain. Would George notice? And what would he think if he did? And a dressing-jacket of pink flannel with blue stitching and one blue with pink stitching. And the things for the baby. These were not new, but were all carefully mended and washed.

Was the drawer heavier than she thought or was it the kneeling posture? A sudden sharp pain pierced her side. It was nothing, of course, but she would put the kettle on. A nice hot cup of tea was what she wanted after all that traipsing round the stalls. The range was only lit on Saturdays for the bath and the week's baking, so she put the kettle on the gas ring and began to unload her basket and put the provisions away. Two little parcels wrapped

in green paper brought a sudden smile that banished for a moment the look of unconscious strain. A bottle of eau-de-cologne and a tin of bath powder. They had been an extravagance—sixpence each at Woolworth's—but she did not regret it.

She set them before her on the table as she sat and drank her cup of tea, strong and hot and sweet with the two spoonfuls of demerara sugar she had put in. She felt it doing her good and settled down to enjoy a daydream.

She was a big, rawboned woman—spare but powerfully made. When she had gone to a new place at Mrs. Hemmings', six weeks before, it had already been obvious that she would be in a position to "oblige" for only a limited period. She walked with that slightly forward carriage of the hips that suggested at once the difficulty she was beginning to feel in maintaining her burden and the naïve pride she had in acknowledging it.

The new mistress had been reminded for a moment of the old Dutch picture of the burgher and his expectant wife, but in Mrs. Smith the decorous modesty was altogether wanting. Mrs. Hemming had enquired, out of humanity, if she were sure she ought to be working, but her doubts were put to rest by the broad smile of mingled contempt and pride at the mention of her condition. With the great hip-bones and broad full bosom exposed to their fullest advantage by the tight navy blue skirt and grey cotton blouse, the flexed muscles of the arms beneath the rolled-up sleeves, the thick, firm column of the neck below the wispy hair twisted into a teapot-handle knob at the back of the head, she was like a powerful mare, bred equally for stud and labour. Mrs. Hemming demurred no more. After all, it was nature, and she was badly in need of extra help in the nurseries now that Nanny had two children to see to.

Mrs. Smith poured herself a second cup of tea. She found the strong, sweet liquid put new heart into her.

In a week now she would be all safely tucked up in bed with the new sheets and pillow cases and a nightgown with no sleeves. George would have to sleep in the kitchen on the old sofa as he did last time. For all the rest of the weeks of their lives it was his comfort and the children's that had to come first. Up to the last moment she would work and slave for them all, but with the fall of the first real pain she would down tools and quit with a

quiet conscience. This fortnight of her confinement was hers—hers to enjoy to the full the luxury of rest and attention. When the first three or four children came she had not made the most of her opportunities. She had beset herself with fretting over the new baby and the older children—had worried over George, and consumed herself with anxiety as to whether he would remain faithful to her through a whole fortnight of discomfort and abstinence.

But that was all long past. Nowadays she looked upon this fortnight as a holiday earned by right. It was her own money that had paid for the contents of that bottom drawer. Everything in it was hers, and it was all new. That was why she never washed the sheets and pillow-cases before they were used. The smell of the dressing gave a luxurious reassurance that they had never been used by anyone else.

It was true there was the pain to be gone through first. But each time the labour was shorter, and in any case there was the prestige of having the whole household's attention concentrated on her and the nurse to wait on her and help her. She would hear everyone running up and down and fetching water and towels and anything the nurse wanted—and know it was all in her service. And when the worst came, she would not have to be patient any more, but could scream till they could hear her all down the length of Paradise Alley, and the neighbours would turn to each other and say, "Poor dear: it's her thirteenth!"

And after it was over the holiday would begin. She would have the bedroom to herself with her curtains and covers all clean and ironed. In the morning the nurse would come and set her to rights and bath the baby. There would be a clean smell of soap, and the pillows would be turned fresh and cool. They would bring her nice things to eat. And this time there would be the eau-de-cologne and bath powder that she had never had before.

And then George would come in and see her. He would stand at the end of the bed with his hair brushed, looking a little sheepish, and after a few stilted sentences he would give her a peck of a kiss on her forehead and hurry away. He was always shy at these times, and she was glad. It was a sign that he realized her as she was. Not his to work for him and be possessed at his will, but someone who had to be considered and even pampered—a sort of

queen in her way. A hint of gracious condescension crept into her smile as she thought of it.

And in the afternoon, after her nap, the full glory of her day was reached. She would sit up in the pink dressing-jacket—or the blue?—and her neighbours would call one after another and bring her a few flowers or a bit of fruit.

After a day or two the room would be full of flowers and she would sit up among it all and tell them all the details of her labour. And they would all have to listen and pay attention. And they would admire the baby and say how like its dad it was. Not that she cared much about that these days. There were plenty of children like George in the neighbourhood. One more or less did not seem to be either here or there.

She drained the last of her tea and ate the sugar from the bottom of the cup. The back door had slammed. It would be the children back from school. She must send Rosie up to Mrs. Tomkins to fetch the baby or she'd be getting uppish about minding it again.

But it wasn't the children. It was Maggie. Her mother stared at her in astonishment. It was nearly two hours before her time, and she was standing there just inside the door in her smart black coat with the fur tie without a word. Her face looked thin and strained beneath the jaunty hat set on one side of her permanent wave. The line of the mouth was a painted streak across the grey skin—a streak a little awry, it seemed. And she—she was standing queerly, in a strained angular attitude, holding to the door as if in support. Something in the way she stood brought her mother suddenly to her feet with a primitive intuitive sensing of the trouble.

"What's the matter with you, my girl?" she asked. There was a hardness in her voice that asked solely for information and made no pretence of sympathy. "Out with it, whatever it is. Have you lost yer job?"

But she knew it was worse than that. Maggie came into the room and sank into a chair. All her bounce and pert self-confidence were gone. Her smart clothes looked merely tawdry. Looking up at the generous competence of her mother's powerful frame, her own body seemed peaked and insignificant. She was afraid.

"It's not that. I fainted", she said.

Her eyes shifted before her mother's dissecting gaze that seemed to slit the cheap stuff of her fashionable coat and leave exposed to view the pitiable body beneath, with its poor little secret at last out. Her hand flew to her face as if to ward off a blow or to blot out the sight of those eyes.

But Mrs. Smith had no thought of striking her; none at all of pity. Her one thought was to know the when and the why. She sank back on to her chair. She asked, with the same threatening attitude, "And when's it coming?"

Maggie's self-control gave way utterly. There had been little room for religious teaching, little enough for moral precepts, in that overcrowded alley that had been her world. She was young and she had taken the good times that offered. She had meant no harm. But now some deep sense of shame overwhelmed her at the confession she had to make before her mother's sculpted symbol of fertility.

"I don't know—I don't know", she sobbed. "It'll be soon, I think."

Mrs. Smith got up and turned from her. Her whole swollen body was strong and flexed with the energy of her anger. It was not moral indignation that moved her. At any other time she might have felt contempt for the shallow playing at sex. At any other time pity for that frightened inadequate creature might have blotted out even the sense of shame and contempt. But not now. Now it was a volcanic eruption of purely personal anger that rose from some hidden depths and poured flame and destruction on all the habitual constraints of her life. It had all the power of an undivided primitive force—strong in the blindness of the unreasoning urge to its own fulfilment.

It was not her daughter that sat shrinking there before her. It was a rival to the satisfaction of her need. Hunger she had known and satisfied. Sex need had been satiated with years of the habit. She continued to yield herself to her husband rather in a spirit of generous indulgence to the child in men than for any personal need. Even the maternal instinct had grown cold by over-fulfilment.

But this other need was a thing that grew with the years and strengthened with every engulfing circumstance that

threatened its rare indulgence. The need to be, for however short a time, of supreme importance in her world—to live for a little while in a dream world of power and queenship which, in the days that must succeed, would ward off a little that suffocating mass of endless detail and routine.

And it was to be taken from her. This girl before her, with her modern skimpy frame and undeveloped chest, she must choose this time of all times to play the dingy comedy. And she probably did not even know which of the boys she went with was the father! It had meant nothing to her. She had not loved. She had used her sex as a mere plaything. And the child that was to come. She had made no preparations. There was no drawer of new sheets and pillow cases bought with hardly saved silver. Not even garments for the child. Even the fact of her pregnancy she had managed to conceal. It was scarcely discernible even now. She had thought of nothing but herself—felt nothing of all that had made her mother's life.

And it was she who was to steal her thunder. She to whom everyone's thoughts would turn. There would be talk—endless talk and excitement. And it would be a first baby. And hers was only the thirteenth. When they came to see her, no one would bother to think whether it was like its mum or its dad. It would be Maggie's child they would talk of—and who it was like—its father—which father?

She lifted herself heavily from her chair, leaning her weight on the table. One hand unconsciously gripped the tin of bath powder—gripped it like a weapon. The other in a clumsy movement swept the bottle of eau-de-cologne from where it stood so that it fell with a sharp knock against the corner of the fender. The air was slowly permeated with the fresh, pungent scent of the perfume.

It filled the room and Maggie watched her mother, suddenly still, breathing it into her nostrils, breathing it deeper and deeper. The scent of it was like a deep joy, a joy that sunk into her and reached its culminating ecstasy in the deeper, rending pain that now swept her body and told her her hour was come.

She stood there, massive and misshapen, with the rending pain of travail and the ecstasy of triumphant fulfilment twisting the contours of her face; a conception that lifted her far out

of the girl's comprehension. She waited for the full, deep satisfaction of that pain to pass before she turned to her daughter. She smiled at her. She could afford to smile now.

"Go and fetch the nurse and ask her to let the doctor know," she said. "And send Rosie up to make the bed."

Without a word Maggie obeyed.

Her mother drew herself up. She went to the chest of drawers and with difficulty pulled out the lower one and began to take out the things that would be needed—a pair of sheets, a pillow slip, the clean covers for the dressing-table, a nightgown, the little mended baby's garments. Everything necessary was there.

Then she went to the fender and with difficulty stooped to pick up the broken bottle. There was a little of the scent still left in the lower half. She put it carefully on the table.

And then her body was suddenly stricken with a new pain that brought the sweat in great drops to her forehead and left her powerless to resist or think. Slowly her great bulk yielded to its possession and she sank inert upon the floor.

She died next day at midnight. For a few hours she had lain, conscious of the darkened room and hushed voices, the smell of new sheets in her nostrils. She could not see whether they had remembered to put clean covers on the dressing-table. There were no visitors, but George came for a moment and brought a bunch of violets. She smiled weakly and he had put them in a vase much too large. They looked pathetic and awkward. He went out soon. She saw his hand fumbling in his coat pocket as he went out at the door. He was feeling for his pipe.

The funeral was on the Wednesday. There were flowers enough now—wreaths and crosses all white with black-edged cards tied on. All the neighbours had liked her, and they were now piled up in the parlour. The children crouched in the kitchen in hastily acquired black—the neighbours had seen to all that—and peered through the cracks of the door.

And as the men in their tall black hats lifted the coffin down the stairs, a cry came from the bedroom overhead—the first bewildered scream of a woman in childbirth.

But Mrs. Smith did not hear it. This was her hour, no

Maggie's. There was a child's cry, too, somewhere in the house, but it did not matter. She was lying at her ease, dressed in a new white nightgown, being borne downstairs on the shoulders of six tall men in black, out to the carriage she was to occupy alone. They would heap up the flowers all round her till you'd almost think it was a queen's wedding for the show they'd make. And there would be carriages to follow and black plumes nodding on the horses' heads—and she would ride slowly, slowly down the street.

TO J.M., DANCING

Your hands have rituals as old as springtime.
Your hands are birds, climbing the stairs of air.
Your hands are flying silver fish escaping
From what faint shadow of what threatening, where?

FATE'S EPITAPHS

ON ANY MAN

I let him find, but never what he sought;
I let him act, but never as he meant;
And, after much mislearning, he was taught,
Tired, to be content with discontent.

A. S. J. TESSIMOND.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THESE are uneasy days for Europe. In France, where I have spent the month of August, people at large, not politicians but the ordinary folk, were thinking of war as a near possibility ; not as a thing to be planned for or against but simply as an approaching menace. They are thinking of aerial bombardment, and, still more intensively, thinking of a collapse in currency ; wondering what is the best way to make what small savings they have secure against chances ; and they do not see an easy answer. Signor Mussolini's drastic way of dealing with private property well in advance of war's outbreak has powerfully impressed their minds as an example that other Governments are likely to follow. As for a will to war, there is no trace of it ; yet will to prevent war does not exist either, for the thing seems as far from control as a tornado. All the ordinary man or woman can do is to study the barometer and think out precautions to avoid total ruin.

Events pivot upon France ; and in the French Press one is impressed by a most unusual reserve and wariness. England means so much to France that tongues and pens are restrained. Even when that unlucky episode of the concession to an Anglo-American combine (as it was wrongly called) was sprung upon the world, French journalists held in their comment, though the temptation to malicious irony was unusually potent—and there is none which Frenchmen find it harder to resist. What does break out again and again is the taunt that, if the

League is today inefficient and unorganized against breaches of its pact, England more than any other power is to blame, for England decided the defeat of France's proposals to organize collective security. None the less England's good faith is recognized, and England's earnest desire to keep in step with France. But, as Frenchmen see it, to have peace in Europe France must work in concert with Italy as well as with England, and that seems so difficult as to be scarcely possible. In short, nobody is hopeful for the joint efforts of M. Laval and Mr. Eden ; but everybody welcomes the fact that their co-operation is close and earnest.

France (and probably all Europe) is perplexed by the spectacle which in this crisis English Socialism offers. Clément Vautel, whose pen is for France something like what Low's pencil is for England, comments with amusement on Mr. Lansbury's utterances. The head of a Socialist party proposing that the Pope's intervention should be invited and even besought, is to him incredible. How should a Socialist have any truck with the head and centre of clericalism ? But, for that matter, is it less surprising, he suggests, that a Socialist party should press for a joint effort of the nation, using its armed force. In France, Socialists apparently only want to use force against their fellow-countrymen ; and so M. Vautel's bewilderment over Mr. Lansbury turns to admiration.

The Powers of the Little Entente have taken counsel together, and after their meeting, M. Stoyadovitch, president of their joint assembly, came to Paris to renew contact, and presumably to decide on lines of co-operation. All this is easily intelligible. But it is not so easy to understand why there is so little said of Germany. Certainly it is not because Germany is forgotten. People construe Italy's demonstration of military strength on the Tyrolese frontier as a warning to German ambitions in that quarter ; this has been so obvious that French commentators did not think it necessary to underline its significance. But I have seen no discussion of what might well happen in other directions if Italy were once inextricably committed to her great venture in a difficult country overseas. In such a juncture, would it be easy for Herr Hitler, even if he should desire it, to refrain from utilizing the opportunity in some direction ?

His people have learnt to look for advance in Czechoslovakian Silesia, and in Lithuanian Memel. If it be true, as the news from Germany suggests, that there is internal division caused by the continued aggression of Nazi energies upon both Catholics and Protestants who refuse to have their religious freedom disciplined by Nazi drill sergeants, then the temptation to some form of action which would unite all Germans in a common ambition becomes very strong.

It is clear that both France and Italy ardently desire to maintain co-operation between their countries. A German push in the Tyrol or in Austria would at once consolidate their efforts; and probably the backing of the English fleet would follow as a corollary. But all French statesmen must perceive that an eastward-moving Germany might have very different consequences. Is Italy (that is to say, Signor Mussolini) seriously concerned for the prestige and power of Czechoslovakia, which involves the power of the Little Entente? It is not easy to believe it. If France found her allies to the East of Germany threatened, France could not count on Italy's assistance in protecting them. Could she count on England's? England has been and perhaps still is extraordinarily sensitive to the appeals of German nationalism; and English sentiment would sympathize in some measure with German claims to treat either Memel or Silesia as part of Germany *irredenta*.

Altogether, troubled waters in Europe present far too many attractions for the fisherman, if the fisherman is one of the Have-Nots. The established order can be maintained if those who desire to ensure it against alteration by violence will act together. But this is only possible if Europe is regarded as a whole; if England, for instance, will treat an aggression on Memel or Silesia as if it were aggression upon some part of British territory. These newly-established powers, Succession states, are in truth wards of the League of Nations, and if England's prime concern is to be maintenance of the League, their security should mean more to England than that of Abyssinia, for which England seems ready to thrust her hand into the fire.

So far as I understand the attitude of British opposition parties, it is that the maintenance of armed forces can be justified only if they are available in defence of righteousness. And Great Britain has evidently made up her mind that in this quarrel Abyssinia's plea is just. Italy's formidable indictment at Geneva might have done something to shake that conviction, but England has no trust in an accuser who frames his charge and will not listen to the case for the other side. Such a pleader is, in English opinion, self-condemned.

Meanwhile it seems that Signor Mussolini's remarkable magnetic powers have completely mastered the undercurrents of resistance to this adventure and that he has the national pride ardently with him. Preparation for war skilfully launched has been a political device of great value for internal appeasement. It is not a new lesson, but this fresh instance of its application is not likely to be lost on Herr Hitler. In Germany, those who know the country report that enthusiasm is very definitely less than it was a year ago; though still today criticism of the Nazi régime is only uttered in confidence behind closed doors. But there is also a growing financial stringency and even some sign of actual scarcity in food. Above all, one of the great deterrents from war does not exist in Germany today. Nobody saves, for nobody has the least confidence that what is saved can be kept. A nation so disposed has the gambling spirit; for the fear of losing possessions is much more masterful than that of losing life. The moral is that, if Mussolini takes the risk of war, Herr Hitler will take it also in some other quarter—unless the very powerful military organisation behind him thinks the chance of success too small.

If England is really prepared to run all risks in defence of the League against aggression by Italy upon a member of the League, it should be made plain at once that she will be equally ready to run them against any other aggressor. Given that assurance, the German General Staff will think twice before taking even the most promising opening. They would not begin to think at all, if English power to protect the institution whose maintenance is the sheet-anchor of British policy were greater than it is today. According to some critics, even the

naval strength has been allowed to drop to a point at which Great Britain can no longer assert mastery in the Mediterranean even against Italy, without sacrificing security elsewhere. Madness lies this way. If, while the greatest continental nations maintain universal military service as a proud proof of their freedom, England chooses to regard exemption from this duty as the very definition of liberty, then sea supremacy becomes essential to English security. In this reckoning, the navy of the United States may be left out; but in the European field England's naval strength must be such as to offset completely her territorial weakness—unless her pretensions to be a Great Power are to be set aside.

One unfortunate feature in the situation is that England has difficulty in believing that Italy will offer determined resistance to the declared will of England, in
—and Italian Prowess a word, could put up a fight against England. The military history of the Great War in its Italian phase is little known to Englishmen. Caporetto is remembered, but the successes which finally counterbalanced that disaster took place when every thought of English minds was concentrated on the last phases of the struggle in Germany. It is not realized in England how magnificently the best Italian troops fought, under a government certainly ill-qualified to conduct war. It is not guessed how much a good leader can do to animate all the Italian forces to the spirit and the prowess which the best of them displayed.

At any rate, Geneva is not yet an obsolete and negligible theatre; and the public opinion of civilized Europe exercises a force which it would be stupid to ignore. But
The Consequences for Geneva for the existence of the League Italy would have pursued her purposes in Abyssinia without let or hindrance, except for what pressure France might have attempted for diplomatic reasons. England certainly would not have stirred a finger. But, as it is, the horror of a return to war, and the conviction of its insanity, are felt throughout Europe—and of course in America also, though the United States by its own choice has no effective voice in these concerns.

These feelings are nowhere stronger than in England, and by its membership of the League England has the right and the duty to take action. So have the other States, where the feeling is equally prevalent; but in England, owing to the nature of English institutions, private convictions have more means of inducing public action. The result has been a mobilization of moral forces which Italy has tried to scatter by disdain. They have not been scattered, and the course of events at Geneva has shown Italy reluctantly modifying the arrogance of her attitude. The display of disapproval for Italy's course is too widespread and too impressive to be negligible.

Of course there is a risk in such display. If, when moral forces have been mobilized on this scale by the means which Geneva has afforded, Italy calls the bluff and nothing happens, the result must be a *débâcle*. Unless settlement of some peaceful kind can be attained, action of some repressive kind must be taken, or the League as it exists will founder in a tempest of ridicule. That would be the end of a League which meant nothing but the expression of pious opinions.

Yet even in that case, one might hope—one might even expect—the formation of a new League with obligations for action binding on the members whom it admitted, so as to convert the protection against war which it offers into something less precarious, and to give us a world which shall be better policed.

All this was written before Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva marked what may be a turning-point in the history of the League. It shattered an idea which was gaining ground that Mr. Eden, "this terrible young man with a passion for peace," was only an individual voice, not the accredited spokesman of British policy. Now the Foreign Secretary takes his stand beside his younger colleague; and behind both is that most typical of Englishmen, Mr. Baldwin. M. Laval, following them, accepts solidarity with England in defence of the League's vital principles—even if it jeopardizes friendship between the two great Latin powers. But, just as Sir Samuel Hoare's speech emphasized that, if Britain is to take risks for peace on the Continent, the risks must be shared by all, so M. Laval—though less explicitly—intimated that this case cannot be treated

as exceptional. If the Covenant is to be defended, it must be defended wherever there is aggression. The solidarity which can defend peace must be a solidarity on which Europe can count, whenever and wherever the strong seek to override that justice which is due to the weak. All the small nations must be able to feel that they are under the ægis of those powers which accept a new order of civilization.

Mr. de Valera in a notable speech put the case for the small nations. His utterance was the more impressive because it ranged Ireland in support of a cause where England has assumed the leadership—and this at a time while a sort of “economic war” drags on between England and Ireland. He spoke the best that was in him, and his speech will be welcome throughout the British Dominions, because it comes from the Dominion which has—to put it moderately—least identity of feeling with Great Britain. But it was also a plea that the existing demarcations, whether established at Versailles or elsewhere, must not be taken as final. And indeed we have a clear admission from Sir Samuel Hoare that, if satisfaction is denied to Italy in Abyssinia, satisfaction for Italy’s essential needs—and not only Italy’s—must be thought out and sought out elsewhere. That is a step towards a new and larger justice as between nation and nation in the Society of Nations.

William Watson’s death awakens the sort of reflections that are fitting to those who aim at an official rank. Just as Lord Curzon attained large successes yet died disappointed because he was never Prime Minister, so William Watson’s life has a pathetic incompleteness because he never attained to be Poet Laureate. Nobody feels about John Morley or Edward Grey or F. E. Smith as everyone must feel about Curzon, because these men were concerned with the realities of their work and not with the official mark. Of course, the supreme position carries power more completely than any other. But one feels about Curzon that he wanted to be able to say to himself, I have been Prime Minister. He wanted the power also, but not less he wanted the guinea stamp. Watson wanted recognition for his work as a poet, and in all essentials he had it. What he

**The Guinea
Stamp**

lacked was the title, which could add nothing to the quality of his achievement. Yet in a sense it was natural that he should feel baulked, for he was cut out to be Laureate almost as perfectly as Tennyson. His thought was not extravagantly individual, but he could give individual distinction to thoughts upon public affairs which were common to the serious minds of his time. The literary forms which he used, the moulds into which his thought was cast, were traditional; he inherited them from Wordsworth and Shelley, adding, as Tennyson did very largely, and Matthew Arnold much less markedly, a new accent of his own. But essentially his verse presented nothing difficult or unfamiliar to anyone who was at home with the English poetry of the nineteenth century, in which what began as a revolt ended as an academic tradition. Matthew Arnold also was no innovator and yet no one denies that he added greatly to the poetry of his day. In the last ten years of last century, the culminating Jubilee period of Victoria’s reign, some at least of the best judges would have put Watson already on a level with Arnold. One may even say that the most authoritative organ of critical finish made him its laureate. He was *par excellence* the poet of the *Spectator* when Hutton and Townsend’s joint editorship was at its height of reputation; and, if ever an Englishman understood English poetry, Hutton did. Watson appealed to men like Hutton, to those whose ideas Hutton expressed in excellent prose, by the high seriousness of his work, by its unstinting finish, and by something lapidary in the mould of his thought. He could sum up a critical judgment on a poet of the past and give it the lyrical lift which turned it into poetry. He could express that generous impulse of the English race which flames into anger at wrong inflicted on another people—that spirit which is now moving England into perilous courses, and which in 1914 decided England’s intervention in the war. Watson’s denunciation of “Abdul the Damned” was perhaps less considerable, and less lasting because in that case the impulse had not power enough to become effective. Still, as examples of fine rhetorical verse, these poems will always be read with appreciation. But I think that the man was most completely himself, when his song celebrated earth’s nuptial periods—in his April Ode, when

"half the world a bridegroom is and half of the world a bride"—or in a poem less generally remembered, which appeared first in the *Yellow Book*, and is perhaps the most successful example of English verse adapting to its uses the elegiac couplet. "Now when earth's vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that has language," is the fine opening of a lyric period which goes on to depict the "Tremors and coy upheavals, reluctances, sweet agitations".

Watson's poetry is not the kind now in fashion. He will, of course, pass through the usual period of oblivion which follows on the death of a man who has been writing for many years; and at present the taste for verse has taken a direction quite apart from the main stream of English tradition to which he so completely belongs. The poet of today seeks to separate himself completely from the crowd—even from the educated crowd; indeed, from the greater part of his potential readers. I have been turning over Anatole France's essays and find in them the observation that a writer should remember that he does not work alone; he owes to the world about him the language in which he writes, the forms of his expression, and even his thought comes to him very largely from outside. It is well, France says, that even a poet should remember that when one speaks it is with the purpose of being understood; and that we shall never be either great or good unless we address ourselves, not indeed to everybody, but to a large number. It is a false pride that desires to be a creature apart, shut up behind barriers of its own creating.

Watson had confidence enough in the individual character of his poetry to seek no garb of strangeness. He uttered what he knew that others were thinking and feeling, confident that he could say it for them in a way to win their gratitude. It was, indeed, this lack of strangeness, this easy solidarity with all about him that marked him so specially for the office of laureate, and many regretted that it never fell to him. But they regretted also that he should have allowed this disappointment to prey, as it did, upon his mind, and spoil his talent.

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ON READING PLAYS

By RICHARD HUGHES.

It is said that never before have plays been so widely read as they are today.

Examined strictly, of course, this is no more than an unverifiable assumption, based on the fact that more printed plays are sold. For the amateur movement, during the last decade and more, has developed out of all bounds. Amateur companies have multiplied like rabbits; and it might easily happen that twenty separate productions of some popular favourite were given on the same night, up and down the country. In most cases it is cheaper for these companies to buy a dozen copies of the play from the publisher, than to have the parts specially typed; and this must account for a very large number of the copies of printed plays sold.

Nevertheless, it may be a fact that a large surplus exists, after the practical needs of amateur companies have been allowed for. It may be the habit of buying books of plays to read is on the increase. What of it?

There is a congenitally sanguine kind of prophet, who is always ready to tell you that a Renaissance of the Drama is just round the corner. No augury is too doubtful to encourage him in believing what he wants to believe. He even feels his prophesying to be itself virtuous; that what he foretells often enough is brought by that very act nearer fulfilment. To such biassed eyes, an increase in the reading of plays will seem the surest of signs that the Drama is about

to come into its own again. For such reading, they will hold, argues a growth in intelligent public interest in the theatre—and it is an axiom with such people, of course, that an intelligent public demand for genius in this sphere or that will assuredly create a supply!

But is there any kind of justification for so cheerful a reading of the omens? It does not take any very deep examination to find that the facts range themselves, on the contrary, as yet another symptom of the decay of theatrical drama. Plays are not written to be read; and nothing is so surely obsolete as when it is valued for some purpose for which it was never originally intended. Consider the parallels. Cottages thatched with straw and containing a "wealth of old oak" have ceased to serve the purpose they were built for—namely, the housing of the peasant. The peasant, just as practical today as when those cottages were first built, prefers something constructed of cement blocks, and roofed with asbestos. Yet the market value of these cottages instead of dwindling to nothing has actually risen. Diamond panes attract hikers to their teas. Oak beams, formerly decently padded with plaster, now crack the skulls of week-end intellectuals. Likewise old brass cheese-bowls are used to hold the coal. Black oak cradles, that would stifle a modern baby, hold bogus logs beside an electric fire. Sheraton bedroom commodes are

converted into wireless cabinets. (And yet the people who do these things will themselves laugh tolerantly at the story of the Solomon Islander, who was issued a pair of trousers by the missionary, and wore them proudly on his back, the legs knotted under his chin.)

To correlate the reading of printed plays with these absurdities is not so far-fetched as it looks. A play is something performed in a theatre, it is not something printed in a book. To make this truism a little more emphatic: what is printed in a book is not a *play* at all, and it is mis-statement on the part of the publishers to call it one.

* * *

Having invoked this particular truism, it is necessary to discuss it a little. For by misapplication it has been made to do a lot of harm. Chiefly it is used as a stick with which to beat the already-unfortunate dramatist: to instruct him that his place is at home with his typewriter, and not back-stage. The author, according to this theory, is a mere extractor of raw materials, like a rubber-planter: it is for the producer to take that material, and make what he will of it, without any interference from the dramatist. Now this is assuming a fallacy. It is assuming that because what the dramatist shows to a manager is a written script, his act of creation is limited to that written script. It is as if you told an architect, because he makes plans of houses, that his place is exclusively in the drawing-office; that the contractor will make a far better house of it if the architect stays there and does not interfere with what does not concern him—namely, the building of the house. Yet everyone knows that the architect, though he draws plans in two dimensions, thinks in three; that, though he draws with pencil and paper, he thinks in bricks and concrete.

What, then, of the dramatist? Why do we assume that because he writes in

words, it is only in words that he thinks?

It is difficult to discuss the processes of the imagination except in the first person. I have myself attempted both arts: and I can affirm personally that the writing of narrative and the "writing" of drama differ entirely in the nature of the creative act itself. When writing narrative I think in words; entirely in words. The scenes that rise before the mind's eye are a mere impetus; unless they give birth to words they are sterile, they must be forgotten (for nothing is more dangerous to a novelist than an imagination which pictures more than he can get on paper). When writing a play, on the other hand, the whole imaginative process is different. I don't think in words. I see and hear. I see a stage in front of me, with people moving on it. These people are not "real life" people, they are actors and actresses—idealized so far as their technical abilities are concerned, of course; *perfect* actors, if you like, but actors all the same. I see every movement they make, and I hear every word they say, and every exact tone in which they say it. Nor am I unaware of the audience. I feel myself as a crowd of people, watching, listening. I feel the emotions of that crowd—for the material in which a dramatist works is not, in the last event, even a stage; it is the thoughts and feelings of those who are in front of that stage.

That is the creative act of drama. But what am I to do about it? Without a theatre and a perfectly trained cast at my disposal, how can I give this outward form? There is only one thing I can do—and it is little enough, heaven knows. I can write down the bare words that are said, and add a few notes as to the main movements which are made. But is this beggarly script my "play"? It is only the hundredth part of it.

Yet the manager will undoubtedly

assume that because this is all of my play which I can bring him, it is all that I have composed. He will assume that this script is the embryo, not the remnant, of a play; something to get to work on, not an evidence of work which has been done. I know one manager who carries this fallacy to an almost cretinous extent. He invites the author to his office, and there has the play read aloud by his secretary. Now there is something to be said for the manager who prefers to read a play to himself. If it is a bore, he can stop, or skip, as he likes. There is something, again, to be said for asking the author to read it to him: since the author might be expected to be able to reproduce at least to a minor extent, and in shallow relief, the varied tones which give the words their right effects. The author could *add* to the written word from his own knowledge. But Mr. A.'s secretary—though, as it happens, she is a highly intelligent woman—cannot conceivably do that. She can't know what is not written down. She has not even had an opportunity to read the play over to herself beforehand, to get an idea of what it is all about. If it was a publisher of novels who adopted this practice, there might be a lot to be said for it. The written word is all that the public is going to get; it might, therefore, be illuminating, by listening to a typical member of the public reading aloud from it, to discover what the public is going to make of it: but this hardly applies to a play, since it is not a script with which the public is going to be presented, it is a performance on a stage.

* * *

I argued at the beginning that a general public habit of reading plays was not a favourable symptom of the health of the theatre. I hope by now I will have made my meaning clear. A play; not, like a novel, something made

of words. The words are only a fraction, and a misleading fraction, of it. A husk. Interest in the husk seldom arises till the kernel has lost its flavour.

It is a standing wonder to many that Shakespeare showed so little interest in the printing of his plays. But then, no one tried to lock Shakespeare in his study while rehearsals were on. The words are all of Shakespeare's plays that we have, and we admire them; but I doubt if Shakespeare himself thought them more than the husk of the play he had created.

The cinema, everyone admits, is now in its vigorous and early prime. But has any publisher even considered the publication, for the reading public, of the scenarios of even the greatest films? Can one buy *The Gold Rush*, hand-set on hand-made paper, numbered and signed? Or the René Clair films in uniform limp pig-skin?

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SLOUCH HAT, by Malcolm Burr. *Allen & Unwin*. 15s.

THIS is a book which no one who has travelled in Europe's "East End", or has ever thought of travelling there, can afford to miss. From early youth, Dr. Burr tells us, the Balkans inspired him with "a romantic boyish dream". His first visit to Montenegro was made in the summer of 1898, when he was an Oxford undergraduate "already well launched into the serious study of entomology". From then onwards, until 1926, he spent much of his life in Balkan countries, learning to speak their languages and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the races inhabiting them. During the war, as an expert linguist, he was roped into the Salonika campaign and recruited a Serbian battalion for road-making and other semi-military activities. Afterwards he lived in Serbia, first in Belgrade, then on a farm outside it, and for a time in Zagreb. Although his political sympathies appear to be with the central government, he wisely avoids controversial topics, like the Croatian question, and the only hint we get that his beloved Montenegro is not perfectly contented with its absorption in "Jugo-Slavia" is the chance observation that an old Montenegrin general, encountered on a Danube steamer, was afterwards arrested for plotting against the Union. His statement that in Serbia there is "no such thing as a military caste" will come as a surprise to readers of Liberal newspapers, who have been led to believe that the Dictatorship governs exclusively through the Army.

The value of the book lies in its vivid descriptions of journeys to little-known places, such as "Skadar the mysterious", Mostar and Karyes at the foot of Mount Athos, where even female animals are not permitted to dwell, and in its wealth of anecdote and well-drawn character sketches.

The chapters which had a special

interest for myself are those in which the author describes his first visit to Montenegro. "The natives", he writes, "prefer to use the steep old footpath, consecrated by the tread of ages. I did not want the new-fangled carriage road, nor a carriage, but wished to walk as the Montenegrins had walked through their history, to explore the trail myself and tramp the whole way to Cetinje". After a stay in the capital, he walked down to Rijeka, crossed the lake to Vir Pasar by steamer, walked over the Sutorman Pass to Antivari, and then along the coast of the Primorje, through Spitsa, Castel Lastua and Budva, to Kotor. Twelve years later I made the same journey, climbing the "Scala di Montenegro" and trudging, half the way night-bound, to Cetinje. The railway from Vir Pasar to Antivari had then been built, but the coast road to Budva was still uncompleted. Budva is a perfect Venetian walled town, built on a low rocky promontory or *presqu'île*. A jewel of a town! A fine old Slav told me proudly of himself and his fellow-townsmen: "We are *all* of the nobility, sir, since Diocletian's days".

At the end of the volume is an "Appendix" containing an informal account of the Serbian people, their history and racial characteristics. It is probably the most authoritative essay available in English on its subject.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

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MONTAIGNE

By A. J. SYMONS.

THE FORTUNES OF MONTAIGNE:
A History of the Essays on France
from 1580-1669, by Alan M. Boase.
Methuen. 18s.

Les Essais de Michel Seigneur de Montaigne left the press of Simon Millanges at Bordeaux in 1580, probably published at their author's expense and enjoyed a ready sale. When he was in Paris in 1585 the third book was published and, with the former ones, considerably revised. These last volumes have hardly been a second in influence to any other of the modern world. Mr. Boase says: "If the *genre* was recognizable, was the title new? What did that mean? So far as I am aware, there is, prior to Montaigne, only one instance of the use of the word as part of a title: *Le Coup d'Essai* of François Sagon, the poem in which he attacked Clément Marot. It is Marot himself who claims the term as his own. The lines end:

On trouvera, bien je le sais,
 Ce petit mot de Coup d'essai,
 Ou Coups d'essai que je ne mente.

In spite of this, Montaigne's title was a novelty. And the title evidently intrigued the early readers of the book."

This learned and vividly written book, which is not lacking in fascination, is an individual study not only of Montaigne and his Essays, but a History of the Essays in France from 1580 to 1669. Think, for instance, of some of his references. One finds Marie de Gournay, whom Montaigne met and who had her share of the publication of 1595. Then Pierre Charron, whom he only met once, on July 2nd, 1586; when he

presented him with a book taken from his own library: *Il Catechismo o vera institutione christiana di M. Bernardino Ochino da Siena. Liber prohibitus*. "Charron intimated that God is unprovable and unknowable because infinite: God can only be conceived by a kind of mystical adoration."

To the great religious thinker of the next century—to Pascal—that man of intense genius, whose sense of the divine wrath implacably lifted against him thrust into many a spiritual and physical ambush—Montaigne was to figure as emphatically on the wrong side, not merely because "he that is not *with* us, is *against* us." "As for Pascal's *Thoughts*," said Pater, "we shall never understand them unless we realize the under-texture in them of Montaigne's very phrases, the fascination the *Essays* had for Pascal in his capacity of one of the children of light, as giving a veritable *compte rendu* of the Satanic course of this world since the Fall, set forth with all the gifts of Satan, the veritable light on things, he has at his disposal."

Pascal, *épris de hauteurs*, led forward by an intense thirst after God, is, like Spinoza and Blake, "God-intoxicated". Yet to Blake and Montaigne Spinoza's mathematical approach to truth would have been a kind of negation. In Spinoza's profound heroism of the mind, really a great humility—"he who loves God does not desire that God should love him in return"—Montaigne would have found the material for a kind of

desperate heroism, made up wholly of pride and defiance.

Mr. Boase devotes, for instance, chapters to Jean Pierre Canus and to Descartes and Montaigne, and to Chapelain and Guex de Balzac, to Pascal and Montaigne, and one to Gassendi. This writer (1592-1655) had an original genius. He said: "There is nothing in the intellect which has not been in the senses, and the imaginative faculty is the counterpart of the sense." Mr. Boase writes:

The words which he gives his spokesman in the *Mascurat* were true of him all his life:

"A te dire vrai, Saint Ange, l'une des plus grandes satisfactions que j'aie au monde, est à découvrir, soit par ma lecture, soit par un peu de jugement que Dieu m'a donné, la fausseté et l'absurdité de toutes ces opinions populaires.

"Qui pourrait établir dans le monde l'incrédulité jusqu'à un certain point, en chasserait bien de la folie, *nervus enim sapientiae non temere credere.*"

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Montaigne had to confess that the sources of greatness must still be quick in the world. That had remained with him as his fixed standard of value in the estimate of men and things. He said: "I confess myself in public. The greatest thing in the world is for a man to know he is his own. If the world find fault with me that I speak too much of myself, I find fault they do not do so much as think of themselves."

Montaigne was curiously lacking in the sense of poetry; and yet he was one of the generation made famous by the poets of the Pleiad, Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, for instance: Ronsard whose genius is limited and yet exquisite; Du Bellay lives by his one rare and lovely lyric, *The Winnowing of Wheat to the Winds*, and by some of those sonnets he wrote in Rome. All this to Montaigne was alien; who, when he wonders "Shall ever to-morrow dawn?" turning back on his inveterate sense of suspended judgment, writes: "I have no other end in writing, but to discover myself, who shall peradventure be another thing to-morrow." This is fundamental; and does one not find in it, for instance, what is the essential quality of his own genius?

Montaigne, who (it is Lamb who says it) "anticipated all the discoveries of succeeding essayists," affected no humility in the statement of almost exactly the same mental complexion. So one sees in the two greatest of the essayists, first, a beautiful disorder: the simultaneous attack and appeal of contraries, sensations, without mental preference; and then, out of order in disorder, creating a harmony more logical than musical, which is really the separating and the returning of many elements into one; a pattern, like a glittering cobweb, hung on the horns of the moon's crescent, and left to swing in the wind there: an evocation of the ghost of life's absolute essence.

TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA

By EDMUND BLUNNEN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, by Stephen Gwynn. Thornton Butterworth. 15s.

IN the *Citizen of the World*, Goldsmith has his fling at the little biographers of great men whose story might "properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fire-side and the easy-chair". On the whole, as his own life was a series of adventures entirely out of that orbit, so it has been recorded and appreciated by writers free from littleness. Forster's remarkable book, surcharged with instructive information, has perhaps served its purpose; Austin Dobson's shorter sketch is seen more often now on the bookshelves. After these and some other valuable writers on Goldsmith, there comes Mr. Stephen Gwynn; and his name is at once evidence that the new biography is not of the current types, either of slatternly re-writing or accomplished distortion.

If additions to known fact were the only justification of new biographies, then Mr. Gwynn would hardly have written this one; for, as he immediately points out, Forster and his friend Peter Cunningham in the Victorian period produced "nearly all the necessary material". Modern scholars have filled in a few crannies, but the great fabric is not much altered since the Harbiter of Gent left it. There have been several occasions recently when a new narrative of a life formerly written with ability has lacked increase of detail, and with that every other claim upon us. The claims of Gwynn on Goldsmith, apart from his unostentatious gathering-in of such addenda as he could find, are the considerable ones of an illuminative

devotion, a mastery of literature, and a resourceful expression. The book has the air of vital faith in its subject; it is no revival of a character and career as being curious enough to attract passing attention, but an utterance of choice and constant praise—and compassion—for a man of genius.

As an Irishman, Mr. Gwynn takes Goldsmith's meaning, and the meaning of Goldsmith, on occasions when the rest of us would scarcely perceive it at all. This comprehension operates well in plain matters of Goldsmith's early background and experiences, and equally where Mr. Gwynn applies himself to the task of detaching the real Goldsmith from the figures cut for him by Boswell and others. He detects the joke where many have too willingly found a sample of solemnity; for instance, in the anecdote about the marionettes. "The doctor was asked how he liked these automatons. He replied, he was surprised at the applause bestowed on the little insignificant creatures, for he could have performed their exercises much better himself". The remark was snatched up as one more piece of Goldsmithian "envy"—but Mr. Gwynn explains that it was merely "his talking Irish, so to say, before English people". In his defence of Goldsmith, he will possibly (and I do not doubt quite gleefully) provoke some of the Johnsonians. To my feeling, he does less than justice to Johnson in his comments on the Abbey epitaph for Goldsmith, protesting, "Who wants to remember that Goldsmith was an historian, or student of medicine and natural history"? That

question could not have been asked when the epitaph was being composed. (Mr. Gwynn would, however, have had his chance when the Round Robin was being contrived.)

Besides, Mr. Gwynn's own book invites and assists us to remember at least that Goldsmith was a natural historian. That he was the popular historian of Greece, Rome, and England is a fact which has faded more, but, whether he wrote those chronicles for money or not, Goldsmith himself regarded them as worthy of him. In the long preface to the volumes on Rome, he attains almost the Gibbon manner: "The subject is the noblest that ever employed human attention, and instead of requiring a writer's aid, will even support him with its splendour."

I pause over one more point in which Mr. Gwynn's zeal perhaps leaves us imperfectly informed. The passage which he quotes from another Irish writer, on the abandoned project of burying Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey, asserts the insincerity of the poet's eminent friends. But, in fact, the sumptuous funeral was considerably withheld "on a slight inspection of Goldsmith's affairs" and the discovery that "he was about £2,000 in debt". If, as here, a little unfairness to Goldsmith's contemporaries in London be felt to tinge the record, it is only so much as promotes our eagerness to read on, and keeps our own enthusiasms other than for Goldsmith pleasantly active. For him, after all, the Englishman has always had a particular kindness—as I said, not even the Debunker has laid a tooth on him, though seeking whom he may devour. That happy spirit which shines through Goldsmith's misfortunes and distinguishes so much that he wrote seems to have insisted that his biography written even in the nineteen-thirties should be a thing of wise sense and felicity.

EXILE'S RETURN: A Narrative of Ideas, by Malcolm Cowley. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

THIS autobiographical review of the movement of ideas in America after the War is ostensibly relevant only to American literature between 1916 and 1930; actually, with but little alteration, it is equally valid for any part of the Old World. It is merely a matter of chance that this brilliant and even enthralling study of the temper and illusions of our time has been made by an American.

Yet it is well that an American has done it, since, in his country, for various reasons, the tempo was faster, the emotional excitement more intense, the optimism greater and the *débâcle* more complete. He writes of the younger generation of writers whose best-known figures on this side were (the past tense is inevitable and one of the striking things about the book) Hemingway, Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings, Scott Fitzgerald, T. S. Eliot, Hart Crane, who were dubbed The Lost Generation by, ironically, another of their number, Miss Gertrude Stein. They were *lost*, because uprooted by the war from their native traditions and manner of life, because they lived much in exile, because "they had no trustworthy guides and formed for themselves only the vaguest picture of society and the writer's place in it". (Actually they were not all American—they included such masters as Joyce, Proust, Valéry; and their influence, or the influence of what made them has affected most of our own younger men.)

To give the true picture of the times Mr. Cowley covers a great deal of ground and background—his résumé of the history of such "movements" as Bohemianism and Dadaism is typically adept and proves once again that at their best the Americans have the power to produce the finest and most searching criticism of our period. In its now

swift, now leisurely course, it is amazing in its fund of information, terrible in its ruthlessness, witty in its detachment, bitter in its disillusion. And if for no other reasons these qualities make it well worth while reading. Besides, Mr. Cowley has put on record some really valuable pictures: of life in Greenwich Village—the Latin Quarter of New York; of the life of the hordes of Americans who wandered like Wandering Jews all over Europe after the war, living "mad, extravagant lives"; of these other Americans who sought for reality in country life (in the nice weather only); of the general state of society in America during the boom years. But it is more than merely interesting or amusing; it is a book of reconsidered wisdom, dearly bought and paid for, and that may be its main interest to us who have managed—or have we?—to buy our wisdom with something less than tears of blood. For we can watch, here, as from a safe seat above the arena, an eager, earnest, terrifyingly self-conscious group of young men tearing themselves through the thorns of experience to an island of rest and reconsideration of events that concern all of us, and of values that concern us even more.

What he says of them is true enough for only too many of our disillusioned generation:

There was no escape. Whatever path they followed and the principle they chose to guide them, whether they drank gin-cocktails . . . or retired to be close to the soil . . . or wandered . . . or tried to disregard their surroundings and five only in the bitter air of masterpieces, it did not matter: the refugees of art ended always by finding the same goal; they ended in an atmosphere of hysteria and bewilderment not unlike the atmosphere of hysteria of the bourgeois society they were trying to evade.

The last phrase will suggest the *dénouement*. The financial depression hit these young men hard, and they found at least some sense of reality in

various forms of socialism. Well, it is a valid way, as any way is valid that re-unites the artist to his material, and in Faulkner and Caldwell it has, for the moment, produced good stuff. It has at least enabled Mr. Cowley to reject the misanthrophism of such as Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch who could actually say, only a few years ago: "We have come to see the soul of man as commonplace and his emotions as mean". As it has also enabled him to jest bitterly over the Hemingway tough-guy school—that virus which has infected so many moderns—"Yes, but just cut them open—and you will find that their souls are little tender white flowers".

As to where American literature is going, Mr. Cowley has burned his fingers too often to prophesy again. But we may hope, after reading his masterly analysis of the misfortunes of his own contemporaries, that the new men have at least learned that the more one hurries the more unlikely one is to become contemporaneous with immortality. As Anatole France said, "masterpieces are made in all innocence, Time alone crowns them", and (quoting Mazarin) "Time is a honourable man".

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

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THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC,
VOL. VII, by H. C. Colles. *Oxford University Press.* 17s. 6d.

As a date, 1853, being a little less round than 1685, and offering nothing so neat as a 250th anniversary, is so much the less impressive to the majority of people; but Dr. Colles has, if not exquisite reasons, several that are good enough for taking 1853 as the point of departure for the seventh volume of *The Oxford History of Music*, entitled "Symphony and Drama." That year serves to call attention to Germany and the important musical events which were taking place there. Liszt and Wagner were among the most prominent actors in the scene, the one being at Weimar, the other (because of his part in the Dresden riots) being at Zürich. But the reader soon gathers that Brahms is to play the most important role, and, it is in that same year that he, the most inconvenient of composers, conveniently makes his entry as a creative artist. He was twenty years old. Schumann, calling attention to the magic of this young man's music, over-stated his case and helped Brahms rather less than he intended. But there was no denying the fervour of this musician, who, although he composed at the pianoforte, was preoccupied with the fantasy of orchestral sounds. So fervent was he, so single of mind, that he ended by writing four of the master-works among symphonies, and (for we can count this also as an achievement) now has been awarded a whole chapter to himself as well as other lengthy episodes in the seventh volume of *The Oxford History of Music*.

Nearly half a century ago, Parry referred to "the noble symphonies of Brahms" as representing the highest branches of the art, and pointed out that in his grandest works the composer rarely strives after external beauty; his aim rather is beauty of thought. Even today we are justified in making that same

point: Brahms's music is not obvious. Its full power and strength cannot be appraised without concentration upon its procedure. Brahms is more architect than painter. The way in which he develops themes, sub-divides them and employs the sub-divisions in the construction of a movement shows him to be a master-builder. The fact helps to explain why his major works have been so long in winning popular approval (especially in England) and also their strong appeal at the present time.

It is significant that Dr. Colles, writing about fifty years after Parry, should admire Brahms's symphonies for similar reasons. His analysis of the four works in this volume keeps us continually aware of the organic principles of their development. These are the principles, after all, which enable a work of art to endure even when the creative mind, as in Brahms's case, lacks the larger adventurousness. So it is that, while we have seen César Franck's star rise and set, Brahms's is still steadily shining. Dr. Colles points out the great value which Franck attached to semitonic melody, his cramped melodic outlines, and his instinctive feeling for tone-colouring; each of these is a sign that the composer was unable to rely upon the actual stuff of musical thought to the extent that Brahms did, for instance, in the Quintet for strings in G (op. 111).

The importance of the organic aspect of music is stressed here because it is the note Dr. Colles continually sounds throughout this volume. A consideration of the growth of the concert orchestra (from the *Eroica's* 34 instruments to *Ein Heldenleben's* 105) leads to chapters on the symphony's career in Vienna and elsewhere. What general judgment the author passes on the work of Bruckner, of Mahler, of Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Stanford and Elgar, can be anticipated by any student who knows these men's

symphonies, after he has read this premise: "Symphony is organic music. It does not depend on the use of any particular kind of musical material, or on the music being cast in any particular mould. Indeed, its organic nature makes the metaphor of cast and mould inapplicable. The one essential principle underlying it is growth."

Dr. Colles is right to insist upon that point, not only in his chapters on symphonic music but also in those on opera and song. But it will occur to more than one student, following these stimulating and clarifying pages, that growth in itself is not to be accounted a virtue. In the garden of symphonies are many weeds, possessing a nature as organic as the flowers. Indeed, in the past some of the weeds have been mistaken for cultivated blooms, precisely because they have exhibited such energy and fecundity. No doubt, a line drawn between the one kind of symphony and the other would be no less arbitrary than that which separates a wild rose from a Gloire de Dijon; but we do need a more definite criterion in judging the principles of symphonic growth, if we wish to save this particular pleasance from chaos.

This volume has been reviewed here chiefly from a student's point of view, since *The Oxford History* is designed in the first place for such a one. It seems to me that Dr. Colles's contribution meets his needs at every point, both in his illuminating analyses of various compositions and in his judging of prevailing tendencies. And since I began to read his study, I have received an enthusiastic appreciation of the volume from a student in New Zealand, an appreciation which suggested to me that there must be many eager music-lovers in all parts of the world who are now finding their way into music's grounds by way of the four symphonies of Brahms. They could have no better guide than Dr. Colles.

BASIL MAINE.

ABYSSINIAN JOURNEY, by Marcel Griaule. *John Miles.* 8s. 6d.

LET no one be deterred from reading this book by the awkwardness and obscurity of the translation. Its faults are due to literalness, and this has its curious gains as well as its losses. The gains appear in the dialogue. There is plenty of this because M. Griaule is one of those rare travellers who listen to what people are saying. For example, a hidden marksman was picking off a family of baboons, the only animals besides man to carry off their dead:

One might ask from a certain point of view what pleasure a normal man could find in firing on this funeral procession.

"The Frank," said a slave, "will become mad, since he has killed monkeys."

"That is true," said another, "but that is less important than if he killed Colubus monkeys, for each of them has a soul, and many things happen when a soul escapes a body through force."

"Be still," a free man said to them, "you who are in so low a condition that you cannot fire a cartridge for pleasure."

This is excellent in manner and matter. None of the recent books on Abyssinia comes near to M. Griaule's in intimacy with the people. M. Griaule, after years in the country, feels them intensely; he knows their essential nature; he presents them directly without comment, like a sardonic and heroic poet, and his book is one of those rare pieces of literature which spring from travel. It must be repeated that no contemporary book on Abyssinia comes near to M. Griaule's.

He led a French scientific expedition three or four years ago, which stayed for five months in the province of Godjam, and was befriended there by Ras Hailou, who has since been disposed of by the present Emperor. Further journeys were made with innumerable digressions, and the present narrative

is a general account from which the purely scientific matter has been extracted. The country and the people are presented almost without mention of the author. He is the presence in the caravan he describes, but little more. Known as "The European," he gives an occasional order, judges a dispute, receives and distributes gifts, and faints when a prisoner who has tried to assassinate a noble is bound in honey-waxed muslin and is slowly roasted alive before the Court. (The narrative is obscure but one gathers that the European actually witnessed this incredible event.) M. Griaule is an artist before everything else, humane, continually seeing and listening—concealed. The country speaks through him. He does not speak for or at the country.

It is hard to know what part of this book to dwell upon in a short review. The running fire of talk, imprecation and boasting in the caravan has the pungent humour, sudden anger and weird savagery of the country. These people, who seem like barking dogs rather than men, are all instinct. They may be raging about one another's genitals or exclaiming like creatures from the Psalms: "May God show you! The she-goat of So-and-So ravaged a field as beautiful as the wing of an angel."

The account of the fording of the Nile is superbly done. M. Griaule is a master of the art of describing the anxiety, the confusion of mule trains, where the beasts are overloaded, the drivers excited and full of fear. The descent to the Nile is by precipice, the ford is only a few feet wide before deep water begins, and everyone raises his eyes from dread of being made dizzy by the current. One party was swept off when a badly-loaded mule turned over in mid-stream and the company stampeded. M. Griaule's crossing was impressive. Togas were lifted and to the continuous sounds of the bugle and

rifle shots—to drive off the evil spirits of the air—the whole company moved breast deep with an expression of false ecstasy into the current, while the tax officials on the other bank courteously waded in breast deep also, to greet a party travelling with royal recommendations. The boundary was in midstream; and before his own party set forth, M. Griaule had seen an evader of Custom's duty wading backwards, one fantastic oath for every step, before an advancing official. The writer has an eye for these grotesque moments of imprecation and irate dignity. The Abyssinian, he notes, is always a blunderer. The observation of crowds in all kinds of temper from the mistrustful to the stampeded is another of M. Griaule's excellent points. He feels with these people. He knows the things that are important to them and the things they fear, and they live these things, completely exposed, before the enchanted reader's eyes.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

WILLIAM COWPER AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Gilbert Thomas. *Ivor Nicholson & Watson.* 15s.

THE bicentenary of William Cowper's birth, four years ago, let loose a flood of biographical and critical literature, re-floating a reputation which had somewhat receded into a back-water; and in the meanwhile (not to crack the wind of the metaphor), the sea of commentary has been growing choppy. It may well be the fortune of Mr. Thomas's wise, understanding, and comprehensive monograph to bring the discussion into harbour. Not, to be sure, without squalls. This is a controversial, provocative book; it may not command universal assent. But one thing about it cannot be denied: it is entirely free from the foible of the modern biographer, who is prone to form his estimate before he has marshalled his facts, and then to pick his facts to

fit his estimate. Nor does he make the common mistake of judging an historical character by modern standards. It is indeed the essence of Mr. Thomas' theory that nothing about William Cowper's life—his character, his poetry, his madness, his religion—can be understood at all without a preliminary understanding of the spirit of the time, the religion of the time, and the pressure of outward circumstances upon Cowper's mental and spiritual struggles towards the light. So his first task is to set the poet in his natural environment, which he does through the medium of two vivid and highly interpretative chapters, dealing with the social and religious condition of England in the eighteenth century.

The Augustan Age in our own country has, no doubt, been invested with a good deal of tinsel decoration; it has been pictured from the standpoint of the coffee house and the Mall. Mr. Thomas takes us out into the country, which Cowper knew and loved, a region of great natural beauty, but of squalid social poverty, ignorance, and degradation. He reminds us of the apathy of the village manses, the ungodliness of the proletariat, the chaos of theological differences. And then he pictures the Evangelical revival as penetrating the darkness with a sudden stream of light; and of this revival Cowper is displayed as poet laureate. He was not indeed a poet born and bred; his temperament was critical rather than creative. In Mr. Thomas's own illuminating phrase: "If Lamb be the poet among our essayists, Cowper is certainly the Elia among our poets". He had been a convinced Evangelical for fifteen years before, at the age of forty-eight, he even began to write the moral verses by which he is now remembered. But the spirit of the age had been stealthily moulding him to its service.

He was innately virtuous, a constitu-

tional zealot, whose warm heart yearned for a personal faith. But the tabernacle of Evangelicalism was rent into two divisions; and Cowper was distracted by the schism. He recognized the logic of Calvin, and it tormented him. He was perpetually harassed by the sense of his own unworthiness, with its accompanying fear of predestined damnation. That way his madness lay. But, when his heart won the victory over his head, faith led him into the sunlight. "Charity and true spiritual vision break in upon his dourest sermonizing." Nature consoled his solitude, and in Nature he saw the handiwork of God. His love of natural beauty led him to the contemplation of spiritual beauty. In moments like these his soul was at peace with itself.

Here at last is a consistent and convincing portrait of a singularly elusive temperament, and it emerges from a setting of rich and lifelike detail. The stage of Cowper's environment is full of figures, and everyone of them is here invested with personality and character. Mr. Thomas has immersed his imagination in the spirit of the age, and his panorama of the Evangelical revival is a notable contribution to literary and religious history. It explains Cowper and his poetry as no rival estimate has ever explained them; and however much of challenge criticism may bring to bear upon some of his conclusions, there can be no denying the reasonableness and humanity of the survey as a whole. "All the new spiritual and ethical values implicit in Evangelicalism—the hatred of slavery, oppression, and cruelty; the love of Nature and of simple domestic joys; the deeper regard for women, children, the poor and animals—found in Cowper their first clear voice." He was a bridge-builder in a stormy strait; and the bridge he built withstands the test of time.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

October, 1935

Founded in May, 1836 by Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in co-operation with Daniel O'Connell, to play a vital part in the Catholic Revival, the *Dublin Review* pursues its original aim in providing a survey of current events and thought by Catholic thinkers and scholars of the highest competence.

Contents for OCTOBER, 1935, include

ABYSSINIA by ARCHBISHOP HINSLEY

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES
by Dr. AGOSTINO GEMELLI, O.F.M.

ISLAM AND PALESTINE
by DOUGLAS V. DUFF

THE INFLUENCE OF ST. FRANCIS
by ARCHBISHOP GOODIER, S.J.

LINDISFARNE by Dom. J. WARRILAW, O.S.B.

THE BELGIAN PEASANT LEAGUE
by COMTESSE DE MEEUS

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THE NOTEBOOKS OF A WOMAN ALONE, edited by M. G. Ostle. Introduction by Geraldine Waife. Dent. 7s. 6d.

MIDDLE AGE: 1885-1932. Constable. 10s.

THERE is something oddly moving about both these books. So one writes, and then pauses to wonder whether the adjective at least is any more than the professional writer's too complacent comment upon more than usually unprofessional products. What, if so, is his warrant for superiority? Here, in each of these volumes, is the essence of a woman's life, in one case the fruit, in the other the straightforward record, of not quite half a century of joys and sorrows, the common texture of daily life. Experience, when deeply felt, creates its own expression, and both these women own the honesty, the sincerity, which is content to be simple. They tell of, in general, the most ordinary things, and yet as one reads the words of Keats, quoted by one of them, echo in the mind: "A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the mystery of his life". These are, we become persuaded, lives of worth, and in these pages we do begin to discern a little of their "mystery".

The book of the *Woman Alone* is just what its title declares it—a compilation very largely made up of brief quotations from authors living and dead, famous and obscure, interspersed with the thoughts and comments and, more occasionally, experiences of the recorder, Evelyn Wilson, who, it is said, is now dead. Her life was distressing. She was never happy at home, and later, as a governess, found much unkindness. Her gladdest days were the twenty years of her work at a London employment agency, where she plainly exerted herself to the utmost to help girls and women of her own kind, but she walked always on the verge of poverty, worried for her

own future and by the distress of others, lonely, unloved, pitiful. Pitiful—and yet not pitiful! She wanted so little: a bare security, a room of her own "where I may be myself, and neither apologize for, nor justify, my presence", a place "where my failures would not matter and where my successes would count as nothing, provided I loved and let myself be loved". In their lack she found her consolation in books, in the high thoughts of others gathered from many sources, thoughts most of them which, it is plain, echo, strengthen, vindicate herself. Pitiful indeed—and yet not pitiful! For as she says she did truly find riches by the wayside; she was taught more by pain than ease could have given her; by grief she came to beauty—the beauty of a soul that faces a hard world with courage and above all with charity and kindness, "keeping strong for herself, but tender for the weak". Her book is not a happy one, not only because even she in the end preferred to die rather than fight on against steepening odds, but because her lot is too clearly that of not a few other women (and even some men) today. But it is a fine book, which may pass on its bravery, its consolation, to those who need it most. Would to heaven the world's self-satisfied might be made to read it too!

The anonymous, or rather pseudonymous, *Middle Age* is cast in somewhat lighter mood, as the candid unaffected chronicle of a woman born in 1885, brought up in a very happy Non-conformist household first in Hampstead and then in Manchester, amid cultured, considerate relatives and friends, and truly encountering sorrow only as she entered the stresses of love and an unfortunate marriage. It is a book whose peculiar quality is harder to define, yet in this artless rambling narrative the full character of late Victorian and Edwardian family life,

restricted yet rich, innocent yet deep-flowing, is admirably rendered. The portraits of parents, brothers, sisters, schoolfellows, visitors, and later suitors and husbands are so vivid and alive that only incidental interest is added by finding among the gallery Mark Rutherford, Virginia Woolf, Rhys Davids, Walford Davies, and glimpses of W. B. Yeats, Clifford Bax and such others. One goes back to the word "innocent". There is innocence here, an innocence which has survived and transcended experience, in which resentments, even for pain inflicted, die. "There should never be bitterness, or self-pity." That is the explicit mood of the book's ending; it is the implicit mood of its whole writing, and the secret of its truth and beauty. "Everything had become loved and significant."

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE HOUSE IN PARIS, by Elizabeth Bowen. *Gollancz*. 7s 6d.

THE DARK GLASS, by March Cost. *Collins*. 8s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE TREE, by Helen Beauclerk. *Collins*. 8s. 6d.

MR. DESMOND MACCARTHY, writing the other day of the theatre, distinguished two sorts of critic: the one who enjoys good plays, and the one who likes going to the theatre, whatever the play; he himself preferred the latter. I wonder if he would extend the same amiability to fiction? The position of the critic whose temperature rises at the sight of "a novel", for whom publishers' catalogues and the book post provide moments of excitement, seems to me enviable; but I doubt very much whether his naivety will help him in the least as a critic. There are about forty new novels published every week; should we warm at the thought? The magic of *bad* writing—is it so great a loss? As an occasional reviewer of novels who is not an addict, I do not think so. My pleasure in reading Miss

Elizabeth Bowen's *The House in Paris* is the more acute (I like to imagine) because it does not go side by side with a taste for Victoria Cross, Maurice Dekobra and the author of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. It is a novel which I mean to re-read, as I would a book of poems by Mr. Day Lewis or Mr. Louis MacNeice, for its sensitive writing, its pictures of children, its remarkable communication of places. The book, you will notice, is called *The House in Paris*, and the atmosphere of that house—the silent drawing-room and dark passages, the voice of an invalid upstairs, the stately and dilapidated fronts in sunlight across the street—is exactly and beautifully conveyed. Henrietta, a small girl from England, spends a day there on the way to Mentone. The strangeness of being abroad is enhanced by crisis: Leopold (aged nine), the bastard son of an Englishwoman and a Jewish banker, is also there to meet his mother that afternoon for the first time. The two children, dumped together in the drawing-room to be out of the way of conferences, gravely confront one another, half-seizing the situation, excited, shy, at times tearful, and fiendishly cruel. Their chance meeting, which would otherwise have been tangential, inquisitive and somewhat pompous, is thus saturated with the importance and mystery of past happenings. Family affairs, the story of Leopold's parents, are told at some length in the second part of the book. With the last section we return to the children in the drawing-room; Leopold's mother has sent word at the last minute to say that she cannot face the encounter with her son; Henrietta must catch the evening train at the Gare de Lyons; the day finishes with the excitements of the journey and saying good-bye.

The attraction of the book is not so much its story (though in the glance backwards that is excellently told), as

the saturation of every incident and paragraph with—what shall I say?—cool, relevant emotion. Miss Bowen has a remarkable gift for extending the personalities of her characters to their surroundings, without any loss of sharpness; for example, the pictures of London, Paris and Bologna are vividly true, but true also to the particular emotions of the characters. She feels intimately and describes objectively. When you have finished the book it is a pleasure to open it at almost any page and read for a few paragraphs. Yes, the author has done what she set out to do.

How rare that is! Negatively, you can tell a good novelist by the absence of fake. *The Mountain and the Tree* is largely fake—a piece of literary furniture which hardly needs the expert eye to detect at once. Miss Beauclerk is obviously a learned and skilful writer of some experience; but her present book—four stories of antiquity filled with anthropology and sex-lore—seems to me high-class piffle of the type represented by *Jurgen*. *Dark Glass* is a modern fantasy, of inordinate length, very feminine, somewhat pretentious, with traces of *Dear Brutus* and the more recent day-dreaming school. Two pages would be enough for me if I picked it up in a library, and Miss Cost has written four hundred and sixty-three.

G. W. STONIER.

THE INQUISITOR, by Hugh Walpole. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, by Alec Brown. *Boriswood*. 8s. 6d.

THE WHOLE OF THE STORY, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

MR. WALPOLE has gone back to Polchester for what the publishers call "one of the most important of his works". It is a pity that this very pleasant writer should have been plastered all over, through no fault of his

own, with the aggressive label of importance. It is true that he has the art of investing superficialities with an impressive profundity when it suits him to do so, and that is partly what makes him so excellent a melodramatist. The violences of the *Cathedral* novels, he says in his dedication, are deliberate, for there have been in the history of Polchester, "as in the history of all towns, moments of drama, even of melodrama"; and he assures us that the closing scenes of *The Inquisitor*, which has its just share of riot and murder, are based upon fact. I think it is Spandrell, in Mr. Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, who assures his listeners that all melodramas are perfectly realistic. "There are certain occasions when people do say that sort of thing. The only defect of melodrama is that it leads you to believe that they say it all the time." But Mr. Walpole never suggests that his characters say and do "that sort of thing" all the time. They say and do it at the particular junctures that he has found worth collecting into a novel, and his realism is a very much more exciting thing than the dreary black-and-white photographs of mundanities that form the family albums of too many verbose "realists". There is in *The Inquisitor* the usual large and nicely-balanced party of characters, including some (such as Canon Ronder) whom Mr. Walpole's readers have met before. Some of them fall in love, several of them see ghosts, a number of them die (the author was always convincing and various with his deathbeds), and each of them relates himself in some way to the impalpable idea with which unity is achieved. Even though Mr. Walpole may be lost in the wild rush when some future Saintsbury, faced with the awful task of compiling a history of twentieth-century fiction, attempts to corral the plunging herd of "important" novelists, I think that

he will be read for a long time to come.

That same critic will possibly have to concede a chapter to the "proletarian novel". I am uncertain whether the archetypic proletarian novel is supposed to be written about the proletariat for the bourgeoisie (explanatory), or about the bourgeoisie for the proletariat (defamatory), but I hope that nothing like *Daughters of Albion* will fit the category. If a loyal Communist critic would consider it prudent or dutiful to praise this swollen novelette as significant, then the question of the status of literature in a Communist society is answered once and for all. In a postscript to his enormous and remarkably bathetic compilation Mr. Alec Brown gives a briefly class-conscious analysis of "the jargon of Caxton and company", and describes the language of his own work—stylistically indistinguishable from the huge mass of what has been called *ancillary* literature—as "a step forward towards what is needed". As to his matter, his case against the middle-class, supported by an elaborate series of sentimental bedroom scenes (this,

by the way, is another of those "not for the squeamish" books that are so popular), has a parallel in the reasons put forward by the Nazi leaders for the murders of Roehm and the others. Mr. Brown is angry, often with justice, at social conditions today. But he must concede a similar privilege to the patient reviewer. *Daughters of Albion*, by the way, is the fiction choice of the Book Guild.

Miss Phyllis Bentley is a thoughtful, good-humoured, and inquisitive writer who takes her craft seriously. Her style is amiably unpretentious, but always adequate to its purpose, and she is in no doubt about the proper study of mankind. Of these seventeen short stories I would pick out *True Reward*, *The Shoes*, *The Photograph*, *Posting a Letter*, and the eponymous *The Whole of the Story*, as the best; but any one of them, shrewd, economical, and tolerant as they are, would restore the dogged reader of Mr. Brown's book to a sense of those values which are the concern even of "contemporary" writers.

FRANCIS WATSON.

THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
will contain an enlarged
**AUTUMN BOOK REVIEW
SECTION**

including a special article
on

MODERN SCOTTISH LETTERS

by

ERIC LINKLATER

THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER, 1935

ANGLO-JAPANESE RELATIONS

BY BARON KEISHIRO MATSUI

[The following article presents, with the authority of a former Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs and Ambassador in London, the case for a better understanding between Britain and Japan. While it is written from the Japanese point of view, it is of special interest in view of the proposed Naval Conference and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's mission to China to study the economic future of that country.]

I HAD the privilege to attend the annual dinner given by the Japan-British Society in Tokyo last May in honour of the King's Silver Jubilee. While all the company joined whole-heartedly in wishing His Britannic Majesty a long, prosperous reign, the joyful occasion made me feel strongly that the time was at hand for a careful consideration of Anglo-Japanese relations.

The relations between Japan and Great Britain have always been cordial, and the Japanese generally have entertained the friendliest feelings towards, and a high regard for, the British people. The two nations have many points in common: in their profound attachment to traditions and ancient institutions; in their rise from comparatively small island nations to great sea powers; and in various other respects. These facts went far towards promoting the mutual understanding and goodwill of the two nations, which finally came to form an alliance, stimulated by external circumstances, and united by a community of interest, aims, and ideals.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance will always be remembered as a masterpiece in the diplomatic history of Japan and England. It is unnecessary here to dwell on its immense contribution

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towards the maintenance of the peace of East Asia and of the world.

Japan has remained since the opening of the country on the best of terms with the United States of America as well as with Great Britain. But the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Russo-Japanese War marked a turning point in Japanese-American relations, which failed to keep step with the auspicious development of those between Japan and Britain. That was in a sense a high price for Japan to pay. But the Japanese nation was willing to stay as a faithful partner of the alliance at any cost. On the other hand, after the World War opposition to the alliance gained ground in England and especially in the Dominions—an opposition born of a regard for American feelings in addition to other considerations. Thus, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was dropped in 1922 with the conclusion of the Four Power Treaty at Washington. From then onwards the friendship between Japan and Great Britain began to lose its former warmth. However, it would be rash to attribute to the abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance alone the unhappy turn that the relations between Japan and Great Britain have taken during the past decade or more. It seems to me that there are more general and ineluctable reasons, which are to be found in the march of mankind or, in other words, in the very law of progress.

I have already enumerated the similarities existing between our two nations. But there are also dissimilarities, which must now be pointed out. Ours is a "Land of the Rising Sun", whereas on the British Empire, as is proudly declared, the sun never sets. There is a real significance in these symbolic phrases, which cannot be ignored. More than three hundred years ago Britons first stepped out into the wide world. The doughty sons of England scoured the seven seas, despoiled their precursors—the Portuguese and Spaniards—of their lands and riches, acquired new territories and, in a brief period and without meeting much resistance, founded an immense empire. Today Great Britain is a country powerful, rich, and mature. Japan, on the contrary, awoke just eighty years ago, only to find the continents of the world all divided among occidental Powers so that there was no such room or chance for expansion as was at the disposal of the early English empire-builders.

Japan, small in area, poor in natural resources, is harassed by the problem of population. The country to-day, crowded with 80 million people, active, alert, and vigorous, is very much like an old skin that cannot hold the new wine. Nevertheless, we cannot acquire new territories as the British acquired them with so little trouble. Across the waters of the Pacific we see vast lands, including Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, which await the coming of able, efficient and industrious pioneers, but which are absolutely closed as far as Japanese are concerned. The authorities of these Dominions state that they have no prejudice against the Japanese as a people, but cannot accept Japanese immigrants because of our low standard of living. On the basis of their apparent belief that the culture and civilization of a nation are determined by the level of its standard of living, the British and other advanced nations of the West claim that they are striving to lift the backward peoples to a higher standard of living and thus to advance their culture and civilization.

We do not find it necessary to discuss whether the reasons for the anti-Japanese legislation in the British Dominions are racial or economic. Nor do we care to send emigrants to states where the entry of Japanese is not desired. But we are endeavouring to realize a higher standard of living and to promote culture and civilization—an endeavour with which the Western nations should surely have no quarrel. Now, how are we to achieve that end—how acquire wealth when our land is so small and poor, and the door for immigration is closed on all hands? The only means that is left—as is plain to anyone—is the development of our industry and commerce.

By dint of diligence and perseverance we improved the organization and technique of our industry and commerce, and were ready to ship our merchandise abroad. But the very moment we had reached that stage, China, our nearest and most important market, was closed as the result of the political campaign against Japanese goods. Japan was forced to seek markets elsewhere. Then the British merchants and manufacturers raised a hue and cry over the so-called menace of Japanese goods, and conducted agitations in all parts of the globe. Great Britain; the British possessions and colonies such as India, the Straits

Settlement, Ceylon; the British Dominions like Canada and South Africa; and other countries under British influence—all proceeded to curb Japanese imports by raising customs duties or by the imposition of exchange compensation duties and quota systems. Japan's protests on the ground that discriminatory treatment such as was meted out to Japanese goods by the quota systems constituted a violation of the most-favoured-nation clause of the treaty of commerce between Japan and Great Britain were of no avail.

Although the natives in the British colonies welcome Japanese goods on account of their low price and good quality, the British authorities seem to be only intent upon protecting the interest of a few producers at the expense of the large numbers of consumers. As a matter of fact, the balance of the Japanese-British Empire trade is in favour of the British Empire by 20 per cent., while the total volume of our foreign trade, even at the latest date of its expansion, constitutes only 3 per cent. of the total volume of the world's foreign trade, of which Great Britain does 13 per cent., the United States 12 per cent., Germany 9 per cent., and France 8 per cent. In the face of these figures it is inconceivable that the competition of Japanese goods can be a menace to the world market, which still holds so much room for exploitation.

England, having furled her banner of free trade, which she had carried for so many years, is now trying to protect her industries by measures of control based on political power. Some critics doubt if England by such means alone, without effecting the necessary improvements in industrial efficiency and organization, can in the long run obtain the best results, although this is, of course, a matter that must be left solely to the judgment of the English people themselves. At the same time, Japan and other countries are compelled to ponder deeply whether a great country like Britain, with its vast overseas territories, rich natural resources and extensive markets, is justified in closing the doors of those territories for its own selfish interest alone, and whether such a step is conducive to the promotion of world commerce and trade and to the maintenance of universal peace.

Britain possesses territories in all parts of the world, in-

habited by all kinds of races. The British, with their adroit methods of handling alien peoples, have been successful in their colonial administration, adopting such policy as is best suited to the peculiar circumstances of each one of these territories. Britain has grown in wealth by drawing raw material for her manufacturing industries from her far-flung possessions and by marketing finished articles back to them. We hear frequently of European exploitations of Asiatic and African colonies for European prosperity. Of such exploitations, if they may be so regarded, the British Empire presents an excellent example. However, the Asiatic peoples, including those under British rule, are nowadays beginning to awaken and to assert themselves, though gradually. The hand of the Imperial Government cannot but feel in more than one way the force of this slow but deep-rooted movement. Herein lies, I believe, one of the acutest problems that to-day confront the British Empire. The Government of India Act recently placed on the Statute Book may perhaps be taken as a straw showing which way the wind is blowing.

The British Empire, which has everything in the world, naturally wishes to continue enjoyment of what it now possesses. But it is obvious that a policy of maintenance of the *status quo* is unacceptable to those nations which, under the existing conditions, can neither live nor thrive. The present situation in Europe is an eloquent revelation of this fact. It is inevitable that elsewhere in the world there should also be collisions between the aspirations of the subject races and the pressure for the maintenance of the *status quo* exercised by the Governments which rule and hold them in leash.

It is the law of progress that backward countries should develop at a more rapid pace than the advanced nations in order to catch up, and it is the law of human nature that every people should aspire to rise to the high level set up by others. The peoples of Asia are now moving forward at a very swift rate to overtake the nations of Europe and America. This awakening of Asia may be traced to the victory of Japan over Russia, one of the greatest of European Powers. For some two hundred and twenty years the Japanese lived the life of a hermit nation under the seclusionist policy of the Tokugawa Shogunate. But

with the Restoration of Meiji the country opened its doors to foreign intercourse, bringing into full play the long-pent energy of the race. Japan has forged ahead with an amazing speed during the past eighty years. Having consolidated her position after successive foreign wars, she is now admittedly the leader of all Asiatic races, and as a matter of fact is being made to serve as the model for their national reconstruction and development and for their international advancement. Hence, the growth and progress of Japan affects Great Britain not only directly, but also indirectly through the reaction they have on the latter's subject peoples in Asia. That is one aspect of Anglo-Japanese relations in the Asiatic field.

Anglo-Japanese relations in Eastern Asia centre about Chinese problems. China has long been the object of numerous international treaties and agreements between occidental Powers on territorial integrity, equal opportunity, and the Open Door, and what not. The Powers have entered into various relationships between themselves, making China not a principal party to their treaties, but an object to which those treaties were applied. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Kuomintang, with which the present Nanking Government is identified, used to preach the so-called "Great Asia Doctrine", advocating a concert of all Asiatic nations—especially of Japan and China. After the death of the leader, the Kuomintang launched upon an anti-foreign campaign with slogans such as "Abrogation of Unequal Treaties", or "Down with Imperialism", although the party was often unscrupulous enough to invoke even those treaties, humiliating as they were to China, if such a step served the purpose of playing off one Power against another.

The history of European penetration of China was begun with the Opium War some ninety years ago by Great Britain which, apart from Russia, has long played the most prominent role. Starting with the acquisition of Hong-kong, the British leased Weihaiwei and Kaolung, and established concessions in various cities in China, in addition to acquiring suzerainty in Burma, and securing a special position in Tibet. They also took over the control, direct or indirect, of the Chinese Maritime Customs, the Salt Gabelle and the postal administration. They acquired various railway rights and numerous commercial con-

cessions. In China they came to occupy a position far superior to that of other occidental Powers. Here again British policy aimed principally at the maintenance of the *status quo*.

However, more recently the British were compelled, because of the violence of the Chinese campaign for the recovery of rights, to abandon part of their concessions, and their commercial rights have suffered certain abridgments. Britain's policy since 1927 seems, therefore, to have been to evade the brunt of the Chinese anti-foreign campaign and to rehabilitate her commercial position in China. Friendship was cultivated with Chiang Kai-shek and his group in the South and with Chang Tso-lin and his son in the North, while the British Government supported the Nanking Government. Now it should be borne in mind that the fundamental aim of the Kuomintang lies in the liberation of China according to the doctrine of the "Three Principles and Five Rights". In the last analysis, the party represents the nationalist movement of Asiatic races in general. Deep in the hearts of the Kuomintang leaders there burns the flame of the idea of Great Asia as propounded by Sun Yat-sen. Can Britain really subscribe to such a doctrine, even indirectly? Is it possible for Great Britain to deal with Chinese, Indian, and all other Asiatic peoples under one consistent policy? I believe there is no small difficulty. On the other hand, the stand of Japan in this regard is entirely different. Any discussion of Anglo-Japanese relations in China must take into full consideration the respective stands of Great Britain and Japan towards China with reference to the general movement of the Asiatic races.

Anglo-Japanese relations require readjustment also in view of the establishment of the independent State of Manchukuo, which stands to Japan in an inseparable and interdependent relation. When Japan recognized Manchukuo in order to maintain and preserve peace and stability in East Asia, Great Britain and other occidental Powers in the League of Nations, without adequate comprehension of the situation in this region, opposed the independence of the new state. That the head of the Inquiry Commission despatched by the League happened to be Lord Lytton was unfortunate for Anglo-Japanese relations. Although many of us do not consider that his views represented

British public opinion, the Japanese people in general have been led to believe those views to have been a reflection of British national sentiments. Again, while we appreciate the earnest endeavours of the British delegates at Geneva towards conciliation between Japan and the League of Nations, the fact remains that Great Britain, a most influential member of the League, voted for the adoption of the resolution by the Assembly for non-recognition of Manchukuo and for legalization of the Chinese boycott of Japanese merchandise—a resolution which did so much to aggravate the situation in our part of the globe.

The existence of Manchukuo as an independent state is beyond dispute, the new empire having made such splendid progress since its establishment. Great Britain, which had refused recognition to Manchukuo in accordance with the Lytton Report, soon found it impossible to ignore her relations with the empire. The Barnby Mission was sent, therefore, to investigate the situation. Nevertheless, that mission was of an unofficial character, and its chief errand consisted in the promotion of British economic interests in Manchukuo. Naturally, it did not carry the necessary weight for counteracting the Lytton Report. The resolution of the League on non-recognition of Manchukuo still remains in force, obliging Great Britain and other Powers to take an awkward position on questions concerning Manchukuo.

Take, for instance, the questions of the oil monopoly or extra-territoriality. Great Britain and other Powers claim the privileges of extra-territoriality in Manchukuo territory as before, and they have protested to Japan against the oil monopoly as an infringement of the principles of the Open Door and Equal Opportunity, by invoking the Nine Power Treaty or by citing the Declaration of Independence and the Communication to foreign governments issued by the Government of Manchukuo in March, 1932. The contentions of the British and other governments are based on the assumption that the Nine Power Treaty is applicable to Manchukuo, but the obligations of such political agreements as the Nine Power Treaty are not transferable to Manchukuo without the latter's express declaration of willingness to accept them. The Powers argue that since they have not recognized Manchukuo, and her territory still constitutes

in their eyes a part of China, the Nine Power Treaty is still operative there. The logic may be valid. But in that case the Powers would have to deal with the Chinese Government in all their "Manchurian" questions, which is surely an absurd proposition in the face of present realities. So long as the British Government continue to disregard the actual conditions in Manchukuo and fail to arrive at a rational interpretation of the country's status in East Asia, there will inevitably be differences of views between Japan and Great Britain on questions pertaining to that country.

Japan as a stabilizing force in East Asia is endeavouring to keep the peace there by all means. It was for the sake of preserving peace in East Asia that we fought China and Russia and participated in the Great War. It was because Japan has played the role of watch-dog that peace has been maintained in this part of the world. In fact, the national existence of Japan and other East Asiatic countries depends upon peace in East Asia. Great Britain and other occidental Powers may have large and important interests in East Asia, but those interests only affect their commercial prosperity, whereas Japan's interests there constitute a question of life and death. There is a fundamental difference between Japanese interests and occidental interests in East Asia. That is why Japan volunteers to shoulder the responsibilities of the maintenance of peace in this region.

Great Britain should first understand fully the position and aims of Japan in East Asia. If Great Britain has a thorough comprehension of these, there can arise no occasion for friction between her and Japan. Japan has no intention to expel or to impair British interests in East Asia, but she is anxious to adjust the interests of the two countries wherever they may collide.

One of the momentous international problems involving Anglo-Japanese relations is that now pending with regard to naval disarmament. As was clearly set forth during the tripartite preliminary conversations in London last year, Japan stands for equality of naval strength for the three major sea Powers of the world, and for the reduction of that strength to the lowest level possible. The views of the Japanese Government are

that each Power should possess only such a navy as is incapable of menacing or attacking another but sufficient for defending itself, and should try to achieve the real aim of disarmament and to lighten the tax burden of the people, and thus contribute to the cause of world peace. The Japanese claim to parity has been recognized in principle by the British Government, but because the latter's proposal for the voluntary declaration of building programmes amounts in practice to setting up an actual disparity in naval force, Japan and Great Britain have not yet reached an agreement of views.

Now I imagine that the British Government realize the necessity of relying upon the Japanese navy for the preservation of peace and order in the Pacific east of Singapore. From the naval viewpoint, may it not be said that the Pacific is divided roughly into natural defence areas for the navies of the Powers? This idea is embodied in the statement attributed to Secretary Swanson to the effect that the American Navy should defend the Eastern Pacific and the Japanese the Western, with the 180th meridian as the dividing line. Though the statement was denied later, it very probably reflects American public opinion. Of course, the role of the British Navy in the South Pacific is not forgotten in this connection. If Great Britain and the Dominion states understand correctly the position and aims of Japan, they will at once realize the role allotted to the Japanese Navy in the Pacific, and thus admit the justice and fairness of Japan's naval claims. I am of the opinion that on the naval question between Japan and Great Britain it should not be over-difficult to find a way to a satisfactory solution.

Anglo-Japanese relations are multiform and complex. I regret I cannot for lack of space go further into the tripartite relations among Great Britain, Japan, and America, and must leave untouched that phase of Anglo-Japanese relations which concerns the Soviet Union. Let me summarize, however, the one basic argument, which can never be over-emphasized. The most urgent problem for present-day Japan is how and where to direct the nation's overflowing power of growth. As I have said before, we cannot, as the British did in the old days, seek new territories, nor are we allowed to send emigrants to European and American countries or their colonies. The only path for

our national growth is in the direction of the continent of Asia, while we have no other means but the expansion of industry and commerce for the enhancement of our economic well-being and prosperity. Great Britain and her Dominions, while refusing Japanese immigration, took at the time of the Manchurian incident an attitude as if they were bent upon interfering with Japan's advance along the only path left to her. And finally they are closing their markets to Japanese trade. Are we to live or perish, flourish or wither away? We cannot but contemplate with grave concern the enormous obstacles that beset the path of our nation.

Obviously, friendly relations between Japan and Great Britain cannot be promoted by harping on the traditional amity since the days of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is necessary to effect readjustments of the fundamental matters underlying those relations. Will the British try, or not, to shut out Japanese goods from their markets, to prevent the peaceful growth and expansion of Japan, to close the only path for Japanese advance? And finally, do they recognize the awakening and the evolutionary progress of all Asiatic races? All these questions must be answered to the satisfaction of the Japanese, dispelling all misgivings. The two countries should first clear away all sources of political friction through mutual understanding of their respective stands in East Asia, and then seek the elimination of the economic friction which is produced by artificial trade barriers. When the political and economic friction is removed, Anglo-Japanese relations will be put once for all upon a sound and enduring basis.

Sir Samuel Hoare said at the banquet of the Japan Society of London on June 19 this year: "Though there may be many difficulties between Great Britain and Japan, the peoples of the two countries should discuss them frankly and freely as friends who are anxious that each should understand the other's point of view and that a proper understanding and collaboration between Great Britain and Japan are essential to the stability and prosperity not only of Asia, but of the world". Indeed, it is so. The need for Anglo-Japanese understanding and co-operation along all lines, including the problems of East Asia, of naval limitation, of trade and commerce, has never been so great as now.

THE MILITARIZATION OF ITALY

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. DE WATTEVILLE, C.B.E.

UNTIL after the Franco-Prussian war, little attention was paid in Italy to the development of any military doctrine. Then, as that campaign began to fade into history, the dazzling successes of the Prussian arms, together with the unification of the various Italian states, combined to direct current Italian thought towards organizing a new national army that should be animated with some appropriate doctrine of war. Somewhere about 1875 Generals Marselli and Zanelli began to evolve that new doctrine, and, as was inevitable at that period, both they and their successors turned towards Germany for inspiration. Thus it followed that the German doctrine of war, as first expounded by Clausewitz, came to be adopted for the spiritual guidance of the Italian Army in days to come. The main tendencies of the Clausewitzian teachings are familiar : they rest primarily on the belief that war is " a continuation of national policy by other means", i.e., by force in lieu of pacific diplomacy when policy considers it expedient to take such action ; that victory in war is to be won by the deployment of the maximum degree of force ; that the surest road to success is found in weight of numbers and by violence of strategy ; that war can only be conducted in a ruthless spirit and, if necessary, at the cost of much blood ; lastly, that the cultivation of the military virtues must largely be a matter for national education.

The new Italian army was not destined to be faced with the true reality of war until the conflict with Abyssinia in 1896. It cannot be said that the Italian forces emerged from that ordeal with any success. There was so much mismanagement at home that General Baratieri, the commander-in-chief on the spot, although a competent soldier, succumbed to pressure from Rome, and acted with undue temerity. After the opening Italian successes, and except for a few later episodes when the

Italians fought with desperate gallantry, the whole campaign showed that the young Italian state was not equal to the strain of a warlike undertaking of that calibre.

The next Italian campaign was the Libyan expedition of 1911. Here the natural difficulties and the strength of the opposition were never so formidable as in Abyssinia. Even so, the war dragged on in desultory fashion, since the leadership lacked boldness and rapidity, while the control of affairs in Rome proved weak. In some quarters, at any rate, the campaign was regarded as a good opportunity to consume obsolescent war material and stores.

With these operations still in progress, the Great War broke out, and Libya was all but totally neglected. By this time Italian military thought had made some progress. General Pollio, then Chief of the General Staff, had in his well-known writings shown that he was gifted with strategic insight ; while other soldiers, such as Guerrini and Barone, were responsible for publications which indicated a renaissance of the military art to be impending. Nevertheless, when Italy entered the field against Austria in 1915, General Cadorna, the Italian commander-in-chief, soon found that between his own conceptions of war—backed though they were by many of the more advanced Italian leaders—and those of the army at large there existed some divergence. Cadorna was trying to wage war with an instrument in the making of which he had had no say, whilst it proved unsuited to carrying out his intentions. After many gallantly fought battles on the Isonzo, the Italians completely broke down in late 1917, after the fierce thrust of six German divisions at Caporetto had initiated the catastrophe of that name. The military spirit of young Italy still lacked the traditions and solidity that characterized the older Western European armies. Nevertheless, even before the end of the Great War, symptoms of a warlike recovery took place.

It was not, however, until after the advent of the Fascist regime, born of the events of 1922, that a complete change in military thought swept through Italy. The Libyan war, then in its twelfth year, was taken in hand by the new authorities, and very soon was reduced to manageable proportions ; shortly, indeed, it could be regarded as brought to a successful close.

This circumstance was almost wholly due to a complete change in the higher direction of affairs, both in Rome and on the spot. As a result, the desire for a military regeneration rapidly gathered way.

Between 1919 and 1923 many schemes for the reorganization of the Italian forces had been put forward. Each was an improved version of its predecessor, but they all more or less took into consideration a possible reduction of armed forces in Europe while tending to lighten the military burden of Italy. But under the new Fascist guidance all such thoughts went by the board, and the national armed forces were gradually re-organized and re-equipped, until the final reconstruction of 1934-35 placed the defence forces of Italy on a level which aspires to approach that of France—at any rate in numbers and organization, if not in armament and resources.

The greatest change, however, was to take place in the military spirit of the whole Italian people. Starting from the premises that the bulk of Italians were seriously deficient in moral discipline, and that the nation as a whole lacked the self-confidence and solidarity which should be regarded as the true source of national greatness in a competitive world, Mussolini placed himself at the head of a great regenerative movement; not that the Italian character—so he claimed—was wanting in the more robust and manly virtues, but because during many centuries Italian political education and development had been debased by its environment and by exterior influences. The national virtues had been perverted, and they must now be redeemed. That goal was to be attained through the influence of Fascism, and by the example and activity of the Fascist Militia.

Owing, perhaps, to the time and to the circumstances in which that movement was born; owing to the manner in which it installed itself in authority; still more because it stood for a reaction against the beliefs and conduct which had heralded the great *débâcle* of 1917, no less than the moral decline of Italy in long years past, the Fascist aspirations for reform assumed, from the very outset, a strongly militaristic complexion. This bias was intensified by Mussolini's own flaming patriotism and by his grandiloquent references to the resurrection of Imperial Rome. Although much of the braggadoccio with which Fascist

pronouncements are normally tricked out may be ascribed to a national penchant for the exuberant and the dramatic, it is difficult not to see in the *crescendo* of Fascist utterances a growing inclination to aggressive militarism pure and simple. From being the weapon of a young and forceful political party, the Fascist organization has now tightened its hold on the whole Italian nation until it has even appropriated to itself the defence forces of the State. This permeation of the Italian people reached its climax when in September, 1934, it was enacted by ministerial decree that the entire manhood of Italy must pass through the Fascist Militia. At the same time Fascist units were incorporated as *élite* troops in all the higher formations of the Italian army. Thus could General Teruzzi, the commander-in-chief of the Fascist Militia, justly claim that "the moral and technical fusion of army and militia will henceforth be complete".

The rise of the Fascist Militia in Italy has thus followed an entirely different course from that of the Hitlerite "storm troops" in Germany. In the latter case, as soon as the Nazi regime became firmly established, the Brownshirts found themselves in virtual rivalry with the Reichswehr. The latter, being firmly entrenched in authority, having kept aloof from politics and embodying all the best traditions of the German nation, proved far too strongly situated ever to be dethroned or absorbed by a para-military organization such as that of the Brownshirts. In the end, the shootings of June 30th, 1934, marked the complete failure of the Hitlerite storm troops to occupy the seats of authority in Germany. Hitler himself very wisely elected to transfer his support to the regular army. Not so in Italy, where the army, being based on universal service and not being a caste by itself, never having possessed either similar authority or similar traditions, nor the inward solidity of its German counterpart, was in the end swallowed up by Fascism, and so finally has become its virtual servitor.

As things now are, at the age of 8 years all boys are enrolled in the Fascist *Balilla*, in which they are exercised in games and sports with the object of engendering in them feelings of corporate loyalty and hardihood. From 14 years upwards the lads belong to the *Avanguardisti*, where training assumes a more military complexion. A feature is made of the selection of

under-officers from among any youths who show aptitude for command. The youths on completing their eighteenth year pass into the *Fasci Giovanili di Combattimento*,* where the training aims solely at preparing the future recruits for army, navy, and air force. Finally, on attaining 21 years of age, the young men enter the regular army, where they serve approximately twenty-one months. On completion of his colour-service the trained man returns to the militia for the performance of such reserve exercises, which do not require his return to the colours, for the next ten years.

The whole system of training with the Fascist Militia from start to finish presents many excellent features; but rumour has it that it forms a convenient method for political propaganda and surveillance. In view of the gullibility of the Italian peasant and the prevalent Italian lack of interest in books and papers, the Fascist Militia can at least be regarded as a potent vehicle for swaying public opinion.

In addition, the Fascist authorities have instituted theoretical and military training in the "Third Class" of all intermediate schools; in the "First" and "Second Classes" of every *Liceo classico*; also in high schools and in twenty-six universities of Italy. In the first category the instruction is elementary, and deals with the defence forces of Italy and map reading. In the second, it is more practical and directed towards forming future reserve officers. In the third, there are practical exercises, while lectures are given on future warfare and on the measures to be taken to prepare for it.

On mobilization, the Fascist Militia is to assume all duties connected with customs and protection of coasts and frontiers; it is to enter into full responsibility for all coast defence works; it will manage and implement all measures of passive and active ground defence against aerial attack. Every militiaman between the ages of 18 and 20 years is liable for service in units organized for these tasks.

A yet more important recent development, already alluded to above, was the creation in 1934 of special Blackshirt battalions, machine-gun companies and cyclist units for service with the regular army corps; each of the latter is to receive, on mobili-

* This is best translated by "The Fighting Union of Youth".

zation, four or five such battalions and a few other units of the Militia. The latter will be composed of the cream of Fascism, all picked men under 36 years of age, every one of whom, almost without exception, will be a trained regular reservist. These units are specially designed to carry out such missions in war as may require great daring and rapidity of movement in attack. In Mussolini's own picturesque words, they will go to war "with a dagger between their teeth, a bomb in either hand, and a royal disregard of danger in their hearts".

To complete the picture of the Italian nation in arms, allusion should be made to the recent laws whereby the entire nation will be subjected to a severe military regime in time of war.* Public authorities will thereby be enabled to exploit all resources applicable to purposes of war without reserve or restriction. All citizens above the age of 14 years will be compelled to co-operate in tasks of National Defence, and will have to undergo some form of "war training". By a law of January, 1933, state control will be imposed on virtually the entire industrial production of the country. In announcing the final regulations to be imposed on the nation in time of need, it was stated: "The universality of the structure of our regime suppresses all interference, overlapping, bureaucratic difficulties. The technical organization for war proceeds *pari passu* with that of the armed forces, and with that of the spiritual preparation of the new generation under the flag of the Dictator".

Fascism in the meanwhile was greedily assimilating the military philosophy that had been imported from Germany. This process was the easier since the teachings of Clausewitz were based on a profound study of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon, both the incarnation of a form of government ideal for the conduct of war. The new Italian state being cast in a kindred mould, the Clausewitzian theory of war accorded fully with the whole spirit of Fascism. Outwardly militaristic ceremonial was powerfully reinforced by a mental outlook more and more inclining to self-assertive aggression. So the whole attitude of Fascism towards the exterior world seemed to be

* Similar legislation has been passed in most European countries and in the United States, but nowhere has it been more thorough or drastic.

transformed into preparation for an outbreak of hostilities; training for actual battle became an act of faith of the Fascist creed.

In the army the new doctrine that was then preached is little more than an extended and improved form of the familiar Clausewitzian philosophy: it can be summed up in the phrase of a popular Italian writer as "decisive war" (*la guerra decisiva*). Its main tenets are the following: Strategy and tactics are to be based on a ruthless and headlong offensive, conducted simultaneously on land, at sea, and in the air by all weapons, by all arms, by all services, with all the resources of the state behind them—totalitarian war by the totalitarian state. Above all, there must be no respite for the enemy, no relaxation of effort. Otherwise war will lose its inmost force, while delays may kill the offensive spirit. To that end the whole state must be educated and organized. It is the uttermost embodiment of Clausewitz's Dynamic Law of War.

The army, the infantry in particular, is to be taken as it stands today, or at best as it can be in the very near future; it is to be organized and equipped on that assumption. There is to be no undue specialization in chemical aids to warfare; there is not money in Italy for wholesale mechanization. But invention and science are to render every aid towards rendering the existing army as formidable and as mobile as Italian genius and Italian finances permit. The crux of the problem is that the front line on the battlefield must be kept in movement. Everything is to be concentrated to that end, and the infantry will be equipped with cannon and all weapons necessary to keep it in motion, since it is delay, uncertainty, unforeseen obstacles, that hinder victory and paralyze mobile warfare. The Fascist state at war is to be likened to a gigantic wedge, the keen edge of which is the fighting man in battle, the base being the nation at home. Every blow that drives that edge forward to cleave the hostile resistance must come from an impulse applied at the base. The national will to conquer must be instinctive and active in every citizen, young and old, man and woman.

With the Wal Wal incident of December, 1934, Italy turned her thoughts to Abyssinia. A great expedition was prepared and set in motion. For diverse and excellent reasons it was

thought preferable not to tax too far the resources of the regular army, whilst for colonial warfare volunteers might prove more suitable than conscript reservists. The Fascist Militia was thus called upon to supply a large proportion of the troops required. No less than five divisions have been formed entirely of Blackshirt militiamen for service in East Africa, while second line units of the Militia were created to replace at home those going overseas. From the utterances that have attended the despatch of these and other troops to Africa it may be gathered that this great Fascist effort is designed not only to conquer Abyssinia, but also to demonstrate that Fascism will succeed where the old Italy had failed, and that the new Fascist state is destined to attain a position of which the old Italy never dreamed. On the colours of the new Fascist army there is to be inscribed in blood a proud challenge to the world to acknowledge the coming of a new power—the Fascist Empire of the future.

Relying on an overpowering air force and on all "modern appliances", the Fascist regime has methodically thrust the country on its Abyssinian adventure. Italian soldiers clearly believe that success is attainable, and that the conquest of Abyssinia will be achieved without undue strain on their country. The doctrine of "decisive war" is meant to succeed and to be applied until a definite conclusion is reached—that is, until Abyssinia is Italian. But, one may well ask whether unqualified success is assured. British opinion is doubtful, while many of the most fervent well-wishers of Italy hesitate to believe that the risks and costs of such a difficult war have not been seriously minimized. It may well be that a process of auto-intoxication has been at work amongst the Fascist leaders, and that they in their turn have availed themselves of the entire resources and technique of mass-suggestion and propaganda to flog the national pride into making a great cause out of what the Duce himself once implied is no better than a colonial frontier brawl.

Fascism has done great things for Italy. Its handiwork is witness to the value of many of its conceptions. Its attitude towards many problems, political and social, possesses genuine merit. It has won over admirers from among its opponents both in Italy and in other countries. But by this militarization of the Italian nation, as it is seen today, it has antagonized

many more than ever it converted, even to admitting tolerance of the Fascist creed. The continual allusions to war, the over-proud language and demeanour have caused not a few to wonder whether Italy has not entered into some Mephistophelian compact and bartered her soul in exchange for the pomps and vanities of world power.

If Fascism first came as a national tonic to Italy, has it perhaps not ceased long ago to exert its beneficent effect? The outward militaristic forms have grown too much in importance; its language carries an exaggerated significance. It is reminiscent of those early days in the Japanese army, when the Japanese officer was encouraged to cultivate an air of exterior truculence as a tonic against his lesser stature and lack of self-confidence when dealing with Europeans. Just as the Japanese of those days would assume airs of unnatural ferocity and spit out his words with a hiss, so the Fascist began to indulge in high-falutin' patriotic phraseology. The motive was the same; harmless enough, very human, and so pardonable! But the excellence of the tonic is like that of a potent drug: the habitué may in the end need stronger doses of his medicine to produce the desired reaction.

At first the great deeds of the Fascist Revolution were the theme; very heroic, but very true, very admirable. Next came the glories of Imperial Rome. Now there is the dawn of a Fascist Empire. Is this torrent of self-glorification, this claim to be the Queen of the Eastern Mediterranean, going to stay within neighbourly limits? Who can yet say? One can but fear the danger. For there comes to mind the pre-War bombast of Potsdam: "the mailed fist" of Germany; the Wilhelmine demand for "a place in the sun". And down the dim corridor of history there lingers an echo of the Napoleonic proclamations against a background of victorious trumpets. Are the ambitions of Fascism to lead once more to a climax worthy of Italian grand opera; or will they end as the *vémeosis* of Greek tragedy?

THE ELECTION AND THE CRISIS

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

BY the middle of October Mr. Anthony Eden at Geneva was forcing the League's pace from one sanction into another; and in London his colleagues were precipitating an election, in which the main issue seems likely to be re-armament. The two events were not entirely unconnected.

When the war between Italy and Abyssinia started on October 3rd British popular opinion was roused to such a fever as one seldom remembers. For an analogy one must go back to 1914 and the German attack on Belgium. The Archbishop of Canterbury vied with the Free Churches in so perfervid a denunciation of Italy as to inflame opinion into something like a holy crusade of indignation. The greater part of the British Press resounded with anti-Italian sentiment, and what was more remarkable, with a frankly bellicose devotion to the Covenant of the League of Nations. That large body of politico-religious feeling that derives its inspiration from the League of Nations Union was so muddled in its horror of the Italo-Abyssinian war that it demanded a world war to redress the balance. The Covenant of the League of Nations, apparently ran the argument, was so desirable a safeguard of the peace that it deserved itself to be safeguarded, even at the cost of war. The Labour Party at Brighton by a huge majority voted in favour of "sanctions". The cinemas showed pictures of heroic Abyssinia defending herself against the trained might of Italy. When the face of Signor Mussolini was thrown upon the screen the audience hissed, when the face of the Negus appeared they cheered themselves hoarse.

It is of interest to explore the origins of this welling spring of emotion. The simple fact seems to be that the League of Nations in 1919 took root so deeply in British popular mentality that it has waxed strong ever since. Its ideology has become

wholly divorced from its realism. When the United States refused to become a member of the League, whose very theories depended for their common sense upon American participation, the League was dead except as a quasi-religious aspiration. The machinery it set up for preserving the peace was smashed beyond repair. A sanction must be unquestioned if it is to be effective. If the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia and Germany in 1931 had been unitedly determined, within the framework of the League of Nations, that no government on earth should engage in war, no government on earth would have engaged in war. Japan by contrast knew that the United States was not a member of the League, and would never take part in any League sanction. She knew that an attempt to apply a sanction against her would involve the sanctionist Powers in war with the United States. She therefore could and did ignore Geneva.

But the circumstances now are a little different. In 1931 British opinion was heroically bent upon escaping financial disaster and a new Government had just been elected for that purpose. The next election was at that time a small speck upon a distant horizon. In the summer of 1935, by contrast, the British Government was faced with the inescapable prospect of an election within a year, and it had just had a striking lesson of what the temper of the country was. During the immediately preceding months a certain questionnaire, known popularly as the Peace Ballot, had been dropped in the letter-boxes of nearly every house in the country. Eleven million people had proclaimed their faith in the League; ten millions had declared in favour of invoking economic sanctions against an aggressor, and nearly seven millions for military sanctions: the net effect of which, if carried into practice, would have been to involve the British Government in war with every non-League country in the world, including the United States; war waged in the ostensible name of peace. But what Government can ignore eleven million votes in an electorate of twenty millions?

Moreover, Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet had pronounced as the foundation of their foreign policy the doctrine of collective security. They knew that Italy would invade Abyssinia in October, when that policy would be put to the most searching

test. What better opportunity could there be to determine once for all whether collective security, which was the very core of League principle, a doctrine as ardently cherished by the idealists as by the British Government, was a reality or an illusion?

That motive has not been prominent in the declarations of British spokesmen, though it could be read between the lines of their speeches, but it was plainly revealed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, who on this occasion was undoubtedly expressing the view of the Government. Sir Austen's words, spoken in an interview with M. Bertrand de Jouvenal, and published in the *Paris-Soir* on October 15th, were addressed to those Frenchmen who were assailed with doubts about British policy in the present crisis:

"So far as British policy is concerned [he said] these next few weeks will be of capital importance. If the Covenant triumphs, the confidence which we put in it will be strengthened, and Great Britain will have created a precedent which will govern her attitude in other crises to come. If, on the contrary, the other nations . . . fail in this decisive hour to fulfil their engagements, Great Britain will judge herself free of her obligations, and her policy will then be inspired, as before the foundation of the League, by her national interests alone."

While therefore Mr. Eden was allowed at Geneva to continue his loud demand for the vindication of the Covenant at all hazards, the Foreign Office organization at home began to emphasize the collective implication of that same Covenant. The British Government could not act alone. That Government had made such a noise about Italy that the world was filled with genuine misconception on that score. In the middle of it all Sir Samuel Hoare sent a personal message to Signor Mussolini to assure him that Great Britain had no military designs upon Italy; Could there be a clearer commentary on British diplomacy? If Great Britain took any action, economic or military, against Italy, it could only and would only do so as one party in a League of Nations campaign.

That argument began an unedifying series of searchings and manœuvrings at Geneva. The main unconcealed interest of France was to retain Italian friendship with an eye upon Germany; and in particular to maintain the validity of the January understanding with Italy as a result of which France had been able to withdraw her troops from the Franco-Italian frontier

for use on the Franco-German frontier. Yet France was equally desirous of retaining British friendship for a like reason. Never was a Government placed in so disheartening a dilemma as was the French Government in September, 1935, by the combined effect of the impending British election, the Bishops and the League of Nations Union. In that emergency French foreign policy consisted merely in a desperate hope that there would be no Anglo-Italian "incident" in the Mediterranean, such as seemed imminent in the middle of September. Of that danger the British public were kept in ignorance, but British ships were then circling round Italian ships, and for ten whole days there was no diplomatic contact between London and Rome.

Concurrently with the proceedings at Geneva, there passed between London and Paris the sort of diplomatic bargaining that redeems diplomacy from any charge of cynicism and illustrates its abiding puerility. France demanded to know (September 11th) whether the British Government would commit itself to be equally ferocious in the event of an unprovoked aggression being committed against Austria. The British Government cleverly saw an obvious trap, took a fortnight to consider the question, and in its answer said little beyond what Sir Samuel Hoare had said at Geneva on September 11th, namely that "in conformity with its precise and explicit obligations, the League stands, and my country stands with it, for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety, and particularly for steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression". All that the British Government now added was that it could not specify the application of that formula to any particular contingency that had not yet happened. By a brilliant new formula the British Government discovered that there might be "degrees of culpability" in any hypothetical case of aggression; and who therefore could know what the British Government might decide to do?

Next, a representative of a small Power at Geneva asked Sir Samuel about the famous Covenant "gap". Suppose in the general excitement a small Power was attacked in the interval between Italy's commission of an aggression in Abyssinia and the League's decision to apply sanctions? Would that small Power be "covered"? In other words would Great Britain

and France be committed to go to the defence of that small Power also? Sir Samuel said "yes," though the Covenant itself makes no prescription for such a contingency. He then discovered that his answer had been cleverer than he knew. He asked the French Government if he had been right in giving such an answer to the small Power aforesaid. In its turn the Quai d'Orsay saw the trap. If Paris said "yes" it would automatically be committed to fight for Great Britain in the event of a Mediterranean incident producing an Anglo-Italian war. But the Quai d'Orsay could not say "no", because the Quai d'Orsay had for ten years, though fruitlessly, been asking precisely that question of London. So the answer of the French Government was an emphatic "yes" conditionally on the commitment being "reciprocal"; that is to say, that the British Government would be equally committed in advance to fight for France in the event of any German attack upon France. The shades of Locarno must have turned in their resting place.

Those unedifying exchanges between Paris and London were capped by the concomitant manœuvres of the other Geneva Powers. The Yugoslavs, who depend for their livelihood upon their trade with Italy, but who are normally obsessed by their diplomatic fear of that country, were put into the position of being invited by the League of Nations to commit economic suicide in order to dissuade Italy from doing something which she, Yugoslavia, was openly delighted that she should do. Austria prepared a case, based upon the principles of the League Covenant itself, for exemption from participation in any economic sanctions that Geneva might decide upon. Switzerland is a permanent "neutral" in all things, and steadily offered objections to economic or military sanctions against Italy. Poland, who was at the moment concentrated upon the diplomatic enterprise of joining a German-Hungarian-Polish *bloc*, had no intention of calling off her trade with Italy.

The complications spread beyond the confines of Geneva. Clearly there would be no sense in Britain gallantly undertaking not to supply Italy with coal and iron if the only effect of such heroic action were the capture of the trade by Germany. Would Germany, who had shown her contempt of the League of Nations by seceding from it, be prepared to forgo an opportunity she

longed for in order merely to help the League of Nations? She toyed with the idea. She would consider the course of negatively supporting the League of Nations by refraining from capturing the trade abandoned by the League States, on condition she was indemnified in cash for the hypothetical "loss" she would thereby incur. Would Mr. Eden engage the British Government's liability to pay reparation to Germany in return for Germany's consent not to pick up the trade thrown down by Great Britain? It came, of course, to the same thing. In short, if the British Government's purpose was to test the reality of collective security, it was succeeding admirably.

Meanwhile, the trend of things at Geneva was feverishly pre-occupying the party strategists in London. By the middle of October it had become clear that the British Government had decided to use the occasion for launching a big scheme of re-armament and for forcing an immediate election on that issue. The argument was simple. Lambeth Palace and Grosvenor Crescent had vied with each other in demanding that League sanctions be applied to Italy. The British Government had taken a leading role at Geneva: but everybody knew that Great Britain was, relatively to other great Powers, disarmed. If Great Britain were so determined to fulfil her covenanted obligations, would it not be wise if she armed herself at least to such a degree of military efficiency as to be able adequately to meet those obligations? The pacifists themselves, with a few signal exceptions, had virtually demanded war. Inasmuch as the Covenant of the League did provide for the application of sanctions against an aggressor, and as the British Government had not only signed the Covenant, but was disposed on this occasion to take a severely juridical view of its signature, it was clearly necessary that the British Government should revise its ideas about its military, naval and air strength. For fifteen years British policy on armaments had been based upon the assumption that the League of Nations would in some degree become a substitute for national armaments. No other Government in Europe had shared that view; and when the Disarmament Conference organized by the League of Nations itself had proved to be a final failure two years ago, the order of the day in every European capital, except London, was to re-arm.

It looks, therefore, as if the chief issue at the impending British election is to be that of British re-armament, driven to an issue by the League of Nations itself. This is not the first time that the League of Nations has produced paradoxical results of such a kind. There can be little doubt that much of Abyssinia's present military strength, and certainly much of the provocation Abyssinia has given to Italy, is the direct result of her membership of the League of Nations. Italy in the past has spent much capital and much engineering skill in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. She has developed agriculture, communications and buildings. She has tried to cultivate good commercial relations with Abyssinia, to their mutual profit. But the Negus has never welcomed Italian advances. Eritrea has been severely cut off from Italian Somaliland. France could have a railway from Addis Ababa to Jibuti, running through Abyssinian as well as through French territory; but Italy could never obtain her railway through the west of Abyssinia to connect Eritrea with Italian Somaliland. Abyssinia could afford to annoy Italy, because she counted upon British and French support by virtue of the Covenant of the League.

Italy's motive in the Abyssinian war is frankly imperialist. Yet it cannot surprise any honest person that Italian opinion should take the righteous indignation of Great Britain with a pinch of salt. The British Empire happens to be the biggest in the world. At the Lord Mayor's banquet the word imperial or imperialist, when applied of course to the British people, always helps the port to warm the hearts of the audience. When British arms conquered South Africa there was no League of Nations. When Britain took to herself the German South-west African and Eastern African colonies, the League of Nations had not quite started to function. The fact remains that Great Britain possesses the most valuable share of Africa. Italian imperialists point to British imperialism and to its triumphs throughout the world, especially in Africa, where Italy, too, demands a "place in the sun". Are the Italian critics of British honesty entirely wrong when they suspect, not the idealistic but unpractical Mr. Eden but certain of his older political colleagues, of an unavowed, perhaps even subconscious, desire to keep Italy out of the African sun, the more securely to bask in it themselves?

It is notoriously difficult for British opinion to appreciate what "foreigners" think of British conduct. There is a British complex in that matter. It is almost true to say that British opinion is hardly aware of foreign opinion, except as a foil to its own idealism. Probably 90 per cent. of the British people in the present crisis imagine that Mr. Eden at Geneva is marching sublimely at the head of a great international Crusade, himself the heart and soul of it and the rest of them as adoring disciples. The truth is that every country in the world, not excluding the United States, regards this attitude as a typical manifestation of British hypocrisy, and regards British devotion to collective security according to the doctrines of Geneva as a cloak for an imperialism which is trying to organize the League of Nations in its competitive designs. The fact that they are wrong is beside the point that is now being made. British opinion is not only unaware of the impression it makes abroad, but does not even want to know. It is content to know that its own motive is wholly pure; and the amazing thing is that its motive is indeed wholly pure. It is that fact that has constituted the crisis. A paradoxical desire to prove the League effective as an instrument of peace, and to prove it even if need be by war, is the sort of perversion that comes only from a deep sense, of sincerity. It is small wonder that European, Far Eastern and American opinion alike finds it difficult to understand British mentality, and is driven to suspect motives which are not, in fact, operative. But it would help enormously in pursuit of the very objects that British opinion encompasses if that opinion would take the trouble and develop the curiosity to find out what others think. Idealism cannot be pursued if the idealist's eyes be shut to the facts that constitute his problem. Pursued in such a way, idealism of the present pacifist kind manifested in Great Britain inevitably produces the absurd contradiction of war waged for the sake of peace.

ABYSSINIA AS A COLONIAL ASSET

BY ELIZABETH MONROE

"*JE risque ma tête.*" So Signor Mussolini, who is a realist, is said to have said to a French friend discussing the East African situation with him in September last. Certainly the stake is high: millions of money from his dwindling resources; thousands of men despatched to distant, unhealthy bases, without command of the communications linking them with home; fresh demands on taxpayers whom he admitted to have pressed "to the limit" in 1934; the draining of his strength over years when he may need it in order to count as a first-class factor in Europe.

The true motive for taking these risks was declared in July, 1935: "The essential arguments, absolutely unanswerable, are two: the vital needs of the Italian people and their security in East Africa." Reduced to its lowest terms, the vital need of Fascist Italy can be summed up in one word—self-sufficiency. This is the answer to those who ask why Italy seeks to produce in Abyssinia the very raw materials with which the world is glutted elsewhere. The self-sufficiency ideal is partly dictated by the Fascist creed, partly enforced by post-war and crisis policy, which has ended the free trade in goods and employment which, as things stand, is vital to Italian prosperity. Since the two chief requirements are population outlets and raw materials, the self-sufficiency problem at once becomes one of expansion. The obvious deduction is that high hopes are being entertained as to the resources of Abyssinia.

A few facts will prove how serious is the population issue. The official estimate for October, 1934, was 42,621,000. This means that the population of Italy has increased by over 25 per cent. since the beginning of the century, and that, deliberately fostered by Fascist policy, which aims at creating riches in man-power, the present average rate of increase is one million

every two and a half years. During the nineteenth century, and up till the world war, the pace was less break-neck, and the problem was solved by emigration; between 1900 and 1913 a yearly average of 670,000 people left Italy, of whom perhaps 40 per cent. stayed in Europe, 60 per cent. went overseas. Post-war legislation checked this flow, particularly the United States quota law of 1921. Making a virtue of necessity, Signor Mussolini declared in 1922 that emigration was an evil. He put an end to the old method of facilitating departure regardless of who went and what happened to them; "emigrants" became "Italians abroad"; they formed part of the national fold, and in 1925 a very sensible set of rules was published for their conduct in foreign countries. The crisis infinitely aggravated matters. Not only did it mean flocks of returning emigrants, but a serious falling off in the remittances sent home by them to Italy, formerly averaging about 2,000 million lire per year. The result was that the home-country was less able to bear not only the returning indigents, but its own ever-growing population.

In the flush of jingoism which invariably accompanies mobilization and the despatch of troopships, Signor Mussolini has promised a home in Africa not only to the surplus families in Italy, but to the nearly ten million Italians living and working abroad: "You will no longer work the ground, no longer grow the fruit, no longer make the roads, no longer build the houses for others. I will give you an Italy beyond the seas." If Abyssinia only is his goal, such a promise is impossible of fulfilment.

Not as misleading, but equally fallacious, is the argument that since in all Africa under European administration there are 360 natives to one white, there is only room for at most 25,000 Italians in Abyssinia. The number may be doubled, or trebled or quadrupled according to the view taken of Fascist driving-power, but even so it is an underestimate. It is based on the premise that the settlement will be of the British type which finds highest expression in Kenya, where the European owns large tracts of land, operates with native labour, and hopes to make his pile and retire to his home country. The Italian colonizer is quite other; even in hot climates he is content

to be a labourer, not an administrator. His standard of living is infinitely lower than that of Northern European workers; this fact emerges wherever Italian and Nordic workers are juxtaposed, for instance, in the Queensland sugar-cane fields. Above all, he is content to work in harness with the native; he does so in Eritrea and Libya. The proportion of whites to natives may be 1 to 360 for all European Africa, but it is 1 to 55 in Italy's colonies, in spite of the fact that all three are mainly desert unsuited to white habitation.

The capacity of the Italians for colonization is a known factor, but the capacity of Abyssinia for their accommodation is all conjecture. The stories of its amenities are so conflicting that a reliable estimate is hard to achieve.

The country falls, roughly, into four zones. The first, called in Amharic the *dega*, is all land above 8,000 feet; that is, above the altitude of Lake Tsana. It includes most of the northern part of the plateau, and is scored by gullies and canyons sometimes 3,000 feet deep, the parts of which lying below the 8,000 foot level are often nearly perpendicular. It also includes the high range just to the south of the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway. Here the climate is pleasant, with an annual mean temperature of 40 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and the European can manage administrative or clerical work. But most travellers agree that any physical exertion brings on a pumping heart, and attacks which recur after a return to the lowlands. Experience of this kind of life in Kenya has proved that even among Europeans who can stand the altitude, there is almost inevitable deterioration in the children, contributed to, of course, by the tropical sun in the rarified atmosphere. The inference is that the Italian, though he could live, could not labour here. This is borne out by the fact that there are only 2,000 Italian settlers in the almost identical and quite extensive highlands of Eritrea. (Though as against this Italians argue that the Eritrean part of the plateau is stony and is in any case in the possession of native families whom Italy would not wish to dispossess.)

The second zone, the *woina dega*, lying between 4,800 and 8,000 feet, is the most suited to European colonization, particularly by Southern Europeans, since its mean annual temperature is between 60 and 68 degrees. This district covers the rest of the

central plateau, mainly its southern part, and the upper basin of the rivers flowing towards the Indian Ocean.

The third zone, the *kolla*, from 2,500 to 4,800 feet, is tropical, comparable in climate to the coffee- and cotton-growing parts of Brazil. Southern European labour is, therefore, still possible, but is trying at the lower levels.

The last zone covers the Danakil, Aussa and Ogaden plains. deserts christened by the late Mr. L. M. Nesbitt the "hell-hole of creation," where the tent temperature—the only shade available—is often 156 degrees, where one has to be careful not to fall asleep while resting at midday, "for it is dangerous to slumber in that heat and the constant perspiration," and where the sun beats not only downwards but upwards, rebounding from the earth to afflict the traveller under his brows, his nostrils and his chin. Parts of the area are not unproductive; the Sultanate of Aussa is notoriously rich, and Nesbitt confirms what Plowden wrote of the few prosperous Danakil in the eighteen-fifties, that they tended "the fattest sheep and cows I ever saw out of England." But as land for European settlement, the whole must be counted out. Even in the Juba and Webi Schebeli valleys, where water is plentiful, native labour had to be sought for the banana plantations started by the Duke of the Abruzzi on the Somaliland border, and when it proved impossible to induce the nomad Somalis to settle, recruits were brought in from the Yemen and Hadramuth. One Italian economist advocated resorting to Tamils.

The possibilities of settlement in the first and last zones are limited in the one case, *nil* in the other, but the second and third zones undoubtedly offer scope for development. Judging by the decree-laws of 1932 and 1934 ordering the cultivation of land in Libya "assigned by the State as the property of the colony, carried out by families from Italy", the supply of colonists would be unlimited. The only consideration is the number the land will carry. For lack of a survey, this is hard to assess, but certain facts cannot be questioned. The first is that the Abyssinian hatred of Italians will not be improved by the present campaign; therefore settlement will not be a safe proposition until the country is thoroughly subdued. The French—better soldiers, working in easier conditions, and

nearer home—took twenty-five years to curb Morocco; in Cyrenaica, where the native population is under 200,000, the Italians took twenty. The action taken in Abyssinia may be more drastic, but the time can hardly be less. Another consideration is that large-scale settlement cannot be undertaken until proper communications are established; road-building is phenomenally expensive in the highlands—the estimate for a road from Addis Ababa to Lake Tsana in connection with the dam scheme was £2,000 per mile—but is feasible in zones 2 and 3. A third inescapable fact is that until large-scale and costly irrigation works are carried out, these two zones are only cultivable in limited areas. With sufficient funds for this purpose, and with better communications, the present Belgian coffee-growing concessions south of the railway would doubtless have proved more successful. As it is, they are minor, struggling concerns.

Reasoning from these data, a fair estimate seems to be that, given unlimited expenditure and policing by a veritable army, the second and third zones could between them in ten years take a million. But that is a mere nothing in comparison with the population figures already given. At the present rates of increase there will be four million more Italians in Italy than now. Clearly Abyssinia cannot absorb the increase, far less the home surplus of the Italians outside Italy. As an outlet her sole importance is psychological; the very knowledge that there is new colonial ground to break provides a safety valve through which to let off Fascist steam. The pacification and management of Abyssinia would absorb just those energetic types who, confined at home, lead movements such as are inspiring Germany and Italy to-day.

Psychology apart, the idea that Abyssinia will solve the population problem must be discarded. Whoever first entertained it ignored the fact that tropical settlement has never proved a suitable way of dealing with European surpluses. Germany sought expansion in 1914, but there were before the War only 18,000 Germans in all her colonies, and only 4,000 in a particularly habitable one—German East Africa. Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium, Japan, all faced with the same problem, solved it otherwise, by industrialization of the home country.

Italy has room for the same kind of development, for she is only fifth on the density list :

Belgium	..	..	..	702	per square mile
Netherlands	..	..	..	627	" " "
Great Britain	..	..	..	468	" " "
Germany	..	..	..	372	" " "
Italy	..	..	..	358	" " "
Japan	..	..	..	321	" " "

But such a remedy is not possible without easy access to raw materials, and in these days of tariff barriers and nationalist restrictions, access is coming to mean possession.

Raw materials are the crux of the matter. Italy is relying on gains in Abyssinia to mitigate, in some cases perhaps to cure, her present dependence on the foreigner for over 95 per cent. of her fuel, metals and fibres, and for about 20 per cent. of her foodstuffs.

Animal, vegetable or mineral, the information about Abyssinian resources is extremely scrappy. No one traveller has surveyed the whole, and little can be gathered from locals who, says Marcel Griaule, see "nothing honourable in the land except within the limits of their own districts. The rest of the world is a den of thieves, a dirty set, a mixture of races, a confusion of people who cannot talk of their grandfathers because they have none "

Agriculture and stock-raising are carried on all over the country, but so primitively that it is almost impossible to gauge how much modern methods could yield. The first and highest zone is the only one at which cows and sheep find pasture all the year round, and is, therefore, the only place at which arable and livestock farming are carried on simultaneously. A highlander turns out his cow and ox to graze while he tills, helped out in the shepherding by an inevitable old man who, perched on the nearest small hill, shouts irksome observations in a monotone :

"O . . . Oh ! the cow in calf ! in calf ! in calf ! is going towards the pre-ci-pice ! O . . . Oh ! the grey ox with a star on his fore-head is e-eating the crops ! "

Alongside this scene the farmer grows *tief*, a small grain not unlike millet, which is the staple food of Abyssinia, but the girdle cakes it makes are leathery and sour and rather distasteful

to Europeans. Wheat and barley are little cultivated, but are to be seen growing wild, the former above 7,500 feet, the latter at lower levels. But estimates of production are out of the question until it is known how much of the soil in this zone is, like that round Addis Ababa, only a few inches deep. As far as Italy is concerned, the cereal supply would in any case not be vital, as the necessary grains are cultivable at the lower levels, and as, thanks to the self-sufficiency campaign known as the Battle of the Grain, the Italian peninsula is in good harvest years self-supporting. Its wool, meat and livestock situation is not so satisfactory, and the Abyssinian highlands would probably provide welcome supplies of yarn for the factories of Lombardy and Piedmont and meat for the tinning industry which has been operating in Eritrea since before the Great War.

Suppose a vast outlay on communications and irrigation, the second and third zones are said to be capable of yielding the materials really vital to prosperity, of which the chief is cotton. The second would provide cereals, peaches, grapes and the citrus fruits ; the third cotton, sisal, coffee and sugar, with a possibility of rubber. The fourth, except for bananas in the lower Juba and Webi Schebeli valleys, may be discounted as a source of production.

Kenya settlers and Sudan cotton planters, in low water owing to the world crisis, deride these Italian castles in the air. But the Battle of the Grain in Italy has proved that totalitarian states are able to apply themselves to economic development campaigns with an energy and a singleness of purpose which democracies only experience in time of war. Given lavish spending (and as at the present doubtful stage American speculators are already seeking a loophole through which to lend the Duce £20,000,000, there is every reason to suppose that plenty more will be forthcoming if he should conquer Abyssinia), a dictator can undoubtedly make surprising strides towards the self-sufficiency goal. Strategically, the policy may be sound ; its economic wisdom is quite another matter.

Since the birth of the legend of King Solomon's mines, stories of the mineral wealth of Abyssinia have been current all over the world. If true, they are important to Italy, for metals,

coal and oil are essential materials for which her industries are almost wholly dependent on foreign sources.

Rumours of oil in Abyssinia are constantly cropping up. A recent example was the Rickett affair and the concession which excited so much attention last August. Certainly there is some oil in the Danakil country. It is also said to have been seen oozing from the ground in the desert district south of the road which runs from Harar to Hargeisha in British Somaliland.

No coal is mined in Abyssinia, and, owing to the inaccessibility of the supposed deposits, no one has seriously considered its possibilities. It is said to be visible in the mountains towards the Sudan frontier, between Lake Tsana and Gallabat. There is soft iron in the same region, and generally in the mountains towards the Takazze river gorge to the north-east of the lake.

Potash, mica, gold and platinum are the only metals commercially developed, but the potash, close to the Eritrean frontier, is the only deposit that is easy of access; it is a comparatively short march from the head of an Italian railway running inland from Mersa Fatima, on the Red Sea coast, whence an Italian company ships the salts in native dhows to Massawa. Platinum is at present the chief mineral asset, the Abyssinian export being about 3 per cent. of the world output. The platiniferous territory lies to the south of the mule-route from Addis Ababa to the British-Sudanese trading station at Gambela, the chief deposits worked being near Gore. The explorer Mr. L. M. Nesbitt also prospected for platinum in the Walega country, some four hundred miles to the west of Addis Ababa.

Much less is known of the gold resources, of which there are signs in the Beni Shangul country, on the Sudan border, and in the tributaries to the north and south of the Blue Nile as it flows west towards the frontier. Alfred Ilg, a phlegmatic Swiss engineer who was adviser to the Emperor Menelik from 1879 until 1906, and who is not prone to exaggeration, writes of "hundreds of natives calmly washing gold dust" out of the Dabus and Didessa rivers, both southern tributaries of the Blue Nile, by the slow and primitive method of rinsing mud again and again on boards slightly hollowed at the centre. He also saw quartz blocks in the river bed in the hollows of which gold had collected during the flood season, from which he assumed

that there were plentiful deposits higher up. According to him, all efforts to start mining operations had failed owing to the fever which at once afflicts both natives and foreigners in the district. The situation seems little changed to-day. There are also tales of gold in the Danakil country, and rumours that fears on the Rand are the reason for South Africa's opposition to Italy. There is little foundation for the first story and still less for the second. Next to nothing is known of the copper and silver which are also said to exist, but sulphur deposits were seen by Nesbitt in the Danakil desert, which also contains "two thousand square miles of salt."

The second essential motive for the present campaign was stated to be the security of the Italian people in East Africa. If security means immunity from planned aggression, conquest and subjugation of Abyssinia renders Eritrea and Somaliland even safer than they were before the Wal Wal incident. If it means the safety of Italian settlers, surely the risks will for years be greater than before in the presence of a conquered but boastful, brave and vengeful native population. If it means the acquisition of a strategic footing in Africa, then Italy will be well-placed. An Italian Abyssinia means a fortress as big as France and over a mile high, dominating on the one side the southern exit to the Red Sea, which is only $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide, and on the other the Nile Valley, with another Italian colony—Libya—across the way.

Abyssinia may present next to no advantages from the population point of view, but as a source of raw materials she is a speculation which a broker would call "interesting." From the standpoint of prestige, psychology and strategy she is a gilt-edged security; success will be not a feather but a flowing plume in the Duce's cap. Why count the cost of succeeding?

EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE

BY CHARLES MORGAN

(Concluded)

VI

IT will have been noticed that Mr. Ford, in the passage I quoted last month, says that, in reading Moore's books, "you feel, precisely, mental distress". There is, I think, a measure of truth in this, for I experience sometimes, while reading even the master-pieces, a sense of strain, of enforced calm, powerful enough to enable me to understand a deeper unease in others. It would be easy to dismiss such objections as æsthetically irrelevant and the objectors as obtuse. More is to be gained by facing the objection, and enquiring how much of it is critically spurious and how much valid.

What is the element in Moore that causes many readers, who are by no means without equipment to appreciate his mastery of his craft, to shrink from his work? Why has the general public never taken to itself a writer of so much wit, so keen an invention, whose stories, far from being "difficult" or obscure, have a lucidity unparalleled in modern English? A part of the answer, a part that is of no critical importance, may be conveniently summarized in the saying, which I have heard a thousand times, that George Moore was what the English call "French". To speak of a woman as if she were a goddess—that, in England, is pardonable, that is romantic, no matter how the goddess may behave; to speak of her as a doll inseparable from her garments—that, too, is permissible, having polite precedents in Thackeray, *malgré lui*; to speak of her as if she were a square meal is a practice that the heartier English will always approve for what they are pleased to call its "honesty"; but to see her with the eye of a connoisseur—ah, no! that is "French". And Moore saw everything with the eye of a

connoisseur—not women only, but trees. He admired the ilex "because", he said, "there is an antique beauty in this tree that we find in none other; . . . and if it were possible to carve statues of trees, I am sure that the ilex is the tree sculptors would choose". For reasons in the same æsthetic kind he admired Doris who was his companion under the ilex. "To justify my desire for her lips I began to compare her beauty with that of a Greek head on a vase, saying that hers was a cameo-like beauty, as dainty as any Tanagra figure." The passage is not among the writer's best—a little too solemn, too elaborately orchestrated; and I quote it not in proof of his merit but to suggest what precisely it is in his work that has caused many to turn from it. It is not that it is sensual, but that, where it is sensual at all, its sensuality is felt to be cold. "To justify my desire for her lips", is among the most damaging phrases of the unregenerate Moore whom I have called Amico Moorini.

"Lovers", he says elsewhere, "are divided into two kinds: the babbling and the silent. We meet specimens of the silent kind on a Thames back-water—the punt drawn up under the shady bank with the twain lying side by side, their arms about each other all the afternoon. When evening comes and it is time to return home, her fellow gets out the sculls, and they part saying, 'Well, dear, next Sunday, at the same time'. 'Yes, at the same time next Sunday'. We were of the babbling kind, as the small part of our conversation that appears in this story shows". The sterner English gentlemen declare in self-protection that George Moore babbles too much. Susan Mitchell complains that he is "passionless", and repeats with relish the famous *mot* that Moore was a man who told but did not kiss. Thus are the armies of virtue or disappointment arrayed against him; and at the head of the army is the English lady of polite tradition who, while she by no means objects to a little babbling, is embarrassed to be taken down and turned about as if she were a Greek vase. She fears, perhaps, that beauty accepted in so critical a spirit may too conveniently be returned to its shelf.

There are, indeed, many objections to the passage I have quoted—not the least, or the least surprising, of which is that the writer of it, who would spend a week in search of the precise word, allowed the "fellow" in the punt to use sculls instead of

padôles. It will be a relief to those who feel on whatever ground that Moore was babbling too much to know that, in this instance, the words complained of were written by Amico Moorini, and that George Moore himself condemned them. The skulls, the Greek head and the Tanagra figure have all gone. The whole passage, having survived for more than twenty years, was cut in the eleventh edition of April, 1928.

This idea that Moore's sensual passages have a forbidding chill—is it not to express in different terms another idea: that they were at their best free of sentimentality? He was by no means without sentiment, if by the word we mean a just tenderness and that pity for men and women which springs from perception of the difference between what they are and what they dream themselves to be. *Esther Waters*, his realistic masterpiece, is informed by sentiment of this integrity; but sensuality is its antithesis. To mingle the two is to produce a debased sentimentality, and Moore did not mingle them. But Amico Moorini did, and there we arrive again at the core of the problem.

George Moore, the mature master, when writing independently and at his ease, could be shocking to prudes, but never to discerning and intelligent men; his so-called improprieties had a kind of fabulous simplicity—for example, in the lovely early chapters of *Héloïse's* girlhood—that protects them from attack. It is only when Amico Moorini takes up the pen, as he does sometimes in *A Story-Teller's Holiday* and in detached sentences throughout the novels, that a false sensuality, springing, in most instances, from an adolescent desire to shock, breaks the evenness of the narrative surface. Moore knew well enough that there was within him an immature tendency to this extravagance. To be saved from it, to keep Amico Moorini within the bonds of discipline, he imposed upon himself a rule that is a key to his later style. It was a rule of evenness, a rule against emotional emphasis, a refusal not only of anything that could be called a purple patch but of any conspicuous variation of *tempo* in response to a variation of mood. The result was a classical repose that is delicious among the fevers of contemporary romance. The narrative moves forward like a clear river under a calm sky. The image mirrored in its surface is dissolved

and succeeded by another without perceptible transition; the light upon it changes its appearance from gaiety to sadness and from sadness to a profound, brooding melancholy; it responds with exquisite modulations of colour to the day's mood and hour. But it remains a steady, calm, unhurrying river; nothing, not even passion, is allowed to break its surface except on the unfortunate occasions when Amico Moorini, escaping from his tutor, tosses in a stone.

In this continuous and deliberate calm there is something spellbound and trance-like. Moore's detractors call it monotonous, frozen, dead. To me it is a calm enforced; I am aware in every line of the exercise of a rigid discipline; but it is a discipline which, though it touches me sometimes with unease, for I cannot escape knowledge of the struggle that produced it, fills me also with admiration and excitement. Here, plainly, at whatever cost to Moore himself, is something new in English literature, something new that will have a lasting influence precisely because it is not new in the sense of being without roots. It will have a future because it has a past. Three great influences are perceptible in it: the majestic austerity of Landor; the translucence of Turgenev, whose stories are shaded by none of the mists that trouble other men; and Pater's doctrine that sensation is the touchstone of value, a doctrine which Moore, having less moral prejudice than the author of *Marius*, was able to accept more fully than Pater himself. Moore made no more secret of these influences than he did of the earlier influence of Flaubert. His claim was that he had assimilated them, and the claim is just. Landor and Pater were not, in essence, novelists; Turgenev was not an English novelist; and Moore had evolved a style through which all three were made contributors to the English novel. He called them in as allies against Amico Moorini, and *Héloïse and Abélard* was the result. "There are only two prose epics in the English language," Moore would say. "One is *The Brook Kerith*."

"And what is the other?" you were expected to ask.

"The other," he would reply, "is *Héloïse and Abélard*."

VII

There is a passage in which *Héloïse* questions *Abélard* on

the subject of the relation between sensuality and love. Nothing he has written reveals Moore as clearly as this dialogue—his eagerness for the concrete, his rejection of transcendentalism in all its forms. Héloïse, alarmed by the detachment of Abélard's admiration for her physical beauty, asks, in effect, whether this is all he cares about. Once he had cared for her mind.

"Dost thou think of me differently now?" she inquires.

How easily an adoring lover might have turned that question aside, but Abélard, with Moore's own frankness, puts himself into his answer.

"Not so differently, Héloïse, that I have forgotten thy soul. But can we think of the soul and body at the same time? When thou comest to me, the lamp held high, to learn all the sports of love from me, thou wilt not think of my soul—not then—but of thy pleasure, as I shall think of mine. Yet let it not be said that the soul and the intellect of the woman is forgotten by the man, though he cannot love body and soul at the same time."

I had a long conversation with Moore on this passage. He said that, if allowances were made for differences of phrase, it represented his own view and certainly his experience. I asked him if Abélard's distinction was not too rigid, if the soul was not to be loved in the body.

"You will be asking me next," he replied, "to affirm the doctrine of Transubstantiation. . . . But tell me," he added, "what do you mean—that the soul may be loved in the body? That is a mystical saying, and mystical sayings have a way of defeating themselves if one examines them a little."

I answered that the emotion of love, if it was to be distinguished at all from desire, was to be distinguished first as a particular emotion, directed towards the one person beloved, whereas desire was a general emotion requiring only the stimulus of physical beauty. Yet desire itself was particularized by love and directed by it towards the loved one, not because she was more beautiful than others, but because herself was manifest in her body.

Moore said: "Think of the eyes. Do you say that the soul appears in the eyes? If so, it must disappear when the eyes are shut. Perhaps you are right, but we shall not decide

by argument whether you are right or wrong. Nothing can decide except the scene itself. Imagine the scene and your pen will write down the answer. Perhaps Abélard would have decided in your favour. If when Héloïse came to him carrying the lamp, her eyes had been shut, he would have said: 'Héloïse, open your eyes,' and have looked into them, searching for her. At any rate," he added, "Abélard would have done so, if he had thought of it, whatever his views about the body and the soul, for nothing would have so delighted Héloïse. She would have asked what he was looking for, and if he had answered: 'For thy soul!' the earlier conversation would have been reversed. She would have said: 'Is there naught but my soul?' and they would have begun to argue fruitlessly as people always do whenever the soul is mentioned. But soon," he added, "they would have grown tired of conversation."

VIII

"They would have begun to argue fruitlessly as people always do whenever the soul is mentioned," Moore said—a saying remarkable in the man who wrote continually on religious themes, who made a pilgrimage to Palestine that he might prepare himself for *The Brook Kerith*, and who loved Shelley above all poets.

Susan Mitchell, whose book is perceptive of his worldliness but in other respects is shut in by a provincial blindness, says roundly that Moore was "unspiritual." It is a perilous word to fling at a great artist. No man is unspiritual who is fanatically dedicated, as Moore was, to an unmaterial end—to the pursuit of an abstract perfection; and no man is unspiritual who could write *The Brook Kerith* and *The Passing of the Essenes*. But it is significant that for him Paul was the hero of the New Testament; that of all Shelley's poems it was *The Sensitive Plant* that fascinated him in his childhood and commanded his loyalty in his old age; and that argument concerning the soul appeared to him fruitless.

There are here seeming contradictions that cannot be reconciled except by saying, what I am sure is true, that no man with so great an interest in certain aspects of religion has ever been so little metaphysical. This was his limitation, but it was his genius

to turn his limitations to account, and the fact that he was un-metaphysical, that he was indeed incapacitated, not by intellectual failure but by irresistible boredom from abstract speculation, became in him a source of strength.

There is an anthology of his choosing called *Pure Poetry*, a rare volume and an illuminating one. In the preface he tells how in his youth he was bored by *Marmion*, how between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one he read most of the English poets; "and when I was twenty-five," he adds, "my love of poetry began to wilt in *Les Orientales*, *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, *Les Contemplations*; and *La Légende des Siècles* carried with it the dismal conviction that I had lost my taste for poetry. Something has broken in me, I said; can it be else, for here is beautiful poetry and I can distinguish in it no more than sonorous versification." Then he reaches his climax. "Balzac opened a new world for me, a world of things, and in Balzac I found a poem so beautiful that I began to think that perhaps my love of poetry was not as dead as I thought it was." And after speaking of Gautier and Villon and Belleau, he says: "And the reason may be stated why we are in these poems at the heart of poetry: because these poems were born of admiration of the only permanent world, the world of things"; and he proceeds to argue that "ideas, thoughts, reflections, become common quickly; an idea is mine to-day, yours to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow is on the barrel organs. Every ten years", he adds, "morality, patriotism, duty and religion, take on meanings different from those they wore before".

The argument is fallacious, for while it is true that moral ideas change and are, therefore, less enduring subjects of poetry than the moon and stars, it is wrong to suppose, as Moore seemingly did in this instance, that all ideas are didactic or that religion consists in morals. "Pure poetry" for Moore was the poetry of concrete things, knowledge of which is received directly through the senses. I do not wish here to criticize his anthology. It is enough to point out that six poems of Edgar Allan Poe's are included in it, and not one by any seventeenth-century mystic, unless Milton's *Sweet Echo* and *On May Morning* or Marvell's *Nymph Complaining* may by some miracle be allowed to represent them. What emerges

is that Moore did not know that such a line as: "I saw Eternity the other night" was poetry. For him poetry was, about enduring things and sensations. To see eternity was not to see with the same eyes that saw William Morris's

"Gold wings across the sea!
Grey light from tree to tree,
Gold hair beside my knee"

and, therefore, to see eternity was not to see at all. In any case, eternity itself was not a thing and so not "permanent" enough to be a subject of "pure poetry".

Happily it was only Amico Moorini who tried to write verses, and he desisted about the same time that he threw his charcoal away, leaving George Moore, with his unfailing intuition, to apply his poetic theory in the one practice where it could at that time be usefully applied: the practice of naturalistic storytelling. If Moore had had a speculative mind, he could not have written *A Mummer's Wife* or *Esther Waters*. If he had had mystical apprehension, he would not have written *The Brook Kerith*. But he was not unspiritual; he had many of the qualities of a saint, though not of a saint adhering to any Church. He was at first a naturalist of the French naturalistic school; then a realist whose realism was strengthened and intensified, on the earthly plane, by the fact that it did not strive to penetrate beyond that aspect of things which lies within reach of the sensuous, as distinct from the apprehensive, intellect; but he was very far from being a materialist as man or as artist.

IX

His critics are fond of saying that, if Moore lives, he will live by his style. He himself was a little weary of being praised for his style. "Style?" he said. "They haven't read Landor", and, though this was probably no more than an expression of the desire, which every writer has, to be praised for some quality the praises of which have not grown stale, it is worth recording that Moore's especial pride was in his power to invent anecdote. He was aware that his later narrative method was made perilous by its smoothness; at the same time he was determined that this smoothness must at all costs be preserved, for, if it were not, his whole purpose would be defeated, Amico Moorini

would be given a chance to intrude his extravagances, and an element of fashion would appear in his prose. To be fashionable was what Moore did not desire, for to be fashionable to-day is to be unfashionable to-morrow, and his aim was to write a prose independent of every colloquialism, every trick of phrase, every contemporary allusion that might make it obscure or tedious in the future. He carried this quest of an absolute prose so far that he rejected where he could, and sought occasion to reject, the use of the second person plural, feeling that this use of verb and pronoun was rubbed, and that "thou" and "thee" and "thine" had the double merit of freshness to-day and of an unshakable establishment in the Bible.

But he knew that this smoothness laid a weight on narrative; after many pages the reader might turn from it, seeking stronger contrast, richer variety, more abundant vigour than was to be found in these intertwining cadences, unless by anecdote he was led on from page to page. He had been greatly troubled, while writing *Héloïse and Abélard*, by the necessity, which he had seen no means to avoid, of discussing Nominalism and Realism, and he would tell me often of the pride he had had in inventing anecdotes which should sustain the narrative beneath the burden of so much philosophy. To him his anecdotes were windows in the corridor of narrative and exposition. They were the light by which the journey was to be made; and to think of his style as if it consisted only in a faultless control of phrase and cadence is to deny him his place in literature. Good English, however good it may be, will gain no man immortality, and we shall arrive at the significance of Moore only by recognizing the validity of his claim to be a master of anecdote and by perceiving to what conclusion it leads us. The conclusion is, I think, that Moore desired above all else to evolve a new method of story-telling. He used to say that he had introduced "the æsthetic novel" into England. This is true, but the phrase was not fortunately chosen; it expresses only a part of the truth and, at the same time, obscures it, for to many minds the word "æsthetic" suggests the beauty of contrivance, not that perfect marriage of form with purpose which was Moore's understanding of it. He saw round him, and might still see if he were alive, the English novel struggling beneath

a burden of literary convention. The uses of dialogue, the means employed to pass from dialogue to narrative and back again, the methods of communicating retrospect, had all stiffened. In the work of unskilled writers, each transition was a jerk, and, even though by skill and experience the jerks might be concealed, one remained aware that the narrative planes were being shifted; there was a momentary break of illusion when the author ended his trickle of dialogue, to which the reader had been listening as one mortal listens to another, and plunged into the thought-stream which a reader cannot enter except on the basis of his being an omniscient god.

This passing from plane to plane is one of the everlasting difficulties of a novelist. A thousand different ways of avoiding it have been invented. The whole story may be told in the first person, thus excluding the novelist's voice altogether and forcing the reader to identify himself with the imagined narrator. Or the story may be told in the third person, but still consistently from the point of view of one character in it—a method subject to many of the limitations of first-person narrative and lacking its intimacy, but free also of its egoism. Or there is another method, chosen by many writers in recent years—that of avoiding emphasis on major transitions by multiplying minor transitions. The reader is carried forward at so high a speed over so rough a track that he has no time to notice the changes of plane from subjective to objective narrative. Of this method there have been brilliant instances, particularly in America. Mr. William Faulkner's sentences have the crackle and vitality of machine-gun fire: his changes of narrative plane are so many, so swift, so violent that, by breaking continuity into a thousand pieces, he achieves a coherent pattern. But successful though it may be in short stories, this method is perilous in its application to epic narrative. Either the noise becomes deafening and the reader intuitively closes his ears against it; or, in authors whose irregularity of style is quieter, there is a gradual failure of lucidity, the reader searching in vain for the bread of plain statement among the high and mixed flavours of impressionism. It is not necessary to multiply instances of the attempts that have been made to give unity to fictitious narrative; the point is that, until Moore's coming, they were literary experiments

based upon elaborate investigation of the written word.

From this Moore broke free. He had an extraordinary capacity for observing the simple truths that other men pass by. He had the kind of intelligence that might have invented adhesive postage-stamps or, in a yet more ancient world, have prompted him to exclaim to the men who were dragging a sledge: "Why not put the thing on wheels?" And he observed, in his study of narrative, that when one reads it in a book one is much more acutely conscious of its transitions, its interpolated retrospects, its struggling movements from one consciousness to another than one is in listening to a story that is told orally. A child always prefers a good tale invented at its bedside to a tale, greatly superior in order and substance, that is read from a book; and Moore had the genius to perceive that the modern English novel, even the naturalistic novel that he formerly practised, had become too far removed from its origin in fables passed down by word of mouth. A lesser man, making this discovery, might have been tempted by it into banal simplicities and an insane, retrogressive abandonment of tradition. Moore set himself to apply the virtues of oral narrative to the rich and complex language he had inherited from the past. The results are most conspicuous in those parts of his style—we may call them mannerisms if we will—that caricaturists love to reproduce.

And thinking that William must by now have boiled the egg, have you boiled the egg? he cried, but no answer came through the open door. William has forgotten the egg! and he fell to thinking of his hunger that would not now be satisfied, and of the long journey he had made from Lough Carra that day—a journey that seemed to have had no other purpose than that he should enjoy the egg William was to have prepared for him.

That is a deliberately crude caricature. It illustrates Moore's love of repetition, particularly of proper names; his insistence on some material thing that the narrator wishes to keep in the listener's mind; his sliding transitions from speech to thought, and from thought of present hunger to retrospective thought of the journey. It exhibits his familiar devices—for example, his abrupt ending of a cadence on an open monosyllable: "and of the long journey he had made from Lough Carra that *day*—a journey that seemed . . ." One can hear the narrator's voice rise on "day" and fall naturally as the story continues.

All these mannerisms are the mannerisms of speech—ridiculous

in the passage I have invented but giving to Moore's own narrative a disciplined fluency that belongs to a new voice in literature. Consider first his treatment of dialogue and the means he discovered to preserve at once an impression of natural speech and the continuity of a prose that would have been broken by photographic naturalism. Abélard has been likening the whiteness of Héloïse to the whiteness of summer:

But my summer is not yet come, Abélard, she said; I am but the month of April. Call me not the month of March, for this is a cold month, and I am not cold. A fair month, indeed, he answered, is the month of April, one not to be despised, though the month of May is a better month, and the month of June is—well, June is a month for the Gods. But thy June, Héloïse, is many months distant, and waiting for it shall be my joy. Wilt grow tired of waiting? she asked. Tired of waiting? How little thou knowest yet about love. A true love never tires or wanes, Héloïse, but is with us always, like our blood, like our breath.

In this passage there are seven sentences. Each sentence, without exception, hands on a key-word to be repeated in its successor, precisely as each stanza of *terza rima* hands on a rhyme. The first sentence lays an emphasis on "month". The second repeats it twice, and produces an internal echo by a double use of the word "cold". The third sentence has the word "month" no less than six times, and another internal echo on the word "June". The fourth sentence repeats "June", and introduces a new word, "waiting", with a final muffled echo of "month". The fifth sentence repeats "waiting"; the sixth echoes it interrogatively, and strikes the new word "love", to which the last sentence instantly replies. By this means was Moore's dialogue bound together, his repetitions and his vowel-sounds linking his prose as rhyme links a sonnet. The significance of Moore's prose escapes us unless we observe that the purpose of such elaboration was not decorative but structural. He was not making pleasant sounds because they pleased his ear; he was binding dialogue, as an architect binds into unity the component parts of his design.

X

I have discussed his style in detail, sacrificing with reluctance an analysis of his work's content, because to analyse even a chapter of *Hail and Farewell* would have been to let loose all

the fiercest tongues in Ireland, and to touch *The Brook Kerith* is to be plunged in controversy artistically irrelevant. I wanted to show how Moore subdued Amico Moorini; how he taught himself to be a writer and what kind of writer he taught himself to be; and in what sense it is true to say that he gave liberty as well as discipline to the English novel. Great though his influence has already been upon a few writers whose struggle with the difficulties of their craft has opened their eyes to his achievement, his full power lies, I believe, in the future, when the personal controversies that surround his name are dead and the world has had time to rediscover, as it will unless story-telling die, that lucidity is a virtue. Then it will be understood what were the services to art of this man whose house in Ebury Street is now become a shop. In that room, in that house, another friend and I saw him for the last time. It was a winter's morning. A light blind was across the window; the dining-table had been moved; George Moore lay in the middle of the room under the blaze of an electric chandelier. He spoke first of his illness and suffering, a subject of conversation rare in him. Then, rousing himself, he said with an exaltation yet more rare: "Now let us turn from things of the flesh and talk of things of the spirit," and he began to tell us of the book he was then writing and hoped to finish, *A Communication to My Friends*. Humour, irony, indignation, anecdote, poured from him. We were his guests; he exhausted himself to entertain and hold us, having then—as always, except when Amico Moorini showed his head—an ancient and elaborate courtesy.

When it was time to leave him and we stood at the door, he cried out: "Come again! Come separately or come together—but come. All day I lie here alone. All day alone." He was lonely, but reconciled to loneliness by long use and a fanatical desire for independence. He was a single-minded artist, and no one who is that can be altogether unhappy or without armour. His aim, and his achievement, was a constructive simplification of prose narrative. "Ingres and Antiquity", he said, "alone knew how to simplify", and it may well serve as his epitaph that, by infinite labour, he taught himself their lesson and applied it to the English novel.

A SECOND TERM FOR ROOSEVELT?

BY FRANK DARVALL

THE New Deal has been completed at last. After three Congressional sessions of unprecedented activity President Roosevelt has at length promised a breathless and puzzled America a breathing space.

Even New Deal supporters, whose number and enthusiasm is declining, would admit that the present state of Washington is a very sorry one. Seldom if ever, in time of peace, has that city, or the administration as a whole, presented such a scene of chaos and uncertainty. The clear purpose by which some of the President's advisers, though never a majority, were actuated two years ago, and the confident crusading temper which characterized most of them during the hectic early days of the Roosevelt term, have given place to doubt and anxiety. Their plethora of measures, which seem to many a too hastily improvised assortment of inconsistencies, though undoubtedly on balance productive of much good, have fallen far short of attaining their real objects: adequate recovery, permanent reform, and the entrenchment of Mr. Roosevelt and his machine in power. The time has clearly been reached when its sponsors as well as the country should take stock of the New Deal as a whole, in order to determine how much of it has succeeded, how much failed, how much it has accomplished, how much remains to be done.

Even if it were not so, the rising tide of opposition is such as to render advisable a strategic retreat of the Roosevelt forces to prepared bases from which, when their ranks have been re-formed, and their strategy and tactics brought into line with the new situation, they can advance again.

The Supreme Court, which was such an anxiety to the administration during its last session, is likely in its coming

session to be a source of even greater anxiety. Amongst the many measures whose constitutionality it will have to determine, as cases from interior Federal Courts are brought up to it, are the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Tennessee Valley Authority Act, the Guffey Coal Act, the power of the Public Works Administrator to use his funds freely for the purpose of constructing, or stimulating the construction of, cheap housing, and others. Were decisions similar to the notorious N.R.A. one to be handed down, the New Deal would indeed collapse in chaos, and, what is worse, leave behind it a grave emergency (which the collapse of the ill-fated, and little lamented, N.R.A. did not).

It appears improbable that such a catastrophe will occur. The Supreme Court is a cautious body. It is extremely likely, if it believes any measure to be sincerely popular with the country, and if it thinks that its legal condemnation would be productive of grave public danger, to do what it did in the "gold clause" case, strain every nerve to find some respectable legal reason for not upsetting in practice a policy on which the country has come to depend.

Even so, Mr. Roosevelt cannot but be worried. It is possible that he may find such a major item in his programme as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration destroyed, or gravely embarrassed, by an early decision of these nine arbiters of America's legal destiny. It is probable that he may find some other measures, such as the Guffey Coal Act (which, creates a sort of miniature N.R.A. in that one industry), which if not vital, are at any rate important to him, vetoed by the Court. It is therefore very difficult for him to do anything but mark time until the Court has, by legally condemning or sustaining what he has done, determined what he may do.

The opposition other than legal, which the New Deal is now meeting, is also such as to render advisable a pause in the Roosevelt programme. Very evidently much of the New Deal is now, whether justly or unjustly, under fire. A continuation on the old lines would be, therefore, extremely unwise from every point of view, and not least the electoral one. It is clearly the time now to stand aside a little from the spate of measures, so that their effects, and the public response to them, may be

accurately determined. Thereafter the next advance can be made with more certainty, so as to command more hope of success, actual and electoral.

The recent war crisis adds to the arguments in favour of an internal breathing space. It is the universal American desire that the United States shall not be involved in foreign hostilities, wherever and whatever they may be. It is also a very general American desire that, if such an object can be achieved without risk of American participation in foreign conflicts, and without loss of a free hand, the weight of the United States should be effectively cast in the international scales on the side of peace. It is by no means easy for the United States to achieve these objects, or for the President to pursue them without antagonizing important sections of his public, and even party. Already the line of emphasizing American neutral duties rather than rights has been criticized on two sides by people like would-be shippers to Italy, who think that it goes too far, and by others like former Secretary of State Stimson and other keen supporters of the Pact of Paris, who do not think it goes far enough. It is therefore advisable for the President, compelled to watch closely a continually changing and always anxious foreign situation, and to pick his steps in relation to it with the greatest care, to free himself as much as possible from the strain of a controversial, energetic, internal policy.

Even if there were none of these reasons for an internal breathing space, and for a temporary halting of the New Deal, it is probable that Mr. Roosevelt's decision would be the same, because from many points of view his present term of office may be regarded as already over. He has fifteen further months in the White House, it is true, whether or not he is re-elected, but he cannot be expected to fill them with important new measures. The election campaign is too near, and too absorbing for that.

Primary elections are only a few months off. The nominating conventions themselves, which adopt party platforms as well as candidates, are hardly more than six months away. Feverish activity in preparation for them has already begun. Despite all his denials, Mr. Roosevelt's present western and southern tour is widely, and probably correctly, regarded as a first shot

in the campaign, or at the very least as a final survey of the ground before active commencement of the campaign.

The next session of Congress, the fourth and last of Mr. Roosevelt's present term, which will convene in January, will be concerned almost wholly with campaign considerations. It will be impossible to get it, or the country, to look at proposals from anything but an electoral point of view. It would therefore be folly to present it with controversial new proposals, except in so far as they were intended as shots in the campaign. A further "Deal", if one is intended, would be far better held in reserve for use in the elections or after them, than wasted on the controversial final months of an expiring Congress and administration. This is therefore an excellent moment at which to examine the American political situation. It is the parting of the ways between one political period and another, as was the winter of 1931-32, when the Hoover administration was turning its attention from the tasks of the moment to the urgent, and as it proved, impossible, task of getting re-elected.

Mr. Roosevelt himself, as a man and as a President, is still popular, though no longer so widely and wildly so as during his first year in the White House. His cheerfulness and charm, his courage, his energy, his good intentions, his receptiveness to new ideas, his political adroitness, are widely recognized. If his understanding of fundamental, political, and economic problems, and his statesmanship, are beginning to be doubted and he is to be written down as a brilliant and likeable but rash politician, that has not yet affected the belief of a majority of his countrymen and women that, even so, he is the equal of most of his predecessors, and infinitely superior to most of his competitors.

That, indeed, is his greatest asset. Who is there to oppose him, whether in his own party or in another? Former Governor Al Smith, former Governor Albert Ritchie, former Secretary of War Newton Baker, former Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass, Senator Harry Byrd, Mr. Owen D. Young, and other leading Democrats, though each possessing a very loyal following, are none of them today formidable competitors to Mr. Roosevelt in the public eye. What is more, each knows that, however personally popular or politically influential he may be, only a

miracle could win him the Democratic nomination, the tradition of renominating the sitting President and the patronage at the disposal of Mr. Roosevelt being as they are. None, therefore, is one half as active as he was four years ago, when the odds were even as between all comers, or as is Mr. Roosevelt today.

Only Senator Huey D. Long was seriously setting himself up as a rival to Mr. Roosevelt for the Democratic nomination, and even he had no real expectation of winning it, only of embarrassing Mr. Roosevelt, and of preparing the ground for an independent candidature, which would perhaps enhance his chances in 1940, when his real attempt on the Presidency was planned. The Long campaign was taken seriously, much more seriously than I personally think it deserved to be, before the Senator's violent end, so much so that the latter, though the manner of it was deplored, was widely felt to be a blessing. Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly breathes a great deal more freely now that the Dictator of Louisiana is no more. For there is no obvious successor to him, no one to organize effectively the "Share Our Wealth" society, no one to capture the imagination of the public, no one to combine a personal political machine with leadership of the great army of the discontented. The danger that a third party candidate would win three or four states in the usually "solid South", and would besides turn the balance against the Democrats in as many more in other parts of the country, thus letting the Republican slip into the Presidency because of the division of the opposing forces, seems to have abated. But even Huey Long, in the days when he seemed Mr. Roosevelt's greatest menace, was not the sort of competitor to diminish the President's popularity and prestige in the country generally. On the contrary, it was and is the thought that such as he are Mr. Roosevelt's greatest menace which causes the Roosevelt popularity and prestige to ebb less rapidly than it otherwise would. Millions of Americans, if there were within the Democratic party any alternative leader who could be compared with Mr. Roosevelt, and who possessed a reasonable political availability, might begin to wonder whether Mr. Roosevelt was more than an average President. But with no one of any eminence politically available there is no one to cast Mr. Roosevelt into the shade.

Even in the other parties there is no one apparently who is politically available who is likely to command more confidence than Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hoover, Mr. Ogden Mills, Colonel Knox, Representative Wadsworth, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Vandenberg, Senator Dickinson, Governor Landon of Kansas, Governor Winant of New Hampshire, and other potential or actual candidates for the Republican nomination, though some of them able, and some popular, are none of them persons calculated to make Mr. Roosevelt look small—quite the contrary.

Of the possible nominees of minor parties, now that Huey Long is gone, there seems to be no one of national stature. Father Coughlin could not in any case be a candidate himself. Even if he were available, he would, if compared with Mr. Roosevelt, make the latter look greater, not smaller; better, not less, well fitted to fill his high office. In any case his influence seems to be, at least temporarily, waning, and he has shown signs, perhaps in consequence, of coming again on to the Roosevelt "band-waggon" for the purposes of the election. Upton Sinclair, Dr. Townsend, Senator Robert La Follette (the younger), Governor Olsen of Minnesota, Governor Talmadge of Georgia, and even Norman Thomas (regular official Socialist nominee), and Senator Borah (most irregular of regular Republicans), though each possessed of a loyal following, and some possessed of a national reputation, are none of them likely to hurt Mr. Roosevelt if compared with him or put in the lists against him.

The tendency to swing away from Mr. Roosevelt is therefore continually checked. Even bitter opponents of his policy who write him down as merely a clever politician, when they come to think of the available alternatives (politically as distinct from theoretically available, and the distinction is important in America), are often compelled to say that Mr. Roosevelt is a not an unworthy occupant of the White House.

It is much the same when the President's policy as distinct from his personality is considered. The New Deal has always been less popular than Mr. Roosevelt, who has very luckily, but rather improperly, been given the credit for its good points and successes, while being absolved, until recently, of full

responsibility for its defects and failures. It is today distinctly discredited. Even so, however, it might very possibly receive the endorsement of the country at the polls on the ground that no one had, and no one has, anything better to suggest.

The New Deal has grown more and more unpopular in many circles of opinion for several reasons. Recovery has lagged, and the public always expects, and is too frequently led to expect, rapid and complete recovery, and is therefore inclined to discount anything else. Emboldened by the growing evidence that success, as measured by recovery, has been only partial, Radicals and Conservatives, who in any case were discontented with the New Deal, have been criticizing it from their respective points of view. The Radicals have a hundred schemes, of which Huey Long's "Share Our Wealth" programme was only one of the best known but by no means the most practical which they would like to try in the belief that a short cut out of the depression and towards prosperity and justice exists. The Conservatives, now that their courage has returned, are obsessed with the danger of such huge Government deficits and expenditures, and irritated beyond measure at other innovations, and are therefore clamouring for a return to normal.

Other people, inclined to be less impatient than the Left and less frightened and orthodox than the Right, have gradually been turned from support to criticism of the New Deal because of the way it has seemed recently to be running down and falling into confusion. Others again have become critics either because they disliked its regulatory features (the typical American is still, so far as his own affairs are concerned, and apart from a receptiveness to government loans or gifts, a determined individualist) or because they thought, especially after the N.R.A. decision, that it was contrary to their still widely venerated constitution.

Most powerful of all in producing a reaction against the New Deal has been, paradoxically enough, its success. Only a grave emergency, when fear made everyone willing to trust the one man who seemed confident, could have enabled Mr. Roosevelt to carry into law and effect such a programme or series of programmes as the New Deal. Such a subordination of Congress and public to one man and policy was bound to produce

reaction in time. Now that the crisis is over, or at least relaxed, that reaction has come. Normal political and party considerations are now again uppermost. And therefore, as is usual in America, quite apart from the merits or demerits of the President and programme in question, jealousies between executive, legislative and judiciary, between the federal State and local governments, between the political parties, and between groups and personalities within each party, have developed, and have swollen the tide of criticism against the New Deal.

Even so it is, I think, the case that a 60 per cent. majority of the American people, if they had to vote on the questions: "Do you think that the New Deal taken as a whole has contributed effectively to the recovery and reform of the country" ? and "Do you think that the New Deal taken as a whole should be maintained or repealed" ? would vote "Yes", and thus sustain the President. Most voters would probably prefer to be allowed to pick and choose, to take some and to reject other parts of the New Deal. The way in which advocates of the New Deal as a whole are critics of it is very marked, and strong critics: in detail, while fierce critics of the programme as a whole would, if asked plank by plank whether they would sacrifice it, frequently say "No". On balance, however, and realizing that they had to take the rough with the smooth, the 60 per cent. majority which I have mentioned would almost certainly even today, as "straw" votes have shown, be unprepared to negative this great experiment.

This is so, I think, very largely for the same reasons that an even greater majority of the American people would be inclined to say that they approved of the President as a man, because of the paucity of available alternatives. What could the United States have done, what could it do today, in the emergency with which it is faced, if it were to decide to reject either the President or his programme ?

It is highly probable, even if an opponent of Mr. Roosevelt, whether Republican or right-wing Democrat, were to be elected, that a great deal of Mr. Roosevelt's policy would have to be retained. Not even the most orthodox of statesmen would probably dare to cut down relief and other emergency expenditures, or to impose taxation to the point which would be necessary

if a balanced budget were to be immediately attained. None would dare to leave the farmers, the unemployed, the debtor classes, and other distressed elements, to their fate by having the federal government retreat, as in strict American theory it should, into its normal sphere of activity.

Certainly the public has not yet been given by any of Mr. Roosevelt's many critics or competitors a coherent, complete programme, or even the indications of one, which can command real confidence as a practicable alternative, the political and economic circumstances being what they are, to Mr. Roosevelt's series of experiments. The New Deal, considered absolutely, may be very vulnerable to criticism. Considered, as it should be, in relation to the American situation, and to the alternatives which were, or are, actually possible, it appears much stronger.

That is not to say that either the President or his programme will actually emerge safe from next year's elections. It seems highly probable that the President will be re-nominated and re-elected. There is, however, undoubtedly a chance, if recovery lags, if the radicals nominate a third party candidate who can poll a respectable vote, and if the Republicans play their cards well, that he may just fail to get an electoral majority. If only the Republican Party could today present as firm a front as it did in 1920, it is possible that it could win, as it won then, on a plea for a return to normalcy. It might not hurt it in such circumstances to present as its nominee a respectable dark horse. At the moment, however—and this is Mr. Roosevelt's greatest asset—both the Republican and the radical opposition is divided as seldom before. It even looks as if only a miracle would enable either Republicans or Radicals to enter the campaign with a united front, or in a temper which offers real hope of victory.

The re-election of Mr. Roosevelt seems therefore highly probable. The retention of his policy is perhaps less probable. He may, indeed, not be sorry to see the Supreme Court, Congress, the turn of the elections, and other factors, give him an excuse for dropping much of his former programme. There are more unlikely things than that his second term, if he be re-elected, should be, at least by comparison with his first, and so far as

domestic matters are concerned, uneventful, and even conservative.

It is, of course, too early to say that this will be so. Many things may happen between now and the commencement of the next Presidential term at the end of January, 1937. The progress of events may be such as to drive Mr. Roosevelt, who is, whatever else he may or may not be, most certainly a brilliant opportunist, into courses which neither he nor anyone else would previously have anticipated. It is, indeed, this feeling that anything is possible which has seemed the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency, and it may remain so.

Even the issues of the election, in so far as there can be any others than a weighing in the balance of Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal, are as yet doubtful. There has seemed much reason to suppose that the revision of the Constitution might be the chief issue. The Republicans certainly have looked as if they wanted to make it such. Mr. Roosevelt has talked at times as if he would gladly take up such a challenge. But not until after this session of the Court has concluded its work, or until both sides have discovered what they can of public sentiment on the point, will even that matter be definitely settled. For the moment foreign observers would do well to do what Mr. Roosevelt invites Americans to do: enjoy a welcome and overdue breathing space so far as American domestic developments are concerned.

ENGLISH LECTURERS IN AMERICA: II

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

CONCERNING the circumstances and possibilities of the American platform there exist on this side of the Atlantic a surprising number of mistaken notions which ought to be blown away. In the October number of this REVIEW I dealt mainly with the past, and with the experiences of English authors and public men who toured the United States under conditions markedly different from those prevailing today. It should therefore be serviceable, and it may not be without entertainment, if in the present article I set forth some of the actualities of a business which is much more important than most people realize in relation to the great matter of Anglo-American understanding and misunderstanding. And let me begin with a warning that ought not to be needed. Generalities on a topic of this kind are not interesting, and they have no value at all. Here is a subject which calls for exact statement, and for a certain amount of frank criticism.

The Briton or European who wishes, in Henry James's phrase, to "commence *conférencier*", stands in need of an agent. Bookings cannot be made across the ocean. Programmes are arranged months in advance, and the task of fixing dates and arranging journeys involves a large amount of effort with innumerable adjustments. The records of the past thirty years prove that the lecture-bureau business is highly speculative. An agent in New York or Chicago who has to do with clients in Europe is in peril of many chances. He may have "plunged" over one or two "head-liners"; he may have miscalculated the demand for a certain kind of speaker; he may have drawn the wrong conclusions from the experience of one season, to find himself in difficulties with his European "prospects". I have

known of an agent, second to none in commercial standing, being entangled in unmanageable difficulties through having brought over a very eminent European who, appearing before a great New York audience, began to utter cacophony which no person in the hall could recognize as English. And I have heard of a well-established firm of agents carrying out its contract with a famous speaker, amid circumstances of exceptional difficulty, and having in consequence to dissolve.

There is no uniform rule governing the bureau's procedure and commission. Some agents prefer to offer a minimum guarantee to the lecturer, either including or excluding his travelling and hotel expenses. The guarantee arrangement, however, is becoming rare—except in the case of men of special repute, who could not otherwise be tempted, or men holding positions from which they cannot absent themselves without due compensation. There are a few agents who think it undesirable to all parties concerned that an itinerant speaker should be left to pay his own travelling expenses out of earnings, but their view is not nowadays generally endorsed. In the majority of cases the agent charges a commission on the gross fee, and from the remainder the lecturer pays all his current expenses. In easier times the agent's commission was on an average 20 per cent. It is now usually 25, or probably 30 per cent. if the agent undertakes to cover all the bills for circulars and other publicity. We can see, therefore, that the result in actual earnings must depend upon the total number of dates, the average fee, and the degree in which the agent is successful in grouping the engagements so that railroad fares are kept down. In the case of a lecturer with a large established public (say, a Hugh Walpole or Bertrand Russell) who may cross the continent and visit from thirty to forty States, there need be little doubling of journeys; but a speaker whose bookings are scattered, and who has no objection to awkward journeys, may find himself continually sent hither and yon. A "skedyule" which I personally should regard as satisfactory is one of a kind not unfamiliar in the good times of American prosperity, when a period of ten days might contain fifteen lectures within easy distances of a great Middle-Western centre.

"Lecturers make a great deal of money because they preach

the people tame", wrote an illustrious Englishman in the seventeenth century. He did not mean what we mean; he was not thinking of our order, yet in our time many people speak in John Selden's fashion about the gains of the trans-Atlantic lecturer. "I happen to know", said a popular English writer not long ago, "that Blank has cleaned up £6,000 annually for many years by lecturing in the United States"—and fantastic as this statement is, we may perhaps take it as representing more or less the guesses of some men who should know better. I have mentioned the many years of labour done by Mr. John Cowper Powys, the author of *Wolf Solent*. He worked the ground for a quarter of a century, winter by winter, thereby making a record among English speakers. He was the first to make a complete conquest of the women's clubs. He traversed the continent again and again, facing hardships such as the itinerant practitioner of today knows not. He possessed, in my judgment, the finest gift of natural oratory, and was endowed with a faculty much rarer than eloquence—namely, the power of æsthetic exposition and criticism. No contemporary speaker in America could equal Powys when it came to the imaginative appreciation of a work of great art. He invented a method which he calls "dithyrambic analysis", and carried it at times to giddy heights. No literary lecturer on the American continent had a reputation greater than his; certainly none worked harder. And yet Powys, in his astonishing *Autobiography*, mentions as a fact indicating exceptional financial success, that his earnings for a short time approached £1,000 in a season. Of course, there have been some English lecturers in America who have made much larger money than this—say, during a special tour following a striking achievement in action or the publication of a successful book. The huge popularity of Sir Philip Gibbs's day-to-day narrative of the War, syndicated through hundreds of newspapers, yielded an amazing series of audiences. For Captain Carpenter of Zeebrugge fame, there was, I believe, a greater demand during a short period than for almost any other speaker of the past twenty years. Rabindranath Tagore, at the height of the renown which came to him after the award of the Nobel Prize, was booked for a series of engagements which his agent described as unparalleled for a man of letters.

I should cite as an illustration of certain striking and permanent differences between England and America this fact, that ever since his first visit, on the strength of the books written during and soon after the War, Mr. Bertrand Russell could be booked at excellent fees all over the United States, at universities and popular forums, with the certainty that public interest in his "message" would not slacken to the end of a long season. Mr. Russell, I should judge, has no particular love for the work, but goes through it as an obligatory task. Not so Mr. Hugh Walpole, who before turning to Hollywood showed himself to be, first, an accomplished literary lecturer, and secondly, among novelist-lecturers, the most complete master of the game. He took the whole problem with businesslike seriousness—planning a long stay, setting a clear goal, co-operating with his agent, and bringing about a practical entente between the lecture-hall and the bookshop. From the days of the first novelist-lecturer to the days of Mr. Priestley and the Bengal Lancer no English author has understood organization in this field so well as Mr. Walpole.

There was one ludicrous lustrum during which two or three lecture bureaux, acting on the theory that the lecture centres were in the mood to pay anything for European "top-notchers", broke into an orgy of competition. "I don't book lecturers", said one enterprising agent, "I sell names", and he added that in his opinion no lecture as such was worth more than \$150, which happens now to be not far from the maximum fee for a foreign lecturer of proved quality. My acquaintance who prefers to sell names can still, notwithstanding the depression, do very well indeed for one or two special headliners of a season, but his highest adventures in present circumstances make no showing at all by comparison with the wild period to which I have referred.

The more startling facts will hardly seem credible to the English reader, but I state a few of them in bald actuality. There was one winter in particular when, as the Americans put it, the sky was the limit. A valued friend of mine, who directs a lecture institution which exerts an influence commensurate with its remarkable record, said this to me:

"As you know, we have had on our platform almost every important speaker from Europe and Asia since we were founded. People are asking

why there is no mention of X, Y and Z on our winter programme. When the question is put to me, though not otherwise, I give the reason, and tell them that never before have we declined the services of a speaker because of the extravagance of the fee. For one lecture by X or Y the agent asks \$3,500" (£750 at par, and the pound sterling was then low), "and for Y, \$1,000."

All three of these wonderful names were English; and if the reader asks whether in that fantastic time any hero or archangel of our race was able, even upon a single occasion, to command the fee then attached to X and Y, the answer is that, so far as I am aware, he was not. One of the trio did not appear; the lectures arranged for the second were managed on a flexible plan; the third obtained, and deserved, good but not inflated fees. I may add that in the boom period a few European lecturers were able to obtain a certain number of engagements at \$1,000 and even \$1,500 (£200 to £300), but it should hardly be necessary to add that those days have gone, almost certainly for ever. They were bad days. The agent took as commission all that the traffic would bear, and expenses were calculated upon an outrageous scale. The net return bore no relation to the gross fee. The odium, nevertheless, fell upon the lecturer himself, and grave damage was done to the name of England and to the English writing fraternity, not a few members of which, it was always remembered, kept up the old habit of despising the Americans as dollar-chasers! I recall, more or less in this connection, part of a conversation with a leading member of New York's most exalted women's club:

"Why" (indignantly) "can't the Colony Club have Minerva N—— to lecture?"

"That is an easy one. Because the agent is asking \$500, and your committee won't pay it."

"I should think not, indeed. Why, no lecture is worth \$500! What ought we to do?"

"That's easy too" (coming from one who would not disagree with your valuation): "Tell him that you want Minerva and can pay \$250. It will be all right."

It is rather pleasing, however, to remember that the names which were thus exploited were not all English. I am inclined, indeed, to think that the most distressful episode in the reckless period was that of Count Hermann Keyserling, by whom a large number of engagements were fulfilled, amid widespread diversion in the newspapers, at fees between \$750 and \$1,000.

For the competent English lecturer, with good subjects and some years of hard service behind him, accustomed to invitations from colleges, clubs, and people's forums, the practical minimum can be put at \$100, from which the agent's commission and all travelling expenses are deducted. The reckoning is easy, and so is the deduction. They will not greatly encourage the young writer or politician, who has thought of the American lecture field as Tom Tiddler's ground.

Mr. Winston Churchill has a place by himself, and his experience four years ago was so unusual that the leading facts may well be stated here. As a young adventurer in the field Mr. Churchill enjoyed a remarkable first success. His mother was American and of a prominent family; he himself was at that time fresh from his adventures as a war correspondent in the Boer campaign. Thirty years later, when he decided to go again, he was among the best-known men in the English-speaking world, one of the three or four genuine orators in Parliament, and constantly described as the most picturesque and effective speaker in the Commons. His market value was deemed to be higher than that of any other British statesman, except perhaps Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George. His original contract was for 45 engagements to come within ten weeks; and I believe that the total sum guaranteed by the adventurous bureau which made this remarkable deal was larger than any sum paid to a speaker from England since the sensational tour of H. M. Stanley, the African explorer.

I remember that in the spring of 1931 the agency was advised that a political crisis and a general election were almost certain in England before the end of the year, but the warning was not allowed to interfere with the bookings. The crisis befell, the election followed, and a large number of dates had to be changed. But that was not all. Mr. Churchill had spoken only once, and that not in New York, when he had a narrow escape in a motor-car accident which made necessary a long convalescence. This involved a further and extensive shifting of dates, so that when Mr. Churchill at last set out on his tour the tickets for many of his meetings had been sold three times over. Here was an enterprise certainly without a parallel in America. It testified to Mr. Churchill's great reputation, and

could fairly be cited as an example of unusual skill and persistence on the part of his lecture agency. I heard Mr. Churchill's initial lecture in New York, to an audience which filled the largest hall of the Brooklyn Institute, and I was interested to observe the strict objectivity with which the task of the evening was carried through. Not a personal word was uttered. Mr. Churchill spoke on "The Pathway of the English-speaking Peoples", and kept fairly close to his manuscript—I should judge on the assumption that, in America as in some other countries, a lecture is a discourse to be read. This is a point of no little importance upon which I shall have a later word to say.

I come now to the demands and difficulties of the American lecture platform. The demands are serious, not to say exacting; the difficulties are of many kinds, and not a few of them may be described as cumulative, arising from the persistence of stories about foreign lecturers who have gone before. The first essential for a man or woman setting out to speak in North America is a clear realization that American audiences, in all parts of the country, are not to be put off with thin material or poor delivery. A public which has at all times accorded to the platform, in respect of political and educational matters, a status somewhat analogous to that of the pulpit, has learned to insist upon a high standard of platform technique. And American lecture institutions can prove their right to the best. A women's club in good standing can and does choose the most impressive names in connection with the subjects on its programme. There is no sense in the advice by which an untried speaker is somewhat harassed, as to Americans wanting this or that kind of discourse. American audiences are accustomed to the widest variety of platform manner. I never heard of a chairman or committee offering advance instructions on method or style. The assumption is that the lecturer must be allowed to do his job in his own way, and the one thing everywhere expected is that he do it with his might. And this brings me to the not unimportant matter of the complaints made—I am bound to say, continuously and in all directions—against English speakers as a class, and especially against the literary lecturer.

It is alleged that too many of them are untrustworthy in their treatment of practical arrangements. In excuse for non-fulfilment of an engagement, it is said, they may plead fatigue or a too-difficult railroad journey; they may be over anxious to move on and cut the social part of the day; in not a few cases they yield to the temptation of giving up in the middle of an itinerary. It is remarkable—as at least two agents have grumbled to me—in how many instances a speaker is recalled to England, thus leaving his agent high and dry. The novelist-lecturer, moreover, too often displays his lack of platform training; he wishes to talk about his own books, or he harps upon the outworn theme of the Modern Novel. (This last point, surely, is not a valid grievance. The novelist turns lecturer, presumably, because audiences like to meet an author in person, and a novelist is unlikely to have a subject apart from his own trade.) But there is one complaint which, in my considerable experience, outweighs all others. It is that the literary lecturer, and not he alone by any means, is frequently inaudible or else that he speaks an affected English that no American or Canadian audience could be expected to understand.

Here, of course, is a most serious matter, and we English have to face the fact that its importance is certain to increase. The processes of phonetic change are decidedly different on our side of the Atlantic from the corresponding processes in the English-speaking lands overseas, and one result is that year by year the so-called standard English of the mother country draws farther away from the English of North America. I should say that no English person can realize how far the disparity has gone unless he knows America and has listened to a good many English public-speakers in the American atmosphere. The rapid phonetic decay of our time has made a gulf between the generations in England. Relatively speaking, few men and women under forty who have grown up in cultivated households speak the same English as their elders: the vowels that came naturally to their parents they apparently do not hear and could not reproduce.

The moral of this, in its application to America, is unmistakable. The language of most of the younger men now in Parliament would be largely unintelligible if spoken from an American

platform, while it is everywhere recognized that the Anglican pulpit voice or the speech of the conventional university don must to speakers of English overseas sound like a foreign utterance. The difference, I repeat, is mainly a difference between the generations, for it would be agreed in America that no more satisfying English has been heard from the platform than that coming from the veterans who have visited the United States in recent years—for instance, Lord Balfour, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Oliver Lodge. Sir Norman Angell and Sir Frederick Whyte, again, are heard everywhere with pleasure and followed without difficulty. And I add another and particularly good example. Last winter Lord Lytton was heard in New York and a few other cities as the inaugural lecturer on the new Jonathan Peterson foundation. No public man from England has in recent years made a more admirable impression. Apart from Lord Lytton's personal distinction and the quality of his addresses, this was due to the perfection of his English sounds.

It is idle, as I have suggested, to imagine that the job of lecturing has in America to be carried out according to a conventional plan. "There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right." But a few plain principles need to be observed, and these at any rate, I think, should be treated strictly as rules. The first is concerned with inaudibility. An audience takes for granted that the primary duty of any speaker is to make himself heard, and Americans have been led to infer, from the number of British examples they are able to quote, that English audiences must be accustomed to suffering in silence. And with clearness of speech goes vitality. American public speaking is often pitched in a monotone, and yet it is certainly true that everywhere in the United States the visiting lecturer is expected to be animated, to speak as though he were thoroughly interested in his subject and in his own way of presenting it. The numerous debating teams from the English universities touring America in recent years have won their successes chiefly because they have made an impression of lively minds at work, and the American public has been encouraged to think that this is the characteristic merit of the English style. This point by itself would seem to

answer the question as to the use of manuscript. Paper has almost disappeared from the American platform. So strong has the prejudice become that when, in 1932, I was invited by a New York society to deliver a bicentennial address on George Washington, the suggestion that I be permitted to read it was emphatically turned down. We can understand, therefore, the disappointment that finds expression when a famous speaker from England is seen to be provided with the manuscript of a formal oration, and particularly when it has been announced that the subject of the day forms the staple of his offering to the American public. I do not, of course, overlook the fact that there are various ways of using manuscript. The fortunate speakers are those with long sight, who can stand free of the desk and read without the secret being revealed.

I finish with a brief comment upon an important aspect of a many-sided subject. The relations between Britain and America are of incalculable significance. We are all ready to acknowledge this, and we shall be compelled to consider more and more seriously all the influences that are shaping and modifying those relations, and with the development of world radio the spoken word becomes more than ever important. The visiting lecturer, inevitably, is part of that importance; and while the affairs of his tribe are being rapidly reduced (the great and romantic exceptions being always excluded) to the plain prose of business with very modest rewards, the available evidence does not point to a numerical decline. The American platform will continue to make its appeal to speakers from English-speaking lands. How far, and in what respect, the cause of Anglo-American understanding has been aided by the work of the itinerant English lecturer, it is not for a humble labourer in the vineyard to say. But one thing at least he would not wish to avoid saying. It is that a long experience of travel and daily contacts with ever-changing scenes and communities means necessarily a somewhat unusual acquaintance with the land and its people. And who, knowing America, could hesitate to add that the memories implied in such acquaintance comprise "part of our life's inestimable good"?

MARK TWAIN

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

IN the preface to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* Mark Twain tells his readers that Huck Finn is "drawn from life". He is more than that. In spite of all the objections raised by a stiff pedantry against that criticism which discovers personal experiences, personal hopes and aspirations in the characters of dramatic authors, no reader who is sensitive to a great artist's degrees of representing reality can fail to recognize which among an author's creations represent most fully his own longings and his own losses. This is true even of Shakespeare. It is a sound instinct which has led the imaginative critics of the world to find Shakespeare himself in Hamlet, in Falstaff and in Prospero. There is no identity between the poet and these persons: but the characters who live most vividly in a man's plays or novels are always those into whom he has put the very spirit which has compelled him to write. It is not that a great artist fails to give vitality to characters with whom he has, in conscious desire at least, very little in common—there is a vitality in disapprobation or in hatred—Goneril has no lack of vitality, nor Iago. But no one can mistake the change in temper, in imaginative sympathy and intellectual coalition when an author creates a character who is not so much representative as symbolic of himself. The release which an author experiences in the making of characters he does not love except as his handiwork is a release *from* something in himself which he would fain be rid of: supreme instances of this are Balzac's Grandet, Tolstoy's Karénin or Shakespeare's Timon or Iago. The release expressed in the making of the loved characters—and inestimable or disreputable persons can arouse their maker's love as much as honourable people—is a release *into* something which, until it is interpreted in art, remains only a vague longing in the artist—Dostoevsky's Myshkin, Shakespeare's Juliet or Falstaff or Hamlet, Balzac's

Pons, Dickens' Pickwick. It is to this category that Huck Finn belongs: and general opinion is right in holding that *Huckleberry Finn* is Mark Twain's best book—better than the admirable *Life on the Mississippi*, because it has more of creative imagination; better than *The Innocents Abroad*, because it is free from that uneasy impatience, that strain of defiant irreverence, that loud boastfulness, masking an ineradicable shyness which Mark Twain indulged when he was confronted by a culture he was too hurried to understand, and too scornfully American to try to understand.

Mark Twain is a great American author; and it is to the credit of English critics that they realized, before Mark Twain's own countrymen, that a great national author was, simply, a great author. For a great deal of the crudeness in Mark Twain for his inclination to bring his six-shooter and high boots so arrogantly and irrelevantly into the salons, the museums, the picture-galleries of Europe, we must blame the polite pundits of Bostonian America, rather than Mark Twain himself. They condescended to him, and their condescension was because they felt he exposed American civilization to the jeers of Europe. They were busy in convincing Europe that the best people in America could assimilate and reproduce the culture of the old world. Some did, but without abandoning their specific American heritages—Hawthorne and Melville, for instance; one other, at least, Edgar Allan Poe, was as remote from national characteristics as any author can be. A great many, however, were still, in matters of culture, unweaned from Europe—and disastrously separate from the normal life of their own country. Too many put all the emphasis on *England* and forgot that proud and promising epithet, *New*. It was these whom Mark Twain horrified and disgusted; and they were disconcerted and at a bitter loss when they found this prophet of the new America hailed in England as a man of outstanding genius.

Mark Twain saw no reason why he, as American, should not criticize the old world as severely as European critics criticized America. He was wrong; for his criticisms often sprang from prejudice or sheer ignorance, or plain insensibility (as in the disgraceful—in its effect—retelling of the story of Abelard and Héloïse); but he was wrong not because he claimed his right to criticize Europe, but because he claimed that right as an American

rather than as himself. And he was driven to that attitude by his sense of the maddening injustice of the attitude which assumed, with as little justification as there was for his derogatory denunciations, that any European had a right to condemn anything American, simply because it was not European. The excitement, the exhilaration, the courageous gusto, the freedom, the careless ease, the gigantic romantic lying typical of American pioneer life had no place in American literature until Mark Twain wrote, as heedless as he could be of the regulations and conventions that insisted that whatever else the artist might be, and whatever he was trying to represent, his first business was to be polite, to hold no mirror up to life until the glass had been discreetly clouded by a slightly permeable veil.

In her book on her father, Clara Clemens writes about his power of anger:

Every member of our family was provided with a healthy temper, but none of us possessed one comparable to the regal proportion of Father's. When he escaped into the open, it was a grand sight. There was the liberation of the caged wild animals of the earth. It did me good to see it, a raging flood of waters that tore away puerile dams insulting to freedom. Father's temper shone with the light of his genius. . . . He almost never permitted his wrath to rise towards my Mother. And it seemed to me an unique achievement that a man with so fiery a nature could prevent the flames from scorching the heart of his life's treasure. It is easy to forget one's ideals in times of stress.

A great deal has been written, since his death, about the effect on Mark Twain of his marriage and the kind of life which his wife expected him to lead. At the time of the publication of his letters in 1913, I emphasized how crippling in some respects had been his deference to his wife; and this idea of Mark Twain as a man who was unnaturally curbed, forced to observe conventions that had behind them nothing that he revered except that they were his wife's, was elaborated later by Mr. van Wyck Brooks in his excellent (and entirely independent) analysis of Mark Twain's genius—*The Ordeal of Mark Twain*. There is a real danger now that too much stress should be laid on this aspect. It is absurd to write as if we have in Mark Twain a spangled Dostoevsky, a thwarted philosopher, or a baffled leader of rebellious thought. The fact that he used his humour at times as a safety valve, as a way of escape from the intolerable

routine of a provincial society must not blind one to the fact that he was always a humorous author ; a funny man, often a tremendously funny man. Genius can be slightly muzzled: it may be led at times into sly paths of self-satisfaction in revenge for the boredom inflicted on it by uncongenial society. Genius cannot be completely diverted from its own paths. Compare Mark Twain with a greater contemporary, Ibsen. Ibsen suffered, too, from a provincial suburbanity. Ibsen, too, was happy—and no doubt occasionally chagrined—in a romantic marriage. Ibsen was also a humorist. We cannot, however, imagine Ibsen as a creator of the Titanic buffoonery we meet in Mark Twain; of the careless, generous, nonsensical fun which we find in Mark Twain. And had Mark Twain possessed the power of profound thought, the deep analytic insight into character which mark Ibsen's work, it would have come out spite of Boston, and spite of his beloved Olivia.

Looking back on what has been written on this problem, re-reading the letters, Paine's life and Clara Clemens's book, I feel that, after all, though Olivia was to blame in part for increasing her husband's natural diffidence, the powers behind her were far more blameworthy. It was, to use the phrase of Ibsen's Dr. Stockman, "the damn'd compact liberal majority"; the cold, dull, polite, smooth Anglicized Bostonian Brahmins, the Philistines of philosophy, the prigs of art, the undertakers of religion, who lamed and shackled Mark Twain. They were false to the one duty committed to a socially superior class, to people of higher education, whom education had given the chance of contact with a better culture than Mark Twain's. They did not try to help this large, shambling, untutored, generous child of the West to develop in the best way on his own lines; they tried to make him as one of themselves. When he needed salvation, they tried to teach him to say Shibboleth. It was against them his wrath should have raged. No doubt there were times when it did; but he was far too pliable to their suggestions that he was inferior, socially and intellectually, to the established Europeanized American man of letters; and he allowed them, as he once put it in a letter, to "comb him all to hell"—the native vigour of the language, as usual, compensates a little for the indignity of the process under which he suffered.

Mark Twain once wrote his spiritual and emotional autobiography: his confessions. It will not be found in the pseudo-philosophical, pseudo-scientific writings—*The Mysterious Stranger* and such-like—in which he betrays too clearly that he is a fellow-countryman of Robert Ingersoll, who kept in a state of electric vitality the corpse of eighteenth-century deism. It can be found in solution in many of the letters, in the travel-books and in many of the sketches. But there is one brief passage in one of his best-known books where the whole of his conflict with the world is put down for us to read. The whole agony and humour and dismay of that conflict is in the fact that it was a conflict with those he loved. Mark Twain was happy and often wise when he hated; he was happy and nearly always silly when he despised; he was disconsolate and amused and enraged and grieved at heart when he loved. All of that terrible distress is exposed, as only a great humorist could expose it, in the opening chapter of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*:—

Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher, he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece, all the year round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas, she took me for her son, and allowed she would sivilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them. That is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the juice kind of swaps around and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the "Bulrushers"; and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by-and-by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him; because I don't take no stock in dead people.

Pretty soon, I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try not to do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was abothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course, that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on, had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now, with a spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry"; and, "don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry—set up straight"; and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave"? Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad, then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; she was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day long with a harp and sing for ever and ever. So I didn't think much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said, not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By-and-by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars was shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooing about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave and has to go about that way every night grieveing. I got so down-hearted and scared, I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider came crawling up my shoulder, and I flipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shrivelled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shook the clothes off me. I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every time;

and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't no confidence. You can do that when you've lost a horseshoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a spider.

I set down again, a-shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a smoke; for the house was all as still as death, now, and so the widow wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in the town go boom—boom—boom—twelve licks—and all still again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a twig snap, down in the dark amongst the trees—something was a-stirring. I set still and listened. Directly I could just barely hear a "me-yow! me-yow!" down there. That was good! Says I, "me-yow! me-yow!" as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in amongst the trees and sure enough there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.

The value of this autobiographical fragment is that it is not written consciously as a confession. The man who sets out to be candid nearly always misses the truth; he not only dramatizes himself, he arranges and overcharges the facts. The man who projects himself into another character and through that character shows his desires, his disappointments and vexations may achieve a degree of self-revelation which neither St. Augustine or Bunyan, Casanova or Frank Harris, Cellini or Trelawney can attain. The truth is told best by the great liars—and Mark Twain was a magnificent liar. It will be said that, if I am right in regarding these fifteen hundred words or so as Mark Twain's intimate autobiography, I am on the side of those who declare that Mark Twain always remained a boy—that he was essentially non-adult. In a sense, that is so—but we must not fall into the error of thinking that Mark Twain was less adult than the critics who stigmatize his perpetual boyishness. There are young prigs in plenty; and every fourth form has its one or two superior lads who boast of their own sophistication in a spirit quite as childish as the simplicity they condemn. Perhaps no artist ever completely grows up; certainly that artist does not who complains of the childishness of those who exacerbate the serious, shiny-foreheaded, pragmatical, teasing little critics, who believe that philately is a more adult occupation than playing at brigands or Red Indians. The only really adult people are the saints, and they have never been shy of the pleasures of the nursery. I don't mind Mark Twain

being accused of boyishness if the critic who makes the charge realizes that it is equally valid against, say, Samuel Butler and George Bernard Shaw.

It would be a congenial business to go through the passage in detail, and point out how in every sentence there is a disguised reference to Mark Twain's own career. But that's a job for a psychologist. I must be content with a few hints. There's the reference to his early fortune, the complaint that his natural instinct to gamble with it (which he indulged so disastrously) is checked by his friends. Then how much ardour there is in the grouch against the effort to "civilize" him, and his own obstinate determination to resist it—"when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out". In Huck Finn's dislike of punctuality and regular meals and polite behaviour at table we have the whole of Mark Twain's distaste for the conventions which curse a society that acquiesces in the rule of formality rather than plays the charade of etiquette. Then in the sentence about Moses, Mark Twain rejoices in his gravest fault—his set passion to treat the past with irreverence, because he was maddened by the tiresome, unmeaning reverence paid to it by his cultured acquaintances. Yet it would have pleased rather than enraged him if he knew how his sentences about the good place recalls one of the most famous passages in the mediæval *Aucassin and Nicolette*, where hell is preferred to heaven on account of the good company to be found there. Narrow-minded Christians have pounced on the passage in *Aucassin and Nicolette* just as some of Mark Twain's Christian friends would denounce him. It is odd that they could not recognize that Mark Twain was only expressing the same truth as did William Morris in the familiar "Fellowship is Heaven: lack of fellowship is Hell".

Mark Twain was, after all, not to be held any more than was Huck Finn. In spite of all prohibitions, in spite of his own weaknesses, in spite of his despair at the cruelty of nature, the dread of the dark, the fear that haunts a man as he travels through the quiet and ominous whisperings of a great forest, he had his refuge. . . .

Says I, "me-yow! me-yow" as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in amongst the trees, and sure enough there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.

There was always Tom Sawyer as a comfort in the dark, and a refuge from the world of blanketing conventions. There was always for Mark Twain his art, his story-telling, his irrepressible humour. There he could "loaf and invite his soul". There he was master. That he is a master there can be no question, not even in this centenary year when notoriously reputations are at their ebb. How far Mark Twain has declined in popular favour it is hard to judge. He suffers from the sheer bulk of his writing, and there will be few to agree with Mr. Stephen Leacock in his estimate which puts Mark Twain on a level with Charles Dickens. None of the American author's works can rank with the greatest of Dickens; the fact that he was a pleasanter man, a more lovable character and, at his funniest, a more amusing, more extravagant artist than Dickens cannot hide the fact that he had little of Dickens' huge powers of creation. Much of Mark Twain's best work is but elaborate, wildly exuberant anecdote. Except for *Huckleberry Finn*—his greatest success—and *The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*—an ambitious, rather frigid failure—his works are shapeless. I have a great liking for that neglected work which he wrote in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, *The Gilded Age*. It is a careful, honest piece of work, full of shrewd criticism, and remains the truest document in the history of that worship of gold which gave to the States the empire of California. *Life on the Mississippi* is a rare record of that pioneering America which was one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. While I can recognize the savagery of the satire in *The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, I have never been able to rate this book as highly as do some. It suffers from the same vulgarity which distinguishes the episodic retelling of the Abelard and Héloïse stories. I do not believe that this vulgarity was native to Mark Twain. It only infects him when he is writing on sex or on death: and it was born, I believe, from his honourable reaction against the prudish attitude toward both which characterized polite America in his day. Death and sex were both, so far as possible, hushed up. Indeed, all natural functions were treated as improper in themselves—as having an innate impudicity. In rebellion against this, Mark Twain spoke and wrote of death and the dead with a deplorable insensibility, a lamentable levity; he loved to

drag decaying corpses into the conversaziones of the Brahmins, and assail their handkerchiefed nostrils with the stench of dissolution. The taboo on sex produced different results. He must have been shocked at the lack of Christian charity towards those guilty of sins of the flesh, but his protest took the unfortunate shape of a severer denunciation. He was determined to excel in the exaltation of a mere and meagre continence ; and he took a morbid delectation in debasing the world's great love stories to the level of the stews. How dare those uncultured, plumbing-lacking mediævalists have a freedom denied to the citizens of God's own country ? So Lancelot and Guenevere must join Abelard in a dirty abyss of ungenerous scorn.

The great Mark Twain is not to be found in the positive, denunciatory, callow American attacking times and people whom he never had the grace or the wit to see as they were. He is to be found in the pictures of the American life which he knew—the life of the hard-drinking, hard-swearing, essentially kindly and grossly sentimental men who shared all his characteristics except his genius, and who could appreciate in him a teller of tales taller than any they dared to invent. He is to be found in the Mark Twain who laughingly mocked his own disabilities or dislikes, as in the essay on the German language or the passages about Alpine climbing or hunting the chamois. He is to be found in the shrewd and just moments of indignation at international injustice—as in the letter to Queen Victoria about income-tax—and found most supremely in the tender and profoundly understanding books and short stories on the America of his own youth, works in which a whole epoch of history is preserved with justice, humour, and an unexpected beauty.

His eminence can be seen clearly enough if one compares him with his successors. If we look in America today for any one of his size, one will have to imagine a combination of Ring Lardner, Sinclair Lewis, and Booth Tarkington ; and even then there will be missing the great, magnificent unconsciousness, the careless generosity and extravagance, the quality of high spirits which put him in the same company as the great picaresque novelists. He was not a great novelist : he was not a fine artist—but his work has that touch of ease, of richness, of abandonment which distinguish the Gothic as distinct from the classical genius.

THE NEW GHETTO

BY CECIL ROTH

WHEN, not long since, the remains of the teeming Roman Ghetto fell victim to Signor Mussolini's all-embracing passion for reconstruction and reform, sentimental antiquaries all the world over deplored the passing of one of the last material relics of a system which once played an important part in Europe. But they were, alas, premature. The Italian Ghetto is nothing more than a memory ; but, by an amazing retrogression, a new Ghetto is now coming into being, before our eyes, in Germany. Not a figure of speech (as when one speaks of the London Ghetto in the Whitechapel neighbourhood, or the New York Ghetto on the East Side), but a compulsory institution, formally constituted and legally enforced, in the full tradition of the Middle Ages.

Throughout history there had been a natural tendency for Jews, as for every other minority, to foregather in specific areas for convenience in their social, economic, and religious life ; and most cities of mediæval Europe had their Jewries, the population of which was predominantly Jewish. But there was no compulsion in the system. Many Jews continued to live scattered about in isolation where they pleased, while non-Jews, attracted sometimes by the more solid architecture, had no compunction in taking houses in the middle of the Jewish quarter. (It was by the nobility, indeed, that the Jews were gradually extruded from the " Old Jewry " in London.)

It was the Lateran Council of 1179 which laid the foundation of the later, more stringent system, by forbidding true believers to lodge amongst the infidel, lest they should be contaminated by his beliefs. For a long time this provision was regarded more as a hope than as a positive rule of conduct : and those places where a formal, legally-enforced Jewish quarter existed, cut off from the remainder of the town, were in a very small

minority. It was left to the Counter-Reformation to perfect the system and to make it—at least so far as Catholic Europe was concerned—universal. By his Bull *cum nimis absurdum* of 1555, Pope Paul IV stressed the “absurdity” of the present state of the Jews, and re-enacted against them down to its least detail all the repressive system which the Middle Ages had been content to admire as an ideal. Above all, he decreed that they were henceforth to be segregated strictly in their own quarter, which was to be surrounded by a high wall and provided with gates, closed at night. This was subsequently known, in imitation of the existing Jewish quarter at Venice (situated in the *Getto Nuovo* or New Foundry), as the Ghetto; in Germany the corresponding term was *Judengasse*. Other provisions enacted at the same time, and constituting an integral part of the system, forbade the Jews to practise medicine among Christians, to employ Christian servants, or to be called by any honorific title. They were excluded from the professions, only the meanest occupations remaining open to them. They were forced to wear a distinctive badge, in the form of a yellow hat (in Germany a yellow circle, worn on the outer garment over the heart, was general). They were forbidden to own real estate, having to dispose of all in their possession at whatever sacrifice. This all-embracing code was henceforth enforced, in Catholic and parts of Protestant Europe, with all strictness: and it formed an integral part of the Ghetto system, which was to remain a blot upon Western civilization for centuries.

It is amazing to see how closely this precedent is being followed in Germany to-day. Thus far the final step, of compelling the Jews to live in specially-assigned streets, like the former *Judengassen*, has not been taken. But almost every other concomitant is already part of German law. The Jews have been driven out of political, social and intellectual life. They are being frozen out of commerce. They are no longer allowed to mix with non-Jews on equal terms, in work or in relaxation or in play. We are now very near the border-line. Had the Ghetto system been formally reintroduced three years ago, on the morrow of the Nazi Revolution, the conscience of civilized humanity would have been shocked. But to-day, the transition would be hardly perceptible. A brief rescript would suffice,

intimating that (ostensibly, perhaps, to prevent an outbreak of violence against them) Jews may no longer live in the same streets as Christians. The local authorities would then indicate what streets are to be set aside for Jewish occupation. Later on, one might witness the final ignominy of walls and gates, closed sedulously at night and on the great occasions of the Nazi (not, of course, in the twentieth century, the Catholic) calendar. This development, a wild flight of the imagination not long ago, is to-day more than possible: it is probable. In great cities like Berlin, with its 150,000 Jews, the precise mediæval precedent would be a little difficult to follow. In the provinces, however, it is already being held up for admiration and for imitation. Well-informed observers are of the opinion that legal enactment is only a matter of time.

But, even without the institution of a formal Ghetto with its walls and gates, an intellectual and social Ghetto is already being enforced by law. Jews have been excluded from the universities, the professions, journalism, literature, the stage, the concert platform, government employment. Every endeavour is made to undermine their economic position. “Aryans” are warned that he who buys from Jews is a traitor to his country. More absurdly still, in country districts the peasants are warned not to sell to Jews.

In points of detail the fidelity to mediæval precedent is in general ridiculously close. The Fourth Lateran Council of 1215 instituted the Jewish Badge (for which some extremists in Germany are agitating to-day) on the pretext that sexual intercourse had taken place unwittingly between Jews and Christians—an offence considered little less serious than incest, and punished as such. This is precisely the motive for much of the recent Nazi legislation; with the reservation, however, that the mediæval Church knew nothing of the “racial purity” doctrine, and that Jews could escape the restrictions placed upon them by the formality of baptism. In many places in Germany Jews are now excluded from the public baths. This, too, was a frequent abuse in the Middle Ages, when the same regulation was usual, or else Jews were admitted only on specific days, otherwise reserved for prostitutes. By recent regulations Jews are being expelled from the antique business, in which

they were once so prominent. Here, Hitler's Germany improves upon the Middle Ages: for then dealing in second-hand commodities was one of the very few openings left for the Jew—this, indeed, proving the basis of his antiquarian tastes.

The seal has been set upon the system of the Ghetto without walls by a series of recent regulations. One of them has excluded the Jewish children from the general scholastic organization and ordered the setting up of separate schools for them. By another, marriages between Jews and citizens of German or racially related blood, as well as extra-marital relations between them, are forbidden, and will be punished by penal servitude or imprisonment. Jews must not engage female domestic help of German or racially-related blood under forty-five years of age. (It is computed that upwards of 40,000 German women will lose their employment through this provision!) Finally, German citizenship with full political rights is made dependent henceforth on the special grant of a Reich citizenship charter, to be given only to those of German or racially-related blood, who have proved by their attitude that they are willing and fit to serve the German people and the Reich loyally. This deprives Jews (and, incidentally, all who are known to be out of sympathy with the present system of government, or may have private enemies in high places) of German citizenship.

Whether or no, then, it suits the convenience of the Nazi authorities to institute a formal Ghetto; whether or no they can become so impervious to European opinion as to take this final step, the Ghetto system is already in being in Germany in almost every detail. It is being enforced, too, with a ferocity and a fanaticism which perhaps has no precedent. German Jewry, until a few years ago, was the most vital section of the most advanced nation in the world: it is no exaggeration indeed to say that it was, perhaps, the most highly civilized fraction of the human race. It has been thrown down from this pedestal almost at a blow, and driven back into the condition from which it emerged so painfully—and with such dazzling results—in the first half of the nineteenth century. No longer do Jews dare to look back upon the life of the old *Judengasse* with sentimental regrets. It has loomed up again over them too menacingly; and they scan every grim detail fearfully, lest it should be

revived at their expense by some sadistic antiquary of to-day.

There was indeed—though the last generation preferred to forget it—hardly any limit to the tale of indignities to which the Jew was subjected in the Ghetto age.* Many famous communities existed, down to the eighteenth century, on a precarious tenure under an agreement lasting for only a short term of years, continually modified and sometimes not renewed. From some cities there was complete exclusion down to a period almost within living memory: Nuremberg, for example, the headquarters of Herr Streicher, which had to be vacated at sundown. (It was thus that the community of Fürth, just outside its walls—the birthplace of both Adolph Ochs, of the *New York Times*, and of Leopold Ullstein, founder of the Ullstein publishing house—attained its artificial importance.) To prevent any semblance of authority, the Jew was forbidden to ride in a carriage, or to employ a Christian servant, or even to have some kindly neighbour perform him the service of kindling a fire upon the Sabbath-day. A love-affair (or more sordid connexion) between a Jew and a Christian was regarded as a most serious offence, punishable by flogging, the galleys, or worse. The veriest urchin in the Imperial City of Frankfurt expected every Jew to get out of his way respectfully when he approached and bade him look to his manners. Throughout Germany Jews (like cattle) had to pay a special toll, or *Leibzoll*, when they crossed the frontiers of the innumerable petty states, or entered any city. When they appeared in the law-courts, the oath had to be taken *more judaico*, according to a special, degrading formula, and to the accompaniment of an obnoxious ceremonial. War was even waged upon their books, which were confiscated, censored or burned without compunction. During the whole of Eastertide, from Holy Thursday onwards, the gates of the Ghetto were kept rigorously closed, and no Jew dared to show his face in the streets.

While this all applied to some extent all over those parts of Europe where the Ghetto system prevailed, it was Germany which, with ruthless logic, brought the repression implicit in

* The following pages are based to a large extent on my *Short History of the Jewish People* about to be published by Messrs. Macmillan, to whom I am indebted for permission to utilize it here.

it to its climax. Up to a certain point Jews might be useful to the city or the State; but, beyond this, their presence was superfluous, and hence resented. Official license of residence was generally given to a specified number of households, which might not be exceeded on any pretext. By the natural process of Nature, the population tended to grow. Births could not be controlled by any legal enactment. But weddings could, and the number of families kept down by this means. In many places, therefore, rigorous control was established over Jewish marriages. Only the eldest child of each family was allowed to take himself a wife and build up his own home; or else marriage permits were issued in strict proportion to the number of deaths. In any case, no Jew was allowed to marry without official license. Thus, the most sacred and most fundamental right of human beings was denied to that section of the human race which perhaps prized it most.

There was, indeed, another side to the life of the *Judengasse*. It facilitated the development and the conservation of a Jewish mode of life, of Jewish intellectual activities, of Jewish loyalties—all aspects which, thanks to Herr Hitler, have been noticeably quickened by the reaction of to-day. It would be wrong to consider the mediæval and post-mediæval Ghetto as a place of unmitigated gloom—a forcing-house of repression, unrelieved by any redeeming feature. Within those dark lanes and narrow courts pulsated a life as colourful and as intense as that in the greater world outside. Human sympathies and personal relationships were exceptionally warm. Inside that little area there was an entire social nexus, with its own life, its own interests, its own diversions. There were the same petty enmities and the same jealousies to be found as in any other human circle; the same romances, the same comedies, the same tragedies of existence. There was a considerable degree of autonomy—and hence, as a natural corollary, of communal politics. There was a scholastic system of a comprehensiveness barely exceeded in any Western country even to-day. There was a passion for adult education, unknown in our more sophisticated world. No conceivable species of well-doing escaped the scope of one or the other of the many pious confraternities; and, in every hour of want or distress, the unfortunate could count upon the succour of

his neighbours, in one capacity or the other. The authority of the Rabbis was not so absolute as to stifle non-religious diversions. The *Purim* season each year saw buffoonery and masquerades, and sometimes a fair. Domestic life was pure, but the eternal triangle was not entirely absent from the human scene. The Jews, in fact, were men, endowed with human passions as well as with superhuman endurance.

The results were what might have been imagined. The circle of human interests was intolerably confined. Life became indescribably petty. There was a superlative degree of inbreeding, both physical, social and intellectual. Keen intelligences were wasted by dealing with trivial themes. That which was meant for mankind was confined to a single bleak street. The intellectual fecundity which can result only from the constant fertilization and cross-fertilization of human intercourse became impossible.

By the time that the Ghetto had been in existence for some time, it was possible to see the result. Physically, the Jew had degenerated. He had lost inches off his stature; he had acquired a perpetual stoop; he had become timorous and, in many cases, neurotic. Degrading occupations, originally imposed by law—such as money-lending or dealing in old clothes—became second nature, hard to throw off. His sense of solidarity with his fellow-Jews had become fantastically exaggerated, and accompanied in most cases by a perpetual sense of grievance against the Gentile who was responsible for his lot. As a counterpoise to the attempt of the authorities (and indeed of the whole world) to repress him, the Jew was driven to evasion; and sharp practices, at one time almost condonable, retained their hold in some unhappy instances after their original justification had passed. The economic consequences were no less deplorable. Pauperization rapidly increased, the systematic blocking of opportunity making recovery out of the question. Every circumstance existed to foster the growth of a criminal class.

This is the state of affairs which the policy of Herr Hitler is calculated to restore. He asserts that it is Germany's concern alone. It is not; it is that of the whole civilized world.

THE ABSENTEE

BY L. A. G. STRONG

THE smallish man in the corner looked up, coughed self-consciously, and made his first contribution to the discussion.

"He isn't no loss", he said, "Frank isn't".

There was a short, unfavourable silence. Old George Shapcott fixed him with a reproving eye.

"We don't require you tell us that, Arthur Treadgold", he said severely. "There's several has been here longer than you, and known the man years afore you come here."

"Ah", approved another ancient. "Years afore."

Treadgold, abashed by the disapproval, coloured and looked down again into his glass.

"All the same", said another voice from the corner. "'Tis only the truth. Frank isn't no loss. I for one shan't grumble if we never sees him back again."

The landlord, who during this interruption had been leaning on his elbows, made a sideways gesture with his hand.

"That isn't the point", he said. "We all have our own opinions of the man. But there's more to it than that." He paused, and pursed up his lips beneath his coarse black moustache. "There's more to it than that. If Frank was minded to go —"

He broke off, as the door opened abruptly and a man stepped across the threshold. The man blinked for a second at the light, banged the door after him, and with an air of defiant unconcern walked across and seated himself at the bar, immediately in front of the landlord.

"Pint, please", he said: then, aware of the dead silence, he darted a couple of almost invisible glances right and left, blinked rapidly, and began to whistle through his teeth.

The landlord, recovering himself, moved slowly to draw the

beer. His features, more mobile than those of the others, expressed his own emotions and theirs. While they wore faces of blank surprise, the expressionless faces of countrymen taken at a disadvantage, confronted by something they have not had time to think about, his worked with obstinate slow suspicion. His thick underlip, which had drooped at sight of the newcomer, was pursed up again. His eyes, with the baggy pouches under them, had become wary. His head seemed to set more solidly than ever on the thick neck, his heavy jaw to brace itself, the purplish red of his face to deepen. Then, as he finished drawing and slid over the pint, the tension seemed to relax. It was as though one could see the man's whole frame ease and cool down. His expression became bland and infinitely cunning. He took the money, changed it, pushed the change across, and leaned forward persuasively towards his customer.

"Why, Fred", he exclaimed, in treacly tones. "You're quite the stranger. Isn't he, chaps?"

He looked round at the others, and they stampeded into speech.

"Ah, that he is."

"Quite the stranger."

"Hasn't been here this long time."

"We reckoned you wasn't ever coming to see us again, Fred."

The newcomer gave a narrow, pale smirk, and did not answer. He took a second pull at his glass. Almost lovingly, the landlord watched him.

"Ah", Fred said at last, wiping his small moustache on the back of his hand. "That's better."

"Have another", said the landlord, and reached out his hand for the glass. It checked half way, as he received a glance, swift, calculating, cold as a snake's: not so much a glance as a glitter, instantly veiled.

"Thanks. I don't mind if I do."

"That's right", said the landlord hastily. His inside had turned cold. The glance had been so swift it might almost have been a trick of the light. As he drew the beer, this time without looking up, his forces returned thickly to the battle. His manner, as he pushed over the second glass, was blander than ever.

"How is it you haven't been down to see us, then"? he asked innocently.

The lightning glance flickered again.

"Too busy, perhaps"? hazarded someone.

The newcomer frowned down his long nose.

"Maybe I was", he replied. "And maybe I wasn't."

A silence followed. Slowly, carefully, the landlord looked around the room. Easy all, said his glance. Easy. Leave him to me.

"I daresay you had a good deal to do", he suggested, "left single-handed all of a sudden".

The pale eyelids flickered, and the face over the glass went sharp and still. Certainly, Fred Ellacott was no beauty. His forehead was low, his face long, pale, and narrow, his nose sharp, and his eyes close together. It was never a face to inspire confidence, and now, alert and quivering, it suggested nothing so much as a weasel scenting danger.

But Joe, watching, felt a sudden conviction of mastery. There was cunning there, but it was an animal cunning. The man had no brain. There was nothing to be afraid of.

"Very inconsiderate of Frank, I must say", he went on, "to run off so sudden, and leave you with everything to see to yourself".

Without replying, Fred took a long pull at his glass.

"But then, he never was very considerate of other people, Frank, was he?"

Finishing, Fred set it down, and uttered a grunt that might have been affirmative.

"Can't say I ever found him so, anyway", pursued the landlord. "In fact, I've often wondered how you managed to put up with him. Downright bad, I reckon he treated you, more than once."

He looked around the room. The others took their cue.

"Ah, that he did."

"An unreasonable man to deal with. Very set in his opinions."

"Very hard in his dealings."

"That's right."

The rush of sympathy excited Fred. His face twitched.

"Still", said the landlord, reaching unobtrusively for his glass, "you don't need us to tell you what he was like. *You* know, better than anybody: living with him all those years". He filled the glass as he spoke, and pushed it back.

"Ah", said Fred. "I know."

He gave a morose, secret smile, and picked up the glass. With narrowed eyes, the landlord leaned forward over the bar.

"Where is it he's gone"? he asked.

The face shut down again. Only a sudden contraction showed how it had relaxed.

"France."

There was a movement in the room.

"Why", quavered old Shapcott, "you told us, before, he'd gone to Belgium".

Fred twisted in his seat. "Belgium or France", he snapped. "I can't remember which. 'Twas one or t'other."

"How did you know"? persisted the old man.

"He left a letter."

"Where is it?"

"I chucked it in the fire. What did it matter to me where he'd gone?"

He was suspicious again now, suspicious and angry. Joe looked reproof at the questioner.

"Of course it doesn't matter", he said soothingly. "And, come to that, he might easy have gone to France or to Belgium. He was in both, in the war. They was the only foreign parts he ever was in. So what more natural, if he was minded to go abroad, he should go to one or the other?"

"Ah, that's right."

They came in once more laboriously upon their cue.

"One or the other, 'twould sure have been."

"Well, France or Belgium", resumed Joe—

"Belgium", snapped Fred.

"Belgium, then—it doesn't matter to you, nor to anyone else. He's gone; and you've got the place to yourself. I mean", he amended quickly, "you've got all the work to do yourself".

"That's right", said Fred, after a pause.

"Well", said Joe, as if thinking aloud. "I don't know but what I wouldn't prefer that. Hard work it may be, and every-

one knows you worked hard enough before, when there was the two of you — ”

“ Ah, that he did ”, came in the chorus, a beat late as usual. “ Uncommon hard.”

“ — All the same, I’d sooner work harder and be my own master, and be free from anyone nagging at me all the time, than to work with someone like Frank around. What do you say, friends ? ”

“ That’s right.”

“ ’Tis dispiriting to work for a taskmaster, that’s what ’tis.”

“ Nobody wasn’t my master ”, exclaimed Fred, turning to the speaker. “ Nobody wasn’t my master, understand that. I was my own master, always. I never gave a damn for the — ”.

“ O’ course you didn’t ”, soothed Joe. “ O’ course you didn’t. But, what George means, you didn’t get the credit o’ what you done, nor yet the benefit. And there’s no denying Frank was a bullying sort.”

“ He couldn’t bully me.”

“ No. But I’ll lay he tried ? ”

A look of delighted cunning stole over the narrow face.

“ Ah. He tried.”

“ You were his match, I’ll lay ”, said Joe. “ You weren’t the sort to knuckle under to him.” His voice had softened, but in the intense silence it sounded louder than before. “ Elder brother or no elder brother, you weren’t the sort to let him trample you down.”

Stealthily, he stretched out a hand for the emptied glass.

“ I know how you stood up to him, for I’ve heard the man talk of it.” As silently as possible, he drew off the liquor. “ More than once, in this very bar, I’ve heard him complain how he couldn’t get his way with you. ‘ I’ll show him who’s master ’ I’ve heard him say. ‘ I’ll learn him.’ ‘ Ah’, I thought to myself. ‘ Will you though. I’m not so sure about that.’ ”

Sweat stood on Fred’s forehead. His hand, as it reached for the pint unobtrusively slipped close to it, did not instantly connect with its object.

“ ‘ You’ve met your match there ’ I thought ”, Joe went on. “ ‘ You may bully the rest you come in contact with, but you’ve met your match there.’ ”

He was swallowing it, the poor fool ! Joe looked around, his eyes gleaming, on the circle of awed, tense faces. Exultantly he felt his power. He had the whole room in his grip, and the besotted fool before him tightest of all.

In his joy he was led to a farther pitch of daring.

“ In fact ”, he said, little above a whisper, “ I shouldn’t wonder if that wasn’t the reason he’s gone ”.

Fred sat still. Then his mouth twitched, and he hid a smirk in his glass.

Joe raised his head, his mouth half open, an indescribable expression on his face. So a man might pause, who was stalking an animal, well satisfied for the moment at having crossed a dangerous space without rousing its suspicions. At his gesture the tension slackened. The men coughed, and shuffled their feet.

“ How long has he been gone ? ” Joe asked old Shapcott, across Fred’s head.

Startled, the old man pulled himself together.

“ I can’t rightly say. How long is it, Sam ? A month ? ”

“ More than that ”, said a voice quickly. “ ’Twas before the drain at the foot of my meadow got choked, and that were five weeks last Friday.”

“ About six-seven weeks, then.”

“ Seven, all but a day or so.”

“ A long time for the man to absent himself.” Joe was eyeing Fred again. “ Looks almost as if he didn’t mean to come back, doesn’t it, chaps ? ”

“ Ah. That it does.”

“ I wouldn’t say that ”, said a dark, thickset man near the door. “ If Frank went off to foreign parts, likely he’d stay a while. ’Twouldn’t be worth going for a short trip.”

“ If he’d gone for a holiday, that might be so ”, Joe conceded. “ But, on my thinking of it, he didn’t go for a holiday.” He kept his eyes on Fred. “ No. I think he’d had enough, and left the place to the better man.”

Fred gave no sign that he had heard. He looked straight in front of him.

“ That’s my belief about the matter. He tried his bullying tatticks once too often.”

The room was suddenly tense again. There was not a sound. So fixedly were they all regarding Fred that, when he reached for and tilted his glass, the movement made them jump.

"That's it, chaps." Joe's voice had dropped again. "He tried his games on once too often. There was a row —"

"Who said there was a row?"

Facing round furiously, Fred glared at the landlord. "Who said there was a row?" he repeated.

Joe leaned forward, till he was almost overhanging the smaller man. He smiled broadly, and began to laugh, a thick, soft laugh.

"Ho, ho! Fred. You artful devil. You're a nice one, you are. Going on so quiet all the time, letting us all think you were a meek, milk-and-water sort. Ho, ho! But you aren't quite clever enough. I spotted the violence in you. I knew you weren't the sort to take Frank's bullying ways lying down. Ho, ho! Who'd buy you for a fool, eh?"

He reached forward, and nudged Fred in the ribs. For an instant the man stiffened. Then, in spite of himself, a simper of pride appeared on his face. He sat back, wagging his head.

Joe took the opportunity to take his glass.

"Oho", he went on, sweeping it out of sight below the counter. "You're a deep one. A regular masterpiece. Holiday abroad, indeed! Why, the fellow had to run for his life. Seven weeks! He won't be back for seven years."

"Oh, surely", objected the thickset man. "Seven years! Why —"

"What'll you bet?" All the time he was speaking, Joe was busy with the glass. "What'll you bet?"

"I aren't a betting man. All the same —"

"Oh, come on. They all say that, when you pin 'em down. Will you back your opinion, or won't you?" He winked furiously round upon them. For a moment they did not understand. Then, in answer to frantic nods, one spoke up.

"I'll bet with you, landlord. I'll bet with you."

"Good. There's one man among you, at any rate. Now—what shall it be? Five quid he comes back before seven years?"

"Five quid's a lot o' money", demurred the voice.

"That's my bet, anyway." Joe produced Fred's glass, and

handed it over. "Five quid he don't come back for seven years."

"You'll lose your money", said old Shapcott, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"Oh, no, I shan't."

Fred tasted his glass, started, and blinked into it. Joe eyed him, holding his breath. He seemed about to protest, then sighed, and drank again.

"I shan't lose my money."

"How do you know?"

"Why"—Joe began to laugh again—"Look at this masterpiece of a chap here. How he must be laughing at us all, up his sleeve. Knowing all about it, and not letting on. Did you ever see such a cunning clever figurehead for keeping his own counsel?"

Fred was smirking again. He sat upright, his head swaying slightly, his eyes all but closed.

"Frank won't come back", whispered the landlord, leaning on the bar. "He won't come back. And what I say is, a damned good riddance. It's my way of thinking, we ought to pass a vote of thanks to the chap who got rid of him."

"Ah."

"That's the idea."

Fascinated, sick with tension, hardly able to breathe, they sat, gripping their chairs, watching the pale smirking face, the swaying head.

Joe was bent almost double across the counter. Sweat was pouring down his face: the veins stood out at the side of his forehead.

"Tell us, Fred", he whispered, very softly, very slowly. "We're all friends here. Tell us. You did him in. Didn't you?" They could not breathe. The silence hammered in their ears.

Fred swayed, still smiling. For a few moments he made no sign. Then he gave a sudden hideous little snigger.

"Yes", he said, quite loudly. "I did him in, all right."

A deep sigh went out, the release of a dozen breaths. Then silence again. Joe's whisper was gentle and soft: he might have been caressing a child.

"How, Fred? How did you fix the bastard?"

Fred's eyes were still shut. Then he opened them, and Joe shrank back an inch from their mad cold glee.

"D'you really want to know?" he asked. "All of you?"

"Yes, Fred." Joe, smiling, blinked his eyes. "We want to know, all right. Anyone who did away with Frank did us all a good turn."

Once again, Fred sniggered. The chill of something non-human went round the room. They watched him, fascinated.

"It was with a spade", he said.

"A spade?"

"Yes. I had it in by the fire, scraping of it. He came in."

"Did he say anything to you? Barge at you, or anything?"

"No. He sat beside me, so's I could see his boots and his leggings out of the corner of my eye. Then it came over me all of a sudden, and 'You bastard', I said, and I jumped up and hit him over the head with the spade."

The violent gesture which accompanied the words almost over-balanced him. He recovered, and sat swallowing.

"Yes", softly prompted Joe. "Go on, Fred. Tell us what happened then."

"He tried to get up, and stuck half-sitting, holding on to the arm of his chair. So I hit him again, to make him let go."

"Did he let go?"

"No. He was all stiff. I gave him another then, and he let go all of a sudden, and went down on his knees, like he was praying." Again the snigger convulsed the lean face. "He opened his mouth, wide open, and began belling. I gave him three more, and he lay down quiet."

"So", said Joe, leaning back. The clothes were sticking to his body. "So that's how you fixed him, eh?"

"That's how I fixed him."

The words came slowly. Fred was rocking on his chair. Evidently he was getting sleepy.

"And where did you put him?"

"What about the blood?" put in a hoarse voice, before Fred could answer. The cunning leer reappeared.

"I washed it up, and burned the spade clean in the fire. There wasn't a drop to see by the time I done."

"Where did you put him, Fred?"

"In—the—cabbage—patch."

The men, their muscles aching, sat back limp in their chairs. Fred, his eyes closed, swayed more dangerously. He hiccupped.

"In the cabbage patch, eh?" breathed Joe. "So that's where he is."

"That's—where—he—is."

Fred spoke sleepily, a pause between each word.

"Can you show him to us?"

The answer was a long time coming.

"What d'you want to see him for? He won't be no picture." Fred sniggered again. "He's been laying there seven weeks."

"I got a fancy to see him, all the same. Haven't you, George?"

The old man cleared his throat. Joe nodded fiercely.

"I—I—ah—. Yes, that's right. I—"

"I'd like it, too."

Other voices, under compulsion of that masterful nodding, chimed unconvincingly in. A sulky, suspicious look had hardened on Fred's face.

"Well, you shan't", he said.

"Why not, Fred?"—Joe's tone was honey.

"Cos—cos I don't choose, that's all." He opened his eyes.

"My garden, isn't it? My house?"

"And your brother", put in the thickset man, with a hysterical titter.

The others frowned. They felt the remark to be in bad taste.

"Oho", said Joe. "I understand. That's the size of it, is it? I understand."

His voice was so full of meaning that it penetrated even to Fred's drowning intelligence.

"What d'you understand?" he asked thickly.

"Why you won't let us see him. Shall I tell you for why?" Once more Joe leaned across the bar. "Because he isn't there. Because the whole thing is a yarn you've been telling us, to make out what a fine bloody chap you are. You never hit him at all."

Fred spat like a cat. "Never hit him, didn't I? Very well, then. Come along, every bloody man of you. I'll show you if I hit him or no."

He rose, staggered, and almost fell. At a sign from Joe, two villagers shuffled forward and took him each by an arm.

"I'll show you." He glared with great venom at Joe. "I'll show you."

"Right you are, Fred", replied the landlord cheerfully. "You show me."

As Fred, still spitting and cursing, was led out of the door, there was a hoarse consultation in the rear.

"You run, Arthur, will you?"

"Very good, Joe."

And, pale and shaken, Arthur Treadgold hurried off down the road to fetch the village constable, while Joe and the rest proceeded slowly up the road.

Presently, as they neared Fred's cottage, feet sounded behind, and Joe, stopping to wait, was overtaken by Arthur and Hargreaves, the constable. Arthur was almost winded by the double journey. His eyes were wide and distressed in the moonlight. The constable, blowing, but in better trim, had been caught reading in his shirt-sleeves, and had slipped on an old tweed coat over his uniform trousers.

"Keep well back", whispered Joe, though the quarry was well ahead. "Don't let him see you."

"That's all right", replied the constable: and he began to question Joe, as they discreetly followed.

When they reached the cottage, and proceeded through the gate into the little garden, they heard Fred's voice upraised. Slightly sobered by the walk, he had turned truculent.

"I'll be damned if I dig him up", he was exclaiming. "Dig him up yourself, if you want him. I'm satisfied with him where he is."

"Very good, Fred", said the thickset man's voice. "Where's the spade?"

"Find it your bloody self", returned Fred morosely.

A couple of men went off, and soon returned. Joe and the constable stood well out of sight, hidden by the black shadow of a tree. The digging began, and for a while there was no sound but the turning up of soft earth.

"Is he there, Sam?"

"Can you find anything?"

"No. Is he deep down, Fred?"

"Find—him—your—bloody—self", intoned the voice, sleepy again.

The digging went on. The thickset man, his shirt-sleeves white in the moon, had recovered from his first terror. To begin with, he had hardly dared drive his spade into the earth, for fear of what it might touch. Now, relieved, feeling the whole thing might be a hoax, he let drive with a will. His companion, whom a similar dread had hampered, took fire from his example. Soon half the bed was turned up.

"I don't believe there's nothing here at all."

"Having us on, like."

"If he is, by God, we'll heave him in the pond."

"All that beer I put down him", whispered Joe to the constable. "And whiskey, too."

"Whiskey?"

"In his beer. I laced his last glass well. That's what — Hullo!"

The thickset man's spade had suddenly hit something that was at once soft and grated. He drove it down again, peered, then dropped his spade, turned away, and vomited.

Without a word the men grouped round. In a dead silence, broken only by the gasps behind them, they removed the earth until they could see enough. Hargreaves, accompanied by Joe, stepped forward, and looked down. He drew back, turned towards Fred, and groped in his pocket.

A couple of men seized Fred and hustled him forward. The moonlight gleamed on steel.

A sudden sense of the changed atmosphere around him penetrated to Fred's brain. He began to struggle. The whites of his narrow eyes gleamed, slits of terror.

"Here"! he cried, as they held out his arms towards the constable. "Here! You let me go. I want to go in and lay down. You let me go."

"Ah", said Hargreaves sadly, fixing the handcuffs on his wrists, a fatherly compassion in his tone. "'Tis too late for that now, Fred, I'm afraid. 'Tis too late for that now."

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

A Monthly Commentary

ONE cannot but admire the generous ardour with which the English people are committing themselves to a principle that they believe in, namely, the resistance to aggressive war undertaken by one member of the League against another. It is not equally possible to feel enthusiasm for their approach to the testing time. This decision has in reality been made not by Government nor by any one party in the State, but by a strong impulse of public opinion; and though possibly the Government may have thought out a line of action, public opinion certainly has not. However, certain facts are now established. The first is that the threat of economic sanctions cannot at present stop a determined Power from going to war. That threat was by no means the only deterrent; Signor Mussolini must have weighed the possible effect upon Italian interests in Europe of committing so large a proportion of Italy's military force to this African adventure. Yet neither the definite threat nor the other uncertain but menacing possibilities stopped him from completing vast preparations and striking at the first moment when the climate allowed him to strike.

Another fact is that the proposal to use collective action in defence of the League's fundamental principles tends to divide the League into jarring groups. This was only to be expected. Nations are just as slow to risk the purses as the lives of their people, and war creates a tempting market for all who have goods to sell and find difficulty in selling them—which is the case of all nations today. Further, Germany, standing outside the League, creates a rival centre of attraction, naturally potent for Austria and Hungary, its old allies, and its fellow-sufferers

in defeat. There is not only this question of economic interest, but the more vital one of security.

That is now what it has come down to. Can the League give protection? Great Britain has assumed the leadership in saying that it will. We have yet to see if it can.

**France's
Dilemma**

All this is the dark side of the picture which has to be faced; and whoever looks at it steadily can only come to one conclusion—that the League must be declared impotent after a brief trial unless England and France, the two great free powers, work together hand in hand with utter loyalty, and give a leadership to all the lesser peoples. This co-operation cannot be a thing of the moment only: it must be a constant and pledged support in the League and for the League in all emergencies. That is what English public opinion has as yet failed to realize. It wants the support of France in this crisis, but is reluctant to pledge itself in advance to any other crisis. It wants France to break with Italy and does not understand what that means to France. When the agreement was reached at Stresa, the French were able to leave the Italian border like the Canadian one and strengthen their eastern defences by two hundred thousand men. What equivalent can England offer to France for the loss of that understanding? Even if she had not, through a mixture of economy and idealism, reduced her forces to a level dangerously low in the present condition of Europe, she would be in no position to offer the assistance of a large land force in an emergency. On the other hand, British resources in men, money, and material are so great that France, if forced to choose between her support and Italy's, would always choose England's—provided that the support is assured. For, in addition to the argument of ultimate military strength, there is an identity of aim between France and England. Both stand for freedom as against dictatorship; and as Mr. Baldwin has emphasised, this ideal is formidably challenged. Unfortunately, the superficial differences in the methods by which they pursue and express the same purpose of individual freedom are so great that each country is always in doubt of its neighbour's good faith; and until it is clearly established that each makes the League, in Mr. Baldwin's phrase, the sheet

anchor of its national policy, cordial co-operation is impossible. We are now at a testing time. If, indeed, England desires to see the League maintained as a living and growing reality, everything must be done to assure France that the League's vital principles, which England now asks France to uphold with her, will be upheld by England in every emergency that may arrive.

Given such co-operation for such an identity of aim, England and France together can organize all in Europe that shares their aim for effective action. They can make it understood that the League is not to be defended by certain Great Powers but by all its members. It is not enough that the lesser powers should vote correctly at Geneva. If they desire the continuance of a system by which they are chiefly benefited, sacrifices must be exacted from them. Unless France and England can get effective backing, the League can be of no use to them, nor they to it, and the whole machinery is better done away with. Nothing is so dangerous as a rotten support. Those powers, great or small, which value freedom, could then organize themselves, separately or jointly, for defence against militarism. And they are the vast majority in Europe.

Meantime, Italy is providing the world with several object lessons. Later on, she will enable us to judge what economic sanctions can and cannot do. But immediately, at the moment we see, with eyes that have not grown callous, the face of mechanized war. It is not pretty; dropping bombs from the air on a town does not seem so commonplace an occurrence as it was seventeen years ago. No doubt the object in war is to break down the will of your enemy by terror; and possibly the result may be achieved in Abyssinia, though it was not in Europe. Yet in Abyssinia, unless the result is achieved by terror, very little can be done by this means. There are no nerve centres to paralyze; and in all probability Italy can only gain a decision after a struggle as long as that of the Boer War, at the end of which the victor's exhaustion would be only a degree less than that of the vanquished.

Who wants to see Italy exhausted? There are, indeed, it seems, some ardent spirits in England—perhaps many—that

would rejoice in an Abyssinian victory. Yet nothing could bring more danger to the world that we know—in Africa and still more in Asia. If it is a bad thing that the European should presume on his prestige, it would be a worse one that his prestige should be destroyed. For after all, less than forty years ago the Abyssinians were a people capable of mutilating after battle not only the dead, but their captives. It is to be hoped, above all for their own sakes, that this custom has been stamped out; if one case of it were proven in this struggle, the change of feeling in these islands would be portentous. Yet—though the use of gas by Italy, if gas is used, would possibly offset even this—since the attacked are a race who at best have only just discarded such usages, I do not wish to see Italians beaten by Abyssinians.

Still less desirable does it seem that Italy should be for a long period weakened in Europe; or that the personal power of her Leader should suffer eclipse. There are dictatorships and dictatorships, and most people would hold that under Mussolini's rule Italy had advanced in civilization; just as by all the tests we know, except that of military efficiency, Germany under its present dictatorship has grown less civilized. What may be hoped is that, if Italy succeeds in securing a victory sufficient for prestige, her ruler may call a halt and express willingness to negotiate not only with Abyssinia, but with the Powers which on behalf of the League are espousing Abyssinia's cause. Such an occasion ought to be seized, although there would be a great outcry in Great Britain against concessions to Italy. That is natural. Yet Sir Samuel Hoare in his speech at Geneva indicated that the Powers were prepared to consider making concessions which should meet Italy's needs. He added, however, that this could not be contemplated in the midst of violent and threatening action. It was better to be too late than to lack due regard for decorum: an attitude only too frequently adopted by English statesmen. But he admitted in effect, what has been urged in an earlier number of this REVIEW, that compensation should be found for Italy, because under the new order of ideas she was legally debarred from such action as other Powers, within the past hundred years, had been held free to take. Apparently he meant

The Face of War

After
Adowa

that it should be found in Africa. But he expressed the view that it should consist in the extension of economic and commercial facilities; and there are undoubtedly grave objections to transferring African peoples, or any peoples, from one sovereignty to another—although no such scruples were felt at the time of the Treaty of Versailles. It is also true that it would be much better to diminish than increase the number of water-tight compartments into which commercial and economic developments are cramped. But the essential thing to consider is how to find some material satisfaction which will induce Italy to abandon her design of complete conquest in Abyssinia.

This should be less difficult if Italy has a victory to stick in her cap: if the memory of Adowa is avenged. After that, what lies ahead of the Duce in Abyssinia should he persist is some three years of a guerrilla war—almost the most trying on the nerves of the civilized power that wages it, and the likeliest to breed discontent at home. The first purpose of the League powers should be to preserve the independence of Abyssinia, and place it under their own direct guardianship; the second, to find an equivalent which Italy will prefer to the dream of complete conquest.

France would go very far to avoid a breach with Italy—or, indeed, to avoid weakening Italy. The Ministry's position is insecure; that is nothing new in France; but there is a real danger lest the passions roused over this dispute should split France itself in pieces. Fortunately Italy has taken a line singularly calculated to waken Frenchmen's sense of the preposterous. The Italian plea that Abyssinia by withdrawing troops from the border assumed an attitude of decisive hostility was actually anticipated by a comic paper—the *Canard Enchaîné*—which wrote on October 2nd: "Not even content with decreeing general mobilization six months after, the Emperor of Abyssinia has now decided to withdraw his troops 20 miles. When it is realized that this withdrawal is into the interior of his own country, nobody can any longer doubt his diabolically aggressive intentions". The Italian intimation to the League followed next day. There are many ways of paying homage to the League's moral authority,

**Reductio ad
Absurdum**

but surely no nation could do more than cover itself with ridicule. Moreover, Frenchmen will observe that whatever may be said against the League's methods, if they had been in use twenty-one years ago, it would not be possible to argue nowadays, as has so often been argued by the superfine, that in August, 1914, France attacked Germany. We are at least some way on the road to determining in all cases that may arise who is the aggressor.

The United States, as was to be expected, made it clear that if sanctions are imposed, America will not attempt to block their operation. That would indeed have been the last touch of irony in the history of American dealing with President Wilson's creation. Citizens of the United States are told that if they choose to send supplies to either belligerent, their government will not ensure their right to do so. This removes the gravest apprehension—however remote—which England had to face in taking the course which English public opinion has demanded.

**America's
Neutrality**

Meanwhile, these events have made it as nearly certain as anything can be in democratic politics that a National Government will be continued in power as a result of the approaching election. The Conservative Party has closed up solidly behind Mr. Baldwin; Mr. Churchill's personal tribute to his leader was notable. Liberals appear to have signified complete support. Labour, not unnaturally, has split, for in the first place Mr. Lansbury has once more asserted his out-and-out pacifism, yet the bulk of Labour perceives that if England is to help, and even to lead, in keeping the peace, England must re-arm. The extreme Left, however, apparently hold that to resist Italy's enterprise is to encourage the growth of Fascism in Great Britain. Sir Stafford Cripps, that voice of the proletariat, will trust nobody but a government of working men. As to the Communists, their pitch is shockingly damaged by Russia's support of the British attitude.

**Election
Prospects**

In short, all sections in England want to support the League, though they may differ as to the ways of doing it. Meanwhile,

Italy loses no opportunity of declaring her goodwill to France and even to England, except in so far as England persists in supporting the League—which Italy stigmatizes as the enemy. Yet she is noticeably reluctant to break her connection with it: a reluctance which shows that Italy at large does not willingly face a hostile verdict from Christian civilization. Herr Hitler had no scruples of this kind. He has an ideal, and neglects no means to impose it—an ideal which virtually challenges all those elements of Christianity whose value has been plainer to the world since the Great War than ever before it. It is evidently only a question of time before an open breach must come between him and the Christian Churches whose teaching he seeks to adapt to his own personal creed. The Duce—and this is the really tragic element in the situation—remains attached to that civilization which, at whatever remove, is based upon Christianity. He does not invoke Mars against Christ. What he does claim is the right to do as many Christian nations, and notably the French and English, have done before him in quite recent history, and have been proud of doing. That he should be denied the right to act so, in the name of a new system of rights and duties, is a true hardship. Those who desire to keep Italy within the ambit and influence of this new order—and it is not impossible—are bound to consider by what means, and by what honourable sacrifices this can be achieved.

Meantime, proceedings at Geneva continue with deliberation that is in a measure exasperating but none the less impressive.

The League's Dissenting Voices Italy has attempted to reduce them to futility by insisting that a vote of the Assembly to be effective must be unanimous. If this objection had prevailed, the League must have been reconstituted; for as Mr. de Valera pointed out in a broadcast from Geneva, no deliberative machinery can be of any use if one vote in many can bar a positive result. Austria has separated herself from the other States, on the honourable ground that Italy preserved her integrity—doing swiftly what the League certainly desired done, but took no part in. Hungary also separated herself, on the ground that the League had failed in its duty of remedying grievances—and therefore that Hungary would not make a grave economic

sacrifice. It was a useful reminder that nothing stable can be established in Europe if the Treaties of Versailles and of Trianon are to be regarded as Europe's last word. Hungary's protest and Italy's action point to the need for a general review of the manner in which opportunities are distributed among the nations forming the League. A weighty speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury, after condemning in the strongest words Italy's action, went on to emphasize this need.—On the other hand, facts are reminding us that even in this imperfectly organized world, violence may not prove profitable. Italy's war looks an ugly business. Unless she can maintain intact two if not three wholly separate lines of communications, which do not support each other, the force whose line is seriously threatened must withdraw; if the line is cut, the force may probably be unable to withdraw. Abyssinians are imperfectly armed, but they possess a talent for war. Indeed, if they did not, Abyssinia could not have maintained its existence for all these centuries against the Moslem menace. Their chief instructor, the Swedish General Virgin, has dwelt on the instinctive power of manœuvre they possess—wheeling in concert like plovers on the wing; and it is evident from the speech addressed to them by the Negus that they understand fully how to make things difficult for an army who relies on artillery and air attack. If they can avoid bunching, and yet retain the power to act together in swarms, no quick decision against them can be obtained; and in a prolonged struggle, climate is their formidable ally. Under such conditions the Duce, for all his formidable determination, cannot be indifferent to the fact that Europe at large will use all means short of military sanctions to increase his difficulties; and that the United States assumes an attitude which can only be construed as approving Europe

Those who care to know what Ireland is really like (under the existing conditions) will be well advised to read one of the shrewdest and most amusing books ever written about it—*The Spirit of Ireland*, by Lynn Doyle. **The Ireland of Today** It has the appearance of a guide-book furnished with the usual illustrations, in about ten times the usual quantity—nearly 150 of them, well selected—but the author tells us

at once that guidebook it is not. He is quite right. It is an essay on Ireland, written by one who knows Ireland as few men can know it, yet who until he came to write had never set eyes on the western sea-board or anything south of the Dublin district. Thus it has an odd freshness of response to nearly all that is most beautiful in Ireland, and has also most intricate and practised familiarity with Irish life. Mr. Lynn Doyle is known to a wide circle as a writer of broadly humorous Irish stories; to a smaller one by his charming study, "An Ulster Childhood"; and to his personal acquaintances as the manager of a country branch in the Free State of a bank directed from Belfast. Except the dispensary doctor and parish priest, no man has such intimate contacts through a countryside as the bank manager, and perhaps he does not see the most lovable aspect of Irish character. Yet evidently Mr. Lynn Doyle identifies himself with the profession of faith which he attributes to a friend. "I was born in the North", he said; "I would die for Ulster; but in the meantime let me live somewhere near Dublin." In this same "scandalously Laodicean" temper he discourses at large upon the aspects of politics and of religion in Ireland—all facets of Irish life, illustrated by apposite stories told with that brevity which is the mark of accomplishment. One pregnant saying is that the average Irishman "worries far less about his overdraft than his bank-manager does". But then, as he says, "you must not take a countryman's opinion of his neighbours"—and why a bank-manager's of his clients? This observer does not regard the tradition of Irish wit as a superstition, but he recognizes its acid flavour. "Everybody in Kerry knows everybody else in Kerry, and nobody in Kerry speaks well of anybody else in Kerry", is a phrase he quotes. On the whole, no Irishman north or south can read Mr. Lynn Doyle without feeling that his love of Ireland is nurtured by knowledge; but no Irishman, whether of north or south, can read many pages of this book without feeling a sudden stab: Mr. Lynn Doyle has run a puckish pin into one of his tender places.—As to Englishmen, it will increase their tendency, which was very marked this year, to go more and more to Ireland for diversion.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE NOVEL IN SCOTLAND

By ERIC LINKLATER

MR. EDWIN MUIR recently suggested that "the most vital work in prose fiction for some time now has been done on the periphery of the novel. . . . When people no longer believe very strongly in a society they cannot believe very strongly in representations of it either. They do not want a skilful picture of a scene that has ceased to convince them".

That there is more vitality—and by inference more scope for vitality—on the periphery of the novel than in its traditional circumscription is, I think, a matter for argument. The activities of extra-galactic space, because of their unexpectedness, have a liveliness that may seem to outshine the more familiar luminaries; but the Galaxy does not necessarily grow dimmer. This, however, is an extraneous debate. When Mr. Muir says we cannot very strongly believe in literary representations of a society we have ceased to believe in, he is on firmer ground; and this firm ground may be a useful vantage point from which to consider the Scottish novel of to-day.

Social life in Scotland has at present no peculiar and individual significance. It has no essentially native culture to inspire it, no sense of independent nationality to integrate it. It is derivative and provincial. To pretend that everyone

in Scotland is conscious of this provincialism and, in a special sense, of insignificance, would of course be an overstatement; but Scottish writers, almost without exception, are painfully aware of it. Their reaction to the Scottish scene is therefore likely to be evasive, or lacking in conviction, or minutely selective. They may avoid Scottish themes; or deal with them in a parochial spirit that belittles what is already small enough; or confine themselves to some remote parcel of geography, to some distant fragment of life, and find in that solitary corner a significance that is clearly lacking in the whole. Naomi Mitchison, for example, has done her best work in Sparta, and on the antique shores of the Black Sea. The parochialists are too many to count. And among the selectivists Neil Gunn is easily the first with his *Grey Coast* and *Morning Tide*: in these books he has done work that is artistically satisfying, but which has little relation to the main stream—such as it is—of Scottish life; they are not Scottish novels in the sense in which Sinclair Lewis's novels are American.

An interesting attempt to meet the need for a large-canvas novel was recently made by George Blake in *The Shipbuilders*. He chose for

his background the declining riches and importance of the Clyde. The theme is large enough, and his stage is properly set with the scenery of tragedy. But his principal characters are insufficient either for scenery or argument. They are three in number: a shipbuilder faced with the regrettable fact that, for him, shipbuilding is no longer profitable; his wife, surrounded by the boredom of Scottish society; and a riveter, sometime the shipbuilder's batman, confronted with unemployment. The shipbuilder, despite care in his creation, obstinately resembles someone seen in a passing first-class carriage. His wife is a mere pencil sketch, a conventional outline of something in which Mr. Blake is clearly not very interested. The riveter, however, has been created with much more vigour. He is a living and likeable person, and in his amusement and among his friends a dependable guide to the manners of Scotland's industrial majority. But as if unsure even of his importance, Mr. Blake undermines his character with sentimentality. He makes him a little bit too good to be true, and a little bit too true to certain fictional standards to be good for art.

Now there must be some reason for this failure to create characters congruent with the strength of the story, for Mr. Blake can write, think, see, and feel with all the necessary skill, clarity, percipience, and emotion. When he writes of the Clyde itself, with its empty yards and its world-pacing history he is magnificent; he can make a list of dead shipbuilders' names

sound like a Homeric catalogue of heroes; he can find abundant riches in crowded places or in a small domestic atmosphere; and he can create minor figures with certainty and economy. Why, then, does he fail with his principals?

Surely the reason is to be found in Mr. Muir's diagnosis: he is not able to believe very strongly in the specific importance of Clyde shipbuilders, their wives, and their conservative employees, and therefore he has not given his representations of them sufficient force. They are decaying orders that Mr. Blake has written of, and he had not the excitement of publishing a new thing when he described their decay; for that was already too well known.

A dozen rural counterparts to this picture of industrial decline could be found in any Scottish bookshop, and most of them would at least mention, if they did not depend on, the depopulation of the Highlands, the Circian men-into-sheep translation of the nineteenth century, and the ingenious discovery of deer-forest and grouse-moor when the sheep-runs had become too sour for mutton. The confectioners of these country matters are mostly young, and a laudable indignation often breathes life into characters that are otherwise of no great interest. But their range of characters is necessarily small—shepherds and crofters, a dissatisfied young man, a girl or two for seduction, some English visitors seen and heard from a distance—and genius itself cannot make bricks without straw. Here we come to more sterile ground than Mr. Muir was speaking of. Here is not society no longer able to convince, but society

scarcely able to exist. Had Balzac been born in the Scottish Highlands he might have become a northern Gilbert White, but he could never have been the author of a Human Comedy, for the sufficient reason that there is not enough humanity to make such comedy.

It is true that in Ireland, where certain districts may superficially resemble the Highlands, there are writers of abundant vigour, talent, and significance. But Irish writers have two advantages; they had, not long ago, a capital in which a group of people were definitely and perhaps defiantly intellectual in their interests; and they have now a sense of national achievement, of national importance and individuality, of being alive in the midst of significant and largely successful effort. You cannot easily find in Scottish letters of today anything that equals the literary vitality of Seán O'Faoláin and Francis Stuart, for example. There is passage after passage in their work that reads as though the rising sun were behind it; they are excited by loveliness as one can only be at the renewal of the year. But it is more than a century since Edinburgh was a home for intellectual interests or for speculation—save on the Stock Exchange—while athletic exploits at Murrayfield and on the golf-links are all that can give us a feeling of national achievement.

There was, till a few months ago, when he most untimely died, a Scottish novelist who had made, out of his own intensity of feeling and the seemingly unpromising material of the eastern lowlands of Scotland, something that came as near as makes no difference to being a really great novel.

I mean Lewis Grassie Gibbon, whose Scots quhair—the three novels *Sunset Song*, *Cloud Howe*, and *Grey Granite*—is *sui generis*. In the first place Gibbon invented a prose rhythm that successfully evoked the sound and temper and physiology of country speech; and in the second place he had a definite historical conception of society and a definite philosophy. He believed in the primitive beatitude of mankind, and he believed in the possibility of a return to happiness through Communism. He did not believe in Communism as a social terminus. He once wrote to me: "I loathe organization, control, the state, and the voice of the serjeant-major. As the sole surviving specimen of Natural Man to be found in these islands, I'm naturally an anarchist. But how you or I, or—more to the point—our unfortunate progeny, can attain real freedom and fun without the preliminary conditioning of Communism is beyond me. Communism's merely a means to an end—a nannie enforcing on the dirty little boy who calls himself Man the necessity for scrubbing the back of his neck and keeping his regrettable bowels in order. When he grows adolescent and can do these things automatically, and has ceased to smell quite so badly, he'll be a much better equipped specimen for his chosen mission of playing football with the cosmos."

Whatever one may think of his politics, it may safely be said that Gibbon was the only Scots writer of his generation to dare suppose that playing football with the cosmos was his chosen mission. But he was an audacious person. To invent a new

prose rhythm and write three full-length novels in it was plumed and high-horsed audacity; and to come so near success as he did was to demonstrate the genius that justified it. The best of his writing, that in the words of one man may evoke the speech of a whole countryside, has a spell-like quality. It marvellously presents the flavour of speech, and suggests a life in which speech, not writing, is still the proper means of communication. But when, in the third volume, the story comes to town, the ingenious rhythm has to some extent to be abandoned; while Communism, as a literary inspiration, seems hardly so useful as the life of the soil that innervates the earlier volumes.

Gibbon's death was a grievous loss to Scotland, and I can see no signs

even of a cosmic skittle-player among those who survive him, unless perhaps in John Allan, whose *Farmer's Boy* has a quality of delight that is rare in Scottish writing. A rich, native, rather lazy, but whole-hearted delight in men and women, food and drink and the Scottish countryside, is indeed the salient characteristic of his book. It begins, "I was born on the afternoon of the day on which my grandfather signed his third Trust Deed on behoof of his creditors . . . the only form of literature in which our family have ever achieved distinction". Such contempt for polite conventions—the book is a kind of autobiography—has not for a long time been the mark of Scottish authors; and Mr. Allan has set a noble example in jilting respectability.

SHEED & WARD

BARCHESTER PILGRIMAGE

By RONALD KNOX

Large Cr. 8vo. 288 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

The story of Barchester is carried down in a series of episodes to the present time; and since Trollope's day much has happened in Barchester that would have invited the mordancy of his pen even more pressingly than the Barchester he knew.

31 Paternoster Row, E.C.4

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By E. H. CARR.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1917-1921, by W. H. Chamberlin. *Macmillan*. 2 vols. 42s.

THE historian sits down ten, a hundred, a thousand years later to understand the significance of a certain series of events. Long before him, the contemporary statesman, politician and diplomat have been confronted with the same task. The contemporary should, in theory, enjoy all the advantages. But suffering as he does from the super-abundance of his material and, above all, from his own preconceived ideas and prejudices, he generally comes off second best.

No important historical event has been more thoroughly misunderstood by contemporaries than the first Russian revolution of March, 1917. By the Duma politicians, the representatives of that small but voluble class, the Russian *intelligentsia*, the aim of the revolution was assumed to be the establishment of a constitutional democratic republic. The French and British Governments, by a remarkable feat of misplaced ingenuity, persuaded themselves that it was a revolt against the latent pro-German tendencies of the Czar's Court, and would lead to the more vigorous prosecution of the war. The majority of the Bolsheviks, more or less profoundly versed in Marxist theory, thought that this was the *bourgeois* revolution corresponding to the events of 1848-49 in Western Europe. Time not yet being ripe in backward Russia for the proletarian revolution, their task was therefore to participate in the only possible revolution of the moment and support the Provisional Government.

If Carlyle had wanted (which is perhaps unlikely) to include Lenin among his heroes, he would have had to create a new category: The Hero as Intellectual. No other great man of Lenin's calibre has owed so much to sheer intelligence. He had none of the usual qualities of the leader of men. He was not a man of commanding presence, not an orator, not a soldier, not even a negotiator. His gifts were those of understanding. From the first moment (and it is perhaps significant that he was not in Russia at all, but in Switzerland) he understood that the Russian revolution was the pure and undiluted product of war-weariness, and that it would turn against any regime and any party which wanted to pursue the war. It does not today sound a particularly abstruse discovery. But in 1917 nobody except Lenin made it.

Lenin was amongst the best theorists of the Social-Democratic Party. But while most of his colleagues twisted the facts to suit Marxist theory, Lenin twisted Marxism to suit the facts. It did not bother him that, according to Marx, there could be no proletarian revolution until the *bourgeois* revolution had run its course. It did not bother him that, according to Marx, the peasantry was a conservative and reactionary force—the natural enemy of the proletariat. It did not bother him that, according to Marx, a backward country like Russia could never lead the way to world revolution. He returned to Petrograd in April, 1917, and, in the famous "April theses", adjured an astonished party to fight tooth and nail against the Provisional Government and

the prosecution of the war, and to work for an immediate joint revolution of the proletariat and the peasant.

Mr. Chamberlin has written the first tolerably impartial history of the Russian revolution. It was not an easy task. For while nearly everyone is now agreed about the role played by Lenin (the story of Lenin as a German agent having been relegated to well-deserved oblivion), every other important issue is the subject of vigorous dispute. To the original controversy between Red and White has been added the equally bitter antipathy between Trotsky and Lenin's other principal lieutenants.

History has condemned the Whites; and Mr. Chamberlin is concerned to find not so much the extenuating circumstances, as the causes, of their failure. Perhaps the strongest impression which emerges from Mr. Chamberlin's narrative is the prevailing sense of unreality in the anti-Bolshevik camp. Words were made to do duty for deeds. When at a War Council in 1916 Denikin, then a General on the Western front, accused the Provisional Government of "dragging our glorious banners in the mud", Kerensky rushed up to him, clasped him warmly by the hand and thanked him for having expressed his opinion so honestly. That was the only sort of response Denikin's protest got. When the Bolsheviks had seized power and Krasnov somehow managed to muster 700 Cossacks for a counter-attack, Kerensky had, even at this moment, to go through the solemn performance of appointing Krasnov "commander of the army marching on Petrograd" and congratulating him on his new honour. Even the relatively level-headed Kolchak could not resist the inopportune and melodramatic gesture. "History will never forgive me if I surrender what Peter the Great won", he declared when pressed to recognize the independence of Finland and thus secure Finnish support for Yudenich.

There was indeed on the White side no outstanding, and (with one or two exceptions) scarcely even a reputable, figure. Mr. Chamberlin exhibits a certain predilection for Denikin, whom he exhibits as honest, though muddle-headed, and less addicted to grandiloquence than some of his colleagues. It is, nevertheless, undeniable that the scandals and atrocities which accompanied the advance and the retreat of Denikin's armies were, on the whole, even more notorious and less excusable than on the other White fronts. Mr. Chamberlin shows (it has not been done half so clearly before, in English, at any rate) how the civil war grew gradually, almost accidentally, out of the attempt of the Allied Governments to utilize the Czech legions as a weapon against the Bolsheviks. It is the gloomiest chapter in the tragic history of the revolution.

On the Bolshevik side, the predominant personality next to Lenin was indubitably Trotsky. He was not an intellectual like Lenin. He had no instinct for dealing with his fellow-workers as individuals; and this weakness was the cause of his downfall. But as an organizer and as a mass leader, he had genius of a high order. There was about him a touch of heroic recklessness, which he exhibited with striking effect (and with full regard for its publicity value) during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, and which proved of incalculable value in the desperate conditions of the civil war. In retrospect, it seems doubtful whether, without Trotsky, the Soviet state could have survived the successive military crises of the intervention period.

Mr. Chamberlin's narrative is vivid as well as scholarly. Drab and terrible as any story of life in Soviet Russia during the first year of the revolution must be, it has a dramatic and a human quality to which he does full justice.

PORTRAIT OF A BOURGEOIS

By W. HORSFALL CARTER.

GUSTAV STRESEMAN: His *Diaries, Letters, and Papers*. Vol. I. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. Macmillan. 25s.
FRUSTRATION: Stresemann's Race with Death, by Antonia Vallentin. Constable. 5s.

THIS long-awaited English rendering of the Stresemann papers contains no surprises, certainly no shocks such as, apparently, caused distress to many good Frenchmen who were votaries of the Briand policy—and savage glee among the chauvinists—when the French version appeared two years ago. Henry Bernhard's labour of love, filling three German tomes, has necessarily had to be compressed; even so, the present volume only takes us up to the end of 1924. But it tells us enough of the man to substantiate the general verdict over here that Stresemann was at once a good German and a good European, as representative of the solid virtues of the German bourgeoisie as Hitler is of their utter demoralization. Nor does one get the impression that any damaging material has been carefully excised for the greater moral comfort of English readers.

His personal relationship with the Crown Prince has always been thrown up against Stresemann as a stain on his democratic-Liberal character. From the half-a-dozen Letters included in this *Verständnis* it is quite clear that Stresemann's conduct and attitude was beyond reproach. When "Little Willie" intimated in the summer of 1923 that he was "fed up" with living an exile in Wieringen (Holland), it was perfectly natural that the Chancellor should offer

to use his influence "with the Parties and the Government" to secure permission for his return to Germany. The ex-Crown Prince had sedulously held aloof from domestic politics in the troubled years that followed 1918, and Stresemann felt that, though extremism of Right and Left was putting the Moderates' capacity for government to a severe test, the Republic itself was so firmly established that the danger of any agitations consequent upon the Crown Prince's return was negligible. And he was quite right, of course; to be on the safe side, however, he counselled that the returning exile should take up his abode at Oels, out of the way of the political wheel. In a Germany so ravaged by political partisanship (for a detailed study Mr. R. T. Clark's *Fall of the German Republic* should be consulted) Stresemann's action seems to us now to have all the effulgence of a good deed, simply accomplished. The note throughout his Letters rings true; here is the ordinary everyday Teuton rooted in the national tradition, whose civic probity does not exclude a certain effusive deference in the presence of royalty.

In these days "bourgeois" has become almost a term of abuse. It conjures up visions of a sleek, comfort-loving, unimaginative personage, a creature so steeped in complacency and materialism that his spiritual attributes are atrophied, and he remains, in Professor Laski's words, "obstinately enfolded within the sphere of private interest". Stresemann is as different from that caricature as can well be imagined; yet his physical

appearance did not deceive, every feature of his personality depicted here reveals him to have been the embodiment of the German middle class.

His origin, as the youngest son of a publican who had "come up in the world" stamps him. Fully susceptible to the glamour of the student world, he made no bones about descending from academic heights to write his thesis on the development of the bottled beer trade in Berlin as a contribution to a practical middle-class policy. In his student days the romantic idealist, ever lurking just below the surface of the middle-class business man, came into his own—that winning figure, "Bertrand de Born," evoked by Frau Vallentin in her womanly way; but, when he fell in love with the typical Lotte of good family, practical sense supervened to give the quietus for a time to his youthful enthusiasms for Goethe and Napoleon, and he very soon found his niche as manager of the Union of Saxon Chocolate Manufacturers, shortly after merged into a general Industrialists' Association. In his position as secretary he early came into conflict with the henchmen of "heavy industry", already disclosing those feudal proclivities which have made of them in recent years ready accomplices of the Junkers in riding roughshod over the commercial class.

Without any marked intellectual capacity, Stresemann was one of those rare beings possessing an inner harmony. It found expression in robust common sense and unquenchable optimism. And, despite his background, and his bitter Ministerial experience at the height of the "war in the Ruhr," he maintained from the beginning his belief in the primacy of politics over economics. "No surrender to France on the question of German sovereignty over Rhine and Ruhr, but readiness to secure any reasonable compromise on the actual payment of Reparations"—that was

his policy, presented in an honest, matter-of-fact way, one that is perfectly intelligible to us, and was so long in achieving results only because M. Poincaré and his friends could never make up their minds whether they wanted the victim's money or his life! Politics, to him, however, was not the party game; it was the supreme means of expressing those spiritual and moral forces of the country which were his bourgeois pride. Nothing can have been more galling to him than the pettiness of the professional politicians. We can see now that he was absolutely right to press for the widest possible sharing of responsibility with Social Democrats in the 1923 Great Coalition and German Nationals introduced after the London Conference of August, 1924. His contempt for the so-called "National" or "Patriotic" Associations because they disclosed no sources of spiritual strength has, too, been abundantly justified.

In the *Scheinblüte* that characterizes the period of the Dawes Loan, the majority of his own middle class were seduced from spiritual values to put their faith in Mammon. They were then no more in the mood to listen to Stresemann and his bourgeois spirituals. So, in his last days, we know, he staked everything on being able to hand on the torch to idealistic youth. It was too late. In that sense the title given to the new edition of Frau Vallentin's brilliant pen-picture is apposite. Yet he had achieved a great deal, and had there been a few more plain, honest bourgeois like Stresemann, the present neo-barbarism would never have raised its head.

It must be said that this volume of memoirs, being mainly concerned with Stresemann's navigation of the eddies and whirlpools of German parliamentary politics, makes rather tedious reading. The next volume is likely to be far more interesting.

JAPAN TODAY

BY ERNEST H. PICKERING, M.P.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FAR EAST,
by Sobei Mogi and H. Vere Redman.
Gollancz. 5s.

JAPAN IN CRISIS, by H. Vere Redman.
Allen & Unwin. 6s.

WHEN I was recently in Japan I strongly advocated that the Japanese themselves, despite language difficulties, should use the English medium for making the Western world better acquainted with Japanese problems from the Japanese point of view. *The Problem of the Far East* is an excellent attempt to do this, but, since Mr. Mogi has enlisted the co-operation of Mr. Redman, one could wish that the latter's literary influence had been more completely in evidence throughout the book. For Mr. Redman himself has an easy English style, but there are certain parts of this book where the reader is likely to be repelled by the formidable structure of the sentences. This is a pity, for the matter is of really great value, and it is presented in a thoroughly impartial spirit. It is a book that can be read to great advantage by all, even by those who are well acquainted with the Far East, for it presents, with a surprising amount of exact detail, the geographical, economic, historical and political conditions both of China and Japan.

The prevalent note is one of scientific impartiality. Thus, in the Introduction we are told:—"As German imperialism just before 1914, preparing to cull the fruits of Bismarckian statesmanship, was followed uncritically by the German people, so in determining the fate of rising Japan, the leaders and the people of the country acted, as in the present

day, for the national glory, without a clear understanding of the real conditions faced by every people of the world, irrespective of race or creed". In the chapter on political institutions we do indeed get glimpses of the possibility of real political democracy, but we are left under no illusions about the difficulties in the way. We are told most definitely that "there is little more academic liberty, or freedom of the Press, or of association in Japan than in reactionary Italy or Germany, not merely as a result of the Police Peace Preservation Law, but also as a result of the 'Lynching Law' of the fascistic or chauvinistic societies which venture to commit arson or murder when dealing with people alleged to be animated by sentiments less patriotic than their own" (p. 60). The authors also declare that the constitution is only a "quasi-constitution", i.e., "one determined solely by the sovereign" (p. 82). The chapter on Labour and Socialist Movements is most informative and interesting, and we are able to understand not only the actual weakness of the Trade Union movement in Japan, but the reasons for this. Only the Seamen's Union approximates to our idea of a trade union, and that mainly because the nature of sea-faring work brings the workers into most intimate contact with the other unions of seamen throughout the world.

Regarding Manchukuo, we are told, perhaps almost too absolutely, that "the Japanese authorities will be forced to consolidate the sovereignty of Manchukuo with that of Japan" (p. 211). The conclusion of the book deserves serious attention, the more so as it is

based on such impartially presented facts. It is that Japan's "economic needs lie . . . in the field of international trade. If those needs are not recognized, or, being recognized, are then conveniently ignored by the other Powers, then no one can predict anything as to the result except its gravity. That the militarists were able to regain power in Japan is due to momentary political circumstances; that they have been able to retain it is due to the fact that the capitalists have supported them, as the result of the international restrictions on foreign trade". With regard to China, the authors urge that the two great Western powers most concerned, Great Britain and the U.S.A., must come to some agreement with Japan based on a full recognition of Japan's peculiar needs.

I know of no other book dealing with Far Eastern problems which gives so much useful information in so small a compass. But the Index could be much improved.

Mr. Redman's book, *Japan in Crisis*, is a collection of sixteen articles written during the past three critical years in Japan's history. The author frankly tells us that most of his living is derived from Japanese sources, but that certainly does not prevent him from being critical, often wittily so, of much that Japan has done. Several of the articles are of real value, notably *Tokyo versus Geneva*, *The Economics of Crisis* and *The Rise of Camp Government*, which last shows most vividly the relation of the military both to the Government and the people. But the article which will impress most people is surely the one called *War Behind the Times*, in which, most satirically he contrasts the Japanese attitude to the 20,000 Chinese in their midst, during the Manchurian and Shanghai incidents, with the attitude of Western peoples to the aliens in their midst during the Great War.

RACHEL THE IMMORTAL: a Frank Biography, by Bernard Falk. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

EVERYTHING of consequence about Rachel and her theatre (that is to say her life of art) could be said in a short monograph illustrated by a few contemporary lithographs or drawings, and enriched by the impressions of the many notable men, from Disraeli to Emerson and Matthew Arnold to Sainte-Beuve, who had just seen her on the stage and wrote warm and breathless from the experience. Nothing else is truly necessary to our knowledge of an actor or actress. The familiar distinction between front-of-the-house and back-stage is never more clearly marked than in theatrical biography. The pass-door leading from auditorium to scene, which is so mysteriously hard to find and so heavily armoured by local authorities in precaution against fire, is actually a means of communication between two utterly different worlds. The impression gained by the spectator on his own proper side of the curtain has been illusory but true; that which now appears to his initiate eyes is realistic but false. And therein consists the paradox of this art of theatre which to many people appears to be no art at all, but a preposterous accretion of folly and vanity to the rather childish business of make-believe. The only theatrical world of permanent value is the one that is in its process and its essence fleeting. The other, though palpably more historical, is often clouded by a depressing association of private indiscretion and public tittle-tattle.

Mr. Falk's book is very much concerned with this second world, which is well summarized on his title-page in the description of Rachel not only as the Immortal, but as "stage-queen, *grande amoureuse*, street urchin, fine lady". If you like that sort of caption you will assuredly like the book, which reads much in the style of a film scenario

ready-made and abounds in *clichés* ("her wits sharpened by daily contact with the grim realities of life" is a type of observation that recurs in every paragraph). The illustrations, including a dozen special plates of incidents in the heroine's life, are mostly bad enough to approach the fantastic. From cradle to grave the narrative is coloured by a lively sense of the scandalous, and no attitude is more characteristic in the narrator than one hand uplifted in reprehension of a fault, while the other hastens to turn a page of memoirs or letters to find some more.

All this, however, has been discounted in advance by the declared intention to present a frank biography; and the reader prepared to waive questions of taste and look for theatrical and other information will not by any means go unrewarded. He will even discover that some of the less likeable features derive from the subject of the portrait and not from its treatment. Rachel was not one of those theatrical scamps (and they have been many) who sin only to be instantly forgiven. We can believe that she gave herself much more freely and generously to her public in the playhouse than to any of the lovers who waddle rather monotonously through these chapters. Most of her adventures bear an unattractive mark of calculation; and none more so than her amorous partings, those true tests of temperament and breeding. She has her place in the social history of nineteenth-century France, and especially in that of the romantic period. It is possible that no other time would have liked her or suited her so well. Mr. Falk himself does not like her, and it is one of the merits of his elaborate portrait that he makes no pretence in the matter. Undeniably, at the same time, he creates an actual woman and comes near the re-creation of an actress.

ASHLEY DUKES.

DWIGHT MORROW, by Harold Nicolson. *Constable*. 18s.

MR. NICOLSON, with his diplomatic experience, has had a congenial task, for it is as a diplomatist and statesman that the subject of this biography will be remembered. It is true that up to four years before his death, his career was that of a great corporation lawyer and then a banker—though the financial operations of J. P. Morgan and Co. are of a kind that is wont to affect the destinies of principalities and powers. But Morrow, as the evidence of Mr. Nicolson's narrative establishes, had already by then become what Washington journalists term "presidential timber." That most prescient of writers on American affairs, Walter Lippmann, went indeed much further than this, and recognised that in him America had at last produced a public figure of the first magnitude. One perceives that Mr. Nicolson shares this judgment, and he is so persuasive in the development of his most lucid chronicle that he may induce many of his readers to share it too.

Why, then, is the name of Dwight Morrow so little known to the average Englishman? Statesmen of Morrow's stature and unchallenged probity are sufficiently rare in American life to make this inquiry pertinent. Partly the reason was that he belonged to that rare class of men who do things and care not who gets the credit. A remarkable philosophy in a great financier, the cynic might say, but it was Morrow's guiding principle from his smallest beginnings—sometimes to the natural chagrin of his devoted wife. Another reason why he did not rise to the highest eminence is explained by the American voter's ingrained prejudice against bankers. Neither Calvin Coolidge, his college friend, nor Herbert Hoover had the intellectual courage to ignore such a disability—in the case of Hoover not

at least until 1931, when, with everything crashing around him, he telephoned to summon Morrow to Washington, and was informed that he was dead.

One is tempted to wonder what the course of history would have been if this call had come sooner. Certainly in the debts controversy Morrow would never have been guilty of the fatuous dictum, "They hired the money, didn't they?" Nor, had he been at the State Department or the Treasury, is it likely that America as a creditor nation would have followed the policy of excluding the goods of its debtors. That is at least to be inferred from letters quoted in this volume. As a banker, Morrow naturally had a broad and statesmanlike conception of international trade and finance, and, with his uncanny talent for negotiation and personal charm, carried through to almost invariable success the most formidable undertakings. His magical gift for reconciling differences with an adversary recalls the earlier Lloyd George. "He was," says Mr. Nicolson, "the most co-operative statesman who ever lived."

The chapters which tell of the gigantic financial operations of Morgans are not less illuminating than those in which Mr. Nicolson is on the more familiar ground of diplomacy. The account of the deal by which that firm, at great risk to itself, saved the City of New York from bankruptcy, may be commended as a salutary study to those who see the cloven hoof in all the doings of high finance. When we come to the War, the narrative moves to a quicker tempo and with a larger world outlook.

Morgans invited Dwight Morrow to become a partner five weeks before the outbreak of hostilities, and no private firm in the history of mankind, as Mr. Nicolson observes, ever dealt with affairs of such magnitude as thereafter devolved upon that famous house. To

the dazzling wealth which almost automatically accrued the new partner was indifferent, nay, actually resented it. His spirit sought escape into the ampler field of world politics, and the opportunity came at last in Mexico. There the arts of this "diplomatic magician" found full play. The intense distrust of dollar diplomacy which was traditional in Latin-America gave way under his spell to the friendliest relations. Morrow's achievement as ambassador in these few years may seem small compared with the great promise of his previous career. Mr. Nicolson assesses its results with studious moderation, but his sympathetic portrait does convey an impression of a magnetic personality and a powerful intellect which, if fate had ordered otherwise, might have given America one of her most distinguished statesmen.

H. R. WESTWOOD.

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IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Bertrand Russell. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

It is forbidden, I understand, to refer to our author as Earl Russell, but though he may disclaim the earl, he cannot disclaim the Russell and his new book, for all its scrappy character, has this unity: it was written by a Whig. No doubt Mr. Russell is a very advanced and radical Whig, no doubt he puts the golden age later than Mr. Macaulay did, and would have laughed a little at Lord Grey and at Lord William (not Lord George) Bentinck. But this is still a Whiggish book. Mr. Russell believes in the political and social religion of all sensible men. He refuses to contemplate the possibility that the only alternative to Communist brutality and obscurantism may be Fascist brutality and obscurantism. Surely men are not such slaves of their passions as that, for, although he may profess to regret devoting a "misspent youth to the search for truth", he does not think the search useless all the same, despite Herr Hitler who thinks it cannot be found and need not be looked for, and M. Stalin who thinks it has been found and need only be gloated or glossed over. The conjunction of Hitler and Stalin is not accidental, for Mr. Russell, identifying Communism with Moscow, does not like it. He thinks idolization of Marx wrong because (a) Marx was often wrong, (b) even if he was right, idolatry is bad for the idolators. No doubt many other reasons, emotional and "intellectual", (if, for the moment, the existence of the second class may be posited) account for Mr. Russell's dislike of orthodox Marxism and its inquisition, but two are potent. As a mathematician he may well feel that Hegelian dialectic, at the best, is not the most valuable instrument for the discovery of truth, and still more that it is no more improved by being turned upside down than most things are. Mr. Russell has also been a schoolmaster,

and the recurrence in this book of his fear of the effect of unlimited authority on the wielders of it, has an application to schoolmasters as well as to dictators. It is good, we are told, to encourage Stoicism in children, but the old methods of doing so were bad for the encouragers. Dr. Keate believed that by beating he could make boys pure in heart; Stalin believes that class-enemies can be reformed by building canals under unpleasant conditions in a severe climate. Mr. Russell, it may be presumed, believes Stalin no more than he does Dr. Keate. Against romantic nonsense about the rule of the people in Soviet Russia, nonsense reaching its height in Mr. Shaw, Mr. Russell's neat work is impressive and he is not blind, as so many Left-wingers are, to the part played, in the recent past, by abuse of the middle-classes in producing Fascism.

A good many of these reprinted pieces are slight, although even the slightest are admirably written. But Mr. Russell is full of useless information (whose utility he ably defends), and his illustrations are almost always apt as well as amusing. He notes the differences in religion produced by the climates of Norway and of Sicily, and suggests that the Norwegian hell should have been cold. But I have always been told that it was. His dislike for irrationality and for nationalism make him severe on Mazzini and he might have explained that, if Mazzini excepted the Irish from his list of nations, it was to please his English friends, just as he hushed up the truth about the South Slavs to please his Magyar friends. But not all the illustrations are apt. If the French in 1931 "forced the English to abandon the gold standard" their conduct deserves all the punishment of Mr. Russell's wit. But what evidence is there that they did and, if they did, can Mr. Russell, even with his low view of modern intelligence, suggest a reason why they should?

D. W. BROGAN.

SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIST,
by Sir John Squire. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

SOME of us have maintained that, unless and until the load of journalism was lifted from his shoulders, Sir John Squire would not show his quality. The first fruit of that happy freedom is before us in this book: the opening of a promised trilogy, to be followed by a second volume on the Poet, a third on the Person, of Shakespeare. Now a subject of perennial interest, already over-written and obscured, which would therefore suit few, whether only quickened by poetry or only hardened by periodical criticism, suits a man who has never lost a vein of simplicity; a man, too, with an eye for the common things that the sophisticated miss. Squire is such a man, and he summarises a huge compendium when he says that "Shakespeare is a vast shoal of red herrings".

His concern here is not with herrings but with the dramatist, the fellow who can hold an audience. How the audience was, and is, held is the theme of this book. You can really say that, while you read it, you seem to be reading of one never written about before; though, between the lines, is evidence enough of familiarity with many a red herring. That is a feat, and alas! just the type of feat by no means certain of due recognition. Yet, it is just to say, as well, that this book is one of the very few which might be read with profit by anyone interested in the way to write a good play and interested hardly at all in Shakespeare himself. Squire has killed two birds with one stone: the fellow with an unaffected interest in Shakespeare, and the man who spends covetous eyes on advertisements of how to make money by playwriting. This book, in sum, is full of tips for the latter, real tips, coming from one who has written plays himself; and full of the light that comes by approaching Shakes

peare with the freshness of a youthful poet's enthusiasm.

The first chapters clear away lumber by reminding us what the conditions of the Elizabethan theatre were, *e.g.*, with no scenery and with a projecting platform for the rhetoric that has since made (for these same plays) elaborate scenery an impertinence. We think we know all that. Most of us fail to realize it abjectly. Squire, the innocent at home, restores the perspective. The things, the subtler things, that previous fine critics have remarked, are then sketched, to remind us of the obvious that they ignored or took for granted; enormous errors both, since the omissions have become by habit as much revered as the illuminations. These rinds removed, the great catch of the old Globe begins to be examined, and his admittedly successful way of achieving his effects. The faults in Shakespeare's plots, mostly taken over to be cobbled, are then remarked; his tricks and his devices. Examples are given of his skill in presenting character by talk, his way of getting his characters on and off the stage, the point of his frequent pithiness, the why of his frequent volubility. The minor devices of his dialogue are given by little quotations, mostly the things that nobody bothers to quote. The indispensable soliloquies are examined with a suggestion that the practice might no longer be pooh-poohed, and a wholesome prick is given to the closet play never intended or else unfitted for the theatre. The defects of these, the persistent defects, are detailed as few have had the patience to detail them. We see more clearly than before why Tennyson and Browning, say, botched their business in the theatre.

Such is the substance of the book, and its style is so unaffected that the skill and pains beneath it disappear, in the pleasure of reading.

OSBERT BURDETT.

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY: A study of his Prose and Verse, by Anne Treneer. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

SELECTED PASSAGES FROM THE DAWN IN BRITAIN, OF CHARLES DOUGHTY. Arranged with an Introduction by Barker Fairley. *Duckworth.* 3s. 6d.

THE immortality of some authors depends upon the continuance of a sort of secret society or club of initiated worshippers. Doughty is such an author. It is impossible that he can ever become popular either as a prose writer or as a poet. From time to time members of the club make an effort at proselytising the public by means of a selection from his work. Mr. Edward Garnett almost succeeded by his expert arrangement and abridgment of the *Arabia Deserta*. Now Mr. Barker Fairley, a critic who has never been sufficiently appreciated for his earlier study of Doughty and his remarkable book of Goethe, has made an attempt to sift out the more immediately appreciable passages from *The Dawn in Britain*, that magnificent anachronism over which Doughty lavished so much eccentric scholarship and so many years of his life.

It is inevitable that both Mr. Fairley and Miss Treneer should compare Doughty as a prosodist with Gerard Manley Hopkins, that poet so influential today on our younger poets. The two men were contemporaries, but Hopkins did not live to read Doughty's verse. He knew only his prose. Bridges recommended *Arabia Deserta* to him, and he replied protesting against its deliberate archaism. "But come now", he wrote to Bridges, "is it not an affectation to write obsolete English? You know it is".

It is a devastating criticism, and no matter how unwilling I may be to agree with it, I find as time passes and my taste becomes more settled towards clarity and simplicity and impersonal perfection, that I am more and more critical of

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Doughty's verse, and even wickedly sceptical of the fundamental wisdom and character of a writer who expresses himself with such technical eccentricity. In itself, eccentricity is an interesting thing, welcome in a world where standardisation is doing such destructive work; but out of eccentricity no great, no major work of art ever came, because such work must begin from a central viewpoint in life; the poet must stand, like Shakespeare or Goethe, in the middle of his contemporary world, with the ability to express it in its own idiom and to balance that expression by means of the sanity of that central stance.

Without that point of departure, the writer's symbolism must always fail fully to cover the reality of his world, and its overlaps must cause distressing misunderstanding, areas of enigma where the higher criticism lodges like tubercule in a deflated lung. To me Miss Treneer's criticism is of this sort. Her elaborate exegetical discursions on the poems of Doughty are admirable for their piety and their careful analysis of themes and sources. But neither she nor Mr. Fairley reconciles my ear to the abnormalities of Doughty's music. Mr. Fairley attacks the problem with courage. "Doughty writes his poetry word by word", he says, "Milton, by comparison, sentence by sentence". And then again, "It is not the fault of Doughty's lines that they fail to run smoothly like Spenser's. This is their virtue. Only thus can Doughty release the energy of his single nouns and verbs and adjectives. All his liberties with word-order and his retarding punctuation find their origin and reason in his radical feeling for the unit of speech, his concrete apprehension—his thing-sense—of the isolated word".

In that passage Mr. Fairley has certainly explained the nature of Doughty's queer architecture, but he has not convinced me that it is the architecture of a poet rather than of a philo-

logist. A poet should not only trail the glory of a word's historical growth, he must also make his words cohere into a form that is living, with the possibility of lyrical or dramatic articulation. But Doughty's blank verse is clogged with a leaden fall at the line-end, and the over-emphatic punctuation to which Mr. Fairley refers serves only to drag the half-galvanic sentences to a standstill. Here is an example of the inept practice of this prosody, built not by art, but by science. It is a description of a woman plunging into the water to save her drowning lover. What an opportunity the subject offers to a poet to loose his genius for flowing rhythms. Here is the movement which Doughty gives the verse:

Then, in tough tangle weeds,
Is Crispin, wrapped, like, wretchedly to
perish.
Which seen, her woman's heart went
forth, to save.
Careless of naked plight, she leaps,
divine;
And him, dead-seeming, lifts in the cold
stream.
Her tappet casts now on him, drawn to
land;
So hastily takes to her her raiment
white;
Chafes then his deadly limbs: and
breathes the nymph,
Divine, of her own pure ambrosial spirit,
In Crispin's clay-cold corse.

That example, with its stumbling-block punctuation, its asthmatic breath-pauses, its purposeless reiteration of the word "divine", its irritating inversions, its total inability to be performed as spoken and therefore living poetry, surely destroys all the arguments in favour of Doughty's technique.

RICHARD CHURCH.

The reviewer of *The Fortunes of Montaigne*, in the last issue, should have been described as Arthur Symons, not A. J. Symons.

SELECTED FICTION

JANUS, by George Barker. *Faber & Faber*. 7s. 6d.

AS I LAY DYING, by William Faulkner. *Chatto & Windus*. 7s. 6d.

BEANY EYE, by David Garnett. *Chatto & Windus*. 5s.

BLOW FOR BALLOONS, by W. J. Turner. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

AND LASTLY THE FIREWORKS, by John Pudney. *Boriswood*. 7s. 6d.

THE author of *Janus* is what I should call an intellectual obstetrician, for his child of beauty is born with difficulty. It may grow into a lovely maiden, but at the moment it is not. He is like a singer who cannot learn to let his voice flow, or like the stony ground that killed the seed; he is too self-conscious; and as if he has luxuriated too long in his emotions, his emotions seem to have become corroded. It is an odd business, this relation of the artist to his ego, and neither Mr. Barker nor Faulkner seems to be entirely free of internal knots. One relies on what Valéry calls "the profound tone of (individual) existence dominating all the complicated varieties of (outer) existence", but one cannot bind oneself to oneself under pain of Narcissism.

Mr. Barker releases his experiences only with difficulty and by allusion: his processes are all effects, and his moods are all unforeshadowed, so that his characters who are Janus-faced towards death and love, obsessed by one, motivated by the other, are all the time taking the curtain before we have seen the play; and we see no play. As a psychological essay *Janus* is of great interest and subtlety, one must agree, but in so far as it projects nothing in flesh and blood, never once releases an

uncensored emotion, and is in a style that conceals more than it reveals, it does not fall within the simple literary classification of "novel". Sadly one puts it aside, but with a shrewd feeling that, in time, if Mr. Barker wills to stop immolating his individuality he may do some remarkable work on the individualities of other people, i.e., he may become a novelist.

Mr. Faulkner is not much more merciful to the obtuse. But with Faulkner one does not need to understand—the impact is like a storm, and one does not question storms. *As I Lay Dying* has all his primitive, earthy, dark forcefulness, and his personality is so intense that it works freely on us; even if it is a little daft and does tie Mr. Faulkner up in knots of technical reticences. Here he has written a short macabre novel, of his native South, in which the theme is a long buggy-ride with the coffin of an old woman who has been nine days dead. Readers will do well to begin with pages 157-168, and to know that the unexplained Christian names denote a family line: Anse Bundren married to Addie Bundren, with five children, Cash, Darl, Jewel, Dewy Dell (the daughter), and Vardaman, of whom Jewel is an illegitimate; Dewy about to produce an illegitimate, and Darl a near-lunatic. The miserable atmosphere of the Mississippi swamps is suggested with all Faulkner's usual brutality—the poverty, the floods, the harsh nature of the "poor white trash", the bad roads; indeed, it is for all its twisted technique and inchoate modern style, a pure example of the old regionalist novel with dialect (*chapping*,

bumbling, scuttering, brogans—a Gaelic word), and such local detail as the buzzards circling over the odorous coffin. It is not a charming book: it denigrates humanity like most modern American work; but even a reading of one incident, such as that called *Moseley*, or *Samson*, will suffice to affirm Faulkner's inimitable power.

The nearness of modern realists to romanticism is plain in Faulkner—the vague atmosphere, the suggestibility of ragged edges, the motivation of some kind of inverted pantheism. The contrast with Mr. David Garnett's crisp and classic style, pure as an outline drawing by a master, is a relief. Here one feels the assurance of a writer in an old tradition, for nobody reading *Beany Eye* could imagine for a second that the author was not an Englishman. It is simple in design. A poor demented workman is employed by a writer, goes berserk, terrorises the house and countryside for a day or two, and is sent off to Canada by his kindly employer after a period in an asylum. That is all: but it is told with such effortlessness that, in a word, it *satisfies*, is *perfect*. It is quite a sober comparison to say that, technically, Tchekov could not have done it better: he might, doubtless would, have gone deeper, extracted far

more emotion out of it, enriched the mood; but the balance would not have been so satisfyingly steady.

Some American periodicals "review" as many as a hundred books in one page, e.g., "*Autobiography*. By Rose Macaulay. Rose is always the lady". Without disrespect one might attempt to bottle Mr. W. J. Turner in the same way, for it is hopeless to try to review him:—*Blow for Balloons. Ironic, discursive, facetious; rather Sterne.*

There is a suggestion of a second volume; it should be welcome.

If what, for want of a better word, one might call the "principle of life" is missing in *Janus* but present in these other novels, one is not so sure either way about Mr. Pudney's short stories. That he is a born writer one does not need to read far to see:

"He slumped down the bags in Ducker's Field. Red and white jerseys against green and red jerseys, and a few straggling spectators on the touch-line; the stormy April light catches them, gives each movement dramatic precision. They are prophetic, the small heroism of their game against the stormy sky."

That alone should be enough to tell any publisher's reader that Mr. Pudney is for the public. But literary gift does not always imply creative power, and when a delicate story of two adolescent lovers in a riverside bungalow ends in unbelievable double suicide—one wonders. The stories are all adept, they have a quality, a poetic tone, but are they quite *real* enough? Such a story as *Earth*, for instance, where the woman in childbirth craves a box of earth to plant primroses, is of an appalling sentimentality; but the title story, on the other hand, has a rich gloominess suggesting that Mr. Pudney is feeling his way towards much better things than even the best of this volume.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN.

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DEATH ON DEPOSIT, by Francis D. Grierson. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

MURDER IN OILS, by John Newton Chance. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

WHO GOES HOME, by Richard Curle. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Of these five novels, each steeped in crime, two come to us from American, and, it must be confessed, succeed in holding our interest more easily than their English counterparts. Each lays its plot in a small town in the Middle West sweltering in the midsummer heat, to whom murder comes with as great a shock and is conducive to as much scandal-mongering and wild suppositions as would happen in any English village.

In *Better than Dying* we are introduced to the town gaol, where Uncle Billy has charge of a miscellaneous bunch of local toughs, darkie lunatics and a couple of big-time safe-breakers. Despite the sensational *décor* there are few moments of tension, save when the safe-breakers try to escape and get shot for their pains. Uncle Billy, having little to do, turns his attention to establishing the innocence of a young hotel porter charged with murder, whom he (and also the reader) believes innocent of the crime. Ponderously his mind sets to work, and chapter after chapter we are swept along the slow tide of his ruminations until a satisfactory *dénouement* confirms our faith in Uncle Billy.

With an eye more to sensation, the author of *Murder in Midsummer* gives us a close-up of the murder, and then switches us back to the old home town where, in an atmosphere of rocking-chairs and apple pies, the victim's family await his return. There are some good shots of the corpse hunt organized by the local Elks and Buffaloes, terminating in an ice-cream supper under the trees. Who the actual murderer is is left unstated,

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"Mr. Eric Sutton's most competent translation."—*The Times*.

MACMILLAN

but one is left with a profound suspicion.

Back to England, we find in *Death on Deposit* another corpse awaiting us, neatly packed in a trunk and deposited in the vaults of the Western and Union Bank. The author, despite the ingenuity of his opening, rather lets us down at the end, for, after pointing the finger of suspicion so firmly at one character that the wily reader knows to be innocent, the last pages disclosed the murderer to be a mere super to whom only the faintest thread of a clue has led.

Murder in Oils is a more light-hearted venture, in which the usual amateur detective, beloved of writers of crime, successfully launches a subplot, connected with an irascible colonel and a diamond pendant, to link up fairly ingeniously with the main theme of the murdered commercial traveller. For those who like the breezy style of hero, fully equipped with airy badinage for the bedevilment of the slow-witted police, this book should find favour.

Last on the list comes *Who Goes Home*, by Richard Curle. Here, though murder plants a clammy hand on the last chapter, it has but an incidental bearing on the main plot, which deals with the machinations of a young man with blackmail as his object. When George Tallent's offered the post of manager to the estate of his sister-in-law to his young protégé he little thought how quickly the cloven hoof would show through the respectable boots of Gore Mounsel. The author, however, not content with letting the plot carry us forward on wings of legitimate excitement, seeks to curdle our blood with a quite synthetic atmosphere of horror. The conversation, moreover, smacks of *Maria Martin and the Red Barn*. " 'I pray nightly for the good of this family', muttered Bowles [the Butler]. 'May your prayers be answered,' responded George Tallents, in the same tone as he stepped out into the dark."

R. H.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

BARON KEISHIRO MATSUI: Japanese Ambassador at Paris, 1916-20; delegate to Paris Peace Conference, 1919; Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1924; Ambassador in London, 1925-29; Member of the House of Peers since 1929.

LT.-COLONEL H. DE WATTEVILLE: Royal Artillery and General Staff, 1900-1923; served in European War (despatches); military (assistant) editor, Royal United Service Institution, 1924-35; author of *Waziristan*, 1919-20.

ELIZABETH MONROE: Joint author of *A History of Abyssinia*, October, 1935; member of the research staff of the Royal Institute of International Affairs which produced the recent booklet *Abyssinia and Italy*.

CECIL ROTH: Author of many books on subjects mostly connected with Jewish history, including *History of the Jews in Venice*, 1930; *A History of the Marranos*, 1932; and *Life of Menassehben Israel*, 1934.

FRANK DARVALL: Lecturer in International Politics for the Cambridge University Extra-Mural Board; many review articles on international, especially American, affairs; has visited the U.S.A. repeatedly.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1935

A NEW PARLIAMENT

By ROBERT FIELD

"WELL, what do you think of it all?"

The question with which the late Lord Rosebery introduced one of his dramatic interventions during the Boer War may not inaptly be applied to a consideration of the new Parliament and the new political situation which the recent General Election has brought into being.

What most people, at home and abroad, think of it all is best expressed by a deep sigh of relief, as for deliverance from a heavy anxiety. It is not certain whether our Socialists will not feel more flattered than affronted by the knowledge that the possibility of their return to office has inspired such universal uneasiness. They may say, as the Germans delighted to say during the War, "*Oderint dum metuant*". However it be, the fact remains that the decisive defeat of the Socialist Party has been hailed everywhere as the lifting of a dark cloud from the horizon. For the next four or five years at least, statesmanship and enterprise can feel the ground firm under their feet. They will be free to think long thoughts and make long plans, instead of wondering, like the inhabitants of an earthquake zone, when the next shock is coming, and what structures are about to fall. A revolution anywhere in this distracted globe would be a distressing complication just now. In this country it would be a disaster.

And nothing short of a revolution was threatened by the Socialist programme, however the dire implications may have been wrapped up in verbiage. If the electorate was really alive to the full implications of this programme, it was not at all the fault of those who drafted that document. There were eloquent

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denunciations of the barrenness of the National Government's record ; protestations of devotion to the League of Nations and to Disarmament ; promulgation of a policy of " Socialist Reconstruction ", in which would be included the public ownership of " banking, coal and its products, transport, electricity, iron and steel and cotton ", as well as of land—nothing more than that !—benefits for the agricultural labourers ; the regulation of hours and conditions of employment ; provision for the unemployed by " far-reaching schemes of national development ", and so on and so forth. Then, as a sort of afterthought, appeared in a four-line paragraph :—

Labour seeks a mandate to carry out this programme by constitutional and democratic means, and with this end in view it seeks power to abolish the House of Lords and improve the procedure of the House of Commons.

The unreflecting elector might be forgiven for failing to realize the implications of this announcement. Yet it would involve a constitutional revolution and nothing less. With the House of Lords abolished and the House of Commons " improved ", a Socialist Government would be free to work its will. That, combined with the nationalization of the banks, the basic industries and the land, would add to the constitutional revolution an economic and social revolution. No wonder that Sir Stafford Cripps admitted that the coming of a Socialist Government would lead immediately to a first-rate financial crisis. Who realized all that was at stake in this appeal to the people ? Who understood that on the hazard of the polls—in which the Means Test, the plight of the distressed areas and the miners' wages, were dominant issues—depended the validity of our ancient Constitution and the stability of the foundations of our national economy and of our social fabric ? Yet nothing less was at risk, and to the achievement of this revolution the Liberal Party, under Sir Herbert Samuel, and the Council of Peace and Reconstruction under Mr. Lloyd George were, in effect, contributory. If their influence had prevailed, the National Government would have been defeated ; and its inevitable successor would have been a Socialist Government, not only pledged to revolution, but bound to attempt it in order to escape discredit with its supporters. Twice before has the Socialist Party been in office without achieving anything for Socialism. It could not dare

to fail a third time. Its motto would have to be that of the early pioneers in America—" California or bust ! " And has not Sir Stafford Cripps declared that if the Socialist Party were in power, it would " do things " ?

As we regard in retrospect the extent of the risk which the nation was running, we must be thankful that our thirty-one millions of electors were not beguiled into such irreparable experiments.

Fortunately Mr. Lloyd George's influence seems to have been quite negligible. His Council of Action and Reconstruction fell absolutely flat. Introduced for the purpose of queering the pitch of the National Government, it was advocated with an extravagance of animosity which defeated its own pretensions to be a non-Party movement ; and its failure must lower still further the credit of its author with the public. Will he, now that Sir Herbert Samuel has failed to secure election, assume the leadership of that sadly diminished band of Liberals who will be found—or is it lost ?—on the Opposition benches ? And whither could he lead them ? As a reinforcement of the Socialist Opposition they are negligible, and as an independent faction they will be impotent.

Sir Herbert Samuel, one feels, is well out of a thankless and hopeless position ; and he has left for his successor nothing that is worth having. His abilities and his character have earned him a very real and genuine respect, and he will be missed ; though as a party leader he has not been a shining success. He stirs no pulses ; he quickens no emotions. If men were governed by unimpassioned reason, Sir Herbert Samuel might have gone far ; but as it is, he leaves his audiences feeling like a class of undergraduates after a lecture that is rather above their heads. The civil servants have a great respect for him, because his handling of departmental business has the precision and efficiency, not of a Minister, but of one of themselves. But as a politician his position is untenable. The only title of a Liberal to a separate political identity nowadays is repugnance to the protection of the Conservatives on the one hand, and to the nationalizing fervour of the Socialists on the other ; and a Party cannot justify its existence by a double negative.

Though the Socialists, who now constitute the only Opposition

that counts, profess to find comfort and encouragement in the result of the appeal to the country, the defeat of their confident expectations must have been a severe blow. The Socialist G.H.Q. counted on gaining something like 200 seats. They, in fact, reached barely half-way to that objective. The target presented to their attack was as extensive and invitingly open as London was to the German airmen in the War; and their raids have proved as little damaging. The notable feature of the results in London and the industrial areas is not the number of Socialist gains, but the comparative fewness of them. There has been no sort of recovery to the 1929 position. A surprising number of the seats won for the first time for Conservatism in 1931 have been held in 1935; and once again the Counties have proved impregnable. Socialism makes no headway there; and until it does it can never hope to command a working majority in Parliament. Let Conservatives never neglect to keep in good defensive condition this, their Hindenburg line.

The decisive repulse of the Socialist offensive may help to strengthen faith in democracy, even among those in whom such faith is most faltering.

There were two factors in this election which were so incalculable as to baffle the most experienced electioneers. How much they were baffled may be seen in the widely varying estimates of the result. Lord Rothermere, a shrewd diagnostician, is reported as predicting for the Government a majority of only 75. The *Daily Herald* assured its readers that there was a good chance of a Socialist victory; and only the most optimistic of the Conservative seers put the Government's majority at more than 200. The official Conservative estimate was below 150.

One of the two unknown quantities in the equation was the strength and disposal of the Liberal vote. There were 157 Liberal candidates in the field—how far would three-cornered contests tell against the Government? There was Mr. Lloyd George's Council of Reconstruction—how far would it influence Liberal votes in constituencies where there was no Liberal candidate? We cannot answer these questions confidently even today. All we know is that, roughly, the total Liberal poll is suggestively close to the fall in the Government's poll; and that the increase in the Socialist poll is comparable to what may

be calculated as the remainder of Liberalism. Most likely we shall never see as many Liberal candidates in the field again. Too many of them on this occasion lost their deposits, and too few of them secured election. But Liberalism in the country still represents a strength—diminishing, it is true—of from three to four million votes. Who will get them? It is an interesting speculation, for the Liberal Party as an entity can hardly hope to survive. A party which has no hope of ever attaining office is doomed. The roots of Liberalism were severed when Labour established its independence; and the party has withered rapidly since its leader made the fatal blunder of putting the Socialists in office in 1923. Mr. Asquith showed by that act that there was an alternative to a Conservative Government, and an alternative which was not Liberal.

As for the women's vote, it will be many years before its influence becomes calculable. This is the biggest factor in the electorate. It consists largely of young women who have no political experience, and no party attachments, and, most serious of all, who have no real interest in politics. The last mentioned disability belongs to the older as well as to the younger women; but the married women at least can be safely reckoned as voting as their husbands vote.

It may be indiscreet to say so; but it is the fact that politics do not appeal to women as a continuing interest. They do not study political questions or follow the course of political controversy. If their attention is arrested by some national crisis, they insist on reducing the issue to the elementary terms which can be interpreted either by their fears or by their sympathies. They are therefore liable to be stampeded by clever special-pleading and cunning suggestion, to the confusion and frustration of the statesmanship which would

Stretch a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears.

Who could foretell how the woman-voter would respond to the professions and promises of the Socialist programme? And if the response was negative, who can say why? Women have borne the heaviest burden of the hardships and privations of these disjointed times, and of the sacrifices of war. In such circumstances, it is surely matter for deep satisfaction that they

have not been tempted to take the Socialist short-cut to escape, even by a programme which, like a bazaar lottery, offered "all prizes and no blanks". It is just possible that, the issue of peace or war being predominant in their minds, they have been in doubt as to which Party was the more to be trusted for keeping the peace, and that in consequence their vote has been divided.

The new House of Commons will be interesting, not least as a change from the old. The Parliament of 1931 was a portent. It had no parallel. Yet it became very tedious to the observer. It was too lop-sided; and, except when a Conservative revolt from the back benches was in progress, it lacked vitality. Like other extinct monsters, its body was too big for its brain. The Opposition was bereft of its leaders and its best debaters; and there was neither life nor reality in the formal challenges which the forlorn remnant threw down from time to time, to call attention to their existence, so easily to be overlooked. The essence of Parliamentary politics, as of drama, is conflict, and of conflict there will be enough for all in the new House, where the Socialists have come back in nearly trebled strength, and where their Front Bench is filled again by all those practised debaters who have been banished for four years from the Parliamentary scene. The Party, too, will be full of fight with a new leader, whether Mr. Attlee, who has deserved well of his party, or another.

The Opposition will not only be stronger in the Division Lobby, but much more formidable in debate, and one of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench most to be regarded is undoubtedly Mr. Herbert Morrison, who is pre-eminent among his fellows as administrator, as organizer, and as tactician. Though by seniority he is surpassed by others, by ability he is foremost in qualification for the post of party leader; and he is reputed to stand as well with the trade union bosses as with the Socialist politicians. He has, too, the advantages of holding many strings in his hands, and of commanding a considerable following in the country, and especially in London. It is a pity that he marred his record by destroying Waterloo Bridge—merely to make a party gesture. That act of vandalism will not be forgiven to him for many a long day by some people, though it is to be feared that his own public would be indifferent if he pulled down St. Paul's Cathedral. And certainly there are other

things equally precious which he will have to try to pull down, if he is to be an acceptable leader of the Socialist Party. Fortunately he is of a genial temperament, wholly lacking in gall; and his most drastic measures will be undertaken in the spirit of one who is cruel only to be kind.

The effectiveness of the Socialist Party in the new House of Commons depends largely, no doubt, upon its choice of leader; but even more upon the tendencies which it embodies in its policy. Its bondage to the Trade Union Congress is at once its strength and its weakness—its strength, because of the massed and disciplined voting power in the country and of the funds which the trade unions command; its weakness, because political judgment has to be subordinated to trade union orders. Socialist Ministers, as the crises of 1926 and 1931 showed, are not free agents. They must toe the trade union line—an obligation which always chafed Lord Snowden.

But, as it happens, in the pursuit of internationalism Socialists and trade unions are at one. The former see in it the fulfilment of a pacifist ideal; and the latter see in it the only way to safeguard their standard of living. But the trade unionists are not pacifists at heart—as witness their fury against Signor Mussolini and Fascism, and their readiness to mobilize the British fleet for the shutting of the Suez Canal and the blockade of the Italian ports. Nor will they ever demand the return to Free Trade and abandon the protection which they enjoy against the unrestricted competition of low-paid labour. If they adhered to Free Trade so long and so obstinately, it was because they were greedy and short-sighted.

It is only the same faulty understanding that moves them to approve the demand for what Mr. Harold Laski calls "the internationalization of our Colonial possessions". They do not yet see that a diminished Empire means diminished wealth and influence, and therefore diminished trade and diminished employment. When they do see those consequences, they will invite Mr. Laski and his fellow internationalists to give away only what is their own, and not what they had no part in creating and have no part in inheriting.

This question of the parcelling out of the Empire is likely to be a burning question in the new Parliament; and the Govern-

ment will be well advised to go cautiously in dealing with it. They have promised to enquire how the hunger of expanding nations for raw-materials may be satisfied; but they have not promised to renounce British sovereignty over the lands where the British flag flies. Unless ministers wish to sow dissension in their party, they will leave to the Socialists the odium of disrupting the Empire in the interests of a fantastic internationalism, which is much more likely to bring, not peace, but a sword. Mr. Baldwin has declared himself to be "an impenitent patriot". Let him in this matter prove the mettle of his pasture.

There is another incident in this election which deserves to be recorded and which reveals at once the enmity and the ineptitude of Socialist counsels. As such a revelation, it is quite as signal as the pursuit of an internationalism which has resolved itself into a sour anti-nationalism repugnant to all sound British instincts. That incident is the wanton and unexplained decision to contest the re-election of Capt. Fitzroy, the Speaker of the last Parliament. It was the deliberate breach of a long and honourable Parliamentary tradition—and the Socialists always profess to have a respect for Parliamentary tradition—which has ensured them so much freedom and even indulgence. There is only one hypothesis which covers the facts, and it is based on the announcement in the Socialist manifesto that a Socialist Government would "improve the procedure of the House of Commons". What such "improvement" would imply, Sir Stafford Cripps and others have made abundantly clear. It would imply putting the House of Commons into a strait jacket; and to that end an impartial Speaker, who respected the traditions of the Chair and secured to minorities their rights, would be sadly in the way. Therefore, to provide for the event of a Socialist majority, Capt. Fitzroy was opposed. If he were returned, his opponents would have a colourable excuse for not re-electing him to the Chair. It was a wholly discreditable manœuvre which the verdict of the electors at Daventry as elsewhere, has condemned to the futility which it deserved. But the deep discredit of it remains with its authors.

It would be impossible to ignore one startling innovation which will mark the new House. That is the election of Mr. A. P. Herbert as the second member for Oxford University, in the official candidate's despite. The result proves how one touch

of humour makes the whole world kin. It is to be seen how Mr. Herbert will "go" in the House. Much will be expected of him; and when he makes his maiden speech the benches will be packed to overflowing. But it is the perilous penalty of a humorist that he must always be funny; and so even his most serious remarks are apt to be greeted with a guffaw.

Who would have imagined that the University of Oxford, of all constituencies else, would choose to be represented by a funny man?

It is an odd effect of this election, that while the defeated Party will be able to welcome the return of many wanderers, the victorious Party will miss some of its old and most familiar faces. The disappearance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will leave a notable gap on the Treasury Bench, though it will hardly be an inconsolable loss to the Ministerial Party, which has never quite reconciled itself to association with him. But the manner of his going has won for him a very wide and genuine sympathy. Well he knew, when he decided to seek re-election at Seaham, the reception and the discomfiture that awaited him; but he did not flinch from facing the storm, when it would have been easy to evade his enemies' malice. No doubt, the greatest comfort which the Socialists can find for their overthrow at the polls, is in the thought that they have wreaked their spite on their former leader and on his son.

They longed only less eagerly to compass the overthrow of Mr. J. H. Thomas in Derby; but there their animosity was thwarted. How bitter must have been their chagrin when—instead of the triumph over their enemy of which they had confidently assured themselves—they learnt that Mr. Thomas had been re-elected by a thumping 12,000 majority. The resilience, the resource, and the indomitable resolution of that right hon. gentleman are among his most admirable characteristics.

The man of the hour, after this late election, is undoubtedly Mr. Stanley Baldwin, whose stature continues to increase. He has made blunders in his career that would have been fatal to most politicians; but he survives them by virtue of sheer imperturbability, and goes on acquiring rather than losing authority by them. He has a reputation for indolence, and rather cultivates it; but he is always very wide awake. Indifferent

to criticism, he pursues his appointed way, and gets it. He is never ruffled ; never combative. Under the strongest provocation, he keeps his temper and returns ever the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He makes no pretence to oratory ; but adopts the style of the plain man, sparing of words and shrinking from rhetoric. But on occasions he can rise to a very high level of thought and eloquence, and can reveal a breadth of literary culture which is as rare as it is refreshing among our politicians of today. A man reveals himself in nothing more than in his quotations from the poets ; and Mr. Baldwin's are always so apt to the occasion and so unhackneyed, that they are a delight to the critical and the uncritical alike.

He has been suspected of being half a Socialist ; and if that means that his sympathies are wide and human, the charge is true enough. He has no class-consciousness, and knows his countrymen, of whom he is as typical a representative as could be found in the whole land. His pipe and his pigs are, no doubt, very largely an affectation ; for they conceal a lively ambition. Mr. Baldwin enjoys being Prime Minister and a national figure, to contribute to which latter end, possibly, he habitually wears a bowler-hat. How Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury would have shrunk from that informality ! As for his politics, they may be epitomised in the belief that to control the course of events, it is necessary not to swim against the stream of tendency, but to navigate it. The life of this new Parliament will form the final judgment of history on his career. It rests with him to sterilize the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Movement or to bring them nearer to fulfilment. No doubt he has made up his mind how to handle the situation.

In one of his election-broadcasts, Mr. Baldwin declared that Democracy was upon its trial. So it was. So it always is, and such a democracy as ours the world has not known before. It has now some four or five years in which to mature before being put to the test again. May the response be not less satisfactory when it is invoked ; but a wise statesmanship will do well to beware of its susceptibilities. The wage-earners and would-be wage-earners are capable of exercising amazing patience at need ; but they will not put up with neglect. They seem to understand that the effects of world-depression—the dislocation

of old-established channels of trade and the transformation of industrial processes—cannot be cured by an Act of Parliament. They have seen the decay of the cotton industry and the despair of the coalfields. They have felt the blight of unemployment, and watched the collapse of once busy and prosperous areas into desolation. Who could marvel if they sought a refuge in the nostrums of Socialism ?

If that revolution to which the Socialist Party have so airily committed themselves is to be averted, not for the term of the new Parliament, but for all time, the Government must interpret this election as a mandate, not for standing pat, but for exerting all their wisdom and strength earnestly and continuously to the readjustment of the national economy.

I am asking you again for the same free hand that you gave the Government four years ago, that we may continue the forward march—a free hand at home and a free hand abroad—to widen the restoration of prosperity.

Those words, spoken by Mr. Baldwin on the eve of the election, give assurance that he will not misinterpret his mandate, or sleep on it.

FRENCH POLICY IN THE CRISIS

BY PERTINAX

WHAT is it all about and what is really at stake? Such was the usual exclamation of Marshal Foch when he was confronted with a new problem. At the present juncture, to try to ascertain the points at issue is no perfunctory task. Obviously, a good deal of confusion obtains all round.

In an article recently published in this REVIEW my friend Sir Edward Grigg dealt with the Italo-Ethiopian conflict mainly from the standpoint of the legitimate need of Italian expansion beyond the narrow limits of the peninsula in Southern Europe. Nobody will challenge the opinion that the forty-two million Italians lack sufficient space, compressed as they are within some 120,000 square miles. But was the Fascist government of Rome confronted with a blank refusal when it put forward its claim to the overlordship of Abyssinia? No. It was simply reminded that international commitments must be respected, and that it had better conform to the careful course pursued by Great Britain in Egypt and by France in Morocco. It had never entered the mind of those two great Powers to regard all existing treaties as obsolete and to dispatch 200,000 men beyond the sea in order to realize the dreams of their empire-builders. Day by day they supported and promoted their material interests in these African lands, looking for compromise with the foreign Powers affected, and finally they achieved their purpose by agreement between themselves and by making use of the opportunity that the war of 1914 afforded.

The problem of the periodical reshuffling of the territorial and political map to meet changing national requirements is one of terrible complexity. Up till now, it has only been solved by the arbitrament of war: it is not easy to devise a peaceful *processus* that will adequately replace it, and Article 19 of the Covenant can hardly be regarded as an approach to it. But, in the present

case, that problem for once did not arise, since the London and Paris governments had by no means set their faces against the accomplishment of the Italian plan, but simply insisted that the outward forms of international law must not be openly violated. But the actual course of events was as if Signor Mussolini were striving rather for an emphatic assertion of brutal force than for the substance of the spoil. He is reported to have declared to the French Ambassador that he would not accept Ethiopia if presented to him on a silver tray, but that he meant to conquer it; and on another occasion he is credited with having said that he could not bring back the thousands of young men sent to Eritrea unless they had been given the chance to cover themselves with military glory.

Such is the spirit in which apparently he has laid violent hands upon a number of important international treaties: the tripartite treaty of 1906, signed by Great Britain, France, and Italy to safeguard their respective interests in Abyssinia and to maintain that country's independence; the League Covenant, of which the full validity was duly recognized in respect to Abyssinia barely twelve years ago when Fascist Rome supported the admission of the Addis Ababa government into the Geneva establishment; the Briand-Kellogg Pact of 1928, and even the Italo-Ethiopian treaty of 1928. As to the exchange of letters between London and Rome (1925) which is sometimes quoted on the Italian side as a justification of the present war, it is sufficient to observe that it did not go beyond the definition of economic zones and that, when it was challenged in Geneva, the signatories did not insist on the instrument.

On that ground the aggression of October 3rd can only be regarded as a provocation to the Powers which profess that international relations cannot be conducted in an orderly manner except by the *pacta servanda* principle, and that the *sic rebus stantibus* addition to that principle must not be interpreted so as to cancel it entirely.

In today's conflict such is the stake. By itself, Abyssinia is a negligible factor. But let us keep in mind that on the European continent a vital controversy has been going on for years, and by now is probably about to take a turn for the worse, between the national states which are determined to defend their

existence and the various exponents of Hitlerian pan-Germanism. Italy tackled the Ethiopian case brutally enough to create a precedent likely to make things easier for an eventual aggressor on the Continent. Hence the passionate attention which Soviet Russia as well as the members of the Little Entente and of the Balkan Entente devote to the hostilities in Africa. Those states would not have been unwilling to expel Abyssinia from the League, possibly in company with other states whose unworthiness could easily have been proved—for instance, Liberia, or even Panama, neither of which can be regarded as independent countries. They might even have condoned a *combinazione* under Article 15, by which the Italian attack could have been legalized or, alternatively, shut their eyes to some sort of camouflage which would have shifted to Abyssinia the responsibility of the initial act of war. But one thing they cannot admit: that Berlin or Budapest or Warsaw should be able to proclaim in the near future that the League has bowed its head to the naked sword. Rather than remain passive and allow such a development to occur, they have, by letting economic sanctions run their course, shown that they are even prepared to impair still further their already much damaged economic structures.

Now, what have we learned after ten weeks' experience about the nature and the practicability of what is now commonly called "collective security"; about the working of the Geneva system?

Contrary to the opinion officially expressed so many times by British statesmen, it does not follow from what has been said that the machinery of the League of Nations ought automatically to have been put in motion against Italy—at any rate no more so than in the case of the Sino-Japanese conflict or of the Chaco imbroglio. The League is not a super-state with military forces of its own. It is an association of sovereign governments, which have retained to the full their sovereignty, and have never divested themselves of the essential prerogative to declare war or to make peace by taking counsel of their national interests. By the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact they are only bound, as they would be by ordinary diplomatic convention, to observe certain general rules in the conduct of their policy. The League, that is to say, cannot be expected to act with complete efficiency in every conceivable contingency. Its present experience and its past history

(not to mention common sense) make it clear that it cannot possibly enter the field against an aggressor unless an individual power or group of powers, provided with ample resources, should come forward as the champion of the victim, impress its will to action upon the other member-states, and bring with it a retinue of associates. In short, the League, not unlike a Church (and, in that sense, I accept Sir Edward Grigg's simile as accurate) needs for the adequate discharge of its function the assistance of a secular arm. Directly that secular arm is seen to be available, the League ceases to be a church and begins to behave, in practice, as a coalition.

I wonder whether the Foreign Office, and even the Quai d'Orsay, are fully aware of that characteristic of the Geneva institution. Or are they still influenced by the conceptions which expressed themselves most conspicuously in the famous Geneva Protocol of 1924 but which have been gradually overwhelmed by a multitude of juridical impedimenta and, thereafter, altogether scrapped—as evidenced by what took place at the League Council meeting on October 7, when a pronouncement had to be made upon Italy's aggression and when the machinery of sanctions had to be started? In 1924 and for several years afterwards it was commonly assumed that the violation of the Covenant by a given state, that is, the designation of the aggressor, could only be placed on record by a unanimous decision of the Council, and even—the acme of absurdity—that the parties directly involved in the conflict could not be denied the right to cast their votes. So much was this so that in 1922 the Assembly was asked to adopt an amendment to the Covenant which was intended to set right that extraordinary state of affairs, a permanent cause of paralysis to the League. By that amendment, had it been duly ratified, the exception formulated in Article 15 to exclude the parties from the vote on the Council's recommendation for a peaceful settlement would have applied also in the case of Article 16, dealing with sanctions. Once the designation of the aggressor had become an accomplished fact, the sanctions, financial, economic, and military had likewise to be put in force, if the same interpretation of the Covenant were to be adhered to, by the unanimous resolution of all the member-states represented on the Council. Such was the current theory. It gave rise to

innumerable controversies which the Geneva Protocol, an unforgettable monument of ideology, was intended to solve.

The League has been put to the test of a territorial aggression, and the problem has vanished under the impact of political necessity. *Solvitur ambulando*. Literally interpreted, the initial phrase in Article 16 has indicated the way where speedy progress could be made :

"Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League. . . ."

Ipsa facto : such are the essential words. They are underlined in the text. From them it follows that, without having to wait not only for the decision, but even for the meeting of the Council, every member-state has within its discretion to consider that it has been placed in a position of lawful defence against the nation which, in its judgment, appears to bear the responsibility of the aggression and, as a consequence, is entitled to embark upon any economic and any military measure that it may deem appropriate. As a further consequence, it does not belong to the Council, as such, to designate the aggressor, but simply to hold a sitting where each delegate is given the opportunity to declare publicly the conclusions of his own government on the subject. As to the sanctions, economic and military, the humble but very important task which devolves upon that body (and upon the Assembly) is to co-ordinate them, the initiative being left to individual states. Such is the general conception that was acted upon in Geneva on October 7th and subsequent days.

The men who worked out the requisite formulas were Nicolas Titulesco, the Foreign Minister of Rumania, and Stephen Osusky, the Czechoslovakian Minister in Paris, assisted by the higher officials of the League. The heads of the major delegations, M. Pierre Laval and Mr. Eden, quietly groped their way in the dark, and they did not always thoroughly understand all the implications of what they were led to do—as anybody can see for himself who reads their public speeches or the diplomatic notes which issue from them or from their offices.

Such are the prestige and authority which attach to great political intellects even when they are enlisted in the service of

secondary states. That new interpretation of Article 16 (which, as a matter of fact, had been anticipated in the report of Signor Schanzer in 1921 and in the set of resolutions passed by the Assembly in 1922, but then laid aside) has been pushed very far indeed. For instance, the Co-ordinating Committee, which put in shape the financial and economic sanctions, is a conference of sovereign states without any formal link either with the Council or the Assembly.

To sum up, as soon as Ethiopian territory was invaded the League transformed itself, under the impulse of the concentration of British naval power in the Mediterranean, into an alliance directed against the breaker of the Covenant. Sir Samuel Hoare continually repeats that, in a system of general security, each member-state must contribute its equal share to the common purpose. The truth of that assertion can be disputed. As things go in this world, the nations most directly affected by the conflict, or which are best able to act, are bound to assume a kind of leadership and to saddle themselves with direct responsibilities that, at least in practice, exceed by far the responsibilities of the other governments. When the London Cabinet realized at the end of June, at the time of Mr. Eden's journey to Rome, that British Mediterranean supremacy was challenged, within two months it put the whole world in presence of the accomplished fact of a huge naval mobilization. Afterwards, it entered into intricate negotiations in Geneva in order to induce the other governments to look to itself as to the implicit mandatory of the Council, and it was on that ground that the naval assistance of France was asked for after the Cabinet Council which met in Downing Street on September 24th. Instinctively, the British Cabinet placed the most far-reaching construction that can be imagined upon Paragraph 3 of Article 16 when it took that step and tried to force upon France the view that mutual assistance between member-states enforcing sanctions ought to cover preparations made by an individual state upon the assumption that an attack could be started at any moment.

But, it will be asked, what would become of the League if the Powers that send delegates to the Geneva Council should appear to discover, after the outbreak of war, that they see the whole situation from widely divergent angles, and cannot agree about

the aggressor or the action to be taken against him? During the last two months, the question did not arise at the seat of the League. An unexceptional degree of unanimity obtained, due probably to the fact that, rightly or wrongly, Italian power does not inspire fear everywhere in Europe. But were Germany to be the protagonist, the same favourable circumstances would not exist. Numerous delegations would sit under a cloud of dread and apprehension. Therefore, at another juncture, the League might conceivably break asunder upon the issue of the alliance to be formed against the aggressor. It might dissolve itself into various groups. Such is the risk that has to be incurred as a counterpart of the fresh interpretation of Article 16 that has prevailed. After all, to be alive and efficient means that dangers must be faced.

Another feature of the situation which calls for special examination concerns Anglo-French relations. M. Laval, if he had had his way, would probably have chosen to let the Italo-Ethiopian conflict more or less alone, to imitate the abstention of Great Britain in 1931 when Japan made up her mind to deal drastically with Chinese affairs. The French people are keenly alive to the magnitude and to the imminence of the German menace. For over eighteen months, French diplomacy has consistently endeavoured to lay down the foundations of a huge system of mutual assistance that, at the outbreak of war, should be ready to apply the provisions of Article 16 with the maximum of resolution and vigour, and to carry the whole League in its train. In that system, Italy, if the spirit of the Franco-Italian agreement of January 7th and the military conversations initiated last March were to be trusted, could be expected to play an important part. In order to vindicate international law, was it opportune to take steps which would inevitably thrust the Fascist Government into the camp of Hitler? For the sake of carrying out in Africa the rules of the Covenant, was it reasonable to make their eventual enforcement in Europe still more hazardous and costly? As far as high-flown theory goes, the guilt of the Italian aggressor of today can be alleged to compare with the guilt of the German aggressor of tomorrow. But the League of Nations does not wield such a universal power as to make negligible for it all considerations of time and space. It must know how to

stand passive in minor cases in order to prove more adequate to its work on major occasions. Moreover, if the worst came to the worst with Italy, would not the heaviest burden fall upon French shoulders, since it could be foreseen that hostilities would not remain confined to the Mediterranean but spread to the Alpine frontiers and even perhaps draw Germany into action? There may have been some exaggeration in that forecast, but in France the authorities responsible for national defence could not rightly dismiss it altogether from their minds. Such was the first reaction of the French Cabinet.

However, the terms of the problem were changed when it began to dawn upon French leading circles that public opinion in England was deeply roused and that imperial interests were regarded as having been put in jeopardy by the initiative of Italy. At this point a remark must be made. We are simply at a loss to understand the claim made so many times by Sir Samuel Hoare that nothing but motives of high idealism have actuated British policy in its present course. Not that we fail to realize that it would be a mistake to overlook the popular movement in England in favour of "collective security", the lesson of the Peace Ballot, etc. But how can we believe that the overlord of the Sudan and Egypt would remain undisturbed at the prospect of Italy planting herself in Ethiopia, which in some respects commands the Nile, where it would at any rate be possible for her to build up an army of very warlike blacks? How can we believe that the bold words uttered by Signor Mussolini at the end of June, in the presence of Mr. Eden, about the Mediterranean, gave no cause for disquiet to a government which must of necessity control the sea route to India? And, moreover, had not *The Times* observed in a leading article (striking, perhaps, an unusual note) that an African question means more to the British people than a European question?

For these reasons, the formal demand for the assistance of the French fleet and for the use of the naval base of Bizerta in case of an Italian attack, when it was put forward by both the Foreign Office and the Admiralty on September 24th, and repeated subsequently until, on October 26th, M. Laval agreed to it, in principle at least, has been understood in France to point to a critical turning point in the conflict. It appeared to us that,

from the African plane, it had been raised to the dignity of a dominant international issue, that Great Britain had come forward as a *demandeur* and that, for France, the choice lay between supporting the London Government and the League of Nations (in the process of being turned into a fighting machine), or adhering to the friendship of Italy amidst the ruins of Article 16 and of French policy, as practised during the last fifteen years.

A good deal of pertinent criticism can be addressed to M. Laval, who holds ideas of his own about the methods best suited to conciliate Germany, and personally is not perhaps too much inclined to keep up the tradition of the Entente Cordiale. He has been over-ruled by his ministerial colleagues, by the whole Quai d'Orsay, and by a preponderating body of parliamentary opinion (as distinct from public opinion at large); but it cannot be said that, in the interest of the French defensive system in Europe and of the strengthening of the League, the maximum gain has been reaped. The time has not yet come to explain in detail the Notes exchanged by both governments on October 5th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 26th. It is enough to indicate that, in the balancing of immediate risks and Italy's friendship as against long-term security, French policy has wobbled and hesitated too long. All the proceedings in Geneva have reflected its hesitation from day to day. The ultimate outcome has been that, on October 26th, M. Laval had to give gracelessly and without any continental *quid pro quo* a promise of help which, had it been made last August or September, would probably have consolidated Anglo-French co-operation once for all, and given it a *preventive* influence most beneficial to general peace.

An opportunity has been allowed to go by, but it must be added that the reconstruction of British sea and air power in the Mediterranean, which proceeds apace, may bring it back before it is too late.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

Prestige or Common Sense?

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B.

THE decisions to be made by the Naval Conference, now about to meet, will be of a most far-reaching character. In broad terms the conclusions will decide whether the Sea Powers of the world are to commit themselves to expenditures greatly exceeding those with which they are burdened to-day; and so far as this country is concerned, whether she is to regain that degree of security which was deliberately abandoned at the London Conference. In short, is common sense and statesmanship or the dictates of megalomania in its various forms to rule the naval policy of the Powers?

Until a little more than a quarter of a century ago the objects of naval armaments were confined to, and had no other basis than, the needs of security. The world accepted certain broad, if unexpressed, principles. Each country looked to the immediate needs and provided, at the least expenditure possible, for the defence of its interests and the requirements of its strategy. It was conceded that the position of Britain was different from that of any other Power, and her maintenance of a fleet superior to that of others was recognized as just, for she, unlike any other Power, was dependent upon the sea. No other country could be isolated if it lost "command", since each and all had land frontiers over which supplies could reach them, and their commerce could move. Moreover, it was well known that sea power, standing by itself, was incapable of enforcing the country's will upon land power, for long experience had clearly demonstrated the limited extent of its offensive, or compulsive, action. Only when it was brought into use in combination with land power did it become formidable.

But new reasons were brought into play when Germany, the greatest land Power of the Continent, started to constitute herself at the same time a formidable sea Power. Then began that competition which has since plunged the whole world into vast expenditure upon navies, and for reasons hitherto undreamed of by the statesmen or people. Not the least of these new navies was that of the United States on the basis of an entirely novel doctrine that the preservation of the rights of a neutral required force equal to that of the strongest belligerent.

A race was prevented at Washington. The five principal sea Powers there agreed to maintain certain defined proportions of their battle fleets. There are now indications that readjustments of those proportions are demanded, and that there will be determined opposition to some of those readjustments. Japan asserts the need for equality with the United States. The United States asserts the need of its own superiority over Japan. France, who with great reluctance accepted the proportion of battleships allotted to her, and has never admitted that the needs of security of either of these two Powers, neither of which possesses great colonial territories, demanded forces greater than hers, proceeded, in default of a battle force, to construct a great submarine fleet. Since then a new factor has come upon the scene. There was then no German Navy. Now there is to be a German fleet which, in capital ship tonnage, will be slightly greater than that of France—35 per cent. of that of Britain against 33½ per cent. Italy in her turn, claims equality with France.

So we stand on the verge of a new race of a very formidable, costly and dangerous character. If Japan should insist upon enlarging her battle fleet, it can only result in a proportional enlargement of that of America, and with that also an enlargement of that of Great Britain. By the terms of the German Treaty this automatically brings in its train an enlargement of the German fleet in order to preserve its 35 per cent proportion; and as France and Italy cannot be indifferent to the strengths of Germany and France respectively, this brings with it increases in their navies, and a new and costly Devil's Dance begins.

This is not all. The Washington Conference, with some slight exceptions, confined its limitations to the "battleships".

Although it had been suggested by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes that the proportions applied to the battleship forces should also apply to the cruiser forces, the British Government, in accordance with a principle always recognized in this country, refused to accept such a limitation. Policy, based no less upon experience than reasoning, had always differentiated between the battle forces and the vessels employed in the direct defence of the communications. Whereas battle forces had at all times been calculated upon a proportional system, or "standard", such a system was wholly inapplicable to the cruiser forces, whose strength was not dependent upon the numbers of cruisers possessed by other Powers, but upon the duties which the cruisers are called upon to perform.

It was upon that principle that the cruiser forces had been calculated for fully two centuries. The government of the day, however, at the London Conference threw that principle overboard. It adopted a proportional system of cruiser strength and, instead of fixing the British strength on the old basis of requirements, established it in a wholly arbitrary fashion at a number—fifty—which, in the opinion of every qualified authority, would be insufficient to perform the duties of protecting the communications of the Empire against attack in the outer seas. Simultaneously it applied the same principle to the flotilla forces, a large proportion of which perform what are called "cruiser duties"—the escorting of convoys, the search for and destruction of enemy light forces, on and under the surface, engaged in attack in a sporadic form upon shipping. Fixing its eyes also exclusively upon the submarine as the attacker of commerce in the narrower seas, it proclaimed its readiness still further to reduce the attenuated strength of the destroyer forces if the submarine forces of the other Powers were reduced. It is not, however, the submarine alone which threatens shipping in the narrower seas. The flotilla craft is not only not a less, but in certain circumstances a greater, threat to commerce. It is necessary only to recall the attacks upon convoys in the North Sea made by destroyer forces and the attacks made by the Flanders flotillas upon the Dover Patrol, to realize that on those routes which pass through areas on the flank of which destroyer flotillas are based most formidable attacks can be launched against the

shipping, which could be resisted only by forces at least equal to those of the attackers.

While these limitations were applied to the British flotilla forces they were not adopted by other Powers, who retained their freedom to build not only as many surface vessels as they desired, but also of whatever size they thought fit. Tonnage limits of 1,500 and 1,800 tons were assigned to the two types of British destroyer. France and Italy accepted no such limitation and have built vessels up to 2,500 tons. Inferiority of numbers may be compensated for by greater individual strength—a truism which constituted the basis of the original British policy of building what were then called “destroyers” to cope with the vastly more numerous torpedo boats which France, under the influence of the *jeune école* in the 'eighties of the last century, was building to carry out commerce warfare against British trade in the Channel.

While these numerical, or quantitative, limitations were agreed upon at the two conferences, the question of size was also considered. The increasing power and size of the gun and the new forms of attack from under the water and from the air induced the belief that greatest tonnages were needed for the type known as the battleship. The “ideal” battleship of the future was, in the opinion of a distinguished naval architect, Sir George Thurston, one of 57,000 tons with a speed of $33\frac{1}{2}$ knots.* Fortunately such monsters have not materialised, but a figure of 35,000 tons was adopted. Various reasons have been given for the necessity of this size, but in the main it rests upon the fact of the increased and probably increasing destructive powers of the torpedo, the bomb, and the mine. No ship of a lesser tonnage could be constructed which would possess the armour or the forms of construction under water necessary to enable it to survive the blows of these new weapons. If ships must operate in waters strewed with mines, infested by torpedo craft, and overlooked from the air, it was considered indispensable that they should be strong enough to withstand the missiles with which they were attacked.

And here a curious consideration arises. The command of these waters is not exercised by battleships only. Navies con-

* *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1920-21, p. 80.

sist not only of the fifteen great ships of the strongest Powers, but also of cruisers and destroyers; and these vessels, above all others, have to operate in the same waters, exposed to the same dangers. They it is, as the late war abundantly showed, which perform the duties of direct defence, which escort convoys or patrol areas; which protect the great ships against submarines and act offensively against them; which scout for the battleship, furnishing its eyes, without which it is blind. Yet they, of sizes far smaller than the 35,000 tons of the battleships, are to enter those waters and operate there. Their services are indispensable. If, therefore, it be true that only ships of this vast tonnage can with safety enter the waters infested with carriers of these new weapons, it follows that these smaller ships will be destroyed. The great ships may parade the sea in their immunity, but their numbers are too few to give protection to the shipping which they exist to protect. The Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow and the Forth performed a necessary service in covering the scattered forces of cruising vessels from attack by the High Seas Fleet; but this could not save the shipping in the Channel, the Bay, or the Mediterranean from the submarine's attacks. It was those supposedly vulnerable small craft which, operating continuously in submarine-infested waters, saved the allied cause in the War. Wherein therefore is the truth that the only answer to the modern weapons of under-water and above-water warfare lies in building a very limited number of invulnerable ships?

All this is not to say that the “great” ship is useless, that her place can be taken by the submarine or the aircraft types. So long as some Powers possess such ships, there must be others to meet them, for smaller ships cannot do so. Thus, while there was no desire on the part of France to construct great ships, Admiral Le Bon expressed the view that France would not be so foolish as to construct ships of less than 35,000 tons when other Powers possessed such ships. “She must certainly build vessels equal in strength to those of other navies.” It was not a question of the intrinsic necessity of ships of this size, but of necessity for ships capable of meeting those of an adversary—a relative, not an absolute need. Italy, too, had expressed her readiness to consider any reduction in size, provided the other Powers agreed; but, as time passed and the determination on the part of the

United States to resist any reduction in size became plain, she proceeded to lay down two ships of the maximum size, with the result that France replied with a similar policy. Japan appears to have proposed to abolish capital ships—a misleading term, for however much the size of a ship may be reduced, the biggest ship is always the “capital” or principal ship. She therefore, like other Powers, is of opinion that it is possible for navies to perform the functions for which they exist without these immense vessels; but so long as other Powers insist upon their retention, it is to be expected that she, like them, will have to retain them.

While some other reasons are given, such as the need for big ships to steam big distances (which has no basis in fact), and the need for them in order to render impossible a superior concentration of vessels of lesser size (which is no less a delusion), the principal reason for the belief in the intrinsic necessity of great size is the inability of smaller vessels to withstand the explosions of the mine, the bomb, and the torpedo. But when the vessel has been produced which possesses this invulnerability, will she be capable not only of floating and fighting after being in action, but of taking up the positions in the theatre of war which will enable her to come into action at all?

What is the purpose of that main concentration of fighting power which today we call the “Battle Fleet”? It is perfectly plain. It is to be read in every page of the history of war at sea. Its purpose is to render impotent by destruction, threat of destruction or disablement, moral or material, of the corresponding “mass” of the enemy. Its capacity to do this depends entirely upon whether it can take up and occupy, permanently, such a position relative to the enemy, that it is reasonably certain (for there is no absolute certainty in war) that it can fall upon that enemy and bring him to action under conditions favourable to success if he puts to sea for any purpose whatever—carrying troops across the sea, sallying to attack a convoy—before he can execute that purpose. That is the meaning of that much misunderstood word “cover”.

In order that this shall be possible, it is obvious that the fleet must be near enough to the enemy’s position to be sure of intercepting him. If it lies too far off, in terms of distance or time, the enemy can do what he chooses. He has done so on many

occasions—Tourville, Hoche, Bruix, Brueys and others: the incidents are familiar to all those who make a study of naval warfare. So the question which the strategist asks is whether, when all these millions have been spent upon producing ships capable of standing some injury (or if it be preferred, of being secure against disablement) from the new weapons, the result will be a ship so invulnerable that the fleet of which she is the unit can take up and lie in a station in which she will “command” the movements of an enemy. Will such a fleet, as the French say, “fix” the enemy? This was possible in the past. The fleet could do this either by cruising at sea so near the enemy ports that he could not move without being intercepted, or by lying in a harbour so near him that on the report of a movement or expected movement, the fleet could reach the enemy before he got to sea. It could in other words arrive across his path *in time*.

Presumably no one deludes himself with the belief that the product of the constructor’s skill will possess such a degree of invulnerability that she can keep the sea continuously near the enemy’s ports, even if the fuel problem and wear and tear did not forbid such a course of action. Can it then lie in harbour—if a conveniently situated harbour is available? Whether it can do so depends entirely upon whether it would be secure from attack. When the torpedo boat made her appearance, the harbours were protected by obstructions on the surface of the water. When the submarine followed her, the obstructions were continued under water; and when doubts of the value of those obstructions existed, the fleet went where it believed itself either out of reach or out of knowledge: from Scapa Flow to Loch Ewe. Will the obstructions, passive and active, above the surface of the water be as efficient as these, preventing an air flotilla from discharging their missiles? If not, it would seem that we must expect a fleet to be withdrawn out of the range of the air flotillas, as fleets in the past were withdrawn from anchorages where they were commanded by guns. If that should happen, the position to which it is obliged to withdraw is liable to be so far from the enemy that it becomes a physical impossibility for it to perform its duties. It cannot reach the threatened point in time. To take an exaggerated illustration—a Spanish fleet at Barcelona,

THE VATICAN AND THE NEW NATIONALISMS

BY HARRISON BROWN

ONE morning this summer a gentleman rang the bell of an apartment in Vienna. A furnished room was to let and the visitor had called to see it. On the door of the room being opened he was astonished to find that part of the furniture appeared to consist of a machine gun and a squad of soldiers. Despite the landlady's assurance that these ornaments would be removed elsewhere if he took the room, the gentleman declined.

Recovered from his astonishment, the would-be lodger reflected that the machine gun had been trained, not upon the street, but upon the windows of the building opposite. His astonishment returned on finding that the threatened building was a Government Ministry!

The story well illustrates the curious position of the Fascist Government in Austria. Though one may journey from end to end of that beautiful little country without meeting a Government supporter, nevertheless, since the Dollfuss episode, it is less from the grumblers outside than from traitors within that disturbance is to be feared.

One may perhaps stretch the illustration slightly to describe the position of the Church of Rome in Central Europe. The Church is strong, but it is nowhere so strong as where it appears to be weakest. *Per contra*, where it holds most material force it is essentially least secure.

In Germany, where the Catholics now share with the Jews the distinction of being the *bêtes noires* of the Nazis, persecution has rallied many waverers in support of their faith. In Austria, on the other hand, where the Church is closely identified with the priest-cum-police form of Fascism, one may hear "*die verdammten Schwarzen*" cursed at every cross-roads.

The Church would appear to have entered upon a fight for its life in Germany. Compromise on minor issues may provide

a temporary lull in the battle from time to time, but nothing can disguise the fact that two *Weltanschauungen* stand now confronted, each of which claims for itself infallibility. The Nazi dogma of "Nordic" supremacy is fundamentally irreconcilable with the Roman doctrine of equality in the Faith. It is not inconceivable that the Church may, by compromise, retain the shadow of its authority for a time, but it can only do so at the price of its soul. In more ways than one Cardinal Faulhaber is correct in saying that "the hitherto impregnable positions of orthodoxy are being attacked".

The fight of the Roman Church in Germany is, however, only part of the historic struggle now beginning. There the fight is between two dogmas, and the Church pins its faith to the hope that the internal regime of the country will change before a new generation has had time to become imbued with the forcibly-fed doctrines of its brutal opponent. In Germany a Church which is to survive spiritually has no alternative but to fight, though its weapon, in so far as possible, must continue to be that of passive resistance.

In the wider field the Vatican is confronted with a definite choice. It is a choice, on the one hand, between support of dictatorship, often unpopular amongst the mass of believers and, on the other, support of democracy.

Rome has no preference for any particular form of government. It is not concerned with the morality of a dictatorship today any more than it was with the morality of kings or usurpers in the past. Rome is governed solely by considerations of expediency. Essentially reactionary in itself, it has tended on the whole to favour autocracy and to be suspicious of democracy. But it will oppose dictatorship by every means when that form of government is itself anti-Catholic. On the other hand, the more recent attitude of the Vatican towards the Successor States, and in particular Czechoslovakia, indicates an appreciation on the part of the Catholic hierarchy that, in these days, a democratic form of government may be safer for the Church than an autocracy. The day has passed when "strong government" in Central Europe necessarily meant support for the Church. Hence the change of attitude on the part of the Vatican towards strong government. On both sides sentiment

is exclusively a weapon of propaganda. The entire lack of scruple shown by the Church in its opposition to the present regime in Mexico should suffice to show that sentimental bias on behalf of the Vatican is misplaced.

The gravity of the present situation derives from the fact that the capitalist economic system tends increasingly towards forms of dictatorship. Fascism has, with some reason, been called "the cruel old age of Capitalism", and both the conditions which give rise to it and its methods when in power are incompatible with the practice of Christian charity. Yet it is upon "charity" that the Roman Church must base its claim to show any consideration whatever for the material condition of the masses. Rome does not share the view of the modern educationist, by whom the system of rewards and punishments has long been considered antiquated.

An historic "show-down" seems imminent. The clash between rival systems of government is too marked for the Church to be able to remain aloof. Her methods also, so perfectly adapted to the requirements of more leisurely ages, no longer function freely in the atmosphere of modern Europe. The Church is like an old lady who is being hustled along by stalwart youths at three times her normal gait.

In Germany the Press openly incites the population against the Catholics, and the crudest insults are bandied about. At an Agricultural Exhibition in Berlin this year, a Nazi propaganda placard announced that "priests do not need wives so long as peasants have women". In his edict addressed nominally to the Provincial Governors of Prussia, General Göring complained that priests were "adapting the symbols of National-Socialism to their own purposes". Thus the initials H. J. for Hitler Youth became H. J., meaning Heart of Jesus. Even the "German salute", declared the Prussian Premier indignantly, was being used by these political Catholics as a salute for Jesus Christ.

In February of this year a decree was published inconspicuously in the Bavarian Press which abolished thirteen of the existing seventeen Catholic Academies for women teachers, which for centuries have trained women for work in the 5,420 elementary schools. In July General Göring dissolved the Reich League of Catholic Front Fighters. During the same period a number of

Catholic Workmen's Associations, although expressly protected by the Concordat of 1933, were suspended and their property seized. In the same month Herr Kerrl was appointed Reich Minister for Church Affairs, and made no secret of his intention to deconfessionalize German public life. His appointment was accepted by the Catholics as a declaration of war upon their Church, but Herr Kerrl's tactics have proved more subtle than was anticipated. Another promotion at the same time was that of Count Helldorf to be Police President of Berlin. Helldorf first attracted attention abroad by his gangster activities on the Kurfürstendamm in 1932, for which he served three months' imprisonment. His record since that date had made him conspicuous even amongst Nazi leaders. On taking up his duties he expressly included "political Catholics" among those whom he had been appointed to suppress.

At Rostock Mgr. Leffer was given eighteen months' imprisonment for an alleged statement that Hitler was "a liar and a traitor". The "evidence" was provided by three young students, two girls and a youth, who were members of Ludendorff's pagan Tannenberg League and who had obtained access to the priest on the pretext of wishing to know his opinion about Rosenberg's book, *An die Dunkelmänner unserer Zeit*. The *Katholisches Kirchenblatt* was subsequently confiscated for daring to publish a full account of this trial.

All this official incitement to hooliganism of a youth disappointed by its leaders in other respects has not been without its effects. In Munich a Catholic street collection was broken up by organized Nazi ruffians, and the volunteer collectors mobbed. In Breslau, in August, storm troopers paraded an effigy of a priest hanging from a gallows. At Hamm the Archbishop of Paderborn was threatened by a Nazi with a dagger as he left the church. Hitler Youth entered Cologne Cathedral during a service and boxed the ears of girls and children in the congregation. In many places throughout the Rhineland churches have been mutilated and tombstones desecrated.

Even the Sterilization Law, itself a defiance of Rome and the subject of vigorous protest, appears to have been used against Catholics. It is reported from Silesia that a priest of the Order of St. Francis, whose war wounds have been under treatment

and who was being nursed in a convent, was condemned by the Health Bureau of Ratibor to sterilization. There is nothing surprising in this to those who are aware of the extent to which the new Law is being used on political grounds.

These are only a few of the indignities to which Catholics have been submitted in recent months. Numerous though such instances are, the wonder is that they are not more common in a country in which the incredible *Stürmer* is an officially protected publication. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the once rich and powerful Catholic press has virtually ceased to exist. Hampered and censored at every turn, many publications have stopped altogether; the remainder limp on with a mere fraction of their former readers.

It is often asked why such a mighty organization as the Roman Catholic Church should accept such treatment. The answer is that the Church appears to recognize its changed situation and to realize that its weapons of retaliation are limited. This, however, has not prevented the Catholic Bishops in general, and certain individuals in particular, from adopting an extremely courageous stand upon occasion. An example of the first was the Pastoral Letter issued from the Fulda Congress on September 1st by the German Catholic College of Bishops. Cardinal Faulhaber's sermons are well known, and they have echoes throughout Christendom. On one occasion this son of a Würzburg baker actually threatened certain Nazi leaders with excommunication.

It must also be added that the methods of the Nazis have, in this case, been far from stupid. In actual fact the Nazi regime is harassing the Church, persecuting its followers and protecting the worst enemies of Rome. The German Government denies all such accusations, however. It claims that there is complete liberty of conscience in regard to religious belief, and denies all suggestions of persecution. The German Press, the "piano" of Dr. Goebbels, has even gone so far as to print accounts of the disturbances in Edinburgh and of the recent outrages in Belfast as evidence of the existence in Great Britain of what the British Press accuses the German Government of fostering.

The claim of the Nazis is that they are only attacking "political

Catholicism". Although their interpretation of that term has reduced the Concordat to a dead letter, it makes their attacks difficult to counteract. Bishops are accused of treacherous political action when they exhort parents to send their children only to such youth organizations as respect Christian ethics. Letters from priests to Catholic parents are intercepted; raids have been conducted all over the country, and more than a hundred priests and nuns are in prison. One of them, a popular rector at Bochum, was actually arrested in the confessional box.

Similarly the recent trials of priests and nuns for the alleged breach of foreign exchange restrictions, by smuggling funds abroad with which to pay interest on foreign loans, have resulted in ferocious sentences. There have been scores of such cases; one may be quoted as an example. Sister Wenera, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, was condemned to five years' penal servitude, five years' loss of rights and a fine of 150,000 marks, or alternatively a further fourteen months penal servitude. In addition an order was made in favour of the State for the seizure of 250,000 marks. Stringent though the law now is in Germany regarding foreign exchange, such sentences as the above surely betray a political purpose.

The immediate effect of all this persecution is difficult to assess. In the Rhineland there would seem to be little doubt that the Church has rallied to it many waverers, as well as non-Catholics, who seek some means of expressing their detestation of the regime. It is noteworthy that Church services at which a sermon is to be preached are frequently so crowded that the doors have to be opened in order that the overflowing congregation may stand within hearing. The service becomes a somewhat pathetic form of demonstration against the persecutors. Pathetic, that is to say, while Rome adopts its present attitude of temporizing. Such popular demonstrations also show what embarrassment could be caused to the Nazis if Rome dared to call their bluff. From the first, however, the Vatican has been ready to accept a formal *Gleichschaltung*, in the early days because the new regime was expected to become civilized, more recently in the hope that it will be supplanted by another form of reaction. An even more interesting sidelight on the effects of persecution

is shown by reports from many German Universities that courses in Catholic theology are unusually crowded.

On the other hand, the Munich School Registration showed a decline in parents registering their children for attendance at Confessional schools from 84 per cent. in 1934 to 65 per cent. in 1935. In part this decline was doubtless due to the decision of Protestant parents to send their children to secular schools. The pressure upon all State officials to keep their children from Confessional schools and youth movements, under threat of the parent's dismissal from his post, has also been extreme. The battle is indeed for control of the minds of the children, and if the Nazi regime endures, the cards are stacked against the Church. The possibilities for the State to exercise economic pressure are alone illimitable in a country in which every charwoman who sweeps out a post office is a "State official".

Over twenty-one million persons, a third of Germany's population, are nominally Catholic. One-third of the school children receive tuition from Catholic teachers; there are 7,000 religious houses and convents and about 100,000 priests and nuns are engaged in religious activities. That the Nazis should dare to join issue with such a proportion of their subjects would seem to indicate a belief either that religious persecution is no longer generally unpopular, or else that the Church can be frightened into a cynical betrayal of its trust.

It is by no means certain that the Nazis are not right on both counts. It would at least be absurd to suppose that the Catholic hierarchy does not fully recognize the position. Its judgment may be at fault, for its statesmanship is rarely as far-sighted as is claimed for it, but its recognition of fundamentals is rarely confused. As with the political opponents of the Nazis, so with their spiritual adversaries. The aim of the regime is to eliminate or paralyze the older generation who will not change, and to rely on their power over the years to corrupt the youth.

In his role of "educational director" of the Nazis, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg seeks to "purge" Christianity of all trace of its oriental origin as evidenced by such doctrines as universal love, humility, and redemption of sins. There is to be neither "the whining Christ" nor the "Italian Pope". There is but one God, and Adolf Hitler is his prophet. "The German People",

declared Ley in a recent speech, "can only be eternal through National-Socialism", and the Party would not tolerate that any other idea should dominate in Germany.

"Wir haben uns fremden Dogmen entrafft,
Wir trinken aus eigenem Glauben und Kraft.
Wir wollen Dir selber Priester sein,
Wir glauben an nichts als an Dich allein
Ewiges Deutschland."

After centuries of enlistment in the service of a hundred nationalisms, the Church Eternal finds herself demobilized from the barbarian nationalisms of the day. It is not only in Germany that the cult of blood and earth turns to blasphemy in its efforts to proclaim itself to youth as the new and only religion. From farther down the Danube comes another new-style hymn.

"I believe in one God.
I believe in one Fatherland.
I believe in God's eternal justice.
I believe in the resurrection of Hungary."

Well may the occupant of the Vatican mourn that "the future is not clear to my eyes". The Nazis have returned to the Middle Ages, the Pope cannot do so. His one offensive weapon, that of excommunication, is no longer a flaming sword but a broken reed. Even amongst good Catholics there are many fervent Nazis. The Church could not risk the conflict of loyalty which use of its ancient weapon would involve. She can only wait and hope. And even hope must decline. After nearly three years of the Third Reich the Vatican now knows there can be no healthy truce with Hitler. The Church has small cause for gratitude to its faithful son Franz von Papen, the man who sold the key to anti-Christ!

From the lunatic fringe of the new religion the official Church rightly sees little danger. Hauer and his pagans are considered too stupid even for the Germans. As counter-propaganda their ravings have their uses, however, and have been so used by the Catholic Bishops. A recent incident might be of interest also to the rank and file of the British Legion, whose leaders show such an unaccountable desire to support Mr. Montagu Norman by hobnobbing with the new type of German gentleman. During a pagan gathering at Munich a speaker announced that "the rites of the Catholic religion are for us a better emetic than anything

the chemist can provide". An unlucky member of the audience rose to ask a question, which was interpreted by those around him as a defence of Christianity. In less than half a minute he was knocked out under a rain of blows. Only much later did they find in his pocket a Nazi membership card dated 1923!

The Pagan cult, like the Nazi movement itself and the worship of Hitler, is an example of how German history turns in a circle. Both had their counterparts amongst German youth after the War of Liberation against Napoleon. Treitschke, one of the Nazi idols, wrote of Vater Jahn of those days much as civilized Germans write of Hitler today. He deplored "the unhealthy condition which permitted the sons of a cultured people to worship a barbarian as their master". Heine, too, has much to say about the "ancient Teutons" who flourished when he was a student at Göttingen, and whose emotional antics were not dissimilar from those of the followers of Hauer and Ludendorff.

The present cult of paganism was at first frowned upon by the Nazis. It began to receive publicity and to recruit followers only after the restitution to Nazi favour of General Ludendorff. One of the less crazy obsessions of Ludendorff is that "the virus" of Christianity is fatal to civilization as he understands it. Recently there has been a tendency on the part of General Göring and others to check the Pagan movement by slighting references to it in public. In an oration at Breslau in October Göring denounced those who brought ridicule upon the Nazi movement by their "romantic dreams of Thor and Odin". Such attacks lend force to the theory that the Pagans were allowed free rope of publicity for a period in order that they could be made a spectacular sacrifice to Christian susceptibilities when the Church showed signs of compromising to the point of acknowledging Nazi supremacy. Herr Kerrl appears to be well on the road to accomplishing that spiritual defeat of the Churches which previous efforts have failed to attain. In regard to the Evangelical Church, his ordinance of early October may be interpreted as producing a completely State-controlled Church in return for the elimination of Reich Bishop Müller and the "German Christians", and of an amnesty for imprisoned pastors.

The outcome with regard to the struggle with the Catholics is not yet decided, but compromise seems to be in the air. It

may be assumed that in any case the terms of the compromise will be less clear-cut, and certainly less publicly defined, than is the case with the Evangelicals.

But the fundamental question remains. How long can even the Catholic Church cling to the vague form and abandon the substance of Christian doctrine: surrender to Fascism in Italy, identification with Fascism in Austria, compromise with an openly anti-Christian Fascism in Germany. In their Pastoral Letter, mentioned above, the German Bishops declared that "despite all human wretchedness, the Mother Church remains the wonder of the ages because she has ever asserted herself without surrendering one iota". One ventures to ask if this will be the judgment of the rising generation of Catholics in five years' time. One is certainly justified in questioning if their numbers will be as great as formerly. One of the Hitler Youth leaders has recently declared that 100,000 young people would shortly forsake the Church of their own accord and vow themselves to the doctrines of Rosenberg.

Herr Kerrl has proved himself no fool. He has cracked the whip and whirled the bludgeon in true Nazi style. But instead of this being the sole end of his efforts, as has not infrequently been the case in the Third Reich, Kerrl moves on.

He is moving towards the ultimate object of "one fold, one shepherd". The shepherd, of course, is already designated, for Adolf Hitler, after much hesitation, has now convinced himself of his divine mission. As to the nature of the fold there can also be little doubt. The fold is to be a German National Church, built perhaps upon a Protestant foundation but with a Nazi hierarchy on Roman Catholic lines. There might even be a dash of Teuton pagan rites to flavour the mess. It is a prospect at which Christians everywhere have every cause to feel alarmed.

The first open talk of war between the Nazis and Rome appeared in the Bulletin of the Catholic diocese of Berlin. "The anti-Christians are confident of victory", declared the writer. "They openly claim that the days of Christianity in Germany are numbered." It is not impossible.

PORTENTS IN AUSTRIA

BY W. WALTER CROTCH

AUSTRIA'S recent refusal to fall in with all the other members of the League of Nations, save Hungary and Albania, in imposing economic sanctions against Italy may seem a little remarkable when it is remembered that, up to now, she has been completely dependent upon the good will of Geneva, London, and Paris. This Austrian attitude is intimately connected with the reconstruction of the Cabinet suddenly imposed upon it by Prince Starhemberg in October. In Austria as elsewhere, the League of Nations issue led to a sharp cleavage of opinion. While the bulk of the nation for a variety of reasons warmly endorsed the British stand and cordially approved of the sanctions, and still believes that ineffectiveness in League action would inevitably encourage future aggressors, official circles frankly refused to believe either in the possibility of effective sanctions or in the disastrous consequences which their failure might entail. They cling pathetically to the Italian friendship that served them in July, 1934. Some of them—and this is where the Austrian situation becomes of deep interest from the international point of view—go further and, despairing of effective assistance either from the League or from the Western Powers, are toying with the idea of bringing Italy and Germany together and building up on that basis a solid Central European block of Fascist states.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the success of this policy would singularly aggravate the tension in European affairs. In order to understand its chances of success it is essential to consider what internal and external factors led to the *coup d'etat* of Prince Starhemberg in October. Certain it is that beneath the superficially calm surface of Austrian life there is an uninterrupted play of tumultuous and opposing forces, which is gradually rendering her impotent and may cause her to become a positive danger to European peace.

The basis of orderly government is sound finance. Thanks to the steady assistance furnished by the League, Austrian finances have improved. The Austrian schilling is stable and the spectre of inflation has been banned. The brilliant success of the Austrian tourist propaganda in England, in France, in Holland and elsewhere has resulted in a steady influx of foreign money. Certain industries appear to be flourishing: those connected with armaments and supplies. At the moment when these lines are written, Herr Mandl, who controls that part of industrial activity, is turning out millions of cartridges for Italy. In Wiener-Neustadt new works were recently opened for the construction of aeroplanes and gas-masks. Tinned goods factories have been working in three shifts night and day, ostensibly for the Italian army. It was these assets which determined the attitude of the Austrian representative at Geneva. But Austria realizes that these are merely temporary advantages, for her basic general economic condition is still unsound. There is not the slightest sign of an increase in the purchasing power of the community. Notwithstanding the clumsily doctored official statistics, unemployment is not diminishing. The peasants are groaning under their load of taxation. The middle-classes are still slipping down the inclined plane. Such tests as social insurance, savings bank deposits and things of that sort coincide in showing that, though a few highly-centralized and partly-foreign owned industries are active, the Austrian economic level remains dangerously low.

Dangerously because in the long run internal politics depend upon economics. The Government's strength has ebbed progressively during the latter months of 1935. Six months ago it was a fairly safe postulate that the present regime, although fiercely opposed by about 80 per cent. of the population, had a chance of survival because these 80 per cent. were split into two hostile parties of roughly equal strength: the National-Socialists and the so-called "Reds"—these latter being further divided into factions of irreconcilable Communists and militant Socialists.

Recent months witnessed a gradual shifting of these political forces. The Nazis lost ground heavily; partly because of the proclaimed non-success of the German experiment and partly

because of the incapacity and alleged corruption of the local Nazi leaders. Thus the Austrian Nazis became fundamentally demoralized. Thousands of them either lapsed into political inactivity, or in disgust threw in their lot with the "Reds". As a political unit the Austrian Nazis became utterly incapable of causing serious overt trouble.

Their enfeeblement obviously meant an augmentation in strength for the "Reds". The fusion in July, after long and difficult negotiations, of the Communist and the Social Democratic illegal trade union organizations had a tonic effect upon the whole of what is known in popular parlance as "the advanced movement". The startling but undeniable fact remains that the illegal trade union, in most industrial districts, is much more powerful and makes larger levies than the official trade union formed by the Government, membership of which is an indispensable condition of employment. Men stubbornly refuse to pay their contributions to the Government organization, and in many cases their employers are compelled to pay for them, while they cheerfully find the dues exacted by their illegal unions.

This so-called "Red" unity in trade union affairs has not been without its very potent influence in the political field. It has resulted in closer co-operation between the Communist and the Socialist parties, and it is now acting as a powerful magnet in the case of the Christian working men who hitherto, even in Republican days, have held themselves aloof from the extremist factions. The "Red" leaders have adroitly altered their tactics; they have now adopted the French *Front Populaire* as their model. They hope gradually and progressively to fuse into one powerful cohesive opposition to the Government the Communists, the Socialists, the "bourgeois" Liberals, the Christian trade unionists, the dissident sections of the old Christian Social Party, and the malcontents who have deserted the Nazi banner. Some part of that programme they realized in the early autumn.

Naturally enough, the Government's position was materially weakened by this transfer of forces within the opposition camps, and Herr Schuschnigg found that he could not hope to continue the old game of playing against each other two equi-powerful antagonistic groups. The divide-and-rule plan looked like

coming to an end. But the Government's situation was also enfeebled by two other important factors: dissension between its component parts and perilous personal antipathies within the Cabinet itself. Before the October *coup d'etat* the Government forces, small as they were, comprised groups with varying aims, jealously watching each other, sometimes even sniping surreptitiously at each other. They were:

(1) The Clerical Group, headed by Chancellor Schuschnigg, with the para-military formation of the *Ost-Märkische Sturmscharen* as its main buttress, and with Cardinal Innitzer and the Vatican in the background.

(2) The Fascist Group, led by the Vice-Chancellor, Prince Starhemberg, its stand-by being the *Heimwehr*, with Signor Mussolini as its inspiring ideal.

(3) The Christian Democratic Group, with the *Freiheitsbund* (which the Government did not succeed in abolishing) and the Christian trade unionists. The leaders, Herr Kunschak and Dr. Winter, are men of high purpose and fine principles, but appear to be lacking in political skill. Popular prophecy avows that this Group is fated to take its position in the projected and partially achieved Austrian *Front Populaire*.

(4) The German National Group, composed of members of the former Agrarian and Great German parties. These people, who although not ostensibly Nazis, have strong affinities with the Nazis, are anti-Italian, anti-Clerical and anti-Democratic. They remained quiescent for a long time, but in August, with the assistance of that untiring German Minister, Herr von Papen, they suddenly re-appeared upon the political stage.

At a secret conference held in Schloss Fischhorn in the Tirol on August 2nd, Herr Rehrl, the Governor of Salzburg, expounded to Chancellor Schuschnigg the demands of this latter group, while Herr von Papen supported the advantages of these demands by making abundant promises on behalf of the Führer. Briefly the demands amounted to this:

(a) Permission for the "National Action", as this group calls itself, to conduct German propaganda openly, instead of secretly, and to raise a para-military force;

(b) Abstention from all anti-German diplomatic activity on the part of the Government;

(c) At a time to be determined, not immediately but in some months, the reconstruction of the Ministry, so as to give it a pro-German character; Herr Schuschnigg, Prince Starhemberg, Berger-Waldenegg, Stockinger and Neustädter-Stürmer to be eliminated and replaced by "Nationally-minded" men. Major Fey was originally included in the list of prospective sacrifices, but he subsequently made his peace with the Nationalists and

was promised the portfolio of War in the proposed new administration. In view of what transpired later, this fact is not without significance. In this contemplated new Cabinet, Herr Gleissner, the Governor of Upper Austria, was scheduled to be Chancellor, while among the Ministers were going to be Herr Rehr himself, Herr Hüber (who happens to be General Göring's brother-in-law), Professor Sbrik, the Germanophile historian, and State Secretaries Funder and Karwinsky.

Herr von Papen's promises on behalf of his German master included the cessation of all revolutionary activities on the part of the Austrian Nazis and various economic concessions, and finally, large armament orders for Austrian industry. It is credibly recorded that after a violent altercation Herr Schuschnigg broke up the Conference, but it is also to be noted that a few days later his Government began to carry into effect some at least of the things which had formed a part of Herr Rehr's demands. A press conference was summoned, at which it was stipulated by the Government that the Austrian newspapers for the future must refrain from all criticism of the German leaders and of German institutions. Herr von Rintelen, who had been sentenced for participation in the abortive Nazi rising of July, 1934, was promised early release, and a number of Nazi political prisoners were set free. The "feud in the air" that had for two years embittered Austro-German relations was terminated by an agreement whereby German radio programmes were to be broadcast in Austria and *vice versa*. These are but a few of the many symptoms of the new pro-German breeze which began to blow across the Ballhausplatz. When a London journal subsequently published information along these lines, the Austrian Government confiscated all foreign newspapers which reproduced the report and issued an official denial of a totally different story! It could not challenge the accuracy of the news of the Fischhorn conference or of the change of policy towards Germany, because the evidence of both was abundant and incontrovertible.

The Government's strength was further impaired by personal factors. Chancellor Schuschnigg, an upright and conscientious man, has been terribly ill-used by fate of late. Within one month he lost both his wife and his mother, and the accident

which proved fatal to his adored spouse gravely affected the health of his little son. Herr Schuschnigg is a deeply religious man, and persuaded himself, so his intimates aver, that this series of tragedies was a sign of Divine displeasure. He was anxious to abandon office, and was only dissuaded from doing so by the exercise of great pressure on the part of President Miklas and Cardinal Innitzer.

Herr Stockinger, the Minister of Commerce, provided a topic of unfavourable comment with the man in the street because of his alleged close association with the important commercial firm of Gabler & Co. That connection may be the most innocent in the world—doubtless was and is—but the distortions of popular gossip, persistently repeated, cast a distinct shadow upon the administration.

But the most extraordinary case was that of Major Fey. This gallant officer is in some respects the dark horse of Austrian politics. He was the head of the Heimwehr in Vienna, but apart from any old-standing imputation of marked Nazi leanings he was more than suspected of intriguing against the supreme chief of the Heimwehr, Prince Starhemberg. Some months ago, Dr. Kreisler, a Viennese lawyer, who now resides in Czechoslovakia, published an elaborate treatise on the circumstances under which Dr. Dollfuss met his tragic end. In it he makes the monstrous charge that Major Fey was privy to the plot which had its unhappy sequel in the Chancellor's assassination by the Nazi Planetta. Major Fey himself declined to bring an action against the author of this unthinkable charge of treachery and political perfidy, but his colleagues in the Cabinet resorted to the amazing procedure of instructing Public Prosecutor Gerö to open an enquiry into the charge, while indicating their belief in his complete innocence by retaining Major Fey in office.

In an ordinary way the foregoing incidents might have been dismissed as merely idle gossip. Unhappily that was not the case here. No chronicle of tendencies and developments in the political life of the Austrian capital would be either faithful or complete that did not register these things and opinions as the firmly-held convictions, not merely of the man in the street, but of solid, sober, cultured people, who pointed to

them as the evidence of the utter lack of cohesion and stamina which characterized the Government.

This, then, was the position early in October. It was a dangerous situation, all the more so since war clouds seemed to be gathering on the European horizon. It was felt that something radical must be done. And suddenly, very unexpectedly, Prince Starhemberg took drastic and swift action.

Prince Starhemberg, the Vice-Chancellor, is a gifted young man who has never been taken seriously enough by his opponents. For that, he himself is partly to blame because he is too much inclined to keep his public and private life in what he conceives to be watertight compartments. The liveliness with which gossip, rightly or wrongly, invests his affair of the heart, detracts from the seriousness of his political standing. But now, and not for the first time, Prince Starhemberg proceeded to turn the tables upon his adversaries. Instead of their ousting him, he ousted them. Major Fey and State Secretaries Funder and Karwinsky—the three members of the Government who were in touch with the Fischhorn Castle conspirators—were unceremoniously removed from office. The other pro-German candidates for power, Gleissner, Rehrl, Hüber and Sbrik, were, of course, in outer darkness. The opportunity was seized to get rid of a Minister, Herr Neustädter-Stürmer, who, although loyal enough, was a source of weakness rather than of strength. The new men appointed were staunch adherents of Prince Starhemberg. There can be no doubt that the Cabinet gained in solidity by the dramatic compulsory reconstruction which it underwent.

But these personal changes are merely symbolical of a new political method. Hitherto the Government had been based upon a conglomerate of conflicting factions and their respective para-military organizations. Now this conglomerate is to be fused into a solid block, and these organizations are to be merged into a national militia. It is as yet too early to say whether the plan will succeed. The reshaped Cabinet still includes two parties—the Clericals under Herr Schuschnigg, and the Fascists under Prince Starhemberg—who have called a truce but are in aims and sympathies far from united. And it may be doubted whether the individual members of the *Freiheitsbund* and the

Ost-Märkische Sturmscharen will alter their political convictions when they doff their distinctive uniforms and exchange them for the uniform of the national militia. Nor does it seem likely that the confirmed Nazis or the obstinate "Reds" will soften or abate their hostilities because the enemy has reorganized his forces.

Be that as it may, the Starhemberg *coup* cannot be lightly dismissed in its repercussions on the internal situation; and it is certainly of great importance in its international aspects. It is not doing any injustice to Prince Starhemberg's Austrian patriotism to say that he is an enthusiastic follower of Signor Mussolini; for rightly or wrongly he is convinced that the Mussolini way is the only way, not only for Italy but also for Austria.

The removal of ex-Chancellor Buresch from the Ministry of Finance, which he has administered with great skill and authority, is a sign which he who runs may read. Herr Buresch is a Geneva man, for he knows what the shaky Austrian regime owes to the moral and financial support of the League of Nations. His misgivings regarding Austria's refusal to carry out sanctions made it essential that he should be transferred to a position of less responsibility in a government which is stamped with the Italian hall-mark. The fact that it is so hall-marked raises two questions that in coming months may decisively affect the international situation.

Henceforth, what will be the relations between Austria and the Western Powers which are the main buttress of the League of Nations?

Of what nature will be Austria's relations with Germany?

Since under Prince Starhemberg's rule Austria is practically a vassal state of Mussolinian Italy, the answer to the first question depends on the future relations between Italy on the one hand and Britain and France on the other. That at this moment rests in the lap of the gods.

The answer to the second question depends partly upon the answer to the first. But there are signs and portents. The military power of Germany has increased enormously, is increasing, and is likely to go on increasing. Italy looks like having her hands full in East Africa for a quite indefinite period. The

Duce's declaration that, whatever happens in Abyssinia, he will still have abundant men for the Brenner was received with mild scepticism in Vienna. The much-talked-of Danubian Pact is still only in the discussion stage. The relations between Italy and the Western Powers, in whose combined action Austria saw her surest guarantees, are anything but harmonious today. The line of least resistance is shifting. Herr von Papen is not slow in pointing out how it is shifting. He dangles before the eyes of a discontented Austrian population a German policy of benevolence which would, under a camouflaged pro-German Administration, act as a bridge between Rome and Berlin and as the cement in a new Central European block, composed of Germany, Poland, Hungary, Italy, and Austria.

These may be but phantasmagorical dreams of the gentlemen in the Wilhelmstrasse, but these same gentlemen have a knack of plodding away and repeating their dreams so insistently that they end up by becoming threatening realities.

Prince Starhemberg's energetic October *coup* was directed ostensibly against German intrigues. But he cannot afford to ignore the changing situation. And the fact that he refuses to open the door of the Ballhausplatz to Nazi or German-minded politicians is no bar to his working with Germany in the field of foreign policy. After all, he is caught in the Italian entanglement. For Italy's sake he risks estrangement from the League and the Western Powers. But in the long run Italy cannot stand alone, and in Prince Starhemberg's personal entourage—to say nothing of that of Herr Berger-Waldenegg, the Minister of Foreign Affairs—there are influential voices belauding the desirability of allowing Austria to become a bridge between Berlin and Rome. Prince Starhemberg would not be true to his own cherished political convictions were he to reject the idea that Austria should become the cementing force binding together a mighty block of Fascist States: Italy, Germany, Hungary, and possibly Poland. That way lies danger ahead—danger for the peace of Europe.

And here we touch the vital lesson of the Austrian experiment. The League and the Western Powers for several years past have kept on pumping the oxygen of financial and moral support into an almost moribund Austria in an attempt to give the

present makeshift regime a semblance of life. At the first test the futility—nay, the danger—of this policy is becoming evident. From the Western point of view the present Austrian state is a hollow sham. It has neither the cohesion requisite to take a decision nor the strength necessary to carry a decision into effect. Even with the comparatively resolute Prince Starhemberg at its head, it will take the line of least resistance, and that line is to remain pro-Italian while becoming also pro-German. Austria is a gate. The moment that gate is open, the cohorts of German militarism will pour through it and through Hungary and the Balkans, and knock imperiously at the door of the Orient. That means a recurrence of the 1914 situation with all its tragic consequences. If—which Providence forbid!—things should take this course, those statesmen will have to take the blame and the overwhelming responsibility who failed to distinguish between Austria and the existing Austrian regime. An Austrian monarchy, an Austrian parliamentary republic, or any form of Austrian State that is based upon the support of the Austrian people would be a guarantee of European peace. But an Austrian regime that has roots neither in history nor in the nation, that is obviously adrift, that is compelled by inexorable circumstances to adopt the line of least resistance, that has neither stamina, nor political, nor industrial, nor economic strength, is and remains a positive danger to European harmony and international order.

TOWARDS A NATIONAL FOOD POLICY

BY L. F. EASTERBROOK

FOUR years ago the nation set out upon an adventure. The object was to rebuild our agriculture, welding it into an efficient machine to meet present-day conditions, and to re-establish home food production in its rightful place of second to none. Three main roads towards this end were laid down: the National Mark (of which the foundations already existed) to set up standards of quality; the Marketing Acts, to give a scattered farming community the cohesion it has always so badly needed; and quotas and tariffs—particularly quotas—to give the home industry room in which to gather its energy to spring forwards. These roads have lain over uncharted ground for the most part, and so naturally the engineers have made mistakes and met unsuspected difficulties. But the work has gone on. Milk and bacon production have increased enormously, we have become practically self-supporting in potatoes, the hop-growers find themselves in a better position than they have ever known before. Whatever may be said about milk and pig profits, the organization of these industries has created conditions that have attracted a record output of these commodities and slowly—rather too slowly, perhaps—the quality of their production is improving.

But in advancing towards these desirable ends, fresh vistas have opened up, new lands beyond the line of hills that was to be our objective. We have stumbled upon the discovery and still we are uncertain how to attain it. For it has become evident that organized marketing and increased home production have inherent possibilities for good, of which we did not dream four years ago. It is possible that they may not only make a large contribution to solving the problem of poverty-amid-plenty, but of removing the national reproach of a C 3 population. A succession of events has led to our realization of this. First of all,

by a fortunate coincidence, a series of medical reports has called our attention to the serious amount of malnutrition in our midst, and also to the outstanding dietary value of the things we are most suited to produce—fresh milk and its products, fresh vegetables, fresh fruit. Let us thank our island stars that these happen to fit in the most suitably with our special conditions of soil, climate, small acreage and dense population. Secondly, organized marketing by the Boards has presented very clearly the paradox of dumping surplus potatoes into the sea while people are starving, or selling 1s. 3d. milk at 3½d. for butter-making, when hosts of consumers unable to afford 1s. 3d. would gladly pay at the rate of sixpence or ninepence. The common sense of the man in the street, the only thing that prevents politicians from being as stupid as other experts, has threatened to revolt at such folly, and efforts have had to be made to find a means of meeting his objections.

Thirdly, the farmers, granted a degree of protection they never hoped for four years ago, are very gradually realizing that tariffs and quotas are not enough, and the only hope of expanding their business lies in selling more and better food at the lowest possible prices. The old idea of restoring prosperity to the countryside by forcing people to eat dear and bad food just because it is British is dead today. We know that rather than do this, people will go without. We know also that the policy of forcing up food prices and destroying the remnants of our overseas trade—the policy, in brief, of reducing our standard of living—must ultimately be the most fatal of all possible policies for the English farmer. His need is increased food consumption and a richer population in town and country, who will pay the modest price preference that the best home-grown food merits and obtains.

How great is the scope for increased consumption was indicated by Sir John Orr at this year's meeting of the British Association at Norwich. In his paper he estimated that about 20,000,000 of the population were spending too little on food to protect them against the dangers of malnutrition. To raise the diet of these millions to the required standard would involve an increased consumption of about ten per cent., representing, at retail prices, about £100,000,000 per annum in increased trade. The percentages necessary to bring the consumption up

to that of a family with a weekly income of twenty-five shillings per head would be : milk, 42 ; butter, 27 ; eggs, 28 ; fruit and vegetables, 53.

How far we are from this is revealed by a number of recent investigations into the food habits of the people. One enquiry, covering over 2,000 family budgets, showed that green vegetables were almost unknown in the diet of families in the low-income categories, although a certain amount was spent on roots, such as carrots and onions. But the low consumption of green vegetables is not entirely a matter of income. The Ministry of Agriculture has just concluded an experiment in Bristol and Taunton, where greengrocers were encouraged to exhibit the full range of National Mark vegetables. Purchases rose by 25 per cent. and 20 per cent. respectively. Investigations into milk in all parts of the country agree in showing that fresh milk is regarded as a luxury by the very poor. The larger the family and the more children there are in it, the lower the expenditure per head upon milk. In Nottingham, a comparatively well-to-do city, the average consumption of milk by working-class families with children is 2.9 pints per head per week, and 2.1 pints in poorer class families. In the childless families the corresponding figures are 3.5 pints and 3.4 pints. In the Rhondda Valley, where over half the people derive almost all their income from public funds, the average weekly consumption is 1.65 pints per head. Of 602 households there, only 499 bought fresh milk, and a few did not even buy a milk substitute. When it is remembered that in countries comparable with ours the average weekly consumption is about 7 pints per head, the significance of these figures will be appreciated.

These events have led to the vision of a National Food Policy, designed to bring the greatest possible amount of the right kind of food into consumption. It is still far from realization, but it is coming. For too long the Ministries of Health and Agriculture have sat tight at opposite ends of Whitehall entrenched in their long tradition of non-co-operation. Now the interests of public health and national food production are running too closely in the same track for this to be tolerated any longer. To achieve this end it will be necessary on the health side to obtain more and comprehensive statistics of what the people in this

country are eating, and to what extent and in what particular respects their diet is falling short of the essentials to protect them from the dangers of malnutrition. It will then be easier to see where to concentrate the attack, in which publicity must play an important part. There are at present six publicity campaigns in operation to induce people to eat or drink more of certain foods and beverages, all independent of one another. The time must come, and it may come soon, when there will be a co-ordination of such campaigns, focussed against a more authoritative background. The present method is wasteful and conflicting. National publicity of this kind might well be followed by the less impersonal publicity which the National Milk Publicity Council has been doing so well. This has taken the form of lectures, demonstrations and competitions showing the value of milk and methods of using it. The Council's organizers are carrying this out not only in the big towns, but in practically every village, and the interest taken by rural and urban housewives has been astounding. The same could be done on the broader basis of a national food policy, and this alone, by clearing away the ignorance that is responsible for so much bad housekeeping, might bring the most far-reaching benefits to public health and national agriculture.

On the agricultural side the world has been resorting to the most desperate remedies to bolster up its agriculturists. It has been burning wheat in Canada, destroying coffee in Brazil, slaughtering livestock in the U.S.A., Ireland, and Holland. Exported food surpluses have been subsidized sometimes by starving people in their country of production, and large stocks of unsold food have been accumulating. All this has happened, as Lord De La Warr pointed out at Geneva last September, while there has been no startling increase in the world's total production of foodstuffs. It certainly seems, therefore, that we consume too little, not that we produce too much. In this country we have made two preliminary attempts to find a better way, and with encouraging results. We have introduced cheap milk in schools, and the Potato Marketing Board experimented with the distribution of cheap potatoes to the unemployed of Bishop Auckland. Cheap milk in schools now permits 3,000,000 school-children to drink one-third of a pint of milk per day at

the rate of 1½d. per pint, or about half the normal cost. The distributors deliver it at half their usual charge, and the Milk Board and the Government share the cost of making good to the milk producers the remaining difference. By this method something like 20,000,000 extra gallons of milk a year are being brought into liquid consumption to the benefit of the nation's health and the nation's milk producers. For even if the milk received no Government subsidy, its sale to school-children at the rate of 6d. per gallon to the producer compares favourably with milk sold for butter or cheese making at 3½d. Moreover, it attracts young recruits to the milk-drinking habit who may keep it up in later years.

At Bishop Auckland, unemployed people who produced a stamped voucher from the Employment Exchange were permitted to go to the Potato Board's warehouse with their own containers and purchase limited quantities of potatoes at the rate of 4d. per stone instead of 7d. It was done in co-operation with the retailers, who were compensated at the rate of 1d. per stone of potatoes sold through this channel. The effect on sales was remarkable. Although only one-third of the population were eligible for trading at the Board's warehouse, their purchases exceeded those of the whole population for a corresponding period. Total consumption in the whole area was practically doubled, confuting the old belief that the consumption of potatoes, particularly when prices are low, is very inelastic. The increased consumption did not appear to be at the expense of other food normally bought, but was additional to it. The results of the Bishop Auckland experiment certainly give ground for believing that there is a vast potential consumption that could be tapped by a drastic price reduction, to the national well-being.

These two experiments indicate the general lines of approach towards a happier marriage between national health and agriculture. They certainly suggest the possibility that, even in the farmer's interest, it might be better for the State to subsidize consumption rather than production. But it is important to note the difference between an experiment such as Bishop Auckland, which was to investigate the purely commercial possibilities of drastic price cuts, and a scheme under which food would be sold at a definite loss to certain classes of the popula-

tion, made good to the producers by a subsidy. Bishop Auckland was largely an experiment in applying to agriculture the method of differential prices that is an old-established feature in other industries. Railways, for instance, have different-priced tickets for the same journey for children, workmen, season-ticket holders, week-enders, excursionists and other passengers. The same kind of beer is often sold at four different prices in the same hotel in the lounge, saloon bar, private bar and public bar. Many doctors charge according to the fancied ability of their patients to pay. Dutch milk producers and American apple-growers often send their surplus to England at 1d. per lb. or per gallon above the cost of packing, insurance, and freight.

Along such lines as these lies the true meaning of better marketing. It would repay a Fruit Board, for instance, to take all inferior or damaged fruit off the ordinary market and sell it, under an appropriate designation, at very low prices, for it would improve the sale and reputation of the better fruit and provide an outlet for the remainder. The beef producers could make the same distinction with the large percentage of cow beef that is dragging down the whole trade for home-killed beef. Eggs that are under-sized or contain minor defects could probably be manufactured under a marketing board into liquid eggs to be sold in competition with Chinese, and there must be large quantities of vegetables, perfectly good from a health point of view, better kept out of the normal channels of trade and sold at a low price. There is probably not a single branch of home food production, save cereals and hops, where such things as these could not be done to the mutual benefit of producers, wholesalers, retailers, and consumers.

Side by side with this runs the question of reducing service to the consumer in order to sell at lower prices. The Milk Board is doing this in country districts by making a reduction of 1d. per quart for those who fetch it from the dairy door. But why not similar concessions to urban consumers in poorer districts? And why not extend it to other articles such as bread and meat? The distributor will probably reply that he has to run his van anyhow, and it means little or no saving to him to deliver less food in the same street. But unless he is running his business on far too wide a profit, it should mean much to him that his

turnover should increase. Particularly is this true of meat, where the problem so often is to sell the cheaper cuts. There is scope also for the greater cutting of prices at times of seasonal surplus to bring food into consumption rather than let it go bad or disorganize the market.

All these are examples of cheapening prices of certain classes of foods, or to certain classes of consumers, or at certain times or places merely as a matter of enlightened methods of marketing, and it is interesting to note that a beginning has been made. But there may well prove to be certain instances where a consumer subsidy from the Government might be justified in the interests of public health. Milk for nursing mothers is one. Perhaps one good meal a day for all school children is another, for we would then be starting off a large section of our population on a sound foundation. As with the milk in schools, the State could legitimately demand concessions from the farm marketing boards and the distributors in return for this assured and centralized outlet and a very modest subsidy to ensure to them a modest profit.

Once the value to the producer of expanding food consumption and bringing realized or potential surpluses into use is understood, there is no need to be frightened of bringing some of it into consumption through very low prices. Restriction inevitably tends to put up production costs, while injuring and antagonizing the consumer; unsold surpluses—actual or potential—have a disastrous effect upon the market. A measure of restriction is obviously required to save us from the disorganization of trade caused by dumped surpluses that ruin those producing them and lead to famine prices later on. But there is a world of difference between markets completely out of control and markets carefully regulated to permit planned production to be scientifically distributed in accordance with the needs and purchasing power of all sections of the community. It is only when the supplies for a reasonable period ahead are an utterly unknown quantity that it becomes impossible to undertake the task of bringing all of them into use.

Little has been said of the shopkeeper's part in such a venture as this. But it is evident that he must play an important one, and if the producer accepts tiresome regulations, adopts modern

methods of organization and salesmanship and sees all his prejudices and traditions turned upside down in the hurly-burly of the new age into which we have all been precipitated, the shopkeeper cannot expect to be left in antique isolation on an island of the past which time does not touch. Lord Linlithgow, who has an unerring instinct on all matters pertaining to marketing, spoke some sensible words on this point at the Grocer's Exhibition last September:

"The individual relationship of the shopkeeper with his customers has much to commend it, much that is fine, much that is worth preserving, but if it is to thrive and to grow in the modern world, it may have to be absorbed in a larger relationship between the trade as a whole and the consumers as a whole. . . . Supposing that Government, any Government, some day comes to you with a request for co-operation in a national food policy. Will you simply take up a position of defence and stand upon your rights—a very natural attitude on the part of men struggling to earn a living—or will you come forward with constructive proposals, even though your own immediate interests may not appear to be served? For my part, I have no doubt at all of the answer. If the opportunity is given you, I believe you will co-operate fully and willingly with the Government in the future as you have done in the past. But it will mean that the leaders of your industry will have to take big decisions, to face, perhaps, unpopularity, to initiate changes in the organization of your trade that may have far-reaching consequences."

THE CENTENARY OF SAMUEL BUTLER

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

I

THE centenary of Samuel Butler's birth finds his renown less wide than it was soon after his death, but it finds his reputation as a thinker more assured. Within a year of his death, he became widely known as the author of a remarkable autobiographical novel, *The Way of All Flesh*, which had a profound effect on the relations between parents and children, and, as M. Abel Chevalley remarks in his interesting work, *Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps*, as profound an effect on the English novel. "Si tout s'avouait, une portion de la philosophie et de la littérature dans l'Angleterre contemporaine, et même ailleurs, devrait s'étiqueter : 'd'après Butler,'" says M. Chevalley, who, with pardonable exaggeration, asserts that :

Quand Samuel Butler mourut, en 1902, à 67 ans, il n'avait jamais connu la grande célébrité. Hors un petit nombre de savants, émus par sa querelle avec Darwin et ses idées sur l'évolution, peu de gens cultivés connaissaient son nom, moins encore ses œuvres. Elles sont étudiées maintenant presque comme des classiques. Une catastrophe sans pareille a sévi pendant six années, durant lesquelles les ouvrages de cet inconnu, de ce méconnu, ne cessaient de s'imprimer, de se réimprimer.

The posthumous publication of *The Way of All Flesh* undoubtedly made Butler's name known to a large number of educated persons who had not previously heard of him or may have known him only as the author of a satire, entitled *Erewhon* (Nowhere), which had enjoyed a small vogue in 1872, a vogue which came to an end when the identity of its author was revealed ; but the great bulk of Butler's work remained unknown even to the cultivated classes.

Erewhon and its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited*, and *The Way of All Flesh* were familiar as household words in the mouths of intellectuals in 1903, but not many people had read or knew of the four notable books on evolution and the Darwinian theory,

or of the critical examination of the story of the Resurrection in *The Fair Haven*, or of the theory Butler put forth with regard to the recipient of the Shakespearean Sonnets. A few classical scholars had heard with amusement of his belief that the *Odyssey* was written, not by Homer, but, four hundred years after Homer's death, by a young woman, with feminist opinions, who figures in the epic under the name of Nausicaa and was a resident in the island of Trapani, off the coast of Sicily, which island, he contended, was the scene of the incidents described in it ; and these few did not include many who had read either *The Authoress of the Odyssey* or the vigorous prose translations of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. The theory was, they maintained, another proof, if any were needed, of Butler's crankiness, and even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who gratefully acknowledged his debt to Butler in the preface to *Major Barbara*, thought, when he heard of it, that it was one of Butler's whims, although he subsequently confessed his conversion to it.

The charming *Alps and Sanctuaries*, which won for Butler the firm friendship of an erudite bishop, Dr. Mandell Creighton, failed to obtain a large circulation, or to make wide renown for its author. Mr. Shaw, in one of those moments of blank imperception which astonish his admirers and friends, asserted that *Alps and Sanctuaries* was "surely the silliest book ever written by a clever man". One pauses, appalled, at the statement, and wonders how Mr. Shaw became inept enough to make it.

The very diversity of his work was responsible, in part, for the lack of appreciation it received. The fact that one man had so many interests and could write about them so well and so wittily caused duller or more concentrated people to suspect him of shallowness, a suspicion which was not supported by Butler's erudition. That he was erudite seems, very surprisingly, not to have been noticed by his critics, who failed, if they were Darwinians, to observe that he had a greater knowledge of the history of the theory of evolution than any of those who, like Thomas Henry Huxley, Grant Allen, George J. Romanes or Ray Lancaster, posed as authorities on it. He was deeply read in the classics, and had a fair knowledge of several modern languages. His knowledge of music, especially of the works

of Handel, was intimate, and was not merely theoretical, for he was a fair executant and could compose. He was a painter of parts, and might, he himself once said, have been a much better one if he had trusted his own perceptions and avoided teachers; and he had a knowledge of painting deep enough to enable him to pass opinions of importance on pictures and to solve baffling problems. He was a theologian and a well-informed student of evolution, able to make points, too often with acerbity, against Darwin himself. And he was the master of an exceptionally fine prose.

II

Butler was born in the rectory of Langar-with-Barnstone, in Nottinghamshire, on December 4th, 1835, and died, in his sixty-seventh year, in a nursing home in St. John's Wood, London, "at about 8.40" in the evening of June 18th, 1902. He was the eldest of the three sons, and the second of the five children, of the Rev. Thomas Butler, M.A., whose father, Dr. Samuel Butler, was a great lover of the classics, and an administrator of such conspicuous ability that Shrewsbury School, which had one boarder when he was appointed its Headmaster, was the most famous school in England when, in 1836, he left it to become Bishop of Lichfield. Three years after Dr. Butler's translation to this see, he died on his grandson and biographer's fourth birthday. These Butlers were not related in any way to the other renowned people of that name: not to the Bishop who wrote *The Analogy of Religion*, nor to the Samuel Butler who wrote *Hudibras*, nor to the Master of Trinity who, himself a scholar, became the father of a family of scholars. They were Warwickshire yeomen, for the most part, who lived their lives in honourable, if undistinguished, activity until at last they flowered in a schoolmaster-bishop and, again, in the subject of this review. As his immediate relatives profoundly influenced Samuel Butler's life and, through him and his account of it in *The Way of All Flesh*, the lives of a multitude of people, it is necessary to make more extensive reference to them than is commonly made to relatives in brief memoirs.

III

The Rev. Thomas Butler was the youngest child and only son of his famous father. He seems to have had none of the schoolmaster-bishop's ability, nor any of his own son's originality. His mind was rule-ridden and obtuse and inaccessible to new ideas. Canon Butler lived entirely by routine, and was influenced only by persons whose conformity to respectable opinions was in no doubt. Nothing that he ever did was notable, except the begetting of his son, Samuel, and that was a cause of anger and even horror to him for the greater part of his life. He was often mean and unjust in his relations to his son, though he was not impervious to reproof or arguments advanced by those whom he respected, and he could be persuaded to make amends for arbitrary acts. But he was a stupid man, and the effect of his stupidity on the life of the sensitive and original child who was his son was increased for the worse by the coldness of his nature.

To find so dull and dense a person obtruded between two men so brilliant as Dr. Butler and Samuel Butler is to puzzle, if not to baffle, the student of heredity, who may, perhaps, explain the phenomenon by the suggestion that families, like fields, must occasionally lie fallow. Canon Butler was the son and the father of an unconventional man, but he was himself conventional in all he did and said and thought. He did not doubt any established belief, and abhorred those who did. It never occurred to him to suspect the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the discovery, in his middle age, by which time his opinions were about as fluid as reinforced concrete, that his baffling and disappointing son, who was said by some people to be brilliant, not only had grave doubts of the validity of the book of Genesis, but also held heretical, if not actually blasphemous, opinions on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, absolutely horrified him. It does not appear that he ever read any of his son's books, except the first, an innocuous work on his life in New Zealand, which Canon Butler had insisted on publishing, or that he would have understood them if he had, but the reports he received of them were sufficient to convince him that his son was an atheist and a blasphemer.

It may be well, at this point, to say that Butler always referred to himself as a Broad Churchman and would today be called

a Modernist. The shock of this discovery to the rural dean of Bingham and prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral may easily be imagined. He knew that there were people who doubted what were to him eternal verities, but he ignored their existence, and it would have been unmannerly to mention them in his presence. The Thirty-Nine Articles were, he thought, scarcely less inspired than the Bible itself, and it must have seemed to him that an evil spirit had invaded his family when he found himself beset by a son who disputed the value of infant baptism and even doubted if Jesus had died on the Cross. He must sometimes have reflected bitterly on the fact that among his father's pupils at Shrewsbury had been a rather dull lad, the son of a well-to-do doctor, who had incurred the headmaster's reproof for wasting his time on nature studies when he might more profitably have been poring over Virgil. This lad's name was Charles Darwin, and he was Thomas Butler's contemporary at Shrewsbury where, indeed, he infected him with a love of botany which he retained for the rest of his life. It was, perhaps, the only passion he ever possessed. This was the Darwin with whom Canon Butler's son was to have a famous quarrel.

Mrs. Butler, to whom the young clergyman was married in 1831, was as warm-natured as her husband was cold. His negative nature, impassive as Prince Albert's, roused in her a devotion intense as Victoria's; she adored him. He could do no wrong in her eyes, nor, indeed, in his own. This uncontrolled affection for her husband made her an unsatisfactory mother. Assailed by him, her children could not fly to her for protection, and one of the most influential, as it was also one of the bitterest, discoveries of Samuel Butler's young boyhood was the fact that the little confidences he reposed in his mother were immediately betrayed to his father and heavily punished. Canon Butler was congenitally unfitted to be a parent. He disliked children, neither understanding them, nor wishing to understand them. Mrs. Butler and he had consulted a textbook on the training of infants, which was the work of a very respectable person, and since it enforced Solomon's precept that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, they decided to bring up their children on the lines it laid down. It urged the young clergyman to "Break your child's will early, or he will break yours later on".

Floggings became frequent in Langar Rectory, especially for the shy, sensitive and delicate little lad, Samuel!

The memory of his bleak infancy never faded from Samuel Butler's mind, and almost every reference he makes to his father is one of abhorrence. In his forty-eighth year, when bitter recollections begin to fade from most minds, he wrote a brief account of Canon Butler, who was then seventy-seven years of age. "He never liked me, nor I him", he wrote; "from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear and dislike him". There is no need to delve more deeply into the history of Butler's relations with his family; it has been set out, in the form of fiction, by Butler himself in *The Way of All Flesh*, and by his biographer, Henry Festing Jones, in one of the most brilliant Lives in English, and adjusted, not very successfully, by Mrs. R. S. Garnett in her apologia for the Butlers, *Samuel Butler and His Family Relations*, and need not be told at further length. It must be sufficient to say that those who study Butler's books must first study his life: for without its study, much in the works will appear incomprehensible or wilful.

IV

Butler, like Darwin, was intended for the Church, and, like Darwin, went to Cambridge to read for orders, but, like Darwin again, he did not take them. His decision not to become a clergyman was due to a discovery he made while in charge of a lads' club in London. He found that some of the boys were unbaptized, and was horrified to perceive that the baptized were no better, if no worse, than the unbaptized. This discovery shook his faith a little and caused consternation in Langar Rectory when, as a result of it, he declined to be ordained. This was in 1858, when he was twenty-three years of age. It is odd, in view of his after life, that until he had this upsetting encounter with unbaptized boys in a London slum, he had never given any serious thought to the creed he was undertaking to expound and advocate; but now he began to think very seriously about it. He read Dr. Alford, the Dean of Canterbury's, four volumes of notes on the *New Testament in Greek*, and was deeply disquieted by the difference he discovered

in the four gospel accounts of the Resurrection. But he, was not yet ready to doubt, much less disbelieve, the foundations of his faith. It had not then occurred to him, or to any of his Cambridge friends who were preparing for ordination, that doubts of their faith *could* be entertained. In the years 1843-6, a Scottish publisher, Robert Chambers, had published anonymously two volumes, entitled *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, in which, very loosely, he had expounded a theory of evolution which was attributed to such different individuals as the Prince Consort and Sir Charles Lyell. The impression it made was faint and did not extend to Langar Rectory. But the peace that then prevailed was the peace before war, the calm before the storm.

In 1859, *The Origin of Species* was published; in 1860, a group of Anglicans, led by Dr. Temple, the Headmaster of Rugby, published *Essays and Reviews*, and were violently assailed by Dr. Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam"), the Bishop of Oxford, who was, a few months later, to be manhandled by Huxley for his attacks on the Darwinian theory; in 1862, Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, who had, in the previous year, issued *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, in which he expressed his disbelief in eternal damnation, threw the entire episcopal bench into confusion by publishing the first of seven volumes bearing the general title of *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined*.

It was while these storms were brewing that Butler, already disturbed by the discrepancies he had discovered in the Gospels, realized how little difference there was between the baptized and the unbaptized. The effect of his refusal to be ordained on his father, an orthodox clergyman, the son of a bishop and brother-in-law of two archdeacons, may easily be estimated. Canon Butler was furious, and, after much acrimonious argument, shipped his son off to New Zealand to learn sheep-farming, but with little hope that he would come to any but a bad end. It was in January, 1860, that Butler arrived in New Zealand, where he became popular and so successful that, five years later, he was able to sell his sheep-run for £8,000 and return to London, a comparatively affluent man, to study painting. A copy of the newly-published *Origin of Species* came into his

hands while he was tending his sheep, and he was immediately enthralled by it. His doubts on the validity of the Christian religion had persisted, as a letter to one of his cousins proves, but now his doubts seemed to be resolved: he had found a faith. He wrote a *Dialogue on Species* for *The Press* of Canterbury, New Zealand, which, besides involving him in controversy with the Bishop of Wellington, brought him, for the first time, to the notice of Darwin. A copy of *The Press* had somehow found its way to Down, Darwin's home in Kent, and the naturalist was so much impressed by the *Dialogue* that he sent it to the editor of an unnamed magazine with a suggestion that he should reprint it. On Butler's return to England, he made the acquaintance of Darwin, and became friendly with Darwin's son, Francis. At this period of his life, he had no intention of becoming an author. His ambition was to be a painter, but events were forcing him, almost against his will, to drop the brush and take up the pen. In 1872 he published *Erewhon* anonymously and at his own expense; it was successful until the secret of its authorship was revealed, when its sales declined by ninety per cent. About this time Butler renewed a friendship he had formed at Cambridge with Henry Hoare, the banker, who recommended him to withdraw his capital from a profitable mortgage in New Zealand and invest it in Canadian companies. Two years after he had done this, the companies crashed and Butler became almost penniless.

V

He now began seriously to be an author, urged to the change of occupation by his friend, Miss Savage, whose acquaintance he had made while studying art. There is no room here to refer to Butler's friendships, but it must be said that Miss Savage was a potent influence in his life. He probably would have been a happier man if he had married her, but his extraordinary susceptibility to physical beauty prevented him from doing so. Miss Savage was corpulent and plain and a cripple. But she was a wise and witty woman, as her letters abundantly prove. It was she who started him on his career as a writer. He had written a pamphlet on the Resurrection while he was in New Zealand, and now he decided to make a book of it. This book,

The Fair Haven, was issued in 1873, and was expected by Butler to make a deep impression. It made scarcely any. Its title did not indicate its contents—most of Butler's titles are poor—and it was too clever by half, so subtly satirical that some of its readers were actually misled into supposing that it supported opinions which it was intended to controvert. The book did Butler much harm, for it made reviewers chary of noticing his subsequent works lest they should be spoofed again. Butler, disappointed and financially embarrassed, began to feel himself an Ishmael, and this feeling was greatly increased when, having studied *The Origin of Species* more closely than he had done in New Zealand, he found himself, a little to his astonishment, in profound disagreement with Darwin. The revolt, at first a friendly one, speedily became bitter; for Butler, excessively sensitive, supposed himself to be ignored by Darwin and derided by the Darwinians because he had dared to criticize the great naturalist's theory.

The first of his four books on evolution was *Life and Habit*. In this work he advanced his belief that species is modified by design, and not, as Darwin argued, by chance. We have become what we are because we wished to be what we are. Butler complained that Darwin had attempted to abolish mind from the universe and to replace it by fortuity. This theme, developed with a wealth of wit and epigrammatic allusion and vivid illustrations, such as his famous statement that a hen is an egg's way of getting another egg, was pursued through three successors to *Life and Habit*: *Evolution, Old and New*; *Unconscious Memory*; and *Luck or Cunning?* It developed, unluckily, not only into an attack on the Darwinian theory, but into an attack on Darwin himself, who was accused of ignoring his predecessors, including his own grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, in the discovery of evolutionary ideas, and of doing so for the gratification of his own vanity. It was part of Butler's argument that Darwin, ambitious to be regarded as the discoverer of the theory, deliberately disregarded the works of Buffon, Dr. Darwin, and Lamarck. It is a pity that Butler, driven into this excess by the fury with which he was assailed by some of the Darwinians, allowed himself to become the victim of a persecution mania. He saw himself as the valiant and righteous defender of Darwin's

predecessors, and especially of the derided and neglected Lamarck, against those who were trying to filch their renown and bestow it on Darwin. Darwin ignored Buffon and his grandfather and Lamarck because he did not attach much importance to their theories. The fact is made plain in his *Life and Letters*, but it was unknown to Butler.

If Butler had confined his attacks to Darwin's theory and had refrained from attributing gross motives to him, he might have had more and earlier influence on the evolutionists than he had. Darwin and his defenders were fighting a fierce battle against powerful opponents, and it must have seemed to them that Butler was a renegade. They knew Darwin as a gentle, very kind and courteous man of supreme genius who was doing his work in circumstances of the greatest personal hardship, for he suffered deeply from ill-health. The spectacle of this sick genius struggling against attacks made on him by the most powerful people of his time aroused the devotion, as well as the chivalry, of young scientists who could scarcely fail to feel outraged when, unexpectedly, Butler, who had been one of them, attacked not only the theory, which was legitimate enough, but aspersed the character of Darwin.

But if Butler was in fault for his aspersions on Darwin, Darwin's supporters were in fault, too, for casting aspersions on Butler. They seem to have conspired to treat him as negligible. If they mentioned him at all, they did so only with contempt. Romanes sneered at this painter fellow who dared to write about science. He was, in effect, accused of having obtained his critical opinions from other people and of expressing them as if they were his own unaided beliefs. A German had criticized Darwin's theory in terms similar to Butler's, and it was suggested that Butler had borrowed his language from Professor Ewald Hering without acknowledgment. This was a queer charge to be made by men who knew that Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace had simultaneously reached the same conclusion about the origin of species, but they had received great provocation and may be forgiven for actions that were not always creditable to them.

VI

But in 1903, Butler became renowned almost against his

wish. In that year, his executor, the late R. A. Streatfeild, published *The Way of All Flesh*, although Butler had requested that it should not be published until after his immediate surviving relatives, two sisters, were dead. Streatfeild, eager to have his friend's genius recognized and his fame established, and indifferent to the feelings of two narrowly-pious and elderly women who had, he felt, treated their brother with extraordinary inconsideration and unkindness, issued the novel as soon after its author's death as was feasible, and it instantly made a sensation out of all proportion to its sale, and set a fashion in novel-writing which is only now beginning to fade. The literary revolt of the child against its parents began on the day *The Way of All Flesh* first appeared. There is irony which Butler, a master of irony, would have appreciated, in the fact that the renown he coveted was awarded to him, after his death, not for the books on evolution, not even for his theory of the authorship of the *Odyssey*, but for his autobiographical novel which was begun in 1873 and finished, except for revision, in 1884. It was not quite finished, in the sense that there was a full manuscript available, for the fourth and fifth chapters were missing, but Streatfeild was able to piece them together from notes found among Butler's papers.

The outbreak of the War interrupted the spread of Butler's renown, but it was subsequently accelerated, not only by the publication of Henry Festing Jones's fine biography of him, but by the publication of his Notebooks and Collected Essays. A very handsome Collected Edition of his works was issued by Mr. Jonathan Cape. In spite of these facts, however, and of the unabated interest in *The Way of All Flesh* and, in a smaller degree, *Erewhon*, and its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited*, Butler is still an author in search of a public.

VII

His defects as an author are many and transparent. He was not a novelist, but an essayist, and therefore *The Way of All Flesh*, in spite of its quality and its influence, bears so prominently the signs of amateurishness in its composition that even uncritical people who read it perceive that it is deficient in skilled craftsmanship. He was inclined to harp on one string at too

great length, and the books on evolution are, for that reason, occasionally tedious or, rather, tiresome. The reader is made to feel impatient by the repetitions and by the frequent tirades against Darwin, even when he feels that Butler has a grievance. His persecution mania sometimes rendered him humourless and made him appear petty-minded. On the other hand, he sincerely believed, and had some warrant for believing, that the Darwinians were deliberately unjust to him, and that they tried either to deny him a hearing or to cast aspersions on his intellect and his honesty. Thomas Henry Huxley, who, says Sir William Thistleton-Dyer, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "never thoroughly grasped the Darwinian principle", was guilty to a large extent of the effort to belittle Butler and to treat him as a man of no consequence, a guilt which is not reduced by the fact that Huxley's attitude towards Darwin was one of awe and reverence. The vanity of valetudinarians is immense, and Darwin and Huxley were both sick men. Darwin, who is thought by some of those who were critical of his theories to have been both vain and touchy, was skilful in flattering men such as Huxley who were extremely susceptible to flattery; and it has to be said that Darwin was not entirely the simple and innocent-minded man that his admirers sometimes assert he was. Butler's wrath against Darwin was provoked by an incident which has never been explained in the sense of clearing Darwin of complicity in an attempt to humiliate Butler. The incident is not important enough to warrant extensive reference to it now, but it did Butler great harm in the eyes of all who heard of it, and it certainly made him seem to be a man of little or no substance in science. Butler had reproached Darwin for ignoring the work of his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and Darwin, stung, perhaps, by the reproach, induced a German, Dr. Ernst Krause, to write a life of his grandfather. There were serious discrepancies between the English and the German versions of the book, and Butler charged Darwin with manipulating the English version to his disadvantage and disrepute. The quarrel was furious, although Darwin himself took little part in it, and it obviously embittered Butler. The attempts to exculpate Darwin from any deliberate attempt to treat Butler in a scurvy manner all ignore the important fact that Darwin wrote to Dr. Krause,

sending him a copy of Butler's *Evolution, Old and New*, and requesting him not to "expend much powder and shot on Mr. Butler, for he really is not worthy of it. His book is merely ephemeral". A nod was as good as a wink to Dr. Krause who, flattered by Darwin's attention, made no bones about attacking a nobody like Butler. It is possible that Darwin thought Butler unimportant; it is certain that Dr. Krause was willing to think him unworthy of much attention, since Darwin had so described him; but a judge, examining the evidence in this matter, could scarcely escape from the conclusion that a more scrupulous genius than Darwin would not have given Dr. Krause such a lead. Other Butlerian theories, such as that on the authorship of the *Odyssey*, are now received more seriously than when they were originally propounded. Mr. B. Farrington, in a small, but erudite work entitled *Samuel Butler and the Odyssey*, says:

I believe that Samuel Butler proved his theory, "that the *Odyssey* was written entirely at, and drawn entirely from, the place now called Trapani on the West Coast of Sicily, alike as regards the Phaeacian and the Ithaca scenes", and I believe, further, that his theory, "that the poem was entirely written by a very young woman, who lived at the place now called Trapani, and introduced herself into the work under the name of Nausicaa, though not in its nature equally susceptible of demonstration", is true.

Mr. Farrington ends his Preface to his book with these words:

It would follow from the truth of these two propositions that Butler's *The Authoress of the Odyssey* is the most important book on the *Odyssey* that has ever been written. This also I believe.

His theological works have been surpassed in audacity by those of contemporary clerics, but *The Fair Haven* cannot be ejected from its place among the pioneering works which seek to complete the work of the Reformation by removing all traces of superstition from the Christian faith.

Butler himself will not take a place among Englishmen of supreme genius, nor even among the men of great genius, but he fills a high place among ordinary men of genius and might have filled a higher if he had concentrated his thoughts more than he did. That place will, as time goes on, become increasingly apparent to his countrymen.

BATA AND WORKSHOP AUTONOMY

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

IN 1894 a young Czech cobbler named Thomas Bata set up for himself in business in a small and obscure village of Moravia, now part of Czechoslovakia. Three years ago all the world learned that he had crashed to death in an aeroplane accident when going to inspect a branch shoe factory in Switzerland. For today "Bata", the rationalized boot and shoe organization which he founded at the age of eighteen, is much the largest and most flourishing undertaking of its kind in existence, with a capitalization of millions of pounds.

But it is not of the prodigious growth of the Bata concern that I wish to write here. As one of the "romances" of industry it does not, of course, stand alone in these days of Fords and Levers. Far more interesting to study is a development which has a social, or rather sociological, significance. This is what has come to be known as the Bata system of workshop autonomy, by which Thomas Bata, a shoemaker by trade and the son of a shoemaker, solved, at any rate for himself and his employees, the problems inherent in the relations of capital and labour. So contented are the workers with their lot under this system that there has never been a strike in any of the factories. It is not surprising perhaps that the International Labour Office at Geneva has issued a booklet to make the system and its social consequences better known. Much may also be learnt about it from Thomas Bata's memoirs, published in a brochure entitled *How I Began* which discloses his own thoughts on the relations of capital and labour and tells how he reached them. I may add, for my own part, that I paid a visit to Zlin, the headquarters of the organization, last autumn, and made myself acquainted with its outstanding features.

It was at Zlin that Thomas Bata started out on his great adventure forty years ago. Lying in one of the shallow valleys

of the Moravian high plateau, Zlin in those days was an out-of-the-way, almost isolated, village. The population of the district and village was about 3,000, and most of the inhabitants were just simple, illiterate peasants. There were no industries, and it seemed most unlikely that there ever would be any of importance. Here it was that the Bata family carried on the modest handicraft of shoemaking. What a change has come over the scene since then. Grown out of all knowledge, the village has become a city, with more than twelve times the population it had when Thomas set up on his own account. His people have erected a memorial to him—a striking and original sort of building mostly of glass—but Zlin itself is his monument. *Circumspice!* Many buildings, some of impressive size, fill both sides of the valley, and extend far beyond it on the west, where other Bata Zlins, but under different local names, are rapidly springing into busy life.

Much of what Thomas Bata planned and actually achieved can be seen at a glance by anyone who will ascend to the immense flat roof of the eight-storeys-high hotel called “Společenský Dum”, or Community House, and thence proceed to “view the landscape o’er”. Like nearly everything in Zlin, the hotel is owned and run by the Bata company, who will provide a guide on request for the purpose of pointing out the various sights—the “factory”, which apparently is not confined to the huge structure bearing that name, the Bata Memorial, the Social Welfare Institute, and Bata shops, stores, restaurants, schools, hostels, clinics, gymnasia, cinema—in all, a tremendous spectacle. Its effect is certainly not lessened by the extensive areas on which stand the hundreds on hundreds of homes built for the married workers and their families by Bata. Expressed in terms of boots and shoes, the result of all this prodigious development is the daily production in Zlin of 165,000 pairs during a week of five days, work not being done on Saturdays except in very special cases, and never on Sundays. The vast majority of Bata employees have two days off every week, and there are ample sports grounds and other means of recreation, both mental and physical, provided for all of them. This goes some way, it must be admitted, to express the result of the Bata business in terms of human happiness as well as of boots and shoes.

As all this literally stupendous ensemble in Zlin came out of the ‘fertile brain and skilful hands of Thomas Bata (for his successors are merely carrying on according to plan) it is perfectly plain that he was far from being an ordinary man. Indeed, in his own line and way he was a genius. Bata was a mechanic and inventor by nature, but he added to these gifts that of being a born leader of men, with an organizing and controlling forcefulness that had in it something of the quality of statesmanship. He has given an account of his parentage and early struggles in the book of memoirs already mentioned. When only 15 he broke away from his father, went to Vienna, and opened a workshop in the house of some relatives in one of its suburbs, but the venture failed, and he returned home to become a travelling salesman again. Tiring of small, local markets he went, when 16, to Prague, where he discovered new selling methods, which, he said, meant for his business “as much as the discovery of America for Spain”. Two years afterwards he set up for himself, with a brother and sister as partners. The result of their first year’s making and trading in boots and shoes was their virtual bankruptcy, with debts amounting to £800, which was ten times their capital, and which they were unable to pay.

Never was there a more unpromising start, but, as things fell out, it was the making of Thomas Bata. The failure had been due chiefly to their neglect of business while trying to ape their social superiors. How the fear of bankruptcy affected Thomas is worth giving in his own words, because they explain a good deal of his subsequent success:

I was face to face with bankruptcy, stark and real, and my hair began bristling with the terror of it. I saw that to fail so ignominiously was equivalent to dying, yet I very much wanted to live. My hankering after physical existence was as strong as my aversion to moral extinction. The fine which I imposed on my body and on my life, in the shape of sheer hard work and renunciation of life’s many amenities as an atonement for the irresponsibilities of our first year of independence, furnished me with the guarantee that I would never again let things come to such a pass.

• There was no bankruptcy after all. Seeing me turn over a new leaf, so to say, our creditors did not insist on prompt settlement, and some of them remain to this day staunch friends of mine. I managed to pay off all our debts within the space of two years.

That sharp experience proved its value when in 1922 there was a money crisis in Czechoslovakia, because of the Government’s

revaluation of the crown, and many firms were involved in serious difficulties. Competitors and other enemies spread abroad rumours that Bata was bankrupt, and Thomas replied that this was not, and could not be the case for two reasons. The first was that he had been brought up in an old-world atmosphere where a bankrupt was regarded as a dishonest person. The second was that while still only a lad he had learned how to overcome an incipient bankruptcy. His determination to pay off his creditors led him not only to work extremely hard himself, but to his becoming exceedingly expert in every phase of the manufacture and salesmanship of boots and shoes. He even went to the United States for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the latest developments of the trade in that country and, to enable him so to do, he found employment as an ordinary workman in one or other of its factories, then supposed to be the best equipped in the world.

In 1922, as already noted, the Czech crown had been revalorized and stabilized—at about twice the value it had had before—and the immediate result was a financial panic in Prague and throughout Czechoslovakia, with a heavy fall in home prices. The Government appealed to the manufacturers, and sought to show them that their losses were apparent rather than real, and that the increase of business that would follow the fall would more than compensate them for their sacrifices. Thomas Bata was the first to appreciate the soundness of this reasoning. At the height of the crisis he suddenly announced a reduction of 50 per cent. in his selling prices to the public; and if this was accompanied by a reduction of 40 per cent. in the wages of his workers, that, in its turn, was offset by a simultaneous reduction of 50 per cent. in the prices of the necessities of life supplied to them in his shops. His rivals and others condemned his action and prophesied his downfall; but they soon decided to follow his lead once they saw how the public rallied wholeheartedly to his support. Bata again reorganized his whole undertaking, and introduced his system of autonomous workshops, which constituted his specific contribution towards solving the capitalist-worker problem, and in itself was a vital and fundamental achievement. He relied on it, with a confidence that was not misplaced, to establish the desired relationship between himself, as head,

and his workers, as sharers, in a form of co-operation based on the identity of their interests, immune from all industrial strife, and functioning with the regularity of clockwork.

In his early years Thomas Bata, according to his memoirs, was a "collectivist then and a bit of a Communist, but most decidedly a Socialist". He regarded capitalist society as "fit for bad people only, with exploiters at one end and sluggards at the other". He dreamt of the simple life as preached by Tolstoy, and thought of buying a small farm and sowing just sufficient to supply the everyday needs of himself and family; if he required a new hoe, it was to be "produced in a communal, socialistic factory, as depicted in Zola's *Toil*". After he had a few workers in his employ his views began to change. He observed how these people depended on him for their daily bread. It was to *him* they looked, and he asked himself what were they to do pending the arrival of that "vaunted collectivist state, of some kind of socialist dispensation". It was then he began considering the possibilities of co-operative trading or work, but was discouraged by remembering the experiences he had had in co-operating with his own brother, when all kinds of work were discussed, but none ever got done. Of this he wrote:

I saw plainly that I should not be able to co-operate even with my brother, unless he recognized to the fullest possible extent my right to the last word; accordingly I made out an agreement embodying my right to that effect, and my brother fully agreed to it. I was wondering how things would turn out in a company which pursued the policy of distributing all its profits among its partners. Where, in such circumstances, would we find the money to buy the steam power plant which was essential? There seemed to be no way out of that dilemma. There was nothing for it but that I should remain at my post, that I should become what I myself had previously considered in my ignorance the hated factory owner, the exploiter, the slave driver, if I were to be able to serve my people well and truly. That victory once won, there came the 8 h.p. steam engine, the steel-bodied assistants, and the first real factory building.

Yet it is on co-operation, though in a novel form, that the Bata system is founded and works to admiration. But it is co-operation under a perfectly independent leadership and control which always has the last word in the management. In reality Thomas Bata was a dictator, but of an extraordinarily high intelligence for his particular object, which was to increase the output of his workers to the greatest possible extent. He made

no claim to be a philanthropist, and in 1924, when initiating his system, he told his operatives that his reason for giving them a share in the profits was not that he thought he ought to "distribute charity to mankind"—his aim was to raise the level of production, with the result that the higher the level the larger the profits.

But the system has a great deal more in it than the sharing of profits with the workers. Its underlying principle is the transformation of the workers' mentality by turning them from simple wage-earners into collaborators, imbued with *esprit de corps* as well as a special kind of team spirit. To ensure success to his technical organization, he called psychology to his aid, and replaced individual by collective effort, but in a particular way. The workers were formed into small, autonomous groups, each a team in itself, and each out to do its best in friendly rivalry with the other teams; while all of them worked together in striving to get the utmost out of time and material for the greater profit of themselves as well as of Bata. This is the system to which its creator gave the name of workshop autonomy, and he applied it, with some variations, to the entire undertaking. Thus, the hospital, shops, restaurants, hotel and the cinema were as autonomous as the actual workshops; today in the Zlin establishment there are 660 of these autonomous units.

The point has been made that this system is much less a social experiment than a measure of industrial organization which aims at securing the maximum output from man and machine. But while this is true the fact remains that it has proved a success in both fields, and it is this that has attracted the intense interest, not only of business men, but of sociologists, all over the world. In a short article it is impossible to go into details of the system or of the business as a whole, but some significant features should be noted. It may be taken for granted that if the system gave ever-increasing profits to the workers, the lion's share went to Thomas Bata in his day, and now goes to his successors at the head of the concern. His and their policy, however, has been not to take out their profits, but to use them for the further extension of the undertaking and its amenities in Zlin and elsewhere, thus showing their abounding confidence in its stability and growth to their workers. As a further inducement, the

workers receive ten per cent. interest on all of their profits they choose to leave in it. They have taken advantage of this to such an extent that the amount thus fructifying now stands at upwards of 150 million Czechoslovak crowns, or at present rates of exchange, a good deal more than a million pounds. Thomas Bata introduced this savings arrangement between himself and his people for psychological and not financial reasons, but it is obvious that the Bata workers have a very real stake in the enterprise.

As the workers' incentive is, in plain terms, just gain, the question arises whether the general effect on them is good or bad. Certainly "life is real, life is earnest" at Zlin, but as certainly it is not grim. For five days of a working week of forty hours everyone works hard, and there is no slackening of the pace. Workers whose carelessness or illwill reduces the output of their unit are reprimanded and, if necessary, eliminated by their own mates. In the making of boots and shoes no machine has yet been invented that can carry out the whole operation automatically, as is the case in the textile industry, and much has still to be done by hand. According to his nature and aptitude an operative may work quickly or slowly, but not in the Bata workshops, for in them every man has to maintain a fixed high percentage of speed, and is all the time "on his toes". To acquire the requisite *tempo* a long period of special training is needed, and schools are provided for that purpose. The result is best seen in the "conveyors", with the machines and tools of various sorts worked in connection by hand. A conveyor consists of a series of box-like, open compartments containing boots or shoes in progressive stages, and it keeps on moving like an endless chain at the predetermined rate. The number of workers on these conveyors varies according to the kind of boot or shoe; 40 men produce, if that is the right word, ladies' fashion shoes on that type of conveyor, while 70 men are needed on the heavy footwear type. In both cases each of the men has his definite job, which must be completed properly while the conveyors move remorselessly on at the Bata speed. All the details of the work at the conveyors are adjusted with the utmost care, and each workshop has spare staff and spare machinery at its command, failures or faults of whatever kind being immediately remedied.

Everything is done that can be done to prevent any slowing or break in the *tempo*, which, however, does not appear to impose any particular strain on the workers—they are very keen, and no doubt the training helps them. A highly efficient Medical Department deals with accidents and illnesses; the maintenance of a clean bill of health for the workers is implicit in the Bata system.

At present the Zlin undertaking has about 23,000 employees, male and female, and there has never been any difficulty in getting fresh recruits, practically all of whom come from peasant families living in the surrounding districts, and naturally anxious to better themselves. They come at a comparatively early age, and begin as apprentices, earning a wage adequate for their keep and clothing, with some pocket money. They are given both a technical and a general education. Apprenticeship was always one of Thomas Bata's main preoccupations. Obligated by Zlin's remoteness from all industrial centres, and by his own manufacturing methods, to train most of his workers himself, and needing more and more workers as business increased, he took great pains to devise ways and means to meet the situation, first by providing hostels for the housing of apprentices, and next by making considerate rules for their governance. Today there are two enormous hostels, one for boys and the other for girls, and each housing 2,500; the entrance age is 14, and the course covers three years. At the end of each year the apprentices are free to leave, but voluntary departures are rare, for the prospects are attractive. They know well by the end of the third year what lies in front of them, their field of choice, which ranges over the whole establishment, being determined by the aptitudes each of them has shown and developed during the period of training. Besides, they have become perfectly familiar with the Bata system, and they need not come under it unless they choose—but they do so choose almost without exception.

The great development of the Zlin enterprise has taken place since 1924, and most, by far, of the workers have been trained as apprentices in the establishment: it is this that explains what all observers cannot help noticing, namely, how very small is the number of elderly people employed—there are no old people at all. Since then the opportunities of the workers have vastly increased. Zlin no longer makes boots and shoes alone; rubber

came naturally enough into that industry, and Zlin now produces all kinds of rubber goods from tyres to toys, and with the making of tyres has come the making of motor cars. Zlin goes even a step farther, for today it is making aeroplanes in a nearby branch factory in Batov, a name which sufficiently suggests its origin. Nor are these all the opportunities, for the big branch factories in France, Holland, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, England, and India are constantly calling for more and more workers, and part at least go from Zlin, though the idea is that in time the operatives shall consist entirely of the locally-trained nationals of the country in which each factory is situated.

FALLEN ANGELS

BY FRANCIS WATSON

ON September 28, 1917, T. E. Hulme was killed in action near Nieupoort. If he were living now he would still be under fifty, and presumably at the height of his philosophic powers. He would have proceeded, one may be certain, to a more satisfactory assessment of the temper of his age than that which was adumbrated in *Speculations*, where, dividing European history into two neat sections, he wrote: "The first of these historical periods is that of the Middle Ages in Europe—from Augustine, say, to the Renaissance; the second from the Renaissance till now. The ideology of the first period was religious, of the second, humanist. The difference between them is fundamentally nothing but the difference between these two conceptions of man. . . . It is possible to show, I think, that all thought since the Renaissance, in spite of its apparent variety, in reality forms one coherent whole".

Hulme's distinction, as arbitrary as the line drawn from pole to pole by Pope Alexander VI to apportion the newly discovered territories, has become sufficiently popular to inspire two widely-held views of our contemporary position. "We have come to the end of the Renaissance", cries one party, and the other answers: "The birth-pangs of a new Renaissance are upon us". Substantiation of either claim would be speciously easy, and may be avoided for that reason. But while Hulme was speculating Santayana, too, was holding a moistened finger to the winds of doctrine, wondering which would "gather force . . . and carry the mind of the coming age steadily before it". It may be ambitious, but it is nevertheless tempting, to feel that Æolus has now declared himself.

Once the colour of a past age has been established, we are as eager as any *pointilliste* painter to split it up into its com-

ponents and dwell with loving care upon isolated points of light. Bliss was it in that (or any) dawn to be alive, and we forget that dawn would be a poor affair without the implicit assurance that it is a prelude to high noon. We almost expect the sense of being the precursor of Leonardo and Newton to have warmed the shivering body of the Neolithic hunter, and there are times when the romantic mood compels us to envy the humble citizen who might have seen Savonarola burned at the stake, or watched Cabot set sail from Bristol, or read the Theses of Luther on the church-door at Wittenberg, or looked up at Michelangelo on the scaffolding in the Sistine Chapel. It is reasonable, therefore, failing an obliterating cataclysm, to expect a like envy from future generations for those who saw Blériot fly the Channel, or walked the streets of Cambridge while the atom was being split, or wielded spades at Ur with Leonard Woolley, or sat with James Joyce at a café-table in Paris. If I go on to place in such a category of enviable contemporaries those who had ringside seats at Olympia in 1906, when the Russian Lion threw the Terrible Turk for the second time, let it be understood that this apparently frivolous instance is adduced only for the purposes of argument. It suggests itself, first of all, because the spectators of that contest were watching, whether they knew it or not, the triumph of perfectly co-ordinated animal impulses over heavier and highly-developed physique, of intuition over experience; and secondly, because what George Hackenschmidt has been doing since he retired with the scalp of Madrali and many another Goliath is not only rather odd in itself, but is also pertinent to the present issue.

It is as easy to over-estimate the value of the study of the physical basis of life to which George Hackenschmidt has devoted the past fifteen years as it is to dismiss it with a shrug as an instance of brawn having a dig at brain. It is unlikely that the book in which he has embodied his findings* will receive very wide attention from a public already gorged with popularized science and up-to-date cosmogonies. For Hackenschmidt, though he has laboriously produced something which has to be labelled a philosophy, is not a philosopher. His

* *Man and Cosmic Antagonism to Mind and Spirit.* By George Hackenschmidt. (Universal Publications, Limited.)

nature strenuously and inevitably resists the philosophic attitude, and only a situation in which intellectual contacts are more potent than any other has forced him to express the lower centres of the brain through the language of the higher. He would, however, provide admirable material for a philosopher's case-book, and it is thus—personal considerations apart—that I like to regard him.

Those who wish to regain the intuitive life of children and animals, declared Bertrand Russell in his sceptical examination of Bergson, "ought to return to running wild in the woods, dyeing themselves with woad and living on hips and haws". George Hackenschmidt does not dye himself with woad, but on his little estate near Aspremont, in the Alpes Maritimes, where I recently spent several weeks with him, he lives in a fashion which those who believe in natural virtues might be disposed to call ideal. His still magnificent physique (he is not above middle height, but he has a chest measurement of fifty-two inches) is sustained in constant vigour by a light diet consisting largely of uncooked vegetables. He rises at seven or earlier, works through the heat of the day on his property, and retires soon after ten o'clock. But any kind of regimentation, even the regularity of a prescribed way of health, is abhorrent to him. Without ever having heard of T. S. Eliot he is prepared to echo the chorus: "There is no help in those who march in step". He eats when he is hungry, rests when he is tired, and speaks his mind on all occasions. A tendency to self-contradiction naturally accompanies this latter trait, for his reliance upon memory is so unusually slight that although he easily recalls isolated incidents in his early life, he did not know, after more than ten years' residence in France, the cost of posting a letter there. What memory he has, that is to say, is not consecutive or cumulative, so that his actions and attitudes are based as little as possible on previous knowledge or experience. The idea of living in and for the moment, meeting every situation spontaneously as it arrives, has, of course, been put forward by many of the great teachers of personal creeds, but it is rare to find anyone following these precepts so closely as Hackenschmidt is able to do in his remote village. That gives some illustration of what I mean by saying that he might provide the material

for an investigator more intellectually posited than he allows himself to be.

If it were not for Hackenschmidt's unwillingness to relate his own work to that of other men (he has read, on his own calculation, not more than thirty books in his lifetime), and to accept as relevant anything which has previously been expressed, he might have found in the book of Ecclesiastes an excellent text for his metaphysic. "God hath made man upright", said the preacher, "but they have sought out many inventions". This primordial condition of uprightness Hackenschmidt has named the state of Truth-Absolute, wherein "man represents a cosmically dominated psychical entity, expressing perfect harmony and symmetry". From this state of almost abstract entity he traces a decline through three subsequent states. In the state of Truth man "represents a dualism of the psychical and the physical", and must constantly remedy, out of his own intrinsic resources, a recurrent inequality with his environment. With the further decline to the state of Apparent Truth, his intrinsic resources are no longer sufficient to re-establish equality, and he begins to have recourse to compensations—the "many inventions" of Ecclesiastes—which accumulate into the whole complicated structure of civilization. And in the last lamentable state of Untruth, which man is held to be dangerously approaching at the present time, all intrinsic qualities have disappeared and the only equation with environment is the false one obtained by total submission to dogma and theory—religious, political, or scientific.

At first glance, and inevitably under the stress of such a telescoping as is necessary here, Hackenschmidt's system may well appear sophistical. But without seriously criticizing either premises or deductions it is possible to see that this man, whose opinions on physiology can scarcely be negligible, is taking in his own way the hurdles which others of whom he has never heard have been patiently endeavouring to circumvent. In his attempt to readjust the balance of man's animal existence he has perhaps added only another weight to his already top-heavy brain. But the intention is there. In Hackenschmidt's conversation one catches at times the echo of a less mystical D. H. Lawrence, seeking salvation in the "dark, abdominal within";

at others it might be Keyserling interpreting in a different language his "telluric impulses"; and often enough it is the voice of Krishnamurti, who, having renounced the world-wide organization of Theosophy and all that it might have meant to him, bids the individual find truth by releasing the mind from all burdens of memory and allowing it to appreciate spontaneously the present moment. One remembers then that Krishnamurti can find whenever he wants it an audience of ten thousand. The voice that calls us back from reason to intuition is not a voice crying in the wilderness.

The cause of man's decadence from his former state of instinctive perfection, as put forward by Hackenschmidt, is the contamination of his cell-system, first by improper nourishment and later by toxins. Whether this attribution would survive the scrutiny of a biologist does not matter here. The point is that the whole system stands or falls by the idea of regress rather than progress. To George Hackenschmidt we are fallen angels, removed from grace by clear stages of accelerating decline. Our bodily cells are contaminated from birth as though by Original Sin. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has poisoned us. One might multiply the religious images that recur to the mind as the Hackenschmidt landscape unfolds before the view, and yet religion, within his frame, occupies a position with political dictatorship as a product of man's helpless degeneracy. It is plain that to him religion implies an imposition from without rather than an impulse from within. It is just another of what he calls compensations, and Krishnamurti calls crutches for the weak. "Keep your compensations or your crutches", say both of them, "as long as you require them—but begin at once to learn to dispense with them". It is a view in which eschatological dogma and the formalized notion of a more or less anthropomorphic First Cause overshadow everything else. But Hackenschmidt gives us, nevertheless, a First Cause under the name of Cosmic Rhythmic-Energy. Divorced from theology, philosophers have for some time been busy finding new names for the deified Logos—Schopenhauer's Will, Spencer's Unknowable Force, Bergson's *Elan Vital*. If the Reformation did nothing else it has served to expand our vocabulary.

But that is by the way. Whatever Hackenschmidt and other exponents of the intuitive way of life understand by religion, they are leading us, one way or another, to the *kind* of thought which Hulme, in the passage that I have quoted, called religious. And when we look beyond, to contemporary trends in Western philosophy, to the growth of interrelated esoteric cults, to the despair of the older sciences and the adventurous eagerness of the younger, we may indeed be persuaded to feel that the ice of reason is at last receding, and that what once appeared not merely a glacial epoch, but the frigid purity of ultimate reality may after all have been little more than one of Buchan's cold spells.

At this point the agitated "controversy" between science and religion raises its inopportune head, only to be thrust down again by all available means. A series of broadcast addresses given five years ago by leaders of religious and scientific thought, and conducted on both sides with such studied politeness that the word "controversy" could scarcely be applied to it, revealed the not very astonishing fact that experiment is opposed to conservatism. It revealed also, through the mouth of Professor Malinowski, that "not all men of science are satisfied with reason and the results of reason", which is more to our purpose. Fifty years ago, when a belief in natural selection branded its holder as an atheist there was certainly a controversy between religion and science. Now the controversy goes forward independently in both camps, and it is, broadly speaking, a controversy between reason and intuition, between thinking and feeling, between the brain and the spine. The opponents have come to terms in order to devote their energies to civil war.

A science of comparatively recent growth such as psychology is content at present to explore new country with an old compass. The discoveries of Freud, Jung and Pavlov may prove in the long run to be no more accurate than the maps of the early travellers, but they are no less exciting. Empirical systems are now applied to matters formerly regarded as the province of transcendentalism, and Psyche is pursued with a butterfly net. It is suggestive of progress, at any rate, that she is no longer pinned down upon a setting-board with a label supplied by an African Father. Meanwhile, the older science of physics com-

pletes its parricidal destruction of humanism. In half a century man has reconciled himself to handing over the captaincy of his soul. He has thrown off one theology only to find himself caught in another, but while the Rational Church awaits its Loyola, he may struggle out once more.

And there perhaps he will be, in his ultimate bewildered freedom, not *Homo sapiens*, but at best, as Bergson suggested, *Homo faber*. And if his fabrications, his many inventions, themselves desert him, if he destroy in one last savage act of group reasoning (as we are constantly warned he may) all the compensations for a weakening instinct that he has so elaborately built up, how will he compete with the other organisms, the angels not yet fallen, in the fight for a balance with environment? For this vital equilibrium, which Hackenschmidt represents as achieved by ever more treacherous subterfuges, was considered by Spencer to be the splendid goal of evolution.

Perfectibility, however, is getting shakier and shakier. We are no longer so sure that we are on the right road, and many are beginning to doubt whether we are on a road at all. Certainly it cannot be a road so smoothly macadamed as Comte laid out in the happy days when a philosophic system could cheerfully claim so arrogant a title as Positivism. For Comte's real aim, after all, was only to provide a durable scientific alloy which should take the place of the crumbling Petrine rock. Marxists (though not Marx) have sought a similar substitute in dialectical materialism, but neither positivism nor materialism can really take the strain. Perhaps Pareto, with his ascetically mathematical approach to the oddities of group behaviour, will ease matters for a while. But really the only hope is that the psychologists will have our new clothes ready when we need them.

And finally, lest it be thought that all this is mere sciolism dancing on an invisible wire, let me quote the grave testimony of a respected Conservative journal on a recent issue. "No good", we are reminded in a leading article, "can ever come of running away from reason, and the Society for the Legalization of Approved Suicides is only one more instance of a very dangerous contemporary tendency". The Erewhonians themselves could not have put it more succinctly.

THE THEATRE OF TOMORROW

BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

NOT the least of the charms of the English theatre is a chronic invalidism. No national institution can have been dying quite so certainly and often. Its continual survival is a matter for surprise, while its symptoms and the remedies provide unfailing topic for conversation and debate. The danger is that lovers of the theatre, inured to the wolfish cry, may be blind to the real changes that are taking place and, engaged in congratulating themselves that the patient is still alive, fail to notice that it (or should it be "she"?) is indubitably worse.

Occasionally hard facts obtrude themselves. The virtual annihilation of the provincial theatre, the increasing difficulty of casting West End plays owing to the actors' emigration to Hollywood or occupation at Elstree; the growing habit on the part of authors, producers and *entrepreneurs* of regarding a play as nothing but the raw material for a film; the existence of a considerable adolescent public which, though a devotee of the cinema, has never been inside a theatre—these matters cannot escape the eye of the most casual observer.

Thus even though the true rival of the picture palace is the gin-palace—since habitual attendance at the films is in essence only a form of gregarious drug-taking—it is impossible to deny that the cinema has seriously affected the theatre. The advent of television may indeed momentarily turn the tables (for although there may be no truth in the persistent rumour that television would have been perfected long ago had not the financial interests involved in the cinema industry deliberately obstructed it, the idea behind the rumour is sound enough); but, as the film's answer to television will be colour and stereoscopy, the theatre's triumph is likely to be short-lived. The most optimistic theatre-lover, in fact, has to admit that

the screen has played permanent havoc with the stage as we have known it. And, partly as a result, the English theatre has never (except in the abnormal interlude of the war years) been in so lamentable a state since its undistinguished doldrums of the mid-nineteenth century.

The reason for this, however, is not, as is too often assumed, the advent of mechanical entertainment as such; it is, rather, the stage's failure to realise the futility of trying to compete with it. The theatre has tried to go on as if nothing particular had happened but, for good or evil, the cinema (and, to a lesser extent, broadcasting) has redefined the scope of the stage. These new limits the theatre of today is reluctant to recognize, but it is within them that the theatre of tomorrow must lie. And this theatre, as far as the signs can be read, will no longer be democratic, but aristocratic (using the word in its widest sense) rather as the ballet is today—and it will approximate to the Greek model, with its formalism, its beauty of diction, its "action off" and its preoccupation with the major problems of life.

First, the audience. The contemporary audience for any work of art is usually in inverse ratio to its merit. At no time has this truism been so obvious as in these days when, for instance, the mere fact that a book is a "best-seller" has become sufficient proof that it is artistically worthless. And the one great service which the cinema is rendering the theatre is to drain off the "popular" audience. The enormous sums of money involved in making a modern film render it imperative that it should appeal to the largest audience possible (which means to the lowest standards of taste and intelligence). Not many years ago, Hollywood was avowedly addressing its appeal to the "hicks" of the Middle West and though, since then, the standard has been slightly raised, it would still not be unfair to describe the vast majority (for there are notable exceptions) of American and English films as being made by half-wits for half-wits. The theatre's gain from this process is already considerable, and it will be greater than it is. For at the moment, unfortunately, the West End stage is making a last frenzied endeavour to turn itself into a counter-attraction for the half-wits. Though the fare it offers is adequate enough—there is

at the moment of writing no English play running in London to which one could take an intelligent foreign visitor without feeling ashamed—it is gradually being forced to realise that the film can go one better every time in the two great stock-in-trades of this "wide popular appeal" entertainment—realism and spectacle.

The homely little drama, which sets the spectators whispering: "Isn't that *exactly* like Herbert and Aunt Maggie?" and the "super" musical production in which speed, colour and noise combine to paralyse the faculties are sure draws, and both are departments in which the stage can never hope to rival the film. The unfortunate thing is that it ever made the attempt. Of spectacle, there is no need to speak: it serves its purpose, as a potent cocktail serves its purpose, and is forgotten; but realism—largely a twentieth-century Mancunian product—is a more serious matter. Though it dominates the theatre at the moment, it has inspired no masterpieces, since great dramatists do not concern themselves with the pity and terror of tea-parties in Putney.

It is, indeed, a sufficient indictment of the whole drab movement to recall that such an unimaginative piece of pedestrian reporting as *Journey's End* should be the stage's reaction to the tragedy of the war. Already that effort has sunk into its proper perspective, though in wondering how it can ever have been mistaken for an important work we are in danger of forgetting that, compared with the superficial banalities of more recent realists like Miss Dodie Smith, Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Egan and Mr. van Druten, it was quite good.

Realism, however, in spite of its commercial success, has never held undisputed sway. The masterpieces of Shaw—the third act of *Man and Superman*, *Saint Joan* and *Back to Methuselah*—the best work of Eugene O'Neill, Flecker's short but brilliant incursion into the theatre, the plays of the Irishmen Synge, Yeats and O'Casey, the sophisticated high comedy of Somerset Maugham, it is by these that the English theatre has lived.

It is significant, incidentally, that O'Casey, whose treatment of the war in *The Silver Tassie* is worth a dozen *Journey's Ends*, is one of the few writers who has had the courage to protest against the absurd praise bestowed on that latest piece of popular

realism *Love on the Dole*. It is more significant that modern poets are at last turning to the theatre—T. S. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral*, and W. H. Auden in *The Dog beneath the Skin*, for this is the most hopeful sign of all that the theatre is coming back to the right path.

The return of poetry to the stage leads naturally to a consideration of that other mark of the future—beauty of diction. For this the radio rather than the cinema is to be thanked. Wireless has called into being what is virtually a vast audience of blind men and women who, lacking the sense of sight, find their sense of hearing proportionately more acute. When the eye is satisfied, the ear can forgive certain inanities of dialogue, but as the ear, by being made so often the sole gateway to the imagination, becomes more critical, it will not readily forgive rubbish even for the eye's sake. The demand for finer dialogue in the theatre will be the direct result of wireless training, and this demand can finally be satisfied only by verse or a finely cadenced prose.

Thus from another angle realism is attacked, and the sub-humanities of Mayfair back-chat, the sentimentalities of Lancashire operatives and the domestic parrotings of suburbia must alike disappear. Already Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists, the greatest verse and the most perfect prose that the language has produced, are higher in regard than they have ever been.

Shakespeare's wonderful word-pictures, such as the description of Macbeth's castle, which used to be condescendingly explained away in text-books as necessities dictated by a rudimentary stage without scenery, have now been restored to their proper place and are recognized as an integral part of the dramatic development.

In the same way the soliloquy, which was considered "old-fashioned" by the realists, came back as the latest development of expressionism, and can be further developed by modern writers to become once more the thing of beauty which the Elizabethans made of it.

Both the description and the soliloquy happen to be necessary as part of the mechanics of construction of an "action off" play. And the play of the future will be forced into such a technique by the unarguable superiority of the screen in por-

traying action. In a modern Shakespeare production, for instance, what action there is is usually stylized. The battle of Actium can be shown to perfection in a super-film called *The Wanton of Egypt*; it cannot be more than suggested in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The Irving tradition of production—itsself a species of realism—is fortunately dead; and Shakespeare, in consequence, is alive.

Thus it would seem that a variety of circumstances have combined to force the theatre in the direction suggested, towards becoming an aristocratic entertainment, approximating to the Greek model with its formalism, its beauty of diction and its "action off". There remains to consider its subject matter. It so happens that the two major preoccupations of the modern world are two aspects of the problem which has haunted all the great dramatists: the struggle of Man with Fate.

In the severely practical realm of economics, the sudden unification of the world and the increase of its resources have rendered obsolete all the postulates of previous generations. In an age of glut the struggle of man against man for existence, which was the necessity of an age of scarcity, has no place. The conflict has become one of man allied with man against nature.

Side by side with this change in the external world have marched the psychological discoveries of the infinite complexity of the individual. The saying that character is destiny has acquired a new and deeper significance. And this knowledge has made a new kind of drama necessary. Yet the new is, fundamentally, only the old treated in a different idiom. The Greeks, obsessed with the problem of Man against Destiny, were wise enough to see that the business of the theatre is not to invent new stories, but to reinterpret known ones; and it is noteworthy that the best contemporary psychological dramatist, Lenormand, has made the Don Juan story the basis of his finest play: and that O'Neill has rewritten the *Oresteia*. In England, of course, since playwrights are, as Shaw has remarked, fifty years behind the times, nothing has yet been done in this direction. But when the theatre emerges from its present chaos, we may expect another Hamlet.

THE TINKER'S WOMAN

BY REARDEN CONNER

THE evening was cold when the tinker's woman left the city. As night drew in, the cold increased. A frosted wind sprang up and hummed in the branches of the hawthorns along the road which led away from the city. A young ass plodded on in front of the woman, shivering in the wind and afraid of the sound of it in the bushes. Now and again the woman prodded it with a stick to hurry it along. She prodded it always in the same spot—to the right of the tail—and that spot was now sore. But the young ass did not move any the quicker. It could not share the woman's haste, and it had the patience of its kind for enduring pain. Besides, it was nervous of what lay ahead on the long, dark, bleak road.

The woman was indifferent to its pain and fear. She hurried on as though she were being pursued. Twice she looked back at the city, but she turned her eyes away quickly from the lights bunched together like candelabra. She rushed forward into the night as though the streets of the city behind her were pythons reaching out for her so that they might suck her down into their brilliant bellies.

The woman had stolen the ass a week previously, but she was not uneasy on that account. The theft of a young ass was no new experience in her life. She had stolen it many miles away, down south where the mountains and the rivers had been friendly, so different from this flat plain where the people seemed suspicious and were so ungenerous. Already she had forgotten that the ass was not her property by legal right. She did not worry about the law. She did not understand it, anyway. She understood only that the ass was hers now. Therefore she drove it before her into the night because she was a fugitive, fleeing across the plain with all her worldly belongings. Across the back of the ass hung a long sack, like a canvas bolster. In

this she had a garment or two, a pan, a tin kettle, some tea, a little food.

The night grew colder. Stars were thick in the sky. Around the moon glowed a haze of frost. The city was a long way behind now. The woman and the ass had walked for hours; the one docile and fatigued, the other unaware of her tired limbs, feverishly eager to put the miles behind her. Her boots hit the frozen surface of the road as loudly, almost, as the hooves of the ass.

In the steady light of the moon her face was revealed. It was sharp and clear under her wild uncombed hair. She wore no hat. Her face had not been washed for days. Her eyes burned from lack of sleep and the shedding of bitter tears. She was a woman in her early thirties. Her figure was wrapped in an old green shawl. But it was lissom and shapely from much exercise. Her hands were rough, broken, and grained with dirt. Her feet had been beaten flat by days and weeks and years of walking over the unmade country roads with her parents, and later with her man.

She had beauty, a harsh, compelling beauty, uncared for, crude, like the flower on a weed. The movement of her limbs and the swing of her hips were a challenge thrown out to mankind. In the moonlight she suggested a figure carved from the earth, a figure that symbolised the purpose of life. But the light of day showed up her feet and her broken hands, her age-eaten shawl and her unwashed face. Beauty seemed to slip from her then and she was nothing but a tinker's woman.

In the first hour of the morning she discovered a shed and decided to rest. The shed was an empty, battered wreck standing near the road hedge. The woman could not drive the ass into the field where the shed stood because the gate was padlocked, and she could find no gap. She took a rope from her bolster-like sack and tied the young ass to the butt of a shrub. Then she clutched the sack in her arms and pushed it before her so that she made a passage for herself between the thin hawthorn branches. In that way, scratched, and miserable from cold, she gained the shed.

She threw the sack on the floor and sat down beside it, pulling her shawl over her face so that her ears and her cheeks might

be warm. She buried her hands between her thighs, hungry for the heat which she found there. Her head nodded as though she were drowsing. But sleep was far from her. Her eyes stared down into her lap, unseeing because it was dark in the shed. On the road outside the young ass made noises with its hooves. The woman knew that it was suffering in the wind. She could do nothing for it. It would have to inure itself to such hardships. The moonlight made silver streaks around the top of the shed where roof and walls did not truly meet. The wind came whistling in, as though threatening to lift away the flimsy roof.

The woman had been in the shed about half an hour when a thud made her start up from her semi-coma. She heard breathing and a rattling of the shed door. The door swung open and she saw the figure of a man outlined by the moonlight. At the same moment he saw her and asked, "Who's in here?"

She did not reply, and he struck a match. By the small flickering flame she saw that he was a man well past middle age. His face was broad and bearded. It was dirtier than her own face. He had long hair crowned by a battered bowler hat. He was dressed in odd garments of black and grey. His boots were cracked and caked with mud. In one hand he held a bundle.

He saw the terror in the woman's eyes, and he said in a mild tone, "Don't be afraid of me. I was only comin' in out of the cold".

She did not answer him, and he came into the shed. The door swung to behind him. She heard him sit down in the corner opposite to her. He was fumbling around with his hands, breathing heavily like an exhausted animal. Soon she heard the scrape of another match, and she watched the flame applied to the stump of a candle. "The Lord said, 'Let there be light! and there was light'", commented the man. He looked at her with curiosity in his small eyes: "Where's yer man?" he asked.

"He's gone down the road", she told him. Her voice belied the beauty of her face, the lissomness of her body. It sounded as though it did not belong to her. It was the voice of a woman much given to abuse, flat and raucous.

The man was not satisfied. He rocked to and fro on his backside, massaging his hands, vainly trying to warm himself. "It's not fit for man or beast to be out to-night", he muttered. "It is not, faith."

At his entry the woman had pulled her shawl across her face. He had thought her to be well on in years, like himself. Her voice, too, was that of an ageing person. Now, as the candle-light grew in strength and dispelled the darkness, he saw with surprise that she was young. He saw, too, that she was beautiful because he had no delicacy of mind to be shocked at the dirt of her face.

"What time is it?" she asked him, gazing hungrily at him as though she wished to see the words leaping from his lips. From his jacket pocket he took a cheap watch. "'Tis twenty minutes past two", he told her.

"God!" she said. She grew very agitated. Her face went pale under its layers of dirt. She began to tremble as though the frost had eaten into her flesh through her worn clothing.

The man was alarmed. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Are ye afeard for yer man?"

She did not heed his question. "Is he gone long?" he persisted.

"He's gone down the road", she said dully. "He'll be back."

She rocked from side to side as though she were in pain. The young ass clattered its hooves on the road outside, startling the man. "Did ye hear that?" he asked sharply.

The woman did not reply. She stood up and walked out of the shed. She went to the hedgerow and spoke to the ass. She spoke as her man had taught her to speak to young animals. The ass became quiet. It stood, shivering, and did not attempt to raise its hooves.

The woman walked up and down the hedgerow for a long time. Every ten minutes or so she came back and spoke to the ass in a tone that was not raucous, but soft, a tone that befitted her beauty. At last the man came out of the shed to look for her. He had fallen asleep, staring at the candle and wondering about her. Now the candle was nearly burned out and he had woken with a start.

"Come in out of the cold, woman!" he said with a hint of command in his tone.

She obeyed, seeking again her seat by the wall of the shed. "What time is it now?" she asked him, as soon as he had shut the door of the shed.

He told her. It was half-past three. "God!" she breathed. She swayed, and he thought that she was going to faint. He spoke tenderly to her, "Will yer man be back soon?"

"He'll be back", she said shortly. Now her voice was once again raucous.

He looked at her face with compassion in his eyes. He looked down at her figure. She knew what he was thinking. Her body was hidden by the old green shawl. He could not see its slimness. He was free to think what he liked.

"Has yer man gone far?" he asked her softly.

"Let me alone!" she said crossly. She was tired of his questioning. If only her man were here to take her in his arms, to keep her safe and warm! It was getting on for four o'clock. "God! Oh, God!" she gasped, as though a fierce pain had darted through her.

The man was uneasy. He did not believe her story about her man any longer. She was just a young woman who was going to have a child soon. He did not want to be mixed up in her troubles, yet he did not want to leave her alone because he felt great pity for her. By now the candle had guttered out, but he replaced it with another stump which he found in his bundle.

Presently the woman pulled her shawl more tightly around her than ever, as though she wished to shut herself off from his world. She was staring at him with fear in her eyes, he noticed. He closed his eyes so that he might not embarrass her. This made him drowsy. Soon his head was nodding on his chest. He fell into a deep sleep.

His snores boomed in the shed. Under the hedgerow behind the shed the young ass was asleep, too, despite the cold. But the woman did not sleep. She stared at the pursing of the man's lips as though she were fascinated. Saliva ran from his mouth to his chin. His under-jaw sagged down. He had a hundred wrinkles in his face. His limbs were thrown out like those of a corpse. He made ugly animal noises from time to time, like the young ass outside.

At last the woman plucked up courage and crept to his corner. Very stealthily she thrust her hand into his jacket pocket and found his watch. She stole back to her place, holding the watch tightly as though it were of great value.

She stared at it with fear-haunted eyes. It was almost five o'clock. Her lips moved silently in prayer. She watched the long hand ticking off the minutes. Her prayers grew louder as she looked at the advancing hand. At six o'clock the man awoke. He saw that the woman was crying. He looked around the shed, as though not knowing what to expect. "What's up?" he asked. "Hasn't yer man come back to ye yet?"

"He'll come back", she said, staring at him defiantly through her tears. She saw that he was looking at the watch in her hand, and she added, "I wanted to know the time".

"That's all right", he said. "Of course he'll come back. There's no need to upset yerself about it at all."

She looked at him with dislike because of the smugness of his reply. The wind was rattling the door of the shed. All night long it had not done that. The man listened to it, holding his head to one side. "The wind's changed", he said. "Bad seran to it, we'll have rain now!"

The woman said nothing. "It'll be warmer", he went on. "But the frost makes a man cover ground, an' it's dry into the bargain."

After a while he ventured another remark: "It'll soon be dawn."

"No, no!" the woman said, as though imploring him to contradict himself. "Not soon, not soon!" It was almost a prayer. The man was astonished, almost shocked. He did not know what to say. He scratched his long hair, and looked up under his eyelids at the woman as though he distrusted her sanity.

He sat in silence, listening to her faint moans which he mistook for indications of approaching travail, until the first streak of dawn lit the sky. Then he said, "It'll soon be time to move off. The day's comin'. Are ye goin' on to the city?"

He saw that she was staring at the watch and did not seem to have heard his question. She was studying the progress of the minute hand. It had passed seven o'clock. Slowly, yet

surely, the hand was dropping towards the half-hour. The woman looked like a demented creature now. The man was afraid of her, yet he was rooted to his seat by curiosity. He heard the young ass clattering his hooves and champing the grass of the hedgerow. The air had turned humid. Rain was very near now. The ass was delighted to wake and find the grass pure and sweet.

But the woman did not hear the ass, nor did she seem to notice the man gaping at her. She was listening to the tick of the watch—tick, tick, tick, like the beating of her own heart. The half-hour had passed and the hand was climbing steadily up and up the watch-face. Her eyes protruded as though she were suffering an agonizing death. Her breath came in quick gasps. Then suddenly, almost incredibly, the long hand pointed to the figure twelve. It was eight o'clock.

The watch fell from the woman's hand. It landed on her lap, unharmed. She was trembling from head to foot. Her hands shook like leaves and her arms quivered like frail boughs in a breeze. She rose from her seat to her knees with a dazed look in her eyes. The watch slid from her lap to the earthen floor of the shed. She began to pray, "O God, have mercy on him! O God in Heaven, have mercy upon his soul—!"

She prayed for a long time, with hands clasped and eyes raised to the roof of the shed. Then she rose from her knees, picked up her bundle, and left the shed. She did not cast a glance at the man. She wriggled through the hedge at the spot where she had tethered the young ass. She recovered the stick which she had dropped in the hedgerow and prodded the ass in front of her. As it went forward she slashed at it mercilessly, beating it as though it had offended her in some way. From the hedge the man watched her, more astounded than ever. She did not look back at him. She wanted to get away from him now because he was going to the city from whence she had fled, to the city where they had hanged her man on the stroke of eight o'clock for the murder of a fellow-tinker who had tried to steal her from him.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

WE have had the oddest General Election that I remember. Only one thing interested the electorate, and everybody was agreed about that one thing—or as nearly everybody as is possible in a country that holds Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

British Leadership

And yet there was the usual beating of drums. But at least we now know where we are. Mr. Baldwin has said quite plainly that under his guidance England will work in the League and through the League to assert the principles of the League; and that if the League, as at present constituted, fails of its purposes, England will not—as many have suggested—give up the League as hopeless, but will rather set to work for the reconstitution of a League which will be effective. Not under any conditions are we going back to the pre-War state of things. Collective security for the prevention of war has to be found. Now that is precisely what Europe wanted to hear said by a Power it could trust, and Europe is rallying with surprising thoroughness to the leadership now decisively given. Not, of course, unanimously: that could not be expected; nor is all support inspired by the same spirit. It is worth while considering how the facts look to a representative of one of the dissident nations.

M. George Ottlik, who frequently writes on international affairs in the *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie*, classes the States which support sanctions into three groups, First come those who are inspired by motives similar to those of Great Britain, the leading actor. "These are the Scandinavian States, Belgium, Holland, Finland,

Obstacle to Power Diplomacy

Estonia and Latvia, Portugal, Spain (up to a certain point) and more or less all the British Dominions. I am ready to admit that these States are moved by a certain idealism, by well-grounded fear of the disasters which a war would cause, and by opposition in principle to the use of force." M. Ottlik goes on to suggest additional motives for Great Britain's attitude. But these certainly do not apply to this long list of secondary Powers which give her policy a disinterested endorsement—in every case, at some sacrifice, actual or potential, of economic gain. His second group consists of Soviet Russia, Lithuania, the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. For all these, in the Hungarian's view, the prime purpose is to defeat Fascism, and for the Little Entente to overthrow Italy and so get a free hand to deal with Hungary. In the third group he places France, Switzerland, Poland "and even Austria, Hungary, and Albania". These States, he holds, are all convinced of the need for international collaboration, they are vitally interested in maintaining the League of Nations (on which France, he observes, for the last fifteen years has based her whole policy), but also they are all convinced that a strong Italy is indispensable to the order, balance, and peace of Europe. Now without entering on an analysis of this grouping (and M. Ottlik himself admits that it is unexpected to find royalist Greece and Rumania in the same group as Soviet Russia) one thing stands out: Hungary belongs to the League, but looks to Italy rather than to the League for protection against the fully-armed states which surround her disarmed people. Yet if the League has made a joint effort to protect Abyssinia against aggression from Italy, it is fair to assume that at least as much would be done if Hungary were assailed by any of its neighbours; for European interest in Abyssinia cannot be compared with her sympathy for one of the most vital and historic of European states.

Even more interesting are the German reactions. Germans with their military education are fully aware that the effect of economic sanctions must operate slowly; but they do not on that account underestimate it. What impresses them is the extent of the action taken. They are forced to regard the League as a serious obstacle to power diplomacy, practised by an individual power; and if that conviction becomes firmly lodged in the German mind, the whole face of affairs in Europe will be changed.

Italy, we may be well assured, will never again challenge the opposition of civilized Europe, or, to put it more accurately, of European civilization. Her reluctance to quit the League is eloquent, and proves the moral effect of a condemnation so almost unanimous, which is all the more impressive because so unwillingly pronounced. The Duce may well desire to see his country rival Germany in military prestige, but he assuredly does not wish to stand before Europe in the same category as Herr Hitler and his Jew-baiters. And at present he is far too able a man not to perceive that his country, through this Abyssinian enterprise, stands at the mercy of the Powers that condemn her. Military sanctions he knows will not be applied, so long as Italy refrains from aggression; but the incautious act of some Italian commander at sea might create a very different situation. And if military sanctions were invoked, blockade of the ports in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland would be the first step taken. How long, if such a blockade were applied, would it be before the entire Italian expeditionary force must surrender? It cannot even supply itself with food from the occupied territory. That would mean ruin; and no sane man desires to see Italy ruined—for that would go far towards the ruin of Europe—nor even injured, since the action of her people in the venture, if it be judged by all the old standards of patriotism, has been magnificent. It is too much to expect that those standards can be easily and quickly abandoned in obedience to a new conception of national rights and duties. Negotiators are busy, and what they may propose is unknown; but safely one may assume that Europe is trying to build some golden bridge for an Italian withdrawal. We are all anxious to know what can be offered on the lines of those extended economic facilities of which Sir Samuel Hoare spoke at Geneva and in the House of Commons.

But it would be self-delusion to suppose that Italy's desire can be met solely in terms of economic advantage. The real question is to assuage the pride of her people, to which the Duce has promised satisfaction in territorial conquest. All the "have nots" have one desire: territory. The only two Powers which can meet

**A Golden Bridge
for Italy?**

**Territory for
"have nots"**

Italy's craving are France and England, for their outlying possessions are immeasurably the greatest. Mr. Churchill makes himself the eloquent spokesman of those who hold that it is unjustifiable to transfer populations from one European rule to another as if they were cattle—a view for which much can be said. But no such reluctance was felt by England in 1919; and Mr. Churchill's discourses remind us unpleasantly of the mailed fist; they are indeed too much in Signor Mussolini's vein. Is it really, as he claims, necessary for collective security that Great Britain should hold supremacy in the Mediterranean? Can this conception possibly obtain collective acceptance? It seems to me—speaking only for myself—that the key to the Italian problem lies in a revision of strategic necessities in the Mediterranean. For in Tunis France governs, and in Malta England governs, people who are largely Italian by race and sympathy. How the case may stand about Tunis I cannot say, but the present dispositions of the British fleet suggest that Malta is well on the way to become a liability rather than an asset. Is it out of the bounds of possibility that these two possessions should be demilitarized and put under the League of Nations as mandated territories—the mandate in one case at least being given to Italy?

Mr. Baldwin has emphasised that in the present dispute there are three parties whose claims must be harmonized: the League, Italy, and Abyssinia. England, as England, has no separate interest; but at the present juncture England is admittedly leading the League in action. I remark that, from a Hungarian point of view, French policy has for fifteen years been directed to making the League effective: England's zeal appears recent. And in fact for several years after 1919, England was tempted by the idea of a close English-speaking alliance that should be independent of the League. This temptation was over-rated by foreigners, who saw journals of vast circulation preaching a gospel of isolation, and thought that their influence was proportioned to their sales. But the Englishman does not read his paper except for news—more specially football and racing news. He forms his own ideas in his own way, and we begin to realize now how deeply this idea of preventing war has taken hold. Yet it is doubtful if the average Englishman has realized that he

is now fighting for the one true gain which the War brought to him. He was pleased, no doubt, to see Alsace-Lorraine restored, Poland liberated, and so on; but it was nothing in his pocket, not even a feather in his cap. Before the War he was credited with a desire to destroy German economic competition; yet after the War my friends in France could not conceive why England was so eager to set Germany on its legs again, economically. Why foster a dangerous competitor? they asked. At sea, the German naval challenge was gone; but on the other hand England's old claim to sea supremacy had to be abandoned, and a nominal parity adopted, which left the United States with the stronger fleet.

What, then, had England got out of the greatest military effort in her history? She had got a European institution which corresponded roughly to her sense of fair play and to her love of settlement by discussion.

It has taken fifteen years for her to realize that what she got must be defended: that her own interest as well as that of other nations is at stake; and now she moves, and those whose interests are also involved move with her. No case is more significant than that of Ireland. Mr. de Valera explains that he supports England in supporting the League because he is convinced that the League is Ireland's best defence against possible encroachments on Ireland by England. It sounds unfriendly; yet what Mr. de Valera meant is in its essence honourable. England, leading in this matter the Commonwealth of British nations, stands pledged to the principles of the League, and is every day more deeply committed to defend and uphold them. The League is for England the real outcome of a vast war into which English public opinion carried England wholeheartedly, far more out of regard for her pledged word and her conception of justice than for the sake of her ultimate security—though that, by far-seeing men, was seen to be at stake.

The whole complex of facts is, in Mr. Baldwin's phrase, a challenge to cynicism—as was the foundation, in 1816, of that Peace Society to which he spoke on October 31st. That speech in France would have been *affiché*—placarded through the country at public expense. Nothing has been uttered of late years better worth

Revision
Needed

reading and re-reading than this discourse, shot through with memories of beauty, with love of the English countryside, with echoes from deep reading, and throughout informed with generous insight. One passage deserves special note. The League, "like any other living organism, must be capable of development and change". It cannot be merely the guardian of the *status quo*. What, then, is to be the League's response to the present cracking and straining of the European framework? Where can there be readjustment?

Possibly one should take note of the Government's response to a proposal for closer union between the East African colonies which seems to be generally desired by the European communities in all three. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald rejected it on grounds which need not be restated. But they did not include any reference to the fact that German East Africa is held under mandate. Yet to have accepted the proposal for union would undoubtedly have seemed to close the door against Germany's hope to regain possession. Was the avoidance of this deliberate?

Another fact which deserves mention was the ceremonial entombment of Marshal Lyautey's remains at Rabat, fulfilling his wish to be identified for ever with the province that he, more than any man, made into part of France. Few Europeans will doubt that Lyautey rendered service to Morocco no less than to France. Many Europeans, not only in Italy, hold that Abyssinia needs similar help from some representative of the higher European civilization; and Europe is at present engaged in debarring Italy from a choice of rendering this service to humanity, because other, and, as most of us hold, higher considerations impose a veto. For the denial of this chance, Italy has a fair claim on Europe to compensation.

The incidents of the Election will be quickly forgotten, but one must regret the brutish clamour by which men like Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas are denied a hearing. Such proceedings are the one way to make Fascism popular in England. On the other hand, any old Member of Parliament will have seen with pleasure the unopposed return of Colonel Wedgwood in the midland constituency which he has represented as a Radical for almost thirty years. During that time, Josiah Wedgwood

has probably been the despair of all Whips, for nothing ever trammelled his independence; in essentials, no one has ever been more consistent, and very few ever worked so hard for their private ends as he for the public service. Probably in every parliament there have been some such men, yet few of them; but it is they who preserve the honour of the House. Colonel Wedgwood has the reward beside which places and titles seem very tawdry decorations: his own people know him, trust him, and stand to him against all comers.

Lord Carson, like so many Irishmen, might have walked straight out of the eighteenth century, whose conditions indeed lasted in Ireland almost till the end of Queen Victoria's reign. He did not belong to the age of machinery, least of all electoral machinery.

As an agitator he used no instruments but those which O'Connell commanded: the power of oratory, the magnetism of leadership, indomitable will, and ingenious perception exactly how far to go in defiance of the law. But, unlike O'Connell, he shrank from no risks, though his advance towards danger was always cautious and measured. Of course, he had resources at his back very unlike O'Connell's ragged muster; but they were largely due to his skilful generalship. His Irish record, like O'Connell's, is partly one of success, partly of failure. He secured to some eight hundred thousand Protestants in Ulster a legislature in which they would have complete control; but he left three hundred thousand others under the Dublin rule, and with them the great university which he had so long represented. To serve Ulster, he split Ireland in two; yet he was not an Ulsterman but a Southern Irishman, whose whole education and early career was in Dublin.

One memory will always stand out in my mind. It was in 1914, a beautiful July evening; the Buckingham Palace Conference, to which King George had summoned leaders of both English and both Irish parties, had met that day for the first time. John Redmond was sitting by himself on the terrace of the House of Commons and, what was unusual, much inclined to talk. He told me of his meeting with the King, and the King's manifest friendliness, but chiefly he gave his impression

of the Conference. "Carson dominated the whole. As an Irishman you could not help being proud of him. All the discussion, practically, was between him and me." Those two men liked each other: they had known each other at the Irish bar: and again and again we heard Carson address to the Irish leader a moving personal appeal. There was, indeed, nothing insuperable between them. During the Conference (whether that first day or some later one, I forget) Carson said, outside the Council room, to Redmond: "This thing cannot be settled. You and I could settle it: but it's the people behind us who won't let us". That was true.

Carson, bred in County Galway, had no trace of that rancorous sectarian feeling which animates an Ulster Protestant mob: Redmond, whose family had served long in the British Army, had none of the racial hatred that embitters the Gaelic outlook. And indeed, of the two men, if "Irish" has its old meaning, Carson was by far the more typically Irish. Redmond had a grave and winning courtesy; but Carson's grim face could suddenly light up with an irresistible charm, to which his voice added seduction. He used all the resources of his voice and countenance, as any effective orator will do, to the uttermost; the histrionic quality was strong in him—as, it seems, it was in Mr. Gladstone. But the part which he played most consummately came natural to him: it was that of a man terribly in earnest. Nobody had been more fully trusted and no one gave better return for the trust. In the war period, when party considerations were in abeyance, more than one man, and even (we have it on his own word) Mr. Lloyd George, thought of him as best fitted to be Prime Minister because of this power of inspiring trust. Yet in his war-time office he was scarcely a success as administrator. Where he excelled in public life was as the advocate. He put Ulster's case before Parliament and the British people as the Ulstermen could never have put it for themselves: avoiding those pleas which would have alienated English feeling, stressing all that appealed to the English mind; and when there was a risk to be taken, challenging it for himself.

Such a man earns devotion and he had it. But any student of

his career will find that he accepted fully the limiting conditions of democratic leadership; he never tried to lead his people further than he could feel that they were willing to go. On more than one occasion I think that he abstained from courses that he would willingly have followed—for instance, when he was asked to appear on a recruiting platform with Redmond, lest he should confuse or overstrain the loyalty that was given to him. Perhaps for that reason, perhaps from a shrewd estimate of the possibilities, he refused to serve on the Irish Convention of 1917-18—where, I think, much might have been effected.

History will not soon be done discussing him. He was, of course, one of the greatest figures at the bar; but it is as a politician that he left his mark, and he left it on Ireland—not on Ulster only, for the example he set in Ulster was followed with a vengeance elsewhere. The founder of the Irish Volunteers had reason on his side when, in 1913, he called on the people of Cork to cheer for Sir Edward Carson. We in Ireland, whether north or south, have assuredly not yet seen the full results of his action. Not less certain, to me at least, is the truth of John Redmond's saying: "As an Irishman you could not but be proud of him".

Every age has its own way of being entertaining, and Miss Austen lets us know what an amusing woman was like, rather more than a century ago. Yet the new instalment of Martha Wilmot's Letters (edited by Lady Londonderry and Mr. Montgomery Hyde) sets me thinking rather of another woman writer, so much more famous in that day than Miss Austen, and so much forgotten now. Perhaps it is because Maria Edgeworth shares with Martha Wilmot a quality which is defined in these Letters—"easy, natural, unaffected and rather *Irish*, by which I mean something artless and *out with it*, whatever it is that you are thinking, that gives an originality, almost playfulness, to her manner". I doubt if many people now realize how great a tribute it is to say that Martha Wilmot (who in this volume has become Mrs. Bradford) could describe a scene or a character as well as Miss Edgeworth. Both of them came of ordinary Irish gentlefolks, and were used to simple living, but both had found their feet in the very smart

world. Martha Wilmot had lived six years in Russia as the petted companion of Princess Daschkow, and now on her marriage to a handsome clergyman (very like someone out of Miss Austen) she was established with him at Vienna when Metternich swayed Europe, and Castlereagh's brother, Lord Stewart, was the British Ambassador. She had one asset which Maria Edgeworth never possessed, and never quite entered into—the special charm of a pretty woman. One feels it pleasantly through all the letters in her anxiety about the looks of her small daughters, and of course in her constant preoccupation with what people wore and how they wore it. If the Letters are to be regarded as documents, her main contribution to history is along these lines; considering when she wrote and where, there is amazingly little about politics. But she was never a person in whose eyes fine clothes could make up for the lack of social qualities, and the chaplain's wife is very severe on the ambassador—afterwards almost legendary as Frances Anne, the "old Lady Londonderry". But the book's main attraction is in its picture of Vienna in those days of splendour, when, in spite of all, the basis of living was so modest by comparison with England. Or perhaps more truly it is the lady herself who fascinates us, so alive and gay after a hundred years. When she tells how her children's French dancing master executed an exquisite *pas de zéphyr* as he stalked a couple of flies to feed their pet frog, it is impossible not to share her enjoyment. Lady Londonderry's researches have done social literature a good turn.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GRAY'S LETTERS RESTORED

By EDMUND BLUNDEN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited by the late Paget Toynbee, and Leonard Whibley. 3 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press. £3. 3s.

IT is possible that some who read this book have on their shelves in one form or another the version of Gray's letters invented by his executor, the Rev. William Mason. Such editions should be banished at once. I am afraid that the revised version made by my old friend Sir Edmund Gosse fifty years ago, though much superior to Mason's, will also have to disappear. The name of D. C. Tovey will ever be held in honour by discerning Grarians, but the end of the matter is that the present edition has no rival, and that any future work on Gray or his letters must refer to it.

Mason, of course, is an obstinate old creature. With Gray's MSS. before him, he did his work of dilapidation with such effect that even now "we have only the text that Mason printed" of fifty-eight letters. He printed also as letters a number of compositions which he had patched up by taking a fragment here and a fragment there from Gray's communications. He did not always stick to Gray's words either, but wrote his own as the spirit (a black spirit) moved him. To eradicate his muddles has been one of the tasks undertaken, first by Paget Toynbee and then by Mr. Whibley—correctors, collectors, and exponents of a text which deserves their wonderful skill. Even after Mason's torture-chamber the Letters of Gray (there are

now over five hundred printed) were perceived at once to have a permanent freshness and beauty. "The most learned man in Europe" was shown as also one of the most intelligent.

Being a bachelor, and an eighteenth-century bachelor, Gray excelled in keeping accounts of every kind; transactions delighted him, and had to be recorded in that plain unvarying hand which several facsimiles in these new volumes display. There were transactions, personal and familiar, troubles or gaieties among the professors and fellows of colleges; public histories, serious or comical; the changes of the year—natural phenomena; matters of scholarly enquiry, of travel and reading—archæological, artistic, literary. Gray in his correspondence and otherwise enjoyed the art of noticing all these things. He was not at all unusual in his precise but spirited sort of chronicle. The age he belonged to was an age of exact and copious letter-writing. But Gray had the general excellence in a higher degree, and added to that was his great range of mind and feeling. A dispute among academics was, perhaps, what many correspondents could chronicle amusingly; a critical problem, or question of taste, would not be so much in their way; and, if the topic were a sublime or beautiful scene in the course of a journey, very few could have gloried in it as Gray in his letters did.

It is not new that Gray sought and

found the beauty of the English Lakes many years before Wordsworth had begun writing on the subject. But the journal which Gray sent by way of letter to Wharton in 1769 is now newly disentangled from Mason's text. It is an immediate challenge to any impression we may have about the eighteenth-century tourist. "In the midst of Grasmere-water its margin is hollow'd into small bays with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal, and vary the figure of the little lake they command, from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees and hedges and cattle fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. . . ." To the very last Gray was a delighted pilgrim in England and Wales, and this element in his nature gives a special charm to his correspondence.

The man who wrote the *Elegy* was obviously one of the most exacting of critics, and through Gray's Letters there are scattered opinions and comments on literature which have still a practical value. Some are severe. Hume (in this instance we have only Mason's text) is "a pernicious writer . . . he has continued all his days an infant, but one

that unhappily has been taught to read and write". Gray is kinder to Beattie, but insists on his watching what he writes. "The infuriate flood. I would not make new words without great necessity; it is very hazardous at best." Another note which maybe strikes deep in poetical matters is, "*Medium* and *incongruous*, being words of art, lose their dignity in my eyes, and savour too much of prose". In an appendix we have Norton Nicholls's Reminiscences of Gray, restored to a true text; and these afford several glimpses of that secret personality, a great poet—"I asked him how he felt when he composed the *Bard*. 'Why I felt myself the bard'".

In another of the numerous appendices to this scrupulous edition, the circumstances of Gray's removal from Peterhouse to Pembroke are once more investigated; and once more a good deal of ammunition is spent on the inaccuracies of Sir Edmund Gosse. The facts given by a contemporary are that one night in March, 1756, some of the sporting set at Peterhouse, raising a cry of "Fire" outside Gray's room, hoped to see him descend in his nightshirt by the rope-ladder he had installed. This story was not complete enough for Gosse, who made Gray "descend nimbly into a tub of water" set ready by his tormentors. This tub in particular has been thought Gosse's invention. In these weighty affairs, "let us deal justly". Seventy years before Gosse, in "Espriella's Letters" (No. LXXII), Southey tells the story, and his version ends, "Up went [Gray's] window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could go, into a tub of water which they had placed to receive him".

This edition of Gray's Letters is as strong in point of illustrations as in other respects. One absentee from the portrait gallery, the exemplary James Brown, presumably never sat to a painter.

PHILOSOPHY OF YOUTH

By C. E. M. JOAD.

WORLD WITHOUT FAITH, by John Beevers. *Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.*

THIS is the best book by a young man in the early twenties I have read for many years. It consists of a diagnosis of the beliefs of the generation now reaching maturity, a bewildered generation, represented by Mr. Beevers as oscillating between a wistful agnosticism and an all too credulous faith. This predicament, Mr. Beevers holds, is primarily due to a loss of confidence. All through the past history of modern civilization man has had faith in himself. Even when he ceased to be the centre of the universe, he remained the centre of interest. But during the last four hundred years his confidence has received a series of staggering blows. Copernicus destroyed the primacy of man's planet, Darwin the primacy of man upon his planet, Freud the primacy of reason and will in man. Thus, the contemporary generation has confidence neither in the universe nor in itself; there is no purpose it seems at the heart of things, there is neither sanity nor freedom in the self. Mr. Beevers summarizes the results of a brilliant first chapter of analysis as follows: "Man has lost his place in the universe . . . and is left naked and defenceless without a single stay or support to face the brave new world."

But nature abhors a vacuum no less in the world of thought than in that of matter. Hence Mr. Beevers's next picture is of a world in which "most people are scurrying round looking for some kind of a faith to replace all those they've left or had forcibly ripped from

them". And he proceeds to summarize the messages of various contemporary prophets who have sought to fill the gaps in our spiritual defences. The summary is scarifying. T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence are weighed in the balance and found wanting; the return to nature movement and the cult of the rustic and the primitive, born of fear of the machine, are covered with ridicule and confusion; Nietzsche and Spengler are mercilessly criticized; Fascism and Communism exposed as religions masquerading as political creeds. The world, in fact, is full of false prophets, who project their personal miseries into a creed and seek to heal the universe instead of themselves. "Physician, first heal thyself", is indeed the burden of Mr. Beevers's advice to the false prophets of our age. He himself, he confesses, was one of them, until, achieving happiness in marriage, he was no longer under the necessity of discovering in movements for world regeneration an outlet for his personal spleens. It is because he is now happy, he tells us, that he has written this book. Yet, because he is happy he has no creed to offer, except the creed of the individualist which is no creed at all. Let each man develop himself, growing out to the full powers and scope of his being, for this is the end of politics no less than of ethics. "The only thing in which I believe with all my heart is in the strength and virtue of the sane individual."

Now it would be easy to dismiss all this as *vieux jeu*, to point out that the doctrine "Be at peace within yourself"

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is as old as the hills, whether it takes the form of saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven", or of Mrs. Knox's insistence in *Fanny's First Play* that, "unless we have that happiness within", no aids to happiness from without will avail us, and patronisingly to observe that Mr. Beevers is not the first to find happiness in satisfied love and the key to the understanding of the world in the arms of a woman. Such criticism, if it were made, would be beside the point. It is not merely that Mr. Beevers announces these truths with a forceful vigour which is as rare as it is refreshing, that he has a very sensitive finger upon the pulses of our time, and probably knows more about what is going on in the minds of the generation just reaching maturity than many of his elders and most of his contemporaries. What is to the point is that his views and values, which might have been taken for granted fifty years ago, have never stood in greater need of affirmation than they do today. The world is suffering from the beliefs that vigorous action is valuable because it is action and vigorous, and that there is some virtue in believing. For neither of these propositions is there any evidence. On the contrary, history shows that most actions, especially when they take the form of the collective action of masses of men, are harmful, while most human beliefs have been untrue. Moreover, as Mr. Beevers points out, vigorous action and facile belief are the peculiar emanations of the crowd. It is in action that a crowd affirms itself, while belief is only confirmed by the beliefs of others. There is thus a peculiar appropriateness in Mr. Beevers's appeal to the young men of his generation, "and if you're young, don't fall down and worship action. A crowd always acts. It's only the individual who can find time to stop and think—and it is not often this individual is young". Individuality and tolerance,

hatred of the herd, the substitution of the wish to find out for the will to believe in thought, and a determination to look before you leap in conduct—these are the goods which are praised in this wholly admirable book.

I have only one bone to pick. Mr. Beevers's dislike of creeds and causes, his belief in the importance of the individual and of the individual's personal happiness are all to the good. But suppose that the individual's happiness is to be found in a cause. Taken in and by ourselves, we are, after all, for the most part only nervous little clods of wants and ailments perpetually asking how we can become happy. Now the correct answer to this question may be: "Only by forgetting yourself through losing yourself in something greater than yourself". The best way, in fact, to save your soul may be not to concentrate upon your salvation, but to treat it as of no account in your preoccupation with the salvaging of something else—of civilization, for instance. "The world," says Mr. Beevers, "will be compelled to alter its political structure before long, but is it really necessary that its alteration should come at the hands of fanatics, should be accomplished by men eaten up by a faith?" Yes it is, if Mr. Beevers and his like insist on standing aside. After all, even Plato's philosophers were required to govern the State.

R. H. WILENSKI
will write on
**FINELY PRINTED AND
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JANUARY ISSUE

LORD CHESTERFIELD. By Samuel Shellabarger. Macmillans. 15s.

If the subject of this volume could have forgotten for a few moments the supreme importance of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, he might have become a great figure in history. For, beyond all doubt, he had a fine brain, capable of great intellectual triumphs. So superbly did Chesterfield design his egotism that he was very careful to respect the rights and feelings of his neighbours—and particularly his servants and inferiors. However, one has the unpleasant feeling that this unexpected selflessness was not because of any love for these fellows, but merely lest any unkind act would take even a fragment away from the high reputation and dignity of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

This strange mixture of incredible ethical narrowness and most commendable intellectual breadth, together made this eighteenth-century nobleman a very interesting psychological problem; and Professor Shellabarger has set himself the task of finding a plausible explanation. The result is a success, even a great success; for he has, with very considerable art, covered his canvas as the early Flemish and the English pre-Raphaelite painters composed their pictures; that is, they put together a quantity of beautiful details which, somewhat surprisingly, also made a graceful picture when viewed as a whole.

Professor Shellabarger's volume is of this kind. He has drawn many sketches of the charming and corrupt, wise and foolish people who surrounded Chesterfield's career. He has produced a cabinet of many miniatures; and yet the total effect is an impressive picture of his main character, just as the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle make something quite unlike the fragments.

If the little coteries who have appointed themselves guides to correct literature were interested in great history

and biography—instead of the smaller loves and tea-parties and trivial squabbles of Bloomsbury and Chelsea—they would recommend this life of Lord Chesterfield as a book more packed with human emotions than are most of the books of the circulating libraries.

It is startling to read of the governing classes of Chesterfield's day; and it is wonderful to think that the nation they governed survived their coarse corruption and childish incompetence. However, one can enjoy this book without any intention of drawing any ethical or historical lessons. It is a quite enthralling romance of a human being who planned his whole life with a persistent care that became the more tragic as it became the more childishly futile. There is an ironic significance that this magnificent nobleman should have received his final certificate of character from Voltaire, the grandson of a Paris tradesman. As a study in superb failure, this book has the qualities of the great romances. That it is also drawn from the life is the greater credit to its author.

One is not certain that his judgment on the whole period is as sound. There is, for example, an almost amazing suggestion that John Wesley was of profound ethical value in English history, and he is contrasted (almost as in a Hollywood film!) with the materialist Chesterfield. The more probable truth being that Wesley's preaching delayed culture in England for several generations, whereas Mr. Shellabarger appears to consider him a saviour of his race. One notes that in the bibliography the authority given for Wesley is a writer best known for his patriotic battle-stories. It is also strange that the somewhat sentimental volumes of the late Mr. Oliver are given as a source for Sir Robert Walpole; while the three classic volumes on the same man, by Coxe, are omitted.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

FIRE OF LIFE, by Henry W. Nevinson.
With a Preface by John Masefield, O.M.
Nisbet-Gollanca. 8s. 6d.

To a sensitive editor there can be few tasks less congenial than that of abridging a good book; every slice of the sickle must wound like a personal stroke. But Mr. Ellis Roberts, whatever he may have endured in the process of condensing Mr. H. W. Nevinson's closely-woven three volumes of *Changes and Chances* into this single volume *Fire of Life*, has every reason to feel rewarded by his completed work. Nothing essential seems to have escaped his vigilance; the glowing spirit of the record has not evaporated; his labour of love will give new life to a book, of which the Poet Laureate does not hesitate to declare that "no better autobiography has been written in English in the last hundred years". It is a high claim, before which Mr. Nevinson's native modesty will perhaps stand abashed. But no discriminating reader will gainsay the praise. *Fire of Life* is indeed "the moving record of a great life and time".

These are three essentials to a four-square autobiography: its incidents should be significant and dramatic; the men and women it introduces should live upon the printed page; and, most important of all, the story should reveal and express the writer's temperament and character. It should be a testament, even more than a narrative. All these demands are abundantly satisfied in *Fire of Life*. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, Mr. Nevinson has "seen and known much"; "cities of man and manners, climates, councils, governments", and drunk delight of battle with his peers, till finally he can claim the crowning tribute of experience. . . . "I am a part of all that I have met. . . ." Looking back upon a career of many disappointments and rebuffs, no less than of high achievement in the unwearying quest of honour, he can say with confidence, "I have been happy in the opportunity

of life". His friends and colleagues know well enough that such happiness is the harvest of character, triumphing over circumstance, and taking with a frolic welcome the thunder and the sunshine.

Naturally shy and self-effacing, the inheritor of a grave and rigid code of behaviour, victim of a hideous and degraded preparatory school, never really at ease with his surroundings until the second half of his Oxford days enriched him with a friendship which transformed his life—with all these natural hindrances to "self-realisation", our autobiographer was perhaps inevitably driven to meditate upon the sufferings of the world, and to identify his sympathies with the unlucky and the wronged. He became instinctively what Matthew Arnold called Heine, a warrior in the Liberation War of Humanity. No more chivalrous spirit ever assumed the yoke of a Fleet Street bondage. Very soon he was not alone; his example inspired followers. Those were days of golden dreams. "We were simultaneously, and almost equally, attracted by the soldier, enthusiastic for the rebel, clamorous for the poor, and devoted to the beautiful." As war-correspondent, as champion of women's rights, as pleader for the slaves of the Far East, and the down-trodden serfs of Tsardom, and not least by his shining advocacy of literature and its claims in the fetid welter of journalism, Mr. Henry Nevinson has played the part of knight errant without fear or favour, in a life-long campaign, where his bugles have never sounded a retreat, nor his sword slept in his hand, so long as honour had need of it in her service. "If the old philosopher was right", he says, "in defining happiness as the active exercise of a man's vital powers along the lines of excellence, and in a life affording full scope for their development, I have no right to complain of scanty opportunities".

That may be true; but truer still is the fact that it is the man himself who makes his opportunities; what to one man would be a knock-down blow, is to another the chance to rise. *Fire of Life* is the story of a man who, by sheer courage, integrity of purpose, and conviction of right, has made his wilderness blossom like a rose.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

A LITTLE BOOK OF CHEESE, by
Osbert Burdett. Gerald Howe. 3s. 6d.

In this elegant little book Mr. Osbert Burdett has given us an admirable introduction to a subject upon which, in English at least, surprisingly little has been written. His words should stimulate readers to a deeper and more critical appreciation of cheese in its highest quality; if so, he will make us all his debtors, for unless enlightened public opinion maintains a demand for good cheese, we shall not get it. Those who are content with inferior articles are seldom given the best; in general we receive, not what we deserve, but what we demand. The point was well put by an intelligent *maitre d'hôtel* whom I heard observe to a *gourmet* who had pointed out something that was not well served: "Sir, if we had forty clients like you to lunch every day, this would be the best restaurant in Europe".

Demand creates supply; but alas, we are in the hands of the retailers, and they, by their careless indifference to all save turnover and profits, have lowered not merely their own standards, but those of the public also. There are honourable exceptions, however, and it is not too late to prevent the decline from going further. Good cheese can still be bought in most parts of England if it be sought for; I have myself found excellent Farmer's Derby in a most unpromising market town in Essex (a county which

makes no cheese), and bought the best Wensleydale I ever tasted in a small shop in Brighton.

Mr. Burdett rightly begins his disquisition with English cheeses. We have a long tradition of cheese-making, and a great variety. Stilton, Cheshire, Wensleydale and Double Gloucester may still be met in perfection; and Mr. Burdett gives some useful hints for judging them. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Wensleydale must be eaten fairly quickly once it has been begun; it loses far more by contact with air than Stilton does. I have not been fortunate in my experiences of English cream cheeses, but the "little book" inspires me to fresh hope.

In his fourth chapter Mr. Burdett gives us a choice of foreign cheeses; and here I think he might have gone farther afield. He does not mention the admirable cheese of Munster, sometimes available in London; nor the Queijo da Serra, that "country cheese" of Portugal, made from the milk of sheep fed entirely on Clover. And he places Gorgonzola higher than (in these days) I should do; there seems to have been a long, progressive degeneration in the manufacture of this cheese. On the other hand, Parmesan, when old, does, in my experience, stand the test of being eaten in wafer slices and does not need to be reduced to the "cheese-straw" to be acceptable. Incidentally, readers of Stevenson may remember that this view was shared by Ben Gunn, the marooned inhabitant of *Treasure Island*, whose first request, when he found himself once more in touch with civilized men, was for Parmesan.

Mr. Burdett also gives us a chapter on the literature of cheese, another on such curiosities as "groaning cheese", and a "Letter from Italy", describing some of the rarer cheeses of that country. Altogether, an excellent little book, admirably written, printed and presented.

A. J. A. SYMONS.

PENNY FOOLISH, by Osbert Sitwell.
Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

THERE are many papers in this collection of ephemeral writings on the decline of one thing or another: the decline of taste, intelligence, the public schools, literary morals, eccentricity, the middle classes, privacy, dress, manners and the English face. There is nothing on the decline of opinion. Journalism, which once existed for the expression of opinion, is abandoning this to the care of a few serious weeklies and monthlies of small circulation, and is frankly substituting prejudice. The earlier periodical essayists argued their opinions and insinuated their personal likes and dislikes as a general relief; but how far we have gone since that day may be seen in Mr. Sitwell's republished articles. One is comparing, of course, journalistic manners. His book is a slick series of unargued prejudices—not indeed banged down on the table with the beery and pontifical emphasis which characterises most "feature" journalism, but prejudices introduced wittily, impertinently and with a certain drawl of polite and polished boredom to the reader. Mr. Sitwell has raised the level of gossip and talk from the servants' hall and public bar standard of the leading gossip writers to the suaver and deadlier manners of the highbrow party. He is always intelligent and amusing and I do not think any other novelist of distinction or news value, when offered the large sums modern newspapers will pay for bright tripe, has done the job with more discriminating nonchalance.

The curse of it is that a writer like Mr. Sitwell—and he is not alone—should find it necessary to enter the bright journalism racket at all. Many popular dailies, knowing that the old kind of tripe is losing its appeal, have decided to raise their standards—that at least is what they tell writers like Mr. Sitwell. What they mean is that they are asking Mr. Sitwell to lower his standards. "I'll

meet you half way, ol' man. Ten us what you hate. Be provocative, but for heaven's sake don't think." So the satirist is double-crossed by the world he despises. The trouble is that a writer's hatreds are his limits and it is bad for him and monotonous for the reader when he writes nothing but an outline of himself. It creates "the superior person"—the journalistic antidote to the "plain man," and I don't know which is more tedious.

Mr. Sitwell's dislike of Eton, blood sports and politicians is well known. There is a great deal to be said for the suggestion that the working classes should be sent to the public schools and the wealthier classes to the board schools. There is a great deal to be said for many of Mr. Sitwell's paradoxes. He is better when he has something more serious to say or when he is being outrageously venomous about his literary enemies. A revival in libellousness would do no harm to the "Home Sweet Home" atmosphere of literary journalism. His essay on Thackeray is a good piece of denunciation which is worth arguing about, but Thackeray was surely superior to Dickens in sensibility and sense of period.

The paper on D. H. Lawrence is very pleasing and contains the theory that Lawrence's preoccupation with the dark self came from his early life among the miners. These two sketches are worth the rest of the volume.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

CHANTICLEER: A STUDY OF THE FRENCH MUSE, by J. C. Legge. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THE tone of this book is so unpretentious, and the author's purpose so amiable in his wish to communicate to less skilled readers of French the deep pleasure he has long drawn from French poetry, that one can only approach it in a sympathetic mood. For a great many years, according to his own account, Mr.

Legge has used some part of his leisure in making English verse translations of French lyric poetry; and these versions, or about a hundred and fifty of them, he has used as "illustrations in the text" of a general survey of French poetry from the earliest times up to the close of the nineteenth century. An appendix contains all the originals (that is always a gallant gesture in a translator!); the main part of the book includes, when necessary, other appropriate examples likewise in French; and there is a well-arranged store of biographical information about the chief poets of several centuries. Yes, the book seems complete enough to supply the English reader with "the necessary background", as the author hopes.

But in the foreground stand the translated poems; and fundamentally it is by these that Mr. Legge's work must stand or fall. Nearly always, I fear, it must fall. Indeed, it is curious to find someone who clearly apprehends and enjoys the poetry with which he is dealing, and yet is so awkward in handling the words and lines whereby he seeks to reproduce it. The prime difficulty which Mr. Legge has met, but apparently not really faced, is that a close, literal rendering gets one nowhere with poetry. The values of English words are different from the values of French words, even though the *equivalents in meaning* may be acceptable. Think for a moment of those misguided architectural feats which reproduce in one country the styles of another. In a North of England dale, or on Riverside Drive in New York, you may see the most accurate, scholarly, ingenious replicas of a Renaissance château on the Loire. But they are devoid of meaning, because they have not a true relationship to the scene in which they are set, or to the material of which, in this translated form, they are built: the turrets and gateways lose their grace in this new ambience; the stones may be hewn to

the exact dimensions of their models, but they weather differently, join differently, tone differently. And so with poetry. Line for line, the verbal meaning may be conveyed fairly easily; but to re-create the original in a new medium so as to preserve and safely transfer the inner sense, the vibrations of feeling, the cadence and the musical tone, can be done only very, very rarely. If it can be done at all, it is not by what may be termed the photographic process, a literal rendering manipulated to fit a contrived form of metre and rhyme, but, possibly and by a rare affinity of feeling between creator and translator, through some more flexible and bolder process of almost indirect evocation.

It would be unfair to suggest that Mr. Legge has been blind to the incalculable complexity of his task as translator. In a few cases (notably the experiment with the medieval *Bele Doete*, which he renders into old Scots) he has acted on bolder lines, and acted well. But he has asked too much of his powers to seek to reproduce, by the same straightforward processes of versifying, the works of poets so far asunder in time and spirit as Corbière and Ronsard and Vigny, Laforgue and Hugo and Belletun.

HAMISH MILES.

GLUCK, by Martin Cooper. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

IN the preface to his opera "Alceste" (1767) Gluck wrote: "... I have thought that my greatest efforts should be directed to the search for beauty in simplicity. I have avoided a display of difficulty at the expense of clarity, and I have valued the discovery of any novelty only in so far as it was naturally suggested by the situation or necessary to the expression. There is no academic rule which I have not willingly sacrificed to dramatic effect." Now this is more than a manifesto flung out in the face of fashion; it is a calculated statement of the composer's methods and an

pression of his conviction that they were justified. Gluck had in him all the impassioned dogmatism of a Moussorgsky or a Berlioz: he stood above academic traditions: he wrote (at least after "Don Juan", 1761) in an idiom dictated solely by his convictions as a creator; and it is useless (again there is the parallel with Moussorgsky) to call those idioms ungrammatical or founded on ignorance of fundamental principles. It is, therefore, disconcerting to find his latest biographer and critic claiming that Gluck's "inability and desire to justify himself on every occasion, his refusal ever to admit himself in the wrong, often led him to defend passages which a more self-confident, and so humbler, man would have been content to alter".

Mr. Cooper, in fact, seems rather to fall between two stools: he can neither wholly agree with Arend's contention that Gluck's music shows a gradual progression towards the final genius of "Orfeo" and "Alceste" nor wholly disagree with those earlier critics who asserted that with "Orfeo" Gluck "emerged with a masterpiece which had no ancestors in his compositions". He therefore falls back on the assumption that Gluck was too peasant-minded and unidealistic to admit himself mistaken and too untutored in his art to avoid the "clumsiness" which often marred his scores. Such an attitude comes the more disappointingly from one who otherwise was so well qualified to provide such a critical biography as is peculiarly needed just now. Mr. Cooper's book is well documented, it offers copious musical illustrations (both from Gluck and from his contemporaries), it gives extensive details of every composition, and it is prefaced with an excellent account of that early Italian Opera out of which Gluck's music so surprisingly sprang. And yet one cannot help wondering exactly for whom it is intended. The amateur will hardly need the lengthy

précis which accompanies the account of each opera nor will he be impressed by the Greek quotations which on occasion refer him back to the original of Euripides: on the other hand, Mr. Cooper's book is not critical enough (his estimate of Gluck's position in the history of music occupies a mere ten pages) for the professional musician.

C. HENRY WARREN.

THE WESTERN CHAMBER. Translated by S. I. Hsiung. *Methuen*. 8s. 6d.

At a time when Chinese art and culture are attracting more attention than ever before, it is specially interesting to have Mr. Hsiung's beautiful translation of one of the most famous plays of China's great dramatic age, the Mongol dynasty. As in the well-known *Lady Precious Stream*, *The Western Chamber* tells of a high-born maiden who broke with convention to marry a humble suitor. But there the comparison ends. There is less rollicking humour in *The Western Chamber*, fewer characters—for practical purposes, only four—and the high note of intense emotion which is struck almost at the very beginning is maintained with extraordinary fervour right to the end. Ying-ying, the heroine, is less interesting than the adorable, many-sided Precious Stream, who is surely one of the great feminine characters of all literature. But the very conventionality of Ying-ying's upbringing and nature, between which and her love she is seen continually struggling, accentuates the inevitability of her surrender. "Although my young mistress is determined in her speech, her steps have already yielded", exclaims Hung Niang, the lady's maid. From the moment when Ying-ying and Chang catch sight of each other in the guest chambers of the monastery where they are staying, there is no longer anything in the world for either of them but the other, and all the desperate devices of

Ying-ying's mother to keep them apart are vain.

To Western readers the universality of the story is its most interesting feature. In the old-fashioned China (which is still nine-tenths of China) a bride never sees her husband till the wedding; a husband cannot so much as touch his wife's hand in public without impropriety. Yet the mystery and fascination of the instantaneous fusing of two destined natures are the same in East and West, and whether the lovers are called Romeo and Juliet or Chang and Ying-ying.

The Western Chamber introduces us to a convention of the Chinese stage not shown in *Lady Precious Stream*, namely, the continual breaking into song by the different characters, as if prose were too poor for their feelings. Good singing—though the style of it is hardly attractive to foreign ears, especially the falsetto of the men who play the women's parts—is highly prized by Chinese audiences, and many of these lyrics are of exquisite beauty and richness of imagery. But one wonders a little how they will be managed on the London stage, where *The Western Chamber* should be seen next spring.

But with or without the aid of the theatre, every scene and every character stand out before the reader in amazing vigour and clarity. As for the laughter-loving maidservant, Hung Niang, who does so much to bring the lovers together, though they are almost too much for her sense of humour, she must have been a great-aunt of Juliet's nurse. One can easily see that the author who drew such a delightful woman was bound to twist the eighth-century poem on which his play was founded, so as to make it end happily. Scholars have blamed him, but "the public like it best"; and who, reading this lovely play, will say that the public are wrong?

O. M. GREEN.

THE CRUSADES, by G. A. Campbell. *Duckworth*. 15s.

It would be interesting if Mr. Campbell's book should start a long overdue discussion on the real importance of the Crusades. He himself has no doubt of their importance: he would hardly have written a long and excellent book about them if he had. But there is another side to his evaluation of this glittering episode in European history, and there is a case to be made for regarding the Crusades as almost entirely irrelevant to all that was essential and creative in mediævalism. The real impetus which made them belonged to the twelfth, perhaps the most purely satisfactory of all the centuries of Christian history. But those who make such a claim for the century will hardly

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THOMAS J. GASTON,

76 STRAND, W.C.2

Phone: TEM. 3048

have the Crusades in their mind as they do so. The rise of the universities and of the best of the religious Orders, the heyday of Gothic architecture, the beginning of conscientious historical writing, the honour paid to learning, and the defeat of religious obscurantism—these are what made the century. No doubt the abundant vitality which lay behind these feats in the realm of the spirit was also the force underlying the Crusades, but whereas the universities and the other civilising instrument made permanent contributions to the forwarding of the spirit of civilisation, the vitality of the Crusades spilt itself in waste. It would be hard to name any permanent achievement for the blood and treasure that was wasted, and harder still to suggest any way in which the ideal to which they were dedicated was forwarded by them. It is little wonder that the religious exaltation in which each Crusade was begun turned quickly into its own perversion, and became the tale of force and fraud and cruelty which any historian, and Mr. Campbell among them, has to unfold.

Mr. Campbell's view is, of course, flatly opposed to all this. To him the Crusades are really important, and he has written an excellent and full account of them all, in which he yields himself to their glamour and so writes vividly, but yet retains the objective point of view of his facts which reveals the true scholar. A good deal of research in three or four different languages has gone to the making of this book, and, save in a few particulars, Mr. Campbell writes of the Crusades with accuracy and judgment. But anyone who undertakes to describe the history of the Crusades must devote some attention to the field of vitality out of which they sprang, and must have some chapters on the Western European background. It is this part of

the book which is weak. Mr. Campbell, no doubt, laboured under the discipline of compression, but, to take a single instance, if he had really understood the depth and variety of twelfth century literature and history, he could never have allowed this misleading sentence to stand:

Literature flourished during the first half of the twelfth century; the clerical participants in the Crusade had written of the marvels of that adventure, and their brethren, cooped up in monasteries, had given permanent form to the stories told by returned soldiers, and had gone on to write the chronicles of their own and other days.

That is to suggest that the Crusade was the inspiration which unloosed the flood of great literature in Europe. Yet such a suggestion would be quite grotesque. Few indeed of the great contemporary writers worried themselves overmuch about the crusades; and of all contemporary adventures the Crusade was probably the least frequently described. Adventure to be real to the twelfth century writer had primarily to be adventures in ideas and not in military campaigning.

Instances of this disproportion of view could be multiplied if space allowed; and they are important, because it is on this failure to hold the scales evenly between Western Europe and Asia Minor that the thesis that the Crusades were as important as their promoters thought them, can be built. The future was in Europe always, in Asia never. The tragedy of the Crusades was that some of the best, as well as most of the worst, elements of mediæval European society were removed to and wasted in that part of the world which had least to do with moulding and making the new world, which even then was struggling to be born.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

SELECTED FICTION

CUT, AND COME AGAIN, by H. E. Bates. *Cape*. 7s. 6d.

IN SIGHT OF THE PROMISED LAND, by Georges Duhamel. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD, by Hans Fallada. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

KING COFFIN, by Conrad Aiken. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THE LAST PURITAN, by George Santayana. *Constable*. 8s. 6d.

MR. H. E. BATES has a rare and refreshing talent. It would be untrue to say that his merits are not recognized, and yet I have often read reviews of his books in which a column or so of critical reservations has been followed by a quoted passage so exact and lovely in its description that it made the reviewer's caution look silly. Let me say at once, then, that his new book of stories *Cut and Come Again* should be bought and read by everyone who still believes that a work of fiction can be a work of art, for it possesses a quality

which has rarely been seen in England since the death of D. H. Lawrence. One story—*The House of the Apricot*—is perfect of its kind: a kind, by the way, of which Mr. Bates is particularly fond, for it is half-echoed here in another story. The writer finds himself, after a day's walking, in a village where he looks for a night's lodging. All the beds at the inn have been taken; the public-house has no accommodation; and wandering disconsolately down the street he sees an old house, with an apricot trained round its windows, in one of which there is a small card, "Guests". When the door opens, he is plunged into one of those interiors, ruled by crazy old age, which so attracted Dickens: a gentle mad father, ruined by drink and debt, a daughter devoting her life to his miserable service. There is a smell of stale prosperity in the heavily furnished bedroom where he drops his rucksack; dinner (a light

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 HUTCHINSON 

supper) is accompanied by the pathetic movements and flashes of aristocratic pretension of the old mummy. Now Dickens would have shown us, with an astonishing mixture of realism and fantasy, the daft poetry and chilling sadness of such a spectacle; he would not have been interested in the daughter except to show her as a subdued figure of devotion. Mr. Bates fixes our attention on the *living* tragedy of the situation—which, of course, is the daughter's. Her vitality—though twisted—is not extinct, and she has a love affair with a neighbouring farmer, which in its turn is infected by craziness and drink. The story provides a two days' glimpse into the lives of these people, and it is as complete as some ghastly fairytale which a child reads in the pleasant surroundings of a garden. Flowers, sunshine, breakfast on the lawn—the walking tour is resumed, and the house left behind.

The other stories in the book make a slighter effect, but they are all good—exceptionally good. Mr. Bates is now complete master of his art.

To those who have enjoyed the two earlier volumes of the Pasquier Chronicles, *In Sight of the Promised Land* will need no recommendation. It is a novel full of quiet surprises, gentle caricature and dramatic scenes in which somehow the everyday tone predominates. It gives an excellent picture of a French family living in the suburbs of Paris on the hopes of an inheritance. When they come into the fortune, the children are already grown up, they have seen their dreams fade, and it does not surprise them now to see the money squandered by their incredible Micawber-like father. They have outgrown their family life, and when the book ends they are beginning to scatter into the world.

Once We Had a Child is a novel of life on the Baltic island of Rügen, vivid, overlong, with that touch of the saga

which taints all such books. If you can get through the family history, the births and deaths of the first hundred pages, it opens out into a good story in which the characters are boisterously alive and the adventures really thrilling—the description of two children caught on the ice after it has broken is, for example, admirable. It is excellently written, and conveys the northern landscape as vividly as a film.

King Coffin is an intellectual thriller which has the merit of possessing a good idea. A man, who dabbles in art and anarchism, is obsessed by the desire to commit a "perfect murder." He picks out a name from the telephone book, investigates his man's situation and routine, enjoys for a few days the god-like superiority of holding a life in his hands—and then, owing to circumstances, fails to commit the murder. It is a novel written entirely in the terms of pathological experience, and has none of the attraction, I may say, of a high-brow detective story. As something out-of-the-way and half-poetical, half-clinical, it may perhaps be recommended to readers who are not afraid of a book they may dislike.

I have left Mr. Santayana's novel to the last. It is a serious study of the inhibited cultured American, for whom Europe offers a tempting solution of his difficulties. Like the characters in Henry James, he is wealthy and at liberty to explore the world and his own soul: which consists largely in coming to England and falling in love with the daughter of an Oxfordshire parson. There are admirable passages of soliloquy and disquisition, but, reading it, I had the feeling that Henry James had done the thing far better already, and the distinction of Mr. Santayana's style did not prevent it from being wooden and—after four or five hundred pages—interminably boring.

G. W. STONIER

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

• **BILL OF THE BLACK HAND**, by Wolf Durian. *Cape*. 5s.

THE UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE, by T. F. Hickey. *Heinemann*. 6s.

WELL ON THE ROAD, by Christopher Bradby and Illustrated by Edward Bawden. *Bell*. 3s. 6d.

NATURE IN THE WILD. Country Life. 5s.

PILGRIMS OF THE WILD, by Grey Owl. *Lovat Dickson*. 12s. 6d.

THE ADVENTURES OF SAJO AND HER BEAVER PEOPLE, by Grey Owl. *Lovat Dickson*. 7s. 6d.

On walking round the floors of Dorland House during the recent exhibition of books, I stopped at a stall devoted to children's books, momentarily dazed by the display of gaudy wrappers, disposed presumably to catch the juvenile eye. "You are interested in children's books," someone asked me, his voice pitched to that note of interrogation that implies an affirmative. "Now here is one that will undoubtedly be this season's Best Seller."

Is the philistine theory that the selling power of a book spells the sum of its merit now to be applied to nursery bookshelves? Will our twelve-year-olds emulate their elders in a demand for the latest "Recommended" or "Selected"? Happily there is little fear of it. Children, like savages (as indeed they are), prefer the oft-repeated tale, and each new story is accepted with reservations until constant repetition has drawn it into the circle of tradition. Only then does it become for them a "Recommended."

If this test is to be applied to each year's crop of books it is easier to prophesy over the recent past than the immediate present. Herr Kastner's

Emil and the Detectives will, I am sure, stand the test of time, as will also Mr. Ransome's gallant crew. This year, unfortunately, neither author is represented. True we have *Bill of the Black Hand*, another translation from the German. Again we have an enterprising gang of small boys miraculously springing from nowhere, under the leadership of one intrepid youngster. The author, however, anxious to bring his story up to date, has chosen the subject of advertising for his theme, though I find it hard to believe that it is one likely to appeal to youthful tastes.

Nevertheless, I have no quarrel with Herr Durian in his choice of setting. Once beyond the nursery stage, stories should have an authentic ring and adventures arise easily out of the exigencies of the plot. That is why one likes *The Unexpected Adventure*, by T. F. Hickey. Two children dumped on relations in Ireland, while their parents steal a well-earned holiday, can be expected to put in as much exploration as possible—there being no unnecessary fuss about punctuality for meals. If they get lost and have some surprising adventures before their return, it is no more than to be expected.

Another series of adventures, and very light-hearted ones at that, are to be found in *Well on the Road*, written round that original series of advertisements depicting "Moreton-on-the-Marsh, but Shell on the Road". This book is worth buying for the illustrations alone and if the letterpress is not quite up to the level of Mr. Bawden's lively drawings, it is not, for that matter, likely to disappoint its readers.

This question of illustration rightly

takes an important part in the con-
 claves of publishers and there is a pleas-
 ing tendency, I am glad to note to a
 proper insistence upon quality in draw-
 ing and discretion in colour. Good
 photography is also taking its place in
 the realms of illustration, particularly
 in the case of books on natural history.
 In this genre I cannot praise too highly
Nature in the Wild, a book producing in
 convenient size the series of brilliant
 photographs recently shown at the
 Natural History Museum under the
 auspices of *Country Life*. Children will
 also delight in the books written about
 his beaver friends by Grey Owl, the
 Canadian Indian and illustrated by
 photographs taken on the Indian
 Reservation.

Though it is not possible here to do
 justice to them all I have appended a
 list of recommended books, beginning
 with the nursery stage, that the questing
 purchaser may acquire without mis-
 givings.

M. MACKEAN.

MR. TOUTLEGG AND CO., by Bernard
 and Elinor Darwin. *Faber*. 5s.

MY LITTLE FARM FRIENDS, by
 Gilbert Coussland. *Collins*. 3s. 6d.

FORTUNE'S CARAVAN, by Lily Jean-
 Javal. *Oxford*. 3s. 6d.

THE UNTIDY GNOME, by Stella
 Gibbons. *Longmans*. 7s. 6d.

THE HAPPY MARINERS, by Gerald
 Bullett. *Dent*. 5s.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH GIFT
 BOOK. *Hoyder & Stoughton*. 5s.

THE BOX OF DELIGHTS, by John
 Masfield. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF ANIMAL LIFE, by
 Thora Stowell. *Harrap*. 7s. 6d.

BIRDS OF THE SEA, by Francis Pitt.
Longmans. 6s.

THE WONDER BOOK OF TELL ME
 WHY. *Ward Lock*. 5s.

THE MYSTERY OF C.2. CASEMENT,
 by Sea-Wrack. *Hutchinson*. 3s. 6d.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, by R. H.
 Kiernan. *Harrap*. 3s. 6d.

SOME CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ROBERT FIELD was on the editorial staff of *The Times*, 1886-1908; for four
 years edited the *Liverpool Courier*, and has since held an editorial appoint-
 ment in London.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, who is Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval
 and Imperial History at Cambridge, is the author of many books on naval affairs
 of which the latest, *Sea Power in the Modern World*, was published last year.
 During the War he was at first Assistant Director of Naval Operations, then held
 several commands in the Grand Fleet; Commandant of the Naval War College
 Greenwich, 1920-23; C. in C., East Indies Squadron, 1924-25.

WILLIAM WALTER CROUCH is Editor of the International Press Bureau in Paris
 has edited various newspapers in England and India.

L. F. EASTERBROOK: Agricultural Correspondent, *Daily Telegraph*; co-operated
 in writing Marketing Report for Mr. Lloyd George's Agricultural Committee; is
 closely associated with agricultural organisation movement.

FRANCIS WATSON, author of *Trinc* and biographies of Rabelais and Catherine
 de Medici.